

OUT OF JAWS OF DEATH OUT OF MOUTH OF HELL

So the Youngest Ohio Prisoner Tells
of His Return to Freedom and
His Ohio Home.

PHIL. OLIVER, FINDLAY,
REDUCED TO A SKELETON

While He Suffered Two-Thirds of a
Year in the Terrible Prison
Pens of the South

Enlisted When Only Fifteen Years Old
and Had Hardly Entered the "Dark
and Bloody Ground" of the Confederacy
When He Was Captured by
Mosby's Guerrillas.

The youngest prisoner of war from Ohio during the Rebellion, from '61 to '65, was Phillip B. Oliver, of this city, popularly known as the city bill poster, who was born and raised in Wyandot county. He will march at the head of the parade of the Prisoners of War during the National Encampment at Toledo this week.

Mr. Oliver enlisted May 2, 1864, at the age of 15, at Upper Sandusky, being mustered into service at Mansfield after which he went to Columbus and was sent to Washington, via Pittsburg as a member of the 144th O. V. I. From Washington he was sent to Fort McHenry, nine miles from Baltimore, and from there to the Helay House, where his command was encamped until it was ordered to Harper's Ferry. After laying there several days, the regiment was ordered to guard a wagon train from that point to Winchester, and with this train was a paymaster with \$110,000, which he carried in a cartridge box.

August 13, 1864, about 5 o'clock in the morning, the wagon train was cut into just ahead of the paymaster's squad by one of Col. Mosby's men dressed in an officer's uniform, who ordered the troops to get breakfast and rest for two hours, the Union troops thinking he was an officer in authority. While eating breakfast the Union troops were attacked by Mosby's Guerrillas, all dressed in blue and when they first made their appearance the Federals thought it was a company of Union cavalry. He will now let Mr. Oliver tell his story. He says:

"We soon found out our mistake, when they commenced firing on us. This was at Berrysville, W. Va., half way between Harper's Ferry and Winchester. In the skirmish Mosby got three hundred prisoners (but he missed the paymaster.) Among this number the writer was one. From there Mosby marched us for three days, until we reached Cujpepper Court House. There we took the train for Lynchburg, Va., where we were kept as prisoners of war for two weeks, after which we were taken to Belle Isle, Richmond. They kept us there for six weeks and then transferred us to Salisbury, North Carolina, about the middle of October. When we reached Salisbury prison we had increased in numbers to ten thousand, and while in Salisbury prison I was six days and six nights without anything to eat or drink, with the exception of a pint of flour, issued to each man the fourth day.

"About the middle of April following came an order for our exchange. When the prisoners were taken from the places of their confinement there were but three thousand left to fill the stock and box cars. We were then taken to Raleigh, N. C., where we were unloaded, for what purpose we never knew, and they marched us out to the edge of the town in a field, and kept us there for several hours, and then reloaded us and took us within nine miles of Wilmington, Delaware, where we were unloaded and turned over to Uncle Sam.

"There for the first time in eight months we saw the dear old Stars and

Stripes. The old flag was welcomed by us, but we could not do justice to it on account of our weakened and starved condition. When we were in the Salisbury prison I would often wake up in the morning and find a prisoner dead at my side, and often one on each side of me.

"From Wilmington we took the boat to Annapolis, Md., and here we drew new clothes, rations and money. Mine amounted to \$49.75. From here we were taken to Columbus, Ohio, to Tod's barracks, where I was discharged and drew my pay for my time of service. While in Columbus I had my hair cut for the first time in nine months, and paid 75 cents for the same.

"While at Tod's barracks I took down with camp typhoid fever, and was sent home to Upper Sandusky. When I left Upper Sandusky May 2, 1864, I weighed 126 pounds, and when I returned to that village at midnight, unable to walk, my father was sent for and came for me and found me a mere skeleton. They placed me on the scales and it was found that I weighed sixty-three pounds. Father took me on his back and carried me home, seven squares, out of the jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell."