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# A. H. Hutchinson Civil War Diary: Transcription

A. H. Hutchinson

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## Diary of A.H. Hutchinson. 1865.

On Friday evening, July 22<sup>nd</sup> 1864, our Brigade (Holt-laws, of Clayton's Division) commanded by Col. Buch Jones, of the 58<sup>th</sup> Ala, attacked the enemy in their breastworks 3 miles northeast of the city of Atlanta. As we emerged from the woods, about 250 yards from the breastworks, it became necessary to change the front of the Brigade in order to cover the enemy's line; in doing this some confusion occurred, which was greatly augmented by the fact that the manoeuver was performed under a very heavy and accurate shelling from a battery of 3 guns, which was about 500 yards in front of us. Soon the command "Forward" was given, which was promptly obeyed in a "doublequick" by the 36<sup>th</sup> and 38<sup>th</sup> Ala Regiments; but from some unexplained cause the 18<sup>th</sup> and the 32<sup>nd</sup> and 58<sup>th</sup> failed to move. The enemy were easily driven from their position by the two Regiments that did advance, and their breastworks were occupied. We halted there and waited impatiently for the left of the line to connect with us, but unfortunately this was not done. Seeing this, the enemy rallied, and advanced on us with two lines of battle; at the same time a flanking party came round on our left. My Company, which formed the extreme left of the Regiment, was directed to engage the attention of this flanking party, and we soon became quite warmly engaged with them. Completely absorbed in this we failed to notice that our Regiment had closed in to the right, and that we were left entirely exposed, having no friends on either flank. I saw my situation only when too late to retreat – was soon entirely surrounded by the enemy, and forced to surrender. Fortunately most of my Company saw the dilemma, in which we were placed, in time to extricate themselves, and only four were captured; Lieut. D.H. Britton, Corp. W.B. Hatter, Pvt. W.B. McKane, and myself. Shatter was the only member of Co. "I" with me at the time; and, in addition, Sergh. R.J. Davidson and 24 noncommissioned officers and privates, representatives of all the companies in our Reg't except the two (A and I) which were on picket. I did not see Lieut Britton and McKane until a day or two afterwards – with them were Lts. W.M. Owen, \_\_\_\_\_ and J.D. Marshall (Co G), and about 20 privates. Our captors hurried us off to the rear, and in about an hour we reached an old field in which we formed over 200 unfortunates, who had been captured during the preceding four or five days. We were guarded by a detachment of the 9<sup>th</sup> Illinois, who treated us very kindly as old soldiers almost always do; for the hardships and vicissitudes of service prompt the veteran to respect and commiserate those whom the fortune of war has thrown into his hands. The next morning rations for two days were issued to us – pickled pork, crackers, coffee, and sugar. We remained all day in that old field, and were visited and catechized by a great many inquisitor Yankees, who entertained us with extravagant reports of Hadee's capture, Nood's death, the fall of Atlanta, and numerous other lies of the same style and pattern. The gaping crowd were keen to trade with us, and all seemed particularly anxious to procure tobacco; I bought a very good W.E. Hanket from one with a halfplug of very ordinary quality. Late in the evening four deserters from Storall's Georgia Brigade were brought in and put in the same enclosure with us. This we felt to be quite a humiliation – one were soldiers, prisoners of war, taken in open fight, and we felt averse to being connected or in any way associated with traitors. I had a conversation with a West Tennessean who expressed himself openly as perfectly willing to "take the oath", if permitted to return home. He had been conscribed only two months before, and was so anxious to get out of service that he was willing to see himself to the Yankees, and his perfired soul to the Devil, for the pitiful privilege of branding himself and his family by taking the oath of loyalty to the Lincoln dynasty. Let all such men go – our country and our army are better off without than with them. Sunday – July 24<sup>th</sup>. This morning we were moved quite early to the headquarters of Logan's (15<sup>th</sup>) Army Corps, where I found Srict D. H. Britton and the others

of our Regiment (36<sup>th</sup> Ala) whom I have already mentioned as captured on the same day as myself. There were about 50 men in all from the 36<sup>th</sup> and 38<sup>th</sup> Ala Regts. Only one from the 18<sup>th</sup> Ala and none at all from the 58<sup>th</sup> Ala – a fact which shows conclusively that the two latter Regiments \_\_\_\_\_ not have been very warmly engaged. There may have been others from our Brigade taken, but if such had been the case I think I would have seen them as all the prisoners captured during the week were consolidated at Logon's Headquarters. About 8 o'clock, after verifying the Rolls and changing our guards, we were started on our march towards Marietta, 20 miles distant. Crossed the river about five miles above the railroad bridge, and halted for the night four miles from Marietta. The weather was oppressively warm, and the road very, very dusty, making the trip quite disagreeable; it reminded me very much of our march from Charleston, Tenn, last Fall, just before the bloody battle of Chickamauga. That night we could easily have overpowered the guard and made our escape, but no plan could be agreed upon; a \_\_\_\_\_ many, among whom was some of the \_\_\_\_\_ of the higher and more prominent (in rank) officers, seemed unwilling to hazard their precious lives in such an attempt – *Se sen ne vant pas la chandelle*. Monday, July 25<sup>th</sup>. We started early this morning from our \_\_\_\_\_ and were marched at an unnecessarily \_\_\_\_\_, entering Marietta about 9 o'clock, and were taken at first to the Public Square. There we were surrounded by a gaping curious crowd – teamsters, hospital stewards, if I'd wanna guess who never go "to the front", and whose only chance of ever seeing a live rebel consists in just such godsend as our capture afforded. We were also visited by some kind and true \_\_\_\_\_ Southern women, who cheered and encouraged us with sympathetic words and smiles, expressing many and deep regrets at their inability to afford us any material as we were soon removed to the Court House, where rations were issued to us, and we were allowed ample opportunities of bathing, cooking, etc. Here, in the afternoon, we were again visited by some ladies, who conversed long and hopefully with us – one of them took several letters for us, engaging to try to send them through the lines. Though there was only a bare possibility of success in this effort I gladly made use of the opportunity to write a long letter to my wife and family. That night at 1 o'clock we were put in box cars, and embarked for Chattanooga – thirty-two of us were crowded into one dirty box-car, without seats, and honored with the presence of four guards who kindly occupied as much as possible of the two side doors which were our only chance for air. The heat was oppressive the car crowded, and the floor very dirty, which latter disagreeable feature was greatly enhanced by the unwearied efforts of some smokers and chewers, who were trying (as I, in charity, supposed) to lay the dust on the floor. ) Tuesday, July 26<sup>th</sup>. We pursued uninterruptedly the "even terror of our way" to Chattanooga at which place we arrived safely at 2 o'clock P.M. in spite of the fears of one nervous gentleman, the pleasure of whose trip was greatly disturbed by visions of "torpedoes". Chattanooga always was a horribly filthy place and never did possess any attractions in my eyes; now under Yankee rule, it was of course far more uninviting than ever. The enemy have fortified it very strongly, and it is now a considerable military post; its present garrison can not fall far short of twenty thousand. Here, for the first time, I saw negro troops, there being one brigade of the Corps d'Afrique on duty at this point. Thank Heaven, we were spared the humiliation of being guarded by them; and the Western men who had charge of us seemed to have as little use as me for colored soldiers, Father Abraham and his miscegenating minions will some day have their blind eyes opened in regard to the real military value of American citizens of African descent; and will be forced to the same conclusion as to the result of their efforts that Peter Pinelar's(?) hero did in attempting to prove by boiling that fleas were lobsters. But I am digressing – We were confined in the Provost Prison – the same filthy, lousy place which so long disgraced our military authorities when we occupied Chattanooga. We spent the night in that delectable institution, and were watched as closely and treated treated (sic) as disrespectfully as though we had been criminals of the deepest dye(?). But what else could

we expect – criminals most undoubtedly were, for we had rebelled against the “best Government on which God’s sun had ever shone”. The poisoned \_\_\_\_\_ doctrines of secession, and the kind but unavailing effort of the Lincoln Administration to persuade and convince us of our errors, have so perverted and \_\_\_\_\_ our mental and moral faculties that we fail to appreciate the blessings of that excellent Government. In spite of its long forbearance and extension charity, so amply displayed in killing our brothers, violating our women, and plundering and ravaging defenseless territory, we are so completely immersed in the sea of rebellion that we obstinately refuse to return to the trusting political faith of our childhood. Wednesday – July 24<sup>th</sup>. After sleeping (or rather, trying to sleep) in the Provost Prison of Chattanooga we would have been very unreasonable to have expected much favor in the way of transportation to Nashville, but I must confess that I was astonished at the cars into which we were put. In addition to our being closely packed (as usual) in a box car, and that car being hitched next to the engine and tender (?) to give us the benefit of the smoke and dust from the locomotion the car itself was too filthy to be described here. Suffice it to say that it had been used as a vehicle for the transportation of cattle for a long time, and apparently had never been cleaned out. Our kind guards evidently appreciated and enjoyed our condition, for they would not even allow us brooms brush to sweep the car out ourselves. Thus uncomfortably situated, we made the trip from Chattanooga to Nashville – I don’t remember what the distance is, but know it is considerably over 100 miles. Our supply of rations had become exhausted, and we were not permitted to procure water at the different stations along the road, at which our train happened to stop. In fact, there seemed to be, during the whole time of our transit to prison studied effort on the part of our escort to make us suffer as much as possible from hunger and thirst. Thursday, July 28<sup>th</sup>. Arrived at Nashville this morning at an early hour, and after being marched and countermarched considerably through the Union portion of the city, to the State Capital and back, and “all around the square”, we were finally lodged safely in the yard of the State Penitentiary. Our calling the Roll it was ascertained that one officer and four privates had succeeded in escaping from the train the night before. At 3 o’clock P.M. we left Nashville for Louisville, packed as usual. The Yankees have certainly learned perfectly the art of packing or dovetailing men men (?) in cars - probably the process of hogpacking in Cincinnati has afforded them useful hints. On our way from the Penitentiary to the train destined to carry us, we were studiously marched through the back streets and alleys which were populated exclusively by Yankee squatters, Dutch vagabonds, and women whose scurrilous oaths and abuse of us were a disgrace to the garments they wore. Friday – July 29<sup>th</sup> – We arrived safely at Louisville about 12 o’clock m. – though we had had nothing to eat for nearly twenty-four hours. No food was given us until supper time; alleging or an excuse that we had arrived too late for their dinner hour. But here we had an ample supply of water, there being a hydrant in the yard of our prison; it was a great luxury to us to bathe and purify our persons and take some initiating steps in learning to wash our soiled clothes. I slept quite comfortably that night on the brick pavement of our enclosure – the barracks being very warm and literally alive with vermin. During our stay in Louisville we drew very scant rations. Seeing several of my fellow prisoners appropriate double shares of bread and meat. I attempted to steal some myself; not being expert among I was detected by a vigilant “Bluebell”, and not only failed to secure my prize, but was deprived of the pitiful piece of bread and meat which had been given to me. In consequence I had nothing to eat – perhaps a just punishment for my attempted larceny, and I was very sorry indeed that I did not succeed. Saturday – July 30<sup>th</sup> – Left Louisville at 2 P.M., missing our dinner again (though the regular hour, so important the day before, had passed) because the Provost Marshal had intended shipping us before midday. We were marched through the city to the river, about a mile, and there crossed in a steam ferry boat to Jeffersonville, Indiana, at which place we took cars for Indianapolis. Before leaving Jeffersonville

one day's rations of bacon and crackers were doled out to us, but we had to subsist on them for over 48 hours – in other words, we had to make eight meals out of what was calculated for three. We were put into cars which were furnished with seats – the first evidence of a desire to make us at all comfortable. Thus far the privates, captured on the 20<sup>th</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup>, had kept us company, but now we were to be separated – the officers being forwarded to Indianapolis, en route for Johnson's Island, and the privates sent we knew not where; but we supposed to Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio. During the night our engine ran off the track, delaying us several hours; morning found us only a few miles from our starting point of the evening before. Sunday – July 31<sup>st</sup>. About 12 o'clock m. we reached Indianapolis just as the good citizens were returning to their homes from Church; of course, we "rebels" were the centre of attraction as we marched through the town to the "Soldiers' Home." Our quarters there were none more disagreeable than any we had thus far seen, being worse(?) even than the Provost Prison of Chattanooga. We were closely confined in a dirty, filthy room, whose odor was oppressively offensively to the ol-factories of even such old soldiers as ourselves. It was a great relief to us when we were roused that night at one o'clock to leave that detestable "Black Hole". While in the "Soldiers' Home" I learned from a Yankee carpenter that Thomas Raciney (?), a jeweler who had left Greensboro Ala for Canada (being a British subject) about a year ago, was now living in the town of Newburgh. New York. Determined to write to him as soon as we reached the Island. Monday, August 1<sup>st</sup>. On leaving Indianapolis we were provided with passenger cars, and consequently were not so densely crowded as heretofore. Reached Bellyfontaine about 11 o'clock, and changed cars there, after resting our wearied limbs for an hour or two in the Public Square. Here we were visited by some kind ladies who \_\_\_\_\_ their sympathy for us by their cooks and words – all other evidence would have been ruled out as "contraband". Getting under way, we soon passed through Clyde, the residence and the burial place of the late General McPherson. He was killed in front of Atlanta on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of July, and his body had just been consigned to its last resting place. A flag at halfmast and public buildings draped in the symbol of woe, marked the grief of the citizens of Clyde over the untimely fate of their fallen hero. At 5 P M, we reached Sandusky, and soon embarked on the steamer Princess for the celebrated United States Military Prison on Johnson's Island; distant three miles and a half from the mainland. On arriving there we were ushered into the presence of Col Hill. Of the 128<sup>th</sup> Ohio Infantry, Commandant of the Post. The roll was called, and we were constrained to deposit with Col. Hill's clerk whatever funds happened to be in our possession – rather than seem contrary or obstinate about such a small matter, I lent him \$41.00 in Confederate currency; the joint stock of Lieut. Britton and myself. A driving rain had set in just before we debarked on the Island, and by the time the cimony(?) of borrowing our money had concluded we were all wet to the skin. The gates of the Prison Yard were then opened and I was turned in dirty, wet, penniless, with only one blanket and a rather threadbare suit of clothes. The first sound that saluted my ears was the loud and oftpeated cry of "Fresh fish" – this sounds very mean and insulting to one in my condition, but I have since learned that this is the gentlemanly and polite style in which captive Confederate officers in this Prison are accustomed to greet their brothers in misfortune on their arrival here. Custom may sanction such rudeness, but I must confess that it makes a very unpleasant and disagreeable impression on one when he expects sympathy and courtesy – I soon found friends however, and among others was warmly greeted by Lt. Col Samuel D. Hatch, 9<sup>th</sup> Ala Cavalry, from Greensboro, who very kindly took charge of Britton and myself, carried us to his room, gave us an excellent supper, and lodged us for the night. Although very tired I was too much excited to sleep, and Col Hatch and I talked until the night was nearly gone. Tuesday, August 2<sup>nd</sup>. This morning I was kindly supplied with clean clothing by an old schoolmate, Lt John Powell, 46<sup>th</sup> Ala, from Montgomery Ala. After bathing, changing my clothes, and enjoying a nice

warm breakfast with Col Hatch, I felt more comfortably physically than I had in a long time. I was surprised to find so many old friends and acquaintances in the "Bullpen" (as the prisoners facetiously term this enclosure); my own Brigade seemed to be remarkably well represented among the captives, and I never can forget the many kind offers of assistance, in the way of clothing, food, or money, that were made me by my friends. It was a mournful pleasure to meet so many of them – pleasure because their presence and society will greatly relieve the tedium and weariness of prison life – and mournful because it is sad to see so many brave and efficient officers cut off from their homes, their friends, and debarred the privilege of sharing in the dangers and vicissitudes of this all important campaign. Among the number were Major C.S. Henagan – Lieut M.N Coekrell – and Lieut Mosely of our Regit – Col Lankford, Maj Hearin, Lieuts B.C.Lee, Ed Pegres, Lockett, Larken, and several others of the 28<sup>th</sup> Ala – I was really much rejoiced to meet the gallant Col Lankford of the 38<sup>th</sup> Ala, who was generally believed to have been killed at Resaca on the 15<sup>th</sup> of May. His bravery and reckless exposure of himself were universally remarked as he led his Regiment in the memorable and disastrous charge made that evening by Stewart's Division; he was among the missing after we were \_\_\_\_\_, and every one believed him killed – which was strengthened a few days afterward by the reports of a Yankee captured at New Lexington, who accurately described his dead body. Thinking him killed, I was greatly relieved and rejoiced at meeting him safe and well; he had been only slightly wounded and was captured with the colors of his Regiment in his hand. I was also glad to see the name Capt.Harrison, of the 9<sup>th</sup> Ala Cavalry, wounded and captured in Gen Pillon's unfortunate attack on LaFayette. He too had been reported killed, and his name had been so gazetted(sic) in the journals at home. His family and his numerous friends in Greene and Perry counties, will be greatly rejoiced when they hear that though a prisoner, he has recovered from a dangerous wound; and is now in good health – This morning \_\_\_\_\_ Britton and I succeeded in getting a bunk in Block II, up stairs, and in having our names enrolled as members of \_\_\_\_\_ of that block, and were thus fairly domesticated. These large \_\_\_\_\_ draw their rations together, and then subdivide into small eating messes at their pleasure. Four officers of our Brigade – Lts Lec. Pegnes, Lockett, and Robertson – kindly took Brittan, Marshall, and myself into their private mess, and we were thus furnished with board as well as lodging – I gladly availed myself in the evening of an opportunity of writing to my dear wife, assuring her of my welfare, and informing her of only the pleasant features thus far presented of prison life. She will be glad to know that though I have had the misfortune of being captured, I have found so many friends, and that I am not utterly "a stranger in a strange land" – Of course, I did not tell her of any of the men – pleasant or disagreeable circumstances that have as often and as painfully reminded one that I was a prisoner. I know how many reports are circulated in regard to men who are missing after a battle, and I am much afraid that the report may have reached home that I was either killed or badly wounded. My greatest anxiety now is to convey to my family and friends as speedily as possible tidings of my safety, for I know how distressed they will be until they receive positive information in regard to my fate. Wednesday, August 3<sup>rd</sup>. This morning I met another old acquaintance from Greensboro – Capt G.G.Westcott, A.C.S. in Battle Brigade. Gil (?) had formerly been a member of the Greensboro Guards in the 5<sup>th</sup> Ala Regt, but has for some time been connected with the Commentary Department. He was captured just after the battles of Gettysburg, and has been in this prison ever since last winter. Through him I made the acquaintance of Capt J.L. White, A.S.M. of the 5<sup>th</sup> Ala, who was an old friend of my brother James. It was a sad pleasure to meet with one who esteemed and respected the noble traits and manly virtues of my departed brother. But all of my brother's associates and brother officers whom I have ever seen, concise in bearing testimony to his bravery, courtesy and moral worth. Death has invaded our family circle twice in the last three months, and has robbed it of two of its brightest jewels – the two

whose pure lives and remarkable acquisitions gave the brightest promise of a useful and honorable future. Two of my father's soldiers' boys are still left in the service of their country – which of us will be the next? Truly the ways of Providence are mysterious and “past finding out”. – By this time I had begun to feel somewhat home, and had leisure to inspect this prison which may be my residence for many long and weary months. Some officers are \_\_\_\_\_ in their hopes of an early and general exchange, but I am convinced that such is not the policy of the Yankee Government. The large majority of Federal prisoners now in our hands belong to old organizations who have already served out their three years – if exchanged, they would add nothing to the Union Army, for they would go home as citizens. But every Confederate soldier liberated from prison would be an addition to our strength, as we are all “in for the war”, be it long or short. Forty or fifty-thousand veterans added to the forces we now have in the field would make a considerable difference in this campaign and in the issue of this war. Hence it is clearly the policy of the Lincoln dynasty to hold our men as long as possible. But I have digressed considerably, and must defer a description of this prison till another and more convenient day. Thursday, August 4<sup>th</sup>.

Johnson's Island is situated in the western part of Lake Erie, three miles and a half from the city of Sandusky, Ohio, and eighteen in a direct line from the Canada shore; its area comprises about three hundred acres – The prison wall surrounds an enclosure of ten or twelve acres; and is a plain strong perpendicular plank fence about twelve feet high, with a parapet on the outside, which serves as beats for the sentinels. A ditch, five feet wide and six deep, runs around the inside, about six or seven feet from the wall. A few steps on the inside of this ditch is a continuous chain of posts or stakes, familiarly known as the “Dead Line”, the penalty to a prisoner for approaching any nearer the ditch than these posts being death – or, at least, the risk of it, as the sentinel have strict orders to fire on the transgressor. With this exception we have unrestricted freedom of the enclosure during the day time – from daylight until 9 o'clock at night we go where we please, visit from Block to Block, do whatever suits our inclination provided we keep inside the well known “Dead Line. Once a day, at half past seven o'clock, we are required to attend Roll Call, for absence from which sickness the only valid excuse – Absence when unexcused casts the \_\_\_\_\_ his day's ration of bread, which though not much in quantity, is still a considerable loss. The Barrack or Prisoners' Quarters consist of thirteen large two-story frame house, known as “Blocks” and numbered from 1 to 13. No. “6” is usual as a Prison Hospital, where sick Confederates are sent to die after their constitutions are destroyed by the hard \_\_\_\_\_ terrible climate; so only twelve ‘Blocks’ are used as quarters, and there are from 180 to 250 men in each Block. The inmates of each ‘Block’ are divided into two or three large messes, which attend Roll call and draw rations together – But when it comes to cooking and eating the rations together –But when it comes to cooking and eating the rations after they are issued, one is allowed to mess by himself or with any number that may be most agreeable. The Blocks are arranged in a parallelogram, six being on each side, and the 13<sup>th</sup> being at one end midway between 11 and 12. Two small rooms on the lower floor of each block, as the two ends, have cooking stoves in them and are used as kitchens. The dormitories are (in most of the Block) large rooms, thickly crowded with bunks, and usually contain from 60 to 75 men each . Blocks 1.2.3. and 4 have been subdivided into small rooms, which contain generally only from 6 to 12 men. This arose from the fact that Johnson's Island was at first a general depot for prisoners, and the first four blocks were assigned to the officers, and were more comfortably fixed up than the others. Though now none but officers are confined here, the Yankees have concluded not to go to the trouble of subdividing the remaining blocks. In my room (Melp 1. Block 11) there are at present about 80 men, and the room is merely a large thin shell, not being ceiled or plastered. In the winter the weather here is excessively cold, the thermometer being sometimes 50 below zero, but only one stove and very limited supply of wood

(generally not enough to keep a fire half the time) is allowed to each one of these large and very well ventilated rooms. I am credibly informed that last winter several died here from the cold. Friday – August 5<sup>th</sup>. There are at present about 2,500 prisoners here, all of whom are Confederate officers except perhaps about a half dozen citizens, who were sent here on various pretexts, principally from Kentucky. There is also one negro captured with his master at Port Hudson, who persistently refuses his freedom, and prefers remaining in captivity with his master to becoming a citizen of the United States. He is a thorough “Rebel”, and abuses and curses the Yankees heartily – in consequence he has been completely spoiled by being humored and petted by his fellow prisoners. Among the captives here are Major General J.H. Trimble, and Brig Gens Beall, Frazier, and Jones – several Colonels, Lieut Cols, and majors, and a perfect \_\_\_\_\_ of Captains and Lieutenants. No reasonable man could object to the existing regulations of the Prison, though much complaint may justly be made in regard to the inadequate supply of food and clothing. It is true there is a sutler’s store inside the enclosure, where those who are so fortunate as to possess “Greenbacks” can purchase almost anything they wish – and relations or friends are allowed to send prisoners money and supplies of either food or clothing. But still there are many men in here who having no friends, in the Federal lines, suffer continually and continually for the want of \_\_\_\_\_, and no adequate provision is made by the Yankee authorities for their health or comfort. All money sent here to prisoners is retained on the outside by Col Hill, and purchases are made by giving the settler checks or drafts on him. I am informed that there is no uniformity or system in regard to the liberty of purchase, and that frequently the \_\_\_\_\_ is prohibited for months at a time from selling anything to eat or wear. At such times there is universal suffering among the prisoners, for the rations issued are not sufficient for a healthy man, though he may manage to sustain life on them. Just-at-present a very liberal system prevails. Saturday, August 6<sup>th</sup>. Many of the prisoners here, who have no means of getting money or supplies from the outside friends, turn their attention to various plans for making money. Some make articles of jewelry (such as pins, rings, studs, and chains) out of shell and gutta perscha (sic); others make chains, and a great many cook and wash for those who are able to pay them for it; and who prefer paying to doing these matters for themselves. Washing is rather irksome and laborious to one unaccustomed to it, but the cooking does not give you much trouble as long as you are entirely dependent on Uncle Sam for what you eat. Today I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Major W.F. Slaton of the 37<sup>th</sup> Ala Infantry, who was captured last winter on Missionary Ridge. I had never met him but once before, and that was in July 1857, at Auburn, Ala, on the occasion of “laying the cornerstone” of the Methodist “East Alabama Male College” at that place. Though my acquaintance with him had been so limited still I felt as though I had known him a long time, for I had been quite intimate for a year or two with a sister of his (Mrs. R.U. DuBois) who lives in my town. I have long regarded her husband and herself as two of my best and warmest friends, and I can never forget the kind attachment they manifest for my wife. Accordingly, I was well prepared to meet Major S as an old friend rather than a mere acquaintance, and his manner was very cordial to me, as he kindly offered me any assistance in his power that I might need in establishing myself comfortably in my new home. Sunday – August 7<sup>th</sup>. After one becomes accustomed to Roll call and meal hours, and has had time to visit and examine the \_\_\_\_\_ of the prison, the days succeed each other so \_\_\_\_\_ that time becomes a \_\_\_\_\_. Each prisoner is allowed to write one letter per day, and this would be a great relief if we were not restricted to one page. Then, too, each each letter has to be supervised and examined by a Federal official before it can be mailed, and so scrupulous and tyrannical are our Yankee censors in this respect, that it is not an uncommon occurrence for the letter. To be destroyed while the envelope is returned to the writer with the endorsement “Contraband in Length”, or “sentiment”. But, granting that you keep within the prescribed bounds in every respect, this

abiding power of reading and criticizing your letters is a sad curtailment of the privilege of writing. You do not feel willing to make your private letters to public – when a man, especially a prisoner, writes to his wife or mother, it is hard to have his pen constrained by the knowledge that an unfeeling (and generally ungentlemanly) enemy is to criticize, probably to ridicule, the language and sentiment that are suggested by the purest and deepest affections that characterize human nature. Having relatives in Kentucky, as well as loved ones at home, I avail myself almost every day of the opportunity of writing; and each time my words appear hard and cold, and it seems to me that I have finished the prescribed page almost before I have begun my letter. Still the regulation is a necessary and wholesome one, and no prudent man (upon reflection) can object to it as a rational and just measure. Monday – August 8<sup>th</sup>. A homely old proverb says “What can’t be cured must be endured”, and a prisoner certainly has ample time to reflect on the truth of this old saw, and to deduce consolation from it if he can. We must try to bear patiently every disagreeable and unpleasant feature of our captivity, and exercising all our fortitude and equanimity, comfort ourselves with the reflection that such in the fortune of war. And far above that consideration is the knowledge that this is a dispensation of an All-wise and All-merciful Providence, and that we ought to cultivate a spirit of meek obedience and resignation to our Heavenly Father’s will, no matter how unpleasant personally His manifestation of that will be. A soldier may serve his country as faithfully and do his duty as effectually by enduring uncomplainingly the hardship of a prison, as he can by exposing his life and limbs to all the dangers of the tented field. The Bible clearly teaches us that in the great warfare of Life The Chins\_\_\_\_ soldier has to prove his fidelity by his sufferings as well as by his deeds, and the proposition is equally true in regard to soldiers engaged, as we are, in battling for our civil and religious life, and for all that makes life dear. Tuesday – Aug 9<sup>th</sup>. I have been a prisoner only eighteen days, and yet it seems to me that an age has elapsed since I left my comrades around the beleaguered city of Atlanta. Of this short period seems so long to me, how must it be with those who have here so many weary months; I have seen and conversed with many who have been in the enemy’s hands for more than a year! Today I met two or three acquaintances in the persons of officers from \_\_\_\_ Division who were captured on the 28<sup>th</sup> ultimo two of them, Lieuts Cox and Mullin, are from the 18<sup>th</sup> Ala Reg’2 in my Brigade, and one, Lieut James Harts field (Sumter Co. Ala) from Baker’s Brigade. They brought me the unwelcome news that it was currently reported and believed in my Regiment that I was Killed or desperately wounded on the occasion of my capture. It is very afflicting to think that this distressing rumor has doubtless reached my wife and parents, and that so many sad days of doubtful hope and painful \_\_\_\_\_ must necessarily pass before they can be informed of my safety. When I think of the agony my wife and all the loved ones in that dear family circle must suffer in this interval, it adds a Thousand fold to the anxiety that I suffer here. Wednesday – August 10<sup>th</sup>. As nothing of special interest occurs here beyond the excitement sometimes occasionally by the arrival of a fresh batch of prisoners, or The lying dispatches and army letters published in the Yankee newspapers, it may \_\_ be amiss to devote a little time to some of the unimportant minutiae of our daily existence here. I generally use with the sun and devote the first hour of the day to \_\_\_\_\_, completing my elaborate toilet, and reading a portion of the scriptures. Then comes my morning meal which usually consists of a slice of bread and a little meat or fish, varied sometimes by hash or grits. I drink a cup of coffee without any sugar, but that is the private property of the mess, and is not issues by The Federal Commissary. After finishing This frugal meal I take a walk and a smoke (if I happen to have any tobacco) until Roll-call, which recurs about 8 o’clock (or 7 ½) and usually occupies ~~about~~ a half hour. Then I sometimes attend the distribution of the Express boxes and packages which have just been brought over from Sandusky on the morning boat. After that I read, write, play backgammon, or sleep. If it is my time to cook for my mess, I have to attend to that and to drawing our rations. At 12 o’clock, or pretty soon

thereafter, dinner a second edition of breakfast, but seldom improved or corrected) is served. Reading or friendly conversation then occupies my time till 5 o'clock P.M, at which time I take my supper of dry toast and a cup of coffee which is sweetened in precisely the same style as at breakfast. After supper the whole "Bullpen" turns out of doors, and the whole street between the two rows of barracks and the walks around the Blocks, are filled with groups of officers who ~~walk~~-promenade, chat, enjoy a social smoke, or examine the bulletin board for the daily Event news. Some engage in the exciting and interesting game of "Baseball", but my crippled arm debars me effectually from participating in any such sport. At dark the prisoners begin to retire to their rooms though a great many linger around the steps and doors of the different buildings until "Taps" when all lights must be extinguished, and every one must \_\_\_\_\_ promptly to his dormitory. Thursday – August 11<sup>th</sup>. As stated in yesterday's notes, when "Taps" is beat all the inmates of the "Bullpen" are required to \_\_\_\_ instantly to their quarters, and all lights (Except in the Hospital) must be promptly extinguished. A failure to comply with this rule on the part of any prisoner gives the sentinels full liberty to fire on the offender. There are two officers now in The Hospital who were wounded a few weeks since by a sentinel who fired into their room (in Block 5) because the light was not put out quickly as it should have been done. They were not the guilty parties, for they were asleep in their bunks at the time but that made no difference to the Yankee sentinel; the light was not extinguished immediately, and he deliberately fired into a large room where 50 or 60 men were sleeping, because one had transgressed. I do not know the names of these officers, but both were severely wounded in the arm and shoulder. I have the good fortune to be associated with an orderly and quiet set of men, though they are not as sociable as I could wish. They seem to be gentlemen, and though there are 80 in the room, all get along together very peaceably and well. Cards are used a good deal as a means of social recreation, but I have not seen any gambling. Some are considerably addicting to swearing, but taken as a class I doubt whether any other room in the "Pen" of the same size is as orderly, quiet, and neat as the one occupied by Mef I of Block II. Friday – August 12<sup>th</sup>. Prominent among the many clubs and associations among the captives in this prison stands The Young Men's Christian Association – From a small beginning this has grown to be a very large and respectable body, comprising the most pious, refined, and best men here. It now numbers about 200, and has a library (free to all the prisoners, no matter whether they are members of the society or not) of over 500 good and instructive books. There are only a very few novels in this library, and they are by standard authors, nearly all the books being of a religious or historical cast. The only qualification for membership in the Association is that the applicant be a member in good standing \_\_\_\_ some Orthodox Church. The Association has for its main objects the development of religious feeling among the prisoners, ministering to the spiritual and physical wants of the sick, and the moral improvement of its members. Its meetings recur on Friday evening of each week, taking place in the lower story or mess hall of each Block in succession – at each meeting an essay or sermon is read by some member elected four weeks before. Religious services are held under its auspices every Sabbath, and prayer meetings and Bible classes meet regularly in each Block. Truly this is a noble institution, and it is closing a good work on Johnson's Island. I connected myself with it a week or two ago. I am also a member of the Masonic Relief Association a society which comprises all the masons in the prison who may choose to identify themselves with it. It looks to the physical wants of its members, nurses the sick and supplies as far as possible the shortcomings of the Federal authorities here in furnishing proper medicine and diet to the sick. But its charities are confined to the Masonic brotherhood, and its means are very limited – but still it does a great deal of good, and in its operations illustrates that sentiment of fraternal affection and sympathy which should ever mark the genuine and sincere mason. There are many minor societies here, State Relief Associations, Chess Club, Ball Clubs \_\_\_\_, but none of

them of any great weight or importance compared with the two mentioned. Saturday – August 13<sup>th</sup>. Received this morning a letter from Bill Hatter – he and McKane are at Camp Chase, and are in good health – a very short letter, but I am truly glad to hear of his welfare. Col Hill made a speech to the prisoners today, which I did not take the trouble to hear. He tried to explain the reason for the abolishment of Sutler’s cheeks (which have hitherto been the circulatory medium) and the recent change of Sutlers, laying all the blame on the authorities of Washington. His audience listened to him attentively and even respectfully, but I think he failed to convince them of anything except that the new regulation is a studied effort on the part of our Yankee masters to make us as uncomfortable as possible. \_\_\_\_\_ if a man wished to make daily purchases of vegetables and other perishable articles, he gave the Sutler a draft on Col Hill for a round sum which would probably cover his trade for a week or two, and received his change in printed checks these checks were of course transferable, and with them we paid for cooking, washing, or any other internal debt. Now, these checks are abolished, and there will be no circulatory medium unless we adopt Postage Stamps. Of course, this is done only to harass us, and may be the forerunner of worse measures. Sunday – August 14<sup>th</sup>. Nothing of peculiar interest occurred today, but quiet and a spirit of rest seemed to \_\_\_\_\_ this little community. Prayer meeting and Bible classes met in the Blocks, and in the evening I heard a short but very good sermon from the Rev Mr Price, Chaplain of a Kentucky. It seems that when captured, he was acting in the capacity of a soldier rather than that of a Chaplain, and hence he has been retained as a prisoner. It is his the second time he has been in captivity, and he tells me that he and Rev C. M. Hutton, Chaplain of our Regiment, were confined together last year at Washington. I wrote home today, thinking if no desecration of the Sabbath to spend one of its sacred hours in communicating with the loved ones in “Dixie”. Sunday always recalls home more forcibly to me than any other day. I then go in spirit with my wife and mother to the Sanctuary, and I can almost hear the fervent prayers that they offer up to The Throne of Grace in behalf of the absent husband and son. What a blessing in this sinful world to have a praying wife and praying parents! Monday – August 15<sup>th</sup>. Quite a stir today among the Yankee Troops who are here doing guard duty – the 192<sup>nd</sup> Pennsylvania Regiment, numbering 1400, came over from Sandusky, and it is said will relieve the 141<sup>st</sup> Ohio. This latter Regiment was recently captured and \_\_\_\_\_ by Gen Morgan, but instead of abiding by the oath thus taken, they were sent here, armed immediately, and have since done duty as sentinels. It is true that some of them allege that the U.S. authorities forced them to do this; but we know that no such compulsory measures could have been taken if their officers had been men of principle. Nothing of importance recurred in the “Pen” except the arrival of fourteen officers, principally from Wheeler’s cavalry. Tuesday – August 16<sup>th</sup>. The Sandusky “register”, a violent Abolition paper, comes in to its subscribers every morning and its daily advent is one of the important events of our monotonous prison existence. It is almost always filled with lying dispatches and sensation sermons, which excite either our contempt or indignation. But amid all the extravagant and senseless canards which the Northern Press inflicts upon the reading public, we can occasionally extract some virtual admission of disaster, or palpable slurring over of facts, which raises our spirits. I am beginning now to watch the mail with some interest, for I have written to several of my wife’s relations in Kentucky, and it time for me to receive replies. But I am well aware of the fact that our Federal Postmasters on this delectable Island, do not mail half the letters we write to our friends; and a prisoner is very lucky who receives one fourth of the epistles while are written to him. Wednesday, August 14<sup>th</sup>. Nothing of special interest marks today’s history here. The morning papers have very low spirited and gloomy accounts (to us) of the stock of affairs in both Virginia and Georgia – While we cannot and do not believe the half of their extravagant and sensational dispatched, still we fear that there may be some truth in what they say, and things are not working altogether as we would wish. But we must not expect

success every day, and must try to bear patiently and hopefully with the \_\_\_\_ of our armies. Thursday – August 18<sup>th</sup>. As might have been expected, the vain boasts of the “Sandusky” yesterday are not confirmed today – Sub segment reports from Virginia put a far different face on the state of affairs there, and in Georgia we are anticipation great results from Wheeler’s operations in Sherman’s rear. But I have no great amount of confidence in Wheeler’s abilities, and should feel much better satisfied if Forrest were put in command of the cavalry in the Army of Tennessee. Some little excitement today, caused by rumors (said to come from Fortress \_\_\_\_ ) of a speedy exchange of prisoners. But we hear such reports too often, and I attach no importance whatever to the prospect. This Prison is an excellent place for a man to “let patience have h its perfect work”. Friday – August 19<sup>th</sup>. From the excited tone of the \_\_\_\_\_ in leading journals, both Republican and Democratic, it is evident that there must be a good deal of feeling in the masses on the subject of peace. God grant that some good, permanent and important, may \_\_\_\_\_ to the Confederacy from this political ferment in the North, but I must confess that I am sanguine. A mail from “Dixie” (letters from the South by Flag of Truce) arrived in the “Pen” today – This is always an exciting event, and every one awaits with an anxious heart the distribution of the letters. I have not been here long enough to feel any personal interest in these mails – from the experience of friends I have not much reason to expect a letter from my wife before the 1<sup>st</sup> of October. Saturday – August 20<sup>th</sup>. Quite a severe storm last night; the wind blew terribly and our old Blocks rocked as though would go \_\_\_\_ pieces. Two or three prisoners attempted during the gale to make their escape, but were detected and confined all night in the guard house. Tremendous excitement in the prison today on account of a most cruel and tyrannical order which has been posted on the Bulletin Board. It \_\_\_\_\_ from Col Hoffman, The Commissary General of Prisons, and prohibits the reception in future of any supplies of food or clothing by prisoners, sent by friends or relatives in The Federal lines. Hoffman knows very well how extremely uncertain and difficult it is for us to have such articles sent to us from Dixie, and the object of the order is to debar us entirely from the comforts and necessaries of life hitherto supplies by kind and sympathizing friends. The Prison Sutler is also forbidden to sell any more food or clothing, and limited to stationery, toilet articles and Tobacco. In future we will have to depend for our “daily bread” on the scant and miserable rations doled out to us with grudging hand by the Yankee authorities – and for clothing on the few coarse and ill-made garments which they occasionally distribute among us. We can, I suppose, live on Government rations, but can never expect our hunger to be satisfied – And as for being supplied here with proper clothing, the Yankees do not furnish five percent of what is badly needed. Fortunately for me, I received by yesterday’s Express a package of clothing from John Street (Cadiz, Ky) which will meet all my wants until cold weather. I have never seen such intense excitement in the “Pen” before and prospects of an \_\_\_\_\_ are very fair. Hunger will make men desperate, and something terrible may yet grow out of this despotic measure. Sunday – August 20<sup>th</sup> 21<sup>st</sup>. This morning was ushered in by one of those chilling drizzly rains so common to autumn, and which are to me peculiarly disagreeable. This continued all day, and seemed to chime in exactly with the gloomy and exasperated feelings of the outraged men confined here. In the evening, despite the weather, we had religious services. Chaplain Price preached a short but plain and practical sermon in our room to a small congregation. His prayers seems to me to be peculiarly pointed and impressive, as he implored the mercy and favor of The Almighty on the prisoners on Johnson’s Island, and asked that we might be so imbued with grace as to suffer patiently the trials and afflictions imposed on us here. Monday – August 22<sup>nd</sup>. Rain still continues. The Express packages came in as usual, but only the clothing was distributed – all boxes of provisions being confiscated for the use of the Hospital. So said the Yankee Lieutenant who superintended the opening of the packages, but we know how much of the confiscated food will go to our sick companions; it may be used by the occupants of The

Federal Hospital on the outside, but I doubt even that. There still continues to much excitement and indignation among the prisoners, and if the fire is fanned by many more arbitrary and despotic orders, serious trouble will surely ensue. Let it come – I, for one, am willing to stake my life on the issue of a general outbreak but don't wish to be involved in a rash and ill-advised rebellion. Unanimity of feeling and concert of action alone will ensure success. Another large Dixie mail today, which relieved the feelings of some, and aggravated, by disappointment, the wrath of others. Tuesday, August 23<sup>rd</sup>. Another Yankee order officially posted on the Bulletin Board today – rather a modification, through a very unsatisfactory one, of the sweeping edict of the 20<sup>th</sup>. Prisoners badly in need of clothing will be allowed to write to near relatives for a limited number of articles, after first receiving the approval (on a written application) of the superintendent of the Prison and The Commandant of The Post. The application must \_\_\_\_\_ the degree of relationship between the applicant and the relative who is to furnish. The number of articles must be specified – all outer clothing must be of a grey color and inferior quality and the necessity (or need) must be shown to exist. One suit of outer garments is allowed, and a change of underclothing. Boots and overcoats are “contraband”, as they help to protect our Southern constitution from the mud and cold of the Terrible winter which is ahead of us. I try to be charitable in my feelings and to make the proper allowance for the hardships which a necessary system of discipline may entail upon prisoners of war, but I am fast coming to the conclusion that the Yankees are by nature a cruel, cowardly and vindictive race, and that their treatment of us is controlled by a deliberate and systematic desire to render us as uncomfortable as possible. Weather warm and bright today. Telegraphic reports not very definite or important, but still highly gratifying and encouraging to us “Rebs”. Wednesday – August 24<sup>th</sup>. Some shrewd fellows are outwitting Yankee vigilance by transferring their boxed of provisions to sick friends in the Hospital – being allowed to do this on the production of the Federal Surgeon's order to that effect. But that won't continue long, as all are now using that artifice. Meantime the \_\_\_\_\_ is beginning to pinch – we get just about half as much bread as we ought to have, and a week's rations of meat can easily be consumed by average eaters in three days, in a week or two all supplies of extra provisions will be exhausted, and then we will really begin to suffer. Look out for a storm then – 21500 desperate men, though unarmed, can overpower a guard of 121 or 1000 Yanks – But the gunboat which lies at \_\_\_\_\_ or near our prison, may prove a very serious obstacle. Her name is the Michigan, commanded by Capt Carter – she carries 18 guards (some say only 13) and is manned, I suppose by 75 to 100 men. She lies all the time about 250 yards from the shore, with a broadside battery bearing on the Prison. She is just about the size of our gunboat at Mobile, and is built entirely of wood. Thursday – August 25<sup>th</sup>. News by Telegraph today very encouraging – particularly Forrest's bold dash into Memphis though not entirely successful, it gave the Yankees there a good scare, and proved what a panic can be created by a few determined men. All honor to the gallant Forrest! May he long live as “an honor to his country and a terror to the foe”. The journals are pretty full of expressions of feeling, such as resolutions of mass meetings, speeches, \_\_\_\_\_, in favor of a speedy exchange of prisoners, and even of peace. But somehow I can't put much faith in either, though a great many of my fellow sufferers here are considerably elated by the signs of the times. A decided success on either side may turn the scale, and decide the \_\_\_\_\_ question – God grant that a splendid and complete victory may soon crown our arms. Oh, for home and freedom! I have been a prisoner only a little over a month, yet it seems an age. How cheerless and disheartening the prospect of lying here until the war is over – and I have little hope of anything else. Friday – August 26<sup>th</sup>. The day has passed monotonously with me. Nothing very stirring in the Telegraphic column of the Sandusky “register”, though they admit that Early's campaign in the Valley is very mystifying and troublesome. Fort Morgan is closely invested, and must soon fall, as the enemy's gunboats have passed it, and are now

between it and the city. About three o'clock we had a severe gale which blew down at least a hundred yards of fence or wall on the western side of the prison. Although it was raining heavily as the time, I supposed that there would be a general rush on the part of the prisoners for the gap in the wall, but the Yanks soon had artillery and a line of battle there. If any rebels made their escape I have not heard of it. The Association met this evening, but the weather was so inclement that I did not suppose there would be a quorum present, and hence did not attend. Saturday – August 24<sup>th</sup>. The Yankees promptly repaired the damage done to the rear wall by yesterday evening's gale. No escaped prisoners reported yet. The papers this morning are \_\_\_\_\_ of Telegraphic items, but are filled with discussions and rumors of Exchange – it is evident that a great pressure is now being brought to bear upon Lincoln in regard to this subject, but I have no idea that he will yield an inch of his present policy. There is much feeling in the prison, and a great many rejoice openly at what they consider the certainty of a speedy exchange. How I would receive delight to see their predictions fulfilled. For home with its loved ones rises up in my sight, and my lonely heart aches for the familiar voices of the absent. My wife and child – I think of them by day and visit them in my dreams at night. "Do they miss me at home?" Sunday – August 28<sup>th</sup>. A clear, cool, and quiet day with nothing to disturb that rest and stillness which should ever characterize the Sabbath. No morning papers, no dispatches, no sensation reports, and consequently no excitement of any sort in the prison. I have been at home in the spirit nearly all day, and could almost see my wife and parents as they walked to the village church, and hear their earnest petitions for my spiritual and physical welfare. Then the voice of the faithful minister ring in my ears, and I could fancy that I saw the familiar faces of friends as they listened attentively to the words of warning, reproof, advice, or consolation. I don't know that mine is an isolated case, but the Sabbath always suggest home to me more vividly and forcibly than any other day – Perhaps this arises from the fact that it was always spent by me in the family circle, and was emphatically a day of rest to all of us in that once happy home. I would almost give my right arm to be there today with those who make life so dear to me. Monday, August 29<sup>th</sup>. Today the great National Union Convention and the Democratic National Convention both meet in Chicago. Much may depend upon the actions of these bodies, and great interest is felt in the result of their deliberations. Several names are prominent as candidates for nominations, but I have not formed any definite conclusion in my own mind in regard to it. One thing I do believe, and that is that the Almighty has a wise purpose in this war, and what it will close just when and how He sees fit. I want a patient spirit that can submissively bow to His will, and cheerfully await His pleasure in this as well as every other matter. Tuesday August 30<sup>th</sup>. They telegraph announces this morning the fall of Fort Morgan; I expected nothing else after Farragut had succeeded in passing it with his fleet and after the speedy and disgraceful surrender of Fort Gaines. But Farragut will find that Mobile is not his yet, nor do I think it ever will be. An overwhelming \_\_\_\_\_ may carry it by a land attack, but I don't think a fleet can ever come near enough to the city to do it any damage. Nature and art have combined to render it impregnable to an attack by water. From all indications it seems to be pretty evident that the Chicago Convention will not take a bold and many stand on a peace platform, but will attempt to conciliate the Democratic War Party by pandering to some of their views. I have no confidence in the so-called Peace Party – they are all completely Yankeeised, and will \_\_\_\_\_ to any measure of Lincoln's despotic Administration. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" I doubt it. Wednesday, August 31<sup>st</sup>. Two topics of interest now engross the conversation and thoughts of the inmates of the "Pen": They are the Chicago Convention, and the shortness of our rations. Not expecting much from the former, I am not at all disappointed at the platform they have \_\_\_\_\_, and am not much concerned as to who is to be the nominee. Am fully satisfied, however, that no great amount of good can accrue to the South from this deeply too, in the bread question – I rise hungry, continue hungry all day,

and go to bed hungry. There is much actual suffering in this Prison from want of food, though no one is literally starving. I am a hearty eater, blessed generally with a good appetited – but just at present that is rather a doubtful blessing. I have written to Mrs. Foard to send me a small box of provisions, having first secured the approval of the Federal Surgeon, but Kentucky is now under the iron rule of Burbridge and I doubt whether Mrs. F will be allowed to send me anything. Today closes my first month on Johnson's Island, as I landed here on the 1<sup>st</sup> inst. How many more am I destined to spend here? Thursday, September 1<sup>st</sup>. The Chicago Convention has shown its hand, and announces as its nominees McClellan and Pendleton – the canvass will doubtless be an angry and exciting one, and beyond may be used as arrangements; I believe firmly that Lincoln will be re-elected, and I would not give much for the difference between him and McClellan. I hope that Providence may so direct and control this matter as to develop some good for us and our cause... Another restriction of our liberties today by our Yankee masters – Hitherto we have been permitted to write one letter each day if we wished and I have generally availed myself of it, but now we are limited to two letters per week. The Prison mail will be taken out on Mondays and Thursdays, and no prisoner must send more than one letter by each mail. Our letters and papers will still be brought in to us daily, but there is no telling how long this will last, it would not surprise me at any time if our correspondence were entirely cut off, and we allowed no communication at all with the outside world. Friday – Sept 2<sup>nd</sup>. Nothing of special importance in the papers. Some "Rebels" here are talking largely about the cruelty and injustice of the recent curtailment of our epistolary privileges but it is \_\_\_ a wordy storm and will soon blow over. Men that will submit to live on half rations are not off to fight about smaller matters. This evening there was a military execution on the Island – John J. Nichols, a citizen of Kentucky, and a Confederate Soldier, was hung near the "Prisoner's Graveyard", on the northern point of the Island. It is alleged that he had been tried by a fair Court-Martial and convicted of murder and \_\_\_\_\_ that he murdered his own cousin who was at the time sick in bed. There may be another version of this affair, and I doubt much whether his crime was any worse than being a patriot and a Southern man. He was quite a youth, having barely reached his legal manhood. Major Slaton read a fine essay this evening before the Y.M. C. Association on Education as a moral agent – it was well written, and very distinctly read, and was received with marked attention. He is President elect for the ensuing month. Saturday, Sept 3<sup>rd</sup>. A bright sunrise this morning, but it soon clouded up, and by breakfast time the rain was pouring down. The whole day was dark and gloomy, and gave no free time to discuss the news (terrible, if true) brought in by the morning news. It is said that God has been compelled to evacuate Atlanta with heavy loss, and that Sherman's army entered the city on yesterday morning. If this be True, the weather certainly is appropriate – the skies weeping in sympathy with us over one of the greatest calamities that has ever befallen our arms. It depresses me worse than any disaster of the war, for I know how intense was the dissatisfaction of the army when Hood took command and I am afraid of the army of Army in Tennessee is demoralized and ruined. Sunday, Sept 4<sup>th</sup>. Nothing later from Atlanta today, as we never have morning papers on the Sabbath, but still there is enough in yesterday's dispatches to alarm and dishearten the most hopeful and sanguine among us. Raining still, and weather so inclement that no divine services were held in the Prison. All were kept indoors again, and much discussion and angry debate took place in regard to the probability of the fall of Atlanta, McClellan's election, peace, and the prospects of exchange. I have read my Bible a good deal today, but have failed to draw much comfort from its sacred pages. The fact is I am badly demoralized by the gloomy state of affairs in Georgia, and feel very "bleu". If the worst comes to the worst, and the Yankees should overrun Georgia and Alabama, I can only commend the loved ones at home to the protecting case of a merciful God. Twelve prisoners were brought in this evening, but they had been

captured too long to bring in any news. Monday – Sept 5<sup>th</sup>. The bad news and the bad weather still continue, both unmodified and unabated. Wind and rain tormented us all day, and the bosom of Lake Erie is lashed and agitated by the storm – not fifteen minutes lull in the shower or the gale all day that I could perceive, and this is certainly the darkest, dreariest, and gloomiest day I have spent in captivity. Very little to eat, no heavy or warm clothing, only one blanket, and above all the confirmation of Sherman’s occupation of Atlanta have all combined to make me utterly miserable. Oh! This dreadful war, with all its untold and indescribable horrors and sufferings – I see no prospect of its ending soon, and apparently every day adds to the power and strength of the foe who is now ravaging and devastating the fairest portion of the sunny south. If I did not fully and heartily believe that the Almighty will certainly bring us out on the firm ground of liberty and peace, I should be ready almost to give up in despair... Ok! for Christian fortitude and resignation to await patiently His own good time for our deliverance. Tuesday – Sept 6<sup>th</sup>. After continuing all night, the wind and rain ceased this morning, and the little \_\_\_\_\_ Princess, which flies between the Island and Sandusky came over and brought us the mail. The particulars are fully given in the morning journal, of the fall of Atlanta – so now all doubt and uncertainty are removed, our worst fears are realized, and we must look the bad tidings fairly and squarely in the face. As usual, it does not seem as bad as when we had some reason to doubt its reality. Suspense in regard to any calamity or affliction is almost always worse than the certainty of evil. Our rations were unusually short today, worse even than yesterday; I, for one, feel half famished, I would not be any hungrier if I had had nothing at all to eat. Does the history of the world furnish a parallel to this – a civilized and enlightened nation deliberately starving prisoners taken in fair and open fight? Wednesday – Sept 7<sup>th</sup>. More bad news this morning. The Kentucky Chieftain, Gen John H. Morgan is no more. He is reported to have been surprised at a private house at Greenville, Tenn; and, vowing that he would not be taken alive, was killed while trying to make his escape. His personal staff were all killed or captured. For ten days past the Yankees have been building two long wooden buildings on the eastern side of the “Pen”, intended as Kitchens and mess halls for the 21600 prisoners now confined. These are now furnished, have been christened the “Stables” by some facetious rebel; and today we begin to use them. Small messes and private cooking stoves are now abolished, and all cooking and eating must be done at the “Stables” – There are four large dining rooms, and the prisoners are divided into four messes of about 650 in each. Rations of each mess to be drawn and cooked together and then issued to each individual. Dinner in my mess today at 3 ½ o’clock P.M. and very scant at that. I don’t like the beginning of this new system at all. Thursday – Sept 8<sup>th</sup>. I don’t fancy at all the new feeding arrangements – something may be particularly \_\_\_\_\_ in our mess, but I am certain that I do not get half as much now as I did when I drew and cooked my own rations or when I was in a small mess – and I certainly got little enough then. We eat only twice a day at our end of the “Stables”, and yet, “strange to say, there is a general complaint that we don’t get near as much in both meals as we need to get in one meal when we had three per day. It is really becoming a serious question with me – I am starving at this rate and can’t stand it much longer. A slice of bread and about one tablespoonful of hash for breakfast – another slice of bread and a cup of weak soup for dinner – no supper – and now my supply of coffee is exhausted. Friday – Sept 9<sup>th</sup>. McClellan’s letter accepting the nomination of the Chicago Convention is published in the papers at last. He certainly don’t stand upon even the ambiguous platform of the Convention, but announces himself distinctly as in favor of the Union of all the States, and to attain that end, of a vigorous prosecution of the war. Rumor of exchange is a better than I have ever seen it before, but I don’t even regard it as probable, let alone certain. But all other questions with me are merged in the very important one of how can I better my condition here in regard to food. Under the present system I am paying a dollar a month to have my rations cooked for me, and I

don't believe that I can long sustain life on what I get. I would much rather pay ten dollars a month for the privilege of doing my own cooking. The Association met this evening – quite an interesting session – a dull essay from Lt Bigham of Ala – but some animated discussion took place on several important questions. Went to bed tonight unusually hungry – I can't think of anything else! Saturday – Sept 10<sup>th</sup>. It is reported today that Mobile has been taken by the Federals, but for once I do not credit the bad news. I am too familiar with the location and formidable character or the obstruction and defense in the harbor to believe that the city ever can or ever will be taken by a fleet. There is a universal complaint in the “Pen” on account of short rations, and everything looks ominous of a storm. I have been starved long enough to be willing to go into almost any enterprise, no matter how rash, that \_\_\_\_ out any prospect of success. The Yankees pretend that their course is simply a measure of retaliation for our treatment of their prisoners at Andersonville, who are made (so say the Yankees) to endure much greater privations and sufferings than we do here. God help the poor unfortunates if this be true, though I have not the slightest idea that it is. Sunday – Sept 11<sup>th</sup>. No papers of course this morning, but already the rumor of the capture of Mobile is beginning to display its inconsistency and falsity. Mr. Stanton, Federal Secretary of \_\_\_\_, has made the announcement simply upon the unsupported testimony of a deserter. For my part, I regard the whole thing as an electioneering canard, fabricated out of whole cloth, and that no deserter ever said so. The weather today has been unpleasantly cold to one clad in light clothes like myself. I have written again and again to my wife's relatives in Kentucky, for clothing and provisions and money, but cannot even hear from them in reply. John Street and his wife (of Cadiz, Ky), upon whom I have no claim whatever, save that of old friendship, have been very kind to me – sent both money and clothing, and offer anything I may want. How cheering and grateful it is to feel that one has such noble and \_\_\_interested friends – Their interest in my welfare will be one of the very few pleasant recollections associated with my captivity. Rations no better today – Hungry as usual. Monday, Sept 12<sup>th</sup>. No one believes today that Mobile has fallen – Sherman's army is stationary at Atlanta, evidently resting from the severe fatigue of their recent campaign. A decisive battle is daily expected in VA But all these exciting topics are lost sight of in the all-encompassing subject of food. Scarcely anything to eat today. From all I can see and hear I am fully satisfied that there is some \_\_\_\_\_ or great waste in the management of our cooking mess – I have made up my mind to quit it, if it is possible for me to get into any other. I hate to leave Lt Britton – officers in the same Co and Reg – neighbors when at home – and captured the same day – we have thus far spent our captivity together. We have had a long “council of war” and concluded to separate if either can better his condition. Britton is a clever and kindhearted man; I like him much better now than I ever did before. My intimate association with him in prison has acquainted me with the many noble and manly traits of his character. Tuesday – Sept 13<sup>th</sup>. Lo triumphe! Britton and I have both succeeded in getting out of Mef 3. He goes into Mef 4 with Maj Henagar and Lt. Cockrell of our Reg, while I have been fortunate beyond my most sanguine expectations. Through the kindness of my friend, Maj N.J. Staton, a \_\_\_\_\_ in his room and mess has been offered to me. I embrace his offer, and left very much like embracing him too. His room is No 19 in Block 1, - a small one, ceiled and papered, has a small stove in the winter times, and is perhaps the most cozy and comfortable room in the prison. I shall move up as soon as my strafe can be effective; for, like everything else, it must first be approved by the superintendent of the Prison. Dying is about the only thing a ‘rebel’ can do here without first consulting the Yankee authorities – and they are perfectly willing to help him do that at any time. I consider it a great compliment to then get a berth in a small room. Wednesday, Sept 14<sup>th</sup>. Lt. Col Scrymgeour, \_\_\_\_\_ of Prison, very kindly and promptly approved my transfer this morning, and I moved up at once to my new home. Major Slaton is the only one of my roommates with whom I can claim any acquaintance previous to my arrival on the Island. To his kindness

alone am I indebted for me present select and comfortable quarters. In addition to Maj S, the room has as its inmates, Major James M. Handley 46<sup>th</sup> Ala– Capt W. G. Oattis, 46<sup>th</sup> Ala – Capt William L. Rowe, 6<sup>th</sup> Ala – Capt H. R. Phillips, 10<sup>th</sup> Va Cavalry – and Lieuts William J. Samford and Hugh Gillis, 46<sup>th</sup> Ala. I am much pleased with my new associates, and trust and believe that our future association may be both pleasant and agreeable. This day shall be marked with a white stone in my calendar, for I have made such a marked improvement in my condition. One hundred privates from Camp Chase arrived here today, among them two men of Co E in my Reg – ostensibly sent here to do the police duty of the whole “Pen”, but they vow that they won’t do it; I think they are right. Thursday, Sept 15<sup>th</sup>. My rations have improved very materially; I now get enough to occasionally satisfy hunger, though not near as much as I ought to have. But it is so much better than I have fared for the last ten days that I feel too grateful to murmur or complain. Britton announces a very decided amendment to his condition, and I am glad that we are both out of that horrible Mef 3 before actually starving to death. Quite and excitement today – a few sick and disabled officers here are to be sent \_\_\_\_ at once to be exchanged; ten were selected at first; then eleven others were added to the list, and subsequently the number swelled to about fifty. They will leave here tomorrow. I rejoice heartily with them at the prospect of their speed liberation from this terrible place, and almost wish I was sick enough to be sent with them. Among them is my friend, Lt. B. E. Lee Alu, who has long suffered with Chronic Diarrhea, \_\_\_ is so weak I am almost afraid he will not be able to go. Friday – Sept 16<sup>th</sup>. The great event of the day has been the departure of the prisoners who are to be exchanged – a great bustle has prevailed in the prison all day; some sending messages and money, and some making arrangements to write contraband letters home, and induce some sick man to carry them. Lt. Charles E. Dennison of Gainesville Ala, one of the number, carries \$130, Confederate money (new issue), for me. He will give it to A. H. M Mahon or T. D. Bell of Gainesville – either of whom will send it to my wife. He also took my family’s address, and promised to communicate with my father, and let him know of my welfare. I did not attempt to write home by any of them, as I knew it would be a great risk in them to carry such letters, and I knew no one going intimately enough to ask such a favor at his hand. They left about 5 o’clock in the evening, amid the best wishes of all, and a hearty cheer arose from the “Pen” as they passed out at the gate. Poor fellows – many of them were as prostrated and enfeebled by disease and starvation combined that they had to be hauled from the hospital to the boat in ambulances and wagons. May God’s protecting care go with them, and may they all have a safe and speedy trip to their Southern homes. No doubt many of them would have died if they had staid here during the winter. I am certain that my friend Lee would not have lived a month, and I am much afraid even now that he may die on the way. Chaplain C. W. Price went with them, and two or three officers who were the subject of special exchange. My heartiest sympathies went with them, and my best wishes for their safe arrival in Dixie. The Y. M. C. Association held its regular weekly meeting this evening we were briefly entertained with an elaborate but rather \_\_\_\_\_ essay by Lieut Steptoe, of Virginia. Went to bed very homesick – what would I not give to be exchanged? - anything but honor or health. Dreamed of my absent wife and child. Be patient. Saturday, Sept 17<sup>th</sup>. Everything seems perfectly quiet today, a calm having succeeded the storm of excitement attendant upon the exchange of the sick. Many who hoped to be included in the list are venting their feelings of disappointment, while others sincerely rejoice that so many have been fortunate enough to get away. I am living so much better now than before I moved to Block I, that I am much more cheerful. Still, I do not get as much as I want, or my system requires – nor does it look probable that I will. My mess has a little coffee and tea, and occasionally we manage to bribe a Yank to smuggle us in some little article which helps for the time. Lieut Hugh Gillis, familiarly known in the mess as “Pap”, is our Chief or Commissary, and makes a most efficient one, taking on himself all the trouble and labor of

attending to our rations. I sleep for the present with Lieut Samford. Sunday Sept 18<sup>th</sup>. I began the Sabbath by attending a prayer meeting in the basement of Block 12, led by Capt Griffin. The morning was rainy and unpleasantly cold, and kept us all indoors; a good fire in a tight stove would be very comfortable. We have now frequent admonitions of the coming winter, of which I have dreadful anticipation. How thankful I am that I have such cozy quarters instead of that large bleak room in Block II. Have read a good deal today in Cumming's "Great Preparation", a most remarkable work – it is very interesting, and in many places the style is grand and sublime – still, I cannot fully agree with him in all his doctrines. His explanations of prophecy are novel and forcible, and command attention and excite affection, if they do not always create a conviction of their truth. At night I was on Masonic detail to sit up with the sick in the Hospital – Capt \_\_\_\_\_ and I divided the time in Ward 4, and I had comparatively nothing to do. Monday – Sept 19<sup>th</sup>. A warm and cloudless day, the weather being bright and beautiful. More excitement had on the subject of exchanging the sick – two Federal Surgeons, Drs Evermon and Woodbridgy, having commenced examining all the sick in the ~~sick~~ prison. Once hundred and fifty names were taken down, though I have no idea that half of them will be sent off. Among them were my friend Britton and my roommate, Capt Oattis; I trust both may succeed in their efforts. I am too healthy and look too well to make the trial – I feel very grateful to the Almighty for my continued good health. I would give almost anything to be exchanged, but would rather stay here a year than to be as low as some of these poor fellows who left here last Friday. I saw men hunting and catching rates today for the open and avowed purpose of eating them – they are said to be very nice, much like young squirrels; I have not starved enough to try them yet. Tuesday – Sept 20<sup>th</sup>. Evidently a great stir among the Yankees on the Island, and in Sandusky, and we rebels are lost in conjecture as to the probable cause. Perhaps the draft is resisted in Sandusky – may they have a \_\_\_\_\_ table "Kilkenny Cat" fight of it. The gunboat Michigan has been cruising about in the neighborhood of Kelly's Island all day, halting and boarding every craft that has passed her – returning at dark to her old anchorage. The batteries here have been in position with the gunners at their posts, and all the bluecoats on the Island have been kept under arms. A large boatload of citizens came over from Sandusky were armed by Col Hill, and immediately returned. All the wagoners and workmen were kept of the prison yard all day, and everything and everybody have been kept at "Attention". Great excitement of some sort, and Col Hill \_\_\_\_\_ be afraid that his prisoners will take advantage of it. I suppose we will learn tomorrow what has caused all this hubbub. Wednesday – Sept 21<sup>st</sup>. The "Register" gives us this morning an explanation of yesterday's \_\_\_\_\_ Some rebels in Canada had \_\_\_\_\_ with parties in Ohio to capture Sandusky, the Michigan, and this Island – to liberate ~~up~~ us prisoners, and take us to Canada. The Canada conspirators surprised and captured two steamers, the Island Queen and the Phio Parsons, but the plot was betrayed to Col Hill by a weak-kneed accomplice. Consequently the Sandusky conspirators were arrested, and the whole plot proved a miserable failure. If we had known anything of it in here, we might have helped the excitement a little. Bad news from Virginia – Sheridan claims to have defeated and utterly routed Early – Maj Gens Rhodes and Gordon are reportedly killed, and their forces dispersed. How anxious I am for full and true particulars – my brother \_\_\_\_\_ is in Rhodes' Division – I am very uneasy about him, and many weary days must necessarily elapse before I can possibly hear definitely about him. Thursday – Sept 22<sup>nd</sup>. Many wild and exciting "grapevine" dispatches current in the "Pen" today – Gen Hitchcock, the Yankee Agent of Exchange, visited the prison, and his presence revived all the old rumors in regard to exchange – Some say that all the sick and wounded are to be immediately sent South – some that a general exchange has been agreed upon – and others that a large number of us are soon to be sent to Charleston to be put under fire. I do not believe the slightest part of all or any of these idle tales. The Canada plot begins to dwindle into

insignificance and the Democrats contend that the whole thing was a sham, gotten up by Abolitionists for political purposes – This version of the affairs seems to me very probable. The news from Virginia, too, is not confirmed officially yet, \_\_\_\_\_ its authenticity from correspondents in the rear of Sheridan. I am afraid there is some truth in the matter, though I would not be surprised if it were a gratuitous lie. Many bogus victories and newspaper successes will be claimed during this political canvass. – Sept 23<sup>rd</sup>. Today the “Bullpen” was honored with a formal and ceremonious visit from General Hitchcock and Heintzelman who were obsequiously chaperoned by Col Hill and Lt Col Servill. The prisoners did not manifest any great desire to see their distinguished visitors, and there was no rushing or crowding to look at them as they sauntered through the yard. The majority of the “Rebels” seemed to be profoundly ignorant of their presence, and the rest regarded them as simply two Yanks “only this, and nothing more.” This dignified reserve on the part of my fellow prisoners pleased me very much – for the proud Yankees doubtless expected to create quite a sensation. The Y. M. C. Association met as usual this afternoon, and had quite an interesting session, though the essayist for the day was absent – no reason given for his failure to meet the duty imposed upon him. Weather fine. Saturday – Sept 24<sup>th</sup>. Last night was one long to be remembered by the dwellers on Johnson’s Island. After dark it began to rain, and the wind blew strong and steadily from the southwest. We had extinguished our lights and gone to bed, not anticipating a storm, when about half past nine o’clock, there suddenly arose a terrible gale. The wind blew as I never knew it to blow before, and we could sensibly feel the shaking and swaying of our Block. The severest blow lasted only half a minute or so, but in that time, Blocks 4, 5, and 9 were completely unroofed, all the prison fence on the western side was levelled with the ground, and a good deal on the southern and eastern sides. Everyone sprang out of bed in alarm and the “Pen” was soon full of half-clad men running in all directions in the wildest dismay and confusion. The Yankees too were greatly exercised – the “long-roll” \_\_\_\_\_, artillery fired, and the sentinels on the parapet discharged their muskets – and all was in sweet confusion. Strange to say nobody was killed by the falling timbers or flying shingles, and only some six or eight were slightly cut and bruised. I feel truly grateful to the Almighty that I was mercifully protected in Life and Limb. Sunday – September 25<sup>th</sup>. This has been a very raw and disagreeable day – no preaching, no prayer meeting, no divine service of any kind. Yankee carpenters, assisted very willingly by the inmates of the dismantled Block, have already commenced the work of repairs, and Block 4 bids soon to be itself again. The whole prison yard is strewn with shingles, pieces of board, and other debris from the wreck of Friday night. I have spent the greater part of the day in my room, engaged in reading the Scriptures and Cumming’s Great Preparation – have also written to my wife, and devoted a good deal of time to musing about home and its dear ones. I feel and realize that these every day, and particularly every Sabbath many fervent and earnest prayers ascend in my behalf from pious hearts in that family circle – A consoling reflection. Monday – Sept 26<sup>th</sup>. Almost every morning the Yankee journals are filled with extravagant and boasting reports of victories and successes of the Federal arms; but today they are unusually jubilant. Early and Breckinridge are said to have been captured with their entire commands – Lee has been compelled to evacuate Petersburg – and Mobile has certainly fallen. Of course, we do not and cannot believe one third of this, but still the news is gloomy and very depressing. Lincoln has ordered a hundred guns to be fired on the Island tomorrow in honor of these great victories, and today flags are flying, drums beating, steamers are decorated, and all the Yankees here are shouting and hurraing. In the prison gloom and sadness are written unmistakably on every face; for, while we do not credit these extravagant tales, we still fear that some terrible disaster has befallen our Confederacy. God seems almost to have forsaken us, and our enemies are flushed with success. Short rations are hard enough to bear, but what a \_\_\_\_\_ low it is to add such bad tidings to the sufferings already caused by semi-starvation.

Let us humble our hearts, confess our sins, and put our trust in the Lord. Tuesday – Sept 27<sup>th</sup>. The bad news of yesterday, and the consternation among us, and the hilarity among our Keepers, all turned out this morning to be as utterly destitute of sensible foundation as are the great majority of our sensation rumors in regard to Exchange. Tidings from the seat of war are not depressing, but on the contrary are positively encouraging. The boasted victories of the Federals have been dissipated like morning mists, and their papers are teeming with vague misgivings and undefined apprehensions as to recent Confederate movements in several localities. Forrest, Kirby Smith, and Price, are again on the war path, and are already at work in masterly style. How grateful ought we to be to the Giver of all good. The hundred guns were fired, but the charges were very small, the hundred was a short one, and the whole demonstration was empathetically a weak effort. The weather still continues rainy, and very unpleasant. Wednesday – Sept 28<sup>th</sup>. Today the Yankee officials held a general muster of the prisoners to ascertain if any succeeded in making their escape during the storm. We were placed in line, answered to our names, then were counted three or four times, and the roll was again called; finally, made to sit or stand in two ranks for about an hour while the barracks were examined. This is the third or fourth general muster that has recurred since I have been here, and each succeeding one seems to me more absurd and disagreeable than the last. One man passed the guard the other night when the fence was blown down, but being unable to get across the lake was compelled to return and give himself up. No rain today. The sun has shone clear and bright, but the wind has been rather unpleasantly cool. A Dixie mail came in, but I suppose I can hardly expect a letter yet from home – after the first of October I shall begin to look for one. I know that my wife will write regularly and punctually, though I have no idea that I shall receive one fourth of her letters. At least such is the general experience of prisoners. Thursday – Sept 29<sup>th</sup>. One of the most wretched and disagreeable days I ever spent – The morning light was ushered in by dark and lowering clouds, and the drops of rain on the windows of our room were the Reveille that aroused us from sleep. All day long the rain fell, and the wind whistled – no stove in our room, the streets of this abominable jail too muddy to allow visiting – and everything inspired to make us feel homesick and “blue”. In my room all was chilly and cheerless – without all was muddy, slippery, cold, and dreary – no nerves of any importance – no letters by the mail – hardly anything to eat. The three meals of the day (or rather, the three piece-meals) hardly sufficient to pay a man for walking a hundred and fifty yards in the mud to the damp and sloppy “Stables” – Just the sort of day to make a poor, hungry, shivering, wretched prisoner think of home and its comforts until his heart ached. Friday – Sept 30<sup>th</sup>. The rain disappeared with the darkness, and this is a bright and beautiful day; the sun is shining clear and warm, the mud rapidly drying up, and all external objects recovering rapidly from the damps and chills of yesterday. The news this morning decidedly good, especially from Forrest and Price. If I could only get enough to eat, and receive a long loving letter from home, I think I could be quite cheerful for once, and would almost be tempted to forget that I am a prisoner. A rumor is current today in the “Pen” that fifty more sick officers are to be soon sent from here to be exchanged. This creates a good deal of excitement, and every sick man in the prison is rubbing up and reviving his chronic ills and pains – if only fifty are sent off. There will be at least two hundred indignant and disappointed applicants. I hope that my friend Lieut John Moore, of the 40<sup>th</sup> Ala, who is now quite sick in the Hospital with Chronic Diarrhea, may be one of the fortunate ones. I doubt he will live through the winter here. Saturday – Oct 1<sup>st</sup>. Another rainy and disagreeable day – but they are becoming \_\_\_ common now, that I am beginning to think that a blowing chilly rain is the normal condition of the weather on this delectable island. We sealed our bunks today, cleaned our room, and made preparation to double up for the winter. My bed fellow will be for the present Major James M. Handley – my late chum, Lt Sanford, doubling with Lt Hugh Gillis, our “Pap”. Our mess has become

utterly disgusted with the large mess halls (Known as “Stables”) that today we commence cooking on a private stove, of which we are part owners – but it is hard to tell how long we can keep away from the “Stables” as the Yanks may take our stove away at any time. Had a first rate dinner, both in quantity and quality, for which we are indebted to the culinary tales of “Pap” As yet we have no stove in our room, though many other rooms have been supplied, and we need one badly. Sunday – Oct 2<sup>nd</sup>. I have been at Johnson’s Island just two months, long enough to become quite familiar with it – can’t say that it improves much on acquaintance. Most of my first pleasant impressions of this place have been removed by two month’s experience, and many have been added to the unpleasant ones which have been greatly strengthened by time. Wet and gloomy weather again today, keeping everyone indoors, and effectually preventing anything like religious service. Last night some daring thief or thieves cut a panel out of the door to the Sutler’s shop, and stole some tobacco, pipes \_\_\_\_ - a similar party, or perhaps the same one, broke into the kitchen of Mess I, and stole about 5 pounds of meat and some other provisions. This will make 600 men suffer today, for food – how fortunate that our little mess quit the “stables” yesterday, and consequently our rations in our room. Had it been otherwise, we would have suffered with the rest, and I know that I get not more than half enough now; though I am happy to state that I have had more in the last two days than in the four previous ones. The result of our doing our own cooking. Monday – Oct 3<sup>rd</sup>. I am so full of joy today that I have not felt hungry, or gloomy, though neither the rations nor the weather have been improved. But my heart has been gladdened by good news from home, and I have felt alternately like dancing and crying ever since the mail came in. I have received two letters from home – The first since I was captured – and from the two persons whom I love the most on earth, my wife and mother. They were dated respectively the 5<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> Sept, and contain much to cheer and enliven one – all well at home, everybody there in good spirits, and blessed with all the comforts of life. My dear wife bears my imprisonment much better than I thought she would, and writes to me in a very cheerful strain. For this I devoutly thank God, for it has relieved my fears and removed a great load of anxiety from my mind. Rumors still current, and growing in importance, relative to the exchange of the sick. Tuesday – Oct 14<sup>th</sup>. Another letter from my wife today, dated Sept 10<sup>th</sup>, giving me many items of news from home and from my comrades in arms. Lieut Tom Hatch has been killed – a young officer of much promise, and remarkable for bravery and coolness on the field. Lt Col Herndon wounded again, though this time only slightly in the arm – Capt J. A. Wemyss, my friend and confidential counsellor, as well as immediate commander, has been severely wounded – leg broken below the knee. I sympathize with him heartily and trust that it may not be a permanent injury to him. A sensible man, a fine officer, an accomplished gentleman, a faithful friend, a modest and unassuming Christian, he is one of the best men I ever saw – His life is a clear and forcible illustration of the religion he professes. Revived excitement in the “Pen” today in regard to the exchange of the sick, as the Federal Surgeons are now preparing a list. Many are pressing their claims who are in good health, but any trick is thought to be justifiable by which a man can get away from here. News by telegraph very good today from all quarters. Weather bad – rainy as usual. Wednesday – Oct 5<sup>th</sup>. In company with Major Sluton and Lt Samford I rose very early this morning, and by getting to the wash house by daylight, succeeded in getting possession of one of the boilers for the purpose of washing our clothes. We had hardly got well under way before the sky (bright a half hour before) clouded up, and the rain fell in torrents. Nice prospect for drying our wet clothes, but still we finished the job by breakfast time. The rats stole all our pork last night, and we fully expected to get nothing at all for dinner – but “Pap’s” genius proved itself equal to the occasion, and instead of a very short meal, we had an unusually abundant one in the shape of a large pot of soup, upon which we all gorges ourselves. The Exchange rolls have been completed, and the sick (about fifty-five) would have left

this evening but for the rain. They seemed intensely disappointed in being delayed for even one day, but I don't wonder at it at all – some of them have been here for over a year. Thursday, Oct 6<sup>th</sup>. Last night two prisoners dug a hole under the wall, and have not since been heard from – a small boat is also missing from its usual place, and I hope the two “rebs” are in it and on their way to Canada and freedom. This evening, the weather being favorable, the sick left us amid the shout and congratulations of those who remained; with them went three officers who have been so fortunate as to secure a special exchange. I sent contraband letters to Father, Mother, and my wife, by sewing them in the coats of Lt Moore and Capt Turpin – neither of these gentlemen was aware of it, and I shudder now at the risk my indiscretion may subject them to. If detected with these letters they might be sent back here, and they are perfectly unconscious that they are carrying these letters. Lt Matt Hale is to inform them of it when they arrive in Dixie – I shall be very uneasy until I hear of their safe arrival in Richmond, and if I had it to do over again I certainly would not do it – My only excuse is that I am half-starved and thus my object in writing home was to have meat and bread sent to me by Father. Sent my wife \$246 by Moore and Turpin. Friday – Oct 4<sup>th</sup>. By Lieut John Moore (40<sup>th</sup> Ala) of Marion, Ala, I sent to my wife \$250 in “old issue” of Confederate money, which is worth now \$166. He promised to get it exchanged in Richmond for “new issue” if possible. By Capt J. H. Turpin, of Newbern, Ala, I sent \$80 in “new issue” to my wife, and a power of attorney to my father to draw my pay while I remain in prison – having now pay due me from June 1<sup>st</sup> 1864. Weather variable and unpleasant today, sunshine, rain, and wind. Conflicting reports by telegraph, but the summation of them is favorable to us, by Confederate construction. Heard a “grapevine dispatch” that my brigade had been sent to Mobile – how I would like to be with them – My youngest brother is in Mobile, writing in the office of a Brig Gen Thomas, of whom I never heard before. But I am so unpatriotic as to rejoice that my father's youngest son is in a “casemated” position – four out of five have gone into the real army (the infantry); all have shed their blood, and two have thus far offered their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of Southern liberty. Saturday – Oct 8<sup>th</sup>. The first snow of the season today – from daylight until I went to sleep sleet and snow would fall and melt, rendering the walks and streets of the prison almost impossible. No stove yet in our room, and no immediate prospect of any. Our clothing is thin, and in many instances threadbare, and the bitter biting winter is rapidly approaching – Poorly clad, not half supplied with firewood, and with our blood thinned by meager and seemly rations, our Southern Constitutions are poorly calculated to meet the severities of a winter on Lake Erie. May God help us – He alone can. I smuggled in Today, by the assistance of a Yankee hireling, some coffee, sugar, and concentrated milk. In fact, whenever I have “greenbacks” there is no difficulty at all in bribing our honest guards to bring in little articles which can be concealed in their pockets – Many of them thus drive a flourishing trade. Sunday – Oct 9<sup>th</sup>. This has been a most remarkable day in my prison experience – there is a report in the “Chicago Times” that Major Mulford, the Yankee Commissioner, has gone to Richmond to arrange a general exchange – also, a report in the ‘Pen’ that the Sutler will soon begin selling us provisions – but neither of these items is the important event to which I allude. One of sick who left on Thursday, gave a friend in my mess a little butter, sugar, and dried fruit, and a few pounds of ~~coffee~~ flour – and our respected “Pap” made for us today a most magnificent pudding – enough, and more than enough for us all. We ate until we could eat no longer, and still some left. In addition to the quantity of the pudding, its quality was also unexceptionable – it was delightful – the only good dinner I have had since I was at home in June. My affection and esteem for “Pap” grows everyday – May he never be hungry again, and may he be able at all times to feed his mess. Went to bed happy. Monday – Oct 10<sup>th</sup>. I forgot on Saturday to mention that Lt Col Herbert, Lieut Harvey, and Capt McBeth (late Hospital Steward) left that evening on special exchange. Yesterday I did not record it, because I could think of

nothing but that famous pudding – and I mention it now before I get to thinking and writing again about that pudding. I have not been hungry today! – Col M. L. Woods (46<sup>th</sup> Ala), of Montgomery Ala, succeeds McBeth as Hospital Steward – a most desirable berth, as its recipient is able by his official intercourse with the Yankee Surgeons and Stewards to get almost anything he may want. McBeth lived luxuriously, I know that Col Woods will be shrewd enough to make the office pay. Major Mulford's recent visit to Richmond has resulted in the exchange of six hundred and twenty – on this fact many fond dreamers here build high hopes of a speedy and general exchange – but I cherish no such anticipations. I hope and expect nothing good from the Yankees, and intent to try to cultivate patience enough to wait God's good time for my deliverance. That it may come, and come soon is my daily prayer. Tuesday – Oct 11<sup>th</sup>. This morning I was as fortunate as to receive by Express a box of winter clothing, sent me by my wife's uncle, Mr Robert Foard of Christian Co Ky. The box contained a pair of fine shoes, 2pr yarn socks, 2pr woolen drawers, 2 thick and warm woolen shirts, a fine vest and pr of pants, some needles, pins, buttons, thread, and one silk handkerchief – also two very nice blankets, one of which ( a soft blue Mackinaw) is as fine a blanket as I ever saw – I intend to have an elegant pair of uniform pants made out of it. If there had only been a good heavy coat in the box I would have been well supplied, but there was none – although I had written to Mr Foard particularly for a coat. I need that worse than any other article of clothing, as I have only the 'Dixie' jacket in which I was captured. Must make another effort to get a warm coat before winter sets regularly in. Major Slaton and I washed our clothes today – of course it rained before they got dry. Mailed three or four contraband letters today by bribing an avaricious and unscrupulous Yankee. Wednesday – Oct 12<sup>th</sup>. Nothing definite and reliable in the papers this morning as they pronounce each other's dispatches to be "boons" – of course we can't form any conclusion when the Yankee journals contradict one another. We had three pretty good meals today, a most remarkable recurrence, but that was simply because we had a few little extras of our own furnishing, for which we are not at all indebted to the Yanks. Lieuts Newton and Johnson left us today on special exchange – I have written to Father, urging him to make an effort to effect a special exchange for me. I regard the principle of the think as decidedly unjust and wrong but still would be glad to get away from here on any honorable terms. I shall never be able to make my escape, for the Lake is an effectual barrier to me, even if there were no prison wall and sentinels. Have recently been reading a second work of Cumming's – The Great Tribulation – which is even more remarkable and interesting than The Great Preparation. Weather today windy and decidedly cool. Thursday – Oct 13<sup>th</sup>. Any quantity of reports, excitement, and talk in the 'Pen' today – Politicians discussing the results of the stale elections in the North, and their probable bearing on the Presidential race. Hungry men (comprising nine-tenths of the prisoners) speculating upon the rumor that four is to be issued to us instead of bread – if true, this will add about 40 percent to our daily ration in the bread line – I don't believe much of it, but devoutly hope it may be true. It is also said to be positively certain that the Sutler will resume in a few days the sale of provisions and clothing – these are questions of vital importance to us. And a few visionaries still cling to the hope of a general exchange of prisoners. The moon tonight is at the full, and the lake and the island are flooded in silvery light – reminding me very forcibly of the long piazza in front of our house, and how often I have sat there on similar moonlit evenings in pleasant converse with the loved ones at home. Friday – Oct 14<sup>th</sup>. I was kept awake nearly all night by the rates, who were racing in and out of our room, attracted probably by the smell of meat. Some of my roommates closed the door, thus confining two very large ones in our room – and during the whole night they were scampering, running, jumping, and climbing over our chairs, table, beds, and shelves in their vain efforts to escape. By daylight this morning, May Slaton, Oattis, and Samford were after them with sticks, and after a great deal of noise, confusion, and laughter, succeeded in killing them. Their fun

was very annoying to me, as I was quite sleepy; and would have really preferred a morning nap to killing all the rats in the prison. Two militia colonels from South Carolina disgraced themselves today by taking the amnesty oath (or Parole for the War”), and returning home. I do not know their names. The Association met this evening, and we were entertained with a tolerable essay on “Revealed Religion” by Lt Repant. A week ago today I was elected Essayist for Nov 4<sup>th</sup>, which annoys me a good deal, as I feel utterly unfelt \_\_\_\_\_ for attempting to do justice to any topic not in the eating line. Saturday – Oct 15<sup>th</sup>. It is reported (reported traced to that reliable source, “they say”) that a hundred sick will soon be sent from here on exchange – One of my roommates, Capt N. G. Oattis, is considerably interested in this, as he has been assured by Dr Eversman (the Yankee Surgeon of this Post) that he will go with the next lot. I sincerely hope the rumor is true, and that Oattis may soon see his home and friends. Telegraphic news good today – cheering from Hood, Forrest, and Price – God grant that even now a better day may be dawning on our afflicted country. A large Dixie mail said to be on the outside – I confidently expect letters from home, and shall be much disappointed if I don’t get them tomorrow or the next day. Although the sun rose bright and beautiful this morning, yet by 2 o’clock, it clouded up, and the rain fell all the evening and until bedtime. Some prospect of getting a flour ration in future, beginning next week, as our block is largely in favor of it. If so, our daily allowance of bread will be 20 instead of 11 or 12. Sunday – Oct 16<sup>th</sup>. Although this was the Sabbath, that Divinely appointed day of holy rest, I must confess to having spent it very unprofitably and unpleasantly – Was disappointed in not getting a Dixie letter, although I received three from Kentucky friends – from John Street, Mrs Dan Ousley, and Miss Kate Richardson, a new correspondent and a cousin of my wife. Mrs Ousley’s letter related to the box of provisions which she and Mrs Foard intend to send to me. They are waiting for the Surgeon’s order, and yet the scamp told me he mailed the order six weeks ago – I’ll look up that matter tomorrow. I did not attend preaching today, but remained in my room, and wrote some letters – did not read much in my Bible, nor in any moral book – hence I feel, and, have felt all day, a consciousness of having neglected my duty. It is the result of my experience as well as observation that the honest and uncompromising discharge of duty always comes with it its own reward and vice versa. A lesson for the future. Monday – Oct 17<sup>th</sup>. Major General J. R. Tremble, and Brig Gens Beall, Frazer, and Jones, were today removed from the prison. There is no report of an exchange of General officers and these gentlemen suppose that they are to be sent to Fort Warren, though this is mere conjecture – No reason has been assigned for their removal, nor have we any definite idea as to their destination. This leaves the “Pen” without a rebel General in it. A good many Dixie letters came in by the mail today, but there were none for me – a grievous disappointment, but I still hope for one tomorrow. The Express, too, disappointed us, as two of my mess were expecting provisions by it. I was much surprised today by receiving a package of clothing from my friend Rainey – a blouse, a summer vest, and a light pair of pants; tho’ they are not adapted to the present season, I appreciate them highly. Rainey is a poor man, and works hard for his daily bread – but still he has been very very kind to both Britton and myself. My suit of clothes came in a box which contained a similar package for Lieut Britton. Since we have been here Rainey has sent us two suits of clothes, four shirts, four pr of socks, and about \$215 in money. We have no claim at all on him, save that of having known him four years ago when he kept a small Jewelry establishment in our town. The kind and sympathizing letters he writes us are worth more than the articles he sends. He is a clever, kindhearted gentleman, and if Britton and I ever live to get back to Greensboro, Thomas Rainey will have two firm friends there, or I am very much mistaken. The news by ~~mail~~ telegraph today is somewhat confused and mixed up, but still rather hopeful and encouraging than otherwise to us. The weather has been unusually pleasant and fine. Major Slaton and I did our washing today – He is a very kind friend to me – I don’t see

how I could possibly get along in here without him. Tuesday – Oct 18<sup>th</sup>. The weather has been bright and pleasant today, and the news by telegraph rather favorable than not – yet still it has been a day of general disappointment to my mess. Nothing by Express, nothing by mail – Dixie letters coming in, but none ~~by~~ for No 19. I can't imagine why I did not get at least one or two letters from my wife. No stove yet in our room – no flour yet issued to our Block, - “Pap” informing us that our rations will run short before the week closes, and that we have only coffee enough left for breakfast, and no sugar. It is reported that the sick who left here on the 6<sup>th</sup> have arrived safely in Richmond – I sincerely hope it is true, for I shall feel uneasy about Moore and Turpin until I know they are safe in Dixie. Yesterday I mailed a contraband letter to Cousin \_\_\_\_\_, of considerable importance to me. Rumored that the officials outside have discovered and destroyed 800 letters, written in contraband style – If so, I am fairly in for it, but it seems and improbable tale to me. Had a good supper this evening at the expense of my dinner. Wednesday – Oct 19<sup>th</sup>. The day has been a very pleasant one, and I and my mess have been in unusually fine spirits. The Express this morning brought a small but very nice box of assorted provisions to Capt Oattis – the kind donor was Miss Anna Rodes of Lexington, Ky. She sent everything that was approved by the Federal Surgeon. May Kind Heaven bless the noble and generous women of the South. Our mess will live a little better as long as the box lasts. We had some delightful coffee at supper, made with sugar and milk, fully as good as any I ever drank at home or anywhere else. A Dixie letter to one of my roommates today, but none for me, I despair of getting any by this Southern mail and feel sorely disappointed and in consequence – am afraid it is the result of my own imprudence I trying to write contraband letters – as I have no doubt that letters from home are on the outside. No flour issued yet – and no stove furnished four our room – We are accumulating a good supply of wood ~~in our room~~ against the coming of cold weather. Thursday – Oct 20<sup>th</sup>. Thanks to the kindness of Miss Rodes, we began the day finely with and elegant and abundant breakfast, a nice and plentiful hash, four biscuits apiece, fresh butter, and splendid coffee with milk and sugar. Our Chief of Mess, Gillis, did himself credit in cooking this meal, and we all did full justice to it when summoned to the table. Three cheers for “Pap” – may his shadow never grow less – And as for Miss Anna, may Heaven's choicest blessing attend her – May she wind a gallant Confederate husband, and long years of happiness be her lot! By the mail today I received two letters – one from Bill Hatter at Camp Chase; he, and all of the 36<sup>th</sup> who ae there, are well – the other was from E. F. Griset, of my old Co, dated Sept 15<sup>th</sup>, and gave me many items of news in regard to my old comrades in arms. Two of Co “6” have been killed – Privates Zack Edminton and Hiram Lidmore – honor to their memory and peace to their ashes – Corp'l N.R. Martin, one of the best soldiers I ever knew, has been wounded. The rest of the Co doing well when Griset wrote. They have been “in perile oft” since then – how many are alive and well tonight? We had a miserable dinner today, a plenty of it, such as it was –fried salt fish, of I don't know what sort, and I don't want to know. This fish is a regular part of our weekly rations, and we eat it because we have nothing else. And today, instead of beef, the vile Yankee Commissary has issued to us (for tomorrow) Codfish! Not long ago they stopped our meagre rations of onions and potatoes – said to have been done at the instigation of Dr Eversmon, when men are dying here with scurvy for lack of vegetable diet. Without potatoes I don't see how we can eat codfish. “Pap's” ingenuity an culinary skill will be tasked to the utmost. An extra came in the “pen” this evening. She \_\_\_\_\_ has whipped Longstreet and captured 43 \_\_\_\_\_ and many prisoners – don't believe a word of it. No letters from home today, though many Dixie letters came in. Friday – Oct 21<sup>st</sup>. The morning papers make quite a lame affair of the extravagant news in yesterday's extra, and another extra this evening makes it evident that somebody has been badly whipped besides Longstreet. By the mail today I received a letter from my brother Elliott at Mobile; dated Sept 14<sup>th</sup>, it confirms no news, but still it was highly gratifying to me. He has a good

position, and I am heartily glad of it, for he is the Benjamin of my father's house. Can't imagine why I don't hear from my wife – am very uneasy about her – have still some faint hope of getting a letter from her tomorrow. Living well now, even luxuriously compared with our usual fare; the codfish question is not solved yet. The Association met this evening, but I did not attend it. Britton rec'd a letter from his wife – Smith Powell and Zack Laundry have been wounded; so far as heard from, tho other boys in Co "6" are safe. Weather pleasant all day, but the wind blew pretty stiff just about sundown. Saturday – Oct 22<sup>nd</sup>. A good breakfast this morning (and a plenty of it) of hot biscuit and butter, rich hash and excellent coffee - . It snowed last night, and the ground at daylight was covered to the the depth of three inches – but under the warm influence of bright sun it has almost entirely disappeared. Telegraphic news encouraging – it is evident that Sheridan has been badly whipped. I had the good fortune to receive by the mail a letter from my dear wife – dated Sept 14<sup>th</sup> – all well and in good spirits at home – Thank God! Also a letter from my brother in law, John Richardson, a prisoner at Camp Warton. He belongs to Capt Jackson's Co, of Forrest's escort, and was captured Jan 28<sup>th</sup> 1864 near Mayfield Ky. I shall try to send his letter to my wife. Had the dreaded codfish for dinner, and it was pronounced a failure, though exhausted his skill and the resources of his larder in his efforts to make it palatable. We drew two days rations of the horrid stuff today for next week. Have been a prisoner just three months today – How many more? Saw in the Herald that 160 Confederate officers had been exchanged on the 14<sup>th</sup> – I suppose those who left here on the 6<sup>th</sup> are among the number. I am very uneasy about Moore and Turpin, and shall be delighted when I know that they are safe in "Dixie". The Yankees issued flour to us for tomorrow, instead of bread – a pound to the man this is an important item, and "Room 19" is very hopeful that they will keep it up. One of my blockade runners was today almost detected by an official – badly frightened in consequence and vows he will quit the trade. Sorry for it, as he was efficient and reliable. Sunday – Oct 23<sup>rd</sup>. A very pleasant and beautiful day – the snow of yesterday has entirely disappeared, and under the genial influence of the sun's rays the mud dried very rapidly. I sent out this morning two contraband letters – one for myself to Miss B.B of Vicksburg (Enclosing J R's letter – to be forwarded to my wife), and the other for Major S. Heard today the gratifying intelligence that Moore and Turpin have certainly been exchanged, having gone up to Richmond on a flag of Truce boat on the 17<sup>th</sup>. Now I can breathe freely again – and all will be well if Matt Hale remembered to tell them about those letters. This has been a lesson to me – I will never again expose a friend to such risk without his knowledge. Wrote a letter to John Richardson at Camp Morton – also one to my wife, borrowing the name of Francis Byron of our Regiment. Have lived well today – had good warm biscuits, and as many as I wanted, at each meal – the flour ration holds out much better than the bread; in fact, a pound of flour will make as much bread as any man ought to want in a day. Our mess has several sick orders out for provisions, and if the boxed come promptly, we will live very well for a month to come; by that time I hope we will hear something of the provisions we expect to get from Dixie. No service in the "Pen" today, and I have spent the Sabbath in my room. Am reading interesting little book, the "Huguenot Family", the autobiography of Rev James de la Fontaine. Monday – Oct 24<sup>th</sup>. Cloudy and threatening rain all day. Tho' none actually fell. Nothing of special importance in the morning papers, more than a repetition of Saturday's ridiculous Yankee lies about Sheridan. No Letters for me by the mail; and no "Dixie" letters came into the yard, though we understand there is quite a large Southern mail outside. Perhaps they will come in tomorrow, and I am waiting eagerly for tomorrow to come, for I want a letter from my dear wife. Somehow I feel very uneasy about her. A large Express this morning, but nothing for Room 19. We are living so well now on Miss Anna Rodes' generosity, that we dread the depletion of her box. As we have several sick orders now out, I trust it may in a few days be our good fortune to receive a reinforcement in the Commissariat of our mess. "Pap" cooks so well, and we

appreciate his good works so highly, that we are anxious for him to be always supplied with material upon which to exercise his very decided culinary talents. Tuesday – Oct 25<sup>th</sup>. Rose at daylight, and Maj Slaton and I finished our washing by breakfast, and thus acquired unusually good appetites – did full justice to the excellent coffee and biscuits and butter. A few Dixie letters came in today – none for me – surely I will get one tomorrow, or next day. When a Southern mail comes, it seems to me that the Yankees take special delight in sending in the letter by small installments, so as to keep us on the rack of hope and fear as long as possible. Major Slaton, Capt Row and Lieut Samford each received a box of clothing by Express today – so our room has been largely reinforced in that line. I sent a sick letter today (in the name of Capt O) to Cousin Amanda \_\_\_\_\_. Wrote to \_\_\_\_\_ also, explaining the above transaction and enclosing a letter from my wife. Make arrangements to contraband this letter tomorrow – swapped pants with Lieut Horner. A few “grapevine” exclamations this evening in regard to exchange \_\_\_\_\_. Wednesday – Oct 26<sup>th</sup>. I can truly say that this has been to me a remarkably dull day – nothing new or interesting in the papers – nothing for me by the mail. One redeeming feature in all this, is that Samford received a letter today from Mrs. Ficklin, promising to send him a box of provisions forthwith; he having sent her an order for a few articles, duly approved by Dr Eversman. It may come tomorrow, and will certainly arrive in three or four days at the farthest. We (the mess) look for it with glad yet anxious hearts. Mailed any “Contra” letter to Jno L. S. today – Wrote through prison mail to Elliott (over sig “H.G.”), and to Miss Kate Richardson. Am decidedly unwell today, being seriously threatened by my old friend, the dysentery. Major S and J ironed our clothes today. Had some delightful cornbread for breakfast. Thursday – Oct 27<sup>th</sup>. Spent a very uncomfortable night last night, being considerably afflicted with something like colic – which I can but attribute to that abominable codfish. Don’t think I’ll eat any more of it soon, unless hard pushed for food. Samford’s box of provisions did not arrive this morning; I received by the Express a very warm and comfortable grey coat, sent I presume by Mr Foard. No letter came with it, but the box was expressed from Cincinnati. No letter for me today, and it is reported that The Dixie mail has all been sent in. I am greatly disappointed at not hearing from home. No news of any importance in the papers – Exchange rumors again in circulation, but they don’t create any excitement in my breast; for I have no such hope or expectation. Have been thinking a great deal today about my dear wife and child, and have in consequence felt very “blue” and homesick. What would I not give to look in upon tonight, as they are assembled under that dear familiar old roof? Captivity becomes more and more irksome to me every day – it would almost exhaust the patience of Job. Friday – Oct 28<sup>th</sup>. Received today a letter from Father, written on the 29<sup>th</sup> of Sept, and containing good news for me. A son was born to me on the night of the 28<sup>th</sup>, and wife and child were both doing well when he wrote. I have been very uneasy and anxious on this account, and now, thank God! My fears are all relieved. I do feel the kindness and love of the Almighty, and I trust that I am duly grateful to Him. Oh, what would I not give to be at home tonight – how anxious I am to see my dear wife, and how proud I am of my “young rebel”. Father writes that he is a fine healthy chap, weighing 8 pounds – my wife sends me word to name him – but I think I shall leave that to a family council at home. My son, how strange it sounds – I can hardly realize it. We ate the last of Miss Rodes’ flour as biscuit as breakfast this morning, but had the good fortune to receive by the Express another box of eatables. It was sent to Major Handley by Miss Maggie Burnside, of Danville Ky, and contained a ham, 25 lbs flour, some butter, coffee, sugar, pepper, dried fruit, and three cans of fresh peaches \_\_\_\_\_. Very nice, very acceptable, and awakens in us the deepest emotions of gratitude to Miss Burnside. I received today a letter from my old friend Joh M. Martin, Post L.M at Montgomery – He has been so unfortunate as to lose his little boy – I sympathize deeply with him. Also, a letter from Mr David M. Russell (of Gainesville, Ala), now in Montreal, Canada. Had a fine dinner

today, fried ham, and a dessert of canned fruit. Breakfast, too, was fine – hash, biscuits and butter, and coffee. The Association met this evening – no essay, as all such exercises are postponed until our new house is built. But I have been thinking all day of my boy baby – a month old today. May God bless and keep my wife and children. Saturday – October 29<sup>th</sup>. The “Sandusky” contains this morning the most absurd and ridiculous like that I ever read – it is so extremely improbable (or impossible) as to be only ridiculous. A force of 6000 Yankees had defeated Price in Missouri (Price having 25000), and droven him 92 miles in two days, fighting 32 miles of it, \_\_\_\_\_ Price, capturing his artillery and 2000 prisoners \_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_!!! By mail today a received a letter from my dear Jeannie, written on Sept 24<sup>th</sup>; very cheering to me, though written five days previously to the one I rec’d yesterday from Father. Have been thinking all day about my infant son – how greatly I desire to see him and his dear mother. No news of special interest in the “Pen” today. My “Yank” brought in some sugar and pepper this evening to me, for a friend of mine. From some mysterious preparations on the part of our respected “Pap”, I think he intends giving us something good for dinner tomorrow. So mote it be. Sunday – Oct 30<sup>th</sup>. The day began badly with our Room, on account of a misunderstanding with our neighbors in Room 18, arising out of our partnership with them in a cooking stove which is at present in their room. Too tedious to mention details, but our feelings, as a mess and as individuals, have been grossly outraged. It has had a bad effect on me all day, and I have not realized that it was the Sabbath. We had a fine breakfast – hash, coffee, and biscuits and butter. And at dinner we enjoyed a rare feast – plenty of nice fried ham, coffee, bread and butter – and for dessert “Pap” gave us a second edition of the pudding mentioned Oct 9<sup>th</sup>. It was splendid, and we had sauce of butter and maple syrup. We even had such a feast that two friends, Lts Britton and Jones dined with us. We all enjoyed our dinner hugely so much so that we unanimously voted not to have any supper. We had none, and yet all were so well filled up by dinner that at 9 o’clock tonight no one feels or regrets that he has not had his usual supper of tea and bread. No letters today. I wrote three to Bill Halter – to Father (as Powell Mason) – and to Mrs Ousley (B.H.). Monday – Oct 31<sup>st</sup>. The prospect of a difficulty – so fair yesterday, between our Room and No 18, was today satisfactorily and amicably adjusted by an apology from the offending part. Lt Samford’s box of provisions arrived in the “Pen” by Express today, but has not been delivered yet. By the mail I received a letter from Lt John Chambers (of \_\_\_\_\_), informing me of arrangement made by his father for supplying my wife with all necessary funds during my imprisonment. Failed today in two attempts to mail contraband letters, as the Yankees who come daily into the prison yard are becoming very timorous and suspicious. My hopes in another direction (and for a different purpose) revived somewhat today. No news of importance in today’s papers – weather pleasant and fair. My thoughts – naturally turn all the time to my wife and children. Tuesday – Nov 1<sup>st</sup>. The morning’s telegrams, in spite of Yankee glass and coloring, are unusually bright and cheering – somebody else has been whipped lately besides Early, and our prospects are brightening everywhere. Lt Samford’s box was duly delivered to him this morning – it was sent by Mrs O.B. Ficklin, Charleston, Illinois, and contained a ham, flour, meal, lard, butter, sugar and coffee. Our mess is living well now, and can even see a little way ahead – no the thanks to the Post Commissary for that. Received two letters today – one from Mr J. N. Beadles of Paducah, Ky, giving me some information in regard to my brother in-law, Wm Richardson – the other from a Mr J. T. Coleman who recently shipped me a coat from Louisville Ky – The coat having been ordered by Mr Foard. I have been an inmate of this prison for three months, having made my debut at Johnson’s Island on the first day of August. How many of my friends and comrades \_\_\_\_ in that time met death on the battlefield? Irskome as is captivity, I feel that I ought to regard it as a mercy, and be thankful that tonight I am alive and well, and comparatively comfortable. Wednesday – Nov 2<sup>nd</sup>. The news by telegraphy is better and better and the truth is beginning to leak out

even through the muzzled jaws of the Lincolnile – Press. Jeff Davis has set apart the 16<sup>th</sup> inst as a day of Thanksgiving, which is a sure sign that the Almighty has been favoring our cause. Nothing for our room today by Express – no letter for me by the mail. The weather has been very cold and unpleasant, and no stove yet in our room; we have made application the prison authorities for permission to purchase a stove of our own. They may allow us to do it, but I have not much hopes of it. Rumors are afloat today in regard to another partial exchange of sick – and also in reference to treaty or agreement by which each Government will send supplies to its prisoners. Thursday – Nov 3<sup>rd</sup>. Spend a very uncomfortable night being threatened with a return of my old enemy, The Diarrhea – in consequence have been feeling badly all day. Did not attend Rollcall, and have spent nearly all the time in my room. Has very busily engaged during the morning sewing – my winter pants are badly made, and all the seams are disposed to rip. I expect to be a pretty good tailor by the time I get through with these abominable pants. My feet are getting very sore and inflamed, and I can hardly walk; Major Slaton says I am taking the gout – high living sometimes produces it. No special news by telegraph – nothing by the mail – nothing by Express – and nothing stirring or exciting among the prisoners. The day has been cold and windy, very disagreeable – no stove in our room, and no prospect of getting one soon. The Yankees have made no answer yet to our application for permission to buy one. Wonder what the loved ones at home are doing now – how I would rejoice to be with them tonight. I know they often wish for the absent one. God bless them. Friday, Nov 4<sup>th</sup>. A very raw and uncomfortable day, raining a little, snowing a little, and blowing a good deal. Nothing of special interest in the dispatches. A box came Express for Major Handley, but in consequence of the bad weather was not delivered. Received a letter today from Cousin Sue Ousley, telling me that she would express me a box of provisions on the 26<sup>th</sup>; it ought to arrive now in a day or two. My health is not good, and I am somewhat afraid that I will be seriously troubled with Diarrhea. Heard through a letter from Will Britton (to Lieut B) that that brother Ed was all right up to Oct 19<sup>th</sup>. The Association met this evening – very few present, and but little business done. I am appointed on the Hospital Committee for this month. Our mess is out of smoking tobacco and money – I want to smoke now badly. Saturday – Nov 5<sup>th</sup>. Another cold day, although the sun has been shining bright nearly all the time. Have been taking medicine today, and have spent the most of my time in bed. Nothing of special interest in the “Sandusky” this morning – nothing for our Room either by Express or mail, except that Major Handley received his box of clothing which arrived yesterday. I received (indirectly) permission from the Federal authorities to send for an overcoat, which I at once wrote for. Wrote two contra letters (to J. N. B of Paducah, and D.M.R. of Montreal) which a friend will mail for me tomorrow. It is rapidly becoming very unpleasant to be without a stove in our room, and yet the Yankees show no disposition to supply us with one, nor have they made any reply to our proposition to buy one. Their conduct seems to me to be one systematic effort to make us as uncomfortable as possible. I have been here a little over three months, and every day the iron enters deeper into my soul. I never knew before what it was to have a master. Tonight closes up another week, and my thoughts naturally revert to home, my wife and children. I know that my wife and mother are thinking of me and wishing for me – if I could only see them! Sunday, Nov 6<sup>th</sup>. Last night at a late hour Maj Gen Marmaduke, Brig Den Cabell, and two or three subordinate staff officers arrived here from the Trans-Mississippi Department, they were captured in one of Price’s recent battles in Arkansas. Their debut here has created quite a sensation among the prisoners, for we have had no General officers in the “Pen” since the departure of Trimble, Beull and Co. The mail was unusually late, not coming in until afternoon – no letter for me when it did come. I have spent the day very quietly in my room – my duty as a Committee man requiring me to pay a brief visit to my Ward (No 1) in the Hospital. Have been reading some in “The Recreations of a Country Parson”, and find it quite interesting. Had a sweet dream about my

family last night, and as a consequence my thought have strayed homeward today more than usual. Wrote to Mother at night. Monday, Nov 7<sup>th</sup>. Papers quite stale this morning – nothing of any interest transpired in the ‘Pen’ – the days has passed off as monotonously as any dull man could desire and I dismiss it with the wish that I was gifted with some of Rip Van Winkles talent, and could sleep from now until the day of my liberation from captivity. Tuesday Nov 8<sup>th</sup>. This will be a great day in the history of the United States and of this war – the election of a President takes place, and I suppose no one doubts that the Illinois Ape will again for four years disgrace the chair once occupied by Washington. I must confess that I feel very little interest in the matter, and can’t see how the Southern Confederacy could be benefitted much by the election of McClellan. In God’s own good time we shall have our independence, and I shall be restored to liberty – for that blessed day I must try to wait patiently. The weather has been very disagreeable, raining nearly all day – no Express matter delivered – no letters for me – no news in the papers – no nothing. This existence in prison is truly “death in life”. Slept nearly all the \_\_\_\_\_, and had a sweet dream about wife and home. Wednesday – Nov 9<sup>th</sup>. If the dispatches in the morning paper are to be believed, Old Able is certainly seeping everything before him, and “Little Mac” is making a sorry race. Everything seems to have proceeded quietly – no demonstrations or deeds of violence – and the people of the United States have endorsed Lincoln’s administration by re-electing him. A long, dismal, rainy day, which I have spent in my room – Received no letters – and tonight wrote a long one to my dear wife. Have been homesick and “blue” all day, and tonight feel utterly miserable. This horrible captivity is a slow torture, that will in the end tell heavily on the health and brain of the most cheerful and hopeful. Thursday – Nov 10<sup>th</sup>. The history of today is marked by two important events – the Yankee Quartermaster has at last furnished our room with a stove – and we have received another box of provisions. Tonight, while the bleak wind is whistling out of doors we are comfortably seated in our room, enjoying the warmth of a good stove, and writing or reading by the warmth of a steady light of a good kerosene lamp. And, in addition we now get along very well in the eating line – our room has received four boxes from friends in the last three weeks and we are expecting two more daily, the hope these supplies may (by practicing economy) last us until our boxes arrive from Dixie. How much more comfortable our situation than that of nine-tenths of the prisoners in this ‘Pen’, and how grateful we ought to be to the Giver of all good for his mercy. The box received by Express today was for Major Slaton, and was sent to him my Miss Emma Johnson, of Louisville Ky. It contained a ham, flour, lard, butter, coffee, sugar, tea, dried fruit, milk, pepper, mustard \_\_\_\_\_. It is one of the most compact and finest boxes that I have ever seen – Long life and prosperity to the fair and kind-hearted donor. As usual, I received no letters from any quarter today – my correspondents in the dominions of Abraham seem to have dropped me. Friday – Nov 11<sup>th</sup>. Nothing occurred today to disturb the monotony of Prison life. It is evident from the papers that Old Abe has been elected by tremendous majorities, and the prospect is very good for four years’ continuance of the war – and our confinement here is indefinitely prolonged. Nothing by mail or Express – no sensation in the ‘Pen’ – a deep settled gloom seems to pervade every breast. I am getting very anxious and impatient for another Dixie mail. Saturday – Nov 12<sup>th</sup>. The anniversary of my wedding day – three years ago today I was a bridegroom. How many changes have taken place in that time – and how far away I am tonight from wife and children, from home and friends. Yet I feel that God has been very good and kind to me and mine, and I trust that I am duly grateful to Him for all His mercies. It is true that I am a prisoner, unpleasantly and uncomfortably situated in a great many respects, and with no reasonable hope of being soon exchanged. But my life has been signally spared, my family has been preserved, and God has been far better to me than I could possibly have deserved. I have been thinking of my dear wife all day – and memory has carried me back through the many events of the past three years – and in spirit I have visited

home today. It is vain and useless for me to wish, but oh! if I could only look in upon those dear ones tonight. God help me to be patient, and to cultivate a spirit of perfect and entire submission to his divine will. No special news today. It was snowing at daylight and has continued at intervals during the day. The weather has been cold and disagreeable. Lt. Gillis, our "Pap", has been on the sick bed today, and several of us have tried our hands as amateur cooks. My own health is not good, it seems impossible to get my bowels straight. Sunday Nov 13<sup>th</sup>. Another cold and disagreeable day of mingles snow, sleet, sunshine, and rain. The only event recurring to break the monotony with me, was the reception of a couple of letters. One (dated August 31<sup>st</sup>) was from my wife – she must have smuggled it into the U.S. in some way, as it was mailed to me by John Street in Cadiz, Ky – the other was from my brother in-law, John Richardson, a prisoner at Camp Morton. John writes me that the prisoners there are now restricted to writing one letter every ten days. In the evening I answered John's letter – and also wrote to Father over the name of Powell Mason. No preaching anywhere today, as there is now no place in the 'Pen' where service can be held in such unpleasant weather. I read a good deal in the "Recreations of Country Parson", and two or three religious tracts. Monday, Nov 14<sup>th</sup>. Rollcall was very unpleasant this morning, as we had to stand in line on the damp cold ground nearly an hour. I was again disappointed in the Express – can't imagine why my box of provisions (from Cousin Sue Ousley) hasn't come. I received (in Lt Bradshorn's box) a very fine blanket from D.M.Russell of Gainesville Ala, now in Montreal Canada. Another prisoner has been put in close confinement, under charges – he is a Lieut Smith of Kentucky, and he is now in solitary confinement in the little house recently used as an Express office. I pity these unfortunate Kentuckians; their devotion to the South costs many of them dear; for they seem to be peculiar objects of hatred of the Federal Government. Tuesday Nov 15<sup>th</sup>. The same dull and monotonous record to be wrote – No news of any sort, except the arrival of more prisoners, some fifty or sixty from Price's army in Missouri. \_\_\_ mail today I received a letter from Mrs Amanda Street, dated Oct 30<sup>th</sup>. Our mess determined today, in view of short rations and the rapid exhaustion of our boxes, to \_\_\_ only two meals per day during the winter. In this way, we may manage to eke out early living. There is a great deal of suffering among the Prisoners now – blankets, clothes, and food being very scarce. Wednesday – Nov 16<sup>th</sup>. A bright and pleasant day, and the sun rose warm and clear. Some stir in the papers in regard to the events now transpiring in Georgia. Sherman marching through the state on Augusta or Savannah, and Hood up in north Ala. No letters for me by mail today but I had the good fortune to receive by Express a small box of provisions from Cousin Sue Ousley. It contained a ham, sugar, coffee, butter, dried fruit, flour, and meal. I am sure the Yankees confiscated a portion of its content as two or three articles I wrote for were missing. This supply, however, will help our Room out for a while and I am grateful for what I did get. All Express packages are now opened and Examined outside of the "Pen", and this gives the Yanks a fair chance to steal whatever they want to. I saw several boxes today which had been rifled of half of their contents. Tomorrow being our mail day I have written several letter tonight – to my wife – to D.M.R – to Mrs. A.H.S. – and also to Mrs Sue O. How natural when night comes on to think about home – and how I long for the day to come when I shall see my wife and children. Thursday – Nov 17<sup>th</sup>. Quite a sensation early this morning in my room. Lt. High (of N 6), who cooks for Room 18, came in as usual a little after daylight, and commenced making preparations for breakfast; before he had been by the stove five minutes, he was seized with a fit, and fell down between the stove and the wall. Fortunately Major Slaton and myself were up, and after a good deal of trouble (and with some assistance from Cap Oattis and Lt Gillis) we succeeded in getting him out into the middle of the floor, and then up on a bunk. His hands were badly burned and his forehead cut a little by his falling on the wood. He remained insensible for about 20 minutes, and was soon by Dr Meadman's (Col 1<sup>st</sup> Ala) orders removed to the Hospital.

Nothing new in the papers, and no excitement in the "Pen" but the usual complaint about rations. Last night a fight occurred in Block 13 – Lumpkin (Ky) stabbed Moore (Ala) two or three times with a knife – wounds slight. L is a mere boy, about 16 and small. Friday Nov 18<sup>th</sup>. Nothing of interest recurred today – I rose, ate, read, ate, and walked as I do every day – This treadmill existence is enough to run a man crazy. I have spent a good portion of the day in my Ward in the Hospital. Dr Eversman (Fed Surgeon) has allowed the Association to purchase a small box of delicacies for the sick, and this morning with the assistance of Capt Oattis I made some boiled custard. The poor sick fellows seem to relish it very much – God knows they need all the light nutriment they can get in that horrible Hospital. Saturday – Nov 19<sup>th</sup>. Last night there was considerable excitement in here – Lt Col Palmer (now in command) is overhauling the Sutler's establishment. Lt Pigman was arrested about bedtime, and carried to the new prison, and rumor is says that Castell (Yankee Clerk) is under arrest on the outside. Capt Oattis made some Blane Mange this morning, and I had the pleasure of distributing it among my sick friends. Four or five of them are quite low with Chronic Diarrhea, and one poor fellow – Private Maxwell, 31<sup>st</sup> Miss (brought here from Camp Chase in Sept) – will soon be free from all trouble and trial here. His days are evidently numbered, and he will soon leave this terrible prison for the light and liberty of heaven. Sunday – Nov 20<sup>th</sup>. Lt Pigman was released today, and the affair seems to be blowing over – His alleged offence was disrespectful language to the proud and tyrannical brute who now commands here. My duty in my ward grows more interesting every day – truly it is more blessed to give than to receive. If the Federals will allows the Association to purchase what is so badly needed, much good can be done in the Hospital. God help and pity these poor soldiers languishing on sick beds in an enemy's jail! Wrote to Mother tonight (P.M.) – to Bill Hatter (J.M.B.) – and sent to John Richardson (at his request) the last letter I have rec'd from dear Jennie. God bless my loved ones tonight. Monday – Nov 21<sup>st</sup>. The weather has been very wintry and cold, a forerunner of what we many soon expect. This being my day on duty in the Hospital, I spent a great portion of the time in my ward, and had the satisfaction of furnishing each one of my flock with some little delicacy at dinner time. It is a great pleasure to wait on the sick when you are able to contribute to their comfort, and I take great delight in being a dispenser of the charities on the Association. Was quite unwell myself in the evening, and went to bed with a high fever. Tuesday – Nov 22<sup>nd</sup>. Have had no fever today, but have felt rather badly in consequence of last night's indisposition. Telegraphic news rather cheerful, in spite of the mystery which is attempted to be thrown over the condition of affairs by venal Yankee papers. Weather very cold today, the thermometer standing at 20°. Eight prisoners from Hood's army arrived today – they were captured near Florence, Ala. Poor Maxwell will probably die tonight, but professes himself ready. Dr Steadman told me today that he exerted himself to the utmost to have Maxwell included in the list of sick who left her seven weeks ago – but as he was only a private, the Federal Surgeon here would not consent. Another sad instance of Yankee cruelty and slow murder. Wednesday – Nov 23<sup>rd</sup>. As I expected, Maxwell dies last night, another sacrifice to the dread demon of war. No news of immediate importance, though it now seems to be certain that Sherman has started on his march through Georgia to Augusta, Savannah, or Charleston. I must confess to some uneasiness in regard to it, as I don't see how he is to be checked. Received a letter today from Bill Hatten, and wrote to my wife, to John Street (Enclosing permit for clothing), and to Cousin Sue. At night sat up in my ward in Hospital with Capt Rowe, being on Masonic detail. Today the supplies of Association for the use of the sick were exhausted – God bless Jennie and the babies. Thursday – Nov 24<sup>th</sup>. Felt rather dull and stupid all day, in consequence of my vigils last night. Visited my ward, though I had little else to distribute among my patients than cheering words. Considerable excitement in the "Pen" in the evening in regard to a theft. There has been great complaint in all the Blocks about bread and other rations being

frequently stolen. Last night a tin bucket, some beef, and lard, were stolen, and the bucket was found today in the possession of one Leah who lives in Block II. He claimed to have bought it last night, but failed to identify the man who sold it to him. A Court martial was convened by then chiefs of the different messes, and Leah will be tried as soon as it is ascertained that the Federal authorities will allow the prisoners to try and punish the accused. He is undoubtedly guilty, and richly deserves condign punishment; he claims to be a Lieutenant. Friday – Nov 25<sup>th</sup>. No paper this morning, as yesterday was Thanksgiving Day in Old Abe's dominions. It is believed in the "Pen" that a commissioner (from our midst) will be paroled to receive in N.Y. or elsewhere the supplies to be sent to us by our Government. An election was held this evening to elicit the preference of the prisoners, and it was quite an exciting time. There were about 20 candidates, the most prominent of whom were Col Fete (Tenn), Col Woods (Ala), and Col Murchison (Fla). The candidates made stump speeches, and a great deal of warm and exciting electioneering was done. The voting resulted in the election of Col Fete by a large majority vote. I don't believe this election will have influence at all on the selection of the Commissioner, and I have my little idea that any Commissioner will go \_\_\_\_ here. Still, this is quite a compliment to Col Fete. Weather quite warm and pleasant today. Nothing by mail or Express for me – but this was a disappointment, as I expected nothing. Saturday – Nov 26<sup>th</sup>. A very pleasant day, although it rained a little last night, and the sky has been cloudy this evening, promising a repetition of the shower. Capt Phillips received today by Express a few articles in the provision line – ten sugar, dried fruit and onions; there was some clothing also in his box, but this retained on the outside until he can get a permit to receive it. But the bright feature of the day with me was the mail – I had the extreme pleasure of receiving three letters from home – two from my dearest Jennie, and one from Father. My wife's letters were dated Oct 19<sup>th</sup> and 27<sup>th</sup>, and brought me the gratifying intelligence that she was very well, and that my children also were in fine health. My "young rebel" weighed 13 lbs the day he was one month old. Father's letter was dated Oct 30<sup>th</sup>, and announced the safe arrival at home of Lieut Moore – my letters, written about the last of Sept and 1<sup>st</sup> of Oct, were received safely – my plans and wishes all understood – and Father will comply with them as soon as possible. I shall soon expect a box from home, though I much fear that the rascally Yankees on the outside will steal half its contents. Oh! how delightful I would be to be transported to my home this Saturday night – to see and hear those loved ones. But I ought to feel grateful for His continued kindness to me and mine. My wife and children are well, and are not in want – my brother Ed was safe when last heard from – and everything is going on well at home. I should be worse than an infidel not to severely acknowledge the merciful hand of the Almighty in all this, and tonight my heart goes out in gratitude to Him. I have been happy and cheerful all day, and have indulgently \_\_\_\_\_ in many sweet dreams and thoughts of home. Thank God for His mercies to my dear ones. Sunday – Nov 27<sup>th</sup>. Another bright and pleasant day, and a \_\_\_\_\_ spirit of sunshine and cheerfulness seemed to pervade everything in the "Pen". As for myself, I have felt comparatively happy and contented – I have read over time and again those letters I received yesterday, and they have served to cheer me greatly. This was my day on detail in my Ward, but I had nothing to furnish to the sick – the supplies of the Association have given out entirely, and it does not seem that Dr Eversman intends letting us purchase any more delicacies. We sent out an order last Monday, but have not heard anything from it. No preaching in the "Pen" anywhere, and we (in Room 19) generally devote Sabbath evenings to writing letters. I have written today to Mr Beadles (Paducah) – to Bill Hatter ( as S.W.C.) – and to Father (as Powell M.). Capt Phillips today carried a letter to Dr Eversman for provisions, which he promised to approve and mail. It was to Cousin Sue – she will send the box. Monday – Nov 28<sup>th</sup>. Nothing has occurred in the Prison of any importance or interest. The telegraphic dispatches had nothing of an exciting character about them, and there is no definite news from

Sherman or Hood. The day has been quite bright and pleasant, unusually warm for this season of the year. Thank Heaven, I now have enough to eat, though there is no telling how long it will last; my mess still has 3 hams, 25 lbs flour, and a few other little luxuries left, though we look with dismay upon our rapidly decreasing store. If our boxes from "Dixie" do not soon arrive, we shall be in the same state of semi-starvation we were in two months ago. There is much suffering among the prisoners here from hunger – I see men (officers and gentlemen) every day \_\_\_\_\_ hunting and catching rats. I suppose that nearly 500 men in their enclosure eat rats every day, or whenever they can catch them. I have never eaten one yet, though I hear that they are very good. Tuesday – Nov 29<sup>th</sup>. The weather still continues warm and pleasant – when it does change, which we expect daily, it will probably be very cold, I shall then be fairly introduced to severities of a winter at Johnson's Island. I am troubled a good deal with Rheumatic pains in my back, which disturb me principally at night. They have spent every night with me for more than a week, and though I have not yet suffered any very acute pain at any time, I am becoming a little uneasy, about the matter. Received a letter today from Miss Kate Richardson, of Cadiz Ky – very friendly, though encased in a very highly ornamented Union envelope. Col Hill has returned at last and resumed command of this post, so we are now relieved from the petty tyranny of the mean and cruel Lt Col Fred Palmer. My roommates are all (except Capt Oattis) afflicted with a terrible mania for chessplaying – they play all day, but at night the season fairly sets in, and there are almost always two or three games going on from dusk until "Taps". I never did like the game, and feel less interest in it now than ever. Wednesday – Nov 30<sup>th</sup>. The last day of another month, and I am still here, a helpless, and almost a hopeless captive. How much longer I am to remain here, God alone knows, may He, in his gracious wisdom, order all things for the best and enable me to bow to His divine will. One year ago tonight I was at home surrounded by family and friends – now I am here, in a Military Prison – one year hence, where will I be? – Telegraphic news very cheering today – all seems to be right in Georgia, and Sherman is in a fair way to come to grief. How anxiously do we await the next news from the South. The weather still continues bright and warm – more like May than November. My heart is full of the memories of home – my dear wife and children, how I long to see you – Wrote to Mrs Richardon. Thursday – December 1<sup>st</sup>. Last night I wrote to my wife over the signature of W.A.H. and to Cousin Amanda as P.M. Great dearth of news in the papers this morning, though everything looks decidedly well for us. Dr Eversman sent in a second box of delicacies to the Y.M.C. Association, and I had the pleasure of again making up some nice custard for my sick friends. Tomorrow another committee will be appointed from the Association, to serve during this month, and then this relation (so pleasant to me, and I hope also to my ward) will be sundered. Four months ago this evening I made my debut at Johnson's Island as a prisoner – and during that time, only once has my foot stepped outside of the prison enclosure; that was about a week ago, when I went to the Lake under guard after water. The pumps being now frozen up for the winter, we are escorted twice a day to the Lake to get supplies of water. Weather still continues warm and pleasant, with a promise of rain. Friday, Dec 2<sup>nd</sup>. It rained last night, and this morning everything is wet, muddy, and sloppy. The Yankees claim (in the dispatches today) a victory over Hood at Franklin, Tenn, on Nov 30<sup>th</sup> – but, strange to say, after thrashing our army severely, they retreated in the night, 15 miles, closely pursued by the vanquished rebels. No news of any importance from affairs in Georgia, only that Sherman seems to be making for the coast with all possible speed. A few Dixie letters came in the mail today, and we look for more tomorrow; I expect several from home, and shall be much disappointed if they don't come. The Association held its weekly meeting this evening in Block 12, but nothing of special interest occurred. Lieut Newman in Room 20 takes my place as Committee man in Hospital from Block 1. I gave my ward a final \_\_\_\_\_ of custard and \_\_\_\_\_ this morning, and ~~fel fel~~ feel very sorry to part with them. I have become much attached to several

patients who have been under my care. Saturday Dec 3<sup>rd</sup>. Weather still continues warm and threatening rain though we are expecting it to change every day. The morning papers contain no confirmation of the reported fight at Franklin, and no important news from Sherman. Nothing new transpired today in the 'Pen', and everything goes on as monotonously as ever. I went out to the Lake this evening on water detail. No letters for me by mail – all the Dixie letters seem to have come by way of Savannah, and I don't expect any by that route. Sunday – Dec 4<sup>th</sup>. Another Sabbath in prison – no preaching, no public service of any kind. During last night it turned cold, and today the weather is quite wintry. I have spent the day in my room, reading and writing. Have written to Mrs. Maggie Webb, Louisville, Ky – to \_\_\_\_ L. Street as N.G. Oattis – and to Elliott, as W A Herring. Shall try another letter for provision to Cousin Amanda, and will try it as Capt Oattis. I think the other (written Oct 26<sup>th</sup>) must have failed in some way or other. Have thought much of home and its dear ones, my dear wife and children. Monday – Dec 5<sup>th</sup>. Nothing of much consequence recurred today – the weather was quite cool, and I found a \_\_\_\_\_ room, a good stove, and a pleasant book very attractive. Quite late at night a large number of prisoners, officers captured in Hood's late fight at Franklin, were brought into the "Pen". They came in between 'tattoo' and "taps", and of course we were not allowed to go out of our rooms to see them. We all fell much interested in seeing them, for all expect that perhaps some of our friends may be among them. They were conducted to the large rooms in the Blocks at the lower end of the "Pen", and we must retrain our curiosity until morning. Tuesday – Dec 6<sup>th</sup>. I arose \_\_\_\_\_ this morning, and went down to see the prisoners who arrived last night. Thus far I have found but two acquaintances among them – Lieut John King of Tuskaloor, and Lt Phil Peirson – I was glad to learn that Clayton's Division was not in the fight. John King took breakfast and dinner with us. I regretted very much to hear of the death of Capt John Carson, of Greenboro' – he was a most estimable young man and a gallant officer. Dr Woodbridge came in today to see the sick, and (through Capt Phillips) I sent off the sick letter referred to on the 4<sup>th</sup>. It was written in my own name, though I was personated by Phillips. Received a letter today from Bill Hatter, at Camp Chase. Glad to hear that his health is good. Wednesday – Dec 7<sup>th</sup>. \_\_\_\_ Thursday Dec 8<sup>th</sup>. Nothing to disturb the interesting monotony of prison life – Weather very cold, and snow falling and melting and freezing alternately. Wrote a letter to Miss Kate Richardson and also to Bill Hatter. Received none from any source. Have kept very closely in my room, and have suffered a good deal with the "blues". Am looking every day for my overcoat from Mr Foard. Friday – Dec 9<sup>th</sup>. Weather still continues very cold, and the whole face of the island is covered with a snowy mantle. Mails are now small and irregular, and no Express has come in for two days. Dr Woodbridge today sent back to me the letter for provisions which Phillips carried to him on Tuesday – so that's a failure. I shall try him again soon; if I don't succeed in my object, I will at least annoy Woodbridge a little. He sent back also a similar letter to my roommate, Major Handley. Saturday – Dec 10<sup>th</sup>. Quite an important change in some of the Prison Regulations today. Col Hill has revoked all the \_\_\_\_ tyrannical edicts of that beast Palmer, and in addition has increased some of our privileges a little. We are to be allowed in future to write three letters per week, to be sent out on Monday, Wednesday, and Fridays – All official communications, orders, sutler's requisitions, applications, and everything except letters to correspondents must be put in a large box which is located near the south gate. This is kept locked, and its content will be taken out every morning (Sundays excepted) at 9 o'clock – these papers, the order says will meet with prompt attention. All Express matter hereafter will be brought into the Pen before it is opened – each box or packed will then be opened and inspected in the presence of whom it is addressed, and if all is right, will be delivered at once. Hurrah for old Hill! if he would only feed us a little better now I would be a strong Hill man. A very large Express came in today, but nothing for Room 19. Sunday – Dec 11<sup>th</sup>. Still snowy and cold; I suppose winter has

now fairly set in. A few Dixie letters came in the mail today, but none for me. Our stock of extras in the commissary line is rapidly playing out now, and we will soon be down to Government rations again. We still manage to eke out two meals per day, without eating rats. These animals, so plentiful last summer, are becoming quite scarce in some of the Blocks – for they are eagerly hunted, caught, and eaten. Today I wrote a letter to my wife (W.A.H), and also one to Cousin Amanda Street, enclosing a Gutta Percha ring ~~to her~~. As we are to be allowed to write three letters per week, I hope soon to get even with my correspondence, and I will then confine myself to what is allowed by Regulations. Monday – Dec 12<sup>th</sup>. This morning I wrote to Dr Woodbridge for permission to send off for some provisions, though I hardly think it will do any good. It is simply an experiment and costs nothing even if it fails. Rations are getting rather short again, and it behooves Room 19 to stir itself on that point. The lake is now froze over, but not strong enough to bear a wagon, until that takes place, I suppose we will have no more Express. Very cold today, and wood short. Tuesday – Dec 13<sup>th</sup>. Quite an unusual excitement on the Island last night and this morning. About 1 o'clock in the night a small part of prisoners made an attempt to scale the walls and escape – the moon was shining brightly, and this with the snow on the ground, made it almost as light as day. Of course they were discovered and fired upon, and then the majority of the crowd retreated to the Hospital which was the nearest building. Some seven or eight succeeded in scaling the wall, and some made their way to the Peninsula. All but one have been retaken and brought in – he (Capt Allison) is still at large. Lt Bowles of Kentucky was the only man struck by the balls, though some twenty shots were fired; he was shot dead just at the wall. The affair cause quite a commotion – the long-roll was beat, and several cannon shots fired – and the Yankees were stirred up generally. This morning a general muster of the Prisoners was had, in order to see who was missing. As I did not fancy the idea of standing out in the air for an hour or so this cold morning, I got sick and went to bed, remaining there until the muster was over. No Express today, and only a very small mail. Dr Woodbridge sent back my sick letter without any comment on it. Twice I have failed in this, but I'll try him again – and I intend to stick to him until I do succeed in this matter, or I'll devil the life nearly out of him. Wrote a letter to Mrs James Kinnaird, of Danville, Ky, agreeable to the request of my friend John Martin. Did not write any other letter – so this is the first mail in a long time when I have confined myself to the one letter allowed by the Prison Regulations. In fact, I get so few letters these days, that I don't see any necessity for writing so many. In future, I intend to write home, once every week, \_\_\_\_\_ will answer all the letters I receive. If my Ky \_\_\_\_\_ see fit to drop one, it is all right. Wednesday – Dec 14<sup>th</sup>. The weather has been very changeable today, cold in the morning, to warm at midday that the ice and snow melted rapidly, but by dark it grew cold again, and the ground is now frozen hard. I made a mistake yesterday in regard to Capt Allison's being still out; he did not get over the wall, and so all those who escaped have been recaptured. Lt John B. Bowles, who was killed, is a son of Judge Bowles, President of the Bank of Louisville Kentucky. His brother, \_\_\_\_\_ Bowles (Morgan's Command) has obtained permission to send his body home as soon as he can procure a metallic case from Sandusky. There are four corpses now in the Dead house of the Hospital. No meat was issued to the Prisoners today, as the beef intended for them was lost this morning as it came over from Sandusky, by the ice giving way. True to their human instincts – the prison authorities did not supply its place though there is any quantity of pork on the island. Thus nearly 3000 hungry men were made to suffer through the negligence of the Yankees who were bringing over the beef. Our appetites seem to grow keener as the weather becomes colder. May God help those in here who are suffering from cold and hunger. I think my own condition hard enough, and yet I know very well that I am more comfortable in every way than fully two thirds of the inmates of this prison. No Express has been brought over from Sandusky since Friday – there must be quite an accumulation of it over there by

this time. I am tolerably confident that I have two boxed over there, and I am anxious for them to be brought over. Am expecting an overcoat from Mr Foard, which I need more and more every day. No letters for 19 today – in fact our room has been very unfortunate lately in that particular. Sent back my letter to Dr Woodbridge. Thursday – Dec 15<sup>th</sup>. I had the good fortune this morning to receive a letter from Father, written in Richmond on the 4<sup>th</sup> inst, and sent through the lines in some way when he left home all was well. He was in Richmond with boxed of provision for myself and several friends – these boxes are the fruits of the letters I’ve sent home on the 6<sup>th</sup> Oct. Capt Oattis received a letter in the same way from his brother, who is in Richmond with Father. The two together have there for our room seven boxes and one barrel of eatables, and are waiting for a flag of truce boat to ship them to us. I highly appreciate and feel very thankful to father for this extraordinary piece of kindness; he has gone to a great deal of trouble and expense and has taken a long, hazardous, and harassing trip to Richmond in order to send me supplies. I do hope we may receive the boxed safely; if so, Room 19 will have on hand provisions for six months. Wrote a letter today to Lee Whelan who is at Rock Island. I intend in future to confine myself to the one letter allowed at each mail, unless there should be some special and pressing occasion. The Yankees have discovered the trick of using other names, and several officers have recently been notified that their correspondence is cut off entirely. Weather moderating some, and I hope the ice will soon break up – as I am much interested in the Express just now. Have been thinking a great deal about home today – Father’s letter says that my dear Jennie and the little ones are well and their names awaken a host of tender recollections. Ossian truly says that “The joys of the past, \_\_\_\_\_ the music of \_\_\_\_\_ yet mournful to the soul”. I still have strong hopes that the future has many \_\_\_\_\_ and happy days in store for me. Friday – Dec 16<sup>th</sup>. Weather continues to moderate, and the snow is gradually thawing and disappearing; but I am much afraid that this warm spell will not last long enough to break up the ice in the bay. I am troubled a little with a return of Rheumatic pains in my back, but I hope it will be nothing serious. Nothing for me by mail, and nothing specially new or interesting in the papers. The day has passed off and monotonously as any Rip Van Winkle could have wished. Saturday – Dec 17<sup>th</sup>. Weather still war; rain fell slightly last night, and still cloudy today. The Yankee telegraph this morning claims for Thomas another victory over Hood. The ‘Sandusky’ states that a Col Wisenell, of the Veteran Reserve Corps, has been ordered here to take command of Johnson’s Island; this will create a fresh source of annoyance and trouble to us. A change of commanders always involves numerous inspections, musters, new orders, and a thousand little petty tyrannies which could only be suggested by Yankee malice and meanness. Each successive hand at the wheel seems to fear that he will not exceed his predecessor in severity. The affair will be bad enough for us anyhow, but if (as I hear) the new Commandant turns out to be a Dutch Man, then we will suffer indeed. Sunday – Dec 18<sup>th</sup>. Weather damp and rainy – the ice gradually melting, and the water from the Lake has made a considerable inroad into the frozen surface of Sandusky Bay. Two or Three letter received in the pen this morning from the South by way of Memphis – non for Major S or myself, though we both confidently expect home letters tomorrow. My communication with Cadiz and Hopkinsville is now effectually cut by Gen Lyon – but my friends seemed to have ~~eat~~ quit writing anyhow, so probably I don’t lose much. Wrote to my dear wife today, though I have not much hope of its reaching her. How I do long for liberty once more, and sight of home and those dear ones who \_\_\_\_\_ its name. Monday – Dec 19<sup>th</sup>. The Sandusky paper claims in its telegraphic column a great victory won by Thomas over Hood – if true, it must have been a second edition of the Missionary Ridge affair. A great many deride the dispatched, but I am afraid that there must be some truth in them. They also claim that Sherman has reached the coast, capturing For McAllister, and is now investing Savannah. Tuesday – Dec 20<sup>th</sup>. The dispatches this morning seem to corroborate those of yesterday –

Sherman has no doubt reached the coast; and affairs wear as bad look around Nashville. I am in very low spirits about it – This seems to me to be the darkest day of the war. Wrote a letter (for Tomorrow's mail) to Father. Wednesday – Dec 21<sup>st</sup>. Yankees still jubilant over Thomas' great victory over Hood – It is very evident to me that hood has been outgeneraled and badly whipped and that his army is probably routed and demoralized. A general gloom pervades the "Pen" – God help our suffering cause and country. Col Mike L. Woods (46<sup>th</sup> Ala), of Montgomery, today received a semiofficial notification that he had been exchanged – Though he does not know certainly when he will leave. A very bad and gloomy day – it had been snowing ever since breakfast. I feel very sad tonight – Oh! for a sigh of wife, children, and parents. Thursday – Dec 22<sup>nd</sup>. The only even occurring today to break the monotony of prison life was the arrival of Maj Gen Ed Johnson, Brig Genls Henry R. Jackson and \_\_\_\_\_ Smith, accompanied by over 300 officers of lower grade – all recently captured in the disgraceful affaire of Nashville. I was glad to see that no officer of the 36<sup>th</sup> Ala Reg was in the crowd, and only one (of 32<sup>nd</sup>) from my brigade. As yet I have found no old friends or acquaintances among them. Gen Jackson is a distant connection, but I have not yet spoken to him. Received a letter today from Bill Hatter – all our boys at Camp Chase are well. Friday Dec 23<sup>rd</sup>. Among the prisoners who arrived yesterday I was this morning sorry to find my old friend Major Ben Hardwick of Carthage, Ala, now a Lieut in Ed Tarrant's' Battery. He is in the Hospital, being slightly wounded on side of the head with a piece of a shell – he seems to be very cheerful, and is far from being demoralized. This morning I mailed a letter of inquiry to Mr R.C.Hutchinson, Vicksburg, Miss. Twenty odd more officers arrived today, captured on the Harpeth River on the 17<sup>th</sup> inst – among them were ten(10) of the 18<sup>th</sup> Ala, my only acquaintance being Capt J.M. Ryser of Stone's old Co. Saturday – Dec 24<sup>th</sup>. This morning I met to my great surprise an old college friend, John D. Weedon, no Col of 49<sup>th</sup> Ala – I have not seen him since we were fellow students at the Univ of Ala. Received today a highly satisfactory letter from Mr L.N. Beadles, of Paducah, informing me that my brother-in-law, William H Richardson, had deposited \$100 with him to my credit. I was much gratified at this, as I need the money badly. Sunday – Dec 25<sup>th</sup>. Christmas Day in prison! How many pleasant recollections are associated with the word Christmas – too many and too pleasant to recall here, for they contrast too deeply with the circumstances which surround me here. We had a very good breakfast – coffee (unsweetened, but good), biscuit, fried ham, and stowed fruit; but our dinner was very poor – beef water that rejoiced in the name of soup. The day has passed off very sadly and wearily to me – I have been thinking incessantly of that dear family circle at home – I Know they have "missed me at home" today, and that loving hearts were saddened by the \_\_\_\_\_ abuse of the soldier – boys. Wrote a business letter to Beadles, and also answer to Bill Hatter's last (as W.A.H). Met Doc (Dabney) \_\_\_\_\_ unexpectedly today – he arrived here on Thursday. Monday – Dec 26<sup>th</sup>. I forgot yesterday to chronicle the departure of Col Mike L. Woods – he left about 5 o'clock P.M. for Dixie. I sent by him (in Col Hutch's box) a couple of prison rings to my wife and Addie. On Saturday Doctor Woodbridge returned to me my sick letter after keeping it over ten days. Another failure, but I'll give him another. Today a large lot of Express was brought in – the first since the 9<sup>th</sup> inst. Capt Phillips was the only fortunate one in Room 19 – he got a small box of very good clothing; the rest of were disappointed, but still hope, as there is a great deal of Express in Sandusky that has not been brought over to the Island yet. The weather is warm and rainy, and the Lake bids fair soon to thaw and break up. Tuesday – Dec 27<sup>th</sup>. Still Rainy and quite warm – Nothing specially new or interesting in the Pen, except that Col Hill has issued an order prohibiting the N.Y. News and such papers as \_\_\_\_\_ tell the truth from coming in to prisoners. The Yankee dispatches this morning claim another brilliant victory over Hood (which I doubt), and also that Savannah has fallen (which I fully believe). I am very low-spirited about the present state of affairs – Heaven seems to be against us, and the enemy is almost

having things his own way. Tonight I wrote a letter to my dear wife – how I do long for home and the pleasant society of its loved ones. Wednesday – Dec 28<sup>th</sup>. Today I went with a party of Masons to perform the last sad rites of our Order for a deceased brother – Lieut Lawshe, of Miss. He was captured at Nashville, inhumanly stripped of his coat and shoes, and in that condition was carried to Louisville. There some sympathizing ladies supplied him, but it was too late, that trip in horribly cold weather had inflicted a fatal injury. He lingered only three days after reaching here, and died on Monday morning – another victim to Yankee barbarity. My little boy is three months old today – how many thousand things continually occur to remind me of Jennie, the children, and all the dear ones at home. Some \_\_\_ in the papers about exchange, but I am afraid to hope. Thursday – Dec 29<sup>th</sup>. Today I received a letter from John Richardson, which I answered at night as P.M. Wrote also to S.S.Grant, Cincinnati, Ohio, who formerly lived in Tuscaloosa. Days succeed one another so monotonously now that it is almost a waste of time to chronicle them. I will keep up a regular journal until the old year closes up its account, and after that will content myself with jotting down the reception and writing of letters, and any events that may occur to break the tedium of captivity. No special news by telegraph today – and nothing of any interest in the “Pen”. Friday – Dec 30<sup>th</sup>.

Richmond fell April 2<sup>nd</sup> 1865.

General Lee surrendered April 9<sup>th</sup> 1865.

Abraham Lincoln assassinated April 14<sup>th</sup> 1865.

General Joe Johnston surrendered April 29<sup>th</sup> 1865.

General Dick Taylor surrendered May 1865.

General Kirby Smith surrendered May 1865.

Andrew Johnson’s Proclamation issued May 29<sup>th</sup> 1865.

Account of Clothes washed for Maj Slaton and Self by Lieut \_\_\_\_\_ of Block 3

<del>Feb 10<sup>th</sup> 1865</del>	Maj S.	A.H.H.	Total	Maj S	A.H.H.	Total
Feb 10 <sup>th</sup> 1865	<del>4</del> 3 pcs	4pcs	<del>8</del> 7 pces	15c	20c	35c
Feb 17 <sup>th</sup>	4	4	8	20c	20c	40c Paid
						by A.H.H.

Washing Acc't with Powell Mason of Block 10

Name	<del>Date</del>	Date	No Pieces	Price	Credits
D.H. Britten		Feb 27 <sup>th</sup> .65	3	15c	
A.H. Hutchinson		“ “	4	20c	<del>March 14<sup>th</sup>, 05 cents</del>
W.T. Slaton		“ “			

W.L. Rowe	“	“	v 6	v 30c	65	3.20
H.R. Phillips	“	“	v 4	v 20c	85	2.55
D.H. Britten	March 6 <sup>th</sup>		4	20c	110	2.35
A.H. Hutchinson	“	“	3	15c	85	80
W.T. Slaton	“	“	3	15c	105	<u>1.50</u>
W. L. Rowe	“	“	v3	v15c	<u>1.20</u>	10.40
H.R. Phillips	“	“	v6	v30c	\$5.70	<u>2.15</u>
D.H. Britten	“	13 <sup>th</sup>	3	15c		\$12.55
A.H. Hutchinson	“	“	5	25	<del>5/1255</del>	<del>20</del> <del>13/20</del> <del>20/5.00</del>
W.T. Slaton	“	“	5	25		March 14 <sup>th</sup> - \$1.20
W. L. Rowe	“	“	v2	v10		2+3+6=11=25c Paid
H.R. Phillips	“	“	v3	v10		2+6+4=12=60c Paid
A.H. Hutchinson	“	15 <sup>th</sup>	4	20		March 19 <sup>th</sup> - \$1.00
W. L. King	“	18 <sup>th</sup>	10	50		March 21 <sup>st</sup> - \$1.00
A.H. Hutchinson	“	20 <sup>th</sup>	6	30		<del>April 7<sup>th</sup></del>
W. L. King	“	“	2	10.		30
D.H. Britten	“	“	3	15		3.20
W. T. Slaton	“	“	5 4	25		
A.H. Hutchinson	“	27 <sup>th</sup> .	9	45		
D.H. Britten	“	“	3	15		
W.T. Slaton	“	“	4	20		
D. S. Wier	“	“	8	20	Total	\$5.35
					Cr	<u>3.20</u>
					Bal due	\$2.15

Washing Account of Room 19. Block 1 with Powell Mason of Block 10

Amount brought forward \$2.15

	April	No Pces	Cost	
D.H. Britten	3	5	25	
A.H. Hutchinson	"	5	25	Cr - .
W. T. Slaton	"	4	20	April 7 <sup>th</sup> - 30 cents.
D.S. Wier	"	3	15	' 12 <sup>th</sup> - \$2.25 = 2.55
D.H. Britten	10 <sup>th</sup>	3	15	
A.H. Hutchinson	"	4	20	
W. T. Slaton	"	3	15	75.40.45= 1.60+2.15=3.75
D.S. Wier	"	5	25	3.75 - 2.55 = 1.20
				Balance due - April 12 <sup>th</sup> = \$1.20

\_\_\_\_\_ April 17<sup>th</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

D.H. Britten	_____	65
A.H. Hutchinson	_____	85
W. T. Slaton	_____	<u>80</u>
D. S. Wier	_____	230

Bal due \$ 1.20

	Ap 17	Ap 24	May 1	May 8	May 15	May 22		
	No	\$ No	\$ No	\$ No	\$ No	\$ No	\$	Credit
	pcs	pcs	pcs	pcs	pcs	pcs		
D.H. Britten	3 15	3 15	3 15	3 15	3 15	1 5		May 22 <sup>nd</sup> 1865
A.H. Hutchinson	4 20	4 20	5 25	4 20	5 25	6 30		Flour - 1.00
W. T. Slaton	3 15	3 15	4 20	4 20	4 20	3 15		<u>Lard</u> 1.35
D.S. Wier	3 15	3 15	4 20	3 15	3 15	3 15		2.35
J. T. Christian	- -	4 20	3 15	3 15	2 10	4 20		May 27 <sup>th</sup> 1865
___ Payne	- -	- -	3 15	- -	3 15	3 15		<u>Lessons</u>
Frank Ervin	-----				1 5	2 10		Cheese - 80

May 28<sup>th</sup> 1865. Room 19 - Dr - \$6.80 - Cr \$3.15 = Bal Due - \$3.65

	May	May 29	June 5	June 12	June 19	June 26	Due Powell Mason
	No	\$ No	\$ No	\$ No	\$ No	\$ No	\$ May 28 <sup>th</sup> 1865. \$3.65
	pcs	pcs	pcs	pcs	pcs	pcs	
H. Britton	2	10	<del>Hashing Jo Kobs — 50cts —</del>				Cr – May 27 <sup>th</sup> (!) 1.5
J.T. Christian	3	15	2	10	25+10+20+70=1.25		By Tobacco \$1.50
F.H. Ervin	4	20	Gone to Hospital				Cr June 9 <sup>th</sup> - .65
A. H. Hutchinson	5	25	4	20	5	25	Bal due - \$1.50
___ Payne	Left May 29 <sup>th</sup> on parole						1.25
W.T. Slaton	Left May 29 <sup>th</sup> on oath						35
___ Wier	2	10	3	15	2	10	

James Jackson Hutchinson - Born Feb 4<sup>th</sup> 1863. Joined M.E. Church, in the year 1852-3, at LaGrange College in North Alabama. Graduated at LaGrange with 1<sup>st</sup> Honor in a class of 16, in July 1854. Taught school at Summerfield, Ala, two years. Was assist Engineer (Civil) in N. E and L.W. Ala R.R. one year – Studied law, and practiced two years in Livingston, Ala. In 1861, enlisted in Dents’ Co. 5<sup>th</sup> Ala Reg’t – was A.L.M. sergeant one year – In 1862, was appointed A.C.S. of 5<sup>th</sup> Ala Reg’t. In 1863, was appointed A.D.C (1<sup>st</sup> Lieut) on the staff of Maj Gen R.E. Rodes A.W. Va. Served as such until May 12<sup>th</sup> 1864, when he was killed in the discharge of duty, at Spotsylvania C.H. Va.

Joseph Hutchinson –Born April 19<sup>th</sup> 1843, Joined M.E. Church, in the year 185 , at Tuskaalora Ala. Graduated at University of Ala, with the 1<sup>st</sup> honor in a class of 18, in July 1860. Taught school at Belmont Ala (after taking a course one year in Chemistry in Southern University (Methodist) at Greensboro) from fall of 1861 to Feb 1862. Enlisted as a private in Capt J.A. \_\_\_\_\_’s Co C. 36<sup>th</sup> Ala. In March 4<sup>th</sup> 1863. Appointed Corporal in winter of 1862 – served well and faithfully as a soldier until sept 20<sup>th</sup> 1863, when he was killed in the battle of Chickamauga in North Georgia.

June 9<sup>th</sup> 1865.

We owe Devaughan 9 cents on month of May. Burt is paid up to Wednesday June 14<sup>th</sup>. We owe Mason for washing --.

Elliot Norris Hutchinson – Born Dec 22<sup>nd</sup> 1846. Joined M.E. Church, in the year 1857, at Tuskalooora, Ala. Served one year (1864-5) in the Confederate Army, as a private in Gen \_\_\_\_\_ Brigade, in and near Mobile, Ala. Graduated with 1<sup>st</sup> Honor at Southern University – Greensboro Ala, in July 1866. Died of Typhoid Fever, Oct 6<sup>th</sup> 1866 in Greensboro, Ala -.

Joseph Johnston Hutchinson – Born Sept 7<sup>th</sup> 1810. Joined M.E. Church, in Montgomery, Ala, 1845. Graduated at Franklin College, Athens Ga in 1832(or 3). Practiced law successfully several years – edited the “Journal” in Montgomery Ala – Represented Montgomery County several terms in the State Legislature – Farmed in Montgomery and Dallas Counties – Preached in the Ala Conference 12 years. Wrecked in body and mind by the results of the war and by the death of his sons, he died of Chronic Diarrhea and General Debility, Feb 27<sup>th</sup> 1869.

Bible Promises, in which we of this age are interested -.

Genesis,

8<sup>th</sup> Chap. Verses 21 & 22 – “I will not again curse the ground any more for man’s sake; neither will I again smite any more everything living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.”

9<sup>th</sup> Chap. Verse II. – “Neither shall all flesh be cut off anymore by the \_\_\_\_\_ of a flood; neither shall there anymore be a flood to destroy the earth”. -. Of this, the Rainbow is the sign – see following verses.

1865. Letter Memoranda. Written –

Jun 30<sup>th</sup>. Sent to Mr Foard. Maj Henagan’s permit for an overcoat and two pair socks

Feb 9<sup>th</sup>. ~~By Contra, to Cousin Amanda for provision to H.R.R.~~

Feb 10<sup>th</sup>. Wrote to Mrs. James Robb, New York City.

Feb 2<sup>nd</sup>. Answered Connie F’s letter rec’d Jan 29<sup>th</sup>.

Jan 25<sup>th</sup>. “ Lee Whelan’s “ “ “ 22- (W.A.H.)

Feb 8<sup>th</sup>. “ V.C. Vanhoosee “ “ Feb 2<sup>nd</sup>.

Jan 31<sup>st</sup>. “ Rainey’s “ “ Jan 27<sup>th</sup>.

Feb 12<sup>th</sup>. “ Beadle’s “ “ Feb 11<sup>th</sup>.

“ 15<sup>th</sup>. “ Sent John R’s letter to Jennie.

“ 17<sup>th</sup>. “ Mrs Webb’s letter (6<sup>th</sup>), rec’d Feb 16<sup>th</sup>.  
 “ 12<sup>th</sup>. “ Bill Hatters “ (Jan 26<sup>th</sup>) “ Feb 8<sup>th</sup>.  
 “ 20<sup>th</sup>. Wrote W.H. Richardson – business letter –  
 “ 20<sup>th</sup>. Answered Lee Whelan’s letter of Feb 3<sup>rd</sup>. (P.M)  
 “ 22<sup>nd</sup>. Wrote to Provost Marshal, Nashville, about John Chambers.  
 “ 24<sup>th</sup>. Ans’d V.C. Vanhoose’s letter of 16<sup>th</sup>, rec’d Feb 23<sup>rd</sup>.  
 “ 27<sup>th</sup>. Wrote to Mrs. Fecklain, acknowledging receipt of \$10.  
 “ 28<sup>th</sup>. Ans’d Cousin Sue’s letter of Feb 15<sup>th</sup> rec’d today.  
 March 1<sup>st</sup>. Ans’d Mrs. Robb’s letter of Feb 21<sup>st</sup> rec’d 28<sup>th</sup>.  
 “ 3<sup>rd</sup>. “ Gen Beall’s “ “ “ 24<sup>th</sup>. “ March 2<sup>nd</sup>.  
 “ 5<sup>th</sup>. “ Cousin Amanda “ “ “ 21<sup>st</sup> “ “ “.  
 “ 6<sup>th</sup>. Sent to Mrs. Robb my permit for clothing.  
 “ 7<sup>th</sup>. Ans’d Lee Whelan’s letter of Feb 26<sup>th</sup> – rec’d March 4<sup>th</sup> (T.D)  
 “ 9<sup>th</sup>. “ John Richardson “ “ “ 16<sup>th</sup> - “ “ 1<sup>st</sup>- \_\_\_\_  
 “ 9<sup>th</sup>. “ Connie Foard’s “ “ “ 10<sup>th</sup> - “ “ 8<sup>th</sup>.  
 “ 8<sup>th</sup>. “ Kate Richardson’s “ “ “ 3<sup>rd</sup>. “ “ 5<sup>th</sup>.  
 “ 12<sup>th</sup>. “ Maggie Foard’s “ “ “ 2<sup>nd</sup>. “ “ 9<sup>th</sup>.  
~~“ 14<sup>th</sup>. Wrote (by H.R.P) to Mrs. Robb and Mrs. A. H. Street.~~  
 “ 15<sup>th</sup> Wrote (for Capt Rowe) to Miss Anna Rodes.  
 “ 14<sup>th</sup>. “ (by H.R.P) to Father.  
 “ 20<sup>th</sup>. “ to Brother Elliot – via Vicksburg.  
 “ 20<sup>th</sup>. Wrote to Father, via Vicksburg  
 “ 22<sup>nd</sup>. Ans’d William Richardson’s letter of Feb 20<sup>th</sup>, rec’d March 18.  
 “ 22<sup>nd</sup>. Wrote to my wife – by G.G.W  
 “ 20<sup>th</sup>. Wrote (W.L.K.) to Post Surgeon at Nashville  
 “ 21<sup>st</sup> Wrote (T.M.D.) to Cousin Sue Ousley

Letter Memoranda                      Written

- March 24<sup>th</sup>.      Answered J. Rainey's letter of March 9<sup>th</sup> rec'd March 16<sup>th</sup>.
- “      27<sup>th</sup>.      Wrote to John L. Street.
- “      31<sup>st</sup>.      Answered Miss Anna Rodes letter of 23<sup>rd</sup>, rec'd 30<sup>th</sup>.
- April 3<sup>rd</sup>.      Wrote to Miss Ida Miller, Evansville, Indiana
- “      5<sup>th</sup>.      Wrote to my wife via Vicksburg
- “      7<sup>th</sup>.      Wrote to Mrs. Elizabeth Robb – New York.
- “      7<sup>th</sup>.      Dick Wier wrote to Commandant at Camp Chase
- “      7<sup>th</sup>.      Britton wrote to Post Surgeon, Louisville Ky
- “      10<sup>th</sup>.      Ans'd Mother's letter of Feb 21<sup>st</sup>, rec'd April 6<sup>th</sup>
- “      12<sup>th</sup>.      Wrote business letter to Mr Foard
- “      14<sup>th</sup>.      Wrote to Commandant Prison, Print Lookout \_\_\_\_
- “      17<sup>th</sup>.      Ans'd my wife's letter of Feb 20<sup>th</sup>, rec'd April 8<sup>th</sup>.
- “      19<sup>th</sup>.      Answered Rainey's letter of April 6<sup>th</sup>, rec'd April 16.
- “      21<sup>st</sup>.      Answered Miss Ida Miller's letter of Apr 11<sup>th</sup>, rec'd Ap \_\_\_\_
- “      23<sup>rd</sup>.      Wrote to Father – via Vicksburg – (T.M.B).
- “      24<sup>th</sup>.      Answered Miss Anna Rodes' letter of Apr 10<sup>th</sup>, rec'd Ap 2\_
- “      26<sup>th</sup>.      Answered John D. Street's letter of Ap 8<sup>th</sup>, rec'd Apr 23<sup>rd</sup>.
- “      28<sup>th</sup>.      Wrote to Mr. D.M. Russell, Montreal, Canada West.
- May 1<sup>st</sup>.      Wrote to my wife, via Vicksburg, Miss
- “      3<sup>rd</sup>.      Wrote to W.H. Richardson, via Beadles in Paducah
- “      5<sup>th</sup>.      Wrote to Miss Maggie Foard, Beverly, Ky.
- “      8<sup>th</sup>.      Wrote to Mrs. Amada Street. Cadiz, Ky.
- “      10<sup>th</sup>.      Ans'd Miss Ida Miller's letter of April 27<sup>th</sup>. Rec'd May 9<sup>th</sup>.
- “      12<sup>th</sup>.      Wrote to Mrs. Sue Ousley, Beverly, Ky.

- “ 15<sup>th</sup>. “ “ “ Cornelia Foard, Rogersville, Tenn
- “ 15<sup>th</sup>. Wrote to Father, by Lt Bell –
- “ 16<sup>th</sup>. Ans’d Miss Maggie Foard’s letter of May 6<sup>th</sup>, rec’d \_\_\_\_\_
- “ 17<sup>th</sup>. Wrote to John Richardson, Paducah, Ky. (T.M.B)
- “ 19<sup>th</sup>. Wrote to John L. Street, Cadiz, Ky.
- “ 19<sup>th</sup>. Wrote to my wife, by Lt Ed Pegues.
- “ 22<sup>nd</sup>. Wrote to Mr R Foard, Beverly Ky.
- “ 22<sup>nd</sup>. Wrote to mother, by Lt \_\_\_ Owen.
- “ 22<sup>nd</sup>. Answered Miss Ida Miller’s letter of May 16<sup>th</sup>, rec’d 23<sup>rd</sup>.
- “ 26<sup>th</sup>. Wrote Miss Maggie Foard. Beverly Ky.
- “ \_\_\_ Wrote to my wife by Major Oattis.

#### 1865 Letter Memoranda – Written

- May 29<sup>th</sup> Wrote to Mrs. A.H. Street, Cadiz, Ky
- May 31<sup>st</sup> Wrote to Miss Anna Rodes, Lexington Ky
- June 2<sup>nd</sup> Wrote to Mr. T. Rainey, Newbury, N.Y.
- June 5<sup>th</sup> Answered Miss Maggie Foard’s letter of May 23.
- June 7<sup>th</sup> Wrote to John W Richardson, Paducah, Ky
- June 9<sup>th</sup> Answered Miss Ida Miller’s letter of May 31<sup>st</sup>. rec’d June 7<sup>th</sup>.
- June 9<sup>th</sup> Wrote to Father by Lieut \_\_\_\_\_
- June 11<sup>th</sup> Wrote to Mrs. A.H. Street (reply to hers of May 27<sup>th</sup>) by Cooke
- June 11<sup>th</sup> Wrote to Miss Ida Miller, Evansville, Ind.
- June 11<sup>th</sup> Wrote to Miss Maggie Foard, Beverly, Ky
- June 12<sup>th</sup> Ans’d John Richardson’s letter of May 31<sup>st</sup>, rec’d June 8
- June 12<sup>th</sup> Ans’d Miss Anna Rode’s letter of June 5<sup>th</sup>, rec’d June 10<sup>th</sup>
- June 13<sup>th</sup> Wrote (by Gilbert) to Father

June 13<sup>th</sup> Wrote (by Gilbert) to Mrs. Connie Foard, Rogersville Tenn

_____ -	25.00		C.E.O -	25.00
Mrs. C -	15.00		_____ -	15.00
_____ -	5.00		_____ -	5.00
_____ -	30.00		_____ -	<u>25.00</u>
_____ -	50.00			70.00
_____ -	10.00	35.00		
_____ -	5.00	15.00		
_____ -	5.00	72.00		
_____ -	15.00	<u>41.25</u>		
_____ -	10.00	163.25		
_____ -	60.00			
_____ -	20.00			
_____ -	35.00			
_____ -	15.00			
_____ -	25.00			
_____ -	47.00			
_____ -	6.25			
_____ -	5.00			
_____ -	30.00			

Letters received from home during my captivity

1. October 3<sup>rd</sup> 1864 ----- dated Sept 5<sup>th</sup> ----- from my wife - 1.
2. " " " ----- " " 11<sup>th</sup> ----- " " mother -1.
3. " 4<sup>th</sup> " ----- " " 10<sup>th</sup> ----- " my wife -2.
4. " 21<sup>st</sup> " ----- " " 14<sup>th</sup> ----- " my wife -3.
5. " 22<sup>nd</sup> " ----- " " 17<sup>th</sup> ----- " " Father -1.

6. “ 29<sup>th</sup> “ ---- “ “ 24<sup>th</sup> -----“ my wife – 4.
7. Nov 13<sup>th</sup> “ ---- “ Aug 31<sup>st</sup> -----“ my wife – 5.
8. “ 26<sup>th</sup> “ ---- “ Oct 19<sup>th</sup> -----“ my wife – 6.
9. “ 26<sup>th</sup> “ ---- “ “ 27<sup>th</sup> -----“ my wife – 7.
10. “ 26<sup>th</sup> “ ---- “ “ 30<sup>th</sup> -----“ Father – 2.
11. Dec 15<sup>th</sup> “ ---- “ Dec 4<sup>th</sup> -----“ Father – 3.
12. These came in no regularity Nov 8<sup>th</sup> -----“ wife – 8.
13. scattered through latter part Dec 18<sup>th</sup> -----“ wife – 9.
14. of Jan and early part of Feb Dec 21<sup>st</sup> -----“ wife – 10.
15. Nov 22<sup>nd</sup> -----“ wife – 11.
16. Nov 27<sup>th</sup> -----“ mother – 2.
17. Nov 30<sup>th</sup> -----“ mother – 3.
18. Dec 27<sup>th</sup> -----“ mother – 4.
19. Oct 11<sup>th</sup> -----“ Father– 4.
20. Oct 20<sup>th</sup> -----“ Father– 5.
21. Nov 6<sup>th</sup> -----“ Father– 6.
22. Dec 20<sup>th</sup> -----“ Father– 7.
23. ~~Feb 16<sup>th</sup> 1865~~ Jan 19<sup>th</sup> 1865 Oct 30<sup>th</sup> -----“ Sister Mary– 1.
24. Feb 16<sup>th</sup> 1865 “ Jan 19<sup>th</sup> 1865 “ my wife 12
25. “ 17<sup>th</sup> “ “ 5<sup>th</sup> “ “ wife 13
26. March 2<sup>nd</sup> “ Feb 6<sup>th</sup> “ “ wife 14
27. “ 4<sup>th</sup> “ “ 2<sup>nd</sup> “ “ wife 15
28. “ 4<sup>th</sup> “ “ 3<sup>rd</sup> “ “ Elliot 2
29. April 6<sup>th</sup> “ “ 21<sup>st</sup> “ “ Mother 5
30. “ “ “ “ March 9<sup>th</sup> “ Eddie 1
31. “ 8<sup>th</sup> “ Feb 20<sup>th</sup> “ “ Wife 16

No one writes to me.

A.H. Hutchinson

	1180.22
	286.50
717.83 R	893.72
116.30 R	<u>97.53</u>
248.56 R	796.19
33.00 M+S	<u>286.50</u>
32.13 L	1082.69

<u>32.40 L + W.</u>	<u><u>7.53</u></u>
1180.22	<del>1180.22</del>
<u>286.50</u>	
893.72	
	33
	32.13
	<u>32.40</u>
	97.53

Sept 24

Prison Thoughts

Flag of Truce Officer – Vicksburg, Miss Col Dwight - \_\_\_\_\_ of Exchange – New Orleans – Care of Maj  
Curell, Mobile, Ala

Goodnight – Home

A.W. Harmon

“Goodbye” – Kentucky

Lt Co A. 1<sup>st</sup> Ala Vols

Revise

“John is well” – Home.

“Adieu” – Kentucky

Sent to Mr Foard, Jan 30<sup>th</sup> 1865, a permit (\_\_\_\_) for an overcoat and 2 pr socks – in a letter to Maggie.

John W. Richardson

Lee T. Whelan

Division No 4

Barrack 14

Camp Morton

Rock Island

Indiana

Illinois

William B Hatter

Dr Joseph F. Foard

Prison 3. Barrack 16.

8<sup>th</sup> Tenn Cavalry

Camp Chase

Dibrell's Brigade

Ohio

Wheeler's Corpse

\_\_\_\_\_

Wrote, Feb 1<sup>st</sup> 1865, to Express Agent at Fortress Monroe.

~~\_\_\_\_\_ to Cousin Sue Feb 6<sup>th</sup> 1865 (H.G) for box provisions.~~

Wrote Feb 9<sup>th</sup> 1865, to Mrs A.H.S. (H.R.P) \_\_\_\_\_ for provisions.

Wrote Feb 10<sup>th</sup> " to Mrs James Robb. New York City.

AHH

Mrs James Robb—

Care M.K. Jessup and Co

59. Exchange Place

New York City.

Miss Est Bird \_\_\_\_\_