Thursday, Oct. 1st 1863,

The morning set in very wet indeed, and the rain poured down all day without intermission, but it was in mind of the rains of last July. Sketched part of the day at the rooms of the Court-martial, and am beginning to think some of the boys are getting tired of deserting.

Was busy all day, but expected soon to get through the heaviest of the work. Hear nothing of move of the Army, but still think the army shall not go any farther forward. Sometimes I get lonesome, I see how fast they are falling away in morals and I fear the future but trust that all shall be well.

Hope the election at home may turn out in favor of Liberty and Union, for the friends are making a gigantic effort against the super-human energy of the Calahrs. May God prosper the cause.
Friday Oct. 2nd, 1908

Today was pleasant again. The thermometer shows quite steadily and we are happy. Got a good supply of blotting paper for the men, and asked to get an overcoat for those who had to throw them away by the last campaign. Wrote a letter to Frank Artin.

But bakers from home. Nothing new. All is quiet. But-I have no doubt but that a storm is to be the result of this calme. Sulfur in my nuclein papers, and I hope to be successful so that I may be mustered. Had to spend most of the day at the Court martial. But this is giving the boys such an exxcavale that they will not go home any more. Dear of Dr. Col. Brinton going to come back. Oh that he may, for then we should have some one who could command and not mind! But the latter is playing out and friends are breaking.
Saturday Oct. 3 1863.

Having to be at bat, I slept sound and long, and only arose to get my breakfast. How fast the time flies by! When I look back over a year, I see but little done, so I expect it will be for the future. Had to make out a list of deserters. Besides the regular business, I have rumors of Buford's Geyers Divisions going to Tennessee but I think it is only rumors I think.

St. Smith is in arrest today again for writing a letter to his old secession friend Capt. Norris. Hear of St. Minor having resigned his commission. Am not particular what he does. Have orders for a boy to

This life seems to grow wearisome upon me, nothing to read but to reflect above and all things only hark to the one thing. Killers of Time.
Sabbath Oct. 4th 1865.

Today is the Sabbath, but not much time to think what it is.

Saw morning Report to Brig. H. Go to Court martial. Am not at Review in consequence. Don't know but that some more may result from the Review. Court---tell.

Major Darling in arrest to await the decision of the Court-martial.

Major Lane, in command, wrote a letter to Elisha. Got one from her. Write also to "Shervette" Mass., Webster, in an experiment.

Weather is cold, night--still and some an chattering with the leaves.

Had a good inspection it is said, and passed very creditably.

All well, but rather lonely, as I now hear the bugle, far down the lines.

Sing those old times that are so sweet, my troubled breast when a boy.

But my mother no more sings them, but I shall be now thinking of me as far away from...
Monday Oct. 5th 1865.
The day comes and goes and comes at the same as yesterday. Not quite the same, for one day has passed never to return, and its gone and evil past forever. Went to Div. HQ's. to get a new muster roll into the Company. Hear of a General Review tomorrow, saw the order discharging me from the service of the U. S. To enable me to receive bounty so that the past few months are right. The day is fine and at head quarters all things are as clean and gay and hale as usual. Hear many rumors, so many that my head spins about going to Tennessee, falling back to all the regiments where term of service expires next summer have got the departure, of going home for sixty days to watch several of the Regiments leave and addressed their desires to accept.
Tuesday, Oct 6th, 1861.

Had to get up early to prepare the review, which came off at 10 a.m. I had a good meal, being told Pleasonton and his staff, the review passed off nicely pleasing the General, who returned the same by complimenting us. Had a service, had a chance to have an account of being without dinner so long. Staying Bryan going on duty as Adjutant, I was relieved from duty as Act. Adjt. With a letter to Dr. Smith, Wheeler, trying on an operation. Changes quarters down to center of camp. Best sleep in army office. Am glad to get back to the company as it needs my care. Saw Lt. Montgomery's resignation and am glad something is being done to arrange matters. Cold evening and good weather for getting our work.
Wednesday Oct. 4th 1863,

Getting my Discharge I did not feel so well in being a citizen that I could forget the idea of leaving the service and seeing nearly four months away. So I went to Dr. Head Waters with Lt. Montgomery, McCormick, and was mustered into the service as an officer for three years, by Judge Briston 1st Michigan Cavalry. The Adjutant also got mustered, and relieved me greatly to my satisfaction. Report of the Pickets being attacked last night—two captured, one killed.

Genl Kilpatrick says we cannot pull back, being too many Rebs in front, sent my Commission & Discharge home to my mother, also a letter. Wrote to Sgt. Supplee, to Pet Polan—father of one of my men being lost at Chambersburg, also to Charley E. Hall, Commander Rainy and rained daily but almost too cold to be very gay. Wishing you I concluded.
Thursday Oct. 8½ 165.

Was aroused last night by the Colonel's orderly bringing orders, but did not find out till morning what they were. Revelle was blown out an hour before day and all ready to move. The tents were torn down and all was ready for a march. But we waited all day but no move was made, so the tents were put up again and affairs assume the same shape. The rumor was that Lee was making a move against us with his entire force. But his division of 3rd Corps came out to support and we felt a little easier. But this I suppose is only a feint; and we intend to hold the front until the infantry falls back. Write a letter to Sheriff Brown, giving him the news. Feel well all day. The weather pleasant and the corps generally in good spirits.
Friday Oct. 9th 1866.

Having spent another night in the old camp, arose as usual without any excitement. But all things indicate a change soon, and in more say the Army has all fallen back. That Lee is over the Rapid Ann, and we must fall back, but Genl. Kilpatrick says no fall back without fight. So we will go in, no matter what the issue may be.

Wish letters to Dennis Murphy, and Pvt. Sibley, of my Company, being in the Hospital. Had another excitement toward evening and all the camp was to arms, but this too was a feint. But the first Battalion went out on picket some 10 or 12 miles to see what may be the reason of all the noise. Are getting tired of this excitement and hope that they will soon move out or get to fighting. But this thing of waiting and waiting oh this weariness is torture to me.

Health Good.
Saturday, Oct. 10th, '63.

We were early called to horse and on the move, but instead of going to and Washington we went toward James City, and found that the Ricks had been fighting, and they reported some of the infantry Captains but the cavalry got to fighting and the infantry fell back. The rumors that all the Reb. army is on the move, going toward Martinsburg. We fought all day skirmishing hand, our regiment was in rear except as '23' which was detached to aid the 5th N.Y. We had to stand mounted, executing a charge, the swift-winged messengers of death flew straight and fast, but Fortune was with us, as none was injured but some of the 5th N.Y. were wounded. The firing ceased at dusk, and we were again but on bivouac for the night. But quite nighly, think that we were imbued upon—during the day we had spent in listening to the boys calling out to the boys to "come on if you dare," etc.
Sunday Oct. 11th 1863

Just as day dawned we were drawn off picket and fell back, found the road clear, and affairs looked as if we really meant a fall back. Stopped for breakfast. A short distance of Culpeper, started and came to Culpeper, but here we waited for some time to get the trains out of the way, when we commenced to fall back. The Rebels came on in our rear, all cavalry. We had to fight them and hold them back. But soon, we found to our surprise that they had flanked in and got in our rear at Brandt Station.

By 4 o'clock the Right, Hampton on our left, the change was ordered and the 7th Bn. of 3rd Div. cut through. Next came our line. We were ordered to change. We did change, and drove the Right Bn. Cavalry, but not being supported the 7th Bn. of the Regt. closed on our rear and after several charges we attempted to break through, we had to give it up. So, the regiment and myself with about twenty men were prisoners of war, and Major Van Voorhis wounded. My horse shot twice through the neck. The fighting was desperate, being Kilpatrick's division against the entire Cavalry Corps. Camped this evening in Virginia on the right.

Having spent the night, hardly in sleep, hardly in reflection on the heart and fatigues of Indian Prisons, I got up but had not breakfast as usual being out of rations, as well as the most of my clothing and ten dollars of greenbacks to have been forcibly taken from me. We saw Major Committee being terribly badly wounded. Passed on to Callicove in the guard, and froma St. Wilson and some more of our boys, making 4 officers and 32 men of our regiment and 11 officers and 299 men in all, bring the prisoners for a cock fight. Got a dinner in town. Saw one Brigade of Rifles passing through. They cheered as wildly. Having got on the cars to go to Gordonville we heard the Report of a man wounding in the front, and from the flash of Artillery was seen on the hill near town all the boys looked for Killpatrick. The Rebel dead and wounded came in thick and they began to be frighted. But the firing ceased. We started at dusk, being in the lift of cattle cars and cold to the extremity. Passed through Orange C.t. H. and got to Gordonville at 12 am. in the morning put into a hard old shanty to sleep. But we fell asleep and knew no more till morning.
Tuesday Oct. 13th 1865.

Awoke and was taken to a Major's office where for the third time they took our names and sent us back to wait all day for the cars. Got permission to go for breakfast, unchanged. Got one not so good in quality, but we all eating being very hungry. Was astonished at the prices having to pay $1.00 and 50 cents for a pie or cake. But they preferred cars. Started in passenger cars for the city of Richmond. Saw nothing, scarcely but bush, and desolation all the road, being desolate of vegetation except in a few places. But there, being surprised to find the city as free from fortifications but the land was so marshy that it would be impenetrable for any army to approach that way. Found the long famous Libby and after giving our names again we extended its precincts to meet our friend St. McKee. C. Potter, St. Leslie, St. Lawser, 18th P. C. Ed. Young, of 18th P. and many other division being over 700 in all. They gathered round us like bees to hear the news, and we were welcomed. Libby is not as bad as expected, but the soil is hard, so exchange is not in the programme now.
Wednesday, Oct 14th 1864

Having slept the night in a good sleep, began to look around. Found many strange things. The grub is sufficient but--sufficient to keep from want, getting 20 ounces soft bread and a small bit of meat per day. But the officers having money can buy anything extra they want. We had to give up our green backs, and they give us seven Confederate dollars for one of ours. Prices are wonderful high, but when divided by seven they don't appear so desolate. The officers are all anxious to be exchanged, but there is no hope. The rumors are that there is hard fighting going on at the Rappahannock, but they are not to be relied upon. A lot of prisoners came in, no officers. Wash to mother and Stt. McCormick having to leave upon the letter. The Prisoner seems very healthy, but the officers complain of the 'grey backs' being troublesome. They also say the men on the Hana/Bell/are very sickly and dry and fast. But what a set of people at any rate. It seems a Hades for those with 15 skins all alike.
Thursday, Oct. 16th 1778.

I am getting to see what “Libby” is and learn its ways. Officers cook their own meals, in messes, having 22 or 25 messes. Three of each cook each day. I belong to “Mess 4”, eating at 7 a.m. 1 & 5 P.M. The day is spent in eating, walking, the floor for exercise, together with other athletic exercises and the nights in dancing and games of chance. They have got a violin and forte-piano, but the guy fantastic box and the drive dull once away. One finds the chess board and the deck of cards meet the eye, but his heart to discern any amusement in a situation like this. A matter lot of prisoners come in, being from the Halifax and they report “Mack’s list. We at Centreville expect to hear of hard fighting soon or else of Gill’s made falling back in defense of Washington. I am thankful for life and health and sorry that it has been the lot of 20 men to be here.”
Friday Oct. 16th 1866

Today was spent as usual nothing occurring to change the monotonous routine. Walking to and fro over the floor that to the uninhabited seems depressing. A few more prisoners came in, but no officers. One Draper exchanged by special exchange. But all the I wish for that looked for day I would have with equal joy the day that liberates the enlisted men from their dark lot as they have not the advantages we have. Having recitations in tactics and French I should enter the class had I books but how could I study here. It is hard enough to endure the time by spending it in every conceivable way. News of fighting on the front that meal which I falling back to Arlington Heights, but only rumors are of but little importance. I feel healthy but the grub is limited, and one could surely starve did not we have something to buy extra bread.
Saturday, Oct. 17th 165

Having eaten my piece of bread and drunk my cup of very cold coffee began to walk the long isles for exercise. I was sent to help in playing cards with the other for amusement. Had a meeting of the inhabitants of libby to receive the "libby Chronicle" being a paper published by the officers and devoted for amusement and instruction. It was sad and look well having good hits at our enemies subject and person. At night had a entertainment in the lower room, a negro concert giving us plenty to laugh at and a large crew. The rebel officers were most enter and they seemed to enjoy it. All the frequent hits were made at the manner as were treated and the southern Confederacy. But all must of pleasantly and gave us a good opportunity to laugh and grow fat being now essentially necessary since the grub was so coldly received. I believe seeing that object.
Sunday, Oct. 18th 1668.

Today was pleasant indeed. The warm sun shone out; and the balmy air fanned the brow, reminding one of many happy days spent under circumstances quite different, but aloof we are exposed to liberty that makes life pleasant, or enjoyed one's life quite well. All news and rumors died away, and for a day we had nothing to hang about.

The Chaplains having all been excused, we had no preaching but there was prayer meeting in the evening. Have nothing to read, nothing to do, and time hangs heavily, and when I think of passing many days thus, the future looks dark, and we are apt to complain at our government for not relieving us of this bondage, but they must have some just cause for not making the exchange and we must submit. But much feeling is felt in this account, and especially in account of special occasions.

My health is good and appetite better.
Monday, Oct. 19th, 1876

fell well today, and the morning haze made us feel much better, stating that all the "rumors of great victories" were nowhere, but that they (the Rebels) had suffered badly at Bristow Station, having come when the 2nd Corps and Gregg's Division of Cavalry. The day past as usual. The "flag of truce" Brad-came out but no exchange andRule Merritt went back out by the road farther of us all. But many boxes of provisions clothing came for the officers which made the hearts of many happy, as now something good to eat is a real God-send. Bishop McGrath of the Catholic Church preached for us in the afternoon, dwelling on his beloved theme, "to salvation out of the Catholic Church." Thus we have days weeks and months.
Tuesday Oct. 20th, 1768.

This morning the papers proclaimed as the escape of the notorious Dr. Brooks, who they say has been in the way of an exchange, as the Confederate Authorities demanded him for trial for horse stealing before the end of the service. Our Government was not willing, as exchange was established. But his case and the rumor of his escape has received an imputation. The day was fine, news of the movements of the Army scarce, and we just stay here, without knowing what is going on. Everything seems, as usual, here, or ink and correspondence, must be few and short. Am happy because I look back and see how many dangers I have burst through, and as yet am sent free from severe or menial. Oh may our cause be honor that this war will cloze.
Wednesday, Oct. 21st 1768

Today one year ago I was born. My 23rd birthday became a colder by enlisting as a private, how many day as has past since, I look back with a good degree of pleasure to see what success has followed my path. I look forward for one year to my twenty-fifth birthday day I dare not and will it possible for me to lift the curtain that veils from me the future I would hesitate before I would glance at a destiny so uncertain.

With a lot of Primos came in some 16 or 18 Officers, and near 200 men, being gobbled up in the falling back. Capt. Potts at the top of his Rest also came in, in your, him a poor reception but no fasting. I am only to see as many of our men as here, and his future seems to be out lot. But we must trust the future, hope that there lies our only source.
Thursday Oct. 23rd 1761

The land of Sicilia is truly blessed with delightful weather, as scarcely a cold rainy day has crossed our path since I arrived at this Masoero. But today, as usual, the pleasure created by a pleasant-outdoor was broken by the unfavorable news in the papers. But they are so grossly sectional that nothing can be believed. The recent break at Banks with Staph & Pato-captained, fear of four of our new ships being captured, from Cacito Thunder and shooting one of the guards they had killed. Not a lot of boxes of all descriptions came in, also a good number of letters, but nothing for me, nor did I expect anything. Wrote three letters to Bro. Trunk, Sisler, Devere and Ed. Meade one. Spent part of the day reading and playing Chess and the remainder, sleeping, scratching and walking the floor to and fro, up and down, back and forward. Health good and we getting along well as expected.
Friday, Oct. 23rd, ’68.

The boxes of provisions and books are still coming in, and we have great need of them, as things are made that more bread may be bought. What is furnished us, as the people are about starving in the city and every paper shrieks pathetically of the state of affairs as castely a day passes but that some thing is done. Tobacco is to be clothed also as the officers shift in and out of the windows. For my part the future of the Confederacy is gloomy, and I begin to fear for my own account, least in their poverty we starved as usual. All the news of Banks, Captains was contradicted, and Gen. Lee has given up pursuing Gen. Meade having fallen back off the Rappahannock. Gov. Burton and Brough are elected by large majorities, being a strong arm for the Administration.
Saturday Oct. 26th 1865

The rain began its fitful shadings and in making the external world men under-irable it made me more contented with this exclusion and as I stood looking out of the third story window of our palace upon the dullest and broken face of the James River just by I thought of the haunt, and all its many changes seemed to fill my mind as as the changing surface of the swollen River clothing brisk today, and it was clear as the nearly two weeks but have precede it. Rumors of all kinds, the monotonous trampling of many anxious men with the old tobacco factory or ware house being our christened "Libby" or Confederate States' Military Prison to constant alarm. Threats of cutting of all supplies are made and the authontics seem to try to shut us out but from such people what could we expect.
Sunday Oct. 25th 1865

Today the day of rest was only a day of excitement, as our officers having escaped last night from the hospital we had to give up our eating room for a more secure place as hospital, and the rest of the sick officers were confined there and ACCT to make them tell where the others got out. And an inclination moving to hire a surgeon of our Army who had written a secret letter to the Rebels, Authors and he was surely dealt with. But by explaining the matter to his own chins he was let go free. Another officer came in, being captured by Col. Zabrider at Chancellors, being nearly all in mufti. News of the President calling on 30,000 Volunteer this fall. This is good news our friends at home see the necessity of responding promptly. Write a letter to Bro. John. The weather is very cold, and many having no blue kites they have a cold time. I have only two covers, but do not suffer
Monday, Oct. 26th 1860

Last night was very cold, and many slept cold, and the coming winter has no chance for us. But rumor says the Government is going to send clothing and blankets for us. But still our men on Bell Island must suffer since they have no shelter from the cold rains that have been very frequent of late. But the Rebels say they are going to give them shelter. Wrote two letters, one to "Lizzie of Labroke" and one to "Rollie of Meadville." The prospects for exchange have entirely died away since our Government has notified the Rebels that she will not exchanging men. But many officers look forward with strange feelings to an imprisonment such as we have for many months or years, during the war, and such a fate as this may well aweaken our fears for the future. But one track and a testament sent us by the Christian Commission at Philadelphia they will eagerly wicker up.
Tuesday, Oct. 27th 160

We were notified at Roll Call that as shown having nothing but bread today, for allowing the officers in the room to bust open the door and get among us, so we had almost a fast day, but in praying, at least to any extent. Had a job of washing my under clothing, being a new one and arduous job, and I thought many times of those who could accomplish this much better than I. A lot of our sick and wounded prisoners will sent north for as many sick Rebs. The men are said to be dying fast and loads of coffee go past our Halls daily. Skirmishing after "grey back" has to be done daily and more and more successful than field work, but not a dangerous part. Chess playing, Card playing, Chickens continue the same, but having cut off the Gas the evening shows have to be discontinued. A lot of letters come in but none for me yet not discouraged.
Wednesday Oct. 28th 1865.

Feel tolerably well today, but having a severe cold I can not as I wish be but thankful that I can as well as I am. The Exchange question is not entirely dead, as the Public speak of its possibility. They think we can commence to get as away, since they say we have eaten up all the beef and are now commencing on the cheese. But they have many other reasons of getting us away, as then they could reinforce Genl. Bragg, or perhaps Genl. Grant. Have the Ether. Opium Concert tonight but it did not amount to much, being pretty well run out. Still they sang some beautiful songs, other came enough to get up a laugh. Long to hear from home, or get a letter from any friend, for this life is very tiresome, and to break its monotony is our whole aim, but only partly do we succeed.
Thursday Oct. 24th 1865

Selfishness is a change of temperament of the mind, and under circumstances like these it expands, and destroys nearly all the little happiness we might have. Yes, every little occurrence seems to be an insult, and for the most part those improvised become morose and sinister. Was appointed as cook to day, leaving with Lt. Potter 115th N.Y. to cook for three days. But having only a dinner of Beef and rice to cook each day for our mess of 24 men it can get through, and it be only excuse the coffee is played out, and our victuails are now dry, Eoteat for breakfast and supper, and beef and rice and for dinner. A lot of better come in also letters. Clothing & blankets &c. sent to our men by the Government in care of Genl. Dow. This is a good thing to our men were freezing, and will be much better off now. &ndash; the &ndash; of some secret officers and ladies.
Friday, Oct. 20th, 186... Still in the Cooking Committee and have almost graduated in the Culinary department, but having only one meal to cook per day the labor is small. The Rebels are complaining more than ever because of our constant not exchanging. But they have great needs wanting to get off from feeding us and their men to reinforce Gen. Bragg who now stands in great need of them, but I feel confident that there shall be no exchange until the summer campaign is over. and as shall get out about Christmas. Have a good lot of situation sent by the Christian Came and all eagerly picked it up being glad to get something. How contemptible, how low are these war have by misfortune got possession of even slandering the Bible & Testaments sent us from home. The way just approaches when all this scale will change, and we free.
Saturday Oct. 31 1866.

Today finished my Administrating as Cook for mess 4, and am glad of it. The papers say of Genl. Mc. Connor has attacked Genl. Longstreet down in Tennessee and is driving him, which gives us all hope that success may soon Chattanooga for us without fail. The Richmond Enquirer says, "Almost too many prisoners taken in this war." But I would like the brave Editor to practice his idea of no surrendering; for only once and see how it fails. Show them sick, unarmed, chair-warriors are big things and loud as chained lions. The clothing sent to us by the Sanitary Commission was adequate, but as usual, those who least needed got, being selfish enough to see others as naked to gratify themselves. I wish the majority got coats and blankets. Many got shirts and all wanted. I was astonished to see how childish some men are and even those holding high positions. So unconscionable were many that it was almost impossible to issue them for the crowd of 'suckers' having arrived.

Thank the Lord I am not so ready to sacrifice honor for the sake of a shirt.