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## **Papers, 1861-1862. Wis Mss 115S [unpublished]**

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General Lee  
at  
Gettysburg, Pa.

General Lee had his forces well in hand and was approaching Gettysburg from the west and northwest. General Meade's army was scattered over a large extent of territory; - but he had his "feelers" out in the shape of cavalry under General Buford. These feelers found General Lee's army in strong force approaching from the west; and immediately dispatched an aid to Gen. Reynolds to hurry up the 1<sup>st</sup> Corps, which was the only one in the immediate vicinity. Reynolds was approaching from the south, and at once filed left-oblique through fields of standing grain to the point-designated, which was McPherson's woods. Arriving at the woods

When the spring time comes gentle, Annie  
And the dandelions blossom at the "Home"  
Then the boys get out on the campus  
In squads, - in pairs, - or alone

On the seats, - on the grass, - on the doorsteps  
The boys sit - solemn and grave  
With none of buoyant shouting  
Peculiar to earlier days

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

No more they sing the songs of King King  
Nor crack the jolly jokes of Gallie  
"Poor old broken down plays" - "turned out  
to grass  
Permitted to live on what little they  
get

He swung the first brigade - known as the "Iron Brigade" forward into line and charged the woods. In that charge we lost heavily, but we captured Gen. Archer and 600 of his men and drove the rest from the woods. The 2<sup>d</sup> Brigade at our right or north of us, did a like brilliant thing and captured the -<sup>th</sup> Mississippi regiment.

In the afternoon the balance of the 1<sup>st</sup> Corps and the 11<sup>th</sup> Corps under General Howard came up and took positions. About 3 p.m. Lee had massed an overwhelming force and came upon us and drove us from the field. He drove us back past the Lutheran Theological Seminary on Seminary Ridge, through the town of Gettysburg to the foot of Cemetery Ridge. There he halted. He had captured the town, which was his objective point. He then moved the balance of his army

up into position and prepared to attack Meade the next day. In the mean time Meade's scattered Corps were coming in and taking positions on Cemetery Ridge. This ridge runs nearly north and south, connecting Culp's Hill on the north with little and big Round Tops on the south. Culp's Hill circles to the rear or to the east, forming a bend like a fish hook and is what is called in military parlance "refused", or turned back. Meade occupied the whole of this fish-hook from Culp's Hill to the Round Tops, with the 1<sup>st</sup> Corps on Culp's Hill, and the 3<sup>d</sup> Corps under General Sickles at the Round Tops. The other Corps as they came up filled the spaces between. Now, the distance from Culp's Hill to the round tops is not to exceed four miles. Meade could throw half this army over to the support

of either his right- or left-wing in a march of less than four miles; and this could be done by moving back under the hill, wholly unseen by Gen. Lee. Lee occupied all the territory to the westward, but had no means of concealing his movements except the cover of darkness at night. Lee tried to make a flank movement at night and turn Meade's right- as Jackson did Howard's at Chancellorsville. But he found Meade's right- already turned back, and he came up square face to face with the 1<sup>st</sup> Corps and had to fall back. He then tried to turn Meade's left- and found the 3<sup>d</sup> Corps under Sickles on guard there and was again compelled to fall back. He then resolved to make a bold dash and "rush the center". Pickett was chosen as "Center Push," and he rushed with disastrous results.

Now let us return to McPherson's woods.

When Lee came upon us in <sup>the</sup> afternoon of the first day in McPherson's woods we had not fallen back very far before I was shot through both legs. No bones were broken and I "limbered to the rear" rapidly. I got back into the Seminary and both armies swept past me and left me a prisoner of war. On the afternoon of the third day I happened to be up in the cupola of the Seminary and had a good view of Pickett's charge. There was also a rebel Lieut in the cupola. A dozen Banks in the cupola rejoiced exceedingly when they saw the result, but the rebel Lieut saw nothing to make him rejoice. We went below and "told the boys". The boys rejoiced with a loud noise. Then the rebel Lieut came in, slowly, sadly, and silently.

We were in the Chapel - the largest room in the building. The Lieut. walked around for some time, - looking <sup>at</sup> no one - speaking to no one. Finally, like the "pent-up thunders in the earth beneath" he broke forth in a <sup>raging</sup> torrent of long suppressed wrath. Imagine if you can an enraged southern fire-eater pouring out volcanic clouds of vigorous and vehement volumes of profanity - calling Lee a fool - with all the profane adverbs and adjectives qualifying fool - for undertaking to dislodge Meade from that position over there. He can't do it; - and he knows he can't do it; then why in hell does he try to do it? Then he went on to state the situation: Lee's position there and Meade's position over there. "Lee had tried to turn Meade's right - and he could not do it; he tried to turn



his left, and he could <sup>not</sup> do it.  
 He knew that Meade <sup>had</sup> the whole entire  
 army of the Potomac there on a line  
less than four miles long: and when  
 the sent. Pickett on that charge he  
knew he was sending those men  
 into a rat-trap from which they  
 could never get out. Every man  
 that broke through Meade's line is  
 there yet, - and will stay there. Lee  
 knew that Meade had men enough  
 to kill or capture every man that  
 broke through his line and he did  
~~do~~ it: Meade had seven Corps, and  
 Pickett - only one, besides a great advan-  
 tage of position". He swore there was  
 not a private <sup>soldier</sup> in the whole Confederate  
 Army but would know better than  
 to undertake to dislodge Meade from  
 such a position. In short, - it was  
 evident to them that somebody  
 had blundered.

The Battle of Manassas. July 21<sup>st</sup> 1861

Up lightly the soldiers are taking their rest -  
Save the guard dimly seen by the watchfires light -  
And the dreamers are back to the North and the West  
Bidding their fair ones a fond good night -  
Sleep soundly for long ere the dawning of day  
Thousands will march with a martial tread  
Our nation's defenders in gallant array  
With the flag of free floating over their heads  
Hark! the shrill bugle call breaks the silence of night  
And the dreamers already have sprang to their feet  
Now forward, brave hearts, tis for God and our right  
He is false to his country the battle who shuns  
Now the bright mornings beam-gilds the eastern sky  
And our bayonets gleam like a forest of steel  
While the Star Spangled Banner is waving on high  
And we anxiously list for the first cannon's peal

The columns press forward the rebels are near  
Our skirmishers cautiously feeling their way  
And artillery hurrying up from the rear  
Gives us warning that soon we shall join in the fray  
Still onward we press while the high mountains  
Bears the heat of his rays on the dry parched ground  
Till we hear on our right the loud boom of a gun  
The battle is opened we welcome the skulld  
Now louder and nearer the flash and roar  
The right of our line is engaged with the foe  
And while over our heads the deadly shells roar  
With a cheer through the iron storm onward we go  
Now the furies of war are let loose on the plain  
And the bolands of "Bellona" are drinking their fill  
For our heroes are dashing again and again  
Through the death dealing fire of that fire crowned hill  
While away on the right and the left rolled the tide  
Surging like the waves of a tempest tossed sea  
But through smoke death and flame our meteor-like guide  
Was the Star Spangled Banner the flag of the free

Though the foot of the foe ~~see~~ see all thy ashes may lie  
- And the fires of rebellion around thee may coil  
Yet the tears of a nation shall water thy bed  
For the blood of a freeman had challenged the soil

Never more shall that leader whose memory we love  
Again call the ranks of Rhode Island to rally  
He has answered his oracle & the roll call above  
- And his ashes repose in Virginia's valley

Though gone from our gaze thy name shall <sup>live</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>loved</sup>  
And the future with pride will remember the story  
How gallantly breasting the battles dark wave  
The patriot tower fell covered with glory

Muscatosa Ala Dec 27 1861

'E R Reed E<sup>o</sup> □

Inscribed to the memory of Cap.<sup>n</sup> Levi Cowg  
2<sup>d</sup> Reg R I B who fell at Massassas July 21<sup>st</sup> /61  
By J E Banks

Rest patriot rest in thy warrior's grave  
Sleep on till the trumpet of the Archangel calls  
When the blood-ransomed hosts of the good and the brave  
Shall be reunited by God in Eternity's halls

Thy duty is done and the battle is over  
A wreath of the laurel encircles thy head  
And thy memory enshrined on our hearts evermore  
Shall be cherished by those thou so nobly hast led

Far away from the home they have lain tried to sleep  
On the red battle field where thy life's blood was shed  
And many a fond heart shall bitterly weep  
As they remember thy name with the list of the dead

A withering volley and onward we sped  
Again and the bloodhounds of infamy yell  
Forward over heaps of the dying and dead  
And shrieking they fly from the blood covered steel  
Twice on that day was the battle thus won  
Scattered and broken their long boasted chivalry  
While bleeding and tired with the fierce burning gun  
The vainly looked over the field for our cavalry  
But now fresh "Battallions" of rebels engage  
And the fast-flying ranks of the enemy rally  
Like the fires of Hell is the battle they wage  
As thousands on thousands pour in from the valley  
Bravely we strove and our hearts proudly beat  
And hundreds we slain by our quick rolling fire  
Still high over the din rose the call to retreat  
And slowly reluctant our columns retire  
But cowards who came to the battle to scan  
Now flew to the rear with a traitorous shout  
We are beaten they cried as they terror struck ran  
And the steady retreat was transformed to rout

Through the fierce havoc in midst of the flashing gun  
Bravely our flag was borne through smoke and fl  
Grant to the heroes the laurels of freedom's sons  
And point at the coward with the dagger of shan



Co. 2<sup>d</sup>  
Composed by James E. Banks  
1<sup>st</sup> Reg Maine Vol & A prisoner of war  
in Richmond Va Oct 1861.

Copied in Tuscaloosa Ala Dec 26<sup>th</sup> 1861

By

E. K. Reed

Although that they board us they barely afford us  
As much as a butcher would throw to his dog  
But provisions are dear, and splinters I hear  
Are scarce worth their weight in potatoes or hog  
They may boast as they please how they capture with ease  
The Yankees who fought at Manassas that day  
But they know very well if the truth they would tell  
That they lost two to one in that bloody affair  
When the battle was over they rushed from the cover  
And gallantly charged on the wounded and slain  
And the ambulance car was a trophy of war  
That would tinge the dark cheek of a Cavalier  
The chivalric horses like modern heroes  
Rode bravely on those who were bearing the wounded  
And their blood thirsty cheer was revolt to hear  
As the pale bleeding forms of <sup>our comrades</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>grounded</sup>  
By the twinkling moonlight in the silence of night  
They sighted the dead of their money and clothes  
Alas that aught human or born of a woman  
Should boast of a crime that humanity hates.



In Prison = at Richmond Va & Jacksonville Ala

Since the day of the battle when cannons did rattle  
Our best has been made on the hard prison floor

But we hope that our friend "Uncle Abe" will soon send  
McClellan or Butler to open the door

We have patiently borne the contumely and scorn  
The insults and sneers of a rascally crew

But we'll teach them a trick that will soon make them <sup>sick</sup>

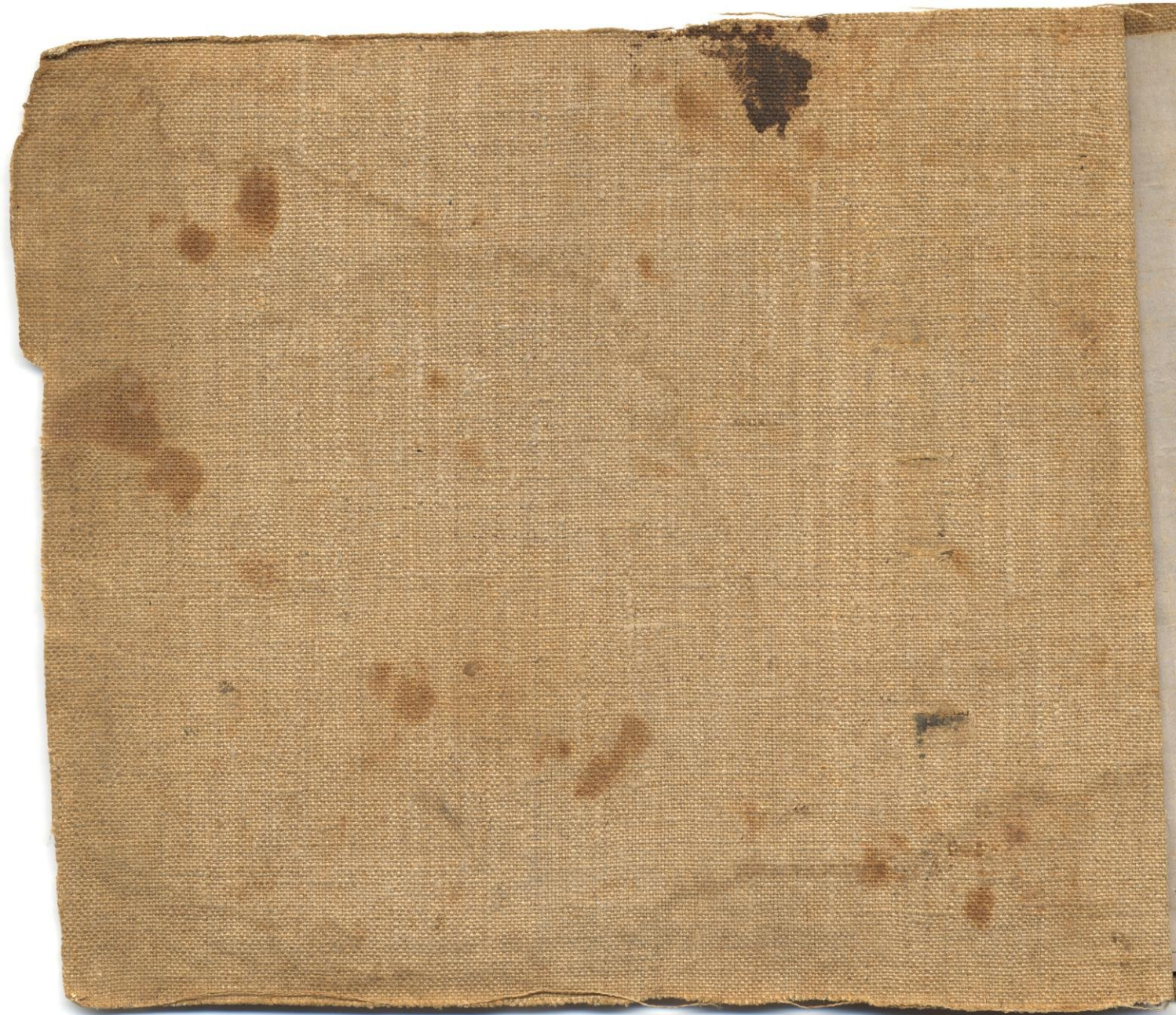
And the act of secession they'll bitterly rue

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

Though fate went against us and sorely oppressed  
By leaving us here in prison to lie

We can laugh at our foes at them turn up our nose  
While their stars and their bars are both hate and defile





Confederate States' Prison, Tuscaloosa, Ala.  
Sunday Jan 5<sup>th</sup> 1862

I have at last procured materials for journalizing and will once more engage in my favorite employment. When I was first taken prisoner I had not the means to purchase writing materials with: besides I supposed the wounded were to be sent home as soon as they got well and it would not matter much. But alas! my hopes as usual were doomed to disappointment. We were all held and treated as prisoners of war. But as fast as one hope was dashed to the ground another was originated in the minds of the prisoners. Thus we are never long without a hope of soon being released. It is said: If it were not for hope the heart would break.

But I am sure if we had had no hope at all of release we should have been much more contented. But my pen is already running astray

Having always a hope of soon returning to my Regiment I have allowed myself to be "enchained" out of a journal till now; and now I have ceased to hope & and began to write. But I must go a long way back and bring up ~~reared~~ rearages.

We left Camp Beck on Arlington Heights about three o'clock P.M. Tuesday July 16<sup>th</sup>. At about two o'clock at night we halted and stacked around in the road and "fell" over the fence for a nights repose. Had not fairly lain down when we were again ordered to "fall in". "Damn this military uncertainty" I exclaimed as I rolled up my blankets and began to hunt in the dark for the stacks which contained my musket.

A half mile farther on and we halted and  
camped in Vienna, having marched the bulk of  
seven miles. Learned here that our pickets had  
scared two regiments out that were drilling in  
fancied security on an adjacent green. Here I  
showed the hill on which was planted the  
mashed battery that was opened on the "Bay of Ohio"  
last spring. At six in the morning we again  
took up our line of march to "Secesh". This was  
a slow tedious march. At one time it was "Halt!" "Rest!"  
"Fall in!" "Front face!" "Order Arms!" "Shoulder arms!" &c &c &c  
until we reached Fairfax at twelve a distance of seven  
miles. Here was a fort which had recently been  
evacuated by the Rebels. They stood their ground  
until our artillery opened upon them when they  
fled without returning the salutation. Here  
were found dinner tables and everything left in great haste.

7  
Three miles farther on and halted  
for the night. Marched again at eight in the morning  
and halted in a valley below the enemies fort, <sup>at Centerville</sup> where  
they could have blown us to atoms if they had held  
their own. But Beauregard had ~~left~~ fled with Ten  
Thousand men that very morning. <sup>July 18.</sup> Soon ~~was~~ heard  
at the left and front of us heavy musketry and  
cannonading. At about three o'clock we fell in  
and marched double quick to the scene of action,  
through almost impenetrable clouds of dust. Formed  
line of battle in the woods at a <sup>convenient</sup> distance  
to receive the benefits of the enemies <sup>spent</sup> cannon balls,  
which whizzed about us, clipping branches of trees  
and plowing up the ground just like mad. One  
ball killed one of Co B's Boys and wound three more.  
But this was all bad Generalship as I understand it. One  
Brigade was not ordered there by the commanding General.

Our forces hauled off and fell back on Centerville  
till Sunday July 21<sup>st</sup>. Sunday morning arose at two  
o'clock and prepared to march. In the course of time  
we were moving forward. At a distance of four or five  
miles halted and formed line of battle in the  
woods on the brow of a hill and at the rear of  
~~Hamm's~~ <sup>Ricketts</sup> battery. At about eight o'clock the batteries  
were opened and sweet music never heard there  
was made by <sup>the</sup> whistling of balls and the distant  
explosion of shells. The morning was one of unclouded  
beauty and <sup>the</sup> still air of the valley below lent a musical  
charm to every sound. After a while ~~was~~ heard  
far away to the right of the battle field heavy  
musketry. Soon we saw the 4<sup>th</sup> Ala and 8<sup>th</sup> Ga  
Reg<sup>ts</sup> on a double quick, doubly accelerated through a  
cornfield beneath galling fire from the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>d</sup> R. I.  
2<sup>d</sup> Me. H. and 7<sup>th</sup> N. Y.



About twelve our brigade (consisting of the 69<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> N G and 2<sup>d</sup> Wis Reg<sup>ts</sup>) were double  
quicked around to the right and opposite extremity  
of the battle field where after an endless variety of  
manœuvres we were marched up <sup>deeply worn</sup> a road and left  
flanked up ~~over~~ a gully over a fence and about twenty  
rods up a hill at the rear of two pieces of <sup>Riggetts</sup> ~~Armstrongs~~  
battery. Here a man rode in front of our line  
and we commanded us not to fire on the first  
man that came for they were our men; but to  
"give the next ones Hell." But our ranks were  
badly broken and the men in the rear did  
not hear the order; and began to fire on the  
first man they saw. They acted like fools and  
~~went off~~; for they had repeatedly been instructed  
not to fire till they were ordered to. But their  
conduct was only characteristic of the whole day's battle.

Those in front at length <sup>at finding</sup> that their place  
to had fell to the rear <sup>but the fools have</sup>  
a chance. Those in front were in danger of being shot by those in the rear  
all fell back into the road where we again made  
a stand. Here I saw a body of men <sup>to</sup> <sup>front</sup> rise  
above the hill with a banner that at once  
aroused my combativeness, and for the first time  
I leveled and fired. They fired one round and  
sank below the brow of the hill. We now (but for  
what reason I know not) fell below the road.  
On doing so I brushed past my cousin C. A. Stearns  
the first ~~time~~ and only time I saw him that day.  
His mouth was black with the powder of ten  
cartridges. Here I again saw the enemy's flag raised  
and I fired at the man who bore it. At that  
moment ~~Allen~~ Allen came down the line swinging  
his sword and ordering us to cease firing.

I had reloaded my piece and stopped to let those  
in the rear shoot over me when I felt something like  
a <sup>heavy</sup> stroke from the breach of a musket on my  
left shoulder which knocked me forward on my  
left hand. With an oath I raise and brought my  
gun to my face to see if my shoulder was broken  
but finding it good yet I waited for ~~the enemy~~ to receive  
further orders. But my shoulder soon began to  
pain me and a second trial told me that ~~my~~  
I was disabled. I then retreated slowly through a  
raking fire from the 6<sup>th</sup> N.Y. which was playing  
the devil with our Reg. I tried to tell some of them  
that they were killing their own men, but, lordy!  
I could not hear my own voice for muskets. So I  
moved forward with their bullets whistling all around  
me. Some think my wound was made by them but  
I am unable to state positively.  
I think it ~~was~~ ~~from~~ ~~our~~ ~~6<sup>th</sup>~~ ~~Reg.~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~base~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~hill.~~

I made my way back to ~~the~~ a house appropriated  
for a hospital where I found Cap Randolph who  
said he was also "shot in <sup>the</sup> back". A few moments  
and Sim Meredith came up with his ~~left~~ arm  
broken. Shortly I was informed by one of my Coats  
came past that our forces were retreating. After a  
time I arose and found that only one man lay  
(beneath a tree in the yard) beside me. I spoke  
to him to go into the house but he was dead.  
I entered the house to have my wound dressed but  
found it crowded with worse wounds than mine.  
At this moment Newton Riddle came in well and  
thought we had better work back to Centerville. As  
we passed out I was hailed by a man who recog-  
nized me. He was wounded, belonged to Co. C,  
and was wounded in the groin. Newton and I  
took him between us and started for Centerville.

Had not proceeded far before we discovered  
the smoke of battle on the route by which  
we came. We then filed left and struck into  
an other road. As we proceeded we fell in  
with ~~xxx~~ <sup>other</sup> men; one of whom was <sup>Rep. in Congress</sup> Senator Lovjoy  
of Ill. He proved of great service to us; or rather  
his ~~gun~~ <sup>fieldglass</sup> did. But haste.

On reaching Centerville <sup>we</sup> found the retreat  
to be a complete jam. As I passed the hospital  
I was hailed by the familiar voice of E. L. Reed  
who said that I was reported killed. He said  
our Captain and Lieut had gone by with the Regt.  
I stopped and had my wound dressed. The Dr  
struck his finger into a hole down on my back  
and told the first intimation I had of any  
things ~~worth~~ <sup>of my shoulder</sup> except the blow on ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> shoulder. The ball  
passed up under the shoulder blade and lodged on ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> the shoulder.

It was after dark when I got my around dressed and I did <sup>not</sup> follow the Reg that night. In the morning friend Reed awoke me early saying the enemy was advancing and that our forces had all retreated even to the D.D. and left us alone with the helpless in the hospital. I arose feeling rather sore and we started for fairer climes. The road to Fairfax was strewn with the wrecks of wagons the entire distance. It looked as though they had made a precipitate retreat as hell bent as though the Devil had kicked them endways. (Egad, that's rather rough language for a journal, <sup>isn't</sup> it?)

Friend E. L. had <sup>been</sup> sick at the hospital since Saturday and was now rather feeble. I was sore and used up and we made rather moderate headway.

I had eaten nothing since the morning before at  
two o'clock and now I did not feel like eating.  
Found some crackers among the different wrecks, but  
could not eat any. Reached Fairfax just as our  
forces were leaving it on the other side. Found  
<sup>one</sup> Major Wadsworth there who advised us to stop at  
the hospital and our men would come that night  
with a flag of truce and a train of ambulances and  
get all the wounded. It was raining and we were  
nearly played out and trusting to his superior  
knowledge of military affairs we stopped and  
were taken prisoners the same day. Two flags  
of truce were said to have come but they were  
both concerning the remains of Col Cameron  
of the 11th N.Y. At least no flag of truce took us away.

Eleven of us were taken prisoners here and  
Thursday we were taken to Manassa Junction,  
Here I found several His boys among whom were  
B. Engna <sup>Co. F.</sup> J. A. McCintosh <sup>Co. J.</sup> and O. Wilcox <sup>Co. D.</sup>. Engna  
was wounded in the leg and afterwards died with  
a disease of the lungs in the General Army Hospital  
in Richmond Va. He belonged Co. E. Grant Co. Greys  
Wilcox belonged to Jamesville, Co. D. ~~Lived near~~  
~~O. M. Stevens~~, was wounded in the eye. I shall  
have occasion to speak of him again. McCintosh  
belonged to Milwaukee, Co. K. lived in East Troy.  
He was wounded shot through above the hip and  
the excrement ran freely from the wound in front.  
I volunteered my services and helped him that  
afternoon to my own disadvantage. I used both  
hands and the bandages came off my wounds and



left them exposed until we got to Richmond Sunday  
Besides making my shoulder so lame that I could do  
nothing for him <sup>and the wound was filled with maggots</sup> the next day, Friday night  
we started for Richmond. The whole train had  
on nothing but wounded prisoners. Reached  
Richmond Sunday morning July 28<sup>th</sup> and by  
accident was shown a mattress by the side of  
Midwest. His wound was pronounced a dead  
shot by the Drs. They did nothing for <sup>it</sup> but left  
it all for me to do. The only dressing any wound  
got was to wash them once a day and keep them wet  
with cold water. He finally got well and went  
home with the disabled in the fall.

By being the least disabled of any <sup>in</sup> the  
ward was used to assist the helpless to water  
and keep their wounds ~~dressed~~ wet. In this way  
I inveigled myself into the good graces of Dr  
Walker who had me assist him in dressing

wounds and finally gave some wholly up to my care.  
He seemed so well pleased with me that when my  
were sent to prison he said I must stay with him.  
Thus I was saved from prison until a change was  
was made which threw me from under his jurisdiction.

I often wished for materials <sup>for</sup> journalizing  
while in the hospital but could <sup>not</sup> get them. Very  
many things occurred which I would have been  
glad to have spoken of. But they have vastly passed  
from my mind now and I have not time to hunt  
them up.

Sept 11<sup>th</sup> I was sent with about twenty  
others to prison. My friend O L <sup>Perdy</sup> had preceded me  
and was now in No 2 Hospital near the prisons. These  
prisons and hospitals were old tobacco factories; five in  
number: two hospitals and three prisons. I was in No 1  
Prison. Two rooms were each forty by one hundred feet  
and at different times had from 125 to 140 men each.

To my great surprise I found Charles E. Frowbridge  
cooking for the prisons and hospitals. He informed me that  
Lieutenant D. C. Haldridge was uninjured and a prisoner in  
No 2. I had previously considered him dead. I heard  
he was shot in the back of the head.

Soon after I arrived Charlie and Thomas  
Brooken of Co. C. were dismissed from the cook yard  
and sent to No 1 Prison. Brooken was afterwards sent  
with a ~~gang~~ <sup>gang</sup> to New Orleans. Charlie was soon taken  
with the diarrhoea and congestion of the lungs and died  
at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning, Oct 8<sup>th</sup> 1861. The Dr would  
do nothing for him. Thursday I tried to have him  
taken to the hospital. The Dr said he would take him  
over in the afternoon and we saw no more of him  
until Monday then he said he would see about  
it the next day. The next day was too late. It  
is looked upon by egotism as murder outright.  
The noise and hubbub of one hundred and thirty

unrestrained men in one room was enough to kill  
any man that was in any way unwell. The Dr. pretended  
that his death was a mystery for his disease was not dangerous.  
Well I think myself it was not the disease that killed  
him, but pure neglect. I took charge of his watch and  
clothing and some other things to deliver to his Uncle  
in Milton Rock Co. Wis. Dr. C. Richard took his pocket  
book and memoranda to take to his parents in Co.  
We tried but without success to have his grave  
marked so that his friends might find it after  
peace was restored.

After Charlie had gone I went up on the  
next floor and cribbed in with the afore mentioned  
Wilcox, and New McRae Union Wis. McRae was  
afterwards sent to Columbia S.C. Wilcox and I  
then doubled team and have drawn together ever since.  
We hope to continue so until we are released  
from confinement and return to the Old Badger State

When I went up stairs I was not well. Those who saw me said I looked as though I was in the last stages of consumption. After I had got considerable better I weighed 146 lbs; the lowest I have weighed in a great many years. To day (Jan 2<sup>nd</sup>) I weigh 161.

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

My friend O L Reed died in No 1 Hospital of consumption Oct 23<sup>rd</sup> 1861. The Drs would never allow me to visit him.

150  
No. 100 of us were started for Tuscaloosa  
Ala. Arrived in Montgomery Monday morning Dec 4<sup>th</sup>  
Friday I got about three hundred and fifty more arrived and  
we all shipped on board the ~~Warley~~ <sup>Tuscaloosa</sup> for  
Kent down the Alabama River and the Tombigbee and  
Black Warrior to Tuscaloosa. Arrived Dec 5<sup>th</sup>. This  
was my twenty sixth birth day! Wasn't it a  
sweet one? Rather cold.

They stowed the five hundred of us in  
an old cotton Warehouse till they could prepare  
a place for us. The old W. S. Hotel was empty.  
Says the Dutch Surgeon <sup>wirz</sup> "He'll take that." "No but  
you won't" says the owner. Say Ditcher "I'll call  
out my one hundred and fifty guards and take  
it by force. If they can't do it, I have five  
hundred ~~Prankers~~ and they'll fight like  
Hell." Exit owner indignant, and we took  
lodging at the W. S. Hotel Tuscaloosa Ala.  
\* Wirz was since hung in Washington D.C.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately  
for supper. But the white bread soon played out and  
we now have corn dodger with white bread twice  
a week. Last week <sup>Capt. Wigg</sup> Ditcher found a door broken  
down and some plastering knocked off from  
one of the unoccupied rooms above and took  
the meat away from us till the perpetrators  
are found out. This morning, Cheary & Foster  
thought it rather tough to have our scanty rations  
reduced any lower and accordingly gave them-  
selves up to Ditcher to <sup>be</sup> put in irons and let  
the beef come up again. But some one told him  
that these were not the men and they were released.

Well I have given a very brief and  
imperfect sketch of the past. It is too  
much so to be very interesting I fear.  
But as I rewrite it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no  
signs of rain starting for some very soon. Well I have

Inscalosa Prison, Wednesday Jan. 8<sup>th</sup> 1862

I must now proceed to keep journal on  
the old system. I am rather dull however and can  
hardly get my mind to act, and don't know as  
it is any wonder when we consider that I am  
in a large room fifty by sixty feet and one  
hundred and forty five live "Blacks" quartered  
herein. Such noise and confusion for five or  
six months I think is rather calculated to discom-  
plicate a mans thinkative powers somewhatly.

Again there is no stealing going on.



For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

Fortunately for the poor Yankees it is not  
very cold here in the "Sunny South". for many are  
destitute of clothing. Some have no shirts and  
some no coats. My shirt sleeves are played out.  
We have tailors making shirts besides they say  
there have full suits for all the prisoners  
arrived from the N. S. I think we shall find  
them quite handy to have in <sup>the</sup> house; though we  
are not so hard up as ~~we~~ might be  
imagined when we consider the fact that we have  
only the clothing worn on the battle field in  
midsummer. The Southern Confederacy has  
done nothing for us.

But then I rewrite it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no  
signs of rain starting for some very soon. Well I have

Enclosure, Jan 9<sup>th</sup> 1862

A couple of R. I. officers are going  
home on parole and I have written a  
very short line home this morning. It looks a little  
singular that those two should be paroled (or exchanged with story goes)  
and no others. Some say it is but the commencement of a general  
parole. It may be so but I will believe it when we get in  
Washington. We have been going home in a week or two  
ever since we were taken. Well I can stand very well till  
about April or May and after that I should like to  
emigrate. But all is well that ends well.  
I abide my time;

Again there is no speaking going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

Inscalosa Prison, January 10<sup>th</sup> 1862

Don't feel very ambitious to day.  
Bour work is getting played out. All my old  
shop mates have retired from business and  
"left me alone to my glory". Hathaway has  
gone to work in the yard; Wilcox was never very  
deeply interested and now has nothing to do  
with it. Frank Jeffers has gone to studying German.  
He can "Ditcher sprake" pretty well already. I have  
some six or eight jobs engaged to do for other  
boys which I must hurry and finish and then  
take <sup>no</sup> more jobs till the old accts are squared.

But when I rewrite it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

It is now midwinter and we have the windows raised and I am writing with in my shirt-sleeves with my elbows out. Have worn my coat but few days so far. Every night I lay out side of the blankets for an hour or so till I get cool.

Yesterday I sent out for a bottle of ink. It was made & by Shadens Davis. N. G. I notice every thing they have here is stamped with northern stamps. They have nothing of their own make (except ~~the~~ cotton) that is worth any thing. This great and notable city, Insalada has neither Railroad or telegraphic communication.

From Montgomery here (some 300 miles) there were but few ~~no~~ villages: nothing but a few cotton plantations.

Again here is no sewing going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately,

which looked like Western "Caddy Datches". I  
never supposed that any portion of boasted  
North American was so far behind the age  
of improvement. If it is caused by slavery, there  
is slavery indeed a curse. And the South who  
has to depend wholly on northern manufactures  
for every thing, - thinks she will withdraw from  
the Union and <sup>let</sup> the North go to ruin. Ah!  
dastard fool! now cut your own throat to avenge  
some imaginary wrong. Some ignis fatuus is  
leading you astray; - even <sup>to</sup> heathenism. But  
go if you will for you are only a clog to  
the improvements of the enlightened North. Go &  
vote for secession.

and then rewrite it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no  
signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

Insalooda Prison. Jan 11<sup>th</sup> 1862

I have got such a cold I am almost  
a fool. Every night I cough very hard and  
my cough is very tight, - raise nothing. I am so  
hoarse that I can hardly talk. It requires all  
my breath to make a noise, and then I can  
say but few words before my breath is all gone.  
I have taken molasses and vinegar a few times  
I think that is loosening it. Several others  
have had the same. It does not seem to hang  
on but a few weeks. Wilcox has had a  
bad cough but is getting better.

Again there is no speaking going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

Some time ago we heard that a bill  
had passed both houses for an exchange  
of prisoners but Abe Lincoln had vetoed  
it. Yesterday we heard that he had  
granted and ordered an <sup>immediate</sup> exchange. To day  
we hear it is all a humbug. So it  
goes. Some new story about release every day  
till I am almost inclined to believe we shall  
never get out. But I am not impatient. Some  
times when I think of home and our confinement  
I feel as though I would like to be out  
of the Southern Confederacy. But I am  
never ready under a week or two to

But when I rewrite it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of rain starting for some very soon. Well I have

start for I would like to make a few more trinkets. When I feel well and am at work at some new design it would indeed be an unwelcome sound to hear and know that we <sup>were</sup> to start "tomorrow". At such times I think of the Prisoner of Chillon who by long confinement had formed <sup>such an attachment</sup> to his room and to the mice which he fed and tamed. That he was both to leave them and says -  
" ————— That even I

Regained my freedom with a sigh".  
I can truly say that I never was better contented or enjoyed myself better or spent six months more to my satisfaction than my six months of imprisonment.

Again there is no speaking going on.



For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

Inscalosa Bison. Sunday Jan 12<sup>th</sup> 1862

To day being Sunday, the scrupulous refrain  
from some filing and seek division in  
various ways. Some in reading some old book  
or paper which they have found or borrowed  
somewhere. Some because they can do no better  
play cards; while the rest lay on the floor  
brooding over their mischance and generating a  
spirit of discontent. But I make no distinc-  
tion whatever; work with the <sup>same</sup> impunity  
on Sundays as any other day. I can't see the point  
why Sunday should be hallowed.

As I rewrite it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

Some times on a Sunday I get to thinking of home and think I would like to be there. Then my rage kindles instantly and I feel as though I could "leap over a wall or rush through a troop" yea even "conquer Asia" to regain my freedom. Then I make a mighty effort (for a slight effort can't do it) and turn my mind in a different channel. Sometimes I have to quit work and go to raising the D-l about the room to drive such thoughts away. But I have far better command over myself than I once had and it is not much trouble now to keep my mind on an equilibrium.

I think after all, that I shall not go home when I do get out of here. I do not propose to let the S.C. off without a stroke to retaliate for my imprisonment. I was wounded and entitled to a discharge both from imprisonment here and service at home. But they would not grant it here and I am blessed if accept it on the other side.

Again there is no speaking going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, <sup>&</sup> soup alternately.

Penitentiary Prison. Jan 15<sup>th</sup> D 1862

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

Later we need <sup>a part of</sup> our new clothing consist-  
ing of an overcoat, dress coat, shirt, two pair ~~draws~~  
drawers, <sup>pair of</sup> shoes, and socks. They say we are to have  
our caps, blankets, and blowers, to day. Now we  
<sup>would</sup> like to go home before we get our new toggery  
infested with "Prison vermine". Oh! God! I can  
relish confinement on dodges but I must confess  
a deep feeling of "Homesickness" when I

but he & others it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

have a skirmish with <sup>these</sup> devils. Will Abe in great mercy bless us with an exchange? — I shall get the swearing if I write any more. I think I shall play all sorts of hell with Southern Confederacy to pay this.

Oh! nonsense! this is no place to write journal. Here are some hundred and forty men, trading coats, pants, and shoes, besides all sorts of confusion to irritate you. There are very many things which I ought to speak of but I can never think of them at the proper time. My time for writing is in the night but here there is more noise at night than during the day and at eight o'clock the lights must all be blown out. I have a mind to quit ~~the~~ business while in prison. I am getting a little sorter damned about some things. I'll hold for the present

Again there is no stealing going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, <sup>&</sup> soup alternately.

Inscaloosa Ala Thursday P. M. Jan. 16<sup>th</sup> 1862

"Misfortunes never come single handed":  
I pass with our good things: today we have  
received shirts blankets and blouses and tomor-  
row socks are to be dealt out to us. But I  
had rather they would not have sent  
any thing. The blouse will come handy and  
that is all I want.

The Dutch Sargiant, - Mirtz started  
Monday <sup>13<sup>th</sup></sup> for New Orleans on a visit.  
How we hated that man in Richmond  
but now he is the best friend we have.

we may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we are no  
nearer of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

I ought to give a more general dis-  
cription of our abode and manners of living.  
Well then—

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

Again there is no stealing going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

At about nine o'clock our dodger and  
cold boiled beef is brought up to us <sup>by</sup> the  
men who work in the cook yard. It is then  
divided into rations; - dodger the size of a  
chunk of dirt and meat the size of a horses  
lip. This - by no ways dainty - dish is soon  
disposed of and the "boarders" smack their  
chops for more. Since I commenced  
soldiering I have had an uncommonly  
good appetite and my rations have never  
been equal to it; but this dodger does not back  
but little of satisfying all demands. But  
I can not get regulated <sup>by</sup> eating. If I eat

it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have enough at any time it is sure to distress me after ward. I suppose it is because I have not proper exercise. The only exercise we have is at dark when from fifty to eighty with one accord fall into ranks pick up ~~up~~ <sup>up</sup> around the room. I manage by doing small jobs for the cooks occasionally to eat enough to make me quite corpulent. My coat is too small for me now and I weigh about 126 lbs. But it is all loose flesh, and soft as mush. But this is foreign to the subject on which I was writing.

At five we again get dodger, molasses and a plate of rice and beads alternately; - mush and soup no more. After the feast is over and the floor swept up they begin to fall in for a "walk around" and keep it up until the beds are spread, or blankets. I should say - and they are compelled to "give over".

I'll adjourn for the present and fall in. - Where's Kilcox?

Again there is no sailing going on.



For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

Inscaloosa Prison. Jan 10<sup>th</sup> A 1862

Have to day - to use the Southern style -  
been "toting wood". Got some dodger, warm  
boiled beef, and sweet potatoes. I toted ~~it~~ <sup>wood</sup> on  
my wounded shoulder to test its strength. It  
stood it well.

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

I am informed that the guards say they  
have had orders to be ready to go with us to  
Richmond next week. An other "Report!"

He writes it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

Confederate Prison. Tuscaloosa Ala. Jan 19<sup>th</sup> 1862

This is supposed to be the Holy Sabbath. Well I've been a little <sup>wicked</sup> - the estimation of some I suppose. but I don't feel very badly condemned, I only made a few flame stalk some sweet potatoes and played a few games of checkers. My friend G. A. Beck has tried a few times to talk a little piassity into me but he may as well preach morality to a monkey.

It is very warm today. I have only my drawers and one shirt and am sweating. I think if we stay here next summer we shall surely all be cooked and fit for eating. I think I would rather risk an other ball. I guess if there is nothing done for us before April we will try and do some thing for our selves. The thing is not talked of now much however because the boys hope to be sooner released.

Again there is no sewing going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

The "Report" of the day is that we are  
already exchanged and that the Confederacy is  
only waiting for our folks to send on  
the their men and we shall go in return.  
Beauchamp says we shall start in a week or  
two. I have to say but the oysters for that  
that we shall be here this day month.  
I was very sanguine that the wounded would  
be sent home last fall: so sanguine that  
when at last I was forced to abandon the  
hope I immediately began to discredit all  
rumors of release. I must confess that I  
was badly fooled on going last fall.

and I recollect it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no  
signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

Inscalossa Prison, Ind. C. M. Jan 21<sup>st</sup> 1862

Six months ago to day was the famous  
battle of "Bull Run;" where "thousands fit, bleed,  
and died of whom I am one." I had thought  
over a thousand times all the casualties of  
a battle except that of being taken prisoner.  
I had thought of being killed in various ways;  
of being wounded; - left on the field; - run  
over by infantry and cavalry; - of being taken  
to a hospital; - of having limbs taken off; - of  
suffering the keenest of sufferings and at  
last of dying; - or if perchance I lived, of

Again there is no meaning going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

returning home a cripple for life.  
All this I had duly considered many times  
but the thought of being taken a prisoner  
never entered my head until some time  
after Major Wadsworth had left us in  
the hospital at Fairfax. And then I might  
have made my escape for we were not-  
guarded at all. But I did not think they  
would retain us as prisoners of war but  
send us to our own forces to get rid of us.  
But alas! that was more of my style of  
figuring things. I should think I should  
know better by this time than to con-  
fide in my own reasoning since it fools me

and I recollect it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no  
signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have  
so very often. Ah! its a d-d rotten fool  
that I am for not learning from the  
by experience. But I know better now  
than to speculate on the probabilities  
and possibilities of leaving this Hell-hole.  
Every passing breeze bears news from some  
source about going home. Yester the Corporal of the  
guard offered to bet ten dollars to two and a half  
that if the Sergeant Wurtz got home to night  
we should leave before Saturday. To night's report  
is that Ditcher has returned and that two  
hundred and fifty Kansas prisoners  
are going home this week. I'll bet ten  
to two that its a ———— lie. Good night.

Again there is no speaking going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

Confederate Prison. Sunday Jan 26<sup>th</sup> 1862

Have not worked much today. Made  
a ring for Jo. Frame and went down in  
the yard and sunned myself. It was quite  
warm down there and the flies were quite  
numerous. It was very pleasant and I had  
just begun to enjoy it when I recollected that  
I was a prisoner and several thousand miles  
from home. The idea of being <sup>prisoner</sup> ~~or~~ is not  
half so harassing to the mind as the  
uncertainty and anxiety about going home.  
If we were sure of spending the remainder

in & records it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

of our three years here we could make our calculations accordingly and cease to think of it as we now do. Every day we get fresh news about release and every day they prove false. Yes though fooled every day yet every new report is credited to a greater or less extent by the majority. Ohaw! I half believe the idea of going home is all a humbug. Last night I was dreaming all night about home. Once I was just getting home. Father and Mother saw me coming and ran to meet me. Mother was in advance and reached me first. She threw her arms about my neck and began cry, and I awoke to hear the

Again there is no speaking going on.



For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

Sentry shriek" Corporal of the Guard just  
No 8<sup>th</sup> Kell that did not trouble me much for  
I often awake with that sound making the  
night tedious.

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

we should it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

Confederate Prison. Jan 28<sup>th</sup> 1862

Yesterday the "Dichen Sergeant" came in and informed us that to day all our files and tools for working bones were to be taken away from us. Grassye the Sergeant of our floor came along a few minutes ago telling us to hide our tools for Peacock was coming up shortly to get them. I have only a file and that I have stuck in the top of my cap. He may have it if he can find it.

Again there is no speaking going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

There are various reasons assigned  
to this new move of Ditcher. Some say it  
is because some one refused to make some  
kind of handles for the Dr. Others say  
it is because one Foster engaged to repair  
and a Cotton Gin and the boys scared  
him out by threatening to report him  
to our Government as working for  
the Southern Confederacy. I conclude  
he is only mad about something just  
now and will forget it in a few  
days. — As I look about the room  
I see all are engaged in something quite  
foreign to home filing. Mary Gile here.

and records it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

My cough and hoarseness has finally left me, or nearly so. Though when I try to sing it takes several sprints of breath to raise the highest notes.

P. M.

An Indiana Officer has to day, been granted a release. The boys are all sending letters home. I send none. Several have rec'd letters to day. Nothing about exchange.

No body came around to take our files away!

Again there is no speaking going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

Inscalosa Prison. Jan 29<sup>th</sup> 1862

More winter weather: rainy, but  
not very cold. It so warm that last  
night I pulled my shirt off and lay  
without any. Ah! but we'll have a  
bully time next July and August.  
God speed the time. Yes, if I have to  
die of disease in prison God speed  
the time. If I have to die in prison  
I would prefer to die to day than to  
live any longer. But that is  
not to be my fate.

but I think it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no  
signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

Last night during the noise and  
tumult I lay on the floor and composed the  
following

### Lines

On Escalossa's Prison floor  
A Prisoner sleeping lay  
And dreaming of his distant home  
Some thousand miles away

He dreamed he reached his distant home  
But ere the door he gained  
His Mother rose in haste & met  
Her son with joy unfeigned

Again there is no sealing going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

One fond embrace with tears of joy —  
Hats! the spell is riven!  
He wildly gazed about the room —  
Oh! God! here back in prison

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

Peacock came up and told Brassy to collect  
the files and saws. He collected all the old trash  
but nothing of any value. Those have been  
delivered up but Ditcher says they are not the right  
ones. He'll have the right ones. But he never  
will get mine. I'll smash it.

has a receipt it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

Confederate States' Hellhole, Jan 30<sup>th</sup> 1862

One man, Pratt of Co goes home to day. This makes five that have gone home from here and many have gone from other places. Now I'd like to speak a little because the "Covers that be" are so partial. I don't feel right toward the U S for allowing us to remain here when they are exchanging elsewhere. If they are intending to take us out why do they not do it at once? Perhaps they would like us to fight again for them. No more.

Again there is no speaking going on.



For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, <sup>+</sup> soup alternately.

Inscalosa Prison. Jan Feb 4<sup>th</sup> 1862

I have somewhat to record to day  
Yesterday the Ditcher Sergeant came in and  
told us that some one from this room had  
been insolent to the guard; and that unless  
he we gave him up to be punished we should  
have no more meat. To day he informed us  
that a line had been thrown out of the  
window of our room directed to Cap<sup>n</sup> Griswold  
to the effect that he or we would raise an insur-  
rection before we would starve. He raised a merry  
Hell and set two guards at our door and only one  
is allowed out at a time, and if a rust is ever made  
at the door to kill all the <sup>gang</sup> and the easiest way they  
can. Ah! they are scarce nearly to death. They know well  
that the <sup>Can</sup>kees are an unconquerable race

in a minute it may make some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

and that they will not be tyrannized over. Again they are getting badly whipped somewhere and their vent their spite on us. Every time their forces are defeated we are made to suffer.

I can not possibly write here as I wish I could. I would like to preach a sermon if I could do it but its no go.

Oh! I hope the good Lord will superintend our national affairs for a few days and bless us with a speedy release.

I wish that I could swing the necks of all between the Gulf and old Virginia I'd rather sink in deepest Hell than kneel to their tyranny.

Again there is no sailing going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

Inscalosa Prison Ala Feb 26<sup>th</sup> 1862

I have neglected my journal for some  
time, but it was because I could not do it  
up in good shape. But now I have a little  
something to write and I guess it will be the  
last till I get home. It appears now that,  
notwithstanding all reports of going home have proved  
false, they have now got a story going the rounds that  
is likely to prove true. It is that we are to start  
for home on Saturday. We to sign a parole to-  
day or tomorrow. The N. G. boys are signing to day.

I can't write here

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

Salisbury N. C. Mar 21<sup>st</sup> 1862

We signed the parole and on the first of March started as we supposed for home. But when we reach Baldon in this state were informed that our folks were about to attack Norfolk and would not receive a flag of truce ~~at~~ for several days. We were then sent to ~~Raleigh~~ here. Arrived here March 13<sup>th</sup>. Now we have all sorts of rumors about going home staying here and going to Texas. Some think they have got the whipraw. on us by getting their prisoners home first and now they are going to let Uncle Sam whistle.

Again there is no meaning going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush<sup>y</sup> & soup alternately.

But I hardly think they dare undertake to play the Yankee  
quite as steep as that. We hear that our boys are getting  
their ire up and show no quarter to rebels. I think however  
that we shall be forwarded on to our lines after a while.  
But if they wish to still retain us and "stand the bunting"  
I shall not object. I am sure Uncle Sam can bring them  
to terms.

Sixty nine of us & his boys are in our building with  
Kentucky boys. There are three buildings in this yard each  
containing about forty men. Last night six of the boys  
took French leave and started for fairer climes. There are  
four more think of trying it to night. I hope they may have  
a successful journey but I have great fears. I think I will not  
venture yet. A great many have tried to get away from time  
to time but I don't know of any one that has made a  
successful attempt yet. The whole Confederacy is on guard  
and as sure as a fugitive is seen he is picked up.

The New Orleans prisoners are here. In all there are  
(said to be) ~~440~~. four hundred and eighty eight.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have

We hear good acc<sup>ts</sup> from our men. We have heard from a good source that we have taken Milledon and are marching on Raleigh. It is only about eighty miles and will not take them long. Burnside leads the expedition. It rather looks as though they were cutting the Confederacy in halves. Perhaps when Burnside gets to Raleigh (if they get there) he will slip up here on the sly and invite us boys to come out. It is supposed that if they take Raleigh that there will be no means of taking us south again, in that case they will have to ship us back to Richmond Va. Some have considerable horror of Richmond, and I must say I have <sup>no</sup> fancy for that place.

Again there is no stealing going on.

For a time we had white bread, cold beef  
for breakfast and beans, rice, mush, & soup alternately.

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

Salisbury N. C. Apr 3<sup>d</sup> 1862

Have just been down stairs to hear a  
Richmond paper of Mar 31<sup>st</sup> read. It is filled with  
items of war in which South is always victorious  
and retiring to better positions. I shall will do to  
tell their own men who take it for gospel, but will  
~~not~~ go down with the boarders. Banks can't see  
how a defeat can properly be termed "victory" or a  
"brilliant achievement!" While in Tuscaloosa the papers  
contained an account of the evacuation of Columbus Ga  
which they termed the most brilliant achievement yet  
on "record!" They are always retiring to a place of safety.  
I think a few months more will find those places of  
safety rather scarce.

The paper spoken of contained a brief and spicy  
speech from Parson Brownlow of Knoxville Tenn.

See a review of some of our some additions.

We have been here nearly a month and we see no signs of again starting for home very soon. Well I have learned to take it coolly. The bone work has not been started here by any one yet. A few days ago I traded my watch for a violin and five dollars. I now have plenty to eat and plenty of recreation. We have chess, cigars, backgammon, dominoes, cards, balls, and two violins in the building. Time passes (at least with me) very pleasantly.

We are not held quite as closely here as at Richmond or Lucalosa. There are three small buildings in this yard, containing about one hundred and forty men and we have a free use of the yard both night and day with a guard only at the gate. I like the quarters here better than any thing previous. We have but twelve men in this room and we ~~that~~ have comparatively quiet times. Again there is no stealing going on.



Salisbury N. C. May 6<sup>th</sup> 1862

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

Spring is already somewhat advanced here. The woodland is again clothed in green, reminding me of the pleasant

hours I enjoyed in Camp Randall Wis. It is  
<sup>with</sup> some difficulty that I prevent being home sick.  
To think of the pleasant hours I might be enjoying  
at home and compared with this unjust im-  
prisonment is more than I like to submit  
to. But I have been schooled to reverses and  
get along with it much better than I could  
have done a few years ago.

The image of my dear friend and  
cousin W. A. Stearns is frequently brought  
before <sup>me</sup> this spring. I have not heard from  
him since the battle of Bull Run. Do not  
know whether he was killed or not; think  
however he was not. I am very anxious  
to hear of him. I hope soon to be  
blessed with an interview <sup>with</sup> him.

Have not been very well for a  
few days past.

Now I have got my journal filled and do not know as "Butternut" will allow me to take it home. But I shall try hard to play a Yankee trick on them. By the way the boys are playing lots of tricks on the guards. The <sup>only</sup> currency used here is skinplaster. These the Yankees counterfeit and pass without any trouble. Five cent plasters are changed for fifties. One Butternut sold in this yard four dollars worth of tobacco and <sup>got</sup> eighty cents good money.

Well to be a prisoner of war for a year is no dishonor as I know of but I can testify of a truth that it is far from being pleasant; especially in the Southern Confederacy where prisoners are treated worse than criminals. I don't

Parole of Honor from  
Tuscaloosa. Ala.

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

Tuscaloosa Ala Feb 28<sup>th</sup> 1862

## The Liar's Song

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

As I was a riding to Nottingham Fair  
As riding on horseback all on the Grey Mare  
An old Grey Mare with a stripe on her back  
There was scarce a hair on her but what was coal black

I met hundreds of ladies Oh! ten times more  
As riding on horseback all walking before  
I met a naked drummer a beating his drum  
With his feet in his bosom a walking along

I saw an old man on a hot frozen stone  
Ten thousand all arounds him poor soul all alone  
I pulled off my hat and I bowed to his grace  
And I asked him the way to — I don't know what place

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

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

I picked up good courage and mounted again  
And with my two toes I walked over the plain  
A short huff of six days I took on the cold ground  
And the third arrived at Fair London town

There I went to the city and I went to a ball  
I courted a rich widow worth nothing at all  
This couple was married one hot summer's day  
In the middle of winter while raking up hay

The dutchman bellowed ho! but his horse would not stop  
He cursing and swearing his lines he did drop  
Then Betsy and Polly began to sing  
And they sung so loud they made the woods ring

The first blamed Gambrine that along does come  
I'll sell my black horse for a very small sum  
I'll sell him I'll sell him oh! who wants to buy  
He is blind in one leg and his lance is an eye!

Now my wagon is tired and my horses are hot  
My horse is in a gallop my mare is in a trot  
And when I got there the people did stare  
To see a coach and six horses drawn by a grey mare

Ezra Goodrich		Milton	Wis
+ H. G. Proctor	1 <sup>st</sup> Ohio	Box 358	Cleveland O.
Frank Jeffers	2 <sup>o</sup> R.I		Providence R.I
A. F. Smith	" " "		Central Falls "
S. J. Rogers	" "		Providence "
Traves	" "		" "
J. McCabe	" "		Providence "
Wm. Crosby	" "		" "
Charles Bean	" "		" "
Daniel Rogers	1 <sup>st</sup> N. J.		Acron Ohio
George Buckman	2 <sup>o</sup> N. J.		N. B. City
L. Powers	2 <sup>o</sup> "		Angelica N. J.
Geo. Botton	6 <sup>th</sup> "		N. B. City
John Willis	5 <sup>th</sup> Mass		North Berwick Mass
John Rogers	5 <sup>th</sup> "		Kindham "
Wood Shaw	5 <sup>th</sup> Mass		Haverhill Mass
Marta Webster	19 <sup>th</sup> N. B.		Huburn N. B.
H. S. Palmer	15 <sup>th</sup> Tex	Ca	owers



Inscalouse Prison Feb 25<sup>th</sup> 1862

Joseph Frame Lacross

Names and addresses of friends

O. Milcox	2 <sup>d</sup> Wis Co D	Janesville	Wis
H. Stroud	" " "	E Ashkosh	"
G. A. Beck	Wasson	" " H	Madison "
E. Swift	" " "	" " G	Postage "
E. b. Marsh	Killed	" " A	Markesan "
L. J. Perry	Laola Kas.	" " E	New London "
P. Stinson	" " "	" " E	" " "
J. S. Bell	" " "	" " D	Rutland "
Frank Dexter	Ingt. died	" " A	Fox Lake "
H. C. Parker	" " "	" " A	" " "
John Donovan	" " "	" " B	La Crosse Died Oct 1884
S. P. Jackson	Frame	" " B	La Crosse "
Wm. McRae	Co. B. 2 <sup>d</sup> Wis.	" " D	Union "
Linn. Boothe	" " "	" " C	Potosi "





I was wounded in left shoulder -  
shoulder blade broken - and taken prisoner  
at first Bull Run. In prison in  
Richmond Va. - Tuscaloosa, Ala, and  
Salisbury, N. C. ten and one half months.

Wounded in both legs and fell  
into the hands of the enemy the first  
day at Gettysburg, Pa. and held by  
them five days. The entire muscle of  
the upper right thigh was severed,  
and I was in consequence transferred  
to the Veteran Reserve Corps to serve  
the remainder of my enlistment.

E. R. Reed

Priv. Co. "H." 2<sup>d</sup> Wis. Inf.