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# THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. XI. WELLSBORO, TIOPA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 24, 1865. NO. 39.

**RICHMOND HAS FALLEN!**  
And so has the price of  
**DRY GOODS.**

**LEE HAS SURRENDERED, AND WE HAVE SURRENDERED THE EX-TEMPERE HIGH PRICES OF GOODS.**

**THE PEOPLE'S STORE,**  
is now receiving additions to their stock of

**GOODS, BOUGHT DURING THE LATE DEPRESSION IN PRICES,**

and they will be sold at  
**THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.**

We have made arrangements to get Goods every week, and as we keep posted in regard to the New York Market, we shall at all times make the stock on hand conform to new prices.

**REGARDLESS OF COST,**  
and we wish it distinctly understood, that however much others may blow,

**WE DO NOT INTEND TO BE UNDERSED BY ANY,**  
quality of goods considered. It shall be our aim to keep constantly on hand a good stock of such goods as the community require, and

**SUCH ARTICLES AS WILL GIVE SATISFACTION TO THE CONSUMER.**

**THE ONE PRICE SYSTEM**  
under which our business has constantly increased for the last ten years will be adhered to, as also the

**READY PAY SYSTEM**  
more recently adopted. Don't buy until

**YOU HAVE EXAMINED OUR STOCK AND PRICES.**

**STORE DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE DICKINSON HOUSE,**  
and first door east of Hungerford's Bank.

**SMITH & WAITE,**  
Corry, N. Y., May 17, 1865.

**THE BIG FIGHT** having been closed up by Messrs. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, & Co.,

**KELLY & PURVIS**  
have volunteered for a war of extermination against high prices, and will be found entrenched behind a huge pile of

**NEW AND CHEAP GOODS**  
at the old OSGOOD STAND, where their communications with New York cannot be interrupted.

They have just received a good stock of  
**SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,**

such as Prints, Delaines, Barages, Muslins, Hosiery, Notions, Boots and Shoes, etc., in fact everything the Dry Goods line may be found at our counters, and purchased at prices corresponding to the late

**HEAVY FALL IN GOODS.**  
We also invite purchasers to examine our fine stock of

**GROCERIES.**  
Can't beat this side of New York.

Remember the place. "Osgood's Corner."  
**KELLY & PURVIS.**  
Wellsboro, Apr. 22, 1865-ly.

**TAVERN LICENSES.** Notice is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their petitions to the Court of Quarter Sessions of Tioga County to grant to them licenses for houses of public entertainment, and for eating houses, and that a hearing upon the same will be had before said Court, on Wednesday, the 31st day of May next, at 2 o'clock P. M.

**INNKEEPERS.**  
Liberty—H. H. Sheffer, Joseph Reed, Blossburg—Rufus Parr, Jos. Yonkin, Jas. Shields, Delmar—James S. Conley, Charles Ryan, Elkland—Benj. Barz, Charles Ryan, Westfield—A. L. S. Leach, Ward—Myron Nichols, Covingtonboro—Anson L. Johnson, Wellsboro—B. B. Holiday, Nelson Austin, J. W. Bignon, Gaines—H. C. Vermilyea, Liberty—Joel H. Woodruff, Fall Brook—W. W. Goff, Mansfield—Albinus Hunt, Knoxville—G. W. Mattison.

**EATING HOUSES.**  
Blossburg—James Morgan, Horace W. Holden, Elkhart—Plummer, Joseph P. Merrill, Elizabeth Conley, Wellsboro—G. Hastings & Co., Wm. T. Mathers.

**TO SELL BY THE QUART.**  
Bloss—A. L. Bodine, Ward—Abel S. Manley, F. DONALDSON, Clerk.

**REGISTER'S NOTICE.** Notice is hereby given that the following persons have presented their accounts to the Register's Office of Tioga County, and that the same will be presented to the Orphan's Court of said county, on Monday, the 5th day of June 1865, for confirmation and allowance:  
Account of Martin Reppard, Executor of the estate of Joseph Reppard, dec'd.  
Account of Charles Sherman, Adm'r of the estate of James Dann, dec'd.  
Account of O. Bullard, Adm'r of the estate of Mortimer Bullard, dec'd.  
Wellsboro, May 10, '65. H. S. ARCHER, Reg'r.

**FOR THE LADIES.** BABBITT'S CELEBRATED SOAP POWDER, for washing made easy and stains removed from Table Linens, Napkins, &c. For sale at Roy's Drug Store.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**OUR NEW HOUSE.**

"Eureka! I have found it!" I cried, as I entered the house.

"Found what?" queried Mrs. Dobb.

"The house, my dear. The very house we want."

"Oh! have you?" exclaimed my wife, with an intensity of emphasis that sufficiently explained her appreciation of the horrors of house hunting in April.

"I am so glad! It relieves my mind of more anxiety than you think, James. Where is it?"

"Here, in the paper." And I pulled the morning paper from my pocket, where I had carried it all day, and struck it open triumphantly with one sweep of my strong right hand.

"Oh!—James!"

"I despair of conveying in print, a clear idea of the expression my wife put into the utterance of those two words. It was the cry of a deceived and wounded spirit. Mrs. Dobb's face looked almost ghastly. It seemed as if the light was all struck out of it as by the crash of sudden woe.

"Yes, in the paper," I went on, feigning not to perceive the havoc I had created in the sensitive breast of woman. "An advertisement you know. What a blessed institution the advertising system is!"

"Well, read it."

"To RENT.—A snug, cozy house in the suburbs, handy to a line of horse-cars, will be let to a careful tenant at fifteen dollars per month. Apply to No.—That Street. Take a blank street car."

"Now then!" I cried exultant.

"Ridiculous, Susan! Not a bit of it. I believe that house to be a prize. I'll go at once and see it. There'll be a hundred applicants for it."

Mrs. Dobb smiled incredulously.

"And so cheap too!" said I. "Fifteen dollars a month! Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

But Mrs. Dobb was by no means favorably impressed with my new enterprise. She argued the point long and earnestly with me, reminding me that cheap things were invariably dearest in the end; and at last, in the fervor of discussion, I did a very rash thing.

I agreed with Mrs. Dobb that, if, on visiting the house I had in view, it did not prove every way desirable, I would release her in toto from all further trouble regarding a house. I would do the house-hunting this year myself.

I need not recount my sorrowful experiences. To those who know what house-hunting is, I could tell nothing new; and to those who do not I have only to express the kindly hope that they never will. I had doors, banged in my face by irascible housekeepers, who declared their carpets were being ruined; I was asked what my name was; what my business was; how many children I had; where I lived; in fact I never had so many questions asked me in the same number of hours before since I was examined by a life-insurance physician. One man even asked me to lend him five dollars, but he had no house to rent.

At night I came home weary and worn, and no nearer my object than when I began.

"This is unprofitable business, Susan," said I. "I shall pursue it no longer."

"But what will you do, James? Stay here?"

"No; we can't stay here at the advanced rent."

"Then what will you do?"

"I'll go to a house-agent. I ought to have thought of that in the first place."

I called on an agent the next day, and had some conversation with him.

"If you will tell me about what sum you wish to pay for a house, Mr.—"

"Mr. Dobb, I have no doubt I can suit you to a T."

the agent, "and to-morrow I will call and sign it."

Mrs. Dobb was overjoyed when I told her all about it that day at dinner. It was plain to see that we had secured a good home for the coming year.

"But, James," said my wife, "you haven't told me where the house is situated."

"Well, that's a good joke," said I. "Upon my word I never thought to ask! I'll do so after dinner."

I did. The agent said it was on Stucha street.

"Is it?" said I. "Well, that's pleasant. We shan't have far to move, then, probably; for I live in Stucha street now—and a delightful street it is! What did you say was the number?"

"The number is seventeen."

"Seventeen?" I cried, in astonishment.

"Yes, sir."

"Between Bolivar and Gulliver streets?"

"Yes, sir."

"West side?"

"Yes. You know the house, perhaps?"

"I should think I ought to!" was my response, in a hysterical tone; "I've lived in it for the past year."

Yes. I had rented my own house at a comfortable advance on last year's figures. When I told Mrs. Dobb about it she laughed till she cried.

I went roaming over the house, examining its merits critically, and scrutinizing the rooms with quite a new and peculiar interest.

"It is a good house, Susan, at any rate. That we know."

"It is, James. I am very well satisfied. To be sure, the kitchen is rather small, and there is more room up stairs than we really need; but I don't believe we could be better suited on the whole."

"And then, my dear wife," cried I, in a tone of exaltation, "think what an escape from the horrors of the first of May! No exorbitant charges for drymen—no broken mirrors and scratched furniture—no sleeping on the parlor floor—no going to a restaurant for a dinner en famille. We can be as happy next first of May as the shepherds of Arcadia. We'll have a regular merry-making in the back-yard if it don't rain."

Many years ago a Mr. G., of this county, after a long sickness died, and left a wife and two small children—a boy and a girl—in humble circumstances, to fight their own battles through life. A little cot by the hillside, near the Brandywine, was secured by the widow and children. Time past, the girl became a woman, married a very worthy man and moved to Philadelphia. He was stricken down by disease, and after a long sickness died, leaving his young wife with two small children to return to mother by the "hillside near the Brandywine."

The boy also became a man. Not satisfied with his prospects, and surroundings, he—the boy Henry—one spring morning, with the blessing of mother and sister, started for the great West to make his fortune. Time passed, and mother and sister received letters from him as he journeyed westward, until he passed Fort Independence, when they failed to receive any; yet son Henry was traveling, not satisfied with his prospect. And so he traveled on until he came to the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, stopping at Oposura for a few days to recruit.

Henry became acquainted with one dark-eyed signoretta, and before long he was able to say he had found his Eldorado. And Henry being married, settled among his Mexican friends.

Being a man of an ingenious turn of mind, he soon astonished the natives, made money, and was a leading man among them. Years passed, during all of which time mother and sister still plodded along in the cot by the "hillside near the Brandywine."

Three weeks ago last Thursday, Mrs. G., on going to the post office, found a letter there from her son Henry, in Mexico. As it had been so long since hearing from him, she opened it without much ceremony.

"A piece of tissue paper fell out—she picked it up, and examined it; it contained a coat of arms, had figures and dates written in different colorings—it read: 'Wells, Fargo & Co. pay to Mrs. G., or order, the sum of five thousand dollars, in gold, and charge the same to Juras, Castinos & Co., bankers, Mexico.'"

The letter informed her that he was married, had made money, and that the enclosed draft was to enable her to buy a house, for, he said, "I am coming to see you next summer, and wish you to be nicely fixed, because I am going to bring my wife and children with me."

The same day Mrs. G. took the letter and draft to Mr. P., a gentleman who had been her friend since her husband's death. The consultation over the following took place: The next day Mr. P. sold the draft in Philadelphia for over eleven thousand dollars; six thousand dollars of money was invested in 10-40's, a house and lot bought in the ancient town of Coatesville, and the loose change taken to furnish it. To-day the house is in order, and mother and sister are waiting patiently for Henry, who left them many years ago, one spring morning, to seek his fortune in the West, when they lived in the cot by the "hillside near the Brandywine."—*Westchester Record.*

**Good Advice.**—If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired, sleep. If the bowels are loose, lie down in a warm bed and remain there, and eat nothing until you are well. If an action of the bowels does not occur at the usual hour, eat not until all they do, eat at least for thirty six hours; meanwhile drink largely of cold water or hot tea, exercise in the open air to the extent of a gentle perspiration and keep this up till things are righted; this one suggestion, if practiced, would save myriads of lives every year, both in the city and the country. The best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

An Irishman caught a hornet in his hand, but, dropped it, and exclaimed, "Bejabers! what kind of teeth do your birds have in Ameriky?"

**Correspondence.**  
[Written for The Agitator.]  
**HOW I GOT INTO AND OUT OF A REBEL PRISON.**  
BY CAPTAIN H. B. S., OF TIOPA COUNTY.

I was captured at the battle of Gettysburg, on the 2d of July, 1863. Being relieved of our arms, and as many valuable as our captors pleased to demand, we were sent to the rear, by order of Col. Hodge, of the 17th Ga.

We had not gone far, however, when we were met by a squad of ruffians who had fallen out of the advancing line of battle, and appeared to be plundering the dead and wounded without regard to friend or foe.

The Colonel to whom I had surrendered had (accidentally, I suppose,) left me my belt, scabbard and revolver. One fellow, seeing it, cried out with an oath,—"come out of that belt!" whereupon I told him I had already surrendered and should not give up my belt until I saw an officer. This attracted the attention of others of the gang, and one fellow brought his piece to a ready, with—"None of your d—d etiquette here! that's played out. Come out of that belt, or I'll make a dead Yank of you d—d quick!"

I was never more fully impressed with the truth that "delays are dangerous," and accordingly came out of the belt. We were then taken to the rear, into a ravine, with orders to remain one hour, and then join the prisoners captured the day before. A few minutes were sufficient to prove we were not out of reach of Yankee guns, as our forces got a battery into position and shelled us furiously. I told the sergeant in charge that I was not partial to Yankee iron, and would prefer to get out of range. He affected great bravery, and said he knew his business and must obey orders. Presently a shell struck a small tree against which he was sitting, and produced, for us, a very favorable impression upon his nerves, many of us having already been wounded. He got his guard into line, ordered us into ranks, and moved us to the rear at a double-quick, where we found about a thousand prisoners, captured the day previous from the 1st and 11th corps.

Here we halted for the night. Some of us, in attempting to escape, occasioned an alarm, when they got a battalion of infantry and two pieces of artillery into position, with orders to fire upon us in case of further demonstration. Thinking discretion the better part of valor, we lay down to rest. The morning of the 3d of July dawned upon 1,000-anxious and hungry prisoners. At sunrise Gen. Lee came to the officer in charge and ordered him to remove us to the rear. They moved us about one mile south of the Emmittsburg road, and two from the battle field. We were still in sight of our own guns, and our own flag, and center could see the troops maneuvering. The battle opened soon after sunrise, and raged with terrific fury until 11 o'clock, when it lulled for about an hour. We were anxiously waiting some news from the front, when Pickett's division of Virginians, 11,000 strong, marched past us on the mission of death. It was a fine division of troops, well armed and equipped, general, field, and staff officers, splendidly mounted, and with that reckless tread and expression of countenance peculiar to Southerners. They went forward, taunting us with insulting epithets, such as—"Hailo, Yanks! we've got you caged; you wear fine feathers, but are very tame birds. How'd Old Abe and Mr. Seward? Have they gone to Richmond, New York, or Boston? Think you'll get a safe passage to Richmond? How many miles you got up here? We've whipped the Army of the Potomac with Georgia, Louisianians, Alabamians and Texans; now here's a division of Virginians to do the business for you New York and Pennsylvania militia! bring 'em on if you want 'em whipt! We rather fight you in Pennsylvania than in Virginia. We whipped you from Bull Run to Chancellorsville, and we can do it again here; and then up goes Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington; and then poor Old Abe and Mr. Seward will have to seek better quarters, perhaps in Canada. But never mind; Lord Russell and Seward can make it all right. By the way—who commands your army, Old Joe, or Little Mac? or haven't you got any commander?" &c., &c.

But poor fellows, they little knew the doom which awaited many of them. Little thought they that a single division of 5,000 of the same army of the Potomac which had caused many of them to bite the dust of Va., were anxiously waiting to meet them. The artillery opened more furiously than before and continued for about one hour, when it again ceased and a Rebel yell, which is familiar to every soldier announced to us that the charge was about to be made. They moved forward over the open plain which intervened between them and the heights on which our army was posted, with a determination and bravery worthy of a better cause, to within a short distance of our lines when they received a deadly volley from the allies of Abraham, who were strongly posted in earthworks which had been thrown up during the night. Nothing daunted they pressed forward with a reckless determination to carry the position; but the steady bearing of the veterans behind the works and the tremendous volleys which they dealt, soon taught them that it was a fruitless attempt, and they fled in confusion, crying, "Army of Potomac! Army of Potomac!" (So says an English officer who was present with Gen. Lee.) In vain did the officers attempt to rally them, and they were marched to the rear—not by thousands, but by hundreds, and more than two-thirds of that splendid division which a few hours before had marched to the battle so certain of success, so buoyant in spirit, so free to tantalize a Yankee prisoner, now lay many dead and dying upon a bloody field. This decided the battle, and a retreat was at once commenced, not however until they had made an effort to parole the prisoners; but as our Government had issued orders forbidding any prisoner to give a parole under such circumstances, our only alternative was to march to Richmond. The remainder of Pickett's division was detailed as a guard, and we were started immediately. All was confusion; and the different corps and divisions seemed to vie with each other to see which

**Rates of Advertising.**

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one insertion, and \$1.50 for three insertions. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subject rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
1 Square.....	\$4.00	\$5.75	\$7.50
2 do.....	6.00	8.25	10.00
3 do.....	8.75	10.75	12.50
4 do.....	10.00	12.00	15.75
5 do.....	12.75	15.00	18.00
6 do.....	15.00	18.00	21.00

Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables and other BLANKS, constantly on hand.

should get there first. The wagon train heavily laden with plunder taken from the merchants and wealthy farmers of Pennsylvania moved first; then came the prisoners, 3,500 in number, including 200 officers of all grades, from a Lieutenant up to a Brigadier General. In their anxiety to get us to the rear, they had forgotten (I suppose) that rations after a fast of two days, are as necessary to a prisoner as to a soldier under arms and accordingly marched us on without any.

Fourth of July there, seemed to be some trouble with the train in front and we halted about noon. At the earnest solicitation of Gen. Graham, who was prisoner with us, they issued a little flour, fresh beef and mutton. The first question was, what shall we carry it in? but a still more important one was how shall it be cooked, and what shall we cook it in? One suggested one thing and another something else, while some had heard their grandmother tell of baking bread on boards and sundry ways. I had my flour tied up in my handkerchief liberating upon the best plan, when one fellow cried out (holding up a round stick) "Boys, I've made a discover." "What! what! what!" "Why don't you see? I can bake as good bread as any woman living except mother."—

Explain we are all ready to learn. "Just pour flour on this rubber blanket, put in the water, mix the dough, then wind it round this stick, hold it to the fire and bake it as you would roast an ear of corn. This is a sample of it," and he handed us a piece of the bread thus prepared. Down went the rubber blankets—on went the flour and water and a more novel sight I never witnessed, and am not particularly anxious to witness a similar one. This question settled, we did very well while the rations lasted; but when they failed it was not so easy a matter to procure rations as in the case of the cooking utensils, and we marched on without them. Many became exhausted and fell by the wayside before we arrived at the Potomac; but the rebel bayonet was invariably brought to their relief and they were compelled to march on or die. We arrived at the Potomac on the 9th of July, but the river being greatly swollen by the heavy rains they were unable to cross until the 11th.

They had a pontoon bridge in process of erection at Falling Waters, where they hoped to cross; but as our cavalry had succeeded in destroying it, they were compelled to cross at Williamsport, four miles above. This was done by means of a ferry boat, but they had only succeeded in getting the officers over when the rope broke, and the boat went down the river, and they waited until the water had fallen, so that it was fordable before the enlisted men could cross. I have neglected to mention that our cavalry made several attempts to release us before crossing, and in one instance had a severe fight with the rebels in front of us. In this skirmish they killed several of our men, and I remember of passing one house where two ladies lived alone, and several dead bodies were lying near the house; one was entirely divested of clothing and thrown into the porch, while another in the same condition was thrown into the street, and we compelled to march over it. As we passed the house one of the ladies came out and asked the officer in charge to allow one of us to go and remove the body from the porch and bury it; but he cursed her and told her to mind her own business or she would need somebody to bury her. This is but one of the many instances of the treatment of our chivalrous enemies to the weaker sex. I might tell and truthfully too, did not common decency forbid it—of the many outrages committed upon them by these ruffians, and simply because their brothers, fathers, sons, and husbands were in the Federal army, fighting for the old flag.

Nothing of importance occurred after we crossed the river, save that hunger and fatigue did its worst work with us. I had suffered considerably on the march from a lameness in the foot, occasioned by a hurt at Chancellorsville, and with many others when we arrived at Strasburg they came to our relief with bayonets; but I told them the remedy was of no avail in my case, as I could and should march no farther. The guard told me I must march or they had orders to bayonet me, and would do it. Just at this moment a surgeon came up, who was a little more humane, and asked me what was the matter. I told him that I was lame and unable to march and would consider it a great favor if he could get me into an ambulance. He told me he had no transportation, but if I could do any better, he would give me a parole of six days to report to Stanton, a distance of 72 miles. I finally consented to do so; he gave me the parole and left me. After this I knew very little of the rest of the prisoners, save two others who were with me till we arrived at Stanton. Here we were closely packed into cars and sent on to Richmond. I think some of the rebel boys on the train could out-Yankee any Yankee I ever saw by way of trade. It was astonishing to see what a mania they had for buttons, knives, pencils, pens, greenbacks, or anything belonging to a Yankee. They had pies, gingerbread, cigars, tobacco, and Confederate money, to exchange for such articles.

We arrived at Richmond on the 18th, and although we had been struggling so long to reach the Rebel Capital, it was by no means a welcome sight to us under the circumstances by which we were surrounded. We were marched to the Libby Prison, which was formerly a tobacco warehouse, 150 feet long by 100 wide, and four stories high. Here we were subjected to a rigid search by a fellow named Turner, who was afterwards learned was the inspector of the prison. Some of the officers had succeeded thus far, in retaining their canteen, rubber blankets and overcoats; these were unceremoniously taken from us and many of the officers remained without blankets until late in winter, when some were received from our government and Sanitary Commission. His mania for greenbacks was only equalled by the boys before mentioned.

He first demanded our pocket books, and when we refused to surrender them to him he subjected us to a search more rigid than before; commencing with our boots and terminating at the crown of the hat. I retained what money