General Lee
at Gettysburg, Pa.

General Lee had his forces well in hand and was approaching Gettysburg from the west and northwest. General Meade's army was scattered over a large extent of territory, but he had his "feelers" out in the shape of cavalry under General Buford. These feelers found General Lee's army in strong force approaching from the west and immediately dispatched an aide to Gen. Reynolds to hurry up the 1st Corps, which was the only one in the immediate vicinity. Reynolds was approaching from the south, and at once filed left-oblique through fields of standing grain to the point designated, which was McPherson's woods. Arriving at the woods
"When the spring time comes gentle, Annie
And the dandilions blossom at the "Home"
Then the boys get out on the campus
In squads— in pairs—or alone

On the seats—on the grass—on the doorsteps
The boys sit—column and grave
With none of buoyant shouting
Familiar to earlier days

The running and jumping and shouting
Characteristic of American youth
Has all passed away and left them
A dried, a shriveled up group

No more they sing the songs of springing
Nor crack the jolly jokes of gallantry
"Poor old broken down plows"—"Turned out to grass

Permitted to live on what little they get"
the enemy the first Brigade—known as the “Iron Brigade” forward into line and charged the woods. In that charge we lost heavily, but we captured Gen. Archer and 600 of his men and drove the rest from the woods. The 2 Brigade at our right or north of us did a like brilliant thing and captured the — the Mississippi Regiment.

In the afternoon the Balance of the 1st Corps and the 11th Corps under General Howard came up and took positions. About 3 p.m. Lee had massed an overwhelming force and came upon us and drove us from the field. He drove us back past the Lutheran Theological Seminary on Seminary Ridge, through the Town of Gettysburg to the foot of Cemetery Ridge. Then the battle. He had captured the town, which was this objective point. He then moved the Balance of his army
up into position and prepared to attack Meade the next day. In the meantime Meade’s scattered Corps were coming in and taking positions on Cemetery Ridge. This ridge runs nearly north and south, connecting Culp’s Hill on the north with Little Round Top on the south. Culp’s Hill circles to the rear or to the east, forming a bend like a fist’s knuckle and is what is called in military parlance “refused,” or turned back. Meade occupied the whole of this fist-shaped route from Culp’s Hill to the Round Tops, with the 1st Corps on Culp’s Hill, and the 3rd Corps under General Sickles at the Round Tops. The other Corps as they came up filled the spaces between.

Now, the distance from Culp’s Hill to the Round Tops is not to exceed four miles. Meade could throw half this army over to the support.
of either his right or left wing in a march of less than four miles, and this could be done by moving back under the hill, wholly unseen by Lee. Lee overruled all this territory to the westward, but had no means of concealing this movement except the cover of darkness at night. Lee tried to make a flank movement at night and turn Meade's right, as Jackson did Howard at Chancellorsville. But the town Meade's right already turned back, and the came up squarely face to face with the 1st Corps and had to fall back. He then tried to turn Meade's left and found the 3rd Corps under Sickles on guard there and was again compelled to fall back. He then resolved to make a bold dash and "rush the center." Pickett was chosen as "Center Rush," and the rushed with disastrous results.
Now let us return to McPherson's woods.

When we came upon us in the afternoon of the first day in McPherson's woods, we had not fallen back very far before I was shot through both legs. No bones were broken and I "limbered to the rear" rapidly. I got back into the Seminary and both armies swept past and left me a prisoner of war. On the afternoon of the third day I happened to be up in the cupola of the Seminary and had a good view of Pickett's charge. This was also a rebel limit in the cupola.

A dozen tanks in the cupola rejoiced exceedingly when they saw the result, but the rebel limit saw nothing to make him rejoice. He went below and "told the boys." The boys rejoiced with a loud noise. Then the rebel limit came in, slowly, sadly, and silently.
We were in the Chapel— the largest room in the building. The line walked around for some time— looking as no one— speaking to no one. Finally, like the "pent-up thunder in the earth beneath," the Broke forth in a raging torrent— of long suppressed wrath.

Imagine if you can an enraged southern fire-eater pouring out volcanic clouds of vigorous and vehement volumes of profanity— calling Lee a fool— with all the profane adverbs and adjectives qualifying the foul— for undertaking to dislodge Meade from that position over there. He can't do it— and he knows he can't do it; then why in hell does he try to do it? Then the event went on to state the situation: Lee's position there and Meade's position over there. Lee stood tried to turn Meade's right— and he could not do it— he tried to turn
This left, and he could not do it. He knew that Meade had the whole entire army of the Potomac there on a line less than four miles long; and when the sent—Pickett on that charge, he knew he was sending them on into a hail-train from which they could never get out. Every man that broke through Meade's line is there yet—and will stay there. Lee knew that Meade had men enough to kill or capture every man that broke through this line and the did it. Meade had seven corps, and Pickett—only one, besides a great advantage of position. He knew there was not a private in the whole Confederate army but would know better than to undertake to dislodge Meade from such a position. In short, it was evident to him that somebody had blundered.
The Battle of Manassas, July 21st, 1861

Life lightly the soldiers are taking their rest,

And the dreamers are back to the North and the West

Bidding their fair ones a fond good night

SLEEP soundly, for long ere the dawning of day

Thousands will march with a martial tread

And our nation's defenders in gallant array

With the flag of free floating over their heads

Hark! The throng's deep call breaks the silence of night

And the dreamers already have thronged to their chaps

Now forward, brave hearts tie for God and our right

As it is false to this country, to battle who shirns

Now the bright mornings beam gilds the eastern sky

And our bayonets gleam like a forest of steel

While the Star Spangled Banner is waiving so high

And are anxiously lost for the first cabonneau
The columns press forward. The rebels are near.
Our skirmishers cautiously guiding their way.
And artillery hurrying up from the rear.

Thus we advance. A dark cloud we shall soon dispel.
Still onward we press while the high majesty in
Sears the heart of this rag on the dirge droned.
Till we hear on our right the loud boom of gun.
The battle is opened. We welcome the signal
Now louder and nearer. The flash and roar.
The right of our line. It is engaged with the fire.
And while over our heads the deadly shells rear
With a cheer through the iron defense onward we go.

Now the javelins of war are let loose on the plain,
And the hosts of "Bellona" are drinking their fill.
For our heroes are dashing again and again.
Through the death-dealing fire of hell fired around.
While away on the right and the left rolled the tide.

Furrying like the waves of a tempest tossed sea.
But through smoke death and flame our mettle like gold.
Was the Star Spangled Banner? The flag of the free.
Dying at the foot of the furnace over his ashes martia.
And the fires of rebellion around then may coil.
Let the tears of a nation shall water thy bed.
For the blood of a freeman had hallucated the soul.
Never more shall that leader whose memory is lost
Again call the ranks of Rhode Island to rally,
He has answered his name on the roll call above.
And his ashes repose in Virginia's valley.
Though gone from our gazer, his memory shall give
And the future with pride will remember his star.
He was gallantly breasting the battle's dark wave.
The jaded Power shall expire with glory.

Tuscaloosa, Ala. Dec. 27, 1861

E. R. Reed E. O.
Inscribed to the memory of Capt. Levi Coughtry

To Rip G. H. who fell at Kappassas July 21 1861

By J. E. Banks

Rest, patriot, rest in thy warrior's grave
Sleep on till the trumpet of the Archangel calls
When the blood-ransomed ghosts of the god-a-day wear
Shall be numbered by God in Eternity's halls

The date is done and the battle is over
A wreath of the laurel encircles thy head
And thy memory enshrined on our hearts forever
Shall be cherished by those whose comrades had led

Far away from the home that once lain fair to sleep
On the red battle field where thy heroic blood was shed
And many a fond heart shall bitterly weep
As they remember thy name with the list of the dead.
A withering volley and forward we sped
Again and the bloodhounds of infantry roll
Forward over heads of dying and dead
And shrieking they fly from the blood-covered field.

 Twice on that day and the battle thus won
Scattered and broken their long boasted chivalry.
While bleeding and tired beneath the fierce burning sun
The rain fell, looked over the field for our cavalry.

But now flush, "Battalions" the rebels engage
And the first of flying ranks of the enemy rally
Like the fires of hell is the battle they wage
As thousands, thousands pour in from the stygian

Brave, we strove and our hearts proudly beat.
And hundreds we slain by our quick, rolling fire
Still high over the din rose the call to retreat
And slowly, reluctantly our columns retire.

But cowards who came to the battle to scan
Now flee to the rear with a traitorous shout.
We are beaten they cried as they turned and ran
And the steady, retired and transformed to rout.
Through the fierce flame in midst of the flashing gun
Brave, our flag was borne through the deadly
Transit to the shores the laurels of freedom long
And point at the coward with the flag of war

Composed by James E. Banks
By Maine Pol. & A prisoners of war
in Richmond, Va. Oct. 1861
Copied in Pensacola, Ala. Dec 26th, 1861

By
E. H. Reed
Although they board as they barely afford us to finish as a butcher would throw at his dog, but provisions are dear, and the plunderers I hear are scarce worth their weight in potatoes or hog. They may boast as they please how they captured with ease. The Yankees who fought at Manassas that day, but they knew very well if the truth they would tell, that the blood that ran to one in that bloody affair when the battle was over they rushed from the cover, and gallantly charged on the bounded and worn. And the ambulance car was a trophy of war. She that would tinge the dark cheek of a savage with the princely horses like modern nerves roar bravely on those who were bearing the wounded and their blood thirsty cheer was revolt to hear. As the pale bleeding forms of theRomans grounded by the shrillness of morning in the silence of night. This sighted the end of their money and clothes, alas! that wretched human are born of an Anna. Should boast of a crime that humanity loathes.
In Prison - at Richmond Ba. & Trealossa Ala.

Since the day of the battle when comrades did battle
Our best that been made on the hard prison floor.
But we hope that our friend "Uncle Abe" will soon send
McClellan or Sherman to open the door.
We have patiently borne the confinement and scorn
The insults and sneers of a rascally crew.
But we'll teach them a trick that will soon make them wish
And the rest of Secession they'll bitterly rue.

When the traitors shall hear such a thundering cheer
As the flag of our Union we fling to the breeze.
Then shall Davis be booted and Beauregard booted,
And treason be banished far over the field seas.

Though fate went against us and sorely oppressed
By leaving us here in prison cell the six
We can laugh at our fate at them turn up our nose.
While their stars and their bars we both hate and despise.
Confederate States' Prison, Pensacola, Ala.
Sunday Jan 5, 1862

I have at last procured materials for journalizing and will once more engage in my favorite employment. When I was first taken prisoner I had not the means to purchase writing materials with; besides I supposed it would be sent home as soon as they got well and I would not matter much. But alas! my hopes as usual were doomed to disappointment. We were all held and treated as prisoners of war. But as fast as one hope was dashed to the ground another was originated in the minds of the prisoners. Thus we were never long without a hope of soon being released. It is said if it were not for hope the heart would break.
But I am sure if we had had no hope at all of release we should have been much more contented. But my pen is already running away. Having always a hope of soon returning to my Regiment I have allowed myself to be "enchained" out of a journal till now; and now I have ceased to hope & and began to write. But I must go a long way back and bring my record regular.

We left Camp Pick on Arlington Heights about Three o'clock P.M. Tuesday July 17th. At about Two o'clock at night we halted and stacked arms in the road and fell "over the fence for a night's repose. And not fairly lying down when we were again ordered to "fall in." Damn this military uncertain," I exclaimed as I rolled up my blankets and began to hunt in the dark for the stack which contained my rations.
A half mile farther on and we halted and camped in Vienna, having marched the bulk of seven miles. Learned here that our pickets had scared two regiments out that were drilling in screamed security on an adjacent green. There I was shown the hill on which was planted the massed battery that was opened on the Bay of Ohio last spring. At day in the morning we again broke up our line of march to Lewisville. This was a most tedious march. At one time it was half past four. "Fall in," "Front foot," "Order arms," "Shoulder arms," we accost until we reached Fairfax at twelve a distance of seven miles. Here was a fort which had recently been evacuated by the Rebels. They closed their ground until our artillery opened upon them. Then they fled without returning the salutation. Here were grand dinner tables and everything left in great haste.
Three miles farther on and halted for the night. Marched again at eight in the morning and halted in a valley below the enemy's fort which could have blown up 8 atomas if they had held their own. But Beauregard had left with 73 thousand men that evening in July 54. Soon heard at the left and front of us heavy musketry and cannonading. At about three o'clock we fell in and marched double quick to the scene of action through almost impenetrable clouds of dust. Formed line of battle in the woods at a sufficient distance to receive the benefits of the enemy's cannon balls, which whizzed about us, clipping branches of trees and glowing up the ground "just like mud." One ball killed one of our boys and around three more. But this was all bad Generalship as I understand it. Our Brigade was not ordered there by the commanding General.
Our forces moved off and fell back on Centerville till Sunday July 21st. Sunday morning arose at two o'clock and prepared to march. In the course of time we moved forward. At a distance of four or five miles halted and formed line of battle in the woods on the front of a hill and at the rear of Ricketts battery. At about eight o'clock the batteries were opened and rattle muskets never heard than was made by the whistling of balls and the distant explosions of shells. The morning was one of uncanny blight and still air of the valley below lent a musical chime to every sound. After a while a drum was heard far away to the right of the battle field. Soon we saw the 4th N.C. and 9th T.A. Reg't on a double quick, doubly accelerated through a cornfield beneath galling fire from the 1st and 2nd R. I. 2nd N.C. and 21st N.C.
About twelve our Brigade consisting of the 13th and 15th MI and 2nd Miss Regt were double
quitted around the right and opposite extremity of the battle field where after an endless variety of
camouflage we were marched up and then left flanked up over a fence and about two rods up a hill at the rear of two pieces of Grogers
further there a man rode in front of our line and one commanded us not to fire on the first
men that came for they were our men but to give the next ones hell. But our ranks were
badly broken and the men in the rear did not hear the order and began to fire on the
first man they saw. They acted like fools and
for they had repeatedly been instructed
not to fire till they were ordered. But their
conduct was only characteristic of the whole day's battle.
On a certain day, I determined to visit the town of Cambridge. This was the second week of May. After breakfast, I started off and proceeded to the town. After some time, I came to a bridge and crossed it. Then I walked down a path and came to a hill. On top of the hill, I saw a beautiful view of the town. After a short rest, I continued my journey.
I had reloaded my piece and stopped to let those in the rear shoot over me when I felt something like a particle from the breach of a musket on my left shoulder which knocked me forward on my left hand. With an oath I raised and brought my gun to my face to see if my shoulder was broke but finding it good yet I waited for enemy to receive further orders. But my shoulder soon began to pain me and a second trial told me that my I was disabled. I then retreated slowly through a raking fire from the 69th N.Y. which was playing the devil with our Rep. I tried to talk some of them that they were killing their own men, but, lords! I could not hear my own voice for muskets so I moved forward with their bullets whistling all around me. Some think my wound was made by them but any unable to state positively.
I made my way back to a house appointed for a hospital where I found Capt. Randolph who said he was also shot in the back. After a few moments, and Jim Meredith came up with his arm broken. Shortly I was informed by one of my Co's that our forces were retreating. After a time I arose and found that only one man lay (beneath a tree in the yard) beside me. I asked him to go into the house but he was dead. I entered the house to have my wound dressed but found it crowded with worse wounds than mine. At this moment Newton Riddle came in well and thought we had better pack back to Centerville. As we passed out I was hailed by a man who recognized me. He was wounded in the groins. Newton and I took the time between us and started for Centerville.
had not proceeded far before we discovered the smoke of battle on the route by which we came. We then filed left and struck into another road. As we proceeded we fell in with other men, one of whom was Capt. John Lovell of Pa. He proved of great service & not or rather his field glass did. But that.

On reaching Centreville I found the retreat to be a complete one. As I passed the hospital I was hailed by the familiar voice of Capt. Reed. He said that I was reported killed. He said we Captain and I had gone by with the regiment. I stopped and had my wound dressed. The Dr. stuck his finger into a hole down on my back and said the first intimation I had of my shoulder was except the boil on my shoulder. The ball passed up under the shoulder blade and lodged on top of it should.
It was after dark when I got any sound dressed and I didn't follow the Big Foot night. In the morning Judge Keed sent me early saying the enemy was advancing and that our forces had all retreated even to the Dard and left him alone with the helpless in the hospital. I arose feeling rather sore and we started for fairer climes. The road to Fairfax was strewed with the wrecks of wagons the entire distance. It looked as though they had made a precipitate retreat as hell bent as though the Devil had kicked them and rage. (God, that's rather rough language for a journal, isn't it?)

Friend En... had died at the hospital since Saturday and was now rather quiet. I was sore and closed up and we made rather moderate headway.
I had eaten nothing since the morning before at 2 o'clock and now I did not feel like eating. I found some crackers among the chaplains' papers, but could not eat any. Reached Fairfax just as our forces were leaving it on the other side. Found Major Readworth there who advised us to stop at the hospital and our men would come that night with a flag of truce and a train of ambulances and get all the wounded. It was raining and we were nearly played out and trusting to his superior knowledge of military affairs we stopped and were taken prisoners the same day. Two flags of truce were said to have come but they were both concerning the remains of Col. Cameron of the 3d N.Y. At least no flag of truce took us away.
Eleven of us were taken prisoners here and Thursday we were taken to Manassa.Junction. Here I found several N.C. boys among whom were
Capt. J. A. McIntosh and C. W. Milcox. Milcox was wounded in the leg and afterwards died of a disease of the lungs in the General Army Hospital in Richmond. He belonged to Co. E. Grant Co. Breys. Olver belonged to Jonesville, Co. D. Lives most of the time at Stouff. Was wounded in the eye. I shall have occasion to speak of him again. McIntosh belonged to Milwaukee, Co. B. He lived in East Troy.
He was wounded shot through above the hip and the extremity ran freely from the wound in front. I volunteered my services and helped him that afternoon to my own disadvantage. I used both hands and the bandages came off my wounds and
left them exposed until we got to Richmond on Sunday besides making my shoulder so lame that I could do nothing for two or three weeks till I reached Richmond. The whole train had nothing but wounded prisoners. Reached Richmond Sunday morning July 28th and by accident was shown a matrass by the side of Midnight. His wound was pronounced a dead sett by the Drs. They did nothing for but left it all for me to do. The only dressing any wound got was to wash them once a day and kept them and with cold water. He finally got well and went home with the discharge in the fall.

I being the least disabled of any in the ward was needed to assist the helpless to walk and help them with dressing and wounds. In this way I enigmated myself into the good graces of Dr. Walker who had time to assist him in dressing...
I was sent with about twenty others to prison. My friend E. L. had preceded me and was now in No. 2 hospital near the prison. These prisons and hospitals were old tobacco factories; five in number: two hospitals and three prisons. I was in No. 1 prison. The rooms were each forty by one hundred feet and at different times held from 125 to 140 men each.
To my great surprise I found Charles E. Browbridge waiting for the prison and hospitals. He informed me that Sergeant D. C. Holdridge was uninjured and a prisoner in No. 2. I had previously considered him dead. I heard they were shot in the back of the head.

Soon after I arrived Charlie and Thomas Brooken of No. 2 were dismissed from the sack yard and sent to No. 1 Prison. Brooken was afterwards sent with a guard to New Orleans. Charlie was soon taken with the diarrhoea and congestion of the lungs and died at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning, Oct 4, 1861. The Dr. could do nothing for him. Thursday I tried to have him taken to the hospital. The Dr. said he would treat him on the 5th. Then he said he would see about it the next day. The next day was too late. It is looked upon by eyewitnesses as murder outright. The noise and tumult of one hundred and thirty
unrestrained men in one room was enough to kill any man that was in any way unwell. The Drs pretended that his death was a mystery, for his disease was not dangerous. Still I think myself it was not the disease that killed him, but pure neglect. I took charge of his watch and clothing and some other things to deliver to his uncle in Milton Rock Co. Wis. E. C. Dickson took his pocket book and memoranda & that to his parents in Chicago. We tried but without success to chase his grave marked so that his friends might find it after prime was restored.

After Charlie had gone I went up on the next floor and walked in with the afore mentioned Mr. McRae and Mr. McAlpin. We afterwards went to Columbia S.C. Wilson and I then doubled back and have drawn together ever since. We hope to continue so until we are released from confinement and return to the Old Badger State.
When I went up stairs I was not well. Those who saw me said I looked as though I was in the last stages of consumption. After I had got considerable better, I weighed 140 lbs., the lowest I have weighed in a great many years. So say (Jan 3) I weigh 161.

As soon as I was able to whistle I made a ball in a block and a ring attached to it all of bone. I did this to cut off any bone whittling in the building and won my points. After that I got interested in the bone work and have kept at it till the present. It has made time pass very pleasantly and I have made several trinkets to take home as memorials of the Richmond and Inebolava prisons.

My friend E. L. Reed died in a hospital of consumption Oct 23rd 1861. The Dred would never allow me to visit him.
Arrived in Montgomery Monday morning 25th Oct., I got about three hundred and fifty more arrived and we tall shipped on board the Steamer for Tuscaloosa.

Start down the Alabama River off the Tombigbee and Black Warrior to Tuscaloosa. Arrived Dec. 5th. This was my twenty-sixth birth day! Wasn't it a swell one? Better cold.

They stowed the five hundred of us in an old Cotton Warehouse till they could prepare a place for us. The old U.S. Hotel now empty. Says the Dutch Surgeon, "We'll take that." To butt you won't," says the colonel. Late Ditcher, I'll call out my one thousand and fifty guards and take it by force. If they can't do it, I'll have five hundred Panhandles and they'll fight like hell." Exit on one's indignation, and we took lodging at the MudHotel Tuscaloosa, Ala. Wirz was since going to Washington, D.C.
For a time we had white bread, cold beef for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, soup alternate for dinner. But the white bread soon played out and we now have corn dodgers with white bread twice a week. Last week Ditcher found a door broken down and some plastering knocked off from one of the unoccupied rooms above and took the meat away from us till the perpetrators are found out. This morning, Henry and Foster thought it rather tough to lose our decorations reduced any lower and accordingly gave themselves up to Ditcher to go in irons and let the beef come up again. But some one told him that there were not the men and they were released.

Well I have given a very brief and imperfect sketch of the past. It is too much to be very interesting a year.

But still it merits to many make some addition.
I must now proceed to keep journal on the old system. I am rather dull however and can hardly get my mind to acts and don't know as it is any wonder when we consider that I am in a large room fifty by sixty feet and we hundreds and forty five "Honkers" quartered therein. Such noise and confusion for five or six months I think is rather calculated to discus or dull a man's thinkerative powers somewhat.

Again there is no reading going on.
For a time we had white bread, cold meat for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, soup alternately.

Fortunately for the poor Yankees it is not very cold here in the 'Sunny South'. For many are destitute of clothing. Some have no shirts and some few coats. My shirt sleeves are played out. We have tailors making shirts besides. They say they have full suits for all the prisoners arrived from the A. S. I think we shall find them quite handy to have in the house. Though we are not as hard up as we might be imagined when we consider the fact that we have only the clothing sent on the battlefield in midsummer. The Southern Confederacy has done nothing for us.

But the recruits I may make some addition.
"In Embalosa, Jan 9th 1862

A couple of C.S. officers are going home upon parole and I have written a very short line home this morning. It looks a little singular that those two should be paroled for exchanged at this juncture and no others. Some day it is but the commencement of a general parole. It may be so, but I will believe it when we get in Washington. We have been going home in a coach or two sometimes and at other times. Well I can stand very well till about April or May and after that I should like to emigrate. But all as well that ends well.

"I abide any time.

Again there is no presence going on..."
Tuscaloosa Prison, January 10th, 1862

Don't feel very ambitious to-day. Some work is getting played out. All my old shop mates have retired from business and left me alone to my glory. Hathaway has gone to work in the yard. Wilem has taken my plough interested and now has nothing to do with Grant Jeffers. Has gone to studying German. He can Ditch English pretty well already. I have some sips or eight jobs engaged to do for other boys which I must hurry and finish and then come some jobs till the old acc'ts are squared.
It is now midnight and we have the windows raised and I am writing with in my shirt sleeves with my elbows out. I have worn my shirt but for days so far. Every night I lay out side of the blankets for an hour or to till I get cool. Sister I went out for a bottle of wine. It was made by Thadens Davis M.D. I notice every thing they have here is stamped with maritime stamps. They have nothing of their own make (except cotton) that is worth anything. This great and noble city Nacacola has neither Railroad or Telephone communication. From Montgomery here (some 300 miles) there were but few villages: nothing but a fine cotton plantation.
For a time we had white bread, cold meat, and breakfast and beans, rice, must, soup alternately.

This looked like Western "Paddy fashion." I never supposed that even a portion of educated North Americans was so far behind the age of improvement. If it is caused by ignorance, it is slavery indeed a curse. And if the South, who has to depend a lot on northern manufactures for every thing, thinks she will withdraw from the Union and at the North go to ruin, she's a damn fool! now cut your own throat to avenge some imaginary wrong. Some ignan fatted is leading you astray; even to heathenism. But as you will for you as only a cog to the improvement of the enlightened North. God save the Constitution.
I have got such a cold I am almost a fool. Every night I cough very hard and my cough is very tight—raise nothing. I am so short of breath that I can hardly talk. It requires all my breath to make a noise, and then I can only say but few words before my breath is all gone. I have taken molasses and vinegar a few times and I think that is loosening it. Several others have had the same. It does not seem to hang on but a few weeks. Wilcox has had it six weeks, but his cough bit is getting better.
Some time ago we heard that a bill had passed both houses for an exchange of prisoners, but Abe Lincoln had vetoed it. Yesterday we heard that he had immediately granted and ordered an exchange. To-day we hear it is all a shamberg. To-day goes. Some nice story about release everyday till I am almost inclined to believe we shall never get out. But I am not impatient. Some times when I think of home and our confinement I feel as though I would like to be out of the Southern Confederacy. But I am never ready and in a book I wrote it
We have been here nearly a month and we have seen no sign of spring starting for home every evening. Well I have started for I would like to make a few more trinkets. When I feel well and am at work at some new design it would instead be an unwelcome sound to hear and know that we are to start "tomorrow". At such times I think of the Prisoners of Chillon who by long confinement had formed to his room and to the mice which he fed and tamed that he was lost to leave them and says that even I reclaimed my freedom with a sigh.

I can truly say that I never was better contented or enjoyed myself better or spent six months more to my satisfaction than my six months of imprisonment.
At one time we had white bread, cold meat, for breakfast, and beans, rice, mush, soup alternately.

Incalsosso Prison. Sunday Jan 12th 1862

To day being Sunday, the prisoners refrain from some gaming and rich liquor in various ways. Some in reading some old book or paper which they have found or borrowed from here. Some because they can do no better play cards, while the rest lay on the floor brooding over their mishap and generating a spirit of discontent. But I make no distinction between whatever, both with the popularity on Sundays as any other day. I can't see the point why Sunday should be observed.
Some times on a Sunday I put to thinking of home and think I could like to be there. Then my rage kindles instantly and I feel as though I could leap over a wall or rush through a roof; you even “conspire Affic” to regain my freedom. Then I make a mighty effort (for a slight effort cannot) and turn my mind in a different channel. Sometimes I have to quit work and go to raising the O-l about the room to drive such thoughts away, but I have far better command over myself than I once had and it is not much trouble now to keep my mind on an equilibrium.

I think after all that I shall not go home when I do get out of here. I do not propose to let the S.C. off without a struggle to retaliate for any imprisonment. I am armed and entitled to a discharge both from imprisonment here and service at home. But that would not grant it here and I am bound if accepted on the other side.

Again there is no drinking going on.
Pascacissa Prison. Jan. 15th D. 1862

I suppose this is winter weather for
Ala.; rather cool and rainy. It is mighty elegant
weather entirely.

Last we received our new clothing consist-
ing of an overcoat, dress coat, shirt, two pairs draw-
ners, shoes, and socks. They say we are to have
our caps, blankets, and blouses, to-day. Now we
would like to go home before we get your new toggeries
injected with prison vermin. Oh! God! I can
relish confinement on dodges but I must confess
a deep feeling of "Home-sickness" when I

(Handwritten notes, possibly related to military life and experiences.)
We have been here near a month and we see no signs of going on. Still I have no

have a skirmish with the rebels, will she in great
meny bless us with an exchange? I shall get the
encroaching if I write an more. I think I shall play
all sorts of hell with Southern Confederacy to pay
this.

Oh! nonsense! this is no place to write journals.
Here are some hundred and forty men, trading with
and shoes, besides all sorts of confusion to irritate you.
There are very many things which I ought to speak of but
I can never think of them at the proper time. My time
for writing is in the night but there there is more
miss of night that during the day and at eight o'clock
the lights must all be blown out.

I have a mind to quit this troubousness while in prison.
I am getting a little sorter damned mad
about some things. I'll half go the
present

Again there is no steering going on.
For a time we had white bread, cold meat for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, soup alternately.

Moscovia Ala Thursday A.M. Jan 16th 1862

“Misfortunes never come single handed.”
First with one good things: to-day we have rice, shirts, blankets, and blouses; and tomorrow socks are to be dealt out to us. But I had rather they would not have sent any thing. The blouse will come handy and that is all I want.

The Dutch Sergeant, Mr. B., started Monday for New Orleans on a visit.
How we hated that man in Richmond, but now she is the best friend we have.
I ought to give a more general description of our abode and manner of living.

The building as afore said was once the United States Hotel. It is a very large brick building four stories high, nothing in any extravagant or costly about the finish; externally it is quite plain. The room in which we are quartered was once used for court room, ball room, dining room, and theater. The stage and other fixtures were here when we came. It is provided with three small fireplaces for burning coal. As soon as it is dark we begin to spread our blankets on the floor and roll ourselves therein. The sleep begins and6 from six and a half till seven and a half thirteen hours. I said we sleep, we lay and roll from side to side in a vain effort to relieve a sore place in the floor. Our ship's bosom are calloused.

Again there is no beating going on.
At about nine o'clock our dodger and cold boiled beef is brought up to all the men who work in the cook yard. It is then divided into rations—a dodger the size of a chunk of dish and meat the size of a horse's lip. This—by no means dainty—dish is soon disposed of and the “boarders” smack their chops for more. Since I commenced soldiering I have had an uncommonly good appetite and my rations have never been equal to it. But this dodger does not back but little if satisfying all demands. But I cannot get regulated now eating. If I eat—
We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of going home. I am staying in the same room. I have not enough at any time. It is sure to distress me afterward. I suppose it is because I have not proper exercise. The only exercise we get is in the backyard, which is very small. We have to climb up and down the stairs to get to the rooms. I manage to keep busy by doing small jobs for the cooks occasionally. I eat enough to make me quite corpulent. My coat is too large for me now and I weigh about 166 lbs. But it is all loose flesh and soft as mush. But this is foreign to the subject on which I was writing. I'll give you again get to lodgings, meals, and a plate of rice and beans alternately—must and don't the more. If it's to feast as once and the flood swept me they begin to fall in for a "walk around" and keep it up until the beds are spread on blankets. I should say—and they are compelled to give over. I'll adjourn for the present and fall in. Where's Halcox?
Sasculoosa Prison, Jan 18th & 1862

Have to day to me the Southern style —
been “toting around.” I got some dodgers, warm
boiled beef, and sweet potatoes. I voted it on
my wounded shoulder to test its strength. It
stood it well.

I think my cold is getting a little, or
else I am getting used to it, and do not
notice it much.

I am informed that the guards say they
have had orders to be ready to go with us to
Richmond next week. An order to return.
Confederate Prison, Tuscaloosa, Ala., Jan. 19th, 1862

This is supposed to be the Holy Sabbath. Well I've been a little wicked. The estimation of some I suppose but I don't feel very badly condemned. I only made a few plans stole some sweet potatoes and played a few games of euchre. My friend J. F. Dick had tried a few times to talk a little party into me but he was as well prepared morally to a monster.

It is very warm & dark. I have only my drawers and one shirt under my arm sweating. I think if I were to stay next summer we shall surely all be cooked and fit for eating. I think I would rather risk an other fall. I guess if there is nothing done for us before April we will and do something for our selves. The thing is most talked of now much however because the boys hope to be sooner released.
For a time we had white bread, cold meat for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, soup alternately.

The "Report" of to day is that we are already exchanged and that the Confederacy is only waiting for our soldiers be dead or to turn their backs and we shall go in pursuit.

These last days we shall attack in a reckless way. I have to say but its as it is for there that we shall be there this day month. I was very sanguine that the wounded would be sent home last fall; so sanguine that when we at last I was forced to abandon the hope I immediately began to discredit all rumors of release. I must confess that I was badly fooled on going last fall.

I am writing it over to make some additions.
Six months ago to day was the famous battle at "Bull's Run," where thousands fell, died, and of whom I am one. I had thought over a thousand times all the casualties of a battle except that of being taken prisoner. I had thought of being killed in various ways, of being wounded—left on the field—run over by infantry and cavalry—of being taken to a hospital—of having limbs taken off—of suffering the keenest of sufferings and at last of dying—or if purchased I hired, if.
For a time we had white bread, cold meat, breakfast and beans, rice, mush, soup alternately returning home a cripple for life. All this I had duly considered many times but the thought of being taken a prisoner never entered my head until some time after Major Washworth had left us in the hospital at Fairfax. And then I might have made my escape for we were unguarded at all. But I did not think they would retain us as prisoners of war but send us to our own forces to get rid of us. But alas! That was more of my state of figuring things. I should think I should know better by this time than to confide in my own reasoning since it fools me.
We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for Rome any sooner. Well I have to very often. Ah! it's a sad racket for that I am for not learning from the by experience. But I know better now than to speculate on the probabilities and possibilities of leaving this Hell-hole. Every passing breeze bears news from some soldier about going home. Later the Corporal of the guard offered the best ten dollars to two and a half that if the Sergeant Mr. got home to might he should leave before Saturday. So mights report is that Ditch las returned and that two hundred and fifty Manassas prisoners are going home this week. I'll bet ten to two that it's a lie. Good night.
Confederate Prison. Sunday Jan 26th 1862

Have not worked much today. Made a ring for J. Dume and went down in the yard and turned myself. It was quite warm down there and the flies were quite numerous. It was very pleasant and I had just begun to enjoy it when I recollected that I was a prisoner and several thousand miles from home. The idea of being here is not half so harassing to the mind as the uncertainty and anxiety about going home. If we were sure of spending the remainder...
We have been here nearly a month and we have no signs of going home yet. We'll have to
make our calculations accordingly and cease to think of it as we now do. Every day we get fresh
news about release and every day they prove false. As though gifted, every day get
every new report this crediting to a greater or
less extent by the majority. Oh, Shaw! I half
believe the idea of going home is all a humbug.
Last night I was dreaming all night about
home. Once I was just getting home. Father and
Mother saw me coming and ran to meet me.
Mother was in advance and reached me first.
She threw her arms about my neck
and began cry, and I awoke to hear the...
For a time we had white bread, cold beef for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, soup alternat-
ively. “Sentry shriek” Corporal of the Guard post No. 8. I tell that did not trouble me much for I often awoke with that sound making the nights tedious.

Have been at work for three or four days on a cane which I design to take home to Father. It is supposed I have a snake or a snake simile there if climbing it. I have also made a wooden pipe for my "sentry rider" to smoke with. They are they take pride in thinking they are not proud. I wonder if they would be in any way proud of these memorials? I must wonder however if I shall ever get some with them?
Confederate Prison. Jan 28th 1862

Yesterday the “Dicken Sergeant” came in and informed us that to day all our files and tools for working times were to be taken away from us. Drassye the Sergeant of our floor came along a few minutes ago telling us to hide our tools for Peacock was coming at shortly to get them. I have only a file and that I have stuck in the tail of my cap. He may have it by the time you find this.
For a time we had white bread, cold beef, for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, soup alternately.

There are various reasons assigned to this new move of Ditches. Some say it is because some one refused to make some kind of cakes for the Dr. Others say it is because one Pastor engaged to repair a cotton gin and the boys scared him out by threatening to report him to our Government as working for the Southern Confederacy. I conclude she is only made about something just now and I will forget it in a few days. As I look about the room I see all are engaged in something quite foreign to some filing, nary file hill.
our Father on high. 

To each one you are kind and merciful. 

Dear Father, I am eternally grateful for your kindness. May God be with us all the time. 

In this艰难 moment, I pray for your guidance and protection. 

May the Lord bless you and keep you. 

I send my love and prayers. 

May the Lord be with you. 

Your Son, 
[Signature]
Unsalaosa Prison. Jan 21 1862

More winter weather: raining, but not very cold. It got warm that last night. I pulled my shirt off and lay without any. I'll but will have a bully time next July and August.

Cold quick the time. This, if I have to die of disease in prison. God spare the time. If I have to die in prison I would prefer to die to day than to live any longer. But that is not to be long. Fate.
Last night during the noise and 
tumult I lay on the floor and composed the 
following

Lines

On BUSCO'S PRISON FLOOR
A Prisoner sleeping lay
And dreaming of his distant home
Some thousand miles away

He dreamed he reached his distant home
But ere he could he gained
His Mother ran in haste to meet
Her son with joy unperceived
For a time we had white bread, cold meat for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, soup alternately.

One found embrace with tears of joy—

Oh! God! her back in prison

That is my first attempt at poetry since I have been a prisoner. I have long wished to do something at the business, I know better than to undertake it here under the present circumstances.

Reese came up and told Grassy to collect the files and boxes. He collected all the old trash but nothing of any value. These have been delivered up, but Dickey said they are not the right ones. He'll have the right ones. But he never will get mine. I'll smash it.
Confederate States' Hellhole, Jan. 30th 1863

One man, Capt. of the guard, came to-day. This makes five that have gone home from here and many have gone from other places. The jail is full but break a little because the "Covers That Be" are so particular. I don't feel right about toward the U.S. for allowing us to remain here when they are exchanging elsewhere. If they are intending to make us out a big one, do it once and cut us off right again. For them. No more.
Tuscaloosa Prison, Jan 11th 1862

I have somewhat to record to day.

Cester the Ditchen Sergeant came in and told us that some one from this room had been insolent to the guards, and that unless we gave him up to be punished we should have not more food. To day he informed us that a line had been thrown out of the window of one room directed to Capt. Griswold for the effect that he or we would raise an insurrection. Before we would starve. He raised a mighty hell and kept two guards at our door and only one is allowed out at a time, and if a rest is ever made at the door it kills all the rest and the poorest away they can. Oh! They are treated nearly to death. They know well that the Yankees are an unrecognizable race.
We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of our being sent home. Every evening I have called, but we are not being released. Our forces are defeated and we are made to suffer. I can not possibly write here as I wish I could. I would like to preach a sermon if I could do it, but it's too far.

Oh! I hope the good Lord will intervene and our national affairs for a few days and bless us with a speedy release. I wish that I could see the results of all between the Gulf and old Virginia. I'd rather sink in defeat than stand alone and their tyranny.

Again there is no writing, go on.
I have neglected my journal for some time, but it was because I could not do it in good shape. But now I have a little something to write and I guess it will be the last till I get home. It appears now that notwithstanding all reports of going, some have proved false, they have now got a story going the rounds that is likely to prove true. It is that we are to start for home on Saturday. We have signed a parole today or tomorrow. The N.G. boys are signing to day.

I can’t write here.
We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of going. Starting for home every evening. Well I have

Salisbury, N.C., Mar. 21st, 1862

He signed the parole and on the first of March started as we supposed for home. But when we reached Kaildon in this state were informed that our forces were about to attack Richford and would not receive a flag of truce for several days. We were then sent to Raleigh and here.

Arrived here March 18th. Now we have all parts of runners about going home staying here and going to Texas. Some think they have got the whip out on us by getting their prisoners home first and now they are going to let Uncle Sam whittle,

Again there is no prospect going on
For a time we had white bread, cold beef, corn bread, and beans, rice, mush, soup alternately.

But I hardly think they dare undertake to play the game quite as stiff as that. I have heard that our boys are getting tired and those no quarter rebels. I think I know that we shall be forwarded on to our lines after a while. But if they wish to still retain us and "stand the hunting" I shall not object. I am sure Uncle Sam can bring them to terms.

Some of my kids boys are in our building with Kentucky boys. There are three buildings in this yard, each containing about forty men. Last night six of the boys from Frank leave and started for Fairize climes. Three or four more think of trying it to-night. I hope they may have a successful journey but I have great fears. I think it will not venture yet. It is great many have tried to get away from time to time, but I don't know of one that has made a successful attempt yet. The whole Confederacy is on guard and as sure as a fugitive is seen the is punished.

The New Orleans prisoners are free. In all there are fourteen hundred and eighty-eight.
We have been back nearly a month and we see no signs of going again starting for January every year. Well I have heard good news from our men. We have heard from a good source that we have taken Falls and are marching on Raleigh. It is only about eighty miles and will not take them long. Barnsides leads the expedition. It rather looks as though they were cutting the Confederacy in half. Perhaps when Barnsides gets to Raleigh (if they get there) he will slip up there on the sly and invite us boys to come out. It is supposed that if they take Raleigh that that will be no means of taking us south again. In that case they will have to ship us back to Richmond Va. Some have considerable horror of Richmond, and I cannot say I have no fancy for that place. Again there is no bleeding going on.
For a time we had white bread, cold beef for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, soup alternately.

Sorrows was the man's name who called the roll.

SALISBURY, N. C. Apr. 8, 1862

Have just been down stairs to hear a Richmond paper of Mar 27th read. It is filled with items of news in which Lee's is always victorious and retiring to better positions. That will do to tell their own men who take it for gospel, but will not go down with the boarders. Banks cannot see how a defeat can properly be termed 'victory' or a 'brilliant achievement.' While in Tuscaloosa the papers contained an account of the evacuation of Columbus Ga. on Irregulars. They are always returning to a place of safety, I think a few months more will find those places of safety, not that scarce.

One paper spoken of contained a brief and spicy speech from General Brownlow of Knoxville, Tenn.
We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home every arrow. Well I have learned to take it calmly. The same work has not been started here by any one yet. A few days ago I traded my watch for a violin and five dollars. I now have plenty to eat and plenty of recreation. We have chess, checkers, backgammon, dominoes, cards, balls, and two violins in the building. Time passes (at least with me) very pleasantly.

We are not held quite as closely here as at Richmond or Tallahassee. There are three small buildings in this yard, containing about one hundred men and forty-six women and we have a free use of the yard both night and day with a guard only at the gate. I like the quarters here better than any thing previous. We have but twelve in this room and are not have comparatively quiet time again here is no stealing going on.
Salisbury, N. C. May 6th, 1862

Again there is a prospect of some
returning to our "Uncle Sam". God forbid
that we should again fall victims to the
treachery of these "Butternut Colored" rebels.
If I were a praying man I should pray that I might
be allowed to send a few of them to the "Holy
Land of Canaan". But our boys are doing a
good thing for them. If the prisoners now
in Salisbury are not permitted to again go
into the service, they have the assurance that
others are in the service who will do what
we are not allowed to do.

Spring is already somewhat advanced
here. The woodlands is again clothed
in green, reminding one of the pleasant
hours I enjoyed in Camp Randall Wis. It is with some difficulty that I prevent being home sick. To think of the pleasant hours I might be enjoying at home and compared with this unjust imprisonment is more than I like to submit to. But I have been schooled to endure and get along with it much better than I could have done a few years ago.

The image of my dear friend and cousin Capt. D'A. Stevens is frequently brought before me this spring. I have not heard from him since the Battle of Bull Run. Do not know whether he was killed or not; think however he was not. I am very anxious to hear of him. I hope soon to be blessed with an interview with him. Have not been very well for a few days past.
Now I love my journal filled and to not know as "Butternut" will allow me to take it home, but I shall try hard to play a Yankee trick on them. By the way the Bank are playing lots of tricks on its guards.

The currency said there is thin plaster. These Banked counterfeiters and pass without any trouble. Five cent plasters are changed at fifties. One Butternut sold in this yard four dollars worth of tobacco and eighty cents good money.

Wish to be a prisoner of war for a year is no dishonor as I know but I can testify of a truth that it is far from being pleasant, especial in the Southern Confederacy, where prisoners are treated worse than criminals.
Parole of Honor from Tuscaloosa, Ala.

We hereby pledge our word of honor after our release from the Confederate States Military Prison at Tuscaloosa, Ala., to proceed forthwith to Norfolk, Va., via Petersburg and City Point and report ourselves to Gen. Angier and that we will not under any circumstances take up arms against or do any thing to the prejudice of the Confederate States or any State composing said confederacy or the people thereof until regularly exchanged, under such penalty as the Confederate States shall deem proper to inflict for a violation of this parole if taken up again after Transportation being furnished for that purpose.

Tuscaloosa, Ala. Feb 28th 1862
The Liar's Song

In London and Phillip's no longer could stay
I had so much money my debts could not pay
I saddled old Bob and away I did ride
With my sword on my head and my wig by my side

As I was a riding to Nottingham Fair
As riding on horseback all on the Greg Mare
An old Greg Mare with a striped on her back
There was scarce a lass on her but she was coal black

I met hundreds of ladies Oh! ten times more
As riding on horseback all walking before
I met a naked drummer a beating his drum
With his foot in his bosom o walking along
I saw an old man on a hot frozen stone
Ten thousand all around him, poor and all alone
I pulled off my hat and I bowed to his place
And I asked him the way to—I don’t know what place

The old man being angry he wouldn’t come down
to show me the way to—I don’t know what town
So off I did start with my hat on my head
Made out of a sheepskin that never was dead

My horse being antic and full of his play
He kicked off his heels and he threw me away
He threw me so hard right into the dirt
That she bruised my skin and she dirtied my shirt

I picked up good courage and mounted again
And with my two toes I walked over the plain
A short half of six days I took on the cold ground
And the third arrived at Our London town
Then I went to the city and I went to a ball.

I courted a rich widow worth nothing at all.

This couple was married one hot summer's day.

In the middle of winter while baking my hay.

The Dutchman followed no, but his horse would not stop.

The cursing and swearing his lines she did drop.

Then Betsy and Polly began to sing.

And they sung so blind they made it sound like.

The first blamed Pandie that along does come.

I'll sell my black horse for a very small sum.

I'll sell him, I'll sell him. But who wants to buy.

He is blind in one eye and his toes are so bad.

Now my wagon is tired and my horses are hot.

My horse is in a gallop my mare is in a trot.

And when I get back the people did stand

To see a coach and six horses drawn by a grey mare.
Ezra Goodrich
+ H. G. Proctor 1st Ohio Vol. 358 Cleveland O.
Frank Jeffers 2nd R.I.
A. T. Smith
John Rogers 3rd A.G.
Rev. 
M. A. Bade
Mr. Cressley
Charles Bean
Daniel Rogers 1st A. 
George Buxman 2nd A. 
J. Powers 22nd 
Geo. Bottom
John Melle
John Rogers 5th 
Fred Shaw 5th Mass
Martin Webster 19th N. Y.
W. S. Palmer 15th N. Ca.
Insceitoso Prison Feb 25th 1863

Names and addresses of friends

O. Mcco y 2d Co. D San Antonio Tex
A. Strong
E. A. Rice Kansas
E. R. Cartage
E. B. Marsh Kansas
J. J. Perry Kansas
P. H. Stoner
J. S. Bell
Frank Dexter Sarg. Died
H. C. Baker
John Donovan
S. B. Jackson
W. H. Fear
Lien Booth

A. la Graca. Died Oct. 1864
B. Biscare
C. Petose
I was wounded in left shoulder—shoulder blade broken—and taken prisoner at first Bull Run. In prison in Richmond Va., Tuscaloosa, Ala., and Salisbury, N.C., ten and one half years. Wounded in both legs and fell into the hands of the enemy the first day at Gettysburg, Pa., and held by them five days. The entire muscle of the upper right thigh was severed, and I was in consequence transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps to serve the remainder of my enlistment.

E.R. Reed
Priv. Co. K. 2d N.C.