

rations. Muddy water from the Dan River served as drink some days and we were lucky to get even that. An old fashioned well was back of the prison and we got water from it by strings fastened to small tin cups; an old negro fell into the well and left there but we had to use it just the same. We caught mice and ate them. While some poor wretches were going out to the close, too weak to walk straight, they were often elbowed by the guards for not walking on the plank in order. The stronger men would carry out the dead, rob them, and then bury them naked. When we left the prison we were almost naked and starved. (Out of the 24 comrades captured with me, I alone survived those awful days. We went to the station to be paroled but in five days were landed in Libby; was then paroled in a few days and sent to City Point. Here we saw the rebel prisoners returning from our Northern prisons, well-fed and equipped with a U. S. blanket. After we got to Annapolis we begged from the cook rations and about half of us died from over-eating.

JOSEPH SPINK.

Son of Silas and Susannah Chamberlain Spink, was born in New Albany, N. Y., and was engaged in farming when the War cloud rolled up from the South. He left the farm and entered the ranks of Co. B, 9th N. Y. V. (Cav.) at Little Valley, Sept. 21, 1861, as a private and in due time was promoted to corporal. Aug. 1, 1862, at Brandy Station, he was wounded by a piece of shell and on the 2d was taken to Douglass Hospital, Washington, where he remained until Mar. 1, 1864, with exception of a 30 day furlough, when he reported promptly at end of time. Among his heavy battles we mention Yorktown, Williamsburg, Cedar Mt., 2d Bull Run, Chantilly, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Beverly Ford, Upperville, Piedmont, Gettysburg, and at Brandy Station. He had served faithfully and well and being unfit for further service was given his discharge Mar. 4, 1864 from the hospital. (The son was given to their married life, Robert Emerson, Com. Spinks is a faithful member of Fancher post of Leon, and he is spending the last years of his life on his farm near that place.)

GEORGE W. BECKER.

Son of Amos and Rebecca Becker Pettit, was born Mar. 13, 1844 in Lyndon, N. Y. He was engaged as a day laborer when the war began to assume its threatening proportions. He was patriotic and enlisted in Sept., 1864 at Avon, N. Y., in Co. A, 154th N. Y. V. I. He joined his regiment at Atlanta and served through the memorable campaign through the South. March to the Sea, campaign in the Carolinas and was one of the tried veterans to swing in the Grand Review at Washington. He was discharged June 11, 1865 at Bladensburg, Md. He is a drayman by occupation, a member of Van Arman Post, and one of the truly respected men of his town.

N. Y. She was born Sept. 12, 1843 at Yorkshire and passed to her reward Feb. 5, 1890. One son, Allen W., born Apr. 12, 1886, crowned this union. His second marriage was consummated Apr., 1896, at Yorkshire, N. Y., to Lenora M. Graham. His father, Dr. Wm. Langmade, was a hospital steward during the War of 1812, and his grandfathers were a hero of the Revolution. Comrade Langmade has ably filled the office of assessor, is a member of the F. & A. M., Royal Templars, Good Templars and Ancient Order of the Rigobites, and has been Commander of Lowell post in his native town for 12 years. He is one of those whole-souled men and is ever interested in anything which pertains to the advancement of his town. He resides on a large farm near Delevan, N. Y.

JAMES O. SPENCKR.

"After my capture, I, with the other prisoners, was marched back and forth in the streets of Petersburg, locked arms with a negro, to keep the Union forces from shelling the city. All my valuables were taken, including \$87.00, hat, haversack. On the afternoon of Aug. 4, and to rest. When the roll was sounded and the wretches were lined up, some, bent by their awful sufferings, were commanded by the rebel officers to straighten up; they could not, so the rebels jumped upon them and kicked them in the stomach to make them. My quarters were on the second floor directly over the Libby sign. Col. Andrews, brother of Comrade Jerome Andrews, was 1st duty sergeant of my company. He was slowly dying, but even in death could not forget the wants of others. "Take my boots and trade them for tobacco for yourself, I shall not need them," he said. Here was a grand, heroic soul whose memory has been cherished with sacredness by his own comrades. After we were transferred to Danville in Dec., 1864, notices were posted in the prison to induce prisoners to work on the fortifications, offering rewards of provisions for their services. Eight went out, two from our floor. They came back at night with their rewards; we went over and pounded them until they were about dead. On the morning when the rebel officers came again for the prisoners for the fortifications they saw their condition and eight men of our number were picked out by the prisoners as having a part in their pounding; they were bucked and gagged every morning and placed with faces to the sun for 8 days. The prisoners who had worked on the fortifications were never seen again. Colored prisoners waited on white boys very kindly, and the whites upon the colored, but never the colored upon the colored, for the black man is suspicious of his own. Rations: corn, ground cob and all, without salt, one loaf seven inches in diameter for four men; many men fell dead nibbling their