









COMPLIMENTARY EDITION  
OF THE  
DIARY OF  
CAPT. HENRY C. DICKINSON  
C. S. A.

Limited to 225 Copies  
of which this is


No. 110

PRESENTED TO

*Mr. Frank A. Bane*

BY

*Wm. A. D. Morris*



Diary of  
Capt. Henry C. Dickinson  
C. S. A.

MORRIS ISLAND  
1864-1865



660  
753  
2872

LIBRARY OF CAPT. A. C. DICKINSON

PRESS OF  
THE WILLIAMSON-HAFFNER CO.  
DENVER, COLO.

DEC 10 1940



### Dedication

This book is dedicated to the memory of my  
beloved mother—

“SALLY JANE DICKINSON”





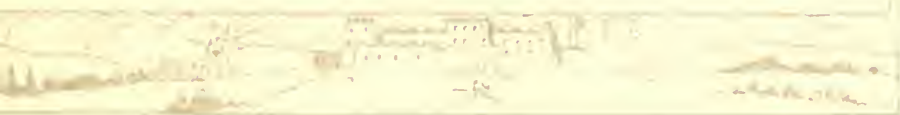




*H. C. Robinson*

DIARY OF CAPT. H. C. DICKINSON

Diary of  
Capt. Henry C. Dickinson  
C. S. A.







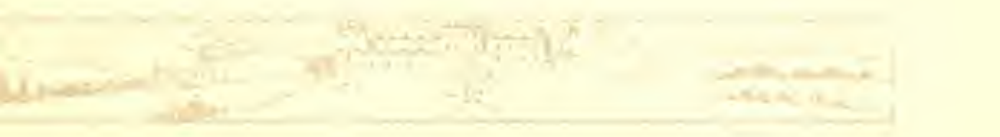
## Foreword

---

This book is an exact copy of a diary written by my father, Captain Henry C. Dickinson, C. S. A., while he was a prisoner in *Northern prisons* during the years 1864-1865.

The diary was written in five small memorandum books in an exceedingly small but legible handwriting. It was handed down to me by my mother in 1889, as I was then the eldest child of my father. Believing it would be of interest to his family and friends, and realizing that in a few years more the diary would be illegible, I have decided to have it published, and copies given to those whom I think would appreciate them.

In publishing this little volume, it seemed desirable to insert a brief biography of my father, together with such pictures as I have in my possession.











## Biography

Henry Clay Dickinson, son of William and Mary Church Dickinson, was born in Bedford County, Virginia, February 21st, 1830, and died in Charleston, West Virginia, April 20th, 1871. He was liberally educated in his youth, graduating first from Hampden-Sidney College, and later from a private law school in Lexington, Virginia, where he studied under Judge Brockenbrough. On November 13th, 1858, he was married to Sally Jane Lewis of Charleston, West Virginia. They immediately settled in Bedford County, Virginia, where he was admitted to the bar and practiced law until the spring of 1861, when the war broke out.

By birth and rearing, he was a Southern gentleman of the old school, and, together with his brother, John Quince Dickinson, enthusiastically took up arms for the Confederate cause. The two brothers served with valor until they were made prisoners by the Federal forces. Henry Dickinson was captain of Company A, Second Virginia Cavalry, when he was captured. He was incarcerated in several Federal prisons, among them Morris Island, Pulaski and Point Lookout, and, together with six hundred other prisoners, was under fire at Fort Sumpter.

He was in prison for more than a year, and during this time endured many of the worst hardships that a military prison could inflict. When General Lee surrendered and President Davis was captured, his father persuaded him to take the oath of allegiance. He was then allowed to return to his family, who had moved to Charleston, West Virginia.

The law then in force would not allow him to practice his profession, so he turned his energy to other lines. For a time he



followed salt-making with his father, but later embarked in the banking business. He was one of the incorporators, and the first president, of the Kanawha Valley Bank, holding the latter position until his death. At the time of his death he was also serving as Mayor of Charleston, being the first Democrat ever elected to that office. He was buried with Masonic rites and ritual, having been a Mason for many years. His death was mourned by the whole city, as he was almost universally admired and beloved—rich and poor, high and low, recognizing his sterling qualities.

To Captain and Mrs. Dickinson were born five girls, namely, Mary Church, Virginia, Julia Agerton, Ann<sup>E</sup> Lewis, Fanny Quarrier, and one son, Henry Clay. The first three died in early womanhood. Ann<sup>E</sup> Lewis became the wife of Benjamin B. Brown of Charleston, W. Va., who died in 1906, survived by three children, Mary Dickinson, now Mrs. Charles L. Lowell, James Frederic and Sally Lewis. In 1910 Mrs. Brown was married to Harold L. Morris of Denver, Colorado. Fanny Quarrier became the wife of Andrew H. Boyd of Charleston, W. Va., and they now have one child, Francis Dickinson. Henry Clay married Margaret Young of Winsboro, S. C., and died September 15, 1913, survived by one child, Sally Lewis.



# Diary of Capt. Henry C. Dickinson

C. S. A.

MAY 11, 1864—MAY 23, 1865

Morris Island, Sept. 13, 1864.

Being on Morris Island today without books to read, hungry, and finding it impossible to mingle freely with my friends in their small tents, or to exercise in the streets by reason of the heat; having no comfort or enjoyment (unless it be a comfort to ponder over the cruelties of the United States Government), under these circumstances I have concluded to spend some of my time in jotting down my impressions of prison life as I have seen it, concluding that it may not be uninteresting to my home folks and friends who have never tasted the sweets of imprisonment.

After the disastrous fight of the eleventh of May, 1864, at "Yellow Tavern," General Stuart boldly crossed the Chickahominy with two jaded pieces of brigades and confronted Sheridan's whole cavalry force, instead of permitting him to move towards Richmond and attack the infantry whilst we annoyed his rear. During the night following this fight, in which we were driven to the north side of the stream, Wickham's brigade moved to a position near the Central Railroad bridge, which point we held with a small part of the Fifth Regiment. About sunrise on the 12th, the Second and Third Regiments had reached a convenient hill, to find our picket driven off and the enemy occupying the east bank. The Third held the position in front and the Second moved to the right, thus threatening Sheridan's left as he crossed. Our

line of battle was the arc of a circle, my squadron in the left center. Our extreme right was our weak point, as the enemy's advance on that point was covered by the growth of the river banks. The first attack was in my immediate front, by a regiment I think, and was soon repulsed; then another regiment came up and attacked the right, which also was repulsed—then came enormous reinforcements. I think the whole of Buf's Division was in front of us. A furious onset was soon made on our right, and, gaining a position of comparative security, a part of the attacking troops kept up a continual fire on the right flank of our left squadrons, obliging us to "lie low" as the only protection from their assault. After a time the right, overpowered, gave way, and, as previously ordered, the squadrons in succession commenced retiring, under a heavy fire from the flank and front. When I had gone about twenty yards I felt a sudden jar—first in my right leg, then in my back—accompanied with the keenest pain in the leg I ever felt, and, try to run forward as I would, found myself moving in a circle. I saw that I could not get on alone and thought some of the men would notice my condition, but suppose they did not as I was then in the rear and they were near a deep ravine in my front. I then laid down behind an icehouse near me, and endeavored to see how badly I was wounded, supposing that I might escape capture by getting into the icehouse. Later I did get inside it, but found that I must be discovered, and indeed was discovered at the moment by a sergeant of the Eighteenth Pennsylvania, who seemed in advance of his line. He had run up behind the house after firing his piece at my company, and, looking in, saw me. He presented his repeating guns and said, "Surrender and I'll treat you as a prisoner." I replied that I was disabled and surrendered. He insisted that I must go to the rear at once. I told him I could not walk, and then, examining my limb with his assistance, found only the red mark of the bullet, which afterward turned black. Having

surrendered my pistol and given him my spurs (which latter he said some officer would take), with his assistance and still in much pain, I started to the rear, feeling much relieved that I had not really been wounded. Reaching the spot from which we had fought, I saw the body of poor Alexander of the Wise troop, shot through the head and surrounded by ruffians, who were deliberately rifling his pockets. I halted a second and in an authoritative manner demanded that they stand aside and let me have those articles. One of them at once leveled his gun, and, bestowing on me a bitter oath, would have given me a ball but for the sergeant who had me prisoner. I saw another body lying in the right of my company's position, and have since learned it was that of Lieutenant McGruder. Poor Jim, purer patriots do not often bleed or die than thou.

About this time came the advance of the cavalry charge with drawn sabres, and to my surprise elegantly mounted. It was a full brigade. The colonel commanding stopped and asked me if there was infantry in front, which I thought impertinent and to which I replied, "Go to the front and you'll see." He gave a good oath and rode on. In my progress from that place to the rear I was asked by fully fifty officers and men whether we had anything but cavalry. Many cursed me, and all gazed at me as if I were a wild beast. Only the sergeant who had me in charge showed any courtesy. At the railroad bridge all was bustle and confusion; some men had plunged in the stream and were almost swimming, others crossed on a side bridge, whilst others were at work making a floor for the railroad bridge. I was taken across and General Sheridan was sought. He could not be found, but several, who got nothing by pumping me, kept turning me over. The sergeant continued to search for somebody who would give him a "receipt" for me. Finally I was carried near their battery, on the south side, which was then engaged with troops in the direction of Richmond. It rained intensely. Presently there seemed to be considerable con-

fusion around me, arising from the Richmond troops, and some officer (just as I was looking for a stampede and a lucky escape) rushed up and ordered, "Take the officer across the river as quickly as possible." I was hurried over, and soon put in the circle of the provost marshal, where I met some two hundred and fifty prisoners, including the political prisoners. I soon saw Willoughby Brockenbrough, by whom I was introduced to Captain Griffin of Baltimore Light Artillery, with both of whom I messed until I left Fort Delaware, on August 20th. I also found here R. West of my company, who had been captured several days previously; Tom Sublett, formerly of my company, and several others whom I knew.

Here we rested for some time, till the reconnoiter from Richmond had ended, and all of Sheridan's force had crossed. I had time here to look at the horses, equipage, wagons, etc., of this little army of cavalry, and my conclusion is that it was perfectly equipped. They had everything a soldier needed, and especially was I surprised to find wiry, mettlesome, firm, but rather large, horses in abundance. The privates and subordinate officers said that they numbered 16,000. I thought 10,000 was nearer the strength. They were out of rations except sugar and coffee, and the ammunition wagons had been emptied to carry their own wounded. A surgeon to whom I applied for a conveyance said they had none, and that I would suffer little inconvenience with my bruise, as it would be well in a few days. The utmost care, I noticed, was taken to prevent the escape or recapture of the prisoners. We were kept always between two divisions, with guards riding on each side of us, so near that each horse's head touched the tail of the one in front, with the additional precaution that a less numerous body of flankers rode some one hundred yards to the right and left of us. In this way we marched to Mechanicsville, some two or three miles distant, and then halted to rest and eat. At Mechanicsville I wrote a note home, and, finding the provost marshal hungry, per-



sueded him that if allowed I could get something to eat for both of us at the principal house nearby. I desired to slip the note into some friendly hand. He gave permission and I went, under guard. Was going up the steps within a few feet of a kind, benignant looking lady when a fancy looking Weathersfield Yankee stopped me and asked my business. Said it was General Sheridan's headquarters. He was adjutant general, and I couldn't speak to the lady. He tried to pump me, asking as to my brigade, Stuart's death, etc., and got mad because I refused to answer. He finally asked if I were a Mason. I replied, "Sir, we are enemies," at which rejoinder he became furious and cursed me. Said I, "I am a prisoner; if one of your friends will lend me his pistol, or if you will surrender yours, I'll make you take that back. I never insult a prisoner or a woman." His companions giggled, while he turned to the corporal and said, "Take that man back." I replied, "I desire, since I am exposed to insult here." The adjutant general scowled when afterwards he saw me during the march, and I wondered if I might not during the war have a chance at him.

Sheridan evidently intended to march by the right-hand road toward Cold Harbor, but a reconnoiter toward the left satisfied him that side was safest. He advanced about two miles on that road and our cavalry were again in his front. I noticed during the fight that we prisoners were moved from place to place, so that we might be exposed to any shells thrown at their wagons. The fight resulted in the repulse of the Confederates and some twenty-five prisoners. After that there was no check upon the enemy; not a gun was fired until, near Malcum Hill, some of the Richmond troops dashed in and got a wagon and almost stampeded a division. Sheridan continued his march from Mechanicsville toward Dr. Gaines', reaching the latter place at 1 a. m. on the thirteenth. During the march we were compelled to wade creeks over our boots and splash through the mud, keeping always in the road lest some

of us should escape. We stopped to rest once near a ditch into which I crawled and had all but my head hidden under some bushes. One moment more and I should be free, but during that moment the guard cried, "Come out of that ditch, sir," and presented his gun. Of course I came out, and rather muddied. After this failure I talked to several of the guards and, finding one who was communicative, flattered him and finally proposed that he let me escape, offering him fifty dollars in Exchange Bank of Virginia notes. He declined the fee because he said it was not current, but consented to fall back out of sight and let me run for it. This he did later, but we had then reached a field near Dr. Gaines', and there was no hope to escape. Reaching camp, my sentinel carried me to the well to get me off, but the Yanks were as thick as bees, and all recognized me as a Rebel. It soon commenced raining. We luckily got a blanket, threw it over us, and I slept gloriously, though very wet. Bob West was taking the measles. On the morning of the thirteenth he was broken out thickly with the red spots common to the disease. I applied to let him get in an ambulance, but there was none. I applied for a horse; there was none to spare. I asked to let him be paroled; that, too, was refused. He must walk, and he did walk most of the long way that hard day's march, with measles. Finally, he managed to get a Rip and rode part of the way. Before leaving Dr. Gaines' house I asked the provost to let me go to the overseer's house, which I perceived was occupied. A corporal went with me. I tried to interest him in my favor and told him that the overseer's wife would hide me and he could go back without me. He said he would like to let me go, as I was so anxious. "But," said he, "they will miss that curious coat of yours trimmed with yellow, and I'll be shot." His fears made him incorruptible. And this is indeed the secret of the Yankee rich. There is no bond of friendship between superior and



Write to Mrs  
Lacey Dickinson  
Liberty  
Belmont

Say that Capt Lusk-  
Dunson is not dead  
but in prison

Fig. 5. Simile of Message Sent by Captain Dickinson to His Wife.

Mechanicville, Hanover, Co.,  
May 12th 64

Enclosed you will find a copy of  
paper which a Yankee Officer handed  
me to-day, saying that it was from  
your husband, with the request that  
I should give you the information  
which it contains. I thought it best  
to send it as I received it.

The army remained here a day & a  
part of the night & said that they held a  
great many prisoners. I did not see any  
& truly sympathize with you in this  
affliction, but you should be much  
comforted that his fate is as much  
better than many others who in the  
light have been cut down. May God  
support you in this trial as the wish  
of one who is a stranger to you, but  
can always sympathize with those who  
are in trouble. Do not have the sad  
experience of the Irish.

In much haste I make  
this sad communication

Mary E. Lumpkin



inferior. The very life of every subordinate seems to be in the hands of his immediate superior. Each loves to rule with an iron rod.

This thirteenth of May we marched nineteen miles through the rain and sloop, and reached Bottom's bridge at 4 o'clock, where we camped. As my boots would not go on over the blisters, I had to make the trip barefooted; many others followed my example. The same care was taken to guard us during this day, and the next. A division was marched to the front and formed to fight; we were pushed up to its rear, with a brigade on our right flank; the rear division then galloped forward to another favorable position and we were again advanced. Thus they retired by eschilon for two days. Their continuous galloping told on their horses, and every hour a pistol shot destroyed the subsequent use of a broken-down horse. The saddle and bridle were cut to pieces and the rider became a dismounted cavalryman for the rest of the trip. Reaching camp, a major of the First Massachusetts called to enquire as to the fate of a Captain Cronningshield, who was supposed to have been killed at Ashland by my regiment. I told him that Capt. V. Lowry had his watch, and he said his friends would buy it after the war. This major said the war ought to stop, and kindly gave me a blanket, which honest Captain Prentiss took from me at Hilton Head. That evening I got a corporal to conduct me to a nearby branch, ostensibly to bathe my feet and to wash the sand out of my boots. I worked on him long, showing my note for fifty dollars and offering him a check for fifty dollars on my father if he would let me slide. He said, like the others, that he would be detected. I asked him to let me get a hundred yards and then fire his piece. He replied that it would be cruel to do that. "Orders are general to shoot any of you who escape and you see we are surrounded by cavalry." He would not let me go. Again I laid down in the rain, wrapping my blanket around me, and slept without dreams. Our supper and

breakfast consisted of strips of a cow, caught by the Yankees in the neighborhood and driven up to our quarters. The guards, however, still had sugar and coffee and gave it to us very kindly. On the fourteenth we crossed Bottom's bridge and moved by Hooker's Hospital, White Oak Swamp and Malcum Hill down to Hominy Landing, I suppose. Our provost marshal this hot day took a delight in pushing us, and refused to let us get water when we crossed a branch. I thought then there was no such other wretch, but have learned to consider him an angel. I saw some of their friends this day come out of a church near Malcum Hill, with the sacred books of our religion in their arms. I cried out, "Church-robbers," and the prisoners echoed it with a vengeance. This day and the day previous their pilfering propensities were exercised whenever an occasion offered. Quite a number of negroes followed their fortunes, some on foot, some horseback, some in carts. Corn houses were broken open, fences burned at night, meat houses, bee gums and some private houses plundered.

At Malcum Hill there was some difficulty in signaling, and before the gunboats recognized Sheridan they threw several shells at him. That evening we encamped at Harrison's house, near a large woods, and Griffin and myself resolved to escape by going to an adjacent spring together and knocking down the sentinel. However, just at dark we were called into line, separated from the political prisoners and marched off under a close guard to a boat, on which we were embarked and moved down that same night to Bermuda Hundred. Before bidding farewell to the land I had written a number of notes and letters, dropping some on the road, entrusting some to sentinels to leave for me at various homes and giving others to the political, or rather citizen, prisoners, whom I supposed would be released in a day or two, but whom I have since learned were held to languish at Fortress Monroe.


On the fifteenth, after getting fair rations, we started for



Fortress Monroe. We were not greatly crowded nor so securely guarded but that we could have taken the boat and made our escape. We did not know each other, however, and, some opposing it, we did not try. Ben Butler's judge advocate was aboard, sought a conversation with me, and asked whether the people and army of the South really believed what our papers said of Butler's cruelty, etc. I replied that our papers all rather believed public opinion, and that Butler was universally execrated in the South. He dropped the conversation and me with it during the remainder of the trip. We landed at Fortress Monroe at 4 p. m., and, so far as I could see, the Rip Raps seemed the stronger fort of the two. A few parrot guns would soon level the forming battlements of Monroe. We disembarked and saw a number of negro troops for the first time; we were marched up to a prison near the Female Academy. The prisoners whom we found there were of a motley character—deserters, robbers, felons, citizens, soldiers and seamen, but there were Southern hearts among them, and we soon found ourselves at home as far as those could make us. While looking around for quarters an old silver-haired gentleman came up and said, "Sir, if you have no better quarters I will be glad to make you as comfortable as I can." He was not polished and yet there was something in him I fancied, so I accepted his invitation. His name was Cobb, of Cobb's Island, ten miles east of Accomack county. Two sons were in the room with him and one or two others. All hands welcomed me and the old man sent to the sutlery and got butter, bread, molasses and cheese. We had coffee issued and had a good supper. Whilst the others were playing a game of cards the old man gave me a history of his troubles. He said that he and his sons had been arrested as bushwhackers, that no charges had been preferred and could not be, but that he expected to remain there during the residue of the war. He said they had left all their families on the island under the charge of one sin-

gle white man, whom I imagine was a poor shield in the face of the droves of Yankees who daily prowled over his possessions. Cobb told me that his island was quite a place of resort, and was the best spot for fish and game on the continent. His wonderful tales of brant, wild geese and ducks, birds' eggs, sharks and other fish interested me till 11 o'clock, and I intended then to accept his invitation to visit Cobb's Island after the war. He told me that a boat made the trip there from Norfolk twice each week. During the night I went below stairs with young Cobb to look after R. West. Cobb was attacked by a Yankee deserter and but for my help I believe would have suffered. He had previously warned me of the danger of going there, and we then gladly beat a retreat. Later in the night, several of our crowd were enticed into the rooms of these scoundrels and gagged and robbed. Someone made a noise in his room, when a sentinel fired, the ball striking the bunk of two men.

The sixteenth was spent principally in making out our roll, a tedious job, and at 4 p. m. we marched down to the fort (on the way meeting Dr. Heber Goode just coming in), and embarked on board the Steamer Adalaide, Captain Cannon, for Point Lookout. The officer of the guard at first suspected that we would attempt to escape, but finally seemed disposed to favor us as far as possible. His guards were strict, yet the prisoners who were officers were allowed to go on deck and in the cabin, and when supper was announced we went down to eat. I think there were some fifteen at the table, which was rather sumptuous, and I never saw so many fish and so much toast eaten at one time. When we went out and offered to pay for supper, the captain was standing by the steward and with a quiet little smile said, "Sir, I don't allow such fellows as you to pay me anything." I afterwards had a long talk with him at the pilot house about politics generally. We might have taken the boat easily if we had any organization, and after taking it we could have made the pilot run us on the North Carolina coast.



On board were several ladies and gentlemen, all of whom but two ladies and their companions were "seasick," but who lavished upon us the greatest kindness and attention. The ladies who were married sought us out and introduced us to the single ones, all very much to the disgust of the Yankees, and talked and acted secrets freely and openly. Finding that some of the officers were needy they gave all their spare change, then took our names and afterwards while in prison we had abundant evidence that they had not forgotten us.

We had a perfectly smooth sea, a beautiful night and about 11 p. m. neared the Point Lookout light. A tug, which answered our signal, met and took us aboard at the wharf at Point Lookout. Several companies of the Sons of Africa here met us, formed in two lines. We were marched between them and, after considerable delay, during which I found that General Lee had already well-nigh filled the hospitals of this place with Yankee wounded, we were marched up to the office of Major Weymouth, the provost marshal. Some of the officers on the road smelled the negro odor and turned up their noses besides making some rough remarks, but Cuffee soon taught us to use his phrase that, "The bottom rail is on top now." My huge supper and imprudent eating at Fortress Monroe was beginning to tell on me and I was too sick with cholera morbus to take much interest in the naval proceedings. In addition to this the soreness in my hip and back was such that I could hardly get up when down, which condition prevailed for a week. We were drawn up in front of the provost, and soon the search commenced. Some had borrowed gold and notes from the Navy officers, who were prisoners at Fortress Monroe and were flush. I had a little in greenbacks, fifty dollars in Virginia money and some Confederate. I rammed all of mine between my legs, and when asked for money told them to search, which they did but found nothing. All watches, jewelry and money which could be found was taken,

and when I left Fort Delaware Weymouth had not then forwarded accounts of some of the gold watches. The presumption was that he never would. In this search hats were turned inside out, and so also of pockets; boots were pulled off, etc. This operation over we were all marched up to the pens, and there the officers were separated from the privates and marched into the usual quarters. During the remainder of the night we stayed in the dining hall, where I sat up and vomited till found about sunrise of the seventeenth by my friend Hiram Burks, an "old rat" who dated back to Gettysburg. He kindly loaned me a clean shirt and drawers and carried me to the hospital where Dr. Hayes, of Morgan's command (who had charge), received me kindly and administered opium so freely that I slept for nearly two days. This was the hardest spell of cholera morbus I ever had, and left me prostrate. I remained in the hospital one week and received every attention that I desired. At this hospital Dr. Hayes had medicines and sick diet furnished in abundance, and there was very little control over his actions so that a sick man fared very well. Whilst in the hospital I gave out my soiled shirt and drawers to someone to be washed and never heard of them again, so that for three weeks, until I got some from Graham Blackford, I had to wear Burks', and wash the same whilst minus those indispensable articles.

Our addition to the number of officers here made about six hundred total, whilst in the adjoining pen the privates numbered, they said, ten thousand. We were quartered in large Sibley tents, which were quite comfortable. When discharged from hospital, I was put in a tent with Capt. Wm. Bailey, Captain Bruce, and Captain Balentine of the Fifth Florida; also one Burley, a master in the Navy. The latter was the coarsest, roughest specimen of a Scotchman I ever saw, and so filthy and rude that, notwithstanding the fact that the others were pleasant gentlemen, I determined to quit. About this time some twenty privates, who were quartered

with us and detailed to police, were ordered out, and Captain Mitchell, Captain Moon and Lieutenant Coles, of the C. D. Cav. and Captain Griffin and Private Willoughby Brockenbrough, of Griffin's Baltimore Light Artillery, and myself took one of the cast-off tents and lived together.

The water at this place was obtained by digging anywhere from six to eight feet and, though cool, was either full of copper or copperas, which was very unpleasant to the taste and acted like salts upon the bowels. It, no doubt, was the prime cause of the fearful mortality among the privates. One day, whilst near the dining hall, when the partition fence was being removed, I saw a wagon moving out of camp, in which I counted nine coffins. Thus did the gallant sons of the South in these prisons, day by day, meet a more deadly foe than the canaille of the North. A private who was on detail in the officers' camp told me that a post mortem examination revealed the fact that the intestines were almost eaten up by the water. One thing is certain—a great many men were constantly sick with diarrhoea and dysentery, and, although but one of the officers died during the month I spent there, yet a number of my companions (too sick to be moved) were left there, and several of them, it has since been learned, died.

In the September number of the American Newspaper, a correspondent, under date of July 27, 18—, said he had just returned from a visit to the "Rebels" at Point Lookout; that there were about thirteen thousand there and that on the day previous fourteen hundred were on the sick list. Thus were we kept on this narrow neck of land when, by their own testimony, one in every nine was sick.

The fare at Point Lookout was better than at any other place in which I was confined. Previous to my arrival three meals a day had been served, but about that time two meals were issued: Breakfast, consisting of chicory coffee and bread, and dinner, consisting

of meat sufficient for the day, bread, soup made of beans, occasionally molasses, rice, vinegar, etc. This continued till the first of July when the breakfast was omitted, though we could buy coffee and get pieces of plank, etc., and thus make out good meals.

This order of the first of July emanated from the commissary general of provisions or secretary of war, and I judge affected all the prisoners alike. The cook and eating house was a large establishment in which we stood up to eat. Each mess of eight had a particular place, where we found our eight rations with cups, plates, knives and forks for all. This house was exclusively managed by the prisoners, some privates being detailed to cook for us. The food was not well cooked, as the privates on duty had not been selected for their cooking qualities. Nevertheless, a hungry man could eat the victuals with a relish. The bread was loaf and very good. The sutler was allowed to keep many articles of food for the more fastidious, and, indeed, was only prohibited from selling boots, military clothing, and articles calculated to aid our escape. I found sugar worth 20 to 30 cents; coffee, 35 cents; eggs, 50 cents; molasses, \$2.00; lemons, 10 cents, and other articles in proportion, but this was the era of unsettled currency. Gold was worth \$1.75 and daily creeping up. Goods went up with it, or rather ahead of it, until many articles of previous necessity became so high we could not buy them. When we left Fort Delaware sugar was 50 to 60 cents; coffee, 80 cents; butter, 80 cents; eggs, 80 cents; molasses, \$2.80, etc. Our mess bought us a large coffee pot, cabbaged a lot of plates, cups, spoons and knives from the cook house, made a sort of furnace on the edge of a bank, and, as most of us were enabled to make money arrangements, we lived in very good style, spending some eighty dollars in about one month. In addition to our own cooking arrangements, two of the officers set up a regular eating house, at which quite a good meal could be gotten on the French plan. From him we occasionally got hot biscuit, corn

bread, eggs, etc. Nothing of the ardent spirits order could be gotten here or elsewhere, unless smuggled in peach or tomato cans, the difficulty in doing this being to communicate with your friend outside in such a way as not to be suspicioned. Whilst here I was almost always threatened with dysentery and, supposing that some good brandy would benefit me, I wrote to my friend Thomas H. Halley, Callanoy county, Missouri, to send me some of Jesse Bradley's bitters. I suggested to him that, as bottles were sometimes broken, he had best have the bitters put in cans. In the same letter I stated that I was unwell and thought some brandy would do me good, but it was not allowed in camp. When this letter was received, my former neighbor, I. Nobles, read it and told Halley that he knew what kind of bitters Bradley made and drank. A box containing some bitters was started to me, also one to Quincy; the latter got his on the seventeenth of August, but cans were then cut open when received and he lost his by confiscation. On the day I left Fort Delaware, a box was called for Capt. H. L. Hickerson. I went through the crowd as fast as possible, and got through in time to see them taking out my box, so long coveted. This was a fine Yankee trick! At Point Lookout the whole of the prisoners were in one large enclosure, with a double partition between. This enclosure was of thick plank, some twenty feet high and fastened to posts. Near the top and outside of this was a narrow parapet serving the purpose of a beat for the sentinels, who were fourteen in number around the officers' camp, and, I judge, about forty or forty-five in number around the privates' camp, as that was several times larger than ours. These sentinels mounted their beats from the outside, were not allowed to speak to the prisoners, and, as their positions overlooked the whole camp and the planks were nailed on the inside, an escape was impossible. On the west side of the camp, next the Potomac, was a gateway for wagons, which was always guarded by sentinels; in front of it, and fifty yards distant,

were four pieces of artillery always kept ready for use. Very near this battery was a blockhouse made of logs and covered, used for musketry and artillery, in which that portion of the regiment and guard not on duty always stayed, ready for an outbreak. There was another blockhouse on the northwest corner of the privates' camp facing Chesapeake Bay, with two pieces of artillery and a considerable number of muskets. Besides all this a gunboat always remained at anchor in the river, some two hundred yards distant. There were two pieces of artillery (rifles) to the northeast of the officers' camp, and to the west of the privates' camp was a moat, making the point really an island. Beyond this moat was a mounted guard, which patrolled the country for twenty miles up to a station where a larger guard was kept and intended to intercept all passage toward Washington city. The troops on the point intended as guards generally consisted of five regiments, though the number was reduced for awhile when Grant was calling daily for troops. At first the Second and Third New Hampshire, the Fifth Rhode Island, the Thirty-second United States Colored, and the Massachusetts Colored was on duty. These white regiments were first relieved by invalid corps, and then the Massachusetts negroes went to the front; finally some ten thousand Pennsylvanians took the place of the Thirty-second negro troops, when they made their disgraceful and inhuman raid into Westmoreland and the Northern Neck. I happened to be near the fence when these raiders returned with their booty, which was afterward exhibited by them, clearly evincing that they had been neither respecters of property nor person. A communication in the Richmond papers which I afterward saw revealed the fact that the crime of rape was frequently committed by these hellhounds. I saw among their plunder money, spoons, plates, jewelry, little negroes, sideboards, horses, cows, plows, curtains, wheel-barrows and, indeed, everything which could be useful to a farmer and useless to an army. But to return



to the guard and prison. Facing the bay was a gateway, which was open from sunrise to sunset and enabled the prisoners to bathe at pleasure, though the sink erected over the bay, contiguous to our bathing spot, rendered the bathing sometimes not very pleasant. After the gates were closed several troughs were brought in and used as sinks. This bathing was the great enjoyment of the officers and men, and I have sometimes counted over two hundred in the water at one time. A sentinel, who stood between the sink and the men and officers on the beach, allowed no communication of any kind.

When first guarded by the negro every officer felt that he was degraded and insulted by the almost constant contact with an inferior type of the genus man, but we had to come down to it, and after awhile I began to feel that the negro and Yankee was that between tweedledum and tweedledee. The character of white soldier selected for guard duty was generally of the lowest kind. The exception was the invalid corps, one hundred-day militia deserters who have never been to the front. All others were either impressed with the idea that the "Rebel" was an inferior being, or else, fearing him and knowing that they were unworthy to meet him on a field of strife, they meanly sought in these prison hells to wreck their vengeance, or, as the case might be, to tread upon him because he was nothing but a "Rebel." The negro, on the other hand, was confessedly a machine. As a soldier he was more a slave than at the South. He was, day after day, driven, double quicked, put under guard, struck with a sword, abused and cursed till he caught a soldier's step and learned involuntarily to go through the evolutions. Put him on guard then and he would nod, though his officer might shoot at him for the act; in everything else he would try to do his duty, nothing more. The drilling he had undergone to make him a soldier so unnerved him that he would not willingly shoot any white man, and, beside, I think Cuffee had some linger-

ing respect and reverence for the men of the South, who were masters without driving him. I scrupulously avoided speaking to negrosoldiers of giving them cause to speak tome, and the few who ever spoke did it with a manner very deferential. Since the odium and sin of making soldiers out of these poor creatures lies at the doors of the Yankee, I must say, barring the smell of a hot day when too close to him, that I prefer a negro guard to a white Yankee.

The greatest care was taken at Point Lookout to prevent escape, and I must say they succeeded very well, owing to the position of the place. The sentinels did not, or could not, or would not, learn to walk regularly on their beats, never walking with their backs to each other as did the negroes at Morris Island, and the want of this precaution enabled us to scale the walls at night with impunity, by means of rope ladders. The great active reflection of a prisoner is escape. He will dream all day of home or revenge, or it may be of peace, but let a chance present itself, however slim, and he is no longer a dreamer, but all action and ready to endure fatigue and labor and want of sleep, which performed at home would kill him.

A friend of mine, Lieutenant Bruce of the Fifth Florida, scaled the wall in the month of February and for four hours that night waded in water up to his neck, passed the upper battery and blockhouse, but unfortunately came out within a few feet of a cavalry picket, who caught him, took him back and put him in irons. Nothing daunted by this failure he scaled the walls in July, took a longer wade and went to Dixie, from which place he managed to let us know that he was safe. This escape caused the search of all our troops for ladders, ropes, etc., and the provost, after swearing like a fool, took away every trunk, valise, table, box, etc., which we had.

Many escapes were always being attempted, and they not in-



*War-time Photos of Captain Dickin on*



frequently succeeded. One evening, before the outer gate was locked, I noticed several sitting on some piles near the beach and, walking up, I found them burying a companion, who, after dark, resurrected himself, and waded up the beach beyond the fort and pickets. Ever after this, when the gate was being locked, the officer of the guard thrust his sword into every little hillock on the beach. Another officer crawled through the hole of the sink, swung to a pile and thus hung over the sea till night, when he, too, waded off. Once, whilst bathing, several amused themselves by swimming races when the tide was right and one of them boldly struck off for Accomac. The last we saw of him he seemed a mere speck as he was lifted upon the waves. Whether he was eaten by a shark, drowned, or escaped we never heard, but as it was some six miles to the nearest land which he could touch it was a great venture. One friend, Captain Coulter of Arkansas, seeing a party of carpenters who had been building something going out under guard boldly seized one of their implements and walked out, too. As he wore citizen's clothes nothing but a count detected him. Almost all the employers were from Maryland and would help a "Reb" if they could.

If disposed to I could fill this entire volume with escapes and efforts to escape. These escapes always induced greater vigilance on the part of the guard, so that day by day we saw some one of our rights as freemen taken from us. Our letters were examined with the greatest care, every box sent to us was opened and thoroughly inspected to detect contraband articles, etc. We were prohibited from speaking to or communicating in any way with the details from the privates' camp; we were not allowed to go to the fence during the day; except at the gate and at night, no man could leave his tent except to go to the sink. These and a thousand other restrictions made our existence, we thought, almost intolerable, but since then I have borne privations which made me feel that, in com-

parison, Point Lookout was Heaven. One fact in reference to the privates at Point Lookout, I must notice. Privates of culture and respectability were found daily seeking details to police our camp, and these privates I noticed carefully gathered up and put into their haversacks every piece of bread and meat which we had cast aside. It finally became a well-understood fact that anything we could not eat would be thankfully received by these poor privates. With this in mind my mess saved all he could, and each day called in one of the detail who, whilst sweeping our tent, received the food, together with any contraband letters intended for our friends in the privates' camp. These fellows all represented to us that the daily ration issued to the privates was insufficient to support life, that they were always hungry and that so many were sick that none but the very sick received the benefit of hospital care. Many, it is true, received money from their friends, while some made rings and trinkets of gutta-percha and thus lived well. The demand for these trinkets was limited, however, and the great majority of all prisoners were without Northern friends; hence, the sufferings of the poor privates. These sufferings and the bad water made many of the poor fellows desperate, for death stared them in the face daily. In this mood, they were approached by recruiting agents of the Federal Government, and many, very many, it is said, either enlisted in the army or took the oath of allegiance. In either case they were greatly to blame, but let those only throw a stone at the poor starved fellows who themselves can show that they, too, have faithfully endured the pangs of starvation added to the daily fear of death. Be it said to the credit of the privates, that no man ever took the oath without receiving a petting and blessing from his companions, until the authorities learned how to remove them before the party concerned was suspected.

Almost every regiment, battalion and legion I ever heard of was represented among the officers at Point Lookout, some of them

having been captured as far back as the First Maryland campaign. We had also a number among us who were privates representing themselves as officers, whilst others, insisting that they were privates, were held as officers whether or no. We had no officer of higher rank than colonel, and the great majority were lieutenants.

After a time, the dress and manner of the officers became loose and careless. As many had no means with which to replenish wardrobes we did not, in this respect, compare favorably with the always neat and tidy Yankee officer. Some of our officers were men of mental culture and refined manners, who would have done themselves honor in any station. Many were men of mediocrity, unable to lead, whilst some were positively very ignorant and others, I fear, worse than ignorant. A number of thefts of money and checks and other property were perpetrated by officers, and my own very personal knowledge, as far as it goes, confirms the statement of old prisoners, that no general plan to escape from prison ever succeeded because some our number proved traitors. Once, as I have learned, at Johnson's Island, an organization was perfected under General Trimble, by which 2,500 officers expected to escape to Canada. The guard was then only three hundred strong, and a boat lay at the wharf which could have transported them, but a scoundrel revealed the plot, and a brigade afterwards guarded the prisoners.


One of the most noticeable traits in many of our prisoners was toadyism to any Yankee who for a moment stopped within the prison. Instead of making him feel that he was an inferior being, he was immediately surrounded and asked for news, favors, etc., and I never saw even a Yankee sergeant come in who was not pulled by the sleeve till he went out. This made them feel their impotence, and must have given them a poor opinion of us.

On the eighteenth day of June, 1864, it was ascertained that we were all shortly to be moved, supposedly to Fort Delaware, in a

few days. At once I called together a few friends whom I could trust and stated the plan of an organization which I had drawn up, having for its object the capture of the boat which was to take us to Fort Delaware. All feared exposure, and finally, as there were thirteen divisions or detachments, we determined to bring into the organization as plotters only thirteen men, who were to elect a chief and assistant chief, and each one of the thirteen was to enlist if he could about twelve good men from his own division, pledged to aid him at any time if he should desire to escape from prison, but who were to know absolutely nothing else. Thus we were to conceal the name of the chief and his thirteen subordinates, the manner of action and the time of action from any who might play traitor. We elected Colonel Woolfolk, of Paducah, Ky., our chief, and Lieutenant De Gonnery, of Louisiana, assistant, and these two planned our intended operations, as we thought, with the utmost secrecy. We who were of the thirteen did not even know all of the plan, but I knew that a special guard was detailed to seize the pilot and wheel, and another to take the engine, that five companies, of which mine was one, were to seize the guard on duty, whilst eight companies charged the guard off duty. One engineer, one pilot, all hands were nominated for their special duty. The signal of warning was, "These are hard times," when each captain was to get his squad well in hand; then at the word "Liberty" the work was to be done.

On the morning of the twenty-first of July, preparations commenced to move us, and about 4 o'clock p. m. we marched out, between two hundred soldiers, besides sergeants, lieutenants, etc. All this looked suspicious, but when we were marched to the wharf, we found a gunboat with steam up, and, looking around, we missed our engineer, who at the last moment had been left behind. This looked still more suspicious, and then all hands of us, nearly six hundred officers, were ruthlessly thrust between decks. There were





but two hatches, and the lower deck and hole had been recently painted. The boat was about nine hundred tons burthen, with two ports forward, none aft, and the thermometer in the shade was nearly 100. The guards were all placed on the upper deck and a strong detail with arms was always around the hatches. That our guards were apprised of our intended escape was now as certain as when they afterwards informed us that they knew all our plans, but, notwithstanding all this guard, when we moved off we found another gunboat preceding us, whilst the one before spoken of followed in our wake.

Escape was hopelessly impossible; we saw it, and submitted to our fate. In a few minutes the heat of our bodies generated a terrible atmosphere; men began to cry for water, water, air, air. We wrung the perspiration from our clothes, only to find it dripping off again in a few minutes. Some among so many suffering with diarrhoea asked to go to the water closet, but two only could go at once, and hence many relieved themselves in the hole of the vessel. Sleep was impossible, for the vessel did not contain room to lie down.

Thus we spent the slow hours from the evening of the twenty-first till mid-day of the twenty-fifth of July, when we disembarked at Fort Delaware. About fifty of us in all managed on the second day to get permission to stay on the top of the pilot house, but all of us, except Major Branch and one or two others, were either wounded or suffering with dysentery. My deliberate opinion is that no greater cruelty was ever practiced by any slaver. I shall never forget the horrors of the one night spent between those decks. Most fortunately the Atlantic was as smooth as glass during the trip. If it had been even rough many of us must have died.

#### FORT DELAWARE

This fort is situated at the junction of the Brandywine with Delaware River opposite Delaware City, and is built upon Pea

Island, which contains about sixty acres and was formed, as I learn, by the sinking of a Dutch ship loaded with peas. To us who had seen neither grass or trees, the beautiful fields all the way up the bay were most refreshing.

The island was evidently much smaller when the fort was built on its eastern or New Jersey edge, as there is considerable ground to the north and west of it. A levee is constructed around the whole island, but the spring tides sometimes carry the water over the walls. The officers' gardens, I noticed, were in a high state of cultivation; indeed, they ought to be, being of alluvial soil, and irrigated by the ditches which convey the water into the moat around the fort. The fort walls were of granite or brown stone, quadrangular, and built for three tiers of guns. I expect if necessary two hundred guns could be mounted. I counted once about seventy in the western wall, besides twelve large guns on the parapet. The officers' quarters, etc., were within the fort and made of brick. A bridge with a draw led to the fort on the west side. When we landed after much delay, we were marched on a lawn near the hospitals, where we were counted, rolls were called and a full search was made. I hid my money and valuables in the grass till the search was over.

Having seen in a paper that the prisoners at the Old Capitol were to be removed to Fort Delaware, I expected Quincy was not only there, but looked for him every minute to come out and speak to me. Finding he did not, I made some excuse to walk about, hoping to attract his attention. I afterward learned that a prisoner dare not look out of his window in sight of a sentinel.

We were presently marched toward the door of the prison, and, whilst standing there, I asked a sergeant if I could not be permitted to go into the privates' prison and see my brother. He replied not then, but if I would apply to the provost marshal he would allow me. Little did I think then that the cruel orders in

force on the island had prevented brothers who had stayed in different prisons, separated by a fence and ditch for more than a year, from seeing each other. Sometimes I wrote to my brother through the regular channels and received one little note in reply; I made nine formal and informal applications to see him, which were either refused or treated with silent contempt. I applied to the provost marshal, Captain Winnie, to Lieutenant Wolf, in command of the officers' prison, to Capt. G. W. Ahl, the O. adjutant general, and to Brig. Gen. A. Schoff, commanding the fort, and each case represented that we had been captured at different times, that he was in delicate health, and that I desired only a few minutes' conversation—but it was all in vain. Finally, however, two days before I left the fort, I was unexpectedly summoned to the fort in reference to a fifty-dollar note out of which the sutler had swindled me, and whilst there I said to General Schoff, "Sir, I have repeatedly asked for an interview with my brother in the privates' prison. I expect as you know to leave in a short time, and may get home before he does. Shall I then say we stayed within a few feet of each other all summer, but I never saw him?" General Schoopf turned to the orderly and said, "Tell Lieutenant Wolf to let him see his brother," and I did have an hour's interview with him of the most unreserved character, as the guard fortunately went to sleep.

I believe Wolf would have refused this if he dared, as, after writing to all the "subs," I wrote a sealed letter, marked "Private," to General Schoopf, in which I intimated that his subordinates had suppressed communications. This letter was returned to Wolf for information, who tried to call me to account for the charge of suppression and for calling him a subordinate. I asked him if he did not examine all the letters? "Yes," he said. "Then," said I, "you have suppressed letters which I can prove were put in the box addressed to my brother." He left me after this plain talk

and I understood that I was not to expect either courtesy or justice at his hands. We were all unceremoniously thrust into the pen, and told to get quarters where we could. As we found about eight hundred already tenanted, and many not disposed to yield any portion of their room to interlopers, it was no easy matter for us to find quarters. My mess, however, found bunks on the ground tier at last, the possession of which nobody disputed, but the dirt from the two tiers above always kept us filthy, and besides we occasionally would catch a greyback, which admonished us that our neighbors wouldn't do, and so in a few days we moved baggage from Division 30 to Division 32.

My first wish after getting into my quarters was to take a wash, and, seeing a great hogshead at No. 32, I procured a pan and helped myself, but was told, "That hogshead is for drinking; you must wash in the ditch." This ditch was of salt water, connecting with the main ditch at the officers' sinks, as well as the sinks of the "whitewashed" camp and the guardhouses, and the receptacle of all the loose filth on the island. The water was supposed to be renewed in it by the ebb and flow of the tides, but the numerous "water gaps" made to prevent our escape caught all the scum and filth at the ebb, which was drawn back by the flow, so that the ditch was only cleaned when "Fox," a hideous, hang-dog looking Irishman (who was a deserter from the Stonewall brigade), scraped out the "settlings" and mud with a hoe. Often, whilst I have been washing my face and hands, have I seen three or four, naked, washing their bodies, others washing their feet, others washing their greasy dishes, others washing their handkerchiefs or socks, and others again cleaning catfish and throwing the intestines in the water. All this was done in the same stagnant ditch within a few feet of each other. The clothes were washed in the main ditch, within a few feet of the sink, which was so filthy that the clothes never could look clean, but our "washwomen," by ironing, im-

proved the general appearance very much. These "washwomen" were brother officers who, being out of funds, did this work as a support, and the great number produced such competition that washing a garment only cost five cents and ironing five cents.

The "eating house" was a very large establishment, accommodating at one time one-half the officers, or about seven hundred, who were marched in by divisions, with the chief at the head. All stood and ate their grub, or else carried it out to their quarters. This house was under the control of a lynx-eyed Yankee sergeant, assisted by some fifteen detailed privates from the "Reb" camp, who were so completely under his dominion that I actually thought till a few days before I left that all hands were Yankees. Discovering my mistake, I forwarded to my friends in the privates' camp many long epistles, which were faithfully delivered.

Our meals were ordered at 8 a. m. and 2 p. m., but were furnished at 10:30 a. m. and 3 p. m. Breakfast consisted of a cup of water, about four ounces of light bread, and say five ounces of pork. Several times the pork was omitted. At dinner we were given a small amount of bread and meat (fresh beef being frequently substituted for salt pork), and, in addition, we received a pint of bean soup. This soup was generally burned, and always made of old beans; altogether, it was the most nefarious stuff I ever tasted. We got vinegar twice each week. The fresh beef was fat and could have been made good, but it was killed the day previous and brought into the pen about 9 a. m. covered with a swarm of green flies, and often was so tainted that it could not be eaten. Many of the officers, of course, had friends in the North, who sent them various articles of food, so that not a few of us never saw the table.

We were allowed to purchase pans, coffee pots, etc., from the sutler, wood was sometimes furnished, and, being allowed to build fires, just in front and a few feet distant from the sink, morn-

ing and evening that sweet spot was a general rendezvous for the cooks of each mess, who, amid the smoke and stench, managed to fix up some good dishes.

At first we cooked there, but finding it so hot and crowded I bought a coal-oil cooking lamp from the sutler, in which, seated on our bunk, we daily made our coffee and fried ham or stewed hash. Many men who had no means or friends, finding the meat rations insufficient, caught catfish under the sink (dropping the hook through the holes), and daily lived on this disgustingly filthy food.

The sutler was a regularly built New England Weathersfield Union Yankee, with an eye always to the main chance, and, as he had no competition, sold only those articles which paid him well. He had two or three assistants about him who were either full-blooded Yankees or deserters, and we looked upon the whole crew as so many vultures. My opinion was that they would steal, and yet, strangely, I gave them a chance to steal from me, which chance they improved.

Being out of United States money, but expecting some daily, I pawned to Robinson, who had an ice cream saloon attached to the sutler's store, my fifty-dollar Exchange Bank of Virginia note for the sum of five dollars, with the express agreement that I was to redeem it when I received a remittance. Robinson left in a few days, having been ordered to close up the saloon, and told me that he had left the fifty dollars with Emory, the main business man, which fact Emory verified. When I received the remittance, Emory said that Robinson had called and taken the note to Philadelphia with him. I threatened to expose him to General Schoepf for surrendering my property, and finally did so. Schoepf helped me to corner Emory, who stated that Robinson's house had burned up and with it all he had, including the fifty dollars. Finally he tendered me five dollars additional, which I declined, telling him, in a crowd, that it was "a base swindle and theft."

Schoepf had the power (as these scoundrels as sutlers were attached to the United States Army) to compel them by court martial to make restitution, but he refused to do it. (Query—Might I not take by force this amount from some Yankee, and give him an order on these scoundrels, thus making them steal from themselves? At any rate if forced to suffer much more I would have thought seriously of those questions of morality. Those who have seen and felt nothing of Yankee rule must not judge me.)

This concern of Welch or Robinson Emory—"Daw" & Co.—though they had a plentiful stock of the usual articles on hand, always went up with the rise in gold, in the end selling sugar at sixty cents when its wholesale price in New York was twenty-one cents, and other articles in the same ratio. The principal articles kept and sold were sugar, molasses, ginger and sweet cakes, cheese, tea and coffee, etc. For awhile we feasted on cream, and occasionally could buy melons and canteloupes. I should not omit to say that each morning we could buy milk at ten cents per pint, or fifteen cents per quart.

We, or rather a few of the officers, were allowed to bathe in the bay once after our arrival. The privilege was not repeated because, as I learned, we took advantage of knowledge gained in this way to escape. The sleeping apartments, or barracks, occupied the northeast and one-half the south side of the irregular parallelogram, the cookhouse filling up the other half of the south side, whilst the west side was a high, close fence on which was a parapet occupied by three sentinels, who could thus see all over our pen. Our barracks were divided into fifteen apartments, afterwards increased to sixteen, and each containing about ninety-five officers. Each apartment was arranged with three tiers of scaffolds, with an aisle running along the centre. All hands thus slept in rows, with their feet toward the aisle. There were no divisions or partitions between the various messes or men, hence

one's neighbor could always transfer a portion of his extra "grey-backs." Against lice and filth, however, we had some (moral suasion) rules which generally worked tolerably. I have seen some of my roommates catch and crack bugs by the hour.

A lamp burned dimly in each division from sunset to sunrise, and to touch it was death. We were required to put out our candles at 8 p. m.; after that no talking was allowed, though the strict observance of this rule was not always enforced by the sentinel, who walked on his beat just behind each division. The water for drinking was, I learned, at one time dipped up near the sinks and, besides being salty, was generally a little touched with scum, but during my stay the water was obtained from the Brandywine and, though sometimes a little salty, was pure, or would have been pure but for the rats, which occasionally were drowned in the tank, and the dirt and dust which was washed into the tanks from the top of the barracks during rains.

The mails were received regularly every day, and the number of letters was very considerable, though no correspondent could write over one page, unless he wrote a Union lecture, to which there was, of course, no limit. Each division appointed its own postmaster, who each evening, at the signal, assembled at a hole in the fence on west side where the letters were called out and delivered. If letters called contained money, the envelope, endorsed with the amount of money, and the letter were delivered, and, upon presentation of the envelope, the money was afterwards paid in checks on the sutler, when the sergeant, Randolph, thought proper. If the money was in the form of a check, although marked good by the bank, it was retained and paid after collection minus a charge of ten per cent for collection. There was no rule in regard to the delivery of money, or rather checks, on the sutler; sometimes all of a remittance would be delivered, sometimes ten per cent of it, sometimes the sergeant would give to one and refuse



to give to another. I received ten dollars sent me by my father from Philadelphia whilst at the fort. I needed money always whilst there, and yet had seventy dollars in the sergeant's hands when I left, a part of which he had held over one month, and thus, by the act of one adjutant in keeping my Yankee money, another adjutant was enabled to swindle me out of my Virginia money.

The checks on the sutler were bits of printed parchment, only good between us and the sutler, so that we could not buy up a sentinel. During a portion of the time a sergeant brought in and sold daily a "Philadelphia Enquirer," a Government paper, full of news of Rebel defeats, etc., but during Early's raids we were allowed to receive no papers whatever. However, almost every day someone managed, by means of a little silver, to buy a newspaper from a sentinel, and we were thus kept informed as to all the movements of Early and the fights at Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. During one day the fort was exercised by a rumor that one of our vessels was in the bay, and I observed that all the parapet guns were manned until the excitement blew over. My father offered to subscribe for me for any paper I desired, but was informed it would not be allowed.

The amount of clothing, food, etc., received by us from friends was very considerable. Boxes were generally sent by express and received by, or rather issued to, us twice each week. The box was always broken open in presence of the crowd and thoroughly examined. All cans of fruit were cut open to find whiskey, and so with bottles. The clothing was thoroughly searched for money, contraband letters, etc., and if more than a bare supply of any article was received it was at once confiscated. A good hat, or good shirts, or fine pants, generally fell to the lion's share, on the plea that they were not needed by the owner. If any article of clothing was delivered the owner was

compelled to shed off his old clothes then and there. In this, notwithstanding their argus eyes, they were not always successful, as many would put on their new ones and then steal their old ones; besides all very old apparel was kept and loaned from friend to friend for such occasions. The presiding genius of this place was a fat old Dutchman speaking English badly, by rank a brigadier general and named A. Schoepf, pronounced Sheff. He was promoted for killing General Zollicoffer, but I learned he did not like to be complimented for this act. So far as administrative ability went he was totally unfitted to command. He had neither tact, judgment or system. The veriest simpleton in Dixie would have reduced the plan of governing the prison to more order and simplicity.

His wife was said to be a strong sympathizer with the South, and I have been told by high authority that Schoepf himself desired to be kindly disposed toward the prisoners, but feared his adjutant general, A. W. Ahl, who was the real head of the establishment. Ahl was a New England Abolitionist and had a company of artillery made up of deserters. Of course he had no friendship for a "Reb," and receiving his appointment from Abraham the First, he ruled Schoepf as he chose. This fellow Ahl could not write an order correctly or sensibly or, if he could, wouldn't do it, lest the "Rebs" should obey it and thus give his pet deserters no chance to shoot. I have many reasons to believe that Schoepf was not as good as the most partial represent him, though it is possible that the abuses existed because of a want of system, added to the influence of Ahl. On one occasion, when the ration was exhibited to him in person, he seemed surprised and professed his determination to correct it at once. On the next day all the knives, forks and plates were removed and for two subsequent days we got no meat for breakfast.

Those who aver that Schoepf was disposed to treat us

kindly say that Schoepf did order an improvement and hauled the commissary over the coals, who, knowing that his act would not be discovered, wreaked his spite on us. I am informed on the best authority that General Vance once sought a conversation with Schoepf and told him that the privates did not receive sufficient food to sustain life, and asked for a change in their treatment. Schoepf in a pet said, "I'll change it tomorrow by cutting down their rations." Schoepf's right hand man was Lieutenant Wolfe, who had been promoted from a sergeant for his fidelity and business qualities. This fellow was a shuffling, hurrying, business-looking man, but in reality had no idea of business, and was besides too fond of whiskey. The obsequiousness of many officers gave Wolfe great consequence and his daily entry into the pen was the signal for a rush for favors, news, etc. These poor simpletons were dispatched by Wolfe with the air of an emperor.

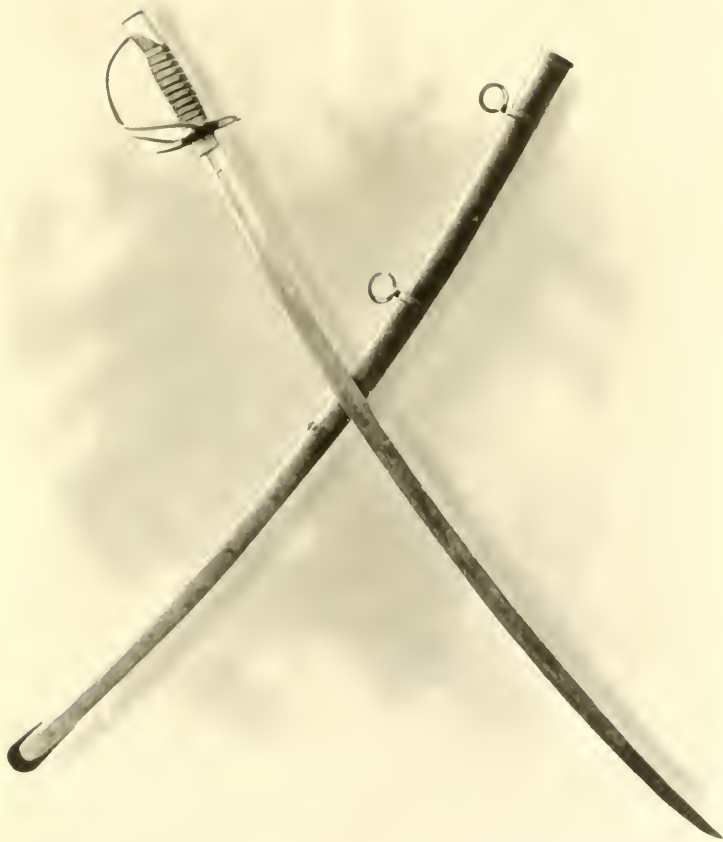
Wolfe was the eye and ear of our camp; he examined every letter, and consequently his power was supreme. Abuses might exist, Wolfe or his tools might perpetrate any cruelty with impunity, for no one knew anything except through him. His interest was to have in our presence only those who had no association with us, and an order was published prohibiting the sentinels from speaking to us.

The daily police was duty performed under the superintendence of a deserter named, or at least called, Fox, whose countenance, more hideous than that of a hyena, told plainly that he was fit for treason. I never saw him speak to any man except in his Dutch talk to lecture them for wasting water, and no man ever did willingly speak to him. He was utterly repulsive to humanity. His corps of policemen were watched with a hawk's eye and never allowed to enter the barracks or speak to a "Reb." The sutler, I observed, was extremely intimate with Wolfe and his gang, any of them helping themselves to cigars, etc., whenever

they chose, which treat was of course paid for by us. I have stated these facts to show what one in prison must feel, viz., that he is immure, utterly isolated from the world, at the mercy of his captors and dependent upon his jailors for mercy, a virtue which they rarely possess.

Church privileges were allowed at Fort Delaware, but were limited. At Point Lookout an application was refused to the church members to congregate, on the ground that they "prayed treason," but whilst I was there a good old Methodist captain from southwest Virginia was allowed to preach during the day and he always prayed for our Government. Poor old man, we left him sick with dysentery and he was soon transferred to a better sphere.

At Fort Delaware, Rev. Dr. Handy, of Norfolk, was a political prisoner and had daily service in Division 34, assisted by several gentlemen. They were not allowed to convene in large numbers out of doors except on one or two occasions, but sometimes his assistants, men of no ability, preached in other divisions. At first I really felt an aversion toward Doctor Handy, on account of his long, woman's grey hair, which he tucked up at night, and I think must have been lousy, but, aside from this weakness, I found he was really a good man and became well acquainted with him; he was a considerable poet, and some hard lines on Schoepf and the old flag cost him his island parole. He was a true Southern man and possessed of more than ordinary intellect; though his health was delicate, he had prayer meetings daily and quite a number were added to the Church. The occasion of receiving the new members into the Church was very solemn and imposing, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was afterwards administered to a very large number. A small library of religious books was kept by Division 34, and loaned to any who desired them. I know that many had the same prejudices against Doctor Handy



*Sword of Captain Dickinson*



on account of his long hair, which I had for a long time; but for this, many might perhaps have been called to repentance who are still in their sins. Religion, like many things else, should be comely to attract.

At Delaware the occupations of the officers were varied, and, as in the world, showed the bent of one's mind. Many, very many, did nothing assiduously all day long, in this finding themselves too busy to read, or to do aught else but dream. These do-nothings had done nothing before the war, or during the war, and probably did nothing after the war. A goodly number became jewelry-makers, the material in every case being gutta-percha. Many made rough, uncouth articles, which they never could improve; others, having "form" highly developed, fashioned many little articles elegantly and thereby supported themselves handsomely. The Yankees had a mania for seal rings, breast-pins, etc., and gave good prices. Whilst I am writing I now see a "Reb" bargaining with a Yankee negro for a rough ring which cost him five cents, and which he will sell for, say four dollars. The rings were made of common gutta-percha buttons, boiled to bring out the shape. The watch seals and chains were made of tubes of gutta-percha, the sets were brass, silver and gold tin-foil, copper, or more generally the shell of the mussel found at Mussel Shoals, in Tennessee River. Any shell, however, polishes easily, and looks like the finest pearl. The stock in trade of a ring-maker was a common knife, a rat-tail and a few other small files, a small hammer, some awls made of needles, a piece of sandpaper, and a piece of leather greased and rubbed in the shell dust or emery. We had one cobbler and one tailor in the pen, each of whom was kept busy in his line, generally mending and patching.

A number of men prosecuted the beer trade most vigorously and made large profits, having their stands at various cool spots in the pen, and depending more on their good seats than the

excellency of the article. The stuff was made of corn, or corn meal, molasses or sugar, and water, sometimes with a little ginger added, and, owing to the want of vegetable food, became a fashionable drink, though at first I thought it was villainous stuff; it was sold at five cents a pint. One-half bushel of corn meal at one dollar and one gallon of molasses at one dollar and fifty cents made thirty-two gallons, which would net ten dollars, and this could be done each day at four or five stands. At each stand the owner kept ginger or lemon cakes, which he sold at what he gave the sutler, and we generally bought five cents' worth. One lemonade stand was also kept, and for a while we had ice when it was good.

We had several barbers and hair-dressers, one of whom, Captain Meadows of Morgan's command, had a nice saloon, which was covered with blankets; having good razors, sharp scissors, a shampooing concern, and withal being dexterous in the use of his weapons, it was really a luxury to visit him.

The washerman and ironers of the prison were, however, the most numerous as a class; they worked harder than any others and were worst paid. All their work was done in dirty water within ten feet of the sink, from which issued a terrible stench. The gambling saloons were a curious feature in prison, and were not only numerous but well patronized. Captain Coffee, of Mississippi, was the prince of faro dealers, being always gentlemanly in his manners and always attracting the greatest crowd. He never played cards until he was captured, except for amusement, and I am told that a Yankee guard was his first victim. The bettor wagered either in Confederate or Yankee money. He always had a large and anxious looking crowd around his booth. Some quartermasters having been captured, the amount of Confederate money in prison was very large, and changed hands frequently. I heard that Coffee once sent to Dixie from Point



Lookout ten thousand dollars. How much United States money he (Coffee) made I cannot say, though at one time, when the Yanks were about searching quarters and persons, he hid in the grass one hundred and eleven dollars in gold, a gold watch, and several hundred dollars in notes, which, of course, some Yank, who knew he was flush, had seen him hide and took care to not let him find it again. Many men in prison wrote letters for money of the most importune character, and when the money was received it was at once deposited in this bank. Some sent for clothing which they sold or raffled off, that they might invest with Coffee. There were other less conspicuous faro tables, which had, however, a good run of custom.

When we were being marched out of the fort to come to Hilton Head, the faro table within fifty feet of our line of march lost none of its interest. The habitués of that table could not take time to turn to us, their companions in sorrow of many months, and say, "Haveta." In one of the barracks I think twenty-four or twenty-five short cards, vantoan poker, etc., were played with great gusto, and a good deal of money was lost and won. But of all games that were played, "keno" was the most all-absorbing. A few officers lived, moved and had their being around the keno table, and were never content with one card but insisted upon betting on two. The game is one of mere chance, the dealer receiving one dollar for calling out the numbers, and therefore he makes a good thing of it. Each bettor takes a large card with twenty-four figures in six rows, I believe, running from one to sixty. Of course there are many combinations to be made of sixty figures, and when all are ready the dealer puts the figures in a bag, shakes them up, then takes one out at a time, and as he calls it each man looks to his card, and if the figure called is on his card he puts a button or copper on it. Whoever gets one row of six first copped cries out, "keno," and wins the money.

The peculiar and yet monotonous tones of the dealer could be heard at all hours of the day, interrupted with the sharp, sudden exclamation, "Keno," of the lucky man. The dealer has too much respect for rhythm to call a short and then a long word. For instance, he would call out 47, 28, 19, 58, but any figure under thirteen was called "figure 1, 7, 8, 12," etc., whilst any multiple of ten was called with the word "flat" added, for instance, "40 fiat."

Many of the officers who never patronized the gambling saloons played whist or old sledge, or chess or backgammon, in their quarters for amusement. A few gentlemen were chess players of the first order, and one in particular played a good blindfold game. Lieutenant Fry, son of Judge Fry of Wheeling, was the best player I ever saw. Like Murphy, he made some six moves according to the rules generally laid down; he then studied the position, conceived his plan of attack, and rarely checked till he was ready to mate. Though I practiced considerably then, and others said I played a fair game, in playing with Fry I always found myself, after ten or twelve moves, on the defensive, and at each struggle getting more completely hemmed. He looked farther than any man I ever saw, and, though his move at the time did not appear brilliant, its purpose was seen when too late.

Lieutenant C. R. Darricott, of Richmond, was the best whist player I ever saw. He and I played often as partners and after we learned each other were almost invincible. He played trumps strong, led from an ace, and, if possible, looked to the last of the game to make his tricks. He convinced me that Poe spoke truly when he said whist was the great game. I should not omit to mention that occasionally a game of base was played, and almost every day a few played marbles or knucks, and in very hot weather Willie amused the crowd by attaching the hose and

watering the housetops and yard, and, of course, drenching all who were disposed to join in the sport.

The medical department within the barracks was under the control of a doctor who was known to some of the officers as a carpenter in north Mississippi at the inception of the war; therefore his skill was more than questionable. He prescribed and administered medicine through a hole in the wall, having a few of the most common remedies for diseases of prisoners. He was obstinate and would allow no suggestions. For neuralgia he gave rhubarb to Wm. Carder, Fourth Virginia Infantry, and he gave many other like prescriptions which proved his utter incompetency. He came to the hole in the wall once each day. If a man were seized with cramp-colic or stricture, or stone in the bladder (as my messmate once was), he must suffer and bear it till the doctor's hour. But for some opium I found, my messmate would have died. The sick were never moved from the barracks until the ravages of disease necessitated the use of a litter. They were then taken to a hospital on the island, which was clean and well kept, but convalescence drove the patient back to the barracks to get food.

There were a number of cases of smallpox in the pen, and three of them occurred in my division. One case broke out within eight feet of my bunk, and as I had stood near the man and talked with him during the day, after the disease was known, supposing that I would necessarily be infected, I aided in taking the patient out; yet I did not take the disease, nor had anyone else taken it when I left the fort.

### ESCAPES, ETC.

When we reached the fort it was not usual to call any roll, it being supposed that no man could evade the vigilance of the guard, or, if he could do that, swim the stream. The confluence

of the Brandywine, nearly opposite, produced a counter-current when the tide was coming in which greatly added to the danger and labor of a swim. Sharks were invited to that neighborhood by the sinks, boxes, vessels, etc., and doubtless made food of several of our number.

On the evening of our arrival the moon and tide being right, many of us examined the privy and saw that a hole could be cut through. That very night no less than seventeen were said to have made their escape. None of them ever returned, and though some perhaps were drowned, others undoubtedly got to Dixie. This exodus was kept secret, but the Yanks found the hole and soon made the place so strong that they thought no one could get through. In a few days, however, the new wooden bars were sawed through and three officers escaped, one of whom they say drowned. Then the Yanks put in large sills so near to each other that no one could get through, and erected a platform behind the sink on which a sentinel was placed, whilst another sentinel stood on the top of the sink revolving a large railroad reflector, which rendered it as light almost as day for one hundred yards around.

Notwithstanding all this, one month after, when the tide was right (for the tide must be up whilst the early part of the night was dark), fully half a dozen got under the privy at a new hole, and had cut nearly through the outer bar when a shot, fired at a private who was attempting to escape, produced such vigilance that escape was impossible. All this labor was necessarily performed with every part of their bodies in absolute contact with the contents of the privy. What will a prisoner not do for liberty?

The Yankee officers at one time were in the habit of walking through our quarters for curiosity. Taking advantage of this, on the Fourth of July, one of Morgan's officers dressed up as a Yankee officer and walked boldly out by the sentinel, who supposed he had come in at the large gate, near the sutler's. Being

out, he at once proceeded to reconnoiter the island. Finding that a steamboat had brought a large party down from Philadelphia on a picnic excursion, which would leave that evening, he returned, dressed up two of his friends, got Captain Morgan to forge papers in Schoepf's name to go on the boat, and all three marched out, but, unfortunately, too late to take the boat. Two of them then hid about the woodpile, while the third took rooms at the hotel. The two were soon found and when the third was invited that night to a wine supper and declined, he was suspected, examined, detected and his pass found.

This of course produced a great sensation; Schoepf ordered him to tell who gave him the pass, but he refused. He then threatened to tie him up by the thumbs, but the officer told him death would not cause him to reveal the secret. The willing tool started to perform the operation, but Schoepf suspended execution and put him in the dungeon awhile at the fort. On the next day he was brought out and ordered to tell, but he refused so flatly that Schoepf released him and said, "Sir, I honor you for your fidelity to your friends." This trick of course stopped the visits of all Yanks except the officer of the day and certain well-known sergeants.

One evening, as I was returning from the sink, I saw two officers walking near the privates' sutlery shop and just as the light revolved towards the bay, as quick as thought, one seized the other's foot and just as quickly helped him to spring into the "whitewashed" camp, from which, as the restrictions were very slight among those "half-Yankees," he no doubt escaped. Upon examination of the ditch which passed under the Thirtieth division and within a few inches of the floor, it was ascertained that by a tight squeeze a man might crawl through, and by passing under the sentinel's beat get into the main ditch, which, it was supposed, led into the bay near the fort on the New Jersey side. Canteens

were provided, and at night four officers, Captain Parkins, Captain Patton and two others safely passed through the ditch, but finding sentinels in the direction of the fort they crawled out, hid under the baker's shop, near Division 31, and there stayed all day. We supposed, as we heard nothing of them during the day, that they had escaped, and the next night five others prepared to go out the same hole: the sentinel, unfortunately, heard the second man who got under his beat and called the corporal, telling him, "There's either a 'Reb' or a damned big rat under there." Search was made, ineffectually at first, but someone rammed a stick under and felt one man and made him come out, and then, searching more closely, found another hid near him. The two who were still under the house crept back, whilst the one who had passed the sentinel pushed forward. The guard threatened to kill these men, and one actually leveled his gun to fire, but another, more humane, prevented him from executing his purpose. At this time, those who had been hid all day under the bakery had reached the east side of the fort, and part of them had gotten into the bay, and were floating about waiting for all to get in; one unlucky fellow had got in the water but floundered and was discovered by the sentinel standing near, who alarmed the whole island by his cries of, "Corporal of the guard, double quick." Those already in the bay immediately swam off, whilst the one discovered and two others, including one who had gotten out of the pen that night, were overhauled. One of the three who escaped, Burley Master, of the Navy, escaped to New York, and the other two went to Dixie, and all wrote to advise us of their safety. The officers overhauled were all confined in the fort several days and were ordered to work in the police cart, but all had the manliness to resist the order, and Schoepf knew it wouldn't do to push the question. I should have stated that canteens tightly corked, or gallon tin cans, were the life-preservers invariably

used, and the Yanks soon found it necessary to search for canteens, etc.

These searches were made almost weekly, and during the search we were marched down near the privy. Canteens were sometimes found, but oftener they found good clothes or other valuables, which they appropriated. To the last we had many canteens, as each officer who had one, when the search was about to begin, would take it out with him, get a crowd around him, completely concealing him from his enemies, and either sink it in the ditch or bury it for the time being under the walk. Occasionally some of us would beg a bullet from a soldier and with a soldering-iron soon convert an empty fruit can into a life-preserver. Up to the hour of our departure escapes were being planned daily. I had a hole through which I could crawl, and any dark night could have passed the sentinel.

I could not swim well and feared to undertake the bay, even with a life-preserver such as we had, they requiring constant labor to keep one afloat. I had one sentinel bought up, and for weeks he was trying to arrange to get me a boat, but the one hundred day men guarded the boats and were incorruptible. A corporal and seven men constantly guarded these boats. On the first of September these one hundred day Ohio men were to be relieved, as was supposed, by the invalid corps, whom I thought I could manage. My offer was twenty dollars cash, and a draft on a friend for three hundred dollars payable in three months, provided I escaped. I should have gone to New York, and once there intended to speculate, if possible, in a blockade runner for one trip. I was armed with proper letters and have reason to believe that I could have run my face for a good cargo. So strong was my conviction that I could in this way escape, that I thought seriously of giving some friend my chance for Hilton Head. But all so fully believed the Hilton Head men would

be exchanged that I thought I would not throw away a certainty without adventure for an uncertainty. All the escapes, and attempted escapes, rendered the Yanks doubly vigilant. The number of sentinels was increased, and at night they were obliged, when signaled from the guardhouse, to repeat from one to the other, "Post No. —, all vigilant." This was repeated in a loud bawl, with a long intonation on the last syllable, and to us was most ludicrous. This was better to Schoepf's Dutch ear than "All is well." Each attempt of escape only brought another reflector to bear upon us, till the Yanks actually shed a flood of light upon the pen. These reflectors were fastened upon platforms high above the roof of the barracks and could be revolved at pleasure. The sentinels sometimes took delight in suddenly throwing rays of the strong light into our windows, which of course annoyed any man who was trying to sleep.

Roll calls were had daily, but it was a long time before the "subs" could get the rolls right, or prevent us from deceiving them as to the real number. The sentinels seemed to have no stated period in which to execute orders and frequently, in giving their own orders, used language the most disrespectful. We had no written or published orders when I arrived at Fort Delaware, and we could only arrive at the wishes of our captors through those who had been there before. For some time the first intimation that we had violated an order was contained in a cocked musket. One evening about sunset, when it had been very hot, we heard a sentinel call out, "Go to your quarters, you devils you." Of course we went, but the next night promenaded until pitch dark. If a sentinel had no knife and saw one of us with a good one, he very coolly presented musket and ordered us to deliver it up. This was done repeatedly. On one occasion a sentinel overheard Capt. B. Lewis reading a paper and commenting on a Confederate victory. He presented bayonet and ordered him to



mark time, which Captain Lewis refused to do. He then threw the bayonet at him, and the captain seized it, but the sentinel stepped back and kept Lewis marking time. In this though, Wolfe, who was well disposed toward Lewis, punished the sentinel. I might give many details such as this to show the animus of the sentinel and that each one's will was "orders" to us. This state of affairs we felt was full of danger, but knew not how to avoid it. Most men were cautious, but as we were ignorant of the law we knew not how to be cautious, and, as I expected, it finally led to


## MURDER

On the morning of the seventh of July, 1864, a sentinel named Douglas, a one hundred day man of Stevensville, Ohio, was posted as sentinel by the reflector on the sink. Whilst the men were cooking their breakfast he began to bully and annoy them, cursing several, taking a knife from one, making another mark time, etc. Beginning in this way, we were of course careful to give him no cause of complaint, but at night, when the sink was usually crowded, he commenced ordering men as they left the sink to "double quick."

Colonel E. P. Jones, who was a resident of Middlesex County, Virginia, a physician of large practice, colonel of the militia, and who had always been active in repelling raids, was captured and a prisoner in Division 32 with me. He was quite a sufferer with acute rheumatism or some kindred disease, could not wear a shoe on one foot, was very lame, and during the seventh of July was through his friends trying to get a crutch. He hobbled to the sink about dark and when he left the sink a friend who was just going in told him that he would catch him in a moment and assist him to his quarters. The reflector made everything in that region as light as day, and the sentinel must

have seen that he was very lame. He had gotten to some rude steps, some twenty feet from the sink, and was endeavoring to get down; whilst doing so he raised his hand to fix up his suspender, and was in a moment shot down. Lieutenant Brockenbrough, who was under and within four feet of the sentinel, said no warning had been given; others said he called out to him to "double quick" and fired immediately. Rev. Mr. Handy says that the sentinel called to him and that he was ahead of Colonel Jones.

At any rate, the fact was undeniable that Jones was orderly, quiet and unobtrusive; that there never had been any orders to us to double quick going to or coming from the sink; that Colonel Jones was very lame—hardly able to walk—and, therefore, could not "double quick," which fact was apparent to the sentinel. Yet he was fired upon, the ball passing through the arm and side. The poor man cried out in his agony, "My God, do not kill me," for lying there he could see the cold-blooded scoundrel reloading his piece. Some gentlemen asked permission to go to Colonel Jones' assistance. It was granted and several started, but the sentinel said with an oath, "Don't too many of you go there else I'll throw another ball there." A guard soon came and bore the colonel out to the hospital, where he died on the night of the ninth of July. On the morning of the eighth of July I wrote a letter to General Schoepf, stating that the shooting was unprovoked as could be abundantly shown, and respectfully asked that he would order an investigation. This paper was signed by Colonel Rice, Major Johnston, Captain Moon, and others, and delivered that morning by Colonel Rice in person to General Schoepf, but up to the twentieth of August no reply had been received, and no investigation had, within our knowledge, been made. Schoepf, whilst in the "pen" on the eighth of July, said both parties were to blame—that the sentinel, Douglas, said he three times ordered him to "double quick" before he fired. If the



sentinel was to blame as well as Colonel Jones, how was he punished? On the thirteenth of July he, for the first time after the murder, came into the "pen" in charge of a squad of men and acting corporal.

At Johnson's Island a sentinel shot Captain Meador of Mississippi through both legs and was promoted to sergeant. Another sentinel killed a lieutenant and was promoted to lieutenant for the gallant act.


On the eighth of July an order bearing that date, and copied elsewhere in this book, was posted in our quarters. By the terms of it the sentinels, composed of deserters, one hundred day men substitutes—the scum of the North—were made absolute masters of our lives. "They will be shot if they disobey any order given them by a sentinel." Such was the tyranny of Fort Delaware. No laws to read and obey. No trial by a jury or any other tribunal. No writ of habeas corpus. Every day facing death, yet never knowing when we were in most danger. Whilst in this fort I made a resolve which I shall keep during life. I shall ever lift my voice in favor of the due publication of laws, trial by jury and the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus.

Whilst at the fort my father, living in Kanawha County, studied to render me comfortable. About the first of July he started to see me, but General Early was at that time about Washington City, and the time was unpropitious for a visit to a Rebel. He could not get permission to visit self or brother, though I judge from a letter to me that he had a promise that something might eventually be done. He went to Baltimore and there met with Mrs. Ada Edgerton (pronounced Egerton), 194 Preston street, who received one hundred dollars for each of us to be sent in money, clothes or eatables, as we desired. Mrs. Edgerton soon convinced me she was a good agent, as her boxes of food were just such as I desired, and when I wrote for pants,

though father told her that I was just his size, she managed to have me fitted. She wrote very motherly, kind letters, and I judged she was a very old lady, though I have since learned that she was a widow eligible to marry. At any rate, from the first she showed kindness to the Rebels in prison, acting as agent for some, giving to a great many, and on more than one occasion she was imprisoned on suspicion. She and her sister, Miss McCreigh, visited and nursed our wounded at Gettysburg, and many a poor "Reb" will bless them both.

On the thirteenth day of August the names of 600 men were called out of our pen, mine among them, to be placed under fire at Morris Island. Most of us thought the movement would result in exchange, and several officers bought the chances of others, giving from fifty dollars to two hundred dollars in greenbacks. We were ordered to be ready to start the next day, but day after day passed away with many rumors, until the twentieth day of August, when we were finally marched into line with our baggage, marched out to the wharf under a strong guard, and placed aboard the steamer "Crescent."

This boat, on which we were destined to spend nineteen long days of great suffering, was an ocean steamer of about 900 tons, and said to be iron-bound. Between decks four rows of bunks had been constructed, each row containing three tiers, and it was calculated that all of us were to stay between decks except at limited times, when a few were allowed to go on deck and get a little air. Between decks there were ports fore and aft on each side, and little air-holes every ten feet, from stem to stern. The bunks and machinery occupied all the room except two passages of three feet. The distance from each bunk to the one above it was about twenty-seven inches, and the bunk in which I stayed with a friend was about three feet wide. The majority of the bunks were as dark as night, and those near the machinery were



above fever heat at all times. Of course there was no place to sit down or to stand up and, therefore, we laid in our bunks day and night. A few, rendered desperate by the heat, would night and day block up the ports, and thus the little air we might otherwise have had was excluded. Some, who could get no bunks, slept in piles under the steps of the gangway and between the ports. So soon as we were taken aboard a few men, who were favorites of General Schoepf, were taken to the cabin and there slept in beds and ate with the Yankee officers. The wounded and sick, of whom there were about forty, were allowed to sit and sleep on deck around the forecastle gangway, where they were exposed to the sun and rains during the whole trip. How could sound men occupy the cabins whilst poor, one-legged men lay for weeks sweltering in the broiling sun?

Our guard on board numbered over two hundred muskets. On the first day all were in command of Colonel McCook, of Ohio, who seemed rather a pleasant man and, I think, tried to render us as comfortable as the nature of the case would permit. Leaving the wharf at 4 p. m. on the twentieth, we moved down to Delaware Breakwater, where we cast anchor to wait for a gunboat to convoy us, the "private ships" of Dixie having been too recently in that vicinity to trust so valuable a cargo with only 200 guards, albeit these guards had the sole control of the upper deck and could at any moment concentrate a fire of 100 muskets on either of the two gangways.

We were doomed to wait all day long on the twenty-first at Breakwater, suffering terribly from the natural as well as the artificial heat between decks. Just at sunset the convoy was ready and we were soon out on the bosom of the old ocean, which, during the night, was considerably agitated by a fresh breeze, which caused the vessel to roll terribly and rendered many of the men very sick. I remained rather quiet, and only felt a little

squeamish, but it was really amusing to see prisoners and sentinels holding on and straining as if they would burst a blood-vessel. After the fit of vomiting was over the poor fellows would lie as if they were almost dead with exhaustion.

The suffering between decks was increased by the fact that the waves rendered it necessary to close the lower half of the four ports, thus excluding one-half of our modicum of air, and increasing the heat very much. Added to this the officers vomited in the narrow passages from necessity, producing in a short while a terrible stench, and many of them, suffering for air, rushed to the ports, thus crowding up the aisles and almost suffocating those who, from seasickness, were compelled to remain in their bunks. On the twenty-second, and indeed till our arrival at Hilton Head, this condition of things existed, the wind blowing less after the night of the twenty-first, but the weather getting warmer each day.

During the voyage down we generally had water aplenty, though it was old and not good. The crackers and meat issued to us were sufficient as we then had but little appetite. The guard on board consisted of one hundred day Ohio men, and two companies of Pennsylvania Battery, one of them Ahl's deserters, the whole under command of one Capt. James H. Prentiss, of Ohio, who took command at Breakwater.

This fellow Prentiss was the very quintessence of all that humanity detests. He did no act from the first day to the last which tended to accommodate us, but, on the contrary, guarded us with a rigor which showed that his cruel little heart loved to oppress the weak. He retained all our money in his hands, and refused to let any of us eat in the cabin, though the steward had food to accommodate us. We were allowed to buy hot water from the cook if we had the greenbacks, for he would accept no order on the cook, or any other person than the steward, who was not allowed to feed us in the cabin, and would not furnish us



*Gen. Robert E. Lee*





anything outside the cabin except something to drink, which, by the way, he sold at fabulous rates. He even placed a guard at the forecabin gangway to prohibit the ship's crew from furnishing us any part of the food issued to them. This sentinel, being further ordered to keep a way open around the mast, unnecessarily and cruelly thrust his bayonet into me one day without a particle of warning. I had seen the same hound thrust his bayonet into an unoffending man at Fort Delaware. He was a deserter. Prentiss, instead of accepting our orders, and settling our accounts when he was relieved, required us to draw an order on him, which he kept and then gave us an order on the sutler, deducting ten per cent, as he said, for cooking, and when relieved sneaked off, and, as I expected, stole part of our funds. He gave me an order on the sutler for \$2.25, which the sutler refused to accept and I now have, yet he charged me with this, and \$5.75 besides, thus pocketing \$8.00 of my little stock. The instances were so numerous of this as to preclude the possibility of mistake. It was grand larceny. A number of us, after we had reached Hilton Head, made a statement of these facts in writing to Major General Foster, but heard nothing from it.

The sinks of the boat were all upon the upper deck, and two only were allowed to go up at a time, the consequence being that many suffered in this respect. No matter how hot the day was, or how much the men sweltered down between decks, but fifty were allowed air at any one time. As a consequence, an anxious crowd was always besieging the stairway and many in the stern could not get above at all. Day by day the men became weaker and weaker, until many could scarcely walk at all when we were disembarked.

During the night of the twenty-fourth of August, about 2 o'clock, the boat suddenly struck, and all who were awake were of course seized with fear. As I was fast asleep and con-

tinued so until nearly daybreak I was, of course, blissfully ignorant. When awakened, orders were being given to go up on deck and crowd on the forecastle, while some were ordered to assist the hands in throwing over coal to lighten the vessel. I felt of one of the men's pants near his shoes, who had been in the hold, and as they were not wet and the weather was calm, I had no great uneasiness. On getting to the upper deck I found it very dark, though still and clear, and I could hear the breakers, evidently very near us. I enquired where we were of the mate and captain as they passed me, but could get no reply; this induced me to believe we were near mainland and north of Charleston, though the ship was due that morning at Hilton Head, and should have been southeast of Charleston Harbor. I communicated my suppositions to some friends, and especially to Captain Pinckney, of the Fourth South Carolina Cavalry, who had told me that he lived about forty miles from Charleston near Cape Romain.

As it was by this time getting light, I fastened myself to a rope, where I could have a good view, and soon saw a deserted lighthouse about 400 yards distant, then the breakers about 200 yards off, and then the low, sandy shore just beyond. I was communicating to my friend the fact that sea gulls were wading in the surf 200 yards off, when he identified the spot as Cape Romain within a few miles of home and within the lines of the Confederates, though unfortunately separated from the mainland about seven miles distant by a succession of marshy islands. Upon the faith of his statement that the channels between the islands were narrow, we at once commenced beating up recruits to take the boat.

The crowd was so great that it was impossible to move about rapidly, and quite a number refused to strike a blow for their own rescue, one man stating that it would be impossible to take off our baggage, yet the ball commenced rolling slowly and

we had no doubt of success, though it was evident that the Yankees suspected us. None of the field officers, except Major Goldsboro, could at first be found, too many of them having found their way days before into the luxuries of the cabin, whence, if they had the disposition, they had not the ability to help us. The boat's crew were much confused, as well as the guard, and both were repeatedly moved from place to place to relieve certain portions of the ship, and at one time I observed that 125 of the guard passed so near to us that they might have been disarmed without striking a blow, but we were then doing what ought to have been done at Fort Delaware, forming an organization. This a number of us attempted to form at Fort Delaware, but several officers told me that I was fixing to get them all between decks again, and that, so far from forming an organization, if a parole was offered on leaving the fort they would accept it.


During the time we were working to effect our object below decks, the cabin passengers, it seems, were not idle, for they, I learn, made a formal demand upon Captain Prentiss to surrender, who replied that his condition was not yet hopeless, but intimated his willingness, if his efforts to get the boat off failed, to surrender on condition that he and his men would be paroled and allowed to go to Hilton Head. Such terms, I need not say, would have been unacceptable to the majority. Douglas was aboard and with him others who had made us feel the rigors of prison life, and the desire to be revenged, as much as a wish for freedom, induced us to run all risks. My own opinion is that if we had succeeded some of the prisoners would have been dealt with rather speedily, and, believing that they would be so dealt with, the deserters boldly determined to fight it out, whilst the one hundred day men, as a general rule, would have surrendered at a word. During all this time not a sail was to be seen, and no living thing except sea gulls; Colonel Woolfolk, when the ship first struck, got a life-

preserver from the cabin, and in the confusion got into the sea and swam ashore. He was now lying on the beach, rolled up in a knot, and, having on black clothes, looked like an old charred log.

We had four life boats which could have reached the beach and returned in twenty minutes, carrying twenty men and, since fully half could swim or float on bunks, I thought we could have gotten all hands on the island in one and one-half hours, and by proper distribution of labor we hoped that at least the greater part could escape. But, while we were busy preparing to take the boat, the Yanks were not idle. A signal of distress, an inverted flag, was hoisted, and, just as we thought we were ready for action, a gunboat came in sight. Some of us still favored action, believing that the best swimmers could escape, but others, more cautious or knowing more about gunboats, opposed any action, and, while we debated, another and still another gunboat came in sight, so manned as to be able to rake the shore and thus cut off our last hope of escape.

Thus baffled, we sat down and doggedly awaited the return of the tide, which, with the great efforts of the Yanks, after many a hard bump finally got the "Crescent" afloat, soon after which she continued her course, passing Charleston Bar at 3 p. m. and reaching the bar of Hilton Head about dark. Being unable to secure a pilot we anchored at this place during the night, and the next morning, the twenty-fifth of August, steamed into the harbor and again anchored near Hilton Head Island, while Captain Prentiss reported at once to General Foster.

This harbor is the best on the Southern coast, I expect, being quite commodious, of an average depth of say twenty fathoms, and completely protected except from southeast winds. I found about fifty vessels here of all kinds, including the steam frigate



“Wabash,” twelve or fourteen gunboats, and a number of tugs and light craft.

During the day of arrival we heard many rumors and reports, but nothing hopeful for us. The condition of the boat by this time was horrible, it not having been cleaned since we left Fort Delaware. An application, signed by some of the field officers, was made to General Foster to allow all hands to go ashore, so that they might wash and to permit of the boat being cleaned, and the offer was made to accept a parole whilst on shore, but to this Foster returned no reply, though the health officer reported that the sanitary condition of the boat was terrible, and that disease must fasten itself on us if we continued on the boat. The only amendment consisted in driving us all to the upper deck, whilst a detail from the prisoners cleaned out part of the filth below. This was repeated almost every day during the next two weeks, though, as we were thoroughly heated up by the sun and returned between decks before the air became pure, our condition was but little benefited.


On the night of the twenty-seventh Captain Perkins and three others, who had managed to get life-preservers from the cabin, made their arrangements and swam ashore on Hilton Head Island, and from thence to Pinckney Island. Reaching this island they supposed they were on mainland and threw away their life-preservers. They marched across the island and were in sight of our pickets, but supposed by going further to the left they would get safely into our lines. A short swim would have given them liberty, but they actually walked into the enemies' pickets. This adventure was attended with one great danger which deterred many from following them. The harbor, and indeed all the inlets, are full of sharks. Every day whilst we were at anchor the huge, broad-mouthed monsters swam around us, picking up crackers, pieces of meat, etc., and Captain Perkins said he was

once lifted out of the water by some large fish, and that he saw a number larger than he was. The Yanks said that a full discharge would not tempt them to swim from Hilton Head to Pinckney, and indeed all were prohibited by general orders from swimming in any of these waters.

After the return of Perkins and company, a tug with two small guns sailed, or rather steamed, around us in a small circle every night from dark to daybreak, and in addition to this precaution our vessel changed its position, so that to reach the island would necessitate a swim of one-half mile. We had scarcely reached Hilton Head before there was a decided diminution in our rations, accompanied with a very short supply of water. Some of the water was obtained from a river nearby, but whilst here and off Charleston Bar we generally drank condensed or evaporated water, and as the demand was ever greater than the supply, its temperature was generally nearly 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and once, I think, it was even greater than 100 degrees. This water we were generally required to drink at the barrel, without the opportunity to cool it. Once I filled a bottle with the water and in doing so could scarcely let my wrist remain long enough in the barrel for that purpose. Even such water as this was finally denied us, and for more than twenty-four hours before I left the "Crescent" I suffered all the horrors of a burning thirst. Just as we disembarked it commenced to rain, and many of us, catching the rain in our hats, drank it with much eagerness.

On the thirtieth day of August Captain Prentiss and his lovely crew took leave of us, having, during that time, failed to make one single friend among the prisoners, and not having performed one single act of kindness or courtesy, though in the midst of so much suffering even a word of sympathy would have been kindly remembered by any of us.

A detachment of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New



York Volunteers, Captain McWilliams, from this time assumed the guardianship of us, and, though he was stuck up with the importance of his position, and was unnecessarily rigorous in the discharge of his orders, his lieutenants were quite polite and respectful as a general rule; all the non-commissioned officers and staff were not only very polite, but very kind and attentive to our wants. They gave us coffee and bread as far as they could, procured hot water for us without cost, and, notwithstanding orders, allowed us to come on deck more freely than before. These attentions very much alleviated our sufferings. About this time all the wounded and those who were very sick, in all about forty, were transferred to another boat and carried to Beaufort, where they remained for some time.

We had scarcely reached Hilton Head before a military court was formed to try the captain and second mate of the "Crescent." This court sat from day to day, and it was understood that we were detained at Hilton Head because of this trial. By what law Foster could try a man in the Navy I do not know, but, after several sessions of the court, the captain was fined one hundred dollars for running aground, he contending that the number of bayonets which Prentiss would have about the pilot house had caused him to lose his reckoning. The authorities suspected that he had been paid by New Yorkers to run the ship ashore; one thing is certain—though he and his whole crew were Southern he was very tactiturn, and if he had any plan for our release, he kept us, the most interested parties, in ignorance of it.

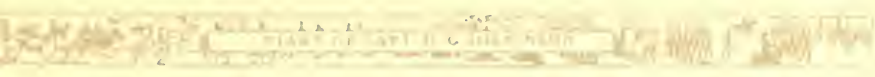
On the night of the thirty-first of August we had quite a storm, the wind for a time blowing a perfect hurricane from the northwest, though the waters in the harbor were very little agitated. On the next morning, bright and early, the wind had changed to the northeast and was blowing fresh, so we pulled up anchor and steamed off for Charleston, accompanied by a gunboat. As the

wind was dead ahead we had a rough and boisterous time of it, great waves rolling the old ship about terribly and throwing the spray over the decks. Many of the men became seasick, and as the lower half of the ports were closed it was awfully hot between decks. We reached Charleston Bar about sunset and anchored near Admiral Dalgren's flagboat just astern of his monitors.

We were now fairly under fire, I suppose, and here we remained until the seventh of September, listless spectators of the idleness of the vessels around us, almost dead with heat and hunger and thirst, panting for air and liberty, denied every comfort on earth. Day after day we lingered, in hope that each succeeding day would bring us exchange, or even removal to Morris Island, for even the latter, under fire of our own forts, was preferable to the insufferable stench of the "Crescent," added to hot water, a bare modicum of crackers and salt pork, and the daily danger of the equinoctial storm, which might drive us to sea without water or food. Many of the men, I am certain, were almost crazed by the mental and bodily torture they suffered during these long days and nights.

Whilst we were in this situation a Yankee sergeant went several times to Morris Island and bought tobacco, canned fruit, meats and some clothing, which he sold to us at the most exorbitant prices. Having no boots, I asked him to get me a pair, which I told him I would take whether they fitted me or not. He made me pay ten dollars for a pair which cost him six dollars and did not fit me. Whilst here we had two severe blows, during one of which our anchor dragged considerably, but we were not compelled to put to sea. At last one morning we were piloted into the inlet between Folly Island and Morris Island, and, being fastened to the wharf, were disembarked about midday, thus, for the first time in nineteen long days of torment, touching foot upon Mother Earth.





We were met at the wharf by a full regiment of the Sons of Africa, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, under command of Colonel Hallowell, son of an abolition silk merchant in Philadelphia. This regiment (whilst the Yanks were getting us off and taking away our blankets, which latter, by the way, they only partially replaced) amused us by exhibiting their proficiency in the manual, and thus, as they supposed, impressing us with a wholesome dread of their prowess. We soon started up the eastern beach of Morris Island, guarded as closely by these negroes as if we were in Confederate lines. The gait was so rapid and we so weak that many of us utterly broke down about one and one-half miles from the wharf, when we halted to rest, and, as it just then commenced raining hard, we eagerly caught water in our hats to drink, having had none for twenty-four hours. The negroes, perceiving this, went to a spring hard by and brought us some very good water.

After marching for one and one-half miles more we came to Fort Wagrico, or, as the Yanks call it, Fort Strong, and passing this stronghold 250 or 300 yards, we reached the "prisoners' pen," into which we were marched and told to select our tents. Hallowell (for he and his darkeys continued to guard us) soon had us in line and made a speech in which he said that he could annoy us and we could annoy him, but that he desired and intended to treat us as gentlemen, if we would permit him. He stated that a rope extending around the encampment just ten feet from the outside tents was a dead line which to touch was death, but that we could go about our quarters during the day as we chose. At night we were only to leave our tents on necessary purposes, one at a time only, and that one not to go out of his street. He said that we might expect to remain in these quarters until the Confederacy consented to exchange man for man.

This speech having ended, David Garrett, of Bedford, Jno.

Amington, of Campbell, of the Forty-second Infantry, Wm. B. Carder, Fourth Infantry of Smyth's, and myself joined hands and selected the sixth tent on First street, Co. A., as our quarters. Our "pen" was made of pine poles from four to eight inches in diameter, sharpened at top, and set upright about four feet in the ground, being fully fifteen feet above ground and so closely set that it was difficult to see between them. We at first did not know how far they were placed in the ground, and Captain Perkins and others in the next tent to mine commenced planning to get out, but they had many difficulties to overcome. They could get nothing but a few cracker boxes to carry away the sand and after they had dug about nine feet a heavy rain filled up the hole and that night some scoundrel told the Yanks, who then let us know that the poles had been put under water level with a view to prevent mining. Of course this stopped all mining operations.

Our pen was about eighty yards square, and as the dead line was the width of a road from the fence we had a space of about seventy yards square for our residence, sleeping, etc. We lived, moved, slept and had our being in very small "A" tents, in which four men could sleep if it was not raining. When it rained we got properly wet. The encampment had four streets, and there were eight detachments commanded by negro wardens, the detachments being numbered "A," "B," "C," etc. Of course "A" and "H" were next to the dead line. All of the tents had straw in them which was very necessary, as many of us had no blankets and were never supplied with them. In the middle of each street a well was sunk about three feet for washing water. This water we sometimes drank when there was a failure to bring any water, although the encampment was located just where many had been buried a year previous, during the sanguinary battles around this point.

Our sinks were barrels, three to a street, with a piece of

plank fastened on part of the top. These barrels were placed at the end of the streets during the day, but were distributed along the streets at night. Though the colonel promised to treat us as gentlemen, one of the first orders given us by our negro sergeants was to take out and bring in these sinks. We took them three times each day to the dead line and brought them back. The negroes had roll call three times each day, keeping us in line till reports had been made to the officer of guard and verified. They were very particular in crossing the lines and covering the files, and the negro and his officer touched hats with great formality.

The provost marshal was, I am told, charged with the duty of feeding us, the negro sergeants furnishing it to us. The meat was taken out of the box with their hands generally full of sand, and the soup was dipped out of a small barrel. On hot days the sweat from the negroes was plentifully mixed with the soup. During the first few days when the scanty ration was issued the negroes were so much ashamed that they apologized by saying that it was new to the officer, and he would do better in the future, but it was soon apparent that there was a determination to make us live down to the very lowest limit capable of sustaining life. Until about the first of October we had daily three, sometimes four, and sometimes only two, small crackers per diem, about one-fourth pound of meat, frequently one-eighth, one gill of thin bean soup, and one gill of cooked rice. This was absolutely all we got and consequently we were always hungry. So extreme was the hunger of some that they dug with their hands for grass roots for subsistence. The crackers issued to us were always full of worms and bugs, frequently mere scrapings of a box, and would have been condemned by any medical board as unfit for food. At the request of others, I once wrote to Colonel Hallowell that I was prepared to show, by specimens of the crackers then in my possession, that the bread issued to us was unfit for food, and signified

a willingness to submit this question to a board of United States officers. This letter was unnoticed.

About the first of October a Yankee colonel, exchanged, came in the pen and commenced telling what rations he received at Charleston. Colonel Hallowell was with him and exhibited to him the orders requiring that we should be fed as the prisoners in Charleston. The order was not read out and we then found out that someone had been daily cheating us of the rations ordered to us. After this so much complaint was made, and the sick list had increased to such an extent that Doctor Durrant, the surgeon, took the trouble to search into the affair; the result was that following the investigation we received daily about five crackers and one-fourth pound of meat, except one day, when our friends in Charleston sent us something, the Yanks gave us nothing. The Yankees insisted on giving us a gill of soup and cooked rice, although the prisoners in Charleston got daily one-fifth of a pint of raw beans and rice, which, cooked, would make twice the quantity we got.

For some time a sutler drove a cart into the pen semi-weekly and sold us many things which enabled us to live. His prices were far above the usual mark of even sutlers. Molasses, fifty cents a pint; gingerbread or crackers, two for five cents; tobacco at Confederate rates payable in greenbacks, etc. Indeed, he seemed determined to kill the goose that laid the golden egg. Some of the officers were, it seems, equal to the occasion, and as all hands had cheated them by stealing their rations, they stole the sutler's goods to such an extent that it wouldn't pay to sell to prisoners, and of course he quit. Those moralists who would blame the officers for doing this must remember that they have never been prisoners in Yankee hands. I saw one man steal a handkerchief and in a moment after offer to trade it to the owner

for molasses; another stole a box of pepper which he said was not good, and the sutler paid him the money for it.

Following him a new sutler came in who sold at more reasonable rates. He had little cause to complain of theft, though some of the officers having gotten their hands in, it was difficult to stop the habit of lifting.

A look at the rough map of this region, which so far as I could see, was moderately correct will show how perfectly the enemy had protected Wagner by placing us there. Indeed, it may be said that our situation at no other spot (where a pen of this size could be built) would so effectually silence our forts. We were, then, emphatically acting as breastworks for the enemy, not only shielding them in their breastworks, but enabling them with impunity to haul guns, timber, shells, etc., to Fort Gaines and Fort Gregg, and to work large parties every night on Cummings Point. On the sixth of October they opened with a new mortar gun from Gaines and on the 7th commenced firing two guns on Charleston from Gregg, which must have been 200-pounders. At any rate, they were larger than any guns fired from the island since our arrival. Whilst writing incidents of my imprisonment I could hear the axmen chopping at Gregg, and each night could also hear several hundred laborers, who worked all night long, pass our pen.

The enemy had fired on Charleston and our forts every day and night following our arrival, but we had been so long accustomed to the sound that it never even awakened us when asleep and scarcely attracted our attention when awake. A lull of half a day was remarked as indicative of a flag of truce in which all felt interested. On the evening of the ninth of September at 4 p. m. Battery Wagner commenced firing shotted guns in honor of the Atlanta victory, directing her fire upon Sumpter and Moultrie. Old Moultrie at last became aroused and returned the compliment,

and both parties kept up this engagement, directly over our heads, till after 10 p. m., when, wearied with the noise, I went to sleep. James' Island and Beauregard also took a hand, the latter at Gregg, and she, too, poured the shots into Charleston.

In this engagement Moultrie fired splendidly, only two or three shots falling too short; the great majority fell into Wagner. Most of our shells were from mortars and looked as if they would fall directly on us, but, whilst we held our breath in anxious expectation, its parabolic course would land it in the fort. Every good shot was applauded by us as loudly as we dared. We were but 250 yards from the spot at which these monster shells were directed, and too little powder or a slight elevation of the mortar might have killed many of us since we were so crowded together. But it was a trial of Southern against Northern gunnery. We were the probable victims and we were willing to see them fight it out. One shell fell near the fort, and afterwards exploded, throwing the screw backwards, endangering us; another fell just twenty feet beyond us, among the negroes, and made them scatter terribly. Unluckily, it did not explode. Two shells exploded over us throwing great and small pieces all about our camp. After these two last shots Moultrie fired no more at Wagner, and this was the first evidence that the Confederates knew our position between the forts.

Our greatest danger in the combat was from a premature explosion of a shell from Wagner, which fired 154 shots directly on our camp and those at Moultrie directly over our heads. Two shells did prematurely explode, throwing huge pieces into our camp, many fragments flying just over our heads, and one of the shells exploded the huge gun, killing a horse and cutting off a man's leg. One of these pieces buried itself in the wall behind my head, whilst a number of pieces fell in a street between us and the fence; another piece struck within two inches of Captain

Lewis, five tents distant from us. Wagner fired over our heads on one occasion only following that engagement. It was understood that the general ordered that she was not to fire over us.

October 12, 1864.

About the first of October one of the large guns at Gregg exploded, killing two men. Work on so extensive a scale in that neighborhood seemed to betoken more activity in firing on Charleston. Occasionally, about dark, Moultrie and Beauregard opened on Gregg and Gaines with mortars, and we sat and watched the gleaming eccentric balls till a late hour at night. The firing was very accurate and no doubt for the time effectually prevented any labor in that region. Old Sumpter could be seen from our north-west corner, and at daybreak she generally had her sharpshooters busy who made all hands keep their heads low. Occasionally the picket monitor opened on Sumpter and Moultrie, and the "Swamp Angel" fired at Charleston, whilst "Bull of the Woods," as the Yanks called it, on James Island, returned the compliment on Gregg.

On the night of the sixth of October, when the firing was excessive at a late hour, two of our shells exploded, throwing large pieces over our camp, though they did not damage us. I daily expected the enemy to make an attack on Charleston, as in addition to the work about Gregg they had brought up a new monitor, and it was rumored that a large addition to their forces would soon be received. It was said that then all six huge guns at and near Gregg were bearing on Charleston. Almost every day we could see the smoke of a huge fire, the work of these incendiaries who fought a nation by killing women and children and burning houses. Wagner was a very strong work about 200 yards long and 150 yards in width with salients. It mounted ten huge Parrotts on the front and six on the sea face, besides, I suppose, six

towards James Island. A number of field pieces were also held for defensive work. The walls of this fort were sand sodded on top and fully twenty feet thick.

Morris Island was composed of sand entirely except the marshy ground near and fronting James Island. It was generally barren, though in some places a tall, coarse grass grew. The sand was almost impalpable. In our pen there was nothing but sand except in two little spots. The more I saw of the negro soldier, the more I was satisfied that he was fitted for the simpler duties of a soldier. These Fifty-fourth Massachusetts negroes fought when Wagner was taken and lost heavily, though I cannot think they fought well. Their fear of their officers amounted to terror, and they obeyed orders to the letter. They took pride in the manual of arms, and the drummer could beat his drum all night if allowed. Several appeared on guard with gloves, white at that. One white soldier, who substituted for a negro, belonged to the regiment. The sergeants and corporals, who were wardens and who alone could speak to the prisoners, were moderately intelligent and could read and write; several of them behaved like well-bred Virginia negroes. Those on guard always walked their beats in the same direction at the same time, about faced at the same moment, and charged from "shoulder" to "support," I suppose, by signal. Colonel Hallowell, I suppose, fought well at Wagner under Shaw; at least he lost an eye there and another member which is no unimportant part of man's organization. He had a glass eye, which, for the sake of humanity I hope was in part the cause of a hang-dog look, a devilish leer, a fiendish scowl, which would at any time affright Innocence herself, or would cause the strong man, if near him in the dark, to dread the dagger. His affectations must have been "dark as Erebus." He was utterly odious and repulsive in manner and looks, was fitted



but to act as "nigger" colonel, and would conform to my idea of one who was determined to prove a villain,

"And hate the idle pleasures of those days."

Doctor Durrant, a native of Bermuda, was our physician till the eighth of October, when he was ordered to return to Beaufort. His proportions were excessively aldermanic, the whole man indicative of high living and good humor. He was the first officer in the Yankee army to treat me with the courtesy which indicates the gentleman. He was unusually polite and kind, and all of us regretted to see him leave. Though many of us had little vexatious diseases and troubled him daily, he always did the best he could, and he it was who, when he found that we were being cheated out of our rations, rode to all the headquarters, braved all the red tape and did not pause till we got enough to enable us to live. I took the diarrhoea on the very day I landed here and expected to have it until I could get vegetables. I called every day on Doctor Durrant; he did his best to cure me, frequently called and gave me the news, furnished me with Jamaica ginger, ordered loaf bread and tea, and more than once furnished me some pure extract of rye. His successor was a pure, unadulterated, Weathersfield, Wooden Nutmeg, Union Yankee, self-important, cold, heartless and withal ignorant.

On the seventh of October General Saxton, who had commanded on this island, was returned, and Brigadier General Scammon assumed command in his stead. General Scammon commanded for a long time in the Kanawha Valley, and I had heard that his rule was mild and courteous. When he was captured and brought to Dublin my Uncle J. wrote me that he had been with him several days, that he loved a good drink, was a good talker and, he thought, the best Yankee he ever saw.

Being reduced to my last dime, and not hearing from father

or Mrs. Edgerton, after consultation with my mess I wrote a note on the eighth to General Scammon, asking whether or not he had seen my father or could give me any information in regard to him.

On the tenth I was in bed sick from the effects of a cold caught during two very cold days previous, when a lieutenant called and said the provost was waiting outside with General Scammon's buggy to take me to General Scammon's headquarters. Though quite unwell, I bundled up, gave my verbal parole not to reveal any military information I might obtain, went down to the adjutant general's office, took a stiff drink, and was soon ushered into the general's private room. He received me very much like a gentleman, making me feel at ease; said he knew my father and Mr. L. well, also knew Uncle John and many of my acquaintances, from whom he had received many courtesies; that he had heard of me and had me on his blacklist when commanding in Kanawha; said he was glad to interchange opinions with me, and we argued secession some half an hour. He said that he had sent for me with the view of tendering me his sympathy for my condition and that of my companions; that he wished he could help them all, but that he desired and intended to act within the line of his duty, lest, being a stranger on the island, his conduct might be misconstrued. He tendered me money, clothes and anything not contraband I might want, which I at first declined, hoping soon to hear from Baltimore; he afterwards insisted that I should receive some money, and he gave me thirty dollars, making me promise to let him know if I should need more money or clothes. I desired to draw a draft on father for the amount at once, but he said, "No, you'll want more probably and I desire that you say nothing of this loan to anyone till after the war is over when you can pay me." "Be certain," said he, "to write me a private note if I can aid you when you are sick or in want. You are here in prison, but in our intercourse let us

meet as gentlemen." I apologized for so long interfering with his duties and left him, believing that, if a Yankee, he was a gentleman. He said that Sam Jones went to school to him and that General Bragg slept with him at West Point; that whilst a prisoner all of our officers treated him with kindness and attention except Brig. Gen. John W. Jones.

Returning to the adjutant general's office I found that dinner had just been served, but a good lunch was ordered which I could have enjoyed had I been well. After an hour's talk I pleaded sickness and started to the provost's office. The adjutant general asked if I did not wish to make some purchases and sent the provost word to take me to the store and let me get what I wanted. After this every subordinate was polite. The provost insisted on another drink, gathered up all the papers and magazines he could find, told me to let him know when I wanted to come out again, and, after taking me round to all the stores and getting a number of articles for half the usual price, late in the evening he ordered an ambulance and sent me up to the "pen." Thus had I found one bright streak in the otherwise gloomy surroundings of a long prison life, and happily was able to and did assist all the Bedford men, Henry Board, John Harris, Wm. H. Hatcher, David W. Garrett and Wm. Carder, to a small extent.

After our arrival here we never heard definitely from the forty odd sick and wounded at Beaufort. Some were very sick with dysentery. Of the number who came here well very many became sick with diarrhoea and not a few with dysentery. Some fifteen were at the field hospital on the island, and two lieutenants, Peake, of Kentucky, and Calahan, of Tennessee, were numbered with the dead, each followed to the grave by one friend. On the morning of the eleventh of October, at daylight, the picket monitor got too near to Moultrie, when the latter poured shot in thick and fast and soon drove her off in a crippled condition.

Today I have been a prisoner five long months; I have received only one letter from home, dated the twelfth of June, and none from Dixie friends during that time. Strangers at Charleston have sent us plenty of tobacco (chewing and smoking), potatoes, bread, etc., but my friends, my sister and my wife have all been silent, and so long. Are they dead? I hope not, and yet the picture of a desolate hearthstone will often present itself—a home to me no longer. With such fears, how long are the days, and weeks, and months.

### COPY OF FORT DELAWARE ORDER

Headquarters, Fort Delaware, Del.,  
July 8th, 1864.

#### Prison Rules:

1. Roll call at reveille and retreat.
2. Police call at 7 a. m. and 4 p. m.
3. Breakfast at 8 a. m. Dinner at 2 p. m.
4. Sergeants in charge of the prisoners will exact from them a strict compliance with the above calls which will be regularly enforced, and must promptly report to the officer in charge the number present and absent, sick and any who are guilty of insubordination or any violation of any of the rules of the prison. They must also notify them that if they do not promptly obey any order given them by a sentinel or officer or man in charge of them, they will be shot.
5. Sergeants in charge will be held responsible for the due execution of these rules and for the regular accounting for the number of their men.

By command of Brig. Gen. A. Schoepf.

(Signed) GEO. W. AHL,  
Capt. and A. A. A. G.

October 12th, 1864.

Today, for the first time, corn mush was issued as a substitute for bread, one-half pint to a man. It was made of old meal and absolutely filled with worms. Major Johnston, First Mississippi Cavalry, picked ninety-eight worms and one spider out of his ration, and some other officer found 128 worms and seventeen bugs in his. I cannot eat the stuff. Complaints are loud. Old "White Eye," the colonel, says some of the prisoners asked for corn meal and we must eat it as we get it.

Rumors of victory at Petersburg, but the Yanks say but little and refuse to bring in papers. They never let us hear of a Confederate victory till it has ceased to be a wonder elsewhere. Rumor is current that we are to be removed soon.

October 13th, 1864.

Firing all last night and the Sumpter sharpshooters were busy, apparently doing good work. Mush and worms were again served. The negroes sold bread, made of mush stolen from us, at twenty-five cents per cake. They have been selling loaf bread for some time, first at twenty cents, then at thirty and thirty-five cents, but today it was fifty cents. They eat our crackers and sell us their bread. For three weeks no salt or vinegar has been issued, though the rice and soup is generally fresh. The negroes say it is retaliation. They are selling salt today at ten cents per spoonful. I bought a little salt and some crackers from the warden of Company H, and traded my mush for beer. Our warden has a few favorites who talk politics with him and get all he has to sell. I have often seen our warden lying down in the tent of a few officers, who take pride in calling him "Sergeant," whilst some follow him up and down for news, pulling at his coat to attract his attention.


October 14, 1864.

Heavy firing at Charleston all last night, and the sharpshooters popping away from Sumpter.

More mush today, and the sutler came in and I bought ginger cakes and again traded for beer, made of potato peelings and sour molasses by Captain Dixon. The rush for the sutler was so great that they could scarcely be kept back, and one man, though repeatedly ordered back, disobeyed and was shot at but missed. The sentinel was not in the wrong. Charleston is said to have been illuminated last night in honor of some success. Hallowell said that all sick and wounded would be exchanged. Someone asked whom the order would include, and explained that there were some wounded in the pen. His reply was characteristic—"Yes, a number will swear they are wounded just to get through."

October 15, 1864.

Firing slight last night, but sharpshooters were busy at day-break. I asked the provost marshal if we were denied salt and vinegar. He said we were not—that he issued it regularly and we ought to have a sufficiency of both. I then reported to him that mush bread was being sold, and that our mush was full of worms. He said the mush should be stopped, and he would have an officer appointed to superintend the issue and make the negroes act honestly. In two hours after this conversation a friend told me that "Harris," who had sold the mush bread, was looking for me and soon he appeared at my tent with his second, Wilkins. They enquired if I had reported them for selling mush bread, and, learning that I admitted the fact, said they sold for the cook. Knowing that in any difficulty with a negro I must come out second best, I determined to awe them by moral rather than physical force, though the negroes observed my right hand near



a big bottle, whilst D. Garrett stood behind them with a good open knife and H. Board, Carder and Arrington sat by. The negroes tried to work themselves up to the insolent point, but the inferior race would show itself and finally my order, "If you have business elsewhere, go and attend to it; I am engaged," was obeyed with as much alacrity as though they were slaves. I afterwards heard that they said they intended to "take me down." Of course they told their friends, the "negro toadies," their own tale about my report of the sale of sugar, coffee, etc., and succeeded in creating quite a prejudice against me. One of my friends had almost a fight in my defense. These wardens can easily put the sentinels on my track. I shall look for a sly shot.

Well, three-fourths of the prisoners have no money. I have reported how they suffer at the hands of the negroes, and it remains to be seen whether we are to be benefited.

October 16, 1864.

Heavy firing last night. This morning an officer appeared at breakfast, ordering each detachment into line to get their food. This caused much complaint, but we received six and one-half crackers for the day, the best ration I have had on the island. At noon we again marched in line and got bean soup which was nearly all beans, richer and better than at any previous issue, and well salted beside. Yesterday I got five beans. This evening we got a good ration of rice, well salted. A barrel of vinegar and some salt were issued. The "negro toadies" admit the improvement, but abuse me because we are ordered into line. Many officers called to say that I had stricken the first good blow at existing abuses.

This evening a monitor, some say two, took position near Cummings Point, and, assisted by a new gun at "Putnams" of "Chadfield," opened on Moultrie and Sumpter a little after dark.

At first only Sumpter annoyed them with sharpshooters, but finally old Moultrie opened with two heavy mortars, firing wildly, I thought. The shells were spherical case, and after the shell exploded the small balls exploded like pop-crackers, only they were flying in every direction. Being on the prolongation of the line of fire at "Chadfield," we were much endangered, the small balls whizzing over us and in some cases going as far as Wagner. Finally a huge shell exploded over us, and the large pieces came buzzing through camp and buried themselves in our midst. One piece struck in my street, another in the next below us, another near the gate, while one hit just behind our tent, so near our heads as to cause us involuntarily to raise up our bodies to avoid it. Soon another shell seemed coming immediately into camp, but fell just outside, at the northeast corner near the sea; it exploded and made a hole which Hallowell afterwards said was large enough to bury a man. I will add that Hallowell also said he wished the "Rebs" would kill one of us for the man killed by the Union shell in Charleston. These mortar shells at night can be seen and heard the moment after fire and, guided by the trail of light, the eye follows them till they explode. The Confederates fired at the flash of the Yankee guns, and frequently cheered lustily. We could distinctly hear the Sumpter lookout warning all hands, "Under cover." This duel lasted till 11 o'clock. The "Nigs" on the north side left their posts once, but were ordered back. Some of the prisoners became very nervous. Miner, they say, took to the barrel, whilst all of our mess were affected like most men on the eve of battle. Wagner also took a hand, firing over us at Moultrie, whilst Gregg poured a fire into Charleston. This duel was commenced by the "Feds" in the face of the fact, derived from deserters and an escaped prisoner, that all the Yankees had been removed from Charleston. What will history say of this cruelty to us?



October 17, 1864.

Again the ration is issued to us in line, but it is well cooked. The wardens are required to issue the extra and give us the cracker boxes for wood (the first we have had). The sutler again came in, bringing crackers, molasses, beef and lots of notions. All of us bought what we wanted and lastly the officer ordered the warden to issue our food at our tents, thus knocking the last prop from under the negro sympathizers. How selfish prisoners can become. Every man suffered for salt, and vinegar, and bread; favoritism shown each issue; the negroes stealing our rations and selling them to us at exorbitant prices—yet the man who dares to meet this evil is condemned. Why? Some have money; some make rings and sell at high prices—they will be deprived of some articles by my report, and hence the “tempest in a teapot.” It must be said, some of our 600 are not gentlemen, some are very ignorant—and association with better men does not improve them. They might help us to make these Yankees feel that they are beneath us, but a few black sheep spoil the flock.

October 18, 1864.

Last night Gregg was busy firing at Charleston, the shell bursting after I had counted eighty slowly. The distance cannot, however, be calculated, as we cannot see the shell explode. Sumpter was busy with her sharpshooters and two ambulances went up to Gregg and returned. An officer said today that their men were frequently wounded. It is a noticeable fact that when Gregg succeeds in setting fire to any part of Charleston she fires at Charleston rapidly while the fire is burning.

We got good rations again today, at least good for this place, and all hands seem more contented and cheerful. Rain all day and cold; we played whist. The rumor that we are

soon to go to Savannah for exchange gathers confirmation and I begin to think something will turn up. Yankees say the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York is detailed to take us away. The fog is considerable tonight and hardly a gun is being fired. Taps are changed from dark to 9 p. m. and candles allowed. I bought a candle and had a long game of whist. Barnes and Dalton against self and Board.

Today we all ate too much; we bought five cans of beef (two at "Davy's" rates), and one-half a can boiled with beans and crackers made more soup than we could eat. We had besides pickle, catsup, molasses, milk, coffee and sugar. Much of it bought by Garrett at his rates.

Captain Boyd, of Tennessee, left here suddenly a few days since, as we conjecture, to take the oath, though down at the hospital it is said that he was certainly specially exchanged. He claims to be a headquarters scout for Bragg's army—is a great brag, a coarse man and not truthful. He told Board, with whom he messed, that he would give \$1,000 to take the oath, but said the Yanks wouldn't let him. He gets no letters, but has plenty of cash. He is at least suspected. The Yankees claim that several of our number wish to take the oath, but this is all gammon. Why is their request refused? Either principle or interest makes us all true.

October 19, 1864.

A clear, pretty morning, begun with firing from Gregg and Wagner, and sharpshooting. A "Philadelphia Enquirer" is in, with rumors of victory of Hood at Atlanta, also Grant's order to burn everything in the valley. A sergeant also is in, who says there will be a flag of truce tomorrow. We are all looking for early exchange and bets are being freely made. At 2 o'clock a heavy detail was at work near Gregg. Our Moultrie mortars opened

and made them hurry to the rear with their spades. These shells to reach the Yanks (though some, unfortunately, go too far) are necessarily thrown near us, and two exploded within a few yards of our pen, throwing the sand some thirty or forty feet high, while pieces of shells flew whizzing over our heads. This frightened the negroes on the fence terribly; one of them broke, but was called back. At night, the Yanks opened the ball with mortars from Gregg and "Chadfield," and Moultrie replied vigorously and accurately, though some pieces flew over us and the small balls were popping and fizzing all around us.

The Yanks say that we certainly leave Morris Island tomorrow or next day and will probably go to Savannah. We begin to believe now that retaliation is being ended.

October 20, 1864.

This morning a flag of truce prevailed with small boats. Capt. A. J. Lewis is ordered to prepare to be specially exchanged, and all of us are notified that we are to leave this evening or tomorrow for Fort Pulaski. At 2 o'clock three days' rations of tack and meat are issued and all hands pack up. I am reading a book with interest, satisfied that we shall not leave today. At sunset Hallowell informs us that we will leave at sunrise, and suggests that we cook our coffee at an early hour. No water in the barrels, and all the springs are so offensive that it is impossible to drink from any save one, to which there is a rush. I anticipate a heavy shelling tonight, and as the negroes have not yet killed anybody, expect them to try their hand. I counsel unusual silence in my mess for this reason. As night set in all the Cummings Point Batteries begin and for long hours throw shell and mortars, trying to provoke a reply, but failing. Thus up to the last night have these cowardly scoundrels, sheltered by bomb-proofs, sought to have us butchered by our friends, though they know, through

deserters, escaped Yankee prisoners, and lastly through the official declaration of General Harder, naval commandant, that not a single Yankee is even in Charleston.

October 21, 1864.

About one-half hour after daybreak, when the whole camp was awake, I heard a sentinel cry out, "Go back there"; a moment after he fired his gun, producing an exclamation of pain. But who was the sufferer? None of us dared then to go and see. In a little time, we slowly made our advances and, feeling our way, found that Captain Henry Board, Detachment "D," had started to the spring for water; that the sentinel spoke as he was starting; that he immediately turned back, and, as he was going in his tent the sentinel fired, missing him, but hitting Lieutenant John Harris, Fifty-eighth Regiment of Bedford, Va., in the knee. The ball passed through the kneepan and, going into another tent, hit Captain Blair, First North Carolina Cavalry, in the shoulder, though not seriously wounding him. Harris will probably be a cripple for life. This feat of arms amused the negroes wonderfully, one of them remarking, "They run to their holes like rabbits and squirrels." This outrage received no investigation whatever. Indeed, though I had been promised permission to call on General Scammon before I left, the privilege was denied, because, as I believe, Hallowell suspected that I would report the facts. The "Palmetto Herald" in its next issue said, "Two Rebel prisoners who became unruly were shot but not seriously hurt." The sentinel in question fired across the street of "A" and "B" into "D," which was guarded by other sentinels. It was past the usual time for the prisoners to be in the streets and besides we had been ordered by the colonel "to get up early and cook our coffee." Why was this order given? As I verily believe, that the negroes might have an opportunity to shoot some of us. Having no dic-

tionary, I cannot recall words to express my utter detestation of this monster. He would violate all of the commandments and would weep (if such a fiend can shed tears) that there are no other crimes to perpetrate. Hell will only be a complete torment, when Hallowell is added to the catalogue of devils.

At sunrise, the roll was called with great particularity. Our baggage was either in our hands or had been sent in a wagon to the wharf (by the way, my carpet bag was rifled of some new socks, a book and various other articles), and we were immediately marched out of the pen between long rows of sable soldiers down to the wharf. On the way down many of us were insulted, because it was the last day of the forty-one during which they claimed that, "the bottom rail is now on top." On reaching the wharf we found the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York, Colonel Burin commander, drawn up in line, and in a few minutes we were marched on board the schooners under guard of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York, thus bidding farewell to the "Nigs" and Morris Island, as we hope, forever. Both schooners were towed outside the bar and the sick and favorites were placed in a steamer. The One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York not on guard were put on another steamer and, after much delay, we hoisted anchor and steered southward, the steamers towing the schooners, and a gunboat bringing up the rear. We weighed anchor at 3 p. m.

I have not before mentioned that on the twenty-second of September we were all marched from the pen to the wharf and out on board two schooners, where we remained till the evening of the twenty-third of September. A flag of truce prevailed on the twenty-third and the Yanks said we were put on board to be exchanged at once if the commissioners could agree. Whilst on the schooners we were guarded by the negroes, and, though it was then awfully hot, every place except between decks was a

“dead line”; besides four small boats patrolled around us all night long. Whilst cooped up below, sweltering with heat, Captain Perkins, of Forest’s Cavalry, found an old saw and with it and a good knife commenced cutting a hole through the boat near the stern, intending to get out on the night of the twenty-third. Though assisted by Captain Harman, Captain Jastrinski, Captain Hickman, Captain Coffee and Private Dick Adams, they did not get through the thick plank before we were ordered to disembark. They all determined to escape if possible, and accordingly remained on the boat, hiding in the hole, where it was as dark as midnight. Being anchored in lighthouse inlet the distance to Folley Island was only one hundred yards, but that island was closely picketed between the point and Secessionville, and besides the party could not leave the boat till it was dark. Dark came, but the boat’s crew sat about the hatches for some time, and, during this precious time, one roll had been called; as a result a guard was double-quickened back to the boat, reaching there just in time to meet Perkins coming up the hatchway, naked and preparing to take the swim. All hands except Coffee, who could not be found, soon surrendered, and the guard finally started back, supposing he had escaped. After the guard left, the captain of the schooner discovered Coffee standing as large as life among the crew, with whom he had mingled unobserved, and whom he had assisted in the search for himself.

Being now on our same old dismasted schooner, with a hole almost cut through it, the same party went to work whilst we sailed and now have a place large enough to get through; they have closed it temporarily, waiting for a convenient season. The wind is dead ahead and we only make six miles per hour. It is quite cold below deck, and above the sentinels are shivering in overcoats.

October 22, 1864.

At daybreak we are in sight of the Georgia shore, and about sunrise enter Savannah River; passing Tybee Island, we anchor in the southern channel, under the guns of Fort Pulaski.

The southern wall of the fort, about one hundred yards long and arranged for one tier and parapet guns, showed many shot holes which entered the brick cutting out about two feet. The eastern angle was built new, having been battered down in 1862 by the Federals. About eighty shots seem to have struck the south and east walls, to the left and right of the new angle. The fort is on a low, marshy island called Cockspur Island. The great strength of the fort is in the marshy surroundings and the river, though Gilman, who built the fort, reduced it in one day with eleven batteries and a few gunboats. It is seventeen miles to Savannah and the Confederate lines are six miles distant. I saw our flag distinctly this morning. After seeing all to be seen I went below and played whist all day, listening occasionally to the "wild grape" of the sensationalists about exchange, our quarters, etc. Being much crowded we are all anxious to get ashore except Perkins and company, who are busy making arrangements to escape to night, notwithstanding the sentinels have been shivering all day in their overcoats. The steamers have been landing baggage, the sick and the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh regiment, all day, and night sets in with many whisperings among friends who have determined, or are deciding, to brave the strong tide, the cold weather, the marsh, the pickets and the sentinels. At 8 p. m. the officer commanding, Captain McWilliams, sent for Captain Perkins. Evidently he suspects him, as he demands that he shall accept a parole, which Perkins, very properly, has refused, unless allowed the liberty of the boat. He was ordered to go to his bunk on the middle deck and a sentinel has been placed over him. Perkins has attempted to escape six times and

they know him well. A sergeant and guard with lanterns went below and after inspection reported, "All is well," though they actually stepped over the hole. The Yankees have evidently heard someone speaking of escape. At 9 p. m. all was quiet above, but not so below, for the aisle was actually blocked up with passengers by the short line for Dixie. At 11:30 p. m. I awoke and soon heard the cry, "Man overboard." The deck was in great confusion, the Yanks evidently believing that one of the guards was the unlucky man. In the meantime the gunboat down the river sent out a boat (we have none). The piteous cries for help were hushed, for the boat had saved him, and the anguish of our guard was ended. Presently a Dutchman cried out to our guard, "What you tink, 'twas a 'Reb'." Again he cried out, "'Twas three Rebs," and in a few minutes Captain Coffee, Captain Harman and Dick Adams were ushered down nearly naked, their few clothes dripping, and as cold, apparently as the North Pole. It is the coldest night of the fall, and I am uncomfortable between decks with two blankets. Soon a sergeant and guard made another search below and found the hole with Perkins at it, just ready to take the plunge; he had escaped from his guard during the confusion and thought then was his only time. The Yankees guarded the hole the balance of the night, while the swimmers' friends rubbed them to get up the circulation, in the meantime learning how it happened they had been discovered. Harman and Adams both started with too many clothes and pulled them off after they started; Dick heard Coffee call for Harman and, thinking he was in distress, replied in too loud a tone, and then, finding that he was discovered, swam rapidly away, breaking himself down, so that he commenced sinking and crying for help. In the meantime Coffee, who was as good as safe, then turned and went to his assistance and held up his head till the boat picked them up. But for this blunder many a "Reb"





*Morris Island Prison*



would have effected a jail delivery during that night and either drowned himself in the rapid current of the river, or else died from exhaustion and cold in the marsh. An extra good swimmer and stout man might have made the trip.

October 23, 1864.

Morning clear and cold. At 10 a. m. our old schooner was drawn up to the wharf, we disembarked, formed into line, marched into the fort, and took our quarters on the north side, finding the Morris Island sick and the favorites already quartered and in possession of the best places. The fort is a pentagon, each side, something like 100 yards long, being built of brick and surrounded by a moat of sea water from which the water for use is condensed and held in reservoirs under the floors. The walls are just five feet at the portholes, and the supporting columns to the arches are five feet square, making one-half the wall ten feet thick. This wall is about thirty feet high to the parapet, on which at present twenty-six guns are mounted—some Colin Head, some Parrotts, some Sea Coil howitzers. There are two guns and a mortar near the gate within the drawbridge. We found one Parrott gun pointing to sea in our quarters, but this has been removed. I should say the fort could mount 200 heavy guns. The officers occupy the whole of the south front, except the arch and gateway and the engine room for condensing water. On the other four sides there are forty-eight casemates, occupied at present by ourselves and the guard. Piles of cannon-ball are scattered about in the yard, besides broken carriages and eight or ten disarmed guns. Two brass howitzers are kept constantly in front of the officers' quarters, pointing toward us. About ninety-five men are detailed for guard duty, and in addition a company is detached daily and kept under arms in front of our quarters. As we found the fort, by concert of action it would be easy to capture the guard, or to escape if we could only get off the island.

October 24, 1864.

A gloomy day. Last night we all slept on the floor and many, who had either one or no blanket, suffered with cold. We received orders that twenty-six are to occupy each casemate, which will crowd us. Under the arch toward the moat ten can sleep. Opposite these eight more, and above the latter are comfortable nooks, fixed up by former occupants with some taste, capable of containing eight more. Into these nooks the "sick and favorites" have ensconced themselves, whilst we must take the downstairs portion, without light and very damp.

Last night we had tubs brought into our quarters for sinks, and though removed this morning they have left a terrible stench. Today we were escorted out six at a time to the sink. All this day we spent walking around trying to fix up, but the captain of the other schooner discharged his crew and they came pouring into the casemates this evening, hunting for quarters. Quite a number were crowded out and slept "around loose." The tubs were brought in again, and at 9 p. m. lights were ordered out and many who hunted their way to the tubs could scarcely find their way back, their own mess refusing to answer when called. We already begin to feel the effects of the damp, cold walls, rendered more damp by the water which is constantly thrown about. Many men have no basins and wash in cups, plates and tubs. If the doors to the casemates were opened during the day, allowing air and sunlight, our sanitary condition would be better, but if this were allowed, by a preconcerted signal, we might rush out in line of battle, overpower the guard and in a few minutes be masters of the fort. Indeed, a few of us are concocting plans to take the place, but the great difficulty is to ascertain whether we can communicate with Savannah after we have taken it. If we cannot, we should be starved out in a few days.

October 25, 1864.

Another gloomy morning. Our quarters smell badly and there was a great rush to get to the tubs; the latter are placed at the door of the lower casemate, which is open.

We get about seven crackers daily, but they are not good, being full of worms, one-third pound of good meat, and one pint of soup or rice. At present there are no arrangements for cooking except two small private stoves. Still, though it is against orders to have coffee, we manage to do so by making little stoves of fruit cans and cooking the coffee with pine splinters. The officer of the day has caught some at this trick and threatened to cut off rations if we did not desist, but we hang blankets before our stoves and cook away, with a sentinel out for each mess, who reports if a Yank is coming, in which case we put out the fire with a little water. Because of this the quarters are constantly full of smoke.

Colonel De Gourney, of Louisiana, has been acknowledged as our business man. He has conferred frequently with the Yanks, and they promise many changes in our favor. Colonel Brown, commanding the regiment, is at present at Hilton Head and Colonel Carmichael is commander; both of these officers seem to be courteous and evince a disposition to make our imprisonment as pleasant as possible.

October 26, 1864.

Today bunks are being rapidly constructed, four for each casement, with three tiers to each bunk, each tier containing two men. The tiers are two and one-half feet apart and the bunks are three and one-half feet wide, thus giving ample room. Carder and self, Garrett and Arrington, Board and Harris, Dalton and Mitchell, of the Forty-second Virginia; Captain Wm. Barrier and Captain Groves, of Georgia; Captain Brown, of Virginia, and

Lieutenant Batholomew, are nominally in one mess, though we separate our rations and my three original companions eat with me. During Harris' confinement at hospital, Board, having no blanket, sleeps with two others.

Sinks were constructed today and arrangements made to go out-of-doors at night. As a matter of precaution the door is closed and we jump out of the window. Lamps have been provided and we have them burning all night.

October 27, 1864.

The bunks are being completed, and we are beginning to have something like order. Though the ration is quite small, and our quarters very damp, giving almost every man a cold, yet we all feel the effects of a change in the guard. We do not expect to be shot or bayoneted hourly; if we have a just complaint it is heard. We feel more free and independent, and the danger is that the present good treatment may make us forget the past.

October 28, 1864.

A bright day for me. We received a mail and at last I got letters from home. Three from my wife and one from Winkler in the same envelope, but the latest date is August thirty-first. However, my mind is relieved, for all are well and besides I learn the advent of another little Miss Dickinson into this world, which event occurred on the twenty-first day of June, 1864. The letter states that the other children call the little one Julia, and I have determined to name her Julia Lewis. The news from my company is gloomy. Hugh Kelso and John M. Lowry are both dead. Two better men have not been sacrificed in this war. My letters do not give me information as to Hunter's raid except to state that my folks were blessed.

Colonel De Ganney today went to the sutler's, on parole,

bought such articles as we desired and finally made arrangements for one man from each division to act as sutler, going out to the sutler's twice in each week. My name is suggested for my division, as I was the chairman of the committee on rules and orders for our regulation.

October 29, 1864.

Today I went to sutlery with about sixty-five dollars to buy articles for my division, spending the whole evening outside the fort, on parole, and getting as much as I could eat and drink in the shape of cakes, ale, sherry, etc. My purchases seemed to please the division.

October 30, 1864.

This day was observed by us, though we had no preaching. The One Hundred and Fifty-seventh were forced to go to church and the parson laid his bible on the table covered with the flag of the United States. This "old flag" is always sticking out with a Yank. The parson advocated compulsory attendance at church. This is straining discipline too far. Our guard seem determined not to let us catch them napping. During church one company faced us with arms in hands, even during prayers.

October 31, 1864.

Our guard still improving everything with a view to our comfort, or security. The crackers, however, are just as indifferent as they can be, full of worms and bugs; we have plenty, such as they are, and a promise of soft bread tomorrow. Hands are at work today placing wooden bars across the door of the casemate; other hands are placing iron gratings over the port holes, making our side of the quarters appear like a prison indeed.

November 1, 1864.

Today soft bread, warm and good, was issued in sufficient quantities for moderate eating. I went again to the sutlery today, and bought sugar, molasses, coffee, crackers, cakes, indeed a little of everything, for the division. The sutler expects a good stock of goods, and it is understood there will be no restriction on purchases. About one-half of the men in my division are purchasers, but most of them on a small scale. Colonel Carmichael is very particular that the sutler shall sell to us at the same rates he does to their regiment, but I feel sure the sutler dodges this order in articles on which he can advance with safety. Today, in buying a tin cup from a Jew of a clerk, the price asked was twenty cents. A private in the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh, standing by, told the clerk he was charging me more than he was allowed. Some rough words passed and the private whipped the clerk in fine style. Of course we didn't interfere, but the sutler insisted on twenty cents for the cup, though the private says fifteen cents is the price. It is the first time I have seen a Yank fight for Rebels' rights.

November 2, 1864.

We are at last, I suppose, organized as well as we shall be, though little improvements are being made continually. We are required to wash in a particular casemate and all hands are expected to keep their casemates neat. Four cooking stoves have been put up on which all are able to cook coffee, etc. We have the promise of two more stoves, which, as it is now quite cold, will be very acceptable.

November 3, 1864.

Report current that 8,000 sick prisoners are at Hilton Head, and all are carried away with rumors of exchange of all in this department.



November 4, 1864.

Went to sutlery today and had hard day's work buying many notions. Got as much sherry, cider and ale as I could drink, and plenty of cakes, cheese, apples, etc.

November 5, 1864.

More talk of exchange today and a flag of truce in the river. The flag officer called in and delivered many letters to quite a number of us.

November 6, 1864.

Colonel Brown sent for Colonel De Ganney and the other chiefs and said he wished to suggest certain regulations, which he hoped we would make, and he would then approve as to the orders for prison government. I am not "chief," only a member of a committee to draft resolutions, and am sutler under Barnes. Colonel De Ganney wrote some rules and called us sutlers, whom he calls chiefs, to hear them read. They are wordy, but all hands of the chiefs have approved them and Captain Dobbins has taken them to copy.

November 7, 1864.

I got a letter from home, dated October 17th, informing me of the death of Lieut. Abner Hatcher and Van West, of my company.

November 8, 1864.

Went to sutlery again today. Bought boots for ten dollars. Returned to find that all the prisoners had been in great excitement about the orders prepared by Colonel De Ganney, which by some mistake were sent to Colonel Brown and approved by him before they were presented to the prisoners for their approval. Colonel Manning, Colonel Folk and others got up meetings and

voted down the resolutions because they had not been referred to the prisoners, and because of an eighth section, which contains a threat that in case of willful failure to obey the regulations the officer shall be reported to the Yanks. Several meetings were held and many rough things were said. Hearing of the excitement I called to see Colonel De Ganney together with all the chiefs, and learned with surprise that the rules as presented by Colonel De Ganney had been sent to Colonel Brown before the prisoners had passed upon them. Colonel Brown had actually approved them and thus made them, with their objectionable features, the law of the prison. I at once felt that Captain Barnes, by pushing me forward as a committeeman without regular appointment, had placed me in an awkward predicament. My division might very properly say that I had helped to force intolerable laws on them though I had no authority from them, and I therefore insisted on resigning at once. Immediately all of us wrote a note to Colonel Brown, stating that, the rules and regulations we had recommended having been condemned by the prisoners, we desired not to be considered as members of the committee any longer, also asking for the return of our parole.

This day the United States vote for president. At this place there is no voting. The One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York have voted some time since and sent their ballots on. I heard two of the privates talking today. One said he wished he was at home to vote for McClellan; the other said he tried to vote for McClellan but they found how he intended to vote and, because he was under twenty-one when he enlisted, told him they reckoned he didn't have a vote. Such a farce of an election.

November 9, 1864.

At roll call this morning, by candle light, I tendered my resignation as sutler (or chief, as Colonel Brown insists on calling

me), and took occasion to explain that I was present when the resolutions were read, that the intention I knew was to exclude bayonets and Yankees, that it certainly was my intention to refer our work to the division, that I had been acting by earnest persuasion of Captain Barnes against my judgment, but that I acted for the best, and if there were any to cast insinuations or impute improper motives, I wanted them to speak out then and there. I had scarcely turned round before a vote of thanks was tendered me for the faithful discharge of past duties, and I was elected sutler, or man of business, with two dissenting voices out of 103. My friends urged me to accept of the reappointment, and, finally, I consented to do so. During the day the other divisions acted and excluded Colonel De Ganney and Captain Dobbins. In the evening the new appointees wrote a note to Colonel Brown offering to give their parole for the purpose of making purchases, etc., and all the others wrote a formal note informing him that they had been elected "chiefs." I wrote a memorandum at the bottom of the note, stating that another gentleman is chief of my division and that I am only agent.

November 10, 1864.

Today Lieutenant Handley, myself and others endeavored to raise a small fund to buy clothes and some food for Mr., or Lieutenant, or Captain Fitzgerald, a poor, old, opium-eating, lousy inebriate, who has seen better days. He is a graduate of West Point, but has sunk in the scale till he is an object of great pity. He has no blankets, no shirt, pants filthy and worn out, is sick and cries out to every man who passes him to give him opium. We raised a small fund. Lieutenant Hassie's subscription to the fund was \$4.00; Captain Bailey's, \$1.00, and Lieutenant Handley's, 25c, and I am disbursing agent. I gave Lieutenant Handley \$5.00 to buy pants. I wrote to Colonel Ould to exchange him

especially for some sick man and Colonel Brown has written to the Federal authorities urging his case upon their attention. Poor old "Fitz" is so filthy and lousy they won't receive him in the hospital. A number of men daily report that they have pains in their bowels that they may get opium for old Fitz.

Flag of truce today. I got letter dated fifteenth of October, from sister Mary. News of Butler's removal. Capture of Decatur, transfer of Scammon to Florida, and the capture of five vessels at Delaware Breakwater by the glorious old "Tallahassee." Colonel Brown wrote Major Goldsboro and his associates that he had received a note informing him of their appointment as "chief," stated that he had adopted the rules framed by the former committee, and desired to know whether they would co-operate with him in executing these orders. Trouble again. Goldsboro wanted me to say that I was chief and would co-operate in executing the objectionable orders. I refused and told him Barnes was chief. Barnes, as chief, refused to do so and so did Major Nelson and Captain Hammock, so we are equally divided on the question. Many are talking on the subject and night has overtaken us with the matter unsettled. In the meantime none of us can go to the sutler's, because of which many want us to succumb; others say they will not yield a principle for the sake of a sutler. We had an extra roll call at 9 o'clock last night and it is to continue as an order. Four roll calls per day in a fort where, if we were spiders, we could hardly crawl out.

I have been sick for several days with diarrhoea and scurvy, but going about. Many have the scurvy. I am taking too much opium, but also eat onions to cure the scurvy.

Wrote my father today that I would draw on him at sight if I could, as I am out of money. Indeed, I am now four dollars in debt, but hope to raise it soon. Weather very warm. Some rain. Confederates firing today.

November 11, 1864.

A sudden change in the weather last night; blankets in demand, and many officers in bed to keep warm. The "New York" (Major Mulford's exchange boat) steamed past here today, which looks like exchange of somebody. The Yanks change the time and number of roll calls again. We have three now, at daylight, 12 o'clock noon and sunset. Spittoons were brought in today and we hope to keep the floors cleaner. A string of resolutions were prepared by Colonel Manning and presented to all the divisions, defining the powers of chiefs, and stating their opinions on the late resolutions of the committee. Major Goldsboro of First division, Captain Harris of the Second, and Captain Lowe of the Sixth agreed to co-operate with the Federal authorities and were allowed to go to the sutlery. They bought lots of goods; the other three divisions can buy nothing. When the resolutions were presented today the First, Third, Fourth and Fifth voted in favor of them, the Second tabled them and the Sixth presented in lieu of them a proposition to appoint six men to confer with all parties and adjust. As Major Goldsboro was absent, his division did not ask him to resign, but they expressed great dissatisfaction at his course. So we go. A little squall has drifted us from our bearings, and so many have command of the vessel that we cannot agree upon the right course.

November 12, 1864.

Still quite cold, but clear. I have dysentery and scurvy and am taking opium and sour drops. I should say that there are 100 cases of scurvy. The authorities today closed down on us by placing sentinels at the doors and allowing only twenty-five out at a time; at night they allow only eight to go to the sinks. As a consequence, the door is crowded with applicants. Many of the

men have spent the day in bed to keep warm. It is hard indeed to spend a day in the cold, dark, damp, gloomy prison. The four stoves only warm the few who can get around them. They gave us crackers and some miserable rice soup today.

Lieutenant Birney, of the Forty-ninth Georgia Infantry, died at the hospital last night and was buried today. Three of our number attended his remains to the grave. A military escort was furnished by the Yanks and he was decently interred in the Confederate graveyard, just at the northwest corner of the fort.

November 13, 1864.

Again a cold morning, so cold that many of us played sicker than we were to stay in bed to keep warm. Those who have no blankets, or one only, do the best they can. I cannot see how they exist in this damp, cold place. The Yanks have the usual Sunday inspection, and the ceremony is performed with much care. Everything looks clean and neat, and the soldier looking neatest and having the best arms is either detailed as orderly or as supernumerary. Preaching for the Yanks in the center of the fort; instead of singing, the full brass band furnished the music. The sermon was a very short one. At 3 o'clock we had a prayer meeting of our own, the first service since we left Fort Delaware on the twenty-third of August. We will not listen to a prayer for old "Abe."

The list of scurvy cases has increased wonderfully. Fully one-half of us now have the disease and today the senior surgeon told the assistant surgeon to get to work with anti-scorbutus.

Two days ago, Lieut. Geo. B. Fitzgerald (called by us simply "Fitz" and believed by us to be simply a citizen or at most a private) was taken to the hospital, and this morning announcement was made that, "Fitz is dead." He was a confirmed opium eater; a poor, miserable wreck—ragged, filthy, lousy, loathed by

all, and pitied by many, who reported sick that they might get opium for him. He has had no blanket, no socks, hardly clothes to cover him; none of us could supply him, and he slept alone, covering himself with an old piece of tent fly. It was known that he was threatened with pneumonia, but the doctor didn't want him at the hospital and wouldn't take him till Lieutenant Findley, myself and others repeatedly insisted. Upon inquiring I find that he was found dead in his bed this morning. Might not a coroner's jury say that he died from neglect? Poor man! Once he had all the comforts wealth could give him. A graduate of West Point; a lieutenant in the old army, mingling with the Lees, McClellands and Grants; married to Miss Bowden of Norfolk; beloved by many who admired him for his learning and accomplishments. Today Lieutenant-Colonel Christian, Lieutenant Findley, myself and two other officers attended his remains to the grave, because he was a Southern man, for we knew him only as "Fitz" and he had no friends. The Yanks gave us a military escort and buried him decently. Will any of his former friends—even his wife—visit the spot where is entombed the remains of one who,

"The rod of empire might have swayed  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre"?

Tonight we heard a rumor from a sentinel that we are to be exchanged this week, and all are astir. The sick are being exchanged daily in the river one-half mile distant. Today we learned from Lieutenant Howard and others, who have just returned from the hospital, that the sick cannot get their clothes washed without the cash, and that several have had no change of clothes for two weeks. We made up a subscription of nine dollars which I took out to them, and which was received joyfully. The fare at the hospital is miserable and hurries the men back to this cold place.

November 14, 1864.

Another very cold morning and we had to shiver or lie in bed. The Yanks brought us no wood for our four little stoves yesterday. 'Tis said that the exchange officers were busy all last night, and have exchanged 4,000; as many are on litters it is tedious. We still have rumors that we are to be exchanged in a few days, and it is added that we are to be paroled for sixty days. Unnecessary, as three-fourths of us have scurvy and the balance diarrhoea and rheumatism; this cold place, I verily believe, will exchange many of us in a few weeks. After what we have endured, old Abe's Christian people need not talk of Southern prisoners.

The Yanks seemed extra cautious today, permitting only a few to sun and warm themselves, whilst the balance of us walked and shivered in our dungeon. The First division had a meeting and voted Major Goldsboro's place as chief vacant, electing Captain Diggs in his place. The three consenting divisions all sent their chiefs to the sutlery; the others got no supplies except regular rations—soup made of corn meal poured in the beef water.


We have had a regular faro bank and several vantoon tables for some time, and crowds hang around them. One dollar is the limit, I believe. Gambling is a great propensity with most prisoners and many will risk their last cent, probably advanced by some friend as charity.

Wrote a letter today to Mrs. G. B. Fitzgerald informing her of the death of her husband, sending it care of Mrs. Ada Edgerton, Baltimore.

November 15, 1864.

Weather moderated considerably last night. Today we had more speaking in Division I, resulting finally in Major Goldsboro signing the new resolutions; thus yielding, he was re-elected chief.





Rumors of exchange are still rampant. Lieutenant-Colonel De Ganney went out to the hospital.

Spent the day reading the novel "Self-Sacrificed."

November 16, 1864.

Another pleasant morning. Several boats in the river. Major Place, the provost marshal, gave notice that none but chiefs of divisions will hereafter be permitted to go to the sutlery. Our chief, Captain Barnes (who says he is unfitted to buy goods), called a meeting and resigned. The division elected me chief, with the understanding that Barnes should attend to commissaries and details whilst I should go to the sutlery. Division 5 also had a meeting and threw Captain Munn overboard, electing Captain Hammock as chief in his stead. We all signed a paper professing a willingness to begin our parole whilst out of the fort, and thus the great prison difficulty is, I suppose, settled.

Some females visited the fort today and took a look at the "Rebs." As our sink is in full view, of course they see that, too. The colonel had the band out for their edification, and also sounded the alarm to show them how quickly his men and officers rally. This is all well done, but, if we chose to take this place, the rally would be about one minute after the fort was ours. However, if we take the place what shall we do with it? The land batteries can batter it down in six hours or storm us out in a few days. We can't get away.

Today they are putting up iron grates at each end of our quarters to prevent us from surprising the Yanks at night. They evidently suspect us and keep almost in line of battle hourly. If we once despair of exchange they had better look out. We will not stay in prison four long, dreary years, and old Abe's re-election means that.

November 17, 1864.

Weather still pleasant. Plenty of grape about exchange, but no news or letters. The Yanks place another small piece of artillery in front of our quarters. Their men are constantly on the alert. They allow only twenty-five of us out at once though the order says forty, and at night only eight. As a consequence a long string of men stand at the door waiting their time to get out. I found forty-nine waiting and went to bed, getting up at 11 o'clock. The Yanks have been all day constructing the grates. They are placed one at each end, and one in the angle in the center, thus shutting off one-half of us from the other unless we get out of doors and go around. The officers meet at the grates and laugh over the vain fears of the Yankees. This grating will add no strength to the Yanks and may throw them off their guard, when we may burn through with acids, charge and take the fort. The fort can be taken and without loss. If we ever take the place and expose the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh to the fire of the land batteries, would the batteries open on us? If not, might we not hold on till the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh began to starve and then surrender on condition that we march through to Dixie, leaving the fort in the hands of the Yanks. Or might we not control the vessels under the fort, receive aid from Savannah and hold the place? These views have been urged by me to a few friends, who say that the scheme is Utopian. If prisoners would pull together we could go out. I learned that Colonel Baker of North Carolina remarked today that if anyone was known by him to try to take the fort he would tell on him, and this was said in the presence of a sentinel.

Today some fellow has set up a chuck-a-luck table so that we have gambling in style now. They say one firm won \$200 in greenbacks yesterday. Goldsboro and Harris and Lowe went

to sutlery today, bought a quantity of flour, and biscuit and pies are plenty. The cooks sell little pies rapidly at twenty-five cents.

November 18, 1864.

Bright and early this morning I went to the sutler's shop with Captain Hammock and Major Wilson; I carried out eight papers of smoking tobacco for my mess. Sold "Scarfiletti" at forty-five cents, the "Chanticleer" at forty cents and "Hyco" at thirty-five cents. I engaged for sale of ninety-six papers for my division, and tried to have about 400 papers common tobacco (black) sent through via Savannah. All the prisoners have about 3,500 good and bad; some divisions have unfortunately divided theirs, putting too many parties in market. I tried to engage at eighty cents for my division, but failed and did not sell. The Yanks go to their death for "Navy" and give as much for the one-quarter black plugs as for the best Lynchburg tobacco. The navy officers whom I met at the sutlery constantly asked me if the fine chewing tobacco which I exhibit is the best smoking tobacco? I sold one (who did not chew) a plug today.

My division, having been sometime excluded from sutlery, sent considerable bills today, over one hundred dollars in all. Following are some of my purchases:

28 lbs. coffee, adulterated, 70c;  
250 lbs. flour at \$10.00 per hundred;  
40 lbs. sugar at 35c and 40c;  
5 quires paper, 35c; envelopes, 25c;  
Candles, 60c; black tea, \$2.00;  
Condensed milk, 65c;  
Cheese, 40c;  
Butter, 75c;  
Crackers, 35c;  
Cakes, 40c.

I was nearly all day filling the multitude of little bills, and on reaching our quarters found a rush to get the articles. Assisted by my mess, I worked faithfully in issuing and weighing out little parcels till 9 p. m. and was too tired to sleep.

Major Mulford came up today and I saw his boat arrive with white flag. This evening the "grape" is that Captain Howard, of Baltimore, has talked with Mulford, who says he has orders to exchange, but that General Foster has not yet received the orders and does not think that he is justified in making the delivery. This news is important; Howard is a fellow prisoner and yet we cannot actually find out whether the news is reliable.

I met Colonel Carmichael at the sutlery, and in course of conversation I spoke of the hardships of this prison and the unnecessary restrictions, ridiculed his precautions to keep us fast. I frankly told him that as yet there was no plot to take the fort, and therefore we were surprised at their daily vigilance. He pleaded ignorance of the restrictions as to the number allowed to go out, and pledged me that he would correct it at once. He said he had no idea that we intended to try to take the fort, and that he relied solely on the honor and discipline of the men. He also stated that the stringent orders emanated from Hilton Head. Returning to our quarters, I found the dreaded grate removed, but no other changes—nothing done to give us health. Carmichael seemed surprised when I told him that at least 250 of us were unfit for duty, sick with diarrhoea, etc. His surgeon reports about an average of thirty sick. We know this damp place, with no sunlight, no exercise, insufficient food, will kill many of us, but what are our opinions?

November 19, 1864.

I finished weighing and dividing out most of the sutler's stores this morning, and tried to settle my accounts whilst dozens were

talking to me. I find that I have again lost a little and shall be behind hand some seven dollars, including sugar, coffee, etc., for my mess and \$5.60 in dandelion, yeast, etc., for Henry Board, who is going to speculate in beer. There are half a dozen corn beer establishments, but Henry expects to outsell all with his superior article.

My mess had biscuits this morning, and Peter Dalton and Mitchell have gone into the pie business.

At noon we were startled by an order to fall in line. Out of our quarters a roll of 200 officers, chosen I suppose by lot, was called, and they were ordered to get ready to leave in half an hour. There was one of the prison scenes, settling debts, dodging creditors, dividing partnership articles, rolling up plunder, swapping chances of exchange, selling furniture, quizzing and bidding goodbye, etc., etc. I managed to settle with all who were to leave, though parties were constantly changing their names and trading off. I saw one man, Lieutenant Brinkley, unable to buy a chance for a long time because he couldn't remember the assumed name of the man whose chance to get to Morris Island he bought. But in two hours the 200 were called out and parted in sorrow from many friends and messmates. John Arrington and Peter Dalton go from my mess; they couldn't give away their chance of exchange. Captain Lewis gave away his chance and stays. Colonel Manning, Lieutenant-Colonel Christian, Major Emanuel, Captain Moon, Allen, Frazer, Bailey and many other friends bade farewell and soon we saw them on a boat and on their way to Hilton Head. The fact is the surgeon's report showed that there were too few square inches for so many men. The crowd was too great even for "Rebs," and General Foster has ordered 200 to Hilton Head, where they are to be guarded by the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh New York regiment.

I expect they will do well in their new quarters and tonight we have some room to turn around.

I must not omit to mention that yesterday Captain Fitzpatrick and Captain Lewis, now opposite me, had a fight and are still at enmity. Nor should I forget to add that lice are getting too frequent. I got mercurial ointment today, which I shall use in small quantities, because the Yanks won't furnish us with boilers to scald our clothes. All have been washing in cold water since August 1.

November 20, 1864.

Raining since 9 p. m. yesterday and rained hard all day; we felt gloomy. No preaching for the Yanks. As to us poor devils, no opportunities have been afforded for meeting since we left Fort Delaware in August. We got some papers from the South today, giving news of Forest taking gunboats, stores, etc., in Kentucky. The "Palmetto Herald" contains the usual sensational articles.

I had a long private talk with Captain Chambers, who has always been favored by the authorities, and expects a special exchange in two or three days. He told me that Mulford intended to exchange us ten days since, but Foster declined to give us up without a direct order, which he is now expecting; that Foster approved General Harder's proposition of exchange and expects its early return, approved by "Old Abe." So we may expect to go home in a week or two at the most. He tells me that the 200 were sent to the point opposite Hilton Head, where they will stay in "A" tents. Removed to give room for the Yankee recruits to the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh, they being already much crowded. It seems Colonel Baker's remark about taking the fort caused correspondence on the part of Colonel Manning, Colonel Folk, Captain Fitzhugh and others, who actually were concocting a plan to take the fort. An explanation satisfactory

to all was reached, and Colonel Baker was justified in what he did say. I talked to Carmichael about their groundless fears, and Captain Chambers infers from a talk with the Colonel that my object was to lull his suspicions. I am misjudged by him, but I suppose it makes no odds. At any rate, the cat is now out of the wallet. Well, better so, for I learn that after dark the Yanks turn three pieces located on the parapet on us and a company is always near them ready to resist us. This makes the place much stronger at night than most of us believed.

November 21, 1864.

Raining hard again this morning, and those of us with dysentery (and I am one) had a time of it last night.

This morning Major Place issued an order for three of Major Goldsboro's casemates to be evacuated, and Major Goldsboro asked him at once to move and crowd down all the other divisions so that he might retain his organization. Though we resisted this in person it was granted, and a written order required nearly 300 of us to evacuate and give Major Goldsboro's crowd room. At once I prepared a letter, signed by chiefs of 2, 3, 4 and 5 and earnestly protesting against the movement, and sent it to Colonel Brown; some of the "favorites" went to him in person. The John Row, a full-blooded Yankee, wouldn't wait for Colonel Brown to act, and peremptorily ordered me to have my division moved. We had some rough words, and whilst he was mustering around, trying to enforce the order on an excited crowd, the officer of the day gave me a verbal order not to move. The sergeant presently repeated his order and I told him I would not obey it, whereupon he said he would report me. I told him to report and be d—d. Colonel Carmichael soon came in and said, "If one hen is driven off her nest, she has no reason to drive off four or five," and ordered Major Goldsboro to distribute his division

where he could among the other divisions, which important move has been going on all day. They say now that they will reorganize into four divisions instead of six. Major Goldsboro came in for a good share of abuse about Place's order. I never saw so much excitement in prison. The Yanks saw that the very devil was to pay.

Cleared off at 9 p. m. Wind from the North Pole and getting cold very rapidly.

November 22, 1864.

But little sleep last night. Many officers have but one blanket. Some have none, and all such got up in the night and built a fire out of old boxes and pieces of wood, to sit by. This is said by Southern officers to be the cold day long to be remembered. Ice in barrels, puddles, etc., one inch thick; the wind howling furiously; the Yankees furnish us no wood and some of us lie in bed while others trot about to keep warm. The wind broke the rope of the flag staff, and the "old flag" no longer flaps over us. I went to sutlery today and bought \$115.00 worth of goods for the division, principally flour, apples, onions, turnips and other things to eat. Onions, 10c per pound; turnips, 8c per pound. By hard work bought a United States blanket for \$3.50. Carder and myself now have one thin and three good blankets. I drew a draft for fifty dollars on John Graham Blackford, in favor of R. A. Bell, the sutler, for which Bell gave me due bill payable in goods. Sold the tobacco of my division to Bell at 70 cents for boxes, 68 cents for bulk and 60 cents for loose—four hundred and eighty-four and one-quarter pounds at \$332.27. He paid me in due bills payable in goods, and I determined to deliver at once if the Yanks would allow me. I was engaged all day long, but could not get my goods in. Came in and found no



fire, and the weather was very cold, with ice on the puddles. There was no wood and I went to bed with feet frozen and slept badly.

November 23, 1864.

Went to the sutler's this morning to get my goods, but was hurried back—too many officers being there. Delivered them and found the sutler had cheated me on candles, cheese, etc., with bad weights. Spent the day delivering goods and settling tobacco and sutler accounts, and haven't succeeded yet. It is still very cold, though the wind is not blowing. The Yanks tried to get their flag up about 100 feet, one-half of which is real slick climbing. All who tried to climb failed.

November 24, 1864.

During the night Board's beer barrel, near my bed, became so full of gas that he and Dave got up to fix it. When they pulled the plug out the gas, beer and all flew in every direction with a terrible noise, wetting a number of us, frightening some and amusing others who witnessed the repeated efforts of Board and Dave to stop the hole. After a long time quiet was restored, and Dave contented himself with the reflection that his beer was fully advertised, and so it seems, for it sells well today. It is made of molasses, water and a preparation of dandelion, with yeast to work it. It tastes somewhat like sarsaparilla, and Board makes all believe that it is a Virginia recipe. The contest between he and Lieutenant Jones, of Second division, in beer, apples, pies and notions is waxing warm. Dave, Carder, Board and, I think, Mitchell all work together, and are busy; they say they will live on the start I have given them.

Today was Thanksgiving day among the Yanks and no duty, but they seemed determined to get the flag afloat. A reward of

twenty dollars and fifty days off duty was offered; finally a sergeant won the reward, but his feet bled and he became no benumbed that he was compelled to tie the rope around his arm.

Yesterday the Yanks arranged for us to do our own cooking in prison hereafter and sent us in ten days' rations of all but bread, which they still furnish. They furnish us one-quarter pound bacon, pork or beef, but our cooks manage to make better soup by far than the Yanks. Major Jones acts as commissary for all and we are trying to have system in cooking, etc.

Still very cold and but little wood. Enough to make but two fires per day.

November 25, 1864.

Still cold. We heard reports today that Sherman has taken Macon, and that there actually was cannonading at Savannah last night. Beast Butler's appointment as secretary of war was communicated and the Yanks tell us about his damnable purpose to survey and sell out our lands if we do not go back into the embrace of our persecutors by the eighth of January next. Well, others may go, I shan't. Brazil, Patagonia, Iceland or Hell is better than association with such a race. I say, "Enemies in war, in peace enemies still."

We learned today that all money, boxes, letters, etc., sent here for us have been sent back to the North, and many of us are sorely disappointed. I looked for both clothes and money.

I went to sutlery today for my division. Bell was gone and I bought but few goods—only fifty-six dollars' worth and all day at it, one of the clerks showing an indisposition to trade with us who make our payment in tobacco bills. I gave him some plain talk and felt disposed to mount him. Got back at dark and found mess had saved me a good pie, some elegant beef soup, etc.

Delivered my goods, tired to death. Bought candy, pens, oranges, etc., for Board and company.

November 26, 1864.

Weather again mild and pleasant. The authorities inform us that all boxes and money letters have been sent back North and that none will be allowed to receive anything from any source till our government gives receipts for boxes sent to Yankee prisoners.

I delivered tobacco, including the smoking tobacco, to all my division and spent the day settling up. Finally (owing to difficulty making change) gave my small due bills, in all about \$118.00, and took in sutler's large bills.

Exchange news unfavorable. Bill of fare today, turnips, soup, pie, biscuits and butter, tea.

November 27, 1864.

Weather pleasant. Usual inspection of troops and prison. Yankee meeting with brass band instead of singing; all stood in the area with arms in hand. Violated Sabbath by settling up Board & Co.'s concern. They owe me \$15.95, but have made \$23.50 clear during the ten days and are now able to live. Also settled up mess account and find it owes me \$29.65. I also made a balance sheet of my sutler's operations and find, having settled with all by giving little due bills, I have \$50.68. Some who owe me seem disinclined to pay. Adjutant Coalter, but he is here under the name of Geo. Miller, has been promised a special exchange. Wrote J. F. Johnson and Winkler today. Bill of fare for breakfast, onions and elegant toast; dinner, burnt soup, light bread and pudding; supper, tea and toast.

Took orders for the sutlery this evening, having learned that he had a new stock on hand.

November 28, 1864.

Mitchell of the Forty-second regiment, having rather worn out, arrangements were made today by which Lieut. Wm. Hatcher, of Bedford, takes his place in our mess. We now have Bedfordites exclusively in our mess, and will also take Harris when he comes back from the hospital. All hands except myself are partners in a "beer and notion stand," within a few feet of our bunk and are very energetic; especially so is Zeke, who from morning till night hangs to his notions, and sells and trades, his good humor at night being the best evidence of his profits. Carder makes pies and cakes, and Hatcher, taking Mitchell's place as cook, is to cook them. They sell pies at 40 cents which cost fully 15 cents and a barrel of apples bought at \$15.00 is sold at 5 cents per apple, clearing fully \$10.00 I should say. The beer per barrel costs, dandelion, 60 cents; molasses, say \$2.50; yeast, 20 cents; it sells for 5 cents per pint. Adding lots of water and but little of the ingredients a barrel never gives out. The making I found out at the sutlery and advised Board to experiment on it; it is a secret known to the whole Yankee nation. The Yanks have plenty of their own outside and never drink Board's, hence the secret does not leak out. Captain Jones, Granby and others have tasted it and swear it is common "corn beer," flavored with sarsaparilla. They have tried to buy the sarsaparilla, but there is none and Board has the credit of manufacturing a Virginia beer, according to his own recipe.

This morning six deserters came to the Yanks, and three days since several others; one of whom is a lieutenant walking about (beyond the "dead line") as large as life. On making the usual application to go to the sutlery Major Wilson and myself were at first refused and then allowed to go, with the understanding that we were to return at 12 o'clock noon. Getting outside all was bustle and it was soon evident that part of our guard

was preparing for an expedition which I was not to see. I found that a boatload of troops came up from Hilton Head today, and soon after 12 o'clock about three companies, under Colonel Carmichael, marched out of the fort, fully equipped for service. Colonel Carmichael's wife landed here from New York today and we saw her and Mrs. Barnes waving their handkerchiefs to the Yanks as they left about 2 o'clock. It is supposed that they go piloted by the lieutenant deserter (already in blue) to cut the Charleston and Savannah railroad; we hope they will come back with some dead and wounded.

I bought in two hours \$155.00 worth of goods, including a barrel of potatoes at \$8.00; onions, \$12.00; apples, \$15.00; three pairs of boots at \$10.00, one pair being for myself, in lieu of a pair bought some time ago, too small and cut besides by the maker. Maple sugar cost \$1.15 per lb.; raisins, \$2.40 per quarter; filberts, 40 cents; sugar, 40 cents; coffee, 90 cents, etc. By guaranteeing payment, got a bill cashed for Lewis for \$25.00. Board's bill today was \$33.15 for the concern, besides \$12.00 for himself. Ten days since he was worth about \$3.00. Received potatoes and sold them at 6 cents per pound, making 50 cents. Captain Harris sells them at 9 cents. Zeke is well pleased with his candy, cakes, raisins, filberts, sugar, etc., especially his apples. He is out of yeast, however, and much troubled as the sutler has none and he fears he can make no more beer.

November 29, 1864.

Today we had good potatoes with plenty of soup for dinner. At breakfast, onions, good bread, butter and tea. The Yanks pay a very minute part of the expense of my mess. Sent a draft of Henry Fry's on Mr. Paul to the sutler and got it cashed, making Henry look as bright as if he were in Dixie. Bell knows neither the drawer or payer on these drafts, but takes them on

my say so. Henry Board, who has been ill with something like flux for a day or two, is quite sick today. Lieut. Calhoun Easterlain, who was thick with negroes at Morris Island, though he hails from South Carolina, has been gloomy and awfully sad for a week. He is as mad as a March hare, and thinks some of us have made a plot to kill him. He and Captain Batchelor were both taken to the hospital. I understand that Easterlain's derangement is caused by the death of a brother and the loss of some negroes.

Gambling is going on at a high rate in prison. Faro, poker and vantage tables are all around and well attended. Vermin are about the prison in abundance, there being no way to heat water with which to kill them. I wash often and use a little mercurial ointment, but the animals will get on me. Men sit on the barrels or on their bunks and kill lice and nits by the hour.

November 30, 1864.

Five years ago today I stood by the deathbed of my mother. How much and how often have I felt her loss. My earliest and my best friend, once almost my all. Yet should I not rather rejoice that she has passed away from the terrible scenes and apprehensions of these years. What Southern woman does not feel life to be almost a burden, when she lives in daily expectation of learning of the loss of a brother, son or husband? How many noble females have Lincoln and his minions rendered desolate for life? How many seats by the fireside are vacant? How many familiar faces are seen no more? How many languish in hospitals or hobble on the streets? How many are dying in the Northern dens? How many are sleeping on the field of battle? How many widows and orphans will there be? How much poverty and crime? How much ignorance? How has civilization

even turned back in her career? One word from Lincoln and his man Seward would have averted all this.

This month is closing with as little prospect of exchange as ever. All the talk has died away. None of us now hope. We once were very confident that our misery would end this month; now we are preparing to spend the winter here, every mess getting little traps to render themselves comfortable. Many still have scurvy, though the vegetables we have been able to buy have improved us in that respect. Many have dysentery and some will die, but it must be admitted that, all in all, we are at present favored as prisoners. We draw or buy as much as we want to eat. The weather is not generally cold, and the best of all is that we have but little to do with the Yankee. He doesn't rub against us here.

Mess account of Board, Carder, Garret and myself in account with H. C. Dickinson, November 27th, 1864:

To amount of account due per settlement, \$29.65.  
One-fourth Dickinson's . . . . . \$7.41½  
One-fourth due by De Garret. . . . . 7.41¼  
One-fourth due by Carder. . . . . 7.41¼  
One-fourth due by Board. . . . . 7.41¼  
By agreement, November 27th, 1864.

Wm. Hatcher pays the mess \$1.65 and becomes a part of it, but responsible only for his part of obligations.

#### HENRY BOARD.

By cash, November 23. . . . . \$ 1.05  
By interests of four in chewing tobacco. . . . . 10.00  
By amount due bill, November 24th. . . . . 1.00  
By amount due bill, November 24th. . . . . 7.00

By amount cash, November 26th.....	5.00
By due bill returned with credit.....	7.50
By balance .....	13.95
To amount bill, November 18, 1864.....	5.70
To amount bill, November 23.....	11.85
To amount sutler's due bill, November 26th..	15.00
To bill of 26th.....	10.00
To error .....	3.35
November 26, 1864:	
To amount due on settlement.....	\$13.95
November 18th to bill today.....	33.35
To bill today.....	27.18
To two candles.....	1.20
To three candles on commission.....	1.80
November 30, 1864.	
By sum in cash.....	\$30.34
December 1, 1864:	
By cash and bills.....	\$37.55
By order of Captain Lewis.....	1.35
By washing account.....	.25
Balance to new book.....	7.79
Loaned Captain Baker, Div. Morris Island..	\$ 1.00
Loaned Major Johnson, First Mississippi Cav- alry .....	5.00
Loaned Capt. C. J. Lewis.....	2.50
Loaned Capt. Henry Board.....	2.50
Loaned Lieut. John Harris.....	2.00
Loaned Lieut. Wm. Hatcher.....	2.50

Received of Major Johnson through Captain Mitchell, November 26, 1864, \$2.73; Captain Lewis, November 30, 1864, \$2.50.



FORT DELAWARE, DEL.

(To the Tune of "Louisiana Low Lands.")

Come listen to my ditty, 'twill while away a minute,  
And if I didn't think so I neber would begin it.  
'Tis about a life in prison, so forward bend your heads  
And I'll tell in a minute how dey treat de poor Confeds—

In de prison of Fort Delaware,  
In de prison of Fort Del.

Dey put you in the barracks, the barracks in divisions,  
And then they 'lect a captin who bosses de provisions;  
He keeps the money letters, keeps order in de room  
And hollers like de debil when you upset a spittoon.

Whoeber takes the oath, they put him near the pribby,  
Den work him like the debil, worse than in the Libby;  
Den they stop him up in blankets, throw snuff in his eyes,  
And parole him on the island, and dey call him galvanize.

Some officers do washing, and many make de fires  
So hot on a sunny day dat ebery one expires;  
Some working gutta percha, some walking in de yard,  
And many of de gentry lib by turning of de card.

Dere's tailors here and shoemakers, some French and Latin  
teachers,  
Some scratching at the tiger while others am a preaching;  
Some are cooking up dere rations and some are swapping clothes  
While a crowd of Hilton Headers are giving "nigger shows."



## Fort Pulaski, Georgia

December 1, 1864.

Today went out of the fort to buy articles for my division; found the Yanks much excited about the movements of Sherman and the troops which left here and Hilton Head on the twenty-eighth inst. They report that Sherman has taken Milledgeville, scattered the legislature, whipped the militia (under Cobb), and at last accounts was within seventy-five miles of Savannah. This, they say, is from intelligent deserters. The news from Hilton Head is that the troops which left here and Hilton Head have taken the Coosahatchie Bridge between Charleston and Savannah, having fought for it all day yesterday; that three regiments were all we could spare to defend it and that we are evacuating Savannah. Colonel Christian writes that Colonel Hallowell and his negroes of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts were in the expedition; God grant they were, as I expect all hands back with "fleas in their ears." Whilst out today I had occasion to slip away from the sutlery shop and was halted and brought in the fort. The authorities seem to think our parole is worthless, as they now require us to be guarded in and out. The other agents and chiefs overrule me in the opinion that self-respect requires us to decline to accept such a parole. I bought today 260 lbs. of flour, 1 barrel of potatoes, 1 barrel of apples, 10 lbs. of candles, 23 lbs. of sugar, 4 lbs. of coffee, 1 doz. pairs of socks, 8 cans of milk, 10 plates, 14 lbs. of butter, etc., amounting in all to \$130.00. Drank some good cider and ate plenty of cheese, cakes, etc. Some men just from Hilton Head informed me of the escape of Colonel Foulk, Captain Perkins, Lieutenant Kilmartin and Captain Brinkley, a day or two since, and all but Brinkley had been caught. Returning to the fort, Barnes told me that Sergeant

Rowe, who calls the roll, had a talk with him today and said that this division must turn me out and elect him (Barnes) or somebody else as chief, that I was contentious and self-willed and that he and Major Place didn't like me. This sergeant (when I defeated his effort to remove everybody in prison to accommodate a few men of Major Goldsboro's division) then said to an officer that he would make that man Dickinson repent his acts, and this is the way he is trying to bring me to repentance. Well, Old Abe didn't give me my commission and we will see if Sergeant Rowe takes it away. I'll watch him, and if he goes an inch too far he may have to face the music.

December 2, 1864.

At an early hour this morning we saw three wounded men brought into the fort and soon the fact leaked out that this regiment at least had gotten a flea in its ear at the Bridge fight. The Yanks are very reticent, yet they admit that at last accounts they were pushing their way to the Bridge, but had thirty officers and men of this regiment wounded, out of some 120 who went. Captain McWilliams (the scoundrel who made us drink hot water on the "Crescent") is wounded—some say badly, others slightly. Lieutenant Grant mortally wounded, and three other officers wounded. They say they fought all day on the thirtieth and were fighting yesterday when the wounded left. If Hollowell and his negroes were in the muss we shall be gratified. The only consolation the Yanks have is that deserters now report that Sherman is within thirty-seven miles of Savannah. They talk in knots, refuse to let even the usual sergeants come in prison tonight, and beyond doubt have been whipped.

Busy all day settling up sutlery accounts. Board & Co. squared up tonight and have a good stock on hand. I have taken in nearly all my due bills and hope to have less trouble in the

future. Some officers imprudently said today, in presence of the sentinels, that they hoped the Coosahatchie expedition would suffer, etc., whereupon the Yanks issued an order to shoot any prisoner who thus insults them.

December 3, 1864.

The weather continues very mild and pleasant, with heavy fogs of mornings. I can sleep almost without blankets. Water has given out in cisterns at my end of the prison. A general cleaning up of two upper divisions today. I hope they may get rid of some of the lice. Mosquitoes continue to annoy us, notwithstanding the late cold snap. We get moderate rations issued to us, but through the sutlery we are living better than at any previous time. Board & Co. and Jones & Co. have on hand a barrel of molasses, three barrels of apples, grapes (Isabella), sugar, herring, onions, potatoes, nuts, candies, gingerbread, sweet cakes, beer, etc., and many of us never think of touching the rations issued. I have four cooks detailed for my division, who, while the wood lasts, cook pies, puddings, soups, cakes, coffee, etc. Under my bed is flour, butter, coffee, sugar, meal, potatoes, onions, tea, chocolate, etc., enough to last a month. The Yanks generally let us alone and we let them alone. Many spend the days and nights till taps in gambling; others abuse the Yanks; others spend their time in picking lice; others cook and eat and others again grumble over their hard fate. Literature is at a terrible discount. No books or papers can be bought, and the stock on hand is very small. A few are studying French or mathematics, but only a few. I have tried to settle up all my bills today and have cancelled all but \$3.09 of my little currency, but some men will not settle their accounts. I am lucky that I have lost nothing yet. We have tried to find the result of military operations of Sherman and Foster, and have partially succeeded. The

Yanks admit that Foster suffered a disaster, retreating, they say, with a loss of 600 killed and wounded, besides prisoners. They say that General Early is after them with 40,000 troops; that our troops ambushed a part of their force and set fire to the sedge and, under cover of the smoke, flanked them. The five companies of this regiment lost five officers and fifty men killed and wounded. They say that Baker and Cobb are in Savannah with 40,000 militia and that Sherman is hard pushed. We received a Dixie mail today (no letter for me), from which we learn that the Andersonville prisoners are in Savannah, that a part of Early's troops are in Augusta, and that, though the country west of Augusta was cut off from Savannah between the thirteenth and twenty-fourth of November, communication is now open. Sherman will strike for Darien and Port Royal and we think in either case must fight not far from Savannah. God grant that he may be overwhelmed. Tonight the Yanks issued two circulars, one stating the embargo on money letters and boxes is withdrawn and that we can write for either. Colonel Brown is evidently suspicious of the future action of his government, however, as he will neither persuade us to send nor dissuade us from sending for articles. The other circular invites us to church tomorrow and says we may cross the dead line in a body for that purpose.

December 4, 1864.

Much talk this morning as to whether it would be proper to attend church, some saying we would be insulted by their prayers, others arguing that the prayers would be made so as not to be distasteful to Southern ears. I thought the latter and was one of the seventy-five who attended. My little interview with the preacher (Presbyterian) induced me to believe that he would not preach politics. The prayer asked for victory over our enemies, blessings on our president and all other rulers and generals and


for a "united land." Some, who were reverently standing, sat down when this was uttered, and I felt like leaving, but, being under guard, couldn't without kicking up a row, so like an old Virginian, I went to whittling. Not one petition for us who were insulted, though we outnumbered all the armed and other Yanks by at least twenty-five. The sermon was preached to the Yanks and had one virtue—it was short. The text was "What advantage a man if he gain the whole world and lose," etc. From this text the preacher of God's word deduced political conclusions, and fully compared the rebellion against his government to the rebellion of the sinner against the Most High. This puppy is, I expect, the best type of a Northern Christian! They hate the government and the bible; all else must bend to centralized power and abolitionism. Of course we all felt insulted and left not in a good humor, and all who are men will in future decline invitations to church. Before we left the ground Colonel Brown took occasion to speak fully of his desire to accommodate us with facilities in getting money, boxes, etc., and I believe he is sincere. He spoke of offers made by some to write to their Dixie friends to help any of his regiment captured in the late fight. Said none were captured, but that a number were killed and wounded, including McWilliams, slightly, and Grant, mortally. Said he desired that we should be more cleanly in prison and if he stopped some of our privileges we might attribute the act to disobedience of his orders on the subject of cleanliness. I felt the imputation was uncalled for, and publicly replied that neatness could not be expected when no facilities were furnished for heating water to kill vermin. Lousy men will not sweep floors. He replied in extenuation that he was doing his best to increase the supply of wood, and so the conference ended. At dinner today we had potato soup and canned corn. Yankee meal soup not touched. I wrote letters today to Charles Halley, Mrs. Ada Edgerton and my little

Mary. I propose to go to sutlery tomorrow, and am reading a work on language and elocution, but can only read a few minutes without interruption.

December 5, 1864.

About 10 o'clock last night, when most of us were asleep, a squad of five Yankee officers, armed with swords, a lantern and one pistol in hand, came through our quarters; they searched under bunks, behind barrels, etc., and, after much annoyance to us, for which they heard many a rough remark, left, apparently without finding the mare's nest. I went with Major Wilson to sutlery and bought a bill of goods of \$98.00, including four hats at \$5.00 each. The Yanks evidently much excited about military movements; they say that, "Sherman was within four miles of Savannah last night"; that but a brigade is defending the place, but that they are entrenched at the Coosahatchie Bridge; that they captured 400 prisoners in the late fight, and that our day of retribution has already commenced. Whilst out some heavy guns were fired in the direction of Savannah, but within sight, and I really believe Bell & Co. thought Sherman had come. I tried to quiet them but could not. Two deserters came in today and, I suppose, brought the usual amount of falsehoods. The Yanks are extremely gullible and seem to get nothing better than deserting tales. This evening, to our surprise, Major Mulford's exchange boat touched at this wharf and he came in and issued orders to Lieutenant-Colonel De Ganney, Major Branch, Capt. Geo. Howard, Captain Fitzhugh and Lieutenants Branch and Busby to get ready at once for special exchange, which they soon accomplished and marched out as happy as lords. In their present condition all together, I suppose, would not make a good soldier. Lieutenant-Colonel De Ganney, a good man and soldier, is sorely afflicted with heart disease. Fitzhugh was captured during the





First Maryland campaign, just as he had made up his company; he has never been in action or even commissioned. We fear this special exchange bodes no good to the rest of us, and yet I am hopeful because Mulford is still here. When Sherman's men all go up we will get through. Sergeant Rowe wondered how I got out to the sutlery and intimated to Captain Henderson that he would not let me out. He seems determined to persecute poor me. Bought \$30.50 for Board & Co., which they paid. Bought for mess, \$5.55; we are living too high. Tonight it leaks out that Mulford expects to come back and exchange others; all are in high spirits.

December 6, 1864.

The news, or rather the "grape" (for we reach our conclusions from expressions dropped by the Yanks) continues cheery as to exchange. They say to some individuals, "You will go, too, this week," and intimate that Mulford will return here before Saturday. I am satisfied Colonel Baker, Major Stuart, Goldsboro, Captain Ashton and a few others will go, but some things indicate that the body of us will stay. Tonight for the first time they took all of our lamps but three dim ones out after taps, leaving us in almost darkness. A sergeant, whom they say is "on the Abolition order," came in and very rudely ordered us to quit talking, accompanying the order with a threat. Colonel Brown, I notice, has been overhauling and lecturing his officers and the commanding officer, and seems busy improving their discipline. He is evidently uneasy lest only five companies may not hold us here.

December 7, 1864.

"Grape" continues to pour in today, and men are busy settling up to go to Dixie. I am, however, satisfied that the exchange will only be partial. I received my first letter since I left Fort

Delaware, from my kind friend, Mrs. Ada Edgerton, enclosing \$20.00 and stating that on two occasions she had sent me \$10.00 to Morris Island, and was about starting a box of clothing. I replied tonight, also wrote father and wrote wife a four-page letter, intending to send them by one of those who may go through. Colonel Brown had about fifty blank cartridges fired from the heavy guns and again lectured his officers. They step briskly when he is about, and all hands fear him. I have been busy making a list of the 600.

December 8, 1864.

Went to sutlery today and bought only about forty-five dollars' worth, including ten boxes of paper collars at fifty cents. Saw a lieutenant wounded in late fight. He said it was a hot place; his clothes were shot through in six places, but he would give no particulars. Pumped Brown in vain. Got hold of a paper today of the 29th ult., but found little news of Sherman. We are expecting his capture daily. The Yanks, I think, are fearful of the issue. They have no news, but as their troops are still up Broad River they must be looking for him. Brown again had artillery practice with the heavy guns, just over our heads, firing about forty shots and annoying us terribly. The glass in our windows, when we had glass, was broken, the plastering was thrown down, etc. Tonight there is a sudden change in the weather—it is quite cold and a northeast wind is blowing.

December 9, 1864.

Notwithstanding the cold and bluster last night, Colonel Brown caused the alarm signal to be sounded about 11 p. m., and had the bluejackets up and under arms and on the parade ground. He had better quit crying, "Wolf," or the wolf may come some day and find them sluggish. We have been talking for several

days about the propriety of striking a blow, but nobody pushes it. There are but five companies here and very few officers. We can take the fort, but what to do with it afterwards is the question. The time is now propitious, for all of the troops are too busy looking out for Sherman to look out for us, and if we can call some more troops here we may help our troops at Broad River. It is extremely cold today and a strong northeast wind blows, compelling us to close our windows, so that our quarters are too dark to read or write without candles. Many of our number in bed. The river is full of whitecaps and overflowing the little island, and big waves are dashing against the banks. The sailors are having a hard time. We got news of another fight at Coosahatchie Bridge, resulting, we suppose, in another Dixie victory. Colonel Carmichael, commanding the detachment of this regiment, had his horse killed and, in falling, broke two of his ribs (they say), but I expect a bullet did the work. The flashy adjutant of the regiment is missing; if he goes to Andersonville he will learn that dress doesn't make the man. They report ten men killed and wounded. By this time the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh has a small number for duty. We hear nothing of Sherman, but are listening hourly for his cannon. We hope he has "gone up." The exchange news is that Mulford has gone North.

I had apple dumplings for dinner. My mess of five ate just twenty. We touch no meat, but are strong on onions and potatoes. This fare has cured the scurvy and my diarrhoea is improving.

December 10, 1864.

Weather changed last night; rain all during today and cold. We are housed up closely. I heard for the first time of the death of Lieutenant Lane at the hospital on the 7th inst. So careless of our fate that the death of one scarcely excites remark. This

evening we heard artillery in the neighborhood of "Honey Hill," as the Yanks style it; expectation is on tiptoe here relative to Sherman. The Yanks are evidently uneasy. It turned cold enough tonight.

December 11, 1864.

A cold morning with rain was ushered in by the booming of guns, telling of a real fight; it continued with some intermission, all day. The wind, which blew very hard all night, has somewhat lulled, though the whitecaps show the mouth of the river to be awfully disturbed. It is growing intensely cold tonight. Just as we were going to bed, the "rally" was sounded and presently the Yanks commenced cheering vociferously. Our breath almost suspended action in this manifest declaration of Sherman's success, but we soon learned that Howard had only sent couriers through reporting himself as near Savannah and meeting little opposition. The couriers left before the heavy guns opened this morning. It is bitter cold, many of us have but one blanket, some have none, and we sleep but little. The portholes being only partially stopped, the cold would be as great inside as out but for the four cooking stoves, which we are trying to run with old pieces of barrels and boards.

December 12, 1864.

Ice in abundance this morning; the wind is still blowing and it would be called cold even in old Virginia. We are almost without fire and many are trotting up and down the prison to keep the blood circulating. We again heard heavy cannonading toward Savannah; the Yanks are evidently cooled down, and we somewhat elated. I went to the sutlery and was closely watched by my evil, Sergeant Rowe. I bought a barrel of flour, a barrel of potatoes, one-half a barrel of onions, and divers notions. Board & Co. bought \$22.96, my mess bought \$7.65. Bell

had nothing to drink, no papers and no news. I sold out my stock and played whist with Hoover as partner; he is the best player I ever saw. We got large mail today. I received two letters from father, the first since August. One was directed to Morris Island. Also got a letter from K. D. Buford, of November fifteenth—no news, all well, Reynolds married. Got letter from Jno. Orrington. Exchange "grape" still continues, but most of us are despondent, attributing the same to Sherman's presence. This evening I visited Lieutenant Hoobury, of Nashville, whom I have been occasionally helping by giving him some little articles. Tonight his messmates came for me hurriedly; they seem to think he is dying. He has dysentery, and, while the doctor has been appealed to often to take him to the hospital, he refuses. This doctor is unfeeling and ignorant; poor Hoobury lives tonight, but will probably die under the opiate treatment. Capt. J. C. Lewis could cure many men here, but is not allowed the medicine. Weather still very cold.

December 13, 1864.

Weather not very cold. Cannonading again this morning, and quite a fleet came and remained in the mouth of the river. An ironclad went up yesterday and the Yanks are evidently looking out for something from above. Can they expect that we will evacuate Savannah, and run out our vessels? We are in high spirits, believing that every hour Sherman is detained he loses. The Yanks say that Sherman has swung his right wing around to Oseban Sound and will escape that way, and that the cannonading has shifted around to the south of Savannah, indicating such a move. Admiral Dalgren came in the fort this evening, and just before sunset six guns were fired at stated intervals; evidently they were signals. This morning I suggested to some friends the propriety of forming an association to provide for the

wants of our sick and suffering, and Major Zeigler and others encouraged me to get it up. I wrote out a constitution and by-laws, got a number of friends together and we formed the "Confederate Relief Association." Colonel Fulkerson is president; Captain Cantwell, secretary; H. C. Dickinson, treasurer, and Major Jones, Major Ziegler, Captain Ake, Captain ———, Captain ———, are the executive committee. We at once went to work and, having looked up all the sick, provided shirts and drawers for the needy. I have given all the very sick such food as they need from my mess and tomorrow we shall meet and collect some money and provide for their wants. Several are quite sick and badly clad, poor fellows! Exchange only, I fear, will save some, but we are determined to help them all we can.

Whilst I write tonight (at 8:30 o'clock) two heavy guns are being fired from the fort, whether at "Rebs" or as signal guns we shall learn tomorrow, perhaps.

December 14, 1864.

Today the weather was as balmy as May. The heavy cannonading to the left of Savannah continued. We get no news though, and as the Yanks are not demonstrative we conclude that they have no good news. About 8 p. m. Major Place came into our quarters and read out a list, beginning with Major McCreary, Captain Barnes, Lieutenant-Colonel Dougherty, and ending with several sick, making in all about thirty-one officers, including all but one at the hospital; he ordered them to get ready to leave at once. About 9 p. m. they are ready to start to Dixie, leaving us sadder than ever. Adjutant Coulter, Captain Crow, Captain Ashton, all friends, and my patient, young Hoobury, of Nashville (who is a mere shadow), are among the lucky ones. I gave Lieutenant Hoobury a letter to my wife, but fear he will never live to see her. We learn that all the Beaufort

men, about 45, and a number from Hilton Head are to go, making about 116 in all. Some of us think this looks well for us, others say it looks badly. George Howard writes from Charleston that we shall be exchanged at once; an officer connected with the exchange bureau says differently. So we go, depressed and excited several times each day. The prison is full of "grape." I collected \$8.00 for the sick and the committee on examination found several in great need of proper food as well as clothing.

December 15, 1864.

Again clear and pleasant, with heavy firing continuing. The Yanks stirred up a muss by moving out as many bunks as the officers who left would occupy, thus necessitating the formation of new messes and much grumbling; the odium of this is thrown on the chief, by requiring him to say which bunk shall be moved.

I went to the sutlery and bought a small bill of \$60.00; heard plenty of "grape," or, it may be, true news. The Yanks look jubilant and say that Sherman was on the admiral's flagship yesterday. They said, too, that he took both Fort McAllister and Fort Beaulieu with little loss yesterday, and that he is now attacking Thunderbolt. Whilst one set was detailing all this "grape" an officer came in and said Thunderbolt surrendered at 6:30 a. m. Well, we don't believe all this, though it is possible that Sherman may have surprised or struck the two first in the rear. Bell intimates strongly that we shall soon be exchanged, though he is as full as the rest of taking Savannah tomorrow. Bah!

Whilst out today Lieutenant Jones, of the firm of Jones and Dixon, found out Garrett's secret of making beer, at which he is much pleased. By order this evening a complete list of rank, date, captains, etc., was made. What does it mean?

I played whist tonight with Hoover as partner. Beat Fry and H. Board badly.

December 16, 1864.


Fine weather continued, with but little firing during the day, though at intervals heavy guns were heard. "Grape" is abundant. Several Yanks confirm the departure of Major Mulford for Fortress Monroe, and we are despondent on exchange, though some argue that as we are much in the way Foster or Sherman will send us through. The Yanks insist that Forts McAllister and Beaulieu have been taken and this evening they say that Thunderbolt "went up" at 12 o'clock noon. They say Sherman's force left Atlanta 61,000 strong, and have lost from all causes 1,400 men, and that he dined yesterday at Hilton Head, having sent rations for 60,000 men to Nassau Sound. They assert that he has his battery within one and a half miles of the Charleston & Savannah railroad and is permitting all cars to go in but none to go out, and that the city must capitulate. We believe none of this and it leaked out today that nothing could be heard from Slocum with two corps. We are awfully impatient and all are excited and disturbed by Sherman.

With Hoover as partner, I played fifty points, not counting honors, against Major Borten and Corder; we beat them twenty-one.

December 17, 1864.

Fair weather and warm. Firing with heavy guns continued toward Thunderbolt, or below it. Plenty of "grape," most of which is terrible on our cause, though it will leak in that the Yanks are not in high spirits. Many of them give us marvelous reports of Sherman's triumphant march, bringing through 20,000 negroes, oceans of mules, etc. They had Thunderbolt captured at 12 o'clock today, and Savannah must fall tomorrow. One





Yank admits that two corps can't be heard from. Colonel Baker and Major Goldsboro went out today and learned that, owing to wonderful tales of twenty escaped officers from Columbia, we are to be restricted to corn meal and molasses, and cut off from sutlery. This is probably stuff, but many believe it and are buying up all they can to eat.

For the first time I have had unmistakable indications of rheumatism for several days and can scarcely walk.

December 18, 1864.

Heaviest fog I ever saw; it lifted around the fort at 12 o'clock, but continued on Tybee all day. Heavy guns again at intervals, some of them toward Coosahatchie. The Yanks preached today, but we didn't attend. We cannot attend church without insult. Plenty of "grape" again today, but the Yanks are uneasy and our spirits are cheered. I wrote home to R. D. B., Joel L., and Mrs. Edgerton. Requested the latter to furnish my company at Delaware with some necessaries. My rheumatism worse in hips, can hardly walk and am uneasy. Doctor gives me Dovers powders, which I throw in spittoon.

December 19, 1864.

We had a rumor again today that rations are to be cut down and that we are not to be permitted to go to the sutlery. I found Lieutenant Campbell at Major Stuart's quarters and asked if I could do to the sutlery. He replied, "Yes, as usual." A few minutes after, Major Wilson applied to Sergeant Rowe for both of us and stated that Campbell had given permission. After consultation with Campbell, he returned and said Lieutenant Campbell had given neither of us permission and said with emphasis, "I won't say what else he (Campbell) said." This was a double insult to me for I had told Wilson that he (Camp-

bell) did give permission. We at once sat down and wrote notes to Campbell. In mine I stated the conversation, and wound up by stating that if he did attack my veracity I doubly regretted that by reason of imprisonment I am deprived of a certain inalienable right. These notes were started to him as soon as written, through the sergeant at the door. Just as we were refused, Major Stewart and others were allowed to go to the sutlery and during the day more went by favor than at any previous time. I had large orders for supplies, under the apprehension that the sutlery privileges would close, and was annoyed all day turning them over to the lucky ones.

Firing at intervals all day, extending from Coosahatchie to Nassau Sound; no news from Sherman. A supply ship, which has been here for some time, went to Ossibaso Sound. Garrett sent out and bought two barrels of apples, one of potatoes, one of onions, ten pounds of sugar, etc., besides a barrel of flour.

December 20, 1864.

This morning early Hammock asked to go to the sutlery and Campbell told him that myself and Wilson were going today, which made me feel satisfied that Campbell had not intended to insult us yesterday. However, in a few minutes Campbell had received our letters, and all the other chiefs were allowed to go out whilst myself and Wilson were summoned to the provost office, where Campbell at first entertained us with divers grimaces, but finally tried plain talk. He expressed his great surprise that we should have insulted him after his manifold acts of kindness. I replied that the insult in my letter was conditional, depending upon his previous act. That my letter was short and to the point, etc. He said that I misunderstood him in the previous conversation. I told him that he did say what I accused him of and that I could prove it on him by not one but half a dozen. He ex-

plained by saying that he did say that we could go as usual, but did not know that Monday was my usual day. I told him that was not my fault and that on his own showing I did have his permission. We thus nailed him on this and then asked if he had said anything else to Rowe implying reflection on us. He said he had not. So, after much talk, he said that Rowe had told him a falsehood and it was all a misunderstanding. Wilson said he expected Rowe had gotten up the difficulty and that he disliked us both. Campbell expressed surprise at this and I told him that I had the best proof of Rowe's enmity. I showed that he had told Lieutenant King, when Goldsboro's division was moved, that he would make me repent of it. Whilst we were thus talking Rowe was telling my own mess and others that I thought I was going out yesterday, but I didn't. Gellespie said he bragged to them that he controlled things in here. Rowe needs watching. He is vindictive as old Satan, a full-blooded, mean Yankee.

Twenty-eight pounds of meat were issued to eighty-four men today—they say for ten days. If so, we shall have hard times. Heavy firing last night, by calculation twenty-one and one-half miles distant; today and tonight almost incessant firing, but no news from Sherman. Papers of the twelfth say Franklin Fern was a great Confederate victory, that Rosser had a great victory on Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and that Sherman is in a tight place.

Played whist with Hoover against Carder and Board, beating them 35 to 8.

Cloudy and cold tonight.

December 21, 1864.

Firing heavy again this morning and continued until the high wind prevented us from hearing much. The day was quite cold and windy, and many said it was a very long one. At

sunset there were unmistakable signs that the Yanks had good news. Presently the band began to play, three cheers were given and they soon brought us news that Savannah had fallen. They say a captain is the bearer of the news, that the city fell at 5 o'clock this morning, and that the captain walked through the streets. We still can't believe this. It seems preposterous. If true, Beauregard certainly is no longer himself. I have had rheumatism in my left side, right leg and arm all the week and can hardly get about. Whilst writing I breathe with great difficulty.

December 22, 1864.

This morning it was bitter cold and the wind blew hard; had but little sleep last night. It was mine and Major Wilson's usual day to go to the sutlery, and though we suspect the provost office is down on us, we notified them formally that we were ready to make our purchases. In two hours after I had gone to bed to keep warm, Sergeant Rowe served a written notice on us that our "privilege of going to the sutlery is hereby revoked and that 'our' divisions will proceed to elect new chiefs." This is certainly a bold game; we do not hold our offices under the Yanks and might very properly resist such an order, but it might prejudice the whole divisions, so we determined to let the order be carried out. I called my division together at 12 o'clock and told them the history of the controversy; though I could see Yanks dodging about, and though Rowe was in prison, I failed not to show him up properly. I asked only that I might know by their action whether this act was their will. A resolution was then offered, and unanimously carried, to the effect that a new election was submitted to only from policy, and that their thanks were due me for the faithful manner in which I had discharged all my duties as chief. It was most difficult to get any one to take the

post, but after much persuasion we got Captain Henderson, of Louisiana, to act. Thus am I once more free of accounts, collections and details, and, better than all, of any immediate contact with the hated Yankee. I shall read and study now, if I can get the books, which task is the rub.

We heard but little today about Savannah. The Yanks say the city has fallen, but they have made no demonstration of delight. Last night we heard an explosion that shook this fort for almost a minute, though it was nicely distant; today we heard another! The Yanks admit that they got no prisoners and some of them say that we still hold some forts, gunboats and ranks.

It has been awfully cold all day and we have had but little wood for the four stoves. Just think, you New England philanthropists, of four cooking stoves to quarters 200 yards long; over 100 windows without glass; the thermometer far below freezing; many of us sick, some without a single blanket, many with but one; all of us with threadbare clothes; limited to one-fourth pound of beef per diem, and prohibited from receiving money, clothes, or food from our friends. Will your historians of this war admit that such things occurred in the United States?

December 23, 1864.

Last night was *the* cold night, and this morning all of us were blue with cold. All who could hovered around the cooking stoves, others stopped up all the portholes and windows, so that it was very dark, and they went to bed, wrapped up head and ears; thus we spent the day. At our stove we got no wood until after dark and then a small wheelbarrow half full. We burned all the boxes we could and then cooked our soup. The ration of beef was so infinitesimally small that we tore it to pieces and made the soup quite good. As we could cook no supper for want of

wood, my mess ate two boxes of sardines which I had been saving to carry home to my wife.

After dark, though it continued very cold, Hoover and myself played a game of whist against G. B. Brown and Carder and beat them badly—all of us wrapped up in blankets. My rheumatism still continues and affects my side, causing apprehension that it may attack my heart. No news from Sherman or Savannah.

December 24, 1864.

Still quite cold, though as the wind was not blowing we endured it by constant motion or by wrapping up in our blankets. A good many were allowed to visit the sutlery today, but they bought little.

Colonel Carmichael told Major Jones that Sherman is marching on Charleston. Is it possible that he compelled the evacuation of Savannah by detaching troops to threaten Charleston? If so, we may still make a grand victory of it—if we crush his separated forces in detail.

One year ago today I was pushing through the gap at Peaks of Otter, with my home in sight. Then all was health and I anticipated the enjoyment of the Christmas. Now I am almost in rags, in a cold, damp prison, in constant pain with rheumatism. A constitution shattered by exposure, and this Christmas and how many more I know not to be spent under the hated flag, but, whatever we call a blessing, freedom is the pledge of all. I trust we may be able to evince the justice of our cause by the many privations we are willing to endure.

Christmas Day, 1864.

And a gloomy one it is. Cold, raining and severe. But little money in prison. One-fourth pound of beef, and seven

crackers for rations. Added to this the United States mail came this morning and brought the late usual amount of bad news.

At Nashville General Hood has lost 5,000 prisoners on the field, 1,500 sick and wounded, 1,500 stragglers and forty-nine pieces of artillery; his army is scattered and demolished. So says General Thomas' official report. Many are down in the cellar of despondency today. I feel that I shall spend the next Christmas in Dixie. I picked a few vermin this morning, and put on clean clothes. For the first time since I was seven years old I put on woolen drawers to drive away the rheumatism, which, by the way, has almost got the better of me. It dodges about from place to place and I hope may some day dodge away.

Board and Carder's week to cook began to day. They gave us onions, biscuit and coffee for breakfast; for dinner we had beef soup, and my mess had apple dumplings—twenty for the five. Hatchie being a little sick, I ate a whole one and half of his. I ought to be ashamed to record this, but I do love dumplings. I settled up my accounts and found that I had \$5.00 in pocket and \$56.40 due me by various parties in prison.

Captain Hammock told us some rich Irish anecdotes this evening. I wrote a letter to R. Habusham & Son, Louisiana, and to father, sister Mary and wife. Tonight a great light showed in the northwest. There must be some evacuation between Savannah and Charleston.

December 26, 1864.

A day without incidents or "grape," except that Colonel Brown has asked to be relieved unless we are better fed. A rumor was current, too, that we are soon to be removed to Hilton Head. It commenced raining hard at 10 o'clock last night and drizzled hard all day with heavy fog. Played whist against Fousaa and Board tonight and beat them. I still have rheu-

matism in my side and hip, and walk and breathe with difficulty. Many here have rheumatism, several so bad they cannot walk. There are a good many cases of dysentery, etc. They bark around me at night and I can hardly sleep. This place is awfully damp and cold, and is a severe test on weak lungs. No hope of exchange, and nearly the whole prison despondent. I look for a better day!

December 27, 1864.

Waked with many twinges of rheumatism in my hip and side, and suffered all day; prison very dull, all rather gloomy. The vantoon table closed a few nights since, because Nash, the dealer, used marked cards. No betting and but little money. I played whist with Hoover against Board and Carder, with usual luck. Hatchie quite sick. The Yanks say that Sherman sent them a message stating that Hardee sent in a flag proposing conditional surrender, which he has declined.

December 28, 1864.

Cold, very cold, and we spent the day in efforts to keep warm. We rallied around the stove or coiled up in blankets. No news from the army. Yesterday's "grape" all exploded.

December 29, 1864.

Still very cold, men coughing terribly. Yanks signalling from the fort. Governor Stone, of Iowa, arrives. Sent for Lieutenant Hempstead, Twenty-fifth Virginia, son of ex-governor of Iowa, and begged him to take the oath. Brown added his persuasions and told him we were to be fed on corn meal and pickles. Hempstead nobly refused.


I am reading Baxter's book on Napoleon the Anti-Christ. Wonderfully pleased.





*Stockade, Morris Island Prison*





December 30, 1864.

Still very cold. Our society met today to devise some relief for the sick, who cannot live on the food issued and besides have insufficient covering. Brown promised to do anything he could to aid our sick, but when we asked for the loan of blankets he referred it to Place, and he to the doctor; he is as well an imp of Hell as Abolitionism, who, finding that those sick had no blankets, refused to give us any. Yesterday, today and many other days we have besought the doctor to take the sick to the hospital, but he continues to give opium for every disease, and is totally wanting in sympathy. This evening one man, Lieutenant Berger, presented so many symptoms of approaching dissolution that the doctor was sent for. At last he sent in for Berger and Hatchie and took them to the hospital. Berger will die this week, I think, and for his death the doctor is responsible.

Others here are very sick, too. Have to be carried to the sinks, but they are not fit subjects for the hospital. My diarrhoea continues and the rheumatic pains in my side almost prevent me from breathing. There are many money letters and boxes outside, but, under Foster's orders, we can't get them; there is little money in prison that we can get. No subscriptions for the sick.

December 31, 1864.

A raw, cold, drizzling day, and one of damp gloom to all. The threatened ration is at last issued! Ten barrels of corn meal—funky, wormy and sour, and two and one-half kegs of mean pickles with a little, very little, salt, are ten days' rations for 313 men. No meat, no vegetables—nothing but sour meal and pickles. And this food for men fully one-half of whom have diseased bowels! Well may we be gloomy, for a few weeks at most will terribly thin our ranks. All, however, evince a determination to bear it as long as they can. Arguing the question

of morals with Lewis today, we thought it best to swallow the oath whenever we were reduced to such a condition by this treatment that death must shortly ensue, and then we will go for them. Compelled thus to forswear myself, I would let the hellhounds of Yankeedom feel that I could sting. This gloomy day I close a sad and suffering year, with no hope of life through another unless released, but with the conviction that the Yankee nation is one of utter depravity, unfit to mingle with civilized people and unworthy of a name on earth. From one man only, General Scammon, have I received the kindness and courtesy due a gentleman—and he is the exception. I may not be permitted to live to see the close of another year, but, however long or short my life, I would spend it in exterminating the race so that my little ones may never see such fiends. They have outraged civilization, religion, the Bible, humanity, and, as my last curse of this year is upon them, so I expect will be the last curse of my life.

January 2, 1865.

Yesterday I made no memorandum of passing events because it was "*the*" cold day of the winter, which the Yanks celebrated by refusing to furnish any wood. All day and all night many of us walked to keep up the circulation, or shivered in our scanty covering. On Saturday night it commenced turning rapidly cold, and on the first morning of the New Year, long icicles were visible and the pump (which we now use) was frozen up. It continued all day and last night it was still dead cold. Many men slept none and look haggard and woebegone. Having a moderate share, I slept very badly. How could men endure such a night with only one blanket for two, as a number are situated here?

Our new ration of corn meal (sour), pickles and seventy-five loaves of bread went into effect yesterday, and a terrible diet it is. That it will kill some is evident. They have plenty of

boxes and money letters in the fort for us, but won't issue them. It is said that this cruel order is Foster's only. I should hope that the representative man of no nation would issue such an order. Our sick at the hospital are fed on bread and water only. I took up a subscription for the sick yesterday and received about ten dollars, though all of us are very poor.

January 3, 1865.

Still cold and quarters very damp. No news. We are trying corn meal and pickle and one-fourth of a loaf of bread. The government has issued ten barrels of meal and forty kegs of pickles and is to issue 120 more. We learn through Bell that the prisoners at Hilton Head are in the open air and upon our diet; of course, there is much suffering. I am suffering with rheumatism in hips.

January 4, 1865.

Still cold and gloomy. We have tried in vain today to get to our sick at hospital, who are fed on pickle and meal, but have been refused, though Captain Knox and Major Ziegler both applied.

Reports are in of Butler's defeat at Wilmington; also, official statement by General Geary of death of President Davis.

January 5, 1865.

Cold and cloudy and tonight it rains. I suffered awfully last night with my hips, and could scarcely walk today. Carder cut wild sea-grass today (a number being permitted to go out for that purpose) and, though it is green, I hope to sleep better on it than hard boards. Captain Issuel got to see his cousin, Lieutenant Bergin, at hospital, and we, the committee, sent out to the sick one can of milk and one of mutton, three pounds of



sugar and one-fourth pound of tea. He found our sick living on our diet and hurriedly visited once per diem by the doctor. Poor Bergin is almost gone.

The prison is terribly dull—no books, no amusements except whist, and too cold to sit still. I am thinking about leaving here, if I get so I can stand the trip. Captain K. and Captain H. are with me.

January 6, 1865.

Still cold and comfortless, and the diet is telling on the more delicate. A change in the sentinels has been made, affecting seriously the plans of some. The corporal, who removed at night from the lower door to the upper, now keeps his place, thus guarding a loophole which in less than a week might have been used. How do the Yanks find out our plans? They must have spies among us. We now have no connection with any Yanks except Rowe, "the big sergeant," and the "little one," and much of our underground work is cut off.

January 7, 1865.

Still very cold and damp, and never did 300 patients in a whooping-cough hospital cough worse. Many are really sick; nearly all are under the weather. My rheumatism continues and with it a terrible cold. My messmate Board is today floored with acute rheumatism in leg. It is badly swollen and causes him much pain. He is utterly helpless, but the doctor won't send him to the hospital.

We heard direct from Colonel Brown that "Butler's expedition to Wilmington failed disastrously." Butler certainly doesn't pay as a general. Brown also said that the question of exchange is much talked of at the North; that the subject had been placed in practical hands, and that a general exchange is probable. Well, I'll believe it when I see it.

January 8, 1865.

We suffered terribly today; the weather was very cold and damp, with an east wind. All who can have wrapped up in blankets. The coughing and limping continues. No wood was furnished us, and as a consequence we shall not be able to cook our sour meal tomorrow. Somehow, the supply of wood is shortest on cold days. A few men, some three or four messes, can still eat meat bought from the sutlery at forty cents. Whilst it is being cooked, many a mouth waters. Last night two cats were captured and to my surprise were eaten today. I was not so fortunate as to eat any of it, as the owners found too many just tasting the cat; it smelt very fine, however, and I know I could have "gone for a leg." Another cat was captured today and will be cooked when we get wood! Several of us agreed tonight that we would take some steps about the wood question and, if possible, the doctor, tomorrow, though it is a delicate question to tell a Yank his doctor is worthless. It is a fact that our doctor is utterly ignorant, or utterly reckless, of his duties. Today I called him to see Board. He asked what he had given him the day before, said he would send him some medicine and hurried off. He has not sent the medicine, thus verifying my prediction made at the time. Well, well, well! Do the meek and holy Christians of the North think whether or not there may not be beams in their eyes, when they are keeping a whole damp prison full, of Rebels even, without blankets and fire all the winter, and feeding men (with dysentery), whose span of life at most can be but a few weeks, on pickle and sour corn meal?

January 9, 1865.

Ten more barrels of corn meal were issued, but no pickles. So they have even reduced our rations from the present low

standard. The weather still very cold and damp, and men coughing terribly. All complaining of hunger.

January 10, 1865.

Still cold and damp, and the men very gloomy. A friend caught and gave to me a large boar cat. Burgess, of Louisiana, agreed to prepare and cook Tommy on shares and soon had his jacket off, finding him very fat.

January 11, 1865.

My mess sent to sutlery today and got two codfish at twenty cents a pound, also a few potatoes and onions and two pounds of grease. Money is so scarce now that this is quite a purchase for us. There is no money in camp.

Burgess roasted the big cat today and we found that hunger had removed so many prejudices we, the owners, got a small share. I found the ribs and part of the back elegant food, and the gravy was splendid sop.

Cats are now firmly established in our affections, and I long to get where either bacon or cats are abundant. Our codfish, though mixed with potatoes, would not cook into balls, but my mess managed to worry down a whole fish.

The Yanks, I hear, are expecting Secretary Stanton to pass here on his way to Savannah today.

January 12, 1865.

Received a letter from father this morning dated December sixteenth, and authorizing me to draw when and on what city I pleased. Stated that he had sent a check for \$50.00 and that Mrs. Edgerton had sent me money and clothes, none of which I have received. My rheumatism continues, and with it a terrible cough and pain in side. If I can live in this place I shall live always outside of the dive.



January 19, 1865.

The days pass so changeless and with so little variety that I have determined to record events occasionally. During the past week we have had several cats to eat in prison, though I was not lucky enough to be a captor or to be invited. The ration continues to be four ounces bread and three fourths of a pint of sour meal, without salt, vinegar, vegetables, meat or anything but water. All complain among ourselves, but observe silence in the presence of the enemy. Very few men have any money and those few find it very hard to stand up to Bell's prices—10 cents for onions, 10 cents for potatoes, 14 cents for best flour, 85 cents for milk, \$1.25 for can of beef and 35 cents for black pickled-pork grease.

Last Monday the Yanks condemned a barrel of green coffee and turned it over to us. It smelled awfully, but we scalded it, then toasted it and now drink it with avidity. Yesterday I drew on Mrs. Edgerton, in favor of R. O. Bell, for \$50.00. He gave me \$10.00 in cash, \$5.65 in goods, and will let me trade the residue. I still have a little money but fear an embargo, and want to keep some always in pocket. I got a can of beef, one of chicken, some butter and flour and have certainly had soup enough for two days.

My mess have played out with the beer and seem to be totally strapped. We had news yesterday of the fall of Fort Fisher, which, though not credited, seems confirmed today. Indeed the Yanks say they have Wilmington. Several days since they captured Pocotaligo Bridge. A New York man, seen a few days since, spoke of 60,000 French immigrants in Mexico, and certain visits of R. Smith and McGruder to Maximilian, which leads us to hope that France will some day take a hand. God send it!

Stanton returned to Washington on Monday, this fort firing a salute as he passed. Exchange "grape" is now abundant. The papers say that Covode has Lincoln's and Mulford's promise of an early resumption of the question and today the provost marshal here received an order from Mulford to forward at once an accurate roll of all the prisoners. This begins to look like day-beak. Place has resigned his office of provost, to Lieutenant \_\_\_\_\_, whom they say is well behaved; Rowe, the horror and contempt of the prison, continues. We have quite a list of sick now, owing to corn meal. Captain King and Captain Eastin, two Virginians, seem to have despaired. My cough and rheumatism still continue. Board perfectly crippled up.

Some enterprising fellows are digging a way to the commissary building; they hope to reach it shortly and make a rich haul of bacon. They are cutting through the supporting wall.

I sent Colonel Christian five dollars in a letter today, writing a note to Major Thompson, the provost marshal at Hilton Head, at his request. Colonel Christian says they have eaten all the cats and one fat puppy.

February 1, 1865.

If the old Dutch sign be true we shall have a rough month, for the groundhog saw his shadow today. We have had cold weather and as much gloom as ever hung over the same number of men for so long a time. Our sick list has increased to a terrible extent. Over 100 men are now sick, and scurvy in its worst form is among us.

On the 28th ult. Lieutenant Bergen, of North Carolina, died from dysentery at the hospital; his place at the hospital was supplied with another, for but nine men are supposed to be sick

enough to go to there. We hear no rumors of improved diet and still have the pickles and sour corn meal. Cats can no longer be gotten. None of us have money. Neither money nor clothes are allowed to come in, and we are in a deplorable fix. Our physician, Doctor Craw, who is believed to be a scoundrel without feeling or good sense, is today to be relieved by Doctor ———, who seems to have feeling for us; I hope he will partially alleviate our sufferings. I have been sick and in bed for a week, and feel like my days are numbered. I suffer with a terrible dysentery and am very weak. My friends are attentive and under the new doctor I am trying tea and crackers and other medicines, which already make me feel better.

In closing this book I must express the opinion that no prisoners in a civilized country ever received more barbarous treatment than we have for the last thirty days.

February 5, 1865.

My last memorandum of prison life was on February first, when I hoped that our ration of corn meal and pickles would be changed, but there is no change for the better, except in the surgeon who has relieved McCraw. The sick list increases daily, and the scurvy sores on the bodies of those around me are terrible sights.

Yesterday Lieutenant Lagg, of the Fiftieth Virginia Infantry, died; he was buried today. In a few days others must follow him.

February 6, 1865.

By the suggestion of several friends I procured a list of the sick in prison. All data except the classification of diseases is correct. A number, who at home or in the army would be considered sick, are classed as well. Indeed there are not twenty

men in the whole prison who are able to do military duty; all are poor, shriveled remnants of humanity.

Whole number of Confederate officers in Fort Pulaski, February 6, 1865.....	311
Very sick at hospital.....	8
In prison with scurvy.....	42
In prison with dysentery.....	14
In prison with chronic diarrhoea.....	23
In prison with acute rheumatism.....	6
In prison with coughs and diseases of throat....	43
In prison with other diseases.....	20
<hr/>	
Total.....	156

Not reported sick, 155.

Our new surgeon, I think, is trying to do his best, for he is all day disposing of cases which Crow disposed of in two hours. He says he never saw so much disease crowded under one roof. His attention, coupled with a change of treatment, has already improved me, but he admits that my improvement is attributable to diet, which I happily get, because I have credit in the North. Like me, a few others have some money, but we cannot feed the vast number of sick around us, and Foster won't do it.

February 8, 1865.

Colonel Brown, whom I think sympathizes with us deeply, has managed to turn over to us some condemned vegetables and some sago. The latter will make soup for the sick for a week. He has also managed to have the sickest men in prison put on

sick rations. Eight of our sick were carried to a hospital fitted up for us. We now have nineteen outside sick and thirty-one to whom sick rations are issued.

February 10, 1865.

The quartermaster has gone to Hilton Head for rations; we learn that we are to have meat from this day, but there is no meat here and we still stick to pickles and corn meal.

February 11, 1865.

Tonight Colonel Brown sent us 2,500 fish of the mullet species and such scaling and frying I never saw. The treat was relished by all, and those who, for the first time in forty-two days, tasted meat were wild with joy.

February 12, 1865.

We have been eating fish and the men all look happy; this evening we received the much-coveted pork, one-fourth pound per day, with two days' back rations added in.

A medical director made his appearance with a number of subs; we learned that General Foster has been relieved and that our situation under Gilmore, his successor, will be much better. The medical director declares that our situation is terrible, and says he will insist on a more generous diet.

February 13, 1865.

Captain Bradford, of the Missouri regiment, died.

February 14, 1865.

Whilst the friends of Captain Bradford were out burying him, Capt. Alex M. King, of the Fiftieth Virginia Infantry, died. He and Captain Bradford had been in the hospital since the 8th inst.

February 15, 1865.

Our new ration was issued to us today. A party of us, mostly Virginians, attended the burial of our friend, Captain King; but one Yankee was present—Rowe, our guard. The religious services were conducted by Captain Harris of the Georgia regiment. This is the seventh man buried by us since our arrival; at least five of them were victims of Yankee cruelty. None of them were perhaps equals of Captain King, who, besides being a good soldier, possessed rare literary attainments and might have been an ornament to south West Virginia. At the hospital we saw at least two more of our number who must die.

This evening it was ascertained that Colonel Brown and his regiment are to be relieved at once, by whom it is not known. We are terribly anxious lest some negro or other regiment as bad should guard us.

Bell, the sutler, in view of his departure, sent for Goldsboro, Griffin and myself and told each of us that we might not have any sutler. He said if we wished to buy anything he would credit us as far as we wished. He gave us plenty of ale and wine and we were quite merry.

For some time past a friend, L——, and myself have been planning to leave here. He has waited till I get well enough, and for two weeks past we have had many sly interviews and made many plans, all of which are more or less defective. We have H—— and K—— with us and on the night of the fourteenth we reconnoitered the whole parapet, the rain and wind having driven the sentinels from their usual positions. We are ready with all traveling material, and each night are looking for a chance. There are many difficulties in getting over a fort forty feet high with a deep moat in front of it, and severe difficulties in escaping to the mainland, twelve miles distant, over marshes and across innumerable creeks.

February 16, 1865.

We have news today of the peace conference with Abe at Fortress Monroe; of the probable exchange of prisoners, and of the fight on Hatcher's Creek.

February 17, 1865.

At an early hour this morning the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York Volunteers, part of the nineteen corps commanded by Captain McGuirk, marched into the fort and soon relieved Colonel Brown and his regiment. Colonel Brown and command have been packing up since yesterday, and the men at the upper end of our prison have about sold out. I should have stated that on the fifteenth I bought a pair of pants for \$2.50, and yesterday was summoned by Rowe to appear before Colonel Brown. Colonel Brown tried, but ineffectually, to learn the name of the soldier who sold the pants. I told him that I was intent on the pants, not the name or face of the owner, and could not identify him, whereupon he dismissed me.

Our new guards are very rough in appearance, seem to be filthy black and of all nations and tongues, but they are old soldiers. They seem wanting in exact discipline and are loose and lounging. The officers exhibit great curiosity to see and talk with us, and already all the rules of Colonel Brown have been infringed. Give prisoners an inch and they will take two ells.

Colonel Brown and his regiment expect to leave tonight and some dozen, including Carder and Garrett, conceived the purpose to put on the Yankee clothes they have bought and go off with the regiment; at a late hour the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth discern the plan, put on an additional sentinel and prevent the escape. Colonel Brown visited the prison tonight and bade farewell to those whom he saw. He informed us that Brevet Brigadier General Mulineaux would command here for a short time

probably, and that Lieutenant-Colonel Carmichael would probably command us. He told us that application to take us North accompanied with a report of our sanitary condition had been made to the secretary of war, and that he and others all thought we would soon go North and be exchanged, as a general exchange was proposed.

Captain Henderson resigned his position as chief of the Third division; he left the casemate on account of the noise, etc. On leaving, Rowe took occasion to introduce the new sergeant to all of his right-hand men. I was not honored with a farewell from any Yank except the surgeon, for whom I acknowledge that I had as kind feelings as I ever do for Yankees.

February 18, 1865.

Colonel Brown and his regiment left early this morning before day. The noise about the fort during the night was very different from the usual quiet. At 8 a. m. the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth had guard mount; they were fully as awkward as conscripts. The old officer of the day was on the wrong side, the orderlies were at first in line and dozens of other mistakes were made. After much ado, I managed to get a casemate where there is more comfort and quiet and today myself and mess all moved, bag and baggage, up to Captain Harris' division in an interior casemate over a well. We have it fixed up with shelves, etc., and the sun shines upon us through the windows for the first time in four long months; we would be comfortable but that one Captain Cantwell, of North Carolina, insists upon eating in our casemate. Death, so frequent in his visits of late, is again with us. Lieutenant Rosenbaum, of the Thirty-seventh Virginia, has just died. On all of the tombstones of these poor men should be inscribed, "Murdered by Major General Foster." We heard plenty of "grape" this evening—first, all prisoners cap-



tured prior to August, 1864, are certain to be exchanged; second, that the city of Charleston was evacuated last night!

February 19, 1865.

This morning twenty-five of our number applied to attend the burial of Lieutenant Rosenbaum. We were guarded as closely as if we were being carried to our own execution; none but the six pallbearers were allowed to go into the hospital or even see the face of the dead. The burial services were conducted by Captain Carter. Whilst near the hospital I saw Major Stewart and Lieutenant Hatcher, who are convalescent. The latter gave me a ring for my wife and promised to let me know tomorrow whether the boats at the wharf are guarded. He stated that he and Major Stewart were thinking of an escape, and asked whether a parole of honor could be implied. I replied I thought not, but, as both were weak and their escape would affect the sick, I advised that neither try it.

Thirty-six guns were fired in honor of the fall of Charleston, which, I suppose, is at last evacuated. We heard decidedly from General Mulineaux that some 150 prisoners are to be brought here, to remain until transportation can be furnished, when all of us, he says, will be carried to the North and exchanged. This news excited all hands very much.

February 20, 1865.

This morning it was ascertained that Major Stewart and Lieutenant Hatcher had both escaped from the hospital during the night and made away in a small rowboat. It seems that the Yanks notified them yesterday that they must either act as nurses on parole or else go into prison, and this hurried them off. One more day and I should have gone with them, if Hatcher had sent me the information he promised yesterday. The Yanks have

sent the Confederate men into the fort, have taken a list of all of us, and now call a roll instead of counting us, thus giving plenty of opportunity to cheat them. This evening 102 privates of our army were brought into the fort and placed in quarters near us, though separated by iron grate and wooden walls. They represent all the states and were sick when Savannah was evacuated.

February 21, 1865.

This is my birthday; I am 35 years of age. I was quite sick last night with my bowels, but with the aid of opium I am better. It is a cold, cheerless day. The Yanks will let us have no coal for the buckets in which we make fire, and I went to bed to keep warm. Our guards are exceptionally strict about calling the roll, let scarcely anybody out to the sutlery, let only a limited number go to the sinks and otherwise show that they are awfully out of humor about the late escape. Today they sent a man in from the hospital who had to be lifted along; they feared he would escape. I have finished a long letter to father.

February 22, 1865.

No celebration of Washington's birthday. The One Hundred and Seventy-fifth have shown themselves very different guards from the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh. They seem terribly apprehensive of our escape. They are hauling all the boats to one place and seemingly do not trust to the fort. We learn that none of the sick at the hospital are allowed anything but bread and tea; some of them sent to me today to raise some money to buy food, but there is no money in prison.

Fry, Hoover, Fannin and others are getting up a grand chess club. There are over ninety players, but only thirty-two can

belong to the club. Any outsider may challenge a member and if he beats him four in seven games take his place. I have challenged Major Jones.

February 23, 1865.

This morning fifteen of the privates in the adjoining prison became weak-kneed, took the oath and went North rejoicing in their infamy. The Yanks allow none but the chiefs to go to the sutlery and limit them to a visit of one hour. They permit only two at one time to go to the sinks, and in various ways show their fears. Last night an organization of men was formed for certain purposes, this much only I can commit to paper. Today Hoover played with me agreeing to check me with kings, castles and pawns. I beat the game in eight moves. Chess is certainly a great rage, and many games are played with great skill.

February 24, 1865.

A friend told me that Lieutenant Halibuston, of Missouri, has been acting suspiciously and that he entertains a fear he will take the oath. The Yanks continue to tighten their rules and watch us very closely. Nothing heard yet from Hatcher and Stewart.

February 25, 1865.

This morning Major Jones was informed that he could not go to the sutlery and that hereafter, by order of General Mulineaux, nothing but vegetables, stationery and tobacco can be purchased. Having almost killed us by starvation they are willing to see us cured, but we must pay the cost.

Another poor cripple was sent in from the hospital. Although the guard brought him on a litter, the Yanks thought he might escape. Major Jones went to the hospital on a visit and found Captain Eartham and two others in a dying condition.

Poor fellows, we shall soon be called to pay the last tribute of respect to them. We may write on their tombstones, "Starved in prison."

A "New York Times" received today details the examination of Grant on the question of exchange before a committee of congress, and his declaration that the Castil is resumed. I read the speeches of Benjamin and Sheffey, and several of us discussed the question of owning negroes. I opposed it, unless I saw greater necessity.

Tonight the Yanks say they have received a dispatch stating that Wilmington is captured with 4,000 prisoners, and that Richmond and Petersburg are being evacuated. Many do not believe this. I have thought for a long time that wisdom dictated the evacuation of Richmond, and especially now when Sherman must be whipped. Captain Jones, of Missouri, talked to Lieutenant Halibuston, who denied that he had taken the oath, but admitted that he had talked to the provost marshal on the subject. He is notoriously worthless, bearing on his face the evidence of his character.

February 26, 1865.

Wrote letter home today, asking wife to send my books to Alex. Smith.

Halibuston's case fully argued today. Some for hanging, others for riding on a rail, others demanding his expulsion from prison, etc.; we are waiting till Sunday is past.

Had Episcopal services in my casemate, No. 32, Captain Nelson officiating. During the time some men were cooking, others washing, others playing chess, and others sleeping, whilst the surgeon was giving pills.

A case of smallpox appeared on the island yesterday and the Yanks ordered all of us to be vaccinated. I went through

the operation. Captain Lowe refused and General Molineaux ordered him to be ironed and vaccinated when he submitted.

February 27, 1865.

Two hours before day this morning we were wakened by hearing several shots, and soon the Yanks came and called the roll. Captain Griffin, Captain Kent, Lieutenant Russell, Lieutenant George, Lieutenant Kendall, Lieutenant Chew, Privates Gellespie and Murray all came up missing. Early in January they had cut through the walls under nine casements down to No. 8 for the purpose of getting commissaries; finding that they might escape through the window in No. 8, they had foregone the commissary and last night being foggy made the attempt. They crossed the moat successfully by wading, but it seems on reaching the wharf they were discovered and fired upon by a number of sentinels at the water battery. Several guns snapped, and, though nobody was hurt, all hands were captured and brought to the guardhouse. The roll was again called at day-break and sunrise, and the Yankee officers all came in bedraggled and muddy. The hole was soon found, of course, and we had a stirring morning generally, forgetting entirely the case of Halibuston. The guards in the fort were increased from five to fourteen and a large number were placed outside, taking one-half the whole regiment. At 11 o'clock the artillery in front of our quarters was manned and ammunition conspicuously placed near it. The half of the regiment not on guard was placed in front of us. We were called out of our quarters and a thorough search for gunboats, torpedoes, saws, files, ropes, etc., was made. Many pairs of pants and blouses were found, and also about a cartload of old irons and notions. Board lost his Yankee pants, but I put mine on and still hold to them. During the search the water battery fired two shells, I suppose to frighten us. Sentinels, three

in all, were put in our quarters to walk back and forth, which would be excusable if there were no fort and we numbered 3,000 instead of 300. This evening we saw two of the number who attempted to escape under close guard at the guardhouse. Their clothes were still wet, and we have learned that they are to remain in close confinement. It has been ascertained that Captain Minor, who knew of the intended escape, went out in the night to the quarters of a Yankee officer and stayed some time, though today when I asked him why he, too, didn't go last night he replied that they didn't let him know it.

All applications to go to the sutlery have been refused on the ground that while out we gain information which enables us to escape. Tonight they permit but two to go to the sinks at one time, though they are moved up to the door and a double line of sentinels are in front.

February 28, 1865.

Last night, Lieutenant Goodlow, of Tennessee, died at the hospital. Applications to go to his burial were refused. The condition of many in the prison is truly lamentable. They are carried about by their friends and the tubs they use as sinks are very offensive.

Today the Lee club commenced publishing a weekly paper, to be written and circulated. By request I am a contributor and wrote a letter from Hatcher to Zeke detailing the incidents of his escape.

Tonight the provost marshal searched the walls for gunboats and torpedos. No regiment ever before showed such a dread of 300 unarmed and sick men. The general even visited our quarters at midnight last night to see that all was quiet. Three sentinels constantly walk up and down our quarters and, though much in the way, we bear it because we expect to corrupt them within a week. They are not allowed to speak to us.

March 1, 1865.

"Grape" in abundance this morning to the effect that we are to be exchanged. A small mail came and a few money letters, but none for me. The general and his officers all say that we are to leave in a day or two for Fortress Monroe to be exchanged, it being the order of General Grant. Some fifty cripples were brought from Savannah this evening and put in adjoining casements to ours. The Yankees notified us through Colonel Baker that all who desired would have a chance to take the oath. None took it today, but the Yanks all say that several will swallow the pill. The sutlery clerk, Robie, came in today, but took only a few orders. The suspicion is that he will not allow the owners of many drafts in his hands for collection to trade them out. Cantwell and myself engaged in painting headboards for the graves of our thirteen dead. The provost marshal refused to let us go out and put them up. We have made application to the general.

March 2, 1865.

Cloudy and damp, and my rheumatism troubles me. It is understood that we will leave in a day or two for exchange. Our guard must be anxious for us to leave; they are required to do duty two nights in succession, sleeping during the day. They have fifteen guards at the wharf, where Colonel Brown had none.

March 3, 1865.

The boat to carry us arrived this morning, and we were ordered to cook all of our provisions and be ready to start. Brigadier General Grover visited the prison. Bell came back established himself in the provost office and sent for those who owed him only to settle; those whom he owes on drafts are trying in every way to get goods. I owe Bell a small amount and he

seems indisposed to let it be larger. I am trying hard to buy some shirts and some food for the trip. Hoover is getting out his paper, and chess and whist are being played all over prison. I made a headboard for the grave of poor old Fitzgerald. To-night we had the usual dance at the lower end and for the first time I participated. We have plenty of fiddlers in prison and some play well.

March 4, 1865.

As "Old Abe" enters on his second reign we set sail for the happy land, as we hope. The sick went out at an early hour and at 9 a. m. we left the fort and boarded the "Ashland." My mess broke up a bucket which the Yanks wouldn't let us carry, and left our two coffee pots. All the sick and well of our party, in all 458, were put between decks and are awfully crowded. We started at 11 o'clock and soon after Captain Halibuston and Covington and Douglas were severally called out and went above to join Colonel Baker and Captain Kelly, as was supposed to swallow the oath. We jeered and hissed the party till we were hoarse and nothing but bayonets prevented us from kicking them. The eight men who tried to escape a few days since are guarded on the upper deck, where they are exposed to a hard rain. Old Fitzpatrick got some whiskey and soon took a degree.

During the passage to Hilton Head it was ascertained that Captain Mulvaney, of South Carolina, and Private Gillespie, of Texas, had slipped off into the oath-taking crowd, and soon after Captains Craft and Minor, of Missouri, followed them. At Hilton Head they were joined by Private Adkins, of Kentucky, of our crowd, and Lieutenant Foley, of Mississippi, and Cameron, of Tennessee, of the Hilton Head crowd. Together with Davis and Doyle, of Virginia, who went sometime since, this makes in



all fourteen who have sold their birthrights for a mess of pottage. Some thirty of the privates who embarked with us also took the oath.

Reaching Hilton Head at 3 o'clock, all the officers and privates were brought on board our boat and rammed in till they could be crammed no longer. As many of us had been seasick, the hole was like the "black hole at Calcutta." The surgeon, I understand, protested most strongly and after dark we pulled up anchor and fastened on to the steamship "Illinois," one of the old vessels formerly in the Aspenwall line, now chartered by the Government at \$1,000 per day. She is 290 feet long and has three decks. We were soon crammed in the forward part of the boat, three-fourths of the boat being too good for Rebels. The well men were first crowded in and then the sick on top of them, and we moved and quarreled till 1 a. m.

March 5, 1865.

This morning we learned that my friend, Captain Bailey, of Florida, is dying with pneumonia. We left five at Fort Pulaski to die. At 11 a. m. we weighed anchor and found the sea rather rough. The sick could not get up; nearly all were seasick, and as we had no buckets or tubs, our quarters became intolerably filthy. The sick relieved their stomachs and bowels in the passages through which we walked. The Yankee doctor paid no attention to the sick and many of them prayed for death.

March 6, 1865.

The sea quite rough and there was stiff breeze, with a threatened storm from northeast all day. At night the vessel labored terribly, the waves driving all hands from the upper deck. Tonight we passed Hatteras, being in the Gulf Stream, 100 miles off.

March 7, 1865.

A beautiful day and a smooth sea. The weather was cold, but many of us were on deck. At 9 p. m. we saw the lights of Capes Charles and Henry, and at midnight anchored in Hampton Roads.

March 8, 1865.

Spent the day in great anxiety, awaiting orders. In the evening we saw a boatload of our prisoners going up for exchange. We weighed anchor at sunset, and, moving up, got aground and remained all night.

March 9, 1865.

At an early hour we moved up to Norfolk Harbor and spent the day. Three or four of our crowd were allowed to go ashore under guard, but Major Weymouth, formerly at Point Lookout, kicked up a fuss and others who aimed to go were prohibited. Some ladies and gentlemen came aboard to see personal friends.

March 10, 1865.

During the night there was a considerable blow, and a coal-boat and tug being alongside we got aground; we loaded coal all day and awaited orders. More ladies came aboard and we received intelligence that Johnson has been fighting Sherman successfully. About dark the hint reached the boat that we are not to be exchanged. Captain Harris, of Alabama, at once donned a Yankee dress, boldly walked up among the coal hands and a few minutes afterwards, as the tug left, jumped aboard; however, a "galvanized" suspected and then betrayed him. On landing at Portsmouth all hands were counted and the captain was fairly caught and carried to the town jail, where he stayed till 2 p. m. Then, under escort of eight men, he was reconveyed

to the boat, and orders were given that he should not come above for any purpose. About 10 a. m. we were towed out to near Fort Norfolk, and again cast anchor. Clear and bitter cold, though it was awfully hot below and the stench insufferable. One man in our midst, who has had smallpox for three days, was carried above. Several are in a dying condition.

March 11, 1865.

Weighed anchor again this morning, and put off for Fort Delaware without explanation or apparent reason. What are Yankee promises worth? They know that we now require watching and all are crowded down below, two being allowed above at once. We who had formed an organization at Pulaski met and discussed our situation. Finding that we had only ninety tons of coal, the amount the vessel required per diem, and provisions being scarce, we declined to take the boat, which we could have done easily, notwithstanding the two pieces of artillery aboard which were loaded in our sight. If we beached the boat, all of our sick must at the least suffer terribly; if we tried the ocean, our coal was too short to reach a friendly port—so on we sailed to Fort Delaware. At sunset Lieutenant Edwards, of Norfolk, died in his bunk. That morning he was at Death's very door, and his friends begged that he might be sent ashore, but the Yankees were inexorable. Soon after dark I heard someone say that Lieutenant Edwards would be buried at sea, but as we were sailing in sight of land and must reach Delaware Breakwater before midnight, I believed it to be an idle rumor. At 9 o'clock, though, I found out that he was really being buried. Captain Harris, who usually reads the burial service for us, and Lieutenant Mosely, a nurse, were the only ones permitted to attend. I ran up and found a corporal who had the curiosity to see the burial, and after some persuasion he took me along.

And thus only three of the poor fellow's companions in suffering were permitted to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory. I found the corpse on the deck. A heavy bar of iron had been placed firmly between his legs and two of the boat hands were sewing his blankets tightly around him. Whilst sewing up the head, I saw one of them get a knife and cut off, as I supposed, a piece of blanket on each side of the head, but Mosely, who was nearer, says he knows it was the ears of the corpse; they threw them overboard. I suppose this was some superstition of the ignorant sailors; at any rate, the ears were certainly cut off. Before the body was entirely sewed up the two boatmen commenced cursing and quarreling, and I thought they would have a regular knockdown over the corpse. When ready for burial, Mosely and myself laid the body on a plank, which we extended over the guards so that, by a slight inclination of the plank, the body would slide into the sea. Captain Harris read the solemn burial service, the Yankee officers smoking and talking and swaggering around us, and thus we committed our friend's remains to the deep.

May God pardon our wicked persecutors for this hasty and unnecessary burial, during which we were so shocked by their levity and profanity. I soon went to bed, for we were then in the breakwater and at anchor, the lights being visible during the burial. At 2 o'clock I was awakened by someone saying that Lieutenant Dillard, of Arkansas, a particular friend, was dying. I put on my shoes and, stepping to his bunk some twenty feet distant, found that he also was "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking." His bunk mate, a private, who, poor fellow, had no other place to go to, very unwillingly yielded up his place, saying he reckoned he was not in the way. Captain Carson and myself, after we had satisfied ourselves that he was really dead, quietly stretched out the limbs, closed the eyes and covered

the body with his blanket. We pursued this course to prevent the Yankees from again shocking our sense of propriety by another burial in sight of land. Again I went to sleep, and again I was awakened with the declaration that another man was dead. He was a private whose name I did not learn, and others laid out the body. Thus we spent the long night in the midst of disease and death, with none to pity who could relieve us. Though under the protecting care of the "best government on earth" we were only "damaged Rebels." We had withstood starvation, why couldn't we still live in a crowded, filthy, reeking hole for one week? I shall never forget the night, and may I be struck dumb if I ever join hands with a nation whose agents have thus cruelly persecuted me and my friends.

March 12, 1865.

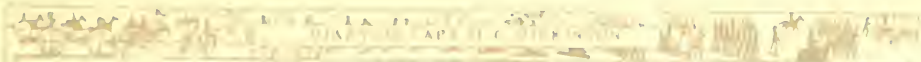
At sunrise we weighed anchor and at 10 a. m. again anchored in the stream opposite Fort Delaware, which place I bade farewell to, as I thought forever, nearly seven months ago. Soon a tug came alongside and they commenced releasing us from the stench of the hole; a great rush was made to be first, but Carder and self got on the tug on the second trip. Landing, we were drawn up in line and the old game of counting commenced. We recognized Schoepf and Wolfe, each of whom must have indulged very freely in lager beer during the winter. Randolph, "Johnny" and other old familiars were on hand, but the Ohio militia are gone and old soldiers are on guard. After counting and marching us for some two hours (during which our poor sick, to the number I suppose of 125, were carried in stretchers and ambulances to the hospital), we were finally searched for money, artillery and torpedos. During the search I luckily saw my brother and Robert Jeter, and, being near them, I had an opportunity, by casting one eye on the guard, to

have quite a talk. I had written Quincy a long letter during the morning and asked a private to deliver it. Quincy gave me \$110 in checks and a toothpick, all very acceptable. I found him well, and he said that all my company were, too. Saw T. E. Noise.

We were soon marched into the officers' pen and rammed into 34, 35, 36 and 37 till we were too thick to thrive, but many scattered off with old friends, and self and Carder found a miserable bunk in Division 35, between Toney Davis and Captain Carter, on one side, and Captain Patterson and Lieutenant Coon, on the other. De Garrett and Board have not been congenial for a long time, and for reasons not necessary to mention, I thought, with Board, that the old mess had better dissolve. So Carder and I still hang together, he cooking and I furnishing, whilst Board and Garrett split off, each to himself.

We got some dinner soon after entering the pen, fixed up a little, caught many a louse and talked with old friends. During last night some forty officers of Eearly's late rout arrived here, among them Capt. Don Halsey and Lieut. Wm. Callawan; I found here also Tom Watts and Burks and Lieut. ———, whom we left here, Capt. P. M. Wright, Capt. L. C. James, Lieutenant Franklin, Lieutenant Waldron and Ensign Jesse Waldron.

In our division we found no stove, and thus we are doomed to spend the winter without fire. I gathered much information about home. Received about five dollars due me from Watts, also a letter from father dated August, one from Thos. Halley, one from Gus Scruggs and one from home—all old letters. And thus is the tale of the 600 told—fourteen have taken the oath, some 125 have been exchanged, one Captain Board is in close confinement, 7 have escaped, 21 have died, 5 were left behind to die, while the balance of us, sick or under the weather, have been thrown in here without money to "root, hog, or die." I



should have stated that Lieutenant Cicero Allen, Captain Gas-tramski and Lieutenant De Priest cut a hole into the lumber room of the "Illinois," hid themselves and went to New York. Since then we have learned positively that Cicero was in Baltimore, and the presumption is that all three escaped.

March 31, 1865.

All the privates except recent captures, say 6,000, about 100 officers, and the sick, have been paroled and have daily been expecting to leave. The Yanks raise their hopes one day and depress them the next. Very many of the 600 in the pen have broken out with scurvy and suffer greatly. Captain Chambers and self first raised a small subscription and bought some potatoes; finally the Christian association voted us \$70.00, and Pete A. Kerr, Major Otey and other musicians have had two negro concerts, getting some 160 pounds of chewing tobacco, and about \$100.00 in money. Captain Chambers is expending it for onions and potatoes to be given scurvy men, and now, thanks to these efforts, I think all in the pen are improving. I wish I could say the same of the hospital, but, alas, Death has been busy there and there are other martyrs to the cause.

April, 1865.

Day by day the paper, "Philadelphia Enquirer," is eagerly sought after, for it is now apparent that the capital of the Confederacy is to be fought for at an early day. Our intelligence is that many men are deserting our army. We have seen that at Fort Steadman they fought with less than their usual gallantry, and most of us have great fears for the future. The continual shouting of the Yanks outside and their smiling faces tell us that they have good news and high hopes. The second had scarcely passed before the guns of the fort were booming in honor of the

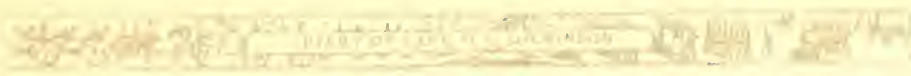
downfall of our capital. Then another week of painful suspense during which we hoped that Lee might reach Danville intact, but before the dawn of the tenth we learned that Gen. Robert E. Lee, with the remnant of his grand old army of the Potomac, had, on the ninth, surrendered to Grant, at Appomattox Court House. This day's gloom I shall never forget. All outside was rejoicing, cannon booming. Inside, many shed tears; friends could not look into each other's faces. With many all hope was gone—we had reached the crisis where we had no country. After this day the high tone of the prison could not be sustained. Too many now thought only of home and were ready at the first moment to take the oath. Applications were made and men for the first time admitted that they had applied to take the oath. The United States seemed all at once very liberal, and by order of the secretary of war we were permitted to receive boxes of food. I wrote for a box which was started to me on the thirteenth. At sunrise the flag was at half-mast; the federals looked sad and yet furious. Then came the news that Lincoln had been assassinated and Seward probably would die. Guns were fired at half-hour intervals. For days and days the authorities promised and were evidently ready for mischief to us. We gave them no cause—we had not been responsible for the assassination; it was not our way of conducting war. We preserved our propriety by a dignified silence. At once, and for ten long days, all mails were stopped, all on parole to the island were sent inside and strict orders were given to shoot any man who expressed joy. Even the games of ball, etc., were stopped for several days in our pen. When the mails were again resumed applications to take the oath poured out and ——— I had evidently excited intense fear. Finally, on the twenty-sixth of April, a roll of all was made out and each was solemnly asked whether he was willing to take the oath. Those willing seemed anxious to make it



popular. They said what was true, that on the day previous all the privates save a corporal's guard had taken the "pup." Many of us tried arguments, persuasion and ridicule. In vain we urged them to remember that Lee was not the cause, that two out of three armies still existed, and must be sustained. They were determined to take care of themselves. They talked everywhere of the great majority they would have, and said the few left would have no other chance and would be hung or banished. As the roll was called, those refusing said "No" so defiantly that the authorities more than once threatened. Those willing generally answered "Here" and then, as they passed Captain ———, said "Yes" in a low tone; many indicated by their manners, etc.— anything else but a conscience at ease. Many field officers set the example; others refused to speak out. A very considerable number said no and immediately after made written applications to have the vote changed, and some actually wrote these applications before they voted. The morale of the pen was evidently gone, gone, gone. A count showed that out of 1,900 officers only 600 had refused, of whom perhaps 200 had in less than forty-eight hours made application to change their vote. Lieutenant-Colonel Casey, Captains Wright and James, Lieutenant Carder, Waldron and J. Waldron, J. Harris, Johnson, Howard, and Captain Board, all consented to take the oath. Lieutenant Tom Watts, Lieutenant Canthom, self and Lieutenant Rucker and, I believe also, Lieutenant Hiram Burks refused. So much for Bedford men. On the same evening 320 officers originally at Johnson's Island, but carried to Point Lookout for exchange in March, were brought here and before they were brought in the pen all but eleven refused to take the oath. This proves that there were in our pen causes at work to produce the late vote. Among the new men I found Fred Mitchell, R. Vaughan and Henry Cofer, who all said "No" and thus strengthened the

Bedford minority. During the four remaining days of April this vote was the great topic of conversation, and a good deal of bitter, angry feeling was engendered by violent men on both sides. The one side argued that as Lee had surrendered and Johnson had agreed with Sherman for terms which involved the surrender of all the troops remaining, we could do no harm to the cause. Others said that we had been given for the war by our states, that if some were now to take the oath they could not get home without being tried for treason, and that therefore the war continued and we were deserters. The truth was between the two extremes. At the time of the vote neither knew that Johnston was surrendering, yet it was admitted by all that his escape was impossible. During the month, except at about the time of Lincoln's death, the "negro shows" were continued weekly for the benefit of the sick, and some one hundred and sixty dollars was spent by Captain Chambers for their benefit. A number whom we thought would die recovered, and the general condition of the Hilton Head and Pulaski men has vastly improved; they are no longer to be distinguished from other prisoners by their sores and sickly faces. Others, including myself, have been entirely restored to health. A number at the hospital are doubtless dead, but we have no means of learning their names.

On the tenth day of April an order from the secretary of war was posted in prison, authorizing prisoners to receive clothing and food from their friends. I immediately wrote to Mrs. Edgerton, who, on the thirteenth, started me a box weighing 200 pounds containing ham, eggs, cheese, sugar, butter, coffee, peaches and many other good things. The order of the tenth was annulled before the box was delivered, for nothing was delivered for two weeks after Lincoln's death, and during the time my box was confiscated. Many others shared the same fate. The Yanks pretend that all such things are for use of the hospital, but it is



notorious that the sick get nothing except the simplest, poorest diet. The Yankee officials, as I believe, almost support themselves in this way, and yet, hypocritical race, we Southerners only are guilty of ill-treatment to prisoners. During this month the Yanks threatened to put guards in the pen to prevent the commission of certain nameless petty offenses. With the view of keeping out guards a convention was called consisting of one representative from each division. With plenary powers, this convention met and provided for the appointment of a court martial, a chief of police, a regular guard, etc.; they gave to the court the power to punish all offenses. When this action was reported back by our delegate, Colonel Fulkerson, I opposed it bitterly, and, after expressing my views, moved that a delegate be sent to the convention instructed to say that this division was opposed to the punishment of any offense made punishable by the military code of the Confederate states, but that it would approve of the proper punishment of little offenses against decency and public health, provided the offense and punishment be plainly set forth and the laws properly published. This was carried overwhelmingly in Division 35, and Captain Diggs was appointed a delegate. General discussion was provoked; the convention receded from their extreme ground and finally broke up without any laws. Prisoners are jealous of power.

May, 1865.

This month sets in with a deep gloom resting on us. Our last prop has been torn away. The government is, or soon will be, defunct. A reign of terror exists. Our families are starving and we have no hope for the future; perhaps, before the end of this month, we shall have taken upon ourselves that oath which we have always considered so infamous. On the last Sunday of April it was stated beyond doubt that the oath would be again

tendered us on the next day. We had just received information of the formal surrender by General Johnston of all his forces. Were we released from allegiance to the Confederate states? This question troubled many. The Virginians, who up to this time had refused to take the oath, determined to have a meeting and consult. We met at 11 a. m. on Sunday. Colonel Moseby, of Buckingham, was in the chair. Major Otey, of Lynchburg, acted as secretary. I was first called up and spoke for perhaps one-half hour. I argued that it was yet too soon to act, that the plans of Mr. Davis were not known and that he alone could release us. Captain Carrington, Captain McCue, Captain Swan, Captain Halsey, and many others followed, all thinking that the peculiar condition of Virginia demanded that we should now take the oath and go home. The meeting adjourned for dinner; in the evening I was called to the chair and our meeting opened with prayer. It was a most solemn convocation. No intemperate language was used, but real elegance, which was prompted by our hopeless condition, caused many to shed tears. I shall never forget this meeting. We passed no resolutions, we left each to act for himself, but we were brought nearer together. We felt that we were brothers in adversity, and there was a tacit understanding that all of us would go home eventually and try to redeem old Virginia.

On the second of May the authorities again brought in their roll and submitted the question whether we would then take the oath. This time almost all the Virginians said yes. Tom Watts, myself and four or five others from Virginia still held out. I asked for time to consider, and stated that I hoped soon to be able to decide. This was refused me, and it was hinted that this might be the last chance. I would not take counsel of my fears. I would not be driven to act. Colonel Falsbery, a Swede in command of the Virginia regiment, stood by and agreed with me.

It was supposed, and those who had previously said yes affirmed the statement, that only about thirty would refuse to take the oath. My friends begged me not to run the risk of being left nearly alone and then perhaps tried for treason, but upon a count it was found one hundred and sixty-two officers that day refused to accept the oath. Quiet was again restored to the prison, though a feverish anxiety prevailed to get out as soon as possible. "Grape" became abundant and ridiculous. Schoepf started to Washington, as was said to release all hands, and never was man looked for more anxiously; but he came not till the tenth. On the fourth we had news of Dick Taylor's surrender and of the voluntary surrender of Secretary Mallory. This shook our faith very much. On the fifth Mrs. Edgerton, who never deceived me, wrote that "Joe" and "Kirby" had undoubtedly followed the example set them early in April. Thus was my last prop gone and on the seventh I wrote to Mrs. Edgerton that I saw no necessity to hold out longer, and that painful as it was to succumb I must at last say that I would now take the oath if offered. She replied to this letter on the ninth and stated that, as she knew now what she could promise for me, she wished to know when and where I was captured. She said that she intended to see the great man of the day and he should not say no. The letter reached me on the tenth, the day Johnson's proclamation declaring war at an end was published, and also the date on which was heard the rumor of Taylor's surrender. Again I was in great doubt—Mallory had not surrendered; Taylor's surrender was only reported; Kirby Smith was still in arms—yet the United States had ceased to look on us as prisoners of war. Paroled prisoners were being required to take the oath. General Lee had advised officers in Norfolk to take the oath. General Johnston's order advised his soldiers to become good citizens. Shall I ask my friend to ask this poor privilege for me, or shall I stand with arms folded and await my

destiny? Today, the eleventh, I still doubt and will wait and see. Having read the daily paper I replied to Mrs. Edgerton that she had been misinformed as to the surrender of Kirby Smith and that the voluntary surrender of Sergeant Mallory did not appear to be confirmed. The Confederacy, therefore, existed in some sense, and I must therefore decline her intercession unless she knew there was a pressing necessity.

May 12, 1865.

One year ago today I was captured. Alas, what a change in twelve months!

May 14, 1865.

Today it is reported that Mr. Davis and cabinet have been captured. Lieutenant Findley, of Virginia, took the oath and learned from his friend, Mrs. Boyd, that Grant favored the immediate release of all prisoners who would take the oath, and Grant thought that the president agreed with him.

The opinion prevails here strongly that we may soon look for war with France. Last night I received a letter from father dated Lynchburg, May 2nd, stating that he, in company with my own and Quincy's families, would leave for Kanawha in ten days, and today I wrote to my wife at Kanawha.

May 15, 1865.

The paper today confirms the report of the capture at Irwinville, Irwin County, Georgia, of the president of the Confederate States. Can it be true as stated that Georgians assisted in his capture? The intelligence, I must confess, seems not to affect the prison seriously, but the truth is much bad news has made us all callous. We were never more reckless of death than when in the midst of it at Fort Pulaski. This last blow which tops off the head of my government—which forbids me to hope for a treaty

that in time to come might restore the Confederacy—leaves me now no hope; there is nothing to cling to. I am at sea without a compass, owing no allegiance, but, as I wish to go back to Virginia, I shall take the oath of allegiance to the United States as soon as it is offered. Today some twelve or fifteen officers took the oath, and left for their homes. They applied for it when they dared not proclaim it.

May 16, 1865.

Received a letter from Tom Holley, who says he will go with me to Brazil. Received a letter from Mrs. Edgerton, telling me that I must act in a few days, and again offering to do what she could to get me out. I wrote that I would now take the oath, and if she could get me out on those conditions to do so. Information reached here that orders would soon be received releasing only those who had applied, so I at once formally wrote Captain Ahl that I would accept the oath. This was a bitter pill. Today a number of us were called out and received some old checks, drafts, etc., sent us at Fort Pulaski. I got draft on Bank of America for \$50.00, dated December 5, 1864, sent by father. The sutler refused to cash it on account of date. I wrote to Bank of America to know if it would be paid.

May 18, 1865.

A formal paper gotten up by those who have heretofore refused the oath, and self, Captain Henderson and some sixty others signed it. It is to be sent to Ahl, and asks that we be put upon the roll as willing to accept the amnesty proclamation.

May 21, 1865.

This morning Major General Wheeler, Colonel Johnson, Colonel Lubbock and others of the president's and Wheeler's

staff were brought into this prison. They were at once besieged for news, and during the evening I had a long interview with Colonel Lubbock, ex-governor of Texas, and on Mr. Davis' staff. He was with the president when captured and says he was captured about daybreak of the tenth in his tent, and just as he had gotten out of his bed, robe de chambre, and put on his boots. He said that all hands had been surprised, and that the federals who rushed into the president were supposed to be robbers—hence the resistance at first offered by Mr. Davis with a knife. Colonel Lubbock said that the president's tent was surrounded when the yell awakened him (Colonel Lubbock). The president moved in that direction because the upper part of Georgia and Alabama were in the hands of the enemy; he met his wife by accident a few days before capture. His object was to trust to the Gulf in open boat, if he could not pass through lower Georgia toward the trans-Mississippi. He had no specie; it had been left partly under the navy, partly with General Johnston, and a portion under the secretary of war. Mrs. Davis had a small amount of private gold, which, being in General Reagan's saddlebags, was appropriated by the Yanks. They plundered the private property of Mrs. Davis, even some sugar and tea. The president bore himself from first to last with manliness and fortitude. A Mississippi captain actually intruded to plunder the wagons, but when he found them was dissuaded by a Mississippian; he then gave the wagons a pass to protect them from his own men. After the capture Georgians generally looked upon the president as a show, though some extended their courtesy and sympathy.

May 23, 1865.

General Wheeler, Colonel Lubbock, Johnson and party all taken out today. We cannot tell where they go. Captain Martin, Capt. Don Halsey, Lieutenant Morgan and half a dozen



others left for their homes within a day or two apart. We are still hoping for a general jail delivery. Received a letter yesterday from J. F. Johnson, advising me to take oath and saying father was waiting for me in Bedford.



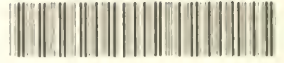






WERT  
BOOKBINDING  
Grantville Pa.  
1900  
No. 100

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0002553282A

