**Female Civilian Impressions**

CHARACTERISATION

In civilian impressions, we need our living historians to reflect the broad spectrum and not necessarily the anomalies. On the whole, women outside the prison stockade should fall into three categories; the tourists, the good Samaritans and the market women.

Within the group that comes as a tourist, there is a broad spectrum and each lady will have to decide for herself if she is a camouflaged Union sympathizer, firm Southern secessionist, or ambivalent about the prisoners and more concerned with flirting and fancy dress. In living history impressions it is hard to be subtle in such a large area and you may need to lean heavily one way or another to have any clear presence for the visitor. Just as the soldiers have clear stories about their enlistment and capture, so too should the civilians understand where they live, who in your family is engaged in the war, and how it has altered your lives. You should be passionate about these issues. This war has been long! Three years and now this comes to your county. It is a spectacle and these men in blue can represent the wrath of God on your homes or wretches that are simply some other woman’s son.

For the good Samaritans you represent the Americus Ladies Aid Society and the work of Dr. Head and his wife. You have felt the need to bring aid to these men. In a few cases, your assistance was allowed to reach prisoners, but in most cases you are harshly condemned as traitors and threatened by Confederate officers. Your experiences with the prison are frightening and heartbreaking. You should be at odds with the guards who are stopping you from your Christian duty. Consider how helpless you feel, as men die in your sight. Especially for living historians who have personal connections with the guards (family or close friends) you may want to establish your position, and really work to show tension between these Samaritans and the guards. Some guards will be sympathetic, others will call you traitor. We need both types! This is high drama, and will express the moral challenges of the prison to our audience. Civilians must be catalysts of opinion. It is not enough to be scenic you need to be commenting on the conditions and drawing folks in BEFORE they reach the stockade.

As you will see from the primary source accounts, the women of Sumter County also identified the economic benefits of the prison. They are using their precious resources to make food stuffs to sell at the prison. They want Union greenbacks. These women are mainly selling to guards, but in a long range view their goods are also filtering into the prison through the black market. Is your husband dead, and you must support your family? What have you gone without to make these pies? This should also inform what you are carrying in your baskets and how you interact with the guards and paroled prisoners. While you can explain that you are here to sell goods, and show them they types of things that are for sale, please refrain from actually selling or giving goods to visitors. If you are asked to sell to the visitor and they offer you modern money, simply tell them that money must be counterfeit and you will not take it. That will get you out of the interaction, and let you explain the importance of the greenbacks vs. confederate currency. You are a business woman, obviously too poor to have slaves if you must sell these things yourself.

QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

Do you sympathize with the Union cause, but remain fearful to stand on your convictions?

Have you lost a loved one and see these prisoners as murdering Yankee scum?

Which is stronger in your heart, the need to end suffering or the need for revenge?

Why would you NOT attempt to bring aid? Who do you fear?

Is your opinion popular? Or are you outnumbered and fear social isolation?

Is this just an opportunity to flirt with Confederate guards and officers?

Are you here for economic gain? Did you bring goods to sell to guards? How do you feel about the economic system around the prison?

Are you concerned about diseases infecting your family?

Are you a student, here on a fieldtrip and trying to do a writing composition about what you see?

If you are a firm secessionist, how far would you go against the sympathizers?

Do you own slaves? How might you view the USCT troops here?

Are you left running a plantation? Has the Confederacy seized any of your slaves, mules or equipment? Were you compensated?

Have you seen the burial trenches?

Have you done any work with the Confederate hospital over in the town of Andersonville or Americus?

Does your husband or father approve of you visiting the prison?

What do you most need to purchase with the money you earn around the prison?

Do you find these prisoners attractive? Or are they inferior to your Southern men?

Are you concerned about the threat posed by thousands of Confederate guards who are not from this county? They are strangers and may be a threat to your virtue.

Do you have a relative in another prison?

How do you feel about the upcoming election between Lincoln and McClellan?

Do you have opinions about how the prison might be improved?

Are you indifferent?

Are you more impatient for velvet cloth to be in the store than for prisoners to be humanely treated?

Resource Material related to Women at Andersonville

*These excerpts are meant to illustrate the various views of women in and around the Andersonville prison. The accounts are heavily tinged by the authors, and some will show Southern women in unfavorable light. It is important to remember that while unfavorable the accounts of these women do hold seeds of truth. Whether it is in their style of dress, language or activities, there is no doubt that elements expressed here occurred within the sight of prisoners. We have attempted to pull from a variety of primary sources, but there will be hundreds more accounts in local newspapers and magazines that may be added over time to this resource. These are accounts of women as a broad social group, not the isolate cases of women in the stockade. Take note of the material culture that surrounds these women. What do they look like and what do they carry?*

No stranger event has fallen under my observation than the one I am about to relate. The officers of the three regiments of guards and the officers of the prison had joined and gathered up a grand ball. I should as soon think of having a band of negro minstrels perform the funeral service of a bishop. Men in that Andersonville stockade were starving and dying in their hands, and under their treatment, by the score and hundred, and yet they could gather the ladies of the whole region, obtain a band, and have drunken revel. For intimations thrown out, I judge that spirits infernal, as well as those of apple brandy and whisky, got into the performances of that saintly set. I saw plenty of those amiable damsels, and have felt that peculiar class of emotions that are awakened when they cast upon those charming secession glances so often spoken about but never described…The ladies that danced I presume were all white, but many of the dusky shades, and of several varieties, were all about us. The band was composed of negroes that were by no means black. They played well. The Andersonville prison, or, as the men call it, the “slaughter pen,” seems to be looked upon by the Southern women as a kind of grand show, and on Sabbaths the trains from each direction come loaded down with the curious and the scoffer. They come and gather on the high grounds that overlook the stockade, and watch the inmates. The rebel soldiers join them in the jolly walks. Outside all was life, sport, laughter and joy. Inside all was gloom, sadness, insanity, starvation and death.

**--Union Chaplin Henry S. White December 15, 1864**

May 14 – A band of music came from Macon yesterday to attend the picnic. A large crowd of women were present to grace the occasion. The grounds on which the festivities were held lay a mile off and in sight of all. In the evening a Bowery dance was one of the pleasures enjoyed. “The Girl I Left Behind Me,” was about all they could play, and that very poorly.”

**--John Ransom, “Andersonville Diary” 1864 (corroborating Chaplin White’s description)**

Even women and young girls came from distances to view the spectacle. They climbed the parapets of the earthworks, and gloated and made merry over the scene of suffering. They threw crusts of bread over the palisades to see the starving wretches struggle for the morsel of life. They even reviled the condition of the dying. This surpasses the ferocity, the depravity, the wickedness of gladiatorial times…There were, however, a few noble exceptions to those strange acts of delight in cruelty; and the deeds of kindness of a few women in other parts of the South shine with increased brilliancy from the terrible contraband.

**--Augustus C. Hamlin “Martyria” 1866**

Here, also, the people from the town and surrounding country flocked to see the captured Yanks, bringing with them articles to trade, the women more anxious for snuff than even at Hamilton. Some of them were quite well dressed; but the majority were uncrinolined, and had a withered look of premature age, noticeable among the middle-aged and young women at the South; induced, I have no doubt, by the disgusting habit so prevalent there of “dipping,” as it is called. This is performed by dipping the chewed end of a stick in snuff, and rubbing it among their teeth and gums. This habit may be accounted for from the fact that they have no useful pursuits to occupy their minds.

Most of the men taken at Plymouth were well-dressed and good-looking, and I overheard one of the young rebel ladies say that she thought some of the Yanks were real “pootey,” and enthusiastically declared she would like to have one to keep. Whether she meat to have one as a plaything and pet, or to keep as negroes are kept, I know not. But the keeping, I think, by powers of attraction, would have been difficult, so destitute of charms of person and conversation were most of the Secesh damsels there congregated. One of the sixteenth Connecticut regiment, having a brass chain in imitation of gold dollars linked together, traded it off as genuine, realizing a hatful of Confederate scrip. The women traded with us for biscuits of hoe-cake and corn, at exorbitant prices, all anxious to get greenbacks in return, and generally seeming to shun their own currency, especially the bills of their beloved Confederacy. They were willing to converse, if they were allowed to do all the talking; but were very indignant at some of our boys, who persisted in calling their would-be nation the Corn-fed-racy. All this dicker and talk and chaff was carried on over the guard line.

**--Warren Lee Goss “The soldier’s story of his captivity” 1867**

In all of these kindly efforts the doctor (Dr. Head) was most cordially and zealously seconded by his good wife, whose discriminating judgment and willing assistance showed how deeply her feelings were enlisted in favor of the unfortunate prisoner-patients. She could not content herself with such contributions as her own restricted means permitted, and she was unwilling that the sweet solace of knowing that humanity could be vindicated by woman should be confined to her alone. She sought to interest other ladies in the cause of relieving human woe, and in the contributions of such comforts as they could spare for the poor, naked, dying prisoners, and she made a tour of the county, urging and soliciting their aid.

It need not surprise the reader to learn that she met the usual difficulties which arise in the path of the benevolent missionary. But she faltered not in her course, and was rewarded by finding a very few warm hearts and ready sympathies among the women of Sumter County, who eagerly responded to this call upon their charities, while they poured out their offerings into a common store. Old linen, clothes, stockings, were contributed, together with bread, tea, coffee, and food, while the tender-hearted lady who had inaugurated the step superintended their conveyance and distribution to the objects for whom they were intended. Not once only was this mission successful, but often were the donations of these few and most excellent women transmitted to Andersonville.

Perhaps it may be thought these acts so not merit exaggerated praise; for, although spontaneous, they were only such evidences as were due from womanly sympathy for human suffering, and they should be regarded as but the natural consequences which a recital of the prisoners’ condition would produce on commiserating hearts.

It must be borne in mind, however, that many of these ladies had husbands, and sons, and brothers in the war; that many hearts which were melted to pity were even then bleeding for the loss of some near and dear one; that often a tear would steal forth from eyes already red with weeping, and, gently trickling down, fall upon the package that she made up for those, perhaps who had caused her sorrow.

It required a moral courage on the part of the ladies concerned in this deed of mercy which can not be expressed, to fortify them to stem the torrent of hatred that was poured out against the Federal prisoners by nearly all classes, male and female, and upon the head and against the motives of their agent and leader of benevolence. Insults and aspersions from the proud, and arrogant, and ignorant of her own sex; the denial of the commonest offices of humanity, and the refusal of the most trifling articles which were not needed, and could not be consumed by the owner; the being told that vegetables should rot upon the vines before they should solace a dying prisoner, were not uncommon returns for efforts on their behalf.

And so, without exaggerating the virtues that shone so brightly forth in these acts, prominence is given to their insertion, and it is believed that they will be regarded as the brightest beams that have been shed upon this otherwise dark picture.

At length the Rev. Mr. Davies saw General Winder, and told him that some of the ladies of the county had done and what they wished to continue doing, and Winder apparently entered cordially into their views, and gave consent that provisions and clothes could be sent to hospital patients. Two lots were sent and distributed, and active exertions were made by the few ladies before referred to to prepare another and a larger supply. A third stock was accumulated, and several ladies, with three gentlemen, proceeded up to Andersonville with them to superintend their proper distribution. The gentlemen were Dr. B. J. Head, Messrs. Stephen Daniels, and Wills C. Godwin.

When they reached the post, the supplies were left in the charge of Mr. Daniels to be unloaded, while the doctor and Mr. Godwin proceeded to the office of the provost marshal for a permit to carry the things through the line of sentinels. With an oath, Lieutenant Reed, the provost, swore “he would give no pass for any such d—d traitorous purpose.” He was told that it was by authority of General Winder. “I don’t believe it,” said he; “he’s not such a d—d fool as that.” Sitting in his office were several rebel officers unconnected with the post – some prisoners of war on parole. One of these swore that the doctor “ought to be hung for his Yankee sympathies, and he was ready to put the rope on his neck then and there.” Another threatened to shoot him, as “he was no better than a Yankee.”

Driven from the offices by such and other menaces, he proceeded to General Winder’s quarters, and stated to him his object and that of the ladies, and requested a pass to take the things to the Federal hospital.

“I’ll see you in hell first!” returned the general. “You are a d—d Yankee sympathizer, and all those connected with you.”

“You are mistaken, general,” said the doctor. “You know that I am no Yankee sympathizer, sire. I do sympathize with suffering humanity, and this is a mission of mercy.”

“God d—n your mission of mercy!” cried the general.

“I wish that you and every other d—d Yankee sympathizer, and every G—d d—d Yankee too were all in hell together!”

“But general,” rejoined the doctor, “we are all here by your express permission given to Mr. Davies.”

“It is a d—d lie!” replied he. “I never gave him or any one else permission to keep the d—d from starving, and rotting too, if they choose.”

“Well, general, will you allow the provisions to go in this time, now that they are up here?”

“No, by God! Not the first d—d morsel shall go in,” returned the general.

At this moment the little provost marshall, Reed, entered the office hastily, and said, “General, give me an order to have these good confiscated?”

“I don’t think I’ve got the power to do that Reed,” replied he, “but I have got the power to prevent the d—d Yankees from having them, and, by God! They sha’n’t.”

Seeing that he could not procure the requisite pass, and fearing, from the threatening language of Winder, the scorching looks and oaths of other officers, that the ladies and himself might be subjected to personal restraint, if not to personal abuse, he reluctantly advised them to give up the attempt and to return home, which they did.

The load of necessaries which was carried up on this occasion filled a four-mule wagon. They were taken and used at the post.

Ladies, who made a boast of superior refinement and prided themselves upon their intelligence – who had ridiculed the pretensions and fashions of the North, but afterward willingly adopted them- who deemed all the virtue and patriotism of the country centred in some undefined spot, sough the charmed precincts of Andersonville, followed their menial attendants bearing shawls and baskets, to gloat over the captured prisoners, or to congratulate each other that their virtue was secure, for a time at least, from those ravishing marauders who were safe from their attractions.

There was a high school – college it is called here in the South – for girls, that emptied its walls of its innocent but curious inmates, and in detachments, as the force of circumstances required, some loading the cars upon the railroad, others easily gliding in luxurious carriages, and many lumbering along in such conveyances as could be improvised, accompanied by the president and guardian professors, hurried in expectant curiosity to the centre of attention. When there, they chattered, flirted, stared, and ate their sandwiches, and took notes of what they saw as themes for their next weekly compositions.

With others of the crowd of curious visitors, there was one, a young miss of sixteen, somewhat more forward than young ladies of that tender age are supposed to be, well known in the place where she lived for her strong secession proclivities as well as for her fair face. Frequent pilgrimages to this shrine of loyalty had apparently satisfied the curiosity which attracted others, for her attentions seemed to be directed to other objects than those within the prison bounds, and her presence there was evidently a redundant offering of beauty to valor and misfortune.

One day, when there was more than the usual assemblage of gazers, she was observed mounting the steps which led to a sentinel’s platform on the outside of the stockade, followed by a diminutive specimen of female Africanism. The natural black of the attendant’s features was placed in vivid contrast with a snowy turban wound around her head, which, together with her big, rolling white eyes and glittering teeth, brought out the ebony of her complexion to an extraordinary degree. Beckoning the dusky satellite to her side, and looking over the top of the palisades down into the area beneath where the prisoners were congregated, she cried out to the poor fellows within, “Look here, Yanks!”

Startled at the fair apparition, they all gazed up at her.

“Do you see this nig?” she shouted, point to her follower.

“Well, she’s your sister; do you know it?”

If prisoners had been allowed to retain such surplus as they could conveniently spare, it would have given them the means of obtaining such necessaries and supplies as the greed of gain induced the people of the country to sell or barter, for every day crowds of such huckstering spirits might be seen with barrels and baskets of vegetables, meat and poultry, thronging around the stockade and seeking opportunities to trade. Women, who ranked at home as ladies, and whose daintiness compelled the use of a carriage to transport them ten rods to a meeting house, deprived themselves and families of flour, sugar, and molasses, to make up for sale cakes and pies for the Andersonville market. Their gardens were stripped of their produce to supply their stock in trade, and their household interests were suffered to go by default that their servants might be sent with their contributions to this emporium. Nor did their profits disappoint their expectations. The troops on duty as guards to the prisoners caught the spirit of speculation, and became ready purchases, to sell again the captives, or to exchange with them for their rags and soleless shoes. Thus a brisk market was opened for the mercenary traders of the neighborhood, who only aped the example set them by more expanded capitalists, and so another class was added to the hungry swarm of money loving patriots who were engaged in dissolving the Union.

**--Ambrose Spencer “A Narrative of Andersonville” 1866**

It is true that men, women, and children would collect at the depot upon the arrival of trains with prisoners, out of curiosity, and would sometimes congregate at and around the entrances to the grounds. These spectators were generally silent and respectful in demeanor; but the scenes described by others of howling, cursing, and threatening ruffians and screaming, insulting and mud throwing viragoes is but a fancy of the writer.

**--James Madison Page “A Defense of Major Wirz” 1908**

A Georgian is a prisoner here. Early in 1861 when the war-spirit had become rampant and Georgia was swayed by men like Toombs, a man whose name is said to be Hirst, probably assumed, lived not many miles from this prison, who resolved for the Union. He went North, leaving his wife at home, and joined a Western regiment. In a battle between Sherman and Johnston’s armies he was captured. He was recognized by a Georgia Reserve, while carrying out a sick man, who in peaceful days lived near him. The recognition was mutual and friendly. From him he got some news of his wife, the first in three years. It was arranged to get a note to her, telling of his imprisonment. In a few days the guard was on duty telling and tossed the wife’s letter over the dead-line in a ball of clay. Two days later the woman came before Wirz and asked an interview. It was granted, the lady to stand outside the gate thirty paces, the man at the gate, neither to speak. At sight of each other they spoke each other’s names endearingly. The interview was abruptly ended, the woman ordered away, the man driven into prison. The next day she came again bringing clothing and provisions which she begged Wirz to send him. Wirz promptly ordered her away, warning her never to come again, and sent soldiers to escort her off the ground. The husband was then brought before [Wirz] and an effort was made to enlist him in the Rebel service. This was resented, when he was bucked and gagged…Failing to impress him into the service, by advice of doctors he was turned into the stockade. After leaving Andersonville I learned he escaped from a train conveying prisoners from there, after Atlanta fell. He probably visited his family and later joined Sherman’s forces.

**--John Worrell Northrop “Chronicles from the Diary of a war Prisoner” 1904**

Occasionally citizens of the region, both male and female, came to visit the prison and to get a look at the “Yanks.” A prisoner observed “sympathy in some of their faces and in some a lack of it.” Among these visitors were members of the Americus Ladies Aid Society, who went to Andersonville to carry food to sick Confederate soldiers. While there they visited the cemetery to watch the burials of dead Federals and climbed the sentry box ladders to gaze down upon the unfortunate prisoners. These ladies grieved over the sick and dying solders of the Confederacy, but the sympathy of some did not extend to the stockade inmates. One young beauty who went up to see the Yankees was Miss Hallie Clayton of Americus. A woman who accompanied her wrote sixty-five years later that Miss Clayton “was disposed to say ugly things to them & glory at their being captured, and imprisoned.”

**--History of Andersonville by Ovid Futch, 1955**

Sherman went from Atlanta to Savannah practically unopposed. I was called to see my sick mother in Crawfordville, Ga., just before Sherman threatened Macon. We were cut off in returning by the burning of the railroad bridge over the Oconee river. We were only ten miles from the conflagration, and there was nothing to be done but to go back either to Crawfordville, or try to make a long circuit by Savannah, then to Albany, and then northward. We essayed the latter route. On that trip we passed car-loads of Andersonville prisoners being removed to another camp as it was expected that Sherman would strike for Andersonville. The night was gloomy and the torch fires made a weird scene as our train rolled along beside passing flat cars on which those Federal prisoners were guarded, with torch lights illuminating the faces of those ragged, smoke-begrimed, haggard and miserably filthy men. I had a glimpse of war conditions that was new to me. Prison treatment of such men has always been a disgrace to Christianity and civilization. I had read of Camp Chase and Johnson's Island and been angered at the treatment accorded to our Confederate prisoners, but that sight of train-loads of Federal prisoners on that wild night in Southern Georgia, when I could look into their faces within a few feet of the train I became an eyewitness to their enforced degradation, filth and utter destitution and the sight never could be forgotten. Nor can I forget seeing on a depot platform a dead negro man who had said something offensive to an Andersonville guard and he had been shot a few minutes before our train pulled in. The quivers of dying flesh had hardly subsided in his stalwart body as we rolled away

**--Rebecca Latimer Felton “My Country Life in Georgia” 1919**

.**Excerpts from the Wirz Trial testimonies**

EFFORTS OF LADIES TO RENDER ASSISTANCE TO THE PRISONERS.

One day in the forenoon I was sent into the prison for the shoemakers. I brought them out, and while we were reporting to Captain Wirz there were two baskets standing outside of Captain Wirz's headquarters. Two ladies were there from Americus. They wanted to send those delicacies to the prisoners. I don't know what they were. I did not see them; the baskets were covered. The ladies had tears in their eyes. They wanted to send those delicacies in, but they had an order from Captain Wirz that they could not be received. I could not find out whether the goods were confiscated or not; but I did not see them taken away. I know that they did not leave for two hours afterward. The ladies were refused admission to the prison. Those ladies were there in the beginning of March, 1865; I noticed that one of them had on a brown dress. One was a goodly-sized lady, full faced. I should know her again.

I know that efforts were made by the ladies of my county to relieve the prisoners at Andersonville; at one time a general effort was made. All that I know is, that a gentleman named Mr. Davies, a Methodist presiding elder**,** exerted himself to induce the ladies to contribute clothing and provisions to the federal hospital at Andersonville. A large amount of provisions was collected, some three or four wagon loads, if I am not mistaken, and sent up there. I believe that the effort failed. First, the provost marshal refused a pass to carry the provisions to the hospital; and when application was made by Dr. Head, who acted as the spokesman for the ladies, to General Winder, it was positively refused to them. I had a conversation with General Winder three days afterward. The same matter then came up. General Winder stated, accompanied with an oath, that he believed the whole country was becoming" Yankee," and that he would be damned if he would not put a stop to it; if he couldn't one way he would in another. I remarked that I did not think it was any evidence of" Yankee" or Union feeling to exhibit humanity. He said there was no humanity about it; that it was intended as a slur upon the confederate government and as a covert attack on him. I told him that I had understood it was done at his request; that he had requested Mr. Davies to bring this thing about. He said it was a damned lie; that he had not requested anything of the kind; that for his own part, he would as like the damned Yankees would die there as anywhere else; that, upon the whole, he did not know that it was not, better for them. That was his language, or words to that effect. Captain Wirz was not present at that time. My wife was with me at the time. There were other ladies present, but 1 don't think I knew any of them. They were not part of the committee.

Q. In what way did General Winder speak of the ladies and their humane effort?

A, He used the most opprobrious language that could possibly be used, language that no gentleman could listen to, especially in the presence of his wife, without resenting it in some way-language utterly unfit to be repeated in the presence of ladies. It was an intimation that he could very easily make loyal women of them by putting them in a certain condition that would bring them to it. (This account refers to Captain Wirz threatening the women, by suggesting he would make them prostitutes)

I was present at a conversation the day after this committee of ladies failed. It was at the depot at Andersonville. The conversation was principally carried on between the provost marshal, Captain Reed-

Q. Captain or Lieutenant Reed.

A. I believe we used to call him captain. He might have' been a lieutenant, probably. He was the only Reed there. Captain Wirz and R. B. Winder were present. There were three or four officials there; I cannot recall any but those. Lieutenant Reed observed that if General Winder had done as he wanted, they might have made a good speculation out of the provisions and clothing that the ladies had brought; that he proposed they should be confiscated, but the “Old General" would not do it. Wirz remarked that if he had his way be would have a house built there, and all the ladies should he put in it for certain purposes. That was a most scandalous, infamous purpose, which I do not wish to repeat. R. B. Winder's remarks were a general concurrence. I don't know that he said anything special that 1 can call to mind, anywhere than laughingly concurring in what had been said. I heard of the efforts being made by the ladies of my vicinity to render assistance to the federal prisoners who were suffering at Andersonville and of their being rejected. I know nothing of my own knowledge about it.

Mr. Baker: I have no objection of his stating what he heard; that is part of our defense. I am willing he shall state the whole.

I heard there was an effort made by the ladies of our town and vicinity to give relief to the suffering prisoners at Andersonville, and that they had made two successful trips with provisions to carry in to the prisoners, and that the third time they were repulsed by General Winder and almost insulted, so that they did not attempt the thing anymore.

Cross-examine. by COUNSEL : I did not hear that General Winder insulted Captain Wirz because he insisted that the goods should come in. I don't think I heard any other person complained of except General Winder in relation to the movement of the ladies of Americus. The suffering in Andersonville was pretty generally known in my part of the State. It might have been discussed in the newspapers. I do not recollect; After I left the prison I was telling my wife about their sufferings and what they needed, and she went out in the town where I am living and got up some contributions quite smart, she and some other ladies, and sent them up in charge of one of my negro men, and he went and distributed them. I wrote a line myself to Dr. Eiland, who had charge of the division, to see the sick of my ward when I had left, got their proportion of them, and to administer the balance to those who needed it most in the hospital. I ought, perhaps, to have stated a circumstance that took place while my wife was getting up the contribution. The Rev Mr. Davies, a Methodist minister, presiding elder, lived in my house, and he observed to us, "You had better wait and let me go and see General Winder or we might get into trouble." I told him “I wished he would." He did so: He associated himself with another minister by the name of Robinson. They went up and saw General Winder, as they informed me, and told him what they wished and what the ladies of Americus wished to do. The general expressed himself, so they told me, as being glad that this thing was being gotten up by the ladies, and said, "It afforded him pleasure, and that they were welcome to send any contributions of that kind." *W*ell, then, I thought the way was clear. I have told how the first donation was sent in. Then another contribution was raised and we sent it up and it was distributed. The second time they sent up more than they did the first time. After those donations were sent we received the two letters I hold in my hand. The third time my wife rode over in the country as well as about town, and they got up a large quantity of provisions, clothing, and one thing and another that was appropriate, and it took a good many servants to carry them up. Several of the ladies concluded that they would go up themselves on that occasion, and my wife among them. They insisted that I should go along with them and I told them that I would do so. We went up, and when we arrived at Andersonville the doctors had sent a wagon over to meet us. I told the negroes to put the things in the wagon as quick as they could and carry them over to the hospital and distribute them and get back against the down train came along, so that we might all get home that night. As soon as they started to load the wagon this Lieutenant Reed, whom I have heard spoken of here, ripped out a very profane oath, and asked where the provisions were going, as though he were very mad, and I observed that they were going over to the Yankee hospital, and he swore that they should not go there. There were several other confederate officers present, colonels, and majors, and captains, and some of them got cursing about it and one man in particular told me that I ought to be hung; others said I ought to be shot, and I don't know but what W. S. Winder or R. B. Winder may have been present. I could not say if they were. I never was intimately acquainted with them, and I do not recollect. Well, I thought I would get it into the hospitals independent of the officers, having had the permission of General Winder, and I said but little more, merely remarking to one of the gentlemen that I would see him another day and that we would settle our difficulty. I went over to General Winder's headquarters myself, leaving the ladies at the depot, and told him the circumstances; that we were there in accordance with the permission given by himself, and that I wanted to get an order from him to carry the provisions over to the hospital. I saw he was very much excited; he got up from his chair and turned round, using very profane language. He said, " He did not know why in the name of hell and damnation everybody was turning Yankee sympathizers, or that there were so many sympathizers with the damned Yankees,” and then he ripped out an oath and said, "Are you all scared by the Yankees?" I said to him, "General, I do not suppose that the donors of these things are scared; this is a mission of mercy and charity, and I do not suppose they ought to feel alarmed in any way." That seemed to irritate him worse, and he expressed a wish, according to the best of my recollection, something like this, " That every damn Yankee sympathizer and that every damned Yankee upon the continent was in hell." He wound up by saying, " You cannot carry those things in; they shall not go; they shall not have them." About this time this little fellow Reed came round and said, " Oh! general, will you give me an order to have these provisions confiscated?" And the general said. " I do not know if I have authority; . I cannot do it." I got away as quick as I could. I thought it was an unhealthy place for me. I went back to the depot and saw the ladies and told them to say no more about it; that I thought it very doubtful if I would be permitted to leave the place alive as it was, and that if they said anything more they no doubt would be arrested, and that we had better get away as soon as possible. In a few minutes there came along a train with some of our soldiers in it who had been out some time, and were hungry, and the ladies gave them the provisions. As soon as the passenger train came along we got on board and went home. That is the whole story.

Those letters (handing the two letters referred to in the direct examination) will show the date this occurred I got no letter after I went there the third time; we got away from there the third time as speedily as possible. I did not go there until the last time. It was in August and September that the things went, the first and second time. It was not more than a week after that, when they went the third time; as soon as they could get up the provisions and clothing. I did not learn of anything that had changed General 'Winder's mind in regard to that. I had no information on that point; nothing at all until I walked into his quarters. I never knew positively what changed his mind. I suppose he was wrought upon by outsiders and was influenced by outside pressure. I did not see Captain Wirz the day I went there to the best of my recollection. It was my wife who first started the idea of sending' down contributions there. She did not have to work very long before she got the first load off. The third time I have spoken of she went about the country. She took a good deal of pains; it took a few days to get the things together ; but wherever she went and made application, they sent in provisions. There was some trouble in getting the supplies. I do not know how many wagon-loads there were. I did not go to the depot the two first times with the provisions, nor did I go with the provisions the third time, but I saw the supplies as they were put on board and taken out again. The third contribution was much larger than the others . There was a good deal taken down the third time. I guess there was a wagonload of provisions. When we speak of a wagon-load we generally mean a four or six horse team. I don't know whether it would have been as much as six horses could have pulled or not; I don't know what a six-horse team could pull. I don't know what it would have weighed in bulk; it was in baskets and one thing or another. I guess it would have filled an ordinary wagon. I don't know what it all was; I did not examine it; there were tomatoes, biscuits, sweet cake-I don't think there was any flour. There was some coffee and sugar and a little of everything that could be had in that part of the country. There might have been such a lady as a Miss Ransom who sent in some donation; I did not know one-half of them. I could not say whether she was or was not one of them" '

I saw men put in when ladies were present. I saw them [prisoners] put in [chains] when Captain Wirz's lady and his daughters were there. I saw the captain give the orders to walk them around and show his lady and daughters the way they walked; they stood and laughed at it and thought it was sport. That was in July; I cannot state exactly what part of the month. He made them walk about twenty yards.

OCTOBER 6, 1865. Miss MARY RAWSON, for the defense:

I reside on the plains of Dura, Georgia. I have been at Andersonville, I cannot say exactly how many times, while the Union prisoners were there. I commenced going in January, 1865. I generally went about once every *two* weeks. My object in going there was to feed a prisoner. I saw Captain Wirz sometimes when I went there. I was there in the month of March, 1865. I had on a brown dress. Captain Wirz never at any time refused or denied me any privilege of taking things in to prisoners there. He was always agreeable, and told me I could bring anything in to the prisoner I was going to see. I had one particular prisoner I was going to see. When I first went there I met Captain Wirz at the depot. I thought then he was a colonel. I asked him if I could visit a prisoner who was sick. He told me I could. At that time he gave a pass to one of the paroled men in the office. I used to tie up a bushel basket and leave it, and my prisoner said that that would last him two weeks. After two weeks I would go again. The captain always recognized me and asked me if I was going to see my prisoner. I would say" Yes," and I would carry another basket up and leave it. He never refused me. He generally treated my prisoner, as I called him, very courteously. He gave him the only chair in the room, and I sat on the bench. I never heard of Captain Wirz treating any other lady, who went there, in an unkind way.