Narrative of
Capt. A. J. Bennett 55th Reg.
Penn. Vol.
Captured on Fyke Island, S. C.
     March 16, 1862
Frank J. Bennett
Prisoner of War
Columbia S.C.

"Tout est terreur"
"La Sintilse"
"Tout est terreur"
"Bei Gott"

"Peruse or none, sir Knight. I am your captor."
"Deal with me well at your notlessness suggests"
"thinking the chance of war may one day place you"
"Where! I must now be reckoned, in the roll"
"of melancholy prisoners."

"The course of my own life is changeable still"
"As is the fickle mind and wandering will"
"Or, like the light dance which the wild breeze makes"
"Amidst the falling race of mothering leaves."
Which now its breath bars down, now tosses high
Breathe to the earth, now mingles to middle sky.
Such, and as varied the precarious play
Of fate, with man, frail tenant of a day.

Come, come
The more I can endure
Life is but a short fever
And death is the cure.

On fair ground
I could beat four of them
Sunday 23
From 2 5-.

Man's but a vapor
Full of voss
Cuts a vapor
And down he goes.

To all I love or hope or fear
Honor or fame a long addin'
To all that life has left or dear
farewell our memory of you.
"My eyes are filled with childish tears
My heart is idly stirred
For the same sound is in my ears
That in the past I've heard"

"I arise from dreams of thee
In the past sweet sleep of night
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright"

"Moderation is the near-falling companion
Of strength and justice"

"As a man chastiseth his son, so the Lord thy God chastiseth thee." Deut 7.
Charleston Jail, Tuesday, 15th March, 1862.

Like a dream the events of the last three days. This narrow cell, the nail-studded door doubly locked and padlocked upon us, and the strongly barred window. Can they be real? Alas! my friend Frank, as you grasp one of the heavy iron bars that form such a curious net work between you and the outer world, you find nothing unreal or unsubstantial. What a contrast to last Sunday morning! But let me recapitulate the occurrences since my capture.

Having been deceived as to my position by our pock-ets, who rather than confess ignorance directed us wrongly, and also deceived by their account of Captain Suckers' being in advance with a patrol, Lt. Kirby, Mr. Willis, and I fell into the hands of a body of the enemy, who with the moment of our capture were felt certain must be Capt. Suckers' men. Caught like mice in a trap, we were hurried to Johnson Island, and after resting for a short time at one of the relief pocket stations, again took up our lines of march over a narrow Exosterone that led us through...
how rice swamps of which this Island is composed until we came to a ferry. Here we were compelled to wait several hours for the rising of the tide to enable us to cross. But being now far within the swamps lines there was no hope of a rescue.

The men who captured us seemed to vie with each other in rendering us as comfortable as possible under the circumstances: they dined with us, and ate with relish some biscuit and cold meat from the harness of one of them.

They were as highly elated with their capture as were depressed; but showed it in a manner the least offensive as possible. They aimed not the slightest annoyance at my many halts for rest and when at length we were met by some cavalry men; one of them was dismounted and his horse placed at my disposal. There was no officer with the party or I should not have been so surprised. A Sergeant commanded the whole. Good brave hearts! I felt sorry they were not engaged in a bitter cause—worse Island should be in our hands. I wonder an attempt has not been made to drive the rebels from it.
Its possession would give us little Edisto, and two excellent picket posts. Without one the other can not be held.

Harding crossed to the mainland; our course lay through a wood, for several miles; the excellent road over which we travelled being obstructed during its whole length by fallen trees etc. They evidently expect an advance to be made by us. At length we came to a large clearing, and beyond this lay the camp of our captors. It being the hour for their parade, we were taken back to the officers' quarters, and under the charge of the officers of the day, awaited the orders of the Commander, concerning us. But no more great curiosities; and we soon surrounded by the sick and those off duty, who gazed at us, as I have never been gazed at before. From this, we were relieved by an officer, a captain's sarge, who invited us into his tent, and thus freed us from the annoyance.

The captain and his assistant, both very gentlemanly, entreated us until at length, we were summoned before Col. Stephens. Many questions were asked, some of which I did not care to answer, and then the Colonel, apologising, that he would be compelled to place a guard over us at night; sent us to a tent which had been prepared for us. There we
were visited by Captain Sage, who having learned that we had no supper, had prepared and sent to us an excellent meal of fresh meat, foiled ham, rice, coffee and bread. This being dispatched, we threw ourselves upon some straw that had been given us, and prepared to pass the night with such feelings as were suggested by our various dispositions, and by the singular circumstances under which we were placed. Mr. Willis very down-hearted, while Kirby and myself, having already adapted ourselves to our position and determined to make the best of it, kept up a very good spirit. A glass of whiskey, kindly sent to us by Captain Sage, may have had much to do with this. But we were soon disturbed by an order having come from General Evans to send us up to his headquarters immediately. A wagon was got ready, and in it were placed, under the charge of five or six guards. Before starting, I had an opportunity, of saying good-bye to the gentle men who had shown us attentions, I could not but appreciate. It was a bright moonlight night, and the circumstances of our ride were romantic enough, seated in an open wagon, two guards in with us and four walking along side; their guns and bayonets glistening in the flood of
light, that poured down through the interstices of the trees; for, as before, our road lay through a pine forest. But however romantically I might have been disposed at another time, my thoughts were far away. Poor Lizzie! There is grief and sorrow for you. I trust you may not be long in suspense as to my fate—

Upon arrival at General Evans' head quarters, we were ushered into a large room, bare of all furniture, save some chairs, and a table set for a meal. In an open fire place was flaring a wood fire. Very cheerful and comfortable, for our ride had made us feel chilly. Here we remained some time; having a pleasant chat with some officers of the Rebel Army. A supper was provided for which we refused with thanks, having eaten, and at length General Evans having declined feeding us that night; we were turned over to a Captain of Cavalry, who gave up his tent to us; and having brought us some blankets and a pitcher of whiskey, from which we all took a drink, left us for the night. The next morning we breakfasted with the Captain (whose name, I am sorry I forget,) and were again taken to the General's quarters. General...
sigid, plain looking man, very enthusiastic in the cause he has adopted, and determined to uphold to the bitter end. A conversation of more than an hour, principally a monologue, in which he explained the principles for which he was fighting, and endeavored to explain the justice of them. He made me admire and respect the General for his frankness and enthusiasm; though equally convinced in my part, that he has advocated a vile cause, one without truth or justice in it. He asked some questions, which as they related to our force in Edisto, I excused myself from answering. He then informed us we were to be sent Charleston, where he hoped we would be granted the liberty of the city on parole.

The hour for our departure being at hand, the General said us good morning, and in again set off under escort. We were once supplied with a horse and a pleasant ride of three miles to the depot. Colonel Cunningham of S.C. and myself taking lead. Again had an interesting conversation. Colonel Cunningham a man of the world, of educated and polished manners; a politician and a soldier. I was fortunate in my companion; our conversation embracing a thousand topics occasionally trenching...
upon politics in which we did not so wholly disagree as might be supposed. Upon reaching the depot we did mounted, and through the consideration of Col. Cunningham were taken into the telegraph room to escape the gage of the eager sight seers who began to crowd around us. Here we met Captain Sage who produced some whiskey opened it, and we again drank with our foes or rather our friends, for too brave to hate a fallen foe. With the commencement of our misfortune had disappeared their enmity. In the rear Col. Cunningham seated himself with me and pointed out the features of the country the rice and cotton fields and inpenetrable thickets and swamps of this Southern land. As we approached Charleston long lines of breastworks were being thrown up on both sides of the railroad. I was told of some mounted batteries but did not see them. These men they live in constant expectation of an attack.

Of course we were the source of admiration to the whole car load of passengers and many eyes were turned upon us but this we had begun to get accustomed to and it did not annoy us in the least. It was probably u
gratification to us in our misfortune, to see ourselves the centre of attraction to all surrounding us. As we neared the city, the morning papers made their appearance, and being allowed to buy, I inquired five cents in the purchase of the Charleston Mercury. The morning paper was a treat to us, for it had been months before, that it had been read on the date of its issue. An account of the battle of Norfolk depressed our spirits somewhat, but we concealed ourselves with the reflection that it was not as bad as represented.

At length Charleston rose up before us and now the cars stop and we take a boat for the city. More gogers—

I sat myself opposite a very jolly girl, for Lincoln has been long a novelty to us. She appeared to laugh at our misfortunes, probably our long faces, and I again turned to my companion.

Upon reaching the city we found a carriage and an aid of General Ripley's waiting to take us to the Grand House. To this, our conductors would not submit and insisted upon taking us to the quarters of General Ripley in accordance with the orders they had received from General Evans.
During our ride Col. Cunningham pointed out the notable buildings to me: he also showed me a beautiful sword he bought in London. On arrival at head quarters General Ripley refused to see us and we were sent off to the Guard House. The drurk taking a round about way to show us the battery, by instruction of the Colonel. This gentleman from whom we received so many civilities, I should like to meet under other circumstances. He is the John Cunningham who first introduced the bill of secession into S. Carolina. He is of an old and noble family of this state, said to have Tories in the Revolution. He told me he had a sister, now living in Philadelphia. Upon arrival at the Guard House, leaving our escort, we were ushered into a very pleasant room, with carpet, lounge, mirror, etc. Here we were visited by Major Bracken, a pleasant looking man of 60 or 60 who desired our parole not to escape, as long as we were there. This was freely given and we began in view of the comforts around us, to look upon our imprisonment as no great hardship after all. A dinner was ordered, and something to drink and smoke having been procured, we began to make ourselves very...
comfortable I felt very much fatigued sought the 
sofa. And presently we were startled by the opening of our 
room door and rising saw General Ripley and an aid 
who addressed me thus:

General Ripley: “Which of you gentlemen have commissary?”

“MYSELF,” said I and this gentleman, pointing to Mr. 
Gibson, to Mr. Willis. “Here are gentlemen who have 
been stealing cotton and property in the Island. The civil 
authorities will take care of you.”

“Mr. Willis,” not exactly stealing cotton, sir!”

General, contemptibly. “And turning towards the negroes” 
to the guard. “Take him away.”

Poor Willis!” After he was carried off the General turned 
to me and after asking if I had been supplied with 
necessary comforts bid us good day and left.

The visit was so sudden, so short. And the General’s manner 
was very different from what I had expected that I did 
not examine him as closely as I otherwise should have 
done. In fact I should not know him again should I 
see him but he struck me as a large, bulky man, 
very abrupt in his manner and I should say very harsh.
He is a northerner, a native of Ohio; and one of the number of old army officers, who took up arms with the rebels in their insane attempt to overthrow the government. He commands in this district. Alas for us, we should have fared better in the hands of a native of the South.

Our dinner was brought, but we may be imagined. We sipped, and I felt no appetite for it. But we thumped rigorously at our cigars, trying to lose our cares. In the soft and pleasant twilight which lay heavily about us, evening drew on, and the stream of sunlight which shone so cheerfully through the windows became smaller until at last the shadows met over it entirely, and the gloom of our chamber harmonized with the sad thoughts that now buried us.

Said I: "Come, Kirby! Cheer up; we have some whiskey here, let us drink a bumper to poor Willis — and our friends to his ancestors."

Again was our door thrown open and presented to us a guard of soldiers. The more ordered to get ready and follow. Where to? What next? We knew not! When we had got into the street our conductors though they seemed not very communicative, informed us we were going to jail!
After a walk of about ten minutes, through the front district, we came to a large stone building, with grated windows; to our amaze for God knows how long. Entering the jail, we were taken to a cell, the four bare walls and grated windows which struck a chill into us. We prevailed upon the jailer, to bring us a matrass, and a couple of blankets, for which we paid two dollars, the door was then locked upon us, and we were left in darkness, and to the tender mercy of beasts of vermin, which appeared to hold a生态系统 last night, mice, bugs, roaches, crawling things; Ugh! my flesh creeps at the remembrance. How very different from what I was led to expect by my conversation with General Evans. Of course our friend Willard, was constantly in our thoughts; and we would have given a great deal to learn his whereabouts and of his safety —

**Wednesday, March 19th.**

We were visited during yesterday by several of our fellow prisoners. Criminals here confined, who walked unceremoniously into our cell, to see the Yankee prisoners. I trust they were satisfied that devil is without horns. We not
awoke that our cells were open, until the entrance of one
Anderson, who, after taking a drink of whiskey, Mr. offered
him informed me that our cells were unlocked from
9 A.M. until sunset, during which time we have the
privilege of the halls and jail yard. He then parted us
as to the character of our fellow prisoners. There was
and cut them.
fine associates!—Also how wonderfully have our expectations
been disappointed. During the afternoon we availed ourselves
of the privilege of the yard, and going down to it, found
a most miserable, small enclosure, entirely destitute of verdure,
and cut off from the streets by a brick wall, cause the feet high
at the rear of the jail was erected a gallows, the one Col. Cochran
as narrowly escaped from.

Our meals for the day cost considerably. Provisions very high
here. This morning took a walk in the yard and then to
our cell, where we were visited again by some of the prisoners.
We handed the morning paper to one of them, a large Irish
woman, confined here for stealing, was enlisted into our
services as cook; she brought us an old table and two
old chairs without failure.

In the afternoon, we delighted to see Willio’s walk into
the room attended by a Lieutenant of Police. He is now confined with us. His return was celebrated by Sunday services, and then we separately told our stories of the last two days. He has had a hard time of it. He was locked up in the guardhouse—not allowed to speak to any one scarcely allowed to buy food. At length the major, Mr. Macbeth, gave him a hearing and upon a statement of the nature of the position in which he was acting, when captured, verified by his papers, which with his money, watch, etc., had been taken from him in his confinement, refused to have anything to do with him and turned him again to the military authorities. He was accordingly sent to jail with orders from General Ripley, to be placed in a separate cell away from us. But upon the request of the major, the jailor placed him in with us. A bumper was drunk to Major Macbeth, for this consideration towards us and the gentlemanly manner in which he had acted towards us friends.

Sunday March 22nd 1862

We have somewhat familiarized ourselves to this jail life, and find it more endurable than we first supposed.
Our parade ground, though very limited, gave us exercise and fresh air. The criminals, whom we felt such a horror of at first, showed themselves very kindly disposed towards us, and have daily smuggled in the papers for us. Accounts in these. We found not very flattering, in fact, they were so insulting that my blood boiled as I read them, and our confinement was so much the more odious that we could not get at the editors, and pull their noses. Our jail allowance is a pound of bread and a pound of meat apiece—meat of the poorest description, and at times, absolutely unfit to eat. Provisions we buy at enormous prices. Mary still cooks for us; she is not the most cleanly person in the world, but we manage to gulp down the diet with very good grace.

Thursday, May 1st

In looking over various meanderings of the day since this past was written I find some of them marked “very dark gloomy day.” At one time the jailer became more strict than usual, and there were rumors of certain retaliation to be made; though of what nature, we did not hear. Tory seldom was a paper smuggled into the jail, and
the outside world was a haunt for us.

During the first days of our confinement, we were visited by kind friends, who presented us with many articles necessary to our comfort: clothing, books, etc. It may I have an opportunity of showing my appreciation of the many attentions received from them. We had also several other visitors, persons who, having an idea a Yankee, was different from the rest of mankind, came to see us out of curiosity. To these, we were trotted out, and thinned up, to show the animals. The exhibition thing our, we would return to our dreams to sprawl at Greenwich and the meekness of its children. This annoyance was put a stop to by Mr. Single, the sheriff, a pleasant man whose regular Sunday visits to us were received by us with pleasure.

At his company, the half hour slipped by more rapidly than even the minister of the dull monotonous meal. Every disposition was shown by him to ameliorate our condition and I can remember him as a generous and chivalrous enemy, very different from our host, Mr. Ripley. In fact, most of the officers I have met are such as I have ever desired to contend with; that I could fight and
at the same time, give the hand of friendship to—

General Ripley gives us but poor rations, a pound of bread, and meat each a day; the latter of the most inferior description, and at times absolutely putrid, and unfit to eat. We have thus been driven to eat for ourselves. Provisions are very high, and before long, our stock of money will have run out. To be compelled to come down to this prison fare is not a pleasant prospect. But we may see them exchanged. Alas! we have no hopes of that. On Sunday, the last day of March, one of the civil prisoners came to our room with the information that a batch of federal prisoners had been brought in and going to one of the minions, I saw Sr. McElheny of Company F, my own regiment, with a corporal and sixteen men, in the jail yard, surrounded by a guard of confederate troops and about twenty citizens. The gazed at them, as at so many animals. Their countenances brightened to see a friendly face. After some time, their guard went out and left them to the tender mercies of the jailor. Sr. McElheny, in fact, took into our mess, and the men were given a large hospital room on the third story. They were tired.
and hungry, and it was a long time before they could get anything to eat. But in a day or two, they began to record their spirits, and joined the other prisoners in games of coll and marbles in the yard. Their rations being skimpy, for strong hearty young men, on Easter Day, to give them a feed, and a glass of grog around.

The afternoon all the letters we had written home were returned to us. This made a gloomy evening for us, but the next morning, word was sent us, that a flag of truce was about to be sent to our forces, and that our letters could go on by it. A day or two after, we were made comparatively happy by letters from Edwin—Sunshine, and Clouds, even in a jail!

Among the prisoners confined on criminal suit was one, a very excellent young man, whom I believe innocent of the charge preferred against him; it was not proved against him on the trial, and he was remanded to jail! Though persistent in his denial of the charge she had pressed one year in jail, when a simple acknowledgment, would have given him but six weeks. What can the laws be here? He was very much down.
on the rebels, and has shown a disposition to serve us in every way. I shall remember him! Other inmates of the jail were very disagreeable to me. There were many confederate soldiers confined there for military offences, they were all bitterly opposed, (as judge by their remarks to us) to the confederate government. That they were suffering some punishment. The foreigners I could blin; they are governed by self interest entirely. There is no feeling with them; North and South are alike to them, and I would far from trusting them, we. I a rebel officer—

A few days ago Fify replied gave us permission to read the daily papers, a great privilege; but one we think should have been granted us long ago. Our prisoners have not been so cut off from the outside world, and we think it but just we should receive what Virginia

The first day of our captivity we drank large quantities of whiskey endeavoring to drown care and the discomforts of our position, This we soon would not do. The great danger of habituating ourselves to the moderate use of spirits, impelled us to banish the whiskey, and take to cards and chess, pour passer le temps.
These games we soon grew tired of. Books we had, but it's so impossible to read; what will we do?
We are now comfortable than when we first came here. Ice and similar frigid, we got rid of, by throwing a sheet across, and finishing the jail blankets from our rooms. At times we sleep very cold, in consequence. But the cold is better than the frigid. As the weather grows more, cockroaches, we swarms had made their appearance, and a half hour nightly is given to the extermination of these disgusting insects.

Through the kindness of Mr. Dingle, we have been given two rooms, one as a sleeping, and one as a living room. They are rather bare of furniture, to know; a small table, and four chairs in one, and four cots in the other, but they look quite comfortable to us.

"It's home, and it's home, and it's home I long would be."
"Though the clouds in the sky and the wind is on the sea."
"For the sun through the mist, blinks brightly on mine eye."
"Says I'll shine on you yet, in your own country."
May 2nd

Oh! the really, many days of my captivity; when when will they end? When again will I be free to come and go, whether I choose? When can I see my pleasant home, and the smiling faces of those I love? Alas! the prospects of an exchange appear as far distant as ever. Rumors are rife in the jail of the Federal fleet being seen off Charleston harbor. But there have been so many of these, I believe in none. I am not well this morning and this jail seems more dismal to me than ever.

At noon, the squad of soldiers marched into the jail and a short time after, I was informed that we, the Yankee prisoners, were to be sent to Columbia. An aide of General Ripley's, who came for a description of the prisoners, gave me some hopes of a speedy exchange—and now to work in better spirits, than this morning to get myself and men ready for our removal. There is but little to pack up. Our baggage will not be of much trouble to us.

Columbia, S. C. May 6th

Read good by to Miss Dingle, she was kind enough...
to come to see us before leaving, and left Charleston by railway, Northward. The breakdown of an engine, detained us hours upon the hundred and thirty miles of road, to this place. Upon arrival here, were halted and kept in the street, surrounded by a mot of curious spectators, while the jailor was being hunted up. This individual being found, we were incarcerated in a black-looking place, to which Charleston jail is a palace. Very tired and very hungry, our spirits sank below zero. Such a miserable party was certainly never in this jail before. Though some this management, no provisions could be found for us, and we could not send out to buy any-thing. Having had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours, and our last meal being of the lightest description, and as we were on the road all the preceding night, we were nearly starved—fairly sick with hunger, and there appeared no prospect of getting anything soon, it would have been act of mercy to shoot me. They let us again to an utterly matched.

A change in our quarters was made for the better by Col. Prescott (the commander here). In the evening, we were placed upon a floor down stairs. Very dirty our rooms were, but far more
pleasant than the cells above. They occupy six good sized rooms on the second floor of the jail; each with a large grating opening into a corridor three feet wide. The jail windows are in an outside wall. Very little sunshine does this give us. The rooms face each other, then upon a side entrance is hall has a window at each end: from these, we were debared by iron gratings, some two feet from the one window and six from the other. We are not allowed to go into a yard unless under the escort of a guard, and then by two's at a time, to attend to the calls of nature.

I have received a visit from Professor Holmes, who was sent from Charleston to procure negro labourers from the planters to work on the fortifications at Charleston. Had a very pleasant conversation with him. As a geologist been in Philadelphia, is acquainted with Louis Agassiz. Was also visited by Dr. Helcomb of this place and Mr. Pape a lawyer, a refugee from Beaufort. These gentlemen are all polite and expressed regret at the uncomfortable position I am placed in. Mr. Pape in the course of conversation remarked that he had lost everything he possessed in the world by the occupation of Beaufort by our troops.
and that he now had to commence life anew. It is a sorry hard case, I judge, his misfortunes show themselves in his face, though he merely alluded to them. My imagination pictured them so forcibly that I felt sad for sometime after, and war appeared more unlikely than ever to me.

My little intercourse with the Southerners has given me a new opinion of them, and their course in this war. Very different from that entertained by the people of the North. The Government is certainly right in its endeavor to put down rebellion and as long as I have breath, so long will I sustain it, but I am convinced that this Southern or Seecessio

monument in its present phase is not understood at the north. But this book is too public, besides I am too lazy to write my views on the subject. I will discuss them when I again see my friend Mr. Wright. How very depressing is this prison life. I have no spirit for anything. Can not read, or write, nor even think for then I am more miserable than ever. The one sole thought is how to kill time. Let it be a perfect Huckle. Eat, sleep, and smoke, then sleep, smoke, and eat. How long would it take to make a mere animal of me? These
can be taught of the God like, inside the iron bars of a prison.

May 8, 1862

The much boasted chivalry of the South, were not certainly shown itself in the treatment of those unfortunate who, by the fate of war, become inmates of its prisons. To the generous soldier, a fallen enemy is a friend. General Evans, in his treatment of us, showed himself a brave man and one, whom we shall always hold in esteem though an enemy. He was treatful in his language to us, but that was a fault of chivalry. Taken out of his hands, our treatment has not held anything to boast of. At Charleston we were thrown into a jail with the negroes and some of the white population. Here we are fortunate enough to be confined apart from these, but out in prison we are made much more miserable than it necessary. We are deprived of the papers and are confined to our rooms. No communication allowed outside the jail. We are placed under the charge of a sergeant, a countryman, ignorant and boorish; whose airs are miserable at times. We are in swarms. In fact, we are miserable in every way. Kirby is sick, I am getting so. Miller looks like the last time of South and she is
is the only one of us, upon whose this confinement has had no effect. My men are all pretty well; they are becoming hardened by the shade of the jail walls, but they keep up their spirits pretty well. They are good men, and I have had not the slightest trouble with them; nor have I heard a single murmur at their misfortune. Cheerful as ever they obey with alacrity the orders, I find it necessary at times to give.

May 9th

Another visit from Col. Preston, very gentlemanly in his manner; told me that although his orders were very rigid with regard to us, he desired to make our imprisonment as pleasant as possible; and that upon receiving our parole not to attempt to escape or hold communications with persons outside the jail; he would give us the privilege of using the two first floors of the jail and the yard in the daytime. The parole was signed, some third of the party signing with their marks. The gates were opened to us and we had a slight taste of liberty our parole continues for forty days from the 9th instant. The Sergeant in charge of the guard more and more affable, ignorant, brutal and dumb. He is most unpleasant to me.
The omnipresent brute! I feel at times like keeping him out of my room and taking him downstairs.

Wednesday May 14th

The town is quite lively today. Its streets quite filled with conscripts. This long confounding all persons between the ages of sixteen and thirty fear, has brought in a great quantity of stout able bodied men from the country, the finest material for an army. I have not yet seen in the Southern Army a body of men as those brought in this morning. Many of them are followed to the town by their wives and other kin, and many a serious comic hunting is taking place under my musket. Poor fellows, we happy ones and families! This is a terrible war. I do not think the people of the North are aware how earnest they are in the South. If they continue true to themselves or can never conquer them, it by a long, very long war. And not only as I believe that the Europeans will interfere long before we can in such case crush the rebels, but the increased taxes, and the ruin which will befall the country will arm our own people of the Free States against

the prosecution of such a war. Time alone can show what
is to be the result of this, but I begin to despair of a
satisfactory one. My poor, poor country. Thy glory has I
feel forever departed. Get thee down, in ashes and cova
yr head, with sackcloth for thou art a byword and a
scorn among nations. Yesterday I was visited for the first time
by a Southern officer who had not come traits of the gentleman
in him. A brute — an ignorant, coarse brute. How
very different from my other visitors in this jail. He and
the Sergeant who has charge of us, are well matched. The
Sergeant, the type, has retained us of his company for several
days. Mr. Eubanks on Monday gave him some money to buy
things for us. Since then the Sergeant has not shaved his
appearance. He does not dread the loss of our money so
much as that he may return. The fact I would give
him ten dollars more to stay away. In his absence the
command falls on a corporal, with whom we are much
pleased. A tall, middle-aged and stiff, who has but little
to say to us and while obeying most strictly, the orders given
him, treats us with some consideration, and shows the trace
of humanity in his composition, or not human kindness.
that is a weakness, which our Corporal is superior; he is kind, because it is not his duty to be otherwise. The same man would arrest a garrison and string us up this afternoon, without the slightest compunction were he ordered to do so; he is a good fellow and deserves promotion.

This is a terribly monotonous life, but I have seen the changes on it often enough. I sometimes think of poor Pilato and his imprisonment in the Austrian dungeons; my life does not seem so very bad; indeed we have nothing to complain of, save our confinement. But that is everything, and then this uncertainty as to our fate. Could we know the period of our release and the treatment that lies in store for us, could then readily make up our minds to endure if necessary, or could enjoy in anticipation the happiness that is before us. To give ourselves but little trouble as to our treatment, but then the question a short or long captivity, and this unanswered, makes us wary of our fate.

On the 12th I wrote to Leggii, but without the slightest idea the letter would ever reach her. What would I not give for a reply at home?
Col. Preston, A.N.G. Q.S.A., commanded here upon Gen. Torrington's Staff and was at the Battle of Shiloh. Col. Preston has been appointed by the Rebel Sec. of War to make the enrollment for S. Carolina under the conscription act. This act will bring a large force into field; but I do not see how they will be armed. Certainly, they are inefficient unless the resources of the Rebel Government are far greater than is generally supposed. It embraces for the field all the able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-four, those between fourteen and sixteen, and thirty-four and sixty, are enrolled in the home guard to be called out when the state is threatened but not to serve beyond the state bounds.

May 15th, 5 a.m.

Another day has gone by. I am beginning to make up my mind to a long imprisonment. It is unfortunate to be thus cut off from all advance in my career. The laurels promised myself I fear will not bloom this year. I may however make use of my imprisonment to study and prepare for the next. It is also terrible to be lost sight of at home.
To sit thus apart from my family. Is it perhaps cut off from all communication with the dear ones for many months, my wife and my children, how I long to see them. Well! Firm and patient! We also deserve laurels for do we not suffer in our country's cause. They also suffer, who suffer and who wait.

Whilst in more in Charleston, a suggestion was made by some of the papers to make the Yankee prisoners work upon one the railroads. This was an enticing prospect. But there would have been the same difficulty in carrying it out that Mr. Ripley found, when he endeavored to make some of the Yankee shoemakers work to supply the Confederate troops— they were offered their liberty and good pay, but our hope refused. Point Bluff was at Gen. Ripley stormed it. So goes the story in Charleston jail. That a curious compound of inconstancy is my kind. At one moment I lament my unhappy fate; at another, I find advantage to be derived from it; and at another a feeling of satisfaction creeps over me and I have during this captivity more than once wished that the race might be done to its
tragic end. We must all of us have some days that we
would gladly blot out entirely from the record of our
lives. The memory of them brings shame and remorse.
At times so intense are these feelings I would gladly
escape remembrance even with death. This is a sad
life. Tears mingle with all our smiles, our happiest
moments, our greatest joys are stained with sadness.
Pleasure and pain. There can be no pleasure where all
is pain.

May 16th

Today is a fast day. Therefore we know not, our
guards are very reticent about news, there is no getting
any; not even of the most important events. This is
rather, in such trying times as these, to be so entirely
isolated from the world. The news of fighting fought to,
it cannot certainly be an important to conceal from us,
but I suppose it was found necessary to interdict all
conversation upon passing events, in order to prevent our
being told, some things necessary to conceal. It is a great
disadvantage to us that we have not a commissioned
officer immediately in charge to whom extraordinary powers could
In giving

from the account received of the sojourning of other prisoners
in this jail I judge that we have the hardest time of all
the unfortunate Federal prisoners.

On Monday last, we received a visit from the Lieut.
who conducted us from Charleston here. He is an elderly
gentleman, and very pleasant. An invitation to his place
in Newbern district, I shall certainly take advantage of if
I ever find my way to this state after the close of the war.
From him he learned that Gen. Beauregard had made
an advance upon our life at Corinth, and Corinth was
regained by the rebels. The desire further news and we hope
victory will continue to follow our flag.

The weather is getting very warm but the nights are very
cold. Very unpleasant for us, who have no other bed-clothing
than a sheet apart. At times we lie and shiver. The night-
long, this is real suffering.

I saw from the window today a dead rattle snake our
for feet long. The negro who had it was telling to a crowd
of men a long story. I suppose about the killing of the
monocious reptile.
It is really pleasant to sit in the evening by our window and watch the passerby in the street. There are a great many pretty girls in this little town and they dress with good taste, and men Ravensite little hats with feathers, altogether neat and trim looking as one could desire. I am very fond of music. It is like song to the spirit, and many a light melody goes dancing by, in the soft light of the evening. Later, when the night has thrown her mantilla over the scene, and the quiet gloom enshrouds the tired Earth in her soft arms, then I draw to a window upon the opposite side of the jail, and listen in floods of music from a neighboring house. The player has full command of his instrument, and the music is now in wild and impassioned strains, and now melts away until I can only distinguish a note here and there. Each of these scattered notes, however, a melody to the excited soul. At such times I regain all my romance, memory itself is aroused and I mourn and rejoice, our existence that had long before been forgotten. But also, in my awakened memories of the past, I find more to mourn than to rejoice at. These are pleasant hours, for in them, I forget myself.
And imagination finds me at home again, with the dear ones that I love. Home, Home, Sweet Home; This is over
the refrain of the sad prisoners.

I am becoming more content with my imprisonment for the idea has become stronger that I thus serve my
country probably as much as those who are in the field.

Though at the same time commenced study so that the
days pass quicker than before. Unpleasant things are
occurring constantly, but one in a philosopher must expect
these, and slight them.

Our Sergeant has returned. Now for trouble!

Monday, May 19th

As expected, the return of our Sergeant Commander brought
trouble. The Sergeant desires to make himself unpleasant
and show authority by forbidding us to go to the mess and
look out. This we could not stand, and the brute did not
attempt to enforce it. We find trouble about getting out
as soon as desirable in the morning. But I wrote today
to Col. Preston about this, and I trust it will be remedied.

One of the guards informed us yesterday that a great
Battle had been fought at Wilmington, but it cannot be seen which side was victorious, and our sergeant denies that there has been any fight within the last two weeks.

Conscripts continue to flock in from the country, so far as I can learn, many of them are unwilling to enter the ranks and are indifferent which government shall be victorious in the struggle. Their only desire is that they may pursue their arduous war in peace. But what can they do? Resistance is out of the question.

This rebel government is taking the right method to sustain itself, and I do not see how it can escape a long war still, or an acknowledgment of the C.S.

There is one element here of weakness, that is not however as great as we of the North are apt to imagine. Without their slaves, I should say, in spite of the recent rescues along the frontier, the South must succeed in establishing its independence, for no rebellion of such magnitude can be put down. Time can only show whether this peculiar institution will cause the overthrow of this people. I have yet to see the ends of slavery, the suffering of the slaves, and their desire to be freed from their masters.
These things I never did believe, and what little I am able to see beyond my jail walls, confirms me in the opinion that the slaves are better off than a great many of our white laborers. Their condition is thousand times preferable to that of the poorer whites of New England. Still, straight-faced, puritanical New England, the hot bed of abolitionists and morbid humanitarians, Massachusetts has done well in this war and for this, the desire of applause. But it is impossible for me to conquer a deep inbred prejudice against her and the rest of New England.

Our stock of money is getting very low, if we are not soon released, we shall be compelled to come down to very plain fare. As now, we cannot indulge in what we ate at home, considered necessaries. To day we are told, potatoes are selling for two dollars a bushel, and country six cents a peck. All articles of food are very high, coffee eighty cents, and a dollar a pound. Rice and a few other things are comparatively cheap, or there would be starvation. This looks very unfavorable for C.S. and yet I do not feel too much saled; for me have seen it so time and again during the continuance of war in different countries.
The days pass very slowly, and I long, oh! how I long to be again with my people, and I wish most earnestly to again meet the enemy upon a fair field and they shall never again capture me. I owe them a heavy reckoning for the suffering of the last two months, and I shall endeavor to have it paid. But I could, and would, treat the poor unfortunate prisoners, fitter than I have been treated.

May 20th

Prison life like all others, has its lights and shades, tears and smiles. To day everything goes on smoothly; my letter to Col. Preston had the desired effect, and we are now given the privilege of the yard from nine in the morning until even at night, but our Sergeant has become more unpleasant in his manner to us.

I was compelled to punish one of my men today. He has for some time shown a disposition to make trouble, and yesterday refused to go on Police duty when detailed. I had him taken up to the second story of the jail and there locked in a cell. A few days solitary confinement, will I think, bring him to his senses. It was a question to
be decided whether I had the power to punish in the position at present occupied. If not, then farewell to all control over the men. It was unpleasant to punish one already suffering. I was interrupted by a call to attend to another of my men, who had pitched into the esporal. I have tucked him in, and shall leave him so until tomorrow. This is a bad day; I am afraid there is another of my small party who will need my attention before night comes. Our esporal, who is a very good looking young man, generally has been pretty well treated; one side of his face is horribly tremendously, one eye blackened, and the tendons of one hand stove in.

**Wednesday May 21st**

Poor Lockhart submitted to his punishment with the obstinacy of a philosopher; I tucked him until the last night and then taking the stick out, made him lie down on the floor by my bed, with his hands tied until this morning. The punishment of tucking is very severe; much more so than it appears to be; and three or four hours of it will bring any man to his senses. I have feed
Lockhart, assured there will be no more trouble with him.

Thompson, the most troublesome, is still in his cell
and I shall keep him there until Saturday. Solitary confinement
will, I think, cure him. The two examples of yesterday
should suffice to keep them in order.

I had a talk with our Sergeant last night but it was of no
avail. He is very stupid but he knows how to avoid being
pumped. A few scattered words overheard by one of my men
gave us a hope of being removed to Richmond this week. I
endeavored to satisfy myself upon this, but the Sergeant was
impregnated.

I have a great deal of fun with Mr. Willis whom we
have dubbed Commodore. He is a good butt and is in consequence
teased continually. Like all Yankees, he dislikes to part with
his money, and has for some time refused to put some
thirty dollars he has into the general fund. As he is considerably
in debt to the Commissariat Department, I have been
trying to tell him that as soon as the money now on hand is gone,
I should make a forced levy upon him for supplies to
maintain our Government; etc. He grew frightened and
hid his pocket book. I did not know this until it was
I discovered by our Corporal this morning, Nellie happened to be out at the time, so I took the pocketbook and gave it to Kirby to keep, directing the Corporal to say nothing about it. Nellie discovered the loss but said nothing, though he looked wild. In the morning while I was engaged at my journal and Nellie sitting near me, reading, Kirby came into the room singing

"The man that has apostolies"

"And gives his neighbor none."

"Shall never hear any of my apostolies"

"When his apostolies are gone."

I burst out laughing and Nellie looked very wild but still he says nothing, he suspects one of us of having his pocketbook but cannot tell which one. Poor Nellie, we could not get along with out him to trace.

Our Captors are very careful to keep from us all news and are very successful in doing so. Every scrap of newspaper that comes in is mapped around the various articles no copy is closely scanned by us, but we never find anything new. Rebel papers of 60° and 61° are used as maps.

I feel sick and rather down hearted this afternoon.
and my prison looks very black and gloomy. It is a very hard fate to be thus shut up in a jail far from one’s friends, all communication with them being cut off; perhaps forever. The future does not look bright. All my hopes have fled, until perhaps tomorrow morning when I shall feel better.

My life is how monotonous! In the morning I arise at six o’clock, take a walk and breakfast at seven. After breakfast I make a short walk in the yard. Then to my room, where I read, meditate, and write. For sketch or attempt it until twelve or one, then lunch of bread and molasses. After lunch I wander about needlessly, sometimes in the window; then in and out of the room and down the hall until four. This is the longest part of the day. At four dinner; look out of the window, at the street, until six, when I go into the corporal’s room, and sitting by the fire, listen to the music from a neighboring house, and dream of home until nine. Such was my life yesterday, such will it be today, and such will it be tomorrow. How long must this continue? This uncertainty of our fate is its greatest evil. Did I know when a release would come, if ever, to what the future has in store for me, I could be more contented.

To know that I should never again see my friends would even
The restrictions placed upon us are much greater than they need be. I have yet to learn where a rebel prisoner in our own country has been deprived of the papers, and so completely shut off from the outside world as we are. It surely cannot impress that rebel cause, did we know the results that are taking place, and that are known forth as well as here. The battle, the fortune of our government, and how we how stand with foreign powers.

One of our guard has received furlough for some days, so there is an end to all hopes of being sent to Richmond this week, then next week, perhaps; and then perhaps next week. Hell, so be it!

May 22nd:

I awakened about three last night with a violent headache, which has not yet left me. Mother very warm, took off all my underclothes this morning. Some of my men are going with nothing on but drawers. The upper part of the body naked, others with drawers and shirts. A good thing to preserve their clothes from falling to pieces awhile longer.
They are all in rags now. In fact we are all so, and unless we are exchanged or receive clothing from home, soon we shall be shirtless and shoeless. Our money has almost gone.

A gay life this! I amuse myself at times writing all the scraps of poetry that are called to mind upon the walls of my room. It has now become quite a toil to me. Oh! that I had some books! My library now consists of Mahone's Fortifications, Mahon's But Potosi. This book I am reading in and a couple of novels. These have all been read and reread. I have now again commenced Mahone. There are still (as far as I can learn) no prospects of our speedy exchange and Columbia is growing dull. The many ladies we first saw promenading the streets are now kept in doors by the heat until it grows so late and dark we cannot see them.

The cadets of the Military School had a parade yesterday. They marched well and presented a fine appearance. The guard, like many I have seen, was composed of negroes.

May 29th

Our guard was changed yesterday and we are in charge of a lieutenant and fifteen men. They are all new conscripts.
The Lieut. himself, feeling ashamed in his uniform, and we feared our imprisonment would be made even more disagreeable than before. New officers being so very anxious to perform their duties and so very ignorant as to what they are to more afraid the Lieut. would in order to prevent any mishaps put on the screws. But as yet, there is no sign of this. He told me today the government of my men would be left entirely with myself and if he found anything wrong he would make complaint to me. This will be more pleasant for my men as well as for myself. He also said he would see his men did not annoy us and that if I would keep the floor we slept on clean, his men would do the same for the first floor and the yard. So far so good. None of the old guard are so regretted rank the corporals. His conduct was so straightforward, and he showed such kind feeling towards us that I obtained his name. I desire to remember the man. Of the Rebel Army had none of such men of the round head. Hope it would be invincible. The Sergeant who so annoyed us, are we rid of.

A new game called pitching hundreds passed the day for us. It is played by pitching pennies at a board.
marked off in squares, each square figured and giving to the
flour such number as he is fortunate enough to think the jennies on
there are nine squares, numbered 10, 20, 30 40 and so on,
up to 90. Two half moons above the squares numbered 100
and 500, three small circles 1000 in the centre and the other
two 100 and 200 less. Boy, oh, but it kills time, and time
loses drag! It is too bad keeping men in jail for having
performed their duty. We are told that our Government
is at fault for having stopped exchange. If this is so it
is certainly wrong. These men are volunteers who left
their homes not because they were compelled to or to better
their condition, but assist their country in her time of
need, many of them making great sacrifices to do so, and
it is certainly not right, that they should be confined in
prison and entirely cut off from all communication with their
friends merely because of a quarrel! My companions are talking of
returning as soon as they reach home.

This is a very disagreeable life, dear. The E. is so different from
the rest of us; he is as rough, and coarse, noisy and ignorant.
It is indeed unpleasant to be compelled to such intimate and
constant companionship with him. It has more of the
gentle man in him, a better acquaintance with the savoir faire; that I like the association in spite of some faults peculiar to the Yankee tribe. St. Trivy I am pleased with
an imprisonment with him would not be so bad. Poor
Stivy! this life is beginning to tell on him, he looks very badly I have also lost a good deal of flesh and it is an ear
hat, which will stand the confinement the longest. I do
not think either of us will get over the summer if kept
here; I released Thompson at his promise of amendment
and giving him an extra furlough in the way of police I
think there will be no more trouble with him. I say he
saw a newspaper while upstairs — that there is nothing
new; Rebel advances, skirmishing with Beauregard etc.

The men told last evening by one of the guard that
there are 16 more prisoners at Charleston. I hope they
have no more men on the Edisto if our men
may find fate, and them up this way.

This afternoon had a heavy thunder shower that has
cold the air very much — our guards tell us that the
rain we have had are very unusual, and arerowning
the crops. Provisions seem to have come to a standstill
as regards their price. Our rations consist of salt hore
book, figs, nuts, tea, crackers, sugar, salt, vinegar, and soap. Our money has run out and we have come down hard
fare. We have seen many wagon loads of new tents and
knapsacks pass our jail since they've been here. There are few
manufacturers of knapsacks within stones throw of us and
they are constantly busy. The recruits are fast being clothed
in good substantial suits of gray. But there seems to be a
scarcity of arms I have not noticed before. Many of the soldiers
being armed with fowling pieces. The cavalry belonging to
Gen. Davis' brigade; at least each of them as far as were
armed, with double barrelled shotguns.

The ladies of the South have very pure white complexion
instead of being tanned as one would suppose, and at least
a great many of them are certainly handsome, never did see
so many fine damsels in my life. The men should be
chivalrous, they have the reputation of being so, call themselves
do; but I must say with few exceptions have I seen it, and
yet I did not come here prejudiced against them. On the
contrary, I have liked the Southerners though I think they
are mistaken in their politics—most notably so. Their success
in this rebellion I for I can consider this war as no other I
would be true to us and would be a death blow to all
attempts at Democracy or Government of the people.

May 24th

A scrap of newspaper that came wrapped around a bag
of bread informed us today of the destruction of the Nuestra.
Thus ends the Southern Mary. Now let fortune accompany
us upon land and this government will meet the fate
it deserves. I also learn that Earl’s Island is in our
possession, and that our boats are anchored off Battery
Island near Charleston. This is encouraging, but we see as
its results, exchange discontinued and a longer imprisonment
than we had hoped. Col. Morgan has performed some
dashing exploits, lately he has met with a reverse that I
almost regretted to hear. He has enlisted my sympathy as
a Jamie boy, a second Marion and the perfection of a partisan
leader. It appears to excel in irregular warfare more than this,
he is not. To-day is scrubbing day. It is cold and we have made
ourselves for a time very uncomfortable for the sake of cleanliness.
I do not feel well today. Kirby and Billie chills, etc.
May 20th

We were told today that our men will soon be released. This was agreeable, but the scout in command of our guard cast a gloom over our spirits, by giving me to understand that our officers are to be detained as hostages, and means of retaliation for some thing we cannot learn what. We now have given up all hopes of ever seeing our homes, and each one of us looks very blue. What ever our fate may be, I am prepared to meet it, as a man and a soldier, as would the Braem who went to Palestine with Godfrey de Boullion. The gallant knight I look upon as an ancestor. But my poor wife and my children, I have written to Art and to Father, and now await anxiously a further development of events.

May 21st

The same story as yesterday. I have gotten over the thee. Let the evil to come so near, it is true enough to suffer when it falls, any chance may ward it off, and if fall it must. Why as let it be. The boys rejoice greatly over the prospect of soon seeing their friends; but they feel somewhat down in spirits on our account. What shall I do without my
I corporal. The poor fellow would stay with me if he could. There is a feeling that our government is unjust to us. Why should we be left to pine away a miserable existence in these jails, then by a liberal and humane policy of exchange we might be restored to liberty. This Southern Government is anxious to do so. The expense of keeping the prisoners is as much greater with it than at the North and we as volunteers deserve all of our country, not that we should be forgotten in the hour of need. Yesterday was a blue flag in every respect. First, we received word that there were eighteen of our men in Charleston. Deceased, the death of Sergeant Gallagher. Then I got a scrap of paper in which I read of the massacre in Schuykill Co. and then we were told not to expect an exchange etc. An accumulation of bad news such as I never wish again. Col. Cochran, with a party of Federal prisoners is at Salisbury, N. Carolina about one hundred and forty miles from here. Col. Cochran is said to be in very poor health. In fact, he is not expected to live long. His guards report him as very fretful and troubled—no wonder. The poor fellow is completely broken down by his
Caparison. And such may be our fate alas!

"The course of human life is changeable and still"

"As is the fickle mind and wandering will"

"Or like the light dance: which the wind veers""

"Amidst the fallen race of nothing leave"

"Which now its breaths Uncle now presses high"

"That is the earth, now naff in middle sky"

"Such and so various: the seers worris play"

"Of fate with man, found in time of a day""

Bought a day a bottle of cod-liver oil. Five dollars a pint. Bottle. Rather dear, and very much so in the present low state of our finances, but I hope it may do me as much good. If I do get home, I wish I go looking fat and well. Our money diminishing very fast and we will soon have reached the end of it and then more hardships unless a kind fate will release us from our bondage. And who knows, strange things have happened. I look forward very hopefully.

May 30th

The clouds have parted and the sunshine is again upon us. Col. Preston has brightened up our spirits wonderfully by
telling me he expected, we would shortly be paroled. That all communication between the Governments was cut off pending the course of some important events, but that as soon as it was again opened, he hoped we would be released. The prospect of again seeing our home, our friends, our mine, our little ones, would move more upon our feelings than the danger that appeared to lie in our path a few hours ago; and I felt really unnerved this morning as I imagined my return home. It is said six hundred Federals have been released from Salisbury, sent on to Newbern. Now my friends will look over the list of their names, as it appears in the Northern papers, and poor little, how disappointed she will be not to find mine among them. I have several times spoken of the desire expressed by the officers of this Government for another such of them as one gentleman to lighten the hardships of our captivity, as much as is in their power, and is in accordance with their duties. Col. Preston having heard I was in want of some clothes, came the next day kindly and informed me, that upon account of all communication being cut off for the present, with our forces, it would be impossible to obtain anything from my friends; but that he
would supply upon a requisition from me, clothes to myself, and men, and what ever was the reason. We also observing I did not look very well, told me a doctor should be appointed to attend upon us, if desired; and said he desired in every possible way to make us comfortable. He spoke to me of the battle of Manassas, where he was as sick as I was. Beauregard gave a very interesting account of the battle. Our troops would have been followed into Washington, had it been known how complete was the rout. But the stand of our left at Benceville, drove the Confederates back to their entrenchments.

I mentioned this with Patterson, in the summer. He then remarked that Patterson had been his factor for twenty-five or thirty years, and had made over a hundred thousand dollars out of him. That he would have liked to catch the general in the summer at the battle of Manassas. A part of Johnson's force had reached them the night before, but about three o'clock in the day he saw a column advancing on their extreme left, which he supposed was Patterson, and as reported, but that it was afterwards found to be the remains of Johnson's force from Winchester, and Patterson was at that time ingloriously escaping the
Potomac at Harper's Ferry.

May 31st

The days manage to go by after a fashion, and we are continually surprised, when the bell tolls seven, our lock up time. The summer, the General on whose the rebel, or Confederate Revolutionists place so much dependence, will have but a short time longer to carry out this campaign and something, must now be done shortly or the work must again be over, and the Confederates are gaining strength every day. How! It is impossible to conquer a united people. The might as well lay down our arms, declare the independence of this people, and return to our homes in peace. But the national honor is concerned. And is it true, this people are united, and of one mind? Chi eoi?

A fire 6 day created quite an excitement, and Columbia, for a time was roused from its dulness. Home sick as can be, some little children in the street, made me think of my home and the little ones there. The matron who accompanied them, would have been surprised that she known how they were blessed by the Yankee parson.
I love children now, more than ever. Rumors of a fight at Charleston, no confidence in them. Unwell as usual, a bad cold. Felt as though I would like to resign. Honestly, I would if I could do so honorably. The war is going too far, and it is hard to reconcile my ideas of right and justice, with certain courses pursued by me, and then the crime and misery caused by such a war. It is too warm to moralize. Suffice it, that many reasons, which will no doubt occur to me, when I again read this, make it rather forcing my conscience to continue in the army.

My dear wife, who now awaits my return, how pleased she would be if I sent off this livery and again become a civilian. But I may never have an opportunity to do so. I am not yet released. God grant that I may be soon, and that I may again see my Eglise, and my little ones; and I will never again be taken a prisoner. D. V. It is said that Jackson is in the rear of Mr. Clellan, and there is danger that our communications be cut off. Mr. Clellan (as they say), must now either fight or fall back at once. Our young General has already been severely attacked. By the Northern Press. Viz, to him, if.
unsuccessful at Richmond. A victory must again be
impartial, for our fickle nation, and the General
(in spite of his abilities), if defeated, is gone beyond
redemption.

June 1st

At length the battle has commenced at Richmond.
The account that reaches us through the Lieut. of
the Guard, is depressing. The fight is going against
us, we await anxiously the progress of events.

Tuesday, June 3rd

We have received very meagre accounts of the battle at
Richmond; and those of the most discouraging kind.
The battle was a very heavy one. Davis and Lee in the
field upon the side of the Confederates; McClellan
commanding our forces. Five thousand prisoners taken by
the Confederates, and the troops driven back with great
losses. So much for the Army of the Potomac.

Jackson is said to be in Kentucky, with sixty thousand
This will weaken
up at the North. They will see the war is not as near
its conclusion as they suppose. We will move, move, succeed
unless there is more energy shown by our generals. A defeat
is better than no fight. This plan of choosing a position
and then entrenching for months, or, as the papers say, "living"
"in head", may have its advantages; but it is not what we
wish. To end the war by hard marching and hard fighting
alone are not. We must place confidence in the arms
and legs of our soldiers, or let us give up the fight.
acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, and withdraw our
forces within our own territories. We can not, cannot
out this people. The idea is absurd. We can not
conquer them by taking their sea port cities. The can only
be maintained by constant hard fighting and that only,

Wednesday, June 4th

"O Domine Deus, speravi in te."
"Carissima. Jecu, muse libra me."
"In miseria pource."
"In cluna cature."
"Langendo, gemendo et geneflectendo."
"P'adoro imploro, ut libra me."
"Pray unto the Lord, my King and my God. I am weary with my groaning. All night long will I cry unto God. I will remember my complaint and my groaning, when my heart is overwhelmed. My eye is consumed because of all my enemies. In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. Why dost thou hide thy face, and count me among the ungodly? Consider, O Lord, all their thoughts towards me. Be their enemy, and destroy them; consider my trouble and my anguish. Do not take my soul away in the midst of old age." 

I have been unwell for some days and, oh, how my imprisonment has weighed on me. One little breath of fresh air, one mouthful of all the drugs of the pharmacopoeia. Dr. Tozzi’s night attended me two nights this morning. Col. Preston called to see me, appeared anxious to make me comfortable, etc. Told me some good by encouraging me in the hopes of a parole, says he has made application to have us removed to where there are other prisoners—trust they may send to Salisbury. Near this morning, five hundred Federal prisoners have arrived there. Thirty Federal, taken prisoners on James Island, and sent to Charleston last night. News of Mr. Acland’s defeat confirmed. Jackson said to be at Frederick, Maryland.
Col. Preston said I should resign the privilege of walking out of jail, if necessary for my health, under a proper guard. I feel very much obliged to him, but I can accept his favors. Not that I hate them, I do not think there is a single hard feeling in my heart for any of them, whether in the Confederate army or not, and I should hear any of them in charge as prize officers; may God judge me as I dealt by them. As a soldier, respect to the unfortunate bravest in a first duty. A prisoner is my friend, as I could treat a prisoner kindly as a brother, as could I accept kindness from my captors. But my honor and my pride will not permit me to receive for myself that which is not accorded to my fellow prisoners. An equal share of their hardships and cares must I bear, or I am no true knight.

Thursday June 5th

Bright, sunny, dry day, I feel better and consequently in higher spirits than yesterday. This imprisonment is very hard to bear when I am morose. My cares then weigh upon me as an iron weight. And my heart sinks under its load. It is said that Charleston is to be attacked today.
This may or may not be. All our news are rumors, such as we get from our guards. We are told that some of our officers at Hilton Head, upon account of an emancipation proclamation of Gen. Hunter, I think they have done well, and that the negroes had resolved to withdraw from the army, in case it attempted to interfere with the institutions of the South, as they now under the Constitution. But unfortunately my captivity prevents my doing this. We can hear nothing more from Richmond. Begin to hope matters may not be so bad for us there as first supposed.

Our lives are very monotonous, one day follows another with not the least change of its events. The mornings are very long and so with the day; towards evening we find some amusing looks into the street. Some clock looks up and to bed at nine. We read a little play whenever a little, eat a little, and sleep a good deal. I will be fit for nothing when released. My money has diminished to thirty-five cents, and no prospect of getting any more. Kirkby has about as much. We shall be disappointed if not removed to Salisbury. It is a hundred miles further north, and oh! how it
still refresh my soul to travel, only a few miles towards my home, my dear, dear home, I there knew till now, how I loved it. Jigzie must feel very anxious not hearing from me. Poor girl, it is hard. But it not for her and my children I could easily reconcile myself to this captivity.

Friday June 6th

Still no sign of moving. The days are growing very long, and very hot, and a change soon to another jail would be very pleasant to us. I feel at times very desponding. This life is beginning to tell very much on my health. And sick, how can I preserve my spirits. I cry constantly to my God, for deliverance from my enemies, and he turneth a deaf ear to my prayers. Yet will I believe in Him, and in His mercy, will He yet listen to me. I have had nine enemy captives in my hands and I have released his bonds, and released him. In May he released I was told last night that the party of Federal prisoners from Charleston have been sent to Alabama. A long distance to send them. And we hardly believe in the truth of the story, I have dreamed.
or several nights of being home. How dreary and miserable the past appears when I awake from the happiness of being in the midst of my friends. At last night I saw him so distinctly, and last night it almost unnerved me.

When I awoke in the consciousness of being so far from him and his mamma, it is my heart, but patience, and I may yet be with them. There has been so much rain lately, and it is said the crops will suffer. I hope this rain in itself will cause nothing, without the aid of nature. The corn it said to be flourishing.

Mr. Miller the jailer tells us our Northern papers report the battle of Richmond a complete success for us. Do it does not look so bad for our cause. How for another long day, may be ordered to fall by before its conclusion.

Tuesday June 9th

Hopes and fears, wild dreams of a speedy release followed by deep despondency. Oh! such a life. But courage, it is a long lane that has no turning. Our party has an addition to its numbers, Captain Chinn of the 100th Pa. Inuy, with a party of twenty non-commissioned officers and men, arriving here.
on Saturday. It is the party reported to have been sent to Alabama. They were captured on James Island on Tuesday last. Thrown out as skimmings here, abandoned by their supporters and charged upon. The captain appears to be a fair fellow. He brings accounts of movements below. Hunter has been recalled upon account of proclamation of emancipation of slaves and Payne takes his place. Sam. placed with the course pursued by Mr. Lincoln. He is conservative and places a proper check upon the intransigent abolitionists who endeavor in the tumult of the war to carry out their doctrines, subversion of the law, and which would prove an efficient weapon to the rulers of a portion of this people to the old Government. Charleston suppose will soon fall, and if will then have the whole sea power of this Confederacy, but will it be then in any worse.

The end Saturday was devoted to bargaining for the sale of matches, in order to raise money. Was successful. Two of the new comers, wounded; one, quite. Really in the foot, two more side and Garilgena side. The surgeon of the post, a disagreeable little fellow, neglects them, and they get well still in through the kind offices of nature.
Col. Preston was here yesterday looking through the jail. His kindness has permitted me the use of the passages that run between our rooms and the windows. The yard is cleaned. One boy met at it yesterday a violin was lent me by one of the guards last night. There is amusement for some time. It is said Jackson has met Forrest and defeated him. It is too bad we are not exchanged with the many prisoners our division has taken. This might be easily effected. I shall write again to Col. White about it, and may yet be released before the summer is over. But whether it may or may not I hope we may have patience to endure to the end.

Friday June 13th

I have of late thought that perhaps our capture was for the best in every way. The enemy who took us and thus prevented making that reconnaissance of our forces on Edison that was instructed and few, and remained under the impression that it was greater than it really was. He deceived himself completely.
as to our forces, supposing we had artillery etc., and may thus have been prevented making that attack which would have completely driven us off the Island. In the late moments, this Island has assumed a greater importance than I thought it would. Since coming here I have commenced reading my Bible. This brings good fruits. I will my imprisonment be a formative one. Since last miting, four more prisoners have joined us from Charleston. One of them, Sergeant Dolliphin, was wounded last March. He has lost completely and permanently the use of his left arm. A corporal, a German captured at Poestenkill, and the two others from James Island. The three Dutchmen we have put together, they derive great comfort from each other. We are very much crowded but have the promise of more room shortly.

The Captain and I, this day is a room really without bars in the windows, a novelty to me, but it would have been safe enough to have given this privilege to our parole holders no faster a thousand times than all the iron they could crowd into our midos. One of the Captain's men is very sick. The Surgeon of the Post neglected...
We have been compelled to call in a physician to attend on us. The news on James Island, Charleston, must certainly fall. The Mobile is now secure in the Confederacy, they would fall in the fall of Richmond. Its port is difficult to effectively blockade, and so long as the city remained, arms, medicines, etc., could be procured from beyond the limits of the Confederate's lines. General has fallen back before Falkirk, with some loss, and a conversation with Major Gibbs leads me to expect a similar movement at Richmond. They seem desponding, almost hopeless of their success. Let them look, and they are gone. Effectually, I am very dubious as to the result of this war. The government they have chosen is unfit to carry on a war against such odds, unless there is perfect unity among the people. Is this this? A stubborn, energetic, and ambitious man, with perseverance amounting to obstinacy, gain unlimited authority, with such a people, and such a country, could defy our utmost efforts to subdue him. Davis is not the man; notwithstanding his undoubted ability, he seems to have given up. I am told our gunboats are repulsed on the James River. It seems to me, we have overestimated the power of
The resistance of iron-clad forts. They certainly can not be invincible. I have heard of steel-pointed balls to be used against them. A round ball or a cylindrical ball with the ends cut square off would, I think, be more effective. A ball large at the tail, then pointed, meets with increasing resistance after the point has succeeded in penetrating the plate. It makes more haste to make a deep against a powerful resisting surface than to tear through another shaped ball.

I have all written to our Colonel, to make efforts to change us. I trust he may be successful. I made myself yesterday a hammock out of a piece of old sailcloth I found in an out building. Major Gibbs brought young Beauregard (a son of the General) to see us. He is a Cadet at the military school here. Col. Breton was also here this week. He shows a desire to make us comfortable as possible and further our wishes. With one or two exceptions, I am very much pleased with the Confederate officers I have met. They are much more considerate to prisoners than our peers led me to expect.

Sunday, June 15th

A quiet, peaceful Sabbath day. The sun shining brightly and
The kids singing merrily, it seems hard to think that this can be a time of war. Would not a good deal be a time to think of home this morning. But I must think of home if I wish to endure patiently this imprisonment. My mind is becoming a complete vacuum. I try to shut out thoughts, and my days pass in the most complete slothfulness. Sleep and eat, eat and sleep. We will absolutely be fit for nothing unless soon released.

Samuel, one of the kind men, has been very sick for some days and has been most thankfully neglected by our Surgeon. This morning he is rather worse and I should not wonder if he should die purely through neglect. It seems to the intention of all our party to resign when released. We may feel differently when the occasion comes. But although he now sustains what we desire to resign, we feel we though we were fighting against brothers and it is difficult at all times to justify our selves. Our all our enemies, like those we met when first captured, or like one or two here, we certainly could not take up arms against them. But these stupid, foolish country men, they have given us great pain. As a cause of constant irritation, and near away the impression made by these gentlemen we have had to deal...
with. They are probably no more than the same class amongst me, except that their ignorance is greater. What is more annoying to a man than to be placed under the control of coarse ill-bred brutes, men and officers, the same? Have not yet heard that Charleston has fallen. As hopes of release have been upon the capture of that city, we trust that an exchange may be effected after that fight. I may or may not be disappointed. My health continues very good though I am weakened by this constant confinement. Exploration has not yet been brooked down to this life. It keeps most of the time and seems down cast when awake. I trust we may all be released before he is broken down to a mere clock of enduring life, without soul or spirit. The Southerners at last appear to despair. Forts and drives back. Charleston beyond hope to fall and that of Richmond will be two very heavy stones by far the heaviest of the war, but they will still have hope unless they have been deceived. It is said Mr. Lincoln has called out a 100,000 more men. This will not help us. The army is already too large for effective use, and every increase seems to increase it more. The want action not men, alas! that we have not a true heart amongst us. I have heard news...
that will please our people. Though an enemy, I respect his
forces and feel desire to lighten the old mind cares. I
cannot feel as an enemy toward this people, and yet I fight
against them, but for a duty my government and I deemed
not to shirk from it. At the same time I can not sustain the
administration in all it's more. Mr. Lincoln is a conciliator,
man and as such I admire him. The Black Republicans &
Abolitionists I would drive from the halls of Congress at the point of
the bayonet. I doubt if there were ever in a Southern jail
a more quiet set of men than our; yet complaints from
them made & we are now debased the use of the passage
and threatened to keep us from the midways in front of
the jail. I feel very much the need of books but we have not
money to spare! Oh dear! my home. What would I not give
to be at home with Lizzie and the boys playing around me.
Or to be walking out in the shade of the woods with my little
family, or with Lizzie & Sis in the old where I used with
my Mother when a girl. Shall I ever be released? It is my
hard to bear this confinement. As far from my friends. Oh!
that the Colman would hurry his movements & release
me. Indeed rebellion. These feet watching an Eagle. To be re
the
over the jail for a few moments, then started northward. Smith
so for his mug; I am afraid poor Sampson will not recover
the doctor seems to think him very ill. He may possibly get well
in spite of the neglect and lack of comfort. His death would
cast a great gloom over our little party. His medicine has come
at length. The purgative flag read, "Brandly; I suppose to sustain
his strength.

Friday, June 20th

Sampson, no. I feared, was too sick to recover. He died night before
last and was buried last morning. His funeral procession looked
very sad. The coffin was placed in a cart. Three files of soldiers
with fixed bayonets followed, and in the rear Captain Cline,
who was allowed to follow the coffin in the grave with the Captain
of the guards. A funeral sermon was preached by a Presbyterian
minister in the jail in the afternoon. It was a very good sermon
and one that pleased all of us. Was very careful, not to touch
upon discordant topics, and avoided them by discoursing upon
the immortality of the soul. He felt that it would be pleasant
to hear a sermon every Sunday. Sampson was buried very
decently and with all regard to proprieties. His coffin was a very
good one, better than we furnished in our own camp.
He was buried upon the banks of the river about two miles and a half from town in a yard where they bury prisoners, and those who die in the hospital. A small board was placed at his head, with the initials of his name carved in and also the number of his regiment to enable his friends to reclaim the body when the war closes. It was sad to hear one of our party lay no more of us to lift here. It is strange how thoughtless men become. Tankton has been dead but a few days and he is already forgotten. Light jest and merry laugh go round, as though their companion was still with them.

_**Saturday June 21st**_

Scrub day and every room, upon our floor, mat. Scurvy uncomfortable as the moisture cools the hot air this fine morning. We have been looking for some days for the arrival of more prisoners said to have been captured on James Island to the number of one hundred and thirty. Begin to doubt whether they have taken any. We are of the opinion that this war can not be a short one. The South has not yet put forth her utmost efforts, and as yet she has not felt defeated. Her generals possess more energy, and dash, than ours, and are often successful.
O time is every thing to this confederacy, and our leaders are giving her an abundance of it. Let there be more energy displayed, more action, or let Meade saw with draw his forces and acknowledge the independance of the Southern States. The longer the war is carried the more disastrous to us and can result in but utter ruin. I think constantly of my home and the dear ones there awaiting my release. Should I be released and reach my home, I think I can scarce bear it again. I have had no letters for nearly four months. But I continue to hope. I still am well. There are greater troubles than my absence. God grant it may so. The weather is growing very warm. It will be bad for us if we are compelled to remain here all summer; but I think Meade will think better than to allow such an evil to happen.

It is said the fight has recommenced at Richmond. A regiment of infantry and one of cavalry from Greenville came to Charleston today.

Thursday June 25

Another week has almost passed. It has been so far without incident as some of the preceding ones. A fight on
James Island, it furnished effort to take a battery which stands in our way. Three charges made upon it, our troops going to the work well. The first charge they reached the ditch crossed over and up the parapet, when not being supported they were driven back. The fire was very heavy, and our loss represented to be very great. Some forty prisoners were cut here thirty or forty were wounded, due in the hospital at Charleston. There is some prospect of an exchange for the prisoners stationed here; God grant it may be effected. I am weary oh! so weary of this life. It is hard at all times to bear up under it. We are given more liberty than before, we are not now locked up at night. The floors of the jail are thrown open to me without any reservation all night, and at night we can go into the yard one at a time. I took a walk out under the quiet stars last night for the first time since my capture. How beautiful and refreshing was the quiet summer night home as a natural scene, occupied my mind.

Home, dear home shall I ever see it again?

Wednesday, July 2nd

Reports reach us of the defeat of the Cleburne by Johnson.
before Richmond, that he is endeavoring to reach his transports, is evident, and with prospects of success. The rebels are trying to cut him off; many thousands prisoners, the destruction of large quantities of commissary stores to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy and finally that McClellan is mortally wounded, his army utterly demolished, he cannot relieve all this, though we know certain that we have been attacked and driven back from our position. The rebels claim to have taken five of our generals,viz. McCall, Bagdade’s Mc Donell, Reynolds, Franklin and Austin. The destruction of the army of the Potomac will probably bring foreign intervention and that will then follow. The prisoners are getting on pretty well; are now being well treated, much better than at first. We can complain of nothing but the scarceness of rations, nor can we complain of this, as we are given a full soldier’s rations, with the exception of candles. The men occupy themselves making rings and other articles of ornament from tories, some of these they sell to the guard and make in this way tobacco money. I have found it necessary to inflict punishment, this is submitted to
quietly, and I have little trouble in fact. Having
mandated not only my men but those of the 99th New York
Captain Chive and I have moved into the room at the
end of the hall, and we have a comfortable snugly to ourselves
We have made a bed by laying a board across two stools
than a table, two chairs, and a broken mirror for furniture.
Situated in the south west corner of the jail, we have a
very pleasant breeze, during the greater part of the twenty
four hours. Major Gibbs, the was kind enough to lend me
some forks, and show us many kindnesses, has moved to
Camp and we are now in charge of the Captain of the Guards.
Since the major's departure Col. Preston has come to see me
and made comfortable lime was given me the other day and
was cleaned and whitewashed our prison house. It now
looks much more cheerful and smells less offensively.
I have been taking iron for the last ten days and feel
much better and stronger. Mr. has given up our types of
exchange and now look forward to a long captivity. I trust
I may preserve my health, when sick I become very much
disheartened, but when well imprisonment does not seem
the worst of evils - We have come eight on the ride.
Get daily. A day or two ago I was told by Major Gibbs, that Jackson had fallen back, and was now on the right of McClellan. A diagram he showed me of the position of the Federal, and rebel armies, make it clear, unless he was mistaken in his information, McClellan would certainly be defeated. The rumor received justify this idea.

Sunday, July 6th.
It is too true, McClellan has been badly defeated, and it now is questioned, whether he will succeed in getting the remainder of his army off.

July 10th.
McClellan whipped; rumors of French and English intervention, hope of an armistice during which we may be exchanged. First move prisoners arrive from Charleston. Among whom Napoleon, formerly a negro minister, a young man, a character amusing and entertaining. I long for a release.

Last night I had a fainting spell, for the first time in my life; do not know the cause, unless from long confinement. More convinced that this people cannot
It's not clear in a day, predict in six months a peace with an acknowledgement of S. C. or a war on a scale much greater than at present, with England, France, and Russia. Although satisfied, that we must sink under such an alliance as that, still if the U. S. says fight, I am satisfied. It is my profession, and no difference who are my foes. Market growing very warm, rumor of death of General Heintzman. Captain at Richmond; Major Gen. McCall. May Gen. Sumner, Brig. Gen. Reynolds, Rankin, Heade, Porter, and two or three others, whose names I have forgotten. Over 80 field officers, and say 18,000 men, ordinance and commissary stores, to great amount. So much for the grand army of the Potomac. Making every allowance for exaggeration, there is no doubt that McClellan has been defeated, and Richmond is not destined to fall this summer; possibly not at all.

July 14th

Ick and homesick.
Thursday July 24th

Getting better. Hear that arrangements are being made for a general exchange of prisoners. I pray God, that it may be true; and that a few words may restore me to my friends. Hard case; sick and in jail; no letter since last February. A more complete isolation from those I love, could not be imagined. Our lives on the James Island 685. More prisoners have been brought here from Charleston. The number is now 91. The last batch brought me a Charleston Mercury, containing an interesting account of the battle before Richmond.

Sunday July 27th

A beautiful day. Still sick. Rumors for the last two weeks of a general exchange of prisoners to take place. This morning, we hear his broken off, in consequence of McClellan marching his army toward Richmond. This uncertainty is very distressing. Oh! how I long to see my little family again. Lizzie, and my children. I think of you constantly. May it please God to shorten the days of my captivity; and let me soon to again at my home.
Monday, Aug. 4th

The first instant was my 28th birthday. Arrangements concluded for general parole of prisoners. Cartel signed by Gen. Sig. A. H. and Gen. H. C. S. A. Indian orders are daily expected, to move us. Pray God they may come and that at length we may again see our friends. Time passes very slowly. We are becoming very impatient, and anxious to be off. Visited last night by Col. Lamar, who defeated us at James Island, and Mr. Quincy of Baltimore. Mr. Quincy (I do not know his rank) I have not met before the war. The visit is a very agreeable one to us. Gentlemen pleasant in their manners, too, as a man loves to fight, or feast, with.

August 6th

A window was broken this morning accidentally by one of the men. Offered to pay for it, but the Captain of the Guard refused to accept this. Preferring to punish the offender, I refused to discover him, and in consequence our supply of water has been cut off. Unpleasant.
August 7

The man who unintentionally broke the window confessed to guard this morning and was locked up in a cell above Lt. Colton of the 8th Michigan, wounded on James Island. Arrived here with some ten or twelve men. Waiting impatiently for an exchange. It begins to look gloomy. Our prospects of getting home, not as good as a few days ago.

Aug. 12

Still here; almost despair of getting home. But still I may return very soon. Three thousand prisoners exchanged on the 14th! Far from desirable, but Pope and his officers have been outlandish. How far this may affect me, I cannot tell. God grant we may soon be with our wives and little ones. Weather very hot: Thermometer yesterday at 96°. Some prospects I am told of a peace party rising in the North. That I cannot believe. The Democrats who oppose this war will receive and their numbers, swelled by many Republicans who begin to find out they are paying too dear for their whistle. The next party issue will undoubtedly be war or peace. If we continue this war, and one succeeds in negotiating
the South, their farewell to Democracy and liberty. We will have sold our birthright for a mess of porridge.

Wednesday, Aug 20

How slowly time passes! Prospects of getting off very good, so far as we can see. The descriptive roll of the prisoners here, sent to Richmond yesterday. It is supposed we will soon follow. Oh! that we may not be again disappointed. Mean that exchanging is done in the East, but suppose, we will be paroled! Have a bad cold, my health is gradually wasting away under this confinement. And I fear that unless soon released I will not again see my friends. They must begin to think, having been so long without tidings that I am near to return. This war appears to be growing intensely bitter on both sides. I hear of nothing but outrages committed by our troops, and threats of retaliation on the part of the Confederates. Pleasant, truly, for us prisoners.

Sunday, Sep 1st

A month and a half have passed away since...
Carroll signed for exchange of prisoners. In this time, Gen. Pope and his officers; and Gen. Hunter and Phelps, with officers connected with negro brigades, have been outlawed by this government. We are still here almost without hope of release, though encouraged by Col. Preston to hope a speedy one. Our party has increased to 150. Of these, one third sick and wounded. My health, very poor indeed. Fear, I may not again get well. Write to Charley in a fit of despondancy. A letter I regret having sent. Combined armies of Pope, Burnside, and Banks, said to have been defeated by rebels in Virginia. Bad news for us. Though we are inclined to disbelief, and still hope, our arms may be successful. Trust this fall may give us at least one victory in Virginia. But we want McClellan again at the head of our Army.

Thursday, Sept 18th

Dear Major Gibbs has gone to Richmond carrying with him a letter we have written to the exchange office. We are in hopes it will affect our release. From this miserable hole. Last night cold. Not well. Fairly received a letter.
from his wife. He is lucky. Day passed as usual.

**Friday**

In the evening procured a half gallon of whiskey; drank little, but greatly intoxicated. Captain Cline complained to guard of noise; and Lawler, Pratt, and Hornsby taken up stairs. Cline has made more noise dozens of times. Sorry I was oblivious, or he should also have been locked up. I did not suspect him of such littleness. It was, I suppose, to pay off an enmity to Lawler.

**Saturday 20th**

Lawler and Pratt released this morning. Hornsby kept in confinement for insulting so said, or rather lie, the Lieut. of the guard? Jackson. I formed a new mess, including Cline. Some difficulty about division of property. Settle that by taking what I wanted. Commodore has received a letter from his sister? Wet gloomy day. Feel wretched.
Sunday, Sep. 21

Difficulty with men; they are getting mutinous. Camp cool. Toothache. Good breakfast, for first time, in a month.

Monday 22nd

Cold nurse; spirit rappings
out at elbows
out at toes,
out of money
out of clothes
out of friends
in midst of foes.

What a cata
logue of race!

产业园区

Saturday Oct 4th

Made blue this morning, in consequence of a conversation with Dr. Green. It is the impression here, that the Government has done reasons for retaining us; supposed connected with coming operations on the coast. Almost lost hope.

Afternoon: Marching orders at last? Thank God! A crazy
Sunday Oct 5th

We leave by special train at 5 PM tomorrow. Lieutenant Rend with 15 men accompany us as guard. Hour patience to my aid. Presented my "Burtons ABC: Anatomy" to Dr. Jule. We are under many obligations for his close attention to our sick and his constant courtesy and gentlemanly conduct. Myself and Brother officers received and cooked.

Monday 6th

Dr. Green sent to us a pint of good whiskey for the journey, also orders for two more bottles. At noon, we are not to leave until tomorrow. Such a disappointment. In the afternoon Col. Preston's aid brought me some letters with regard I would carry them north.
Go for certain tomorrow at 6 a.m.

Tuesday Oct 1st

Up very early, most of the men out at 2, and some did not sleep at all. At 5½ A.M. marched out of jail. Stood some time in the street, and onward to the Depot. Found the walk of about a mile and a half through the streets very fatiguing; was afraid I would easily give out. Columbia is a very pretty town. Residence of Col. Preston, very handsome. At Depot, waited until 8 o'clock for cars to start. Our party in command of Lt. Corbit, C.S.A., very pleasant looking man; he had some trouble about cars. Col. Preston's orders were not to crowd us. Every country must be shown as we come through. Than to friends. House cars for men, one passenger car for sick men, and one for officers. Hurrah! off at last very pleasant day. End at Corbit's very fine fellow. Reach Charleston at 6 P.M. Have missed the connection and will have to lie over until 3 in the morning. Dr. Corbit gives us permission to go where we wish. We are very tired. Pratt, Lawler, Kirby, etc., go up town and get a supper.
Carpenter and I lie down in one of the pullman cars and go to sleep. Pratt & Lawler intoxicated.

**Wednesday 8th**

Off again at 3 A.M. on regular passenger train. Merry ride. Get out at stations and run around as we please. Whiskey plentiful and drinks in quantities. I and Lawler get breakfast at hotel at one of the stations. Reach Raleigh too late to make connections. Sleep in old house car. Very dirty.

**Thursday 9th**

Had a very good sleep, awakened refreshed, but dirty as a pig. Seems as though a month's scrubbing will not make me white. Angry and feed our stations have given us. Breakfast on an apple and crackers. Give me some of the men. All aboard! Our car so uncomfortable. Freight cars with plank seats. Good morning packet immediately after express train. Get breakfast at station. A couple of my friends arrive at Melrose, the train is late as usual. One telegraphed
for, and we scatred around to look at the town, Captain Forrest, rebel cavalry, asked me to drink. Very gentlemanly. He has lost four brothers in this war. Appears to in some Union feeling fire! Lie on platform until 11 o'clock when train comes in! In cars. Party very hungry.

Friday 10th

Off at 8 P.M., arrive at Petersburg at 7. Bought some pies. Find provisions sell cheaper than at other places on route. Also buy a paper. Learn the defeat of rebels at Corinth. Sick. Taken to Richmond on freight wagons.

Friday Oct 10, 1862

Arrived at Richmond. Sent to Libby Prison, a huge forces war house. In the afternoon paroled. Leave tomorrow morning.

In the unenlightened, solemnly swear and pledge our sacred word of honor that we will not during the hostilities between the U.S. and C.S.A. aid or assist the enemies of the said Confederate States, or any of them, in any way, form, or manner, whatsoever, until released, or
Exchanged!

Home again!!!!

Exchanged and afterward wounded & captured at
Duluth Bluff - Under Command of Gen. Butler, &
Confined in Libby Prison from May 16 to Oct 8 1864
After an absence of over two years, in Europe, Frank returned home in May, 1867, with the firm conviction that a blood conflict between the North and South was inevitable. He took up his residence, and to prepare himself for taking an active part in the hard struggle to come, studied European, French, and German works on the Science of War. He was sufficiently well posted on Military tactics to take command of a Company, Regiment, or Brigade. His conclusion as to the status of the two sections of one Country was derived from conversations with fellow students, at Leipzig; the tone of the leading European journals on the subject; the anticipated war by England and France; the much desired dissolution of the Union. There was together with bitter hostility of the notorious London Times; indeed, their own disloyal papers Champman and Hailes could hardly praise the efforts of the difficulty. He then for himself, for as far as possible, in the result, he was prepared to act, whenever a resort should occur, as was shown by his prompt response to the call for volunteers.
1863
July 2 to the Lehigh Valley Guard, before they left for camp.
The flag had been in several actions and skirmishes and had been carefully preserved and handed to them by the Co on its disbandment Aug 1. 1861.
The Copperhead of the neighborhood (who were numerous at this time) expressed themselves as predicted destruction of our property as soon as the rebel, reach this place which they expected to happen would be.

1864
May 16 Frank wounded at the battle of Drury's Bluff under Gen Butter; his horse killed by a shot. His arm prevented resistance or escape and this again became a prisoner of war. Although he returns from his first imprisonment he avoided he would never again be taken alive.

Aug 16 A letter from D.C. Kansas, states, Frank had been made and captured on May 16.
April 3. News received of the capture of Richmond on the 2nd inst.

I trust Captain Poe this Army to day at 11½ P.M.

Salutes fired & rockets went up in all directions tonight.

Received news at 10 A.M. of the assassination of Lincoln.
Dec 14. Novaco's body received to day by express from Fort Royal, D.C.
9. Funeral from Woodside at 1 P.M. and interment in
Menemile Cemetery at 2 P.M.
84. Found a Photograph Negative N° 21161 of Novaco taken
at Brentford, before leaving Philad the last time.
1863. Made arrangements with Lawyer Green for the payment of his debts.
Alfred reach X:4 to day from a long cruise in the Gulf of Mexico.
June 19. Left home to day for Dauphin County, but returned on hearing
that the rebels had entered Penn in force. Approaching
Harrisburg.
July 2. During my absence from Camp, took Jenny on learning the
news that the rebel forces had arrived, with the prospect of invading the
Country. East of it, and taking Philad. Ordered a flag to be
placed on the road, fronting the house, and hoisted
the flag, which had been made in April 1861.
March 4th, Companies E, F, and G, 55th Reg. attacked by 500 rebel, near Edisto.

Oct 10
Frank has just reached Philadelphia from Columbia, S.C., having been paroled.

22 Received news that Horace was killed at the battle of Poocotaligo on the 10th inst. at 5 P.M.


30 Received today from Horace, dated Oct. 14, 1862. Also a letter from Lieut. Kell, stating that Horace was wounded in the groin by a minnie ball during the battle and died in fifteen minutes, without apparent suffering.

11 Other letters from his men greatly praise his conduct and say his only expression after being wounded was "Boys, Fine shot!"

Nov 19. Horace Frank received today by express from Fort Royal.
April 26
Frank commissioned by Gov. Curtis as Major of the 16th Regt.

27
Visited Camp Cameron meeting Horace Horace L. men of Co. H.

May 3
Horace commissioned Captain of Co. H. 16th Regt. by Gov. Curtis

15
With E. Yardley visited Camp South at York where Co. H. moved.

16
Frank continuing as Major of 16th Regt. by Gov. Curtis May 16, 1861

June 3
Horace home on short furlough.

14
50 men of Co. H. head for H.C. to a circular dated Camp

Lee demanding an honorable discharge on July 24, when

their term of enlistment will expire.

21
Report of battle near Chancellorsville & defeat of Union army by

70,000 rebels, reinforced during battle by 20,000 men under Johnston.

Frank came home from Washington.

Aug. 1
Camp. Frank honored discharge. Frank remaining with the

Regiment.

3
Horace commanded raising another Company for theForever

Service, or cleaning the war

19
Horace new Co. H. mustered in as Co. E. 55th Regt. Camp H.C.

Oct. 17. With Jenny & Clarence visited Camp Cameron. Hours Luppes
in Horace's tent & theme to Hotel in Harrisburg

April 28. Received word of a battle on James Island S.C. Company
Eot of 55th Regt. engaged; commanded by Capt. Horace Eot.
To Washington arriving at 3:30 A.M. To Willard, Hotel. Called on
Horace & Campbell. Introduced by him to Sec'y of War
Stanton. Stated my business, viz. The exchange of Frank
then a prisoner in Charleston. Mr. Stanton said there was no
now, no exchange of prisoners between the belligerents.
replied us to Mr. Thomas, who told me to make a written
statement of Frank's case. Afterwards, was introduced to
Kent McDowell, to President Lincoln. Left them without
obtaining any satisfactory promises.

April 29. Jacob Huntzinger's & Pottsville. In the afternoon, acknowledged
receipt from me, of \$114.50, being amount of the
all receipts and of \$15.55 Regt of Penn. for families of the
soldiers of the Regt.
1861

March 6. The Rebel Congress at Montgomery has provided by law for calling 100,000 men into the field.

April 2. The rebel army announced that Washington has surrendered, and that Washington will be captured before May 1st.

13. The intention to capture Washington has been repeatedly announced in the Richmond and other Southern papers.

13. President Lincoln today issued his proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers.

18. Horace informs me he and Frank are raising a company in Minerville for the service.

19. The company named the Schuyler Guards under Frank, as Captain Horace C. B. L. sled. Major 2nd Lieut. 76 men, rank of file. Capt. Minerville left by car this morning for Harrisburg, entering Camp Cameron the same evening.