

A PRISONER OF WAR

The ANNALS during its existence has published several diaries of Union soldiers, but none that dealt so nearly exclusively on life in Confederate prisons, nor revealed so vividly the feelings of those who suffered at the hands of their captors, as this one of Lieutenant Luther Washington Jackson here presented. This diary in its original form was recently sent to this department by the author's niece, Miss Emily Seamans of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. It came to Miss Seamans from her aunt, Mrs. Margaret (Hitchcock) Jackson, the widow of Lieutenant Jackson. As Lieutenant and Mrs. Jackson had no descendants, Miss Seamans thought it appropriate that the original should repose with the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa, as further intimate history of one of Iowa's noted Civil War regiments.

We have obtained but little information concerning Lieutenant Jackson except that his marriage with Margaret Hitchcock occurred April 2, 1846, supposedly at West Troy (now Watervliet), New York, and that their home for years was at Geneva, New York. It is thought they removed to Dubuque not many years before the Civil War. Lieutenant Jackson was thirty-nine years old at his enlistment, and gave his residence as Dubuque, and nativity New York. We have not found what his vocation was, but his diary, written in a good legible hand, and frequently containing literary allusions, gives evidence of a good education.

He was appointed second lieutenant of Company H, Twelfth Iowa Infantry, November 5, 1861, and was mustered the same day. On November 28 they left by train for Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri, where they remained in instruction and drill until January 27, 1862, less than two months. They were then hurried to the front, and February 15 were in action at Fort Donelson. They remained there until March 12. They were conveyed by steamboat to Pittsburg Landing, which they reached March 21. On April 6, a little over four months after they left home, they were suddenly in the midst of one of the hardest fought battles of the war. Owing to the absence of both the captain and the first lieutenant, the command of the company

devolved on Lieutenant Jackson. Now let him tell the story. We have followed his writing, even as to his style of capitals and punctuation.—Editor.

Sunday, April 6, 1862. Pittsburgh Landing Tenn (Shiloh) About ½ after 7 this morning we heard a fierce cannonading and heavy rolling of musketry. the enemy under Beauregard Bragg Harder & Polk had attacked us in force—60,000. We marched out & fell in with the 2nd, 7 & 14th Iowa vets & marched to a position about 2 miles out. the enemy had got 1 mile or 1½ miles inside of our lines. we took our position—which we were ordered to hold—in sight of the enemy. at about 11 o'clock A. M. the 4th Louisiana were discovered by myself, & T Clendenen & Chas Collins Co E advancing through the brush. our boys lay down ready for them. They were recd with a volley which staggered them. our boys (the left wing) charged upon them & they ran. we killed & wounded several, they ran so that we could not catch them. I commanded our company. Capt. Playter staid in camp & Lieut Fishel came a few rods & ret. we maintained our position until about 5 o'clock, when the enemy was driving in our left—we were ordered to fall back, & as we were falling back in good order saw the enemy driving the 23d Missouri & 14th Iowa. we halted and fired at them, & after a few volleys they broke & ran. as they did that, the enemy having flanked us on the right, came up in our rear. those in front turned & we were exposed to a fire on 3 sides. Col Wood was wounded in the calf of his leg & through the hand. Genl Prentiss held up a white flag as we were surrounded by a force of 20,000 & it was impossible to cut out way out, and we surrendered. A Lieut took my sword & pistol but promised to give them to me next morning. I haven't seen him since. I was detailed by Dr Lyle to take care of Col Woods & was on the way to get some help to carry the Col off to a safe place when Col Brewer who commanded the escort who guarded us to Corinth forced me into the ranks & I saw the Col no more. we marched about 2 miles & halted for the night in a corn field. a terrible thunder storm arose in the night but I had made a raise of a pr blankets & a coverlet, so Lt O'Neill & myself lay under it & kept dry.

Monday, April 7, 1862. At sunrise this morning we were marched off for Corinth, about 20 miles over a muddy road. we were tired but were put through without anything to eat & arrived at Corinth about 5 o'clock P M—went onto the cars for Memphis. nothing to eat, and we were not allowed to go to a hotel to buy our supper. it began to rain, rained all night. we were comfortable in the cars

Tuesday morning, April 8. started in the morning for Memphis. Nothing to eat yet! we arrived at Memphis about dusk & were marched to a large hall (exchange) in the "Western Hotel" about 10 o'clock we got some mouldy crackers & a raw ham, & a pail of coffee. we devoured it with a relish as we had had nothing to eat since Sunday morning. large crowd.

Memphis, Wednesday Mornng Apr 9 1862 We arose this morning & a few of us went to a hotel and got our breakfast. shortly after we marched to the cars & started for Mobile at Memphis while in the cars we sang Star Spangled Banner, Red white & blue, America & other songs. Many a one wept in the crowd. there are many union men in Memphis—lots of bread, cake pies & boquets were handed into the cars to us. large crowds at Grenada. we ran slowly all day & lay up most of the night, large crowds every where.

Thursday, Apr 10 ran all day & all night & arrived at Jackson Miss large crowds

Friday Morning Apl 11, 1862 arrived at Jackson Miss and left for Meridian on the R. R. for Mobile & arrived at Meridian. large crowds cavalry &

Saturday Morning Apl 12 1862 arrd at Meridian, due east of Jackson on the R. R. for Mobile early this morning—lay there a few hours & started for Mobile arrived at Mobile at about 11 P M & went on board Str James Battle for Montgomery.

Sunday April 13, 1862 slept last night on Str James Battle we left Mobile at 2 P. M., ran all day & all night—splendid moonlight.

Monday Apl 14 1862 ran all day & all night large crowds

Tuesday Morning Apl 15, 1862 Arrived at Selma where Genl Prentiss & all the Cols, Majors & Captains left for Talladega, Ala. the Lieuts keeping on to Montgomery. ran on all day & all night—except lying to fix wheel of boat

Wednesday Morning April 16/62 Arrived at Montgomery this Morning & marched to a Cotton shed where we have about 200 of 12th Regt—28 of Co H—lay here all day. went down town this afternoon with a guard, went to the river to have a swim 40 of us guarded by 200 men

Thursday April 17 1862 Lay here all day, singing and playing eucher, playing ball &c Strawberries 50c qt

Montgomery Ala Friday April 18 1862 Beautiful day. kept in close confinement not allowed to go to town at all. long Editorials on the subject. not allowed to buy a paper short of 50 cts ea. got soft bread today, 2½ loaves for 21 men for 1 days rations—(no potatoes) other things in proportion. Moon late lay awake looking at moonlight thought of Home, wife—wanted to fly, but couldn't

Saturday April 19 1862 Cotton shed—Montgomery, Alabama. Fine day. had to remain inside all day. rec permission to write home—open letter. Sent a letter to my wife, hope it will reach her. She must be anxious abt me.

Sunday April 20 1862 Showery all day—rained most of the time a cold, chilling rain. did not attend Divine worship—very cold at night—an awfully dull dreary day. wished I was home with my wife pouring out a cup of good coffee for me—but no wife & no coffee. I hope they will exchange us before long. Rained at night, probably will all night 2 weeks today since I was taken.

Monday April 21 1862 very very cold—wear blanket all day, rained all night last night, almost frozen. got a tin plate today. we are *not* provided with plate, cup knife & fork & spoon as our prisoners are. the boys are building coal fires on the ground. Can't get any papers. Sky clear this evening—beautiful rainbow

Tuesday April 22 1862 Sun rose clear. cold day. boys play ball, pitching quoits & reading won't allow ladies to come in any more. they send a guard with every washerwoman, & cigar pedler—what for I don't know, they can't tell us anything to help us. Provost Marshal promised us full rations. a beautiful day. had promise of Shakespeare or Bryant from Rev Mr ————— hope I will get it. boys running, singing, jumping playing ball &c &c nothing seems to affect their spirits. people bring in pamphlets, Harper, Atlantic, Eclectic, Knickerbocker &c for us to read. plenty of visitors—gentlemen from Montgomery. not allowed to go out yet—all right—it may be our turn some day.

Wednesday April 23 1862 Beautiful day, not allowed to go out. had sweet potatoes for dinner, first vegetables since I entered here we had to buy them. people seem afraid to allow us to talk to or see any of the inhabitants of this town. some say we will entice the "niggers" to leave. Some of the messes had strawberries today. alas! I had no money & could not get any. can only get out to go to the well for water so we go pretty often.

Thursday April 24 1862 Another beautiful day. Strawberries & onions & sweet potatoes. I had no strawberries. Uncle Sam had no pay day for us before we left, so we have no funds. I wish I could see a good Northern paper once. Got fresh beef today. wonder if my wife knows where I am. Saw green peas today. weather like June in Dubuque, trees beautiful green, but not allowed outside to roam among the trees—all right—some day it will be my turn. so mote it be, rumors of our being sent to Norfolk or Richmond to be exchanged. No Shakespeare yet!! strawberries 30c qt.

Friday April 25 1862 Beautiful day. built table out of plank. cloudy toward night—dark night double guard

Saturday April 26 1862 Rained very hard last night. Cloudy & looks like rain this morning Shut down on papers again, afraid to have us talk to any one outside, or get any news. the aspect of things generally don't please them I guess, so they vent their ill humor on us—all right—every dog has his day. rumors that New Orleans is taken. I hope so. not allowed out yet.

Sunday April 27 1862 Montgomery, Ala. Cotton shed Prison Dull & cloudy, chilly and looks like rain. Three weeks ago today I was taken prisoner after a hard day's fight. the time has passed swiftly away, but not as pleasantly as it might. I wish I could be at home today—but I cannot. I hope to be before 3 weeks more roll around. how often I think of home and friends now a days, how much I prize them. It so falls out, that that which we have, we prize not to its worth whilst we

enjoy it, but, being lacked & lost, then we rack the value, then we see the virtue that possession would not show us while twas ours" how true that is. I feel today as though if I were only with my wife, I would never leave home again, but I know I would be in haste to join my regiment again. I do not wish to leave the service until this war is closed & the rebels conquered—they have not furnished us with a plate, knife & fork, spoon or cup, & not a blanket or coverlet. great of the Southern Confederacy—Stupendous humbug. well Sunday is over and I must go to bed

Monday April 28 1862 Cloudy not so cold as yesterday. no papers. poor souls, do they think anything we might read would help us or hurt them. New Orleans is ours!! Hurrah! we did get a paper *somehow*. Mobile will be ours before long. 3 cheers for every body. I can live a week on half rations cheerfully now. Uncle Sam is going it strong, now let us whip them at Corinth & I can stay 2 months longer patiently.

Tuesday April 29 1862 Beautiful morning. Crust coffee as usual and cold pork, short of bread. the commissariat of the Southn Confed must be poorly supplied. "it grows small by degrees & beautifully less." wonder how much they lost at New Orleans. poor fellows, they haven't enough to eat now, what will they do if we take their supplies. famine—but they all say they will die in the ditch the last man of them. Pshaw! what a nation of Braggarts, not worth fighting for—blow, brag and swell all the time—the most ignorant, conceited set of people on the face of the globe, not one in five can read or write. My Ministerial friend who promised Shakespeare I don't suppose dare bring it to me. even our good Doctor who has lived here 30 years has been forced to resign and his life made unbearable because they thought he had too much Sympathy for sick Yankees—the Heathens, it will surely come back to them some day, God hasten the day.

Apl 30 1862 Montgomery Ala Julius Ward of Co H Died at Hospital today of typhoid fever. Two weeks ago we arrived here, pretty hard two weeks. I wish I could hear from home, Can't get a paper. hear news that we were to be exchanged. Buell & Beauregard had made an arrangement to exchange prisoners. hope so. heard to night that Bombardment of Mobile forts had commenced. hope it is so too. Heavy Shower, heaviest one since we came here. our roof is tight thank Providence. how it does pour. they make the guards stand right out in it. How long before we will be on our way North mush & molasses again. What mush!!

Thursday May 1st 1862 May Day come around again & here I am in a cotton shed, Prisoner of War. The people are terribly afraid of Gun Boats. recommend the sinking of log pens filled with stones in the river!!! asking why 3 or 500 negroes!! are not set at work immediately!! why don't they go to work themselves. they are a poor poor set. it rained all night last night, but this is a beautifully clear day, bright and cool, like our May days at home. don't hear from wife yet. I hope she has rec my letters. boys are all making pipes and mugs our of Clay.

rumors of exchanging us are flying about, also that Prentiss is to be exchanged for Buckner, then again that it is only the wounded who are to be exchanged. we ought all to be exchanged soon, but New Orleans is ours & Mobile will be within 10 days. they will have to move us from here before long. I hope when we do move, it will be to exchange us. I wish our Government knew how we were treated. Sad day. Lieut Bliss of 2nd Michigan Battery was shot by a Guard for getting a canteen of milk. It wont be forgotten. He was one of the best fellows I ever knew, from Detroit. Murder of Lieut Bliss We will remember May day of 1862 as the day on which Lieut Wm Strong Bliss of the 2nd Mich Battery was shot down by his guard, Murdered in cold blood. he said "you are not going to shoot me for getting my milk are you?" no response, but a shot. his blood calls for Vengeance. "Remember the Murder of Bliss," let that be our War Cry.

Friday, May 2nd 1862 Last night they had 2 cannon planted in front of our shed for fear we would take vengeance on them for the murder of Bliss If we only had had arms we would have done it. he is to be buried this morning at 9 o'clock. I pity his wife & child. a day or two ago he was talking to me about his wife and child now in Massachusetts. his Mess are allowed to attend his funeral. our boys have Sworn vengeance & will have it today we bought some sweet potatoes for coffee, we will try it, slice them up & brown very dark they say it makes good coffee. the women and children are leaving Mobile & coming up here. the Gun Boats will soon be here too. the report is that Genl Prentiss & all the officers from Selma are coming here on the way to Atlanta or Macon Georgia. lost my Canteen today in the same well at which poor Bliss got shot. will try to get it tomorrow. this has been a beautiful day & this evening the new moon shines out clear & bright.

Saturday May 3 1862 A beautiful Morning. we have been favored with very pleasant weather since we came here. today the people of Montgomery hold a meeting to be addressed by Yancey. they are in a scare. you ought to see the spears all around us, rich looking weapons they are, not very dangerous. I wonder if they will resolve at the meeting to keep the gunboats from Coming here, perhaps they will. they are all going to die in their tracks, but I find they generally make so many tracks that they can't find time to die. poor folks, poor people. this has been a beautiful day. heard that Julius Ward was dead, died at the Hospital. in the list of deaths published by the Montgomery Advertiser, the prisoners who die are mentioned as follows 21st Yankee Prisoner 25 Yankee Prisoner. they wont mention the name nor send us any word of their death! How cruel & mean that is, how different from the treatment their prisoners get from us at Chicago. they only give the sick in the Hospital Coarse corn bread (meal not sifted) & cold water. the sick boys try to get back here, as they are better treated here. this people are so mean in their revenges forgetful that we have over 20,000 of their folks in our hands & one regiment taken at Island No 10 was from this place or near it.

Sunday May 4 1862 Prisoner of War in Cotton shed Montgomery, Alabama 4 weeks to day since I was taken, a very short 4 weeks after all. I had hoped to have been exchanged by this time. we hear rumors of being exchanged every day, but we do not & cannot know anything about it. we have had no preaching since we came here. these pious Secesh Ministers don't preach to prisoners. our Ministers in the North preach to our prisoners, also give them books &c & Uncle Sam gives them full rations & cups, plates, knives & forks & spoons. our day must surely come. even my ministerial friend who promised me a Byron or Shakespeare has not been in since. I suppose he dare not come. what a reign or terror, what a Burlesque on Freedom. thank God we are not afraid to talk even here. they dare not hurt us, they get beaten in an argument & when they blow we beat them even in that. we find it hard work to do that; but we are used to hard work. when they talk about one of their men whipping 5 of ours we offer to take 4 men right here in the yard & whip 12 of theirs shut the gate & no one touch them, but the 4 we pick. they have never yet dared to accept the challenge. our boys back them down every time. they can't make much out of us. This is a beautiful day. My wife is now in church in Chicago praying for her husband who is in the hands of the Philistines. I hope she knows where I am, & is not alarmed about me. "I wish I was in Dixie" the boys sing that now with "empressment". I guess they are there now. we all seem to believe so. I shall be glad when we get out of Dixie, or at least be in it where our troops are. I hope Stanton, Halleck or Buell will hasten the day of our exchange. Just heard a Sermon from Lieut Winslow of Ill and a powerful prayer from Lieut Stokes of 18th Wisconsin, both were ministers. Bro Stokes prayed to God to crush this wicked rebellion and cut off all traitors from the face of the earth. Some "Secesh" who were stnading by did not seem pleased. sorry, but they must stay away from us if they don't wish to hear from us. they can't shut our mouths. they certainly don't fill themselves with food, poor devils. I wish I was at Corinth again with our regiment, to pay back some of the treatment to which we have been subjected. Poor Julius Ward. I only heard (he died Apl 30/62 at Hospital) today that he was dead. I never would have known any thing about it if I hadn't asked the Surgeon to send me a list of the death at the Hospital. he fought well at Pittsburgh. his brother was shot through both legs & was left on the field. I saw him with a guard over him. Poor W. H. Collins is very sick & I fear he will not live long. how sad it is to die & be buried here by & among these heathen. "Yankee prisoners" are not buried with much ceremony. this day closes pleasantly. today I found my canteen which I lost in the well where Bliss was shot. I am glad I found it as I wished to take it home as a "Memento". beautiful Moon balmy air. Good night wife & now to sleep

Monday May 5 1862 Sun rises clear. Air cool. Some of the boys had no breakfast this morning. the rations yesterday were too small the rations are "growing beautifully less". the "Confeds" say that if

our blockade is kept up much longer we wont get much to eat for they haven't much. Great confederacy they really believe that they have as many prisoners as we have. wont we tell the North how we have been treated down here—I think we will. the boys have to spend all their money to get enough to eat as for me, I only had 35c when I came here & I haven't had one cent for two weeks, but I get along some how on the rations I get. I occasionally get an extra cup of sugar or rice—it helps out. we don't work very hard & light food is better for us it is probably for that reason that we get light food, of course. it is, Great Confederacy!!! Just got news that we were exchanged & to leave here this week hope it is so. W Henry Collins leaves for the Hospital to day. it is rumored that we are to go to Richmond & Norfolk via Macon Geo—Hurrah for home if so. I will see my wife within two weeks, but we can put so little confidence in what they say that we hardly believe the news. Our rations are reduced to 12 oz bread pr day of 24 hours, and half of that coarse corn bread—corn and cob ground together & some days a kind of black bean called here pea, which they feed to their cattle. our beef has an "ancient and fish like smell." we make our corn bread into mush when we have molasses & manage to eat it in that way. the Month of May promises to be an eventful month. today there are rumors of fight at Corinth if so I know we will drive them also we must conquer in Virginia. I think the Anaconda is crushing them slowly but effectively

Tuesday May 6th 1862 Still a prisoner. the sun rose clear. the day cool and calm. what a beautiful morning for a ride. I wish I had Kitty to take my wife a ride this morning. as I went to the well this morning for water I saw the houses on the high ground in Montgomery embowered in trees. it was a beautiful sight—the white houses and green trees—then I felt what it was to have a guard following you with a loaded gun ready and willing to shoot if you made a mis-step. I did long to take a stroll among those beautiful trees. there are many beautiful groves around here but we can't go to them. "Every prospect pleases & only man is vile" rumors that we have whipped them at Corinth, but I can't believe it yet. also rumors that they have evacuated Corinth no knowing what is true. I have my fears that we are not exchanged, but they are only going to move us into Georgia because it is a safer place to keep us. we don't believe a word they say and I will only believe in an exchange when I am inside of our lines. we are driving them at Corinth according to their own papers beautiful moon again—good night wife & now to my "pallet of straw" John W Ward went to Hospital

Wednesday May 7 1862 3 weeks to day since we came here Sun rose clear again, morning cool. ever since we have been here the days and early evenings have been warm but the nights and mornings cool & sometimes cold. Can't get any thing about Corinth. I know they are getting beaten there, or we would hear from it. 12 Surgeons left here for Corinth yesterday, showing that it was expected to be a bloody

fight. I am sure we will conquer. God can't & wont let such a people as this triumph. lie all lie, from highest to lowest. Another beautiful day. how beautiful and green every thing is outside of these 4 brick walls—the river so silvery & calm & the banks such a living green. groves of pine with dark foliage is in such contrast with the Cane brake & Cotton wood. we only have short glimpses of such scenes, but how much they make us think of home—home, when will I see it? these skies are clear & this grass is green but give me old Iowa thank God she is Free. no ones life is in danger there for opinion's sake. how different here, no one dare show us the least kindness, but he is suspected & put under surveillance. No news that we are to know, but I know we are beating them at Corinth. their very silence shows it. rumors of our going tomorrow, but where? Some say to Macon Georgia, some say to be exchanged. I feel no confidence in any of it, but resign myself to fate, knowing that if I am not exchanged it will be for some good reason. Almost Sundown, how balmy the air is, how contented we all seem. loaf of bread from a friend—all right—how much I wish I could ramble through the groves I see from here with my wife. what wouldn't I give to see her. Good night.

Thursday May 8 1862 Sun again rose clear. very warm at noon. what beautiful weather we are having here now. this morning a large body of secesh troops came up from Mobile on the way to Corinth. that will be a most bloody battle, if it has not been decided before this. nothing yet from there. last night there seemed to be a great moving of R R trains around us. today the guards are armed with spears, showing that their guns have gone to Corinth. today we lost one man by death John F. Koch of Co E 12th Regt. he is the first one we have had die inside the Cotton Shed, & the 2nd we have lost from the Regiment since we were taken prisoners. how sad it is to see him die here, how my heart bled for his friends when I looked to see him draw his last breath. poor fellow, he is out of prison. he died in defense of his country as much as though he had been killed by the bullet at Pittsburg. peace to his ashes. the moon rises beautifully, the air is balmy & stars bright. after taking my usual walk around the "Cotton yard" so as to get up an inclination to sleep & now to bed. good night wife good night.

Friday May 9 1862 weather a little chilly, sky cloudy. about 11 o'clock I went to the river to get a swim, while there a shower came up, but we enjoyed it. rumors of an attack on Fort Morgan near Mobile. hope it is so. our guards almost all are armed with pikes. no more wheat bread to day, all coarse corn bread, awful stuff. Some troops arrived here from Mobile to Chattanooga & they hadn't food enough here for them and us too. Oh what a Confederacy!! boys playing cricket. I am glad to see the boys so lively. no "Secesh" can crush them. how they do despise these pike men & shot gun rangers. it has been cloudy all day & looks as though it might rain to night. How anxious I am to hear from Corinth, but it wont do any good to feel

anxious. I must take my evening walk. I have taken my vesper walk. I wish I were going home to my spouse. Good bye wife—Good night. now for my pine plank & blanket.

Saturday May 10 1862 It seems strange that none of us can hear from home. I wrote my wife from Memphis & from Montgomery, but no answer. can it be possible that she has never received either of my letters? if so, what must she think has become of me, how great her anxiety must be. I pity her. When I get to any place where a dispatch will reach her, my first business will be to send to her. it's a chilly, cloudy day, raw and looks like rain. Are they fighting at Corinth? how much we long for some news from there, but no papers. sometimes we do get one some how. the soldiers from here are all going down the river to obstruct the navigation so that Gun boats will not get up here, poor fools. the Gun boats will be here if they think it enough worth their while to come. they fear those Gun boats, they think they are some terrible monster flying the air, running over land & rushing through the water. it is amusing to hear the "butternuts" talk about them. this is the most ignorant people on the earth especially the "Conscripts". all who are between the age of 18 & 35 who have not volunteered. they make them come in now any how. they are moving their Cotton from here over the river. some here don't want their cotton burned. those who are the most anxious to burn cotton haven't a bale or a pound. great patriots!! tremendous blowers! Some there are though, who are willing to burn their cotton & will do so, but they are few. the rest who will do it, will do it because they are compelled to do so by the "Confed" Government. there is a perfect reign of terror here. to be suspected of having sympathy for a prisoner, or of any lingering longing for the "good old times" two or three years ago, had better get away as soon as possible & yet when our Gun Boats come near it is astonishing!! how many Union Men are found! always have been Union Men, but didn't express their opinions, oh no!, what a set of liars. a most despicable people. it is rumored that at noon to day our gun boats will have been Bombarding Fort Morgan, Mobile bay 48 hours. by this time they must have taken it. this has been a beautiful day the moon now is 3/4 full in the South & will pour a flood of light this evening. dear! dear! how I wish I could be home these nights. does my wife know where I am? I trust she does. it can't be these heathen would be so cruel as not to forward our letters home. this is Saturday night again and yet we are prisoners. to morrow will be five weeks since we were taken. how short these weeks have seemed, yet they have been long enough. when will our Uncle Sam exchange us? soon I hope or must we linger out months longer in this doleful captivity. I wish our deliverance would come as unexpectedly as our captivity did. we give it up & now wait patiently & listlessly until they tell us to get ready to go home. we don't hope any more we only wait. we will wait & wait & sometime we will pay these rebels for all we have suffered here How bright the moon is, but I must go to bed.

it is a hard bed, but it is the best I have got, so good night wife & pleasant dreams—good night.

Sunday, May 11th 1862 Five weeks ago to day I was taken prisoner. it don't seem five weeks, but it is. must five weeks more pass before I can see friends again? I hope not. It is very warm & very bright to day. this morning I went to the well. how fresh & green everything looked. then I felt what it was to be a prisoner. If I were home I should be getting [ready] fur church this beautiful Sabbath morning. My wife is getting ready even now, I suppose. Dear wife, I wish I could be with you. I shall prize such privileges more after this. It don't seem like Sunday here. boys don't seem to be religiously inclined to day at all. our rations are growing less every day. we can *live* on what we get, but that is about all. where will we be next Sabbath, on the way home, or to a new prison, or in this one still. I don't wish to leave here till we are exchanged. we can't get a better place, airy and light & roomy, but it is confinement still. in one week we might be in Norfolk or Memphis. No news yet from Corinth. rumors of success sometimes on one side & some times on the other. "Hope tells us a flattering tale" may it be true. what a difference between this Sunday and the one five weeks ago. Then I escaped a hundred deaths. he was so near me several times that the wind of the bullet touched my ears. he was nearer me than I hope to have him ever again. then we were killing our fellow Creatures & they were killing us. To day—how different all is Calm. there is no great difference in the days—both alike were bright, sunny & warm. then all was action to day all is quiet—then I was free, to day I am a prisoner how I wish this week would take us home. this week is big with events Corinth will be lost or won this week. thousands now alive & well, will sleep their last sleep. heard a sermon from Rev Lieut Winslow 58 Illinois just had a treat—Blackberries. my friend Nickerson bought a 5 cent cup of blackberries, ripe at that & we two ate them up. they were delicious. fruits ripe early here. the Moon is almost full & looks down upon me with a brilliancy which I only saw at Dubuque. "Roll on silver moon", before you fill your hours again May I be with my dear little wife. James Evans went to the Hospital to day, but we mustn't leave him behind. & now to bed. Good night wife good night.

Monday, May 12 1862 The Sun rose clear again this morning. it is cool but by noon it will be very hot, but we are in the shade & if there is any breeze we don't feel the heat much. the day has passed as most of the other days have in reading, dozing, playing Euchre &c &c. this evening in taking my usual vesper walk, the sweet Moonlight inviting me to enjoy it. the moon is bright but the air is misty so that she don't seem so bright as my old Iowa moon. I can't get to sleep until late in the night it is so light & these light nights when the moon is full make me so homesick. when will I see my dear wife? good night, good night.

Tuesday May 13 1862 Sun again rose clear. weather cool until about 10 o'clock, when it gets hot. we are glad to be under our shed. our

rations are getting less every day. we don't get any wheat bread now. the Confederacy must be getting low in the provision line. another pleasant day, a little cloudy toward evening promising a Shower, which promise was not fulfilled, so it is hot & sultry yet. day passed as usual reading, dozing, playing Euchre &c &c. how monotonous our life is. we hear to day that Norfolk, Pensacola & Mobile are ours. I hope it is so. they are getting hemmed in pretty effectually. tried to get out to take a walk, but couldn't. just had a good swim in the river, water delightful. the Alabama has a swift current & it wouldn't take long to run down to Mobile. I wish I had a chance. went to the well for water. the cold round moon shines deeply down. how bright she is. I look & look & long to be at home, but I can't be, so now to my plank, good night.

Wednesday, May 14, 1862 Four weeks ago since we entered the Cotton yard. dull, dreary four weeks. will I have to stay here four weeks longer? Ah! Uncle Sam! you don't do right in not having prisoners exchanged sooner. Sun again rose clear this morning. we have been fortunate in having such pleasant weather since we came here. had it been Cold & stormy I don't know what some of us would have done. the "Secesh" won't furnish us with any blankets, quilts or anything else. how some of the boys would have lived if they hadn't made pipes out of the clay found in digging a well inside the yard, I can't imagine. they sold pipes to the guards & visitors I had a lovely breakfast this morning a crust of bread & a cup of crust coffee. rich fare, but it is all they have & yet Capt Long (Capt of the Guard) was bragging of their resources. Pshaw! brag all the time & lie too. Henry L. Richardson went to the Hospital & Ed Richardson went as nurse to take care of him. this makes 4 at the Hospital now W H Collins, John W Ward, James Evans H L Richardson Lieut Wayne of 3rd Iowa went to Hospital to day. Our rations are reduced to half rations, & poor at that. we almost starve, but we don't have to work very hard & so we live on it John H. Byrnes went to Hospital Jas Crosby went as nurse Nothing from Corinth yet. beautiful weather—rather warm but pleasant. Moon full & shines out with her full brilliance. good night

Thursday, May 15 1862 Sun rose as usual. day warm, everything stagnant & dull. rations decreasing every day. Molasses 2.00 gal, sugar 35c lb. we don't get much of either you may be sure. I hope we will get Richmond this week & Corinth too. how dull it is here. I am getting tired of it—the same monotonous unvarying round of employments, mostly reading & wishing to get away. the same clear sky & bright sun day by day, only to day there was a promise of a shower, which we did not get. I wish we had, it would have been a change. the moon is not shining yet. it is not likely to rise before 9 or 10 o'clock, so good night.

Friday May 16 1862 Today is "Fast day" in the "Confed." it may do them good to pray, but I don't think God will help them much. we are having successes every where now. I wish we could take Richmond

& Corinth, it might end the war. I am anxious to get home. I wish I could know whether my wife knows I am here or not. it makes me anxious all the while. the Suspense she must be in is terrible. Sun again clear to day. I wish it would rain. our rations are growing less to day we only got 11 lbs of damp corn bread to last 24 Hours for 21 men, about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb apiece. pretty poor fare, but we can support life on it, & when we get out let our Govmt & people know all about our treatment here. it looks like a shower coming. here it is. how grateful we are for this rain. the air is so much purer for it. the day has been dull as usual. green peas came in today. those who had a little money had peas. I had none, but I looked at them. the evening comes on beautifully. the air is so pure & balmy since the shower. Nothing from Corinth yet. I must go to my plank good night.

Saturday May 17 1862 Another week almost gone. I had hoped to have heard of the fall of Corinth & Richmond this week, but do not. perhaps I will next week, I hope so. this day passed as all the rest do without incident & I go to bed disgusted.

Sunday May 18 1862 Six weeks ago to day I was taken prisoner. the weeks roll round soon. It doesn't seem six weeks, it don't seem more than two. I hoped to have been exchanged before this, but we are still here. Our Government don't do right to leave us here to linger out a miserable existence when they have so many prisoners to exchange us for. if they care so little for us they had better disband their forces. we fought all day & held a position we were order to hold until ordered to fall back which we did, but the order came too late. we were surrounded. we fought one battle as we were falling back. we did not keep on, but halted & rescued the 23rd Missouri & 18 Wisconsin from destruction & drove the 8th Louisiana & the Mississippi Tigers back & then as we were going forward found that we were surrounded by 20,000 men who came up while we were fighting. we saved the whole army from total rout, but we are left to starve in a Southern Cotton shed. I am mad to-day. I want to get out. heard a sermon to day from Lieut Stokes of the 18th Wisconsin. these good Southern Christians can preach to Heathen but they haven't preached once to us yet. we don't care, but it shows their Christian character in such a glorious light. Devils, poor Devils. this is the most insignificant people I ever heard of. If I ever get out I hope to be permitted to pay them back for all our indignities & discomforts. God grant that the day may come soon. This is a pleasant day, cool & pleasant. A shower about noon which cooled the air. this day has passed lazily away & it is bed time. I am sick & so go to bed early. Good night wife. Lieut I I Marks Co I 12th Iowa went to Hospital to day.

Monday May 19 1862 Bright & beautiful day. Some of the boys got up a petition to the "Secesh" asking for a Parol promising not to take up arms against them until exchanged, I refused to sign it. I wont ask any such favor of them. none of Co H signed it. it will do no good only give them a chance to crow over us. they can't crow over

me in that way. I just had a good swim in the Alabama. the water was delightful. Nothing from Corinth yet, nor from Richmond. they "go slow" truly, but I hope they may "be sure". Evening comes on mildly & calmly, & so I go to sleep. Good night, good night.

Tuesday May 20 1862 Again the Sun rises Clear & the air is cool. will it ever be cloudy? I wish I could wake up once in a cloudy morning, yet it is fortunate that the weather has been as warm as it has been since we came here. I guess it is best as it is. warm quiet day. today Secesh Sergeants came in & took a description of all the boys, suppose for the purpose of comparison with the rolls at Washington, so as to facilitate an Exchange or Parol. I hope so. the poor boys don't get much to eat. We may have to stay here, that is, the officers, but they may not. we will gladly do so if the boys can get away. to-day Elijah Overocker of Co F 12th Iowa died at Hospital he was a fine boy. rumor that 700 prisoners are down here on a boat on the way to be parolled. they are said to be our Tuscaloosa boys. I mean to try to see them. this evening has been spent in discussing the propriety of accepting a "Parol" in case it is offered. I would take it, if it were offered to me by the Secesh, but I would be here a year before I would ask them for one. what balmy evenings we have twilight does not linger as long here as with us. it grows dark much more suddenly after sundown. Good night. I must go to bed.

Wednesday, May 21 1862 Five weeks ago today we entered this Cotton shed as prisoners. we are here yet. how long we will have to stay I don't know, perhaps two months longer. well I can bear it, but it does seem that Uncle Sam might spare some of those Secesh prisoners "up North" for us. I guess he will. the sun rose clear again this morning we have been up every morning since we have been in here before sunrise to roll call, so of coarse we cant help seeing the sun rise. I will try to get to see the boys on the Steam boat if I can. It may be a lie, like every thing else they tell us. Lieuts Merrell & Nickerson went to Hospital to day Jas Evans ret'd from Hospital to day. it seems that our boys from Tuscaloosa are here. Some are yet on the Steamer & others in a large foundry on the other side of the town. in the morning I will try to send a note to our boys who are there. Just had a good bath in the Alabama. it looks like rain. I hope we will have a shower. Good night.

Thursday May 22 1862 At last a Cloudy morning, Cool & comfortable. it did not rain here last night, but rained around us. it looks now like rain. great deal of talk about sending the boys off on Parole & keeping the officers here. I would be willing to stay here if the boys could get away home, but I hope our stay will be brief. there is a good deal of sickness here, the Hospital is full. it didn't rain after all. the sun came out about 10 o'clock & shone steadily and fervidly all day. the boys were called out this afternoon & their descriptive roll compared. they will probably leave before long, in fact any minute. we are to remain, how long I don't know, but not long I hope. We wont

ask for a Parole. nothing from Corinth yet. Halleck seems to be steadily advancing and now the Evening shades appear & I must take my vesper walk & retire to my pine plank couch Good night.

Friday May 23rd 1862 Sun again rises Clear and lovely. the mornings and Evenings here are lovely, but at mid day it is very warm. this afternoon it looked like rain & about 5 o'clock we had a "powerful" shower. it was refreshing. this afternoon the Provost Marshal told us that the privates were to leave to-morrow for Atlanta en route for Knoxville. The Commissioned & non-Commissioned officers were to go to Macon Georgia on Monday or Tuesday, it will be a change. I hope they will let us go around Macon & take more exercise, but who knows, we may stay here. I am incredulous when they tell me any thing. it is raining & cool so I must go to bed. no news. good night. Johnny Ludlen takes a letter to my wife. good night, good night.

Saturday May 24 1862 Another Cloudy Morning. about 8 o'clock it rained hard, with thunder & lightning. reports of heavy skirmishing at Corinth. cloudy & rainy all day. boys all left to day on cars for Atlanta to be paroled. the Lieutenants, Sergeants & Corporals left behind to go on Monday. Ed Richardson, H Richardson John W Ward, Jas S Crosby I H Byrnes came from the Hospital but too late to have their descriptive roll made & so have to wait to go with us. I hope the boys will have a pleasant time & tight cars as it rains now. Dow & Elwell—vs T Clendenin ha ha! all right. how lonely it seems without the boys. over 500 left to night. rainy & cold—good night.

Sunday May 25 1862 Seven weeks ago since we were taken prisoners. cloudy, dull chilly day, lonely too, for we miss the boys. we had our "descriptions" taken yesterday afternoon. perhaps they mean to parole us at Atlanta or Macon, perhaps Exchange us, as Senator Wilson has offered a bill in our Congress to allow of Exchanges. So the Provost Marshal told me. we expect preaching to day from Lieut Winslow 58 Ill. Seven weeks!! well it don't seem so long. they have flown rapidly. How long Uncle Sam? how long must we stay? not another seven weeks I hope. My dear wife is in church to day probably praying for her captive Husband if she knows whether he is alive or not. when will [we] see a peaceful Sabbath that I can spend in church? Lieut Winslow did preach a good Sermon & after dinner we were all formed in 2 ranks & roll called to see if they had the descriptive list of all. there were about 200 Commissioned & Non-Commissioned officers. we hear that the Cols, Majors & Captains who were sent to Talladega & then to Selma are here on a boat. if so they will go when we do. about 350 Commissioned & non-Commissioned officers, with us about 550 officers & Non-Commissioned do, they say!! that parole will be offered us & if we refuse we can stay in prison in Georgia. if offered to me I think I will take it. this has been a dull, cloudy, chilly day, lonely because the boys are gone. it seems as though we had met with a sad loss, they were so lively & gay. Miss Eliza Tooley, Mrs Tooley & Mrs Firden sent me peas & biscuit. dull, cloudy, chilly, gloomy day &

evening threatening rain. *they say* we will leave here to-morrow evening at 6 o'clock. hope so, anything for a change. Good bye, wife, good night, and now to bed.

Monday May 26th 1862 cloudy & chilly. at last I am gratified by seeing some cloudy mornings. I am satisfied. give me clear ones while I remain South. I had permission to go to the Hospital this morning to see Lieuts Merrell, Wayne, Marks & Nickerson. I must see how they are. I have just been to the Hospital. Wayne & Nickerson will probably go with us to-morrow morning. Just as I was going in to the Hospital, the Provost Marshal gave me *two* letters from my dear wife. How glad I was, what a surprise! the only letters that have come from the North to prisoners. it was quite an event. every body wished to hear from the North. I was glad to hear that my wife knew where I was. now I am contented. how great must have been her anxiety. the boys of the 12th flatter me. I was glad to hear that my baggage had gone home. Capt Playter was very kind to do it, but I knew he would do so. I hope I will see my wife soon. The Provost Marshal says that he has no doubt that there will be an exchange made before long my visit to the Hospital has done me a heap of good. Lieut Wm Hall Montgomery lent me \$2.00 May 26/62 Lieut Marks is sick, very sick & will have to be left behind. I wrote to his wife to-day, enclosed to my wife for her to forward. Merrell cannot go with us either. we hear now that we wont go to-morrow morning so good night. I am so glad to hear from my wife.

Tuesday, May 27 1862 This morning is one of the most charming ones I ever saw, bright & cool. how I would like to take a buggy ride out by Stewart's with my wife. we are here after all. we may go to-night & we may not. I shall wait now till we go. The privates went this morning, those that were left behind from the Hospital. all of Co H excepting the Sergeants, & Corporals are gone now. our folks will now hear from us soon (Tom Clendenin is here all right—Dorr) J. B. D. is within our lines by this time. I wish I could get another letter I wrote by hand of Mr Van Meter to my wife. I hope she will get it soon & it will relieve her. Imagine my surprise to day about noon to see Dick Verdenbergh & Capt Haw of "Curtis' Horse" who told me that he was captured May 6 at Paris Ky. he says Maj Shaffer was killed also Lieut Wheeler, of Dubuque. he informed me that Frank Goodrich & Frank Doyle were killed on the fight at Shiloh Monday. sorry to hear it. Dick looks natural Geo Edwards went back on account of a head ache & so escaped. the papers speak highly of 12th Regt several of Belmont prisoners came here Capt Crabb & Adjt Bowler of 7th Iowa are here just came from Tuscaloosa. I think they must intend to parol or exchange us from concentrating so many here. the Genls, Cols, Majors & Captains are expected up from Selma every hour. all to go to Macon, so they say. it seems barbarous to take civilians, Union men prisoners. We have about 30 just from Tuscaloosa, taken from East Tennessee. Soldiers expect such things, but to arrest peaceable

union men & condemn them to a weary confinement is wrong. our Govt ought to take all prominent "Secesh" in the South & send them North. Just heard from Nutting, Ben Clark saw him at Tuscaloosa & another man Myre in the Hospital saw him in the Hospital at Tuscaloosa. he said that he lay all night under a log Sunday night & in the morning followed the Secesh, who were running away from him, because he says he was afraid our folks would shoot him & if they didn't shoot him they would run over him, so he followed the Secesh off. Ben Clark tried every way to hear something of him, but cannot. I think he is dead, died at Tuscaloosa. what a fool he was. Good night, now to bed.

Wednesday May 28/62 Six weeks to day since I arrived in this Cotton shed. it has passed "wondrous quick." we expect to leave here to day for Macon. they lie so that I don't much believe we will. now we hear that we will start Friday morning 6 o'clock how it will be I don't know. "What do youns come down here to fight weuns for?" they all talk just like niggers. this has been a beautiful day. I have been listening to Bob Hilton's account of his escape from Tuscaloosa & re-capture, it was rich. Bob & several others came here hand cuffed, but he had a key & unlocked them after he got in here, all right. I hope our boys are within our lines by this time. Good night good night. now to bed.

Thursday May 29 1862 Another beautiful morning, had boiled eggs this morning for breakfast. Dick Vendenbergh, Capt Haw & Adjt Boler of 7th Iowa Duncan & self bot them. last night I sat up till 10 oclock listening to Judge Meek's account of their persecutions & sufferings in East Tennessee. James Evans went to Hospital today. Judge Meek was a member of the Tenn Legislature from near Knoxville. their sufferings were terrible. our Government ought to take prominent Secesh in the cities they take & send them north. Judge Meek was arrested & demanded a hearing but never could find out what charges they had against him. he & some 20 more are here political prisoners. the Secesh burn property, take Horses, cattle &c from Union men, turn their women & children out of doors, shoot down the men without the least provocation. what a terrible retribution is due them. I hope it will be paid. we owe them a little ourselves for what they have made us suffer. our day will come some time never mind. just heard from the Hospital that Lieut L. H. Merrell of Co B 12th Iowa died this morning & that Lieut I. I. Marks of Co I 12th Regt died this afternoon, both typhoid fever. How sad it is. I am so glad I went to see them the other day. they say we must go to Macon to-morrow morning 5 o'clock. we had to send Jim Evans to the Hospital to day, also David Moreland was detailed as nurse at the Hospital. I sent down his shirt & Drawers by a Guard. Poor Nickerson we had to leave him, Nickerson, Jim Evans & Dick Moreland left behind at the Hospital. Poor R F Nutting died on the boat coming roud from Tuscaloosa to Montgomery. he died about the 20th of May /62 & was buried on the river bank. we go to-morrow morning & we are all getting ready.

Friday May 30 1862 We are off for Macon, left about 7 A. M. saw ripe plums, blkberries & blk raspberries, also moss covering the trees on the road. the soil is wretched, red sand, hardly raises corn. Some large corn fields. How little of the land is cleared. I thought I should see a cultivated state but the most of it is covered with underbrush. the capitol & the town look beautifully in the distance. it is a charming day. we are put in regular "nigger Cars" all right—all right. we pass through forests of pine, beech, maple &c &c so green & so cool looking we have a long ride before us, for they don't rush cars through as we do in our country. Reached Auburn about 60 miles from Montgomery at 3 o'clock. 60 miles in 8 hours! the wheat, oat & rye crop is very poor so poor that in Iowa it would be ploughed under, no farmer thinking it worth while to cut it, it wouldn't pay. at Auburn they have a fine Seminary, but on an exposed situation, without trees it looks so bare, but it is a fine large brick building. Auburn is a pleasant rambling place. every place is full of Conscripts. their families must suffer. we rode through some beautiful woods of noble oaks pines, maple & beech. The pine groves are fragrant & it is a very pleasant fragrance too, but the soil is very very poor. corn looks poor, not $\frac{1}{4}$ of a crop as a general thing. all their crops seem to be a failure except the crop of "butternuts" & Grey backs not to forget *body guards*. the Conscript act raises every one in the country between 15 & 45, all *have* to come or be shot. this is a very warm day, but our cars are pretty open so we don't suffer much. we arrived at Columbus about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 P M 95 miles in 12 hours!! we changed cars, exchange very much for the better. we shook off the dust of Alabama from our shoes the meanest people in the world are Alabamians. the boys who were at Tuscaloosa & Cahaba all complain of their hard treatment. as soon as we got into Georgia we noticed the difference in the people.

Saturday May 31 1862 we arrived at Macon about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 in the morning. we stood in the hot sun a long time by orders of Capt Troy for whom there is a hot place below. finally we marched to the Fair ground a beauty place. we stood a long time in the hot sun. I was seized with a severe headache which added to my d—used me up for the day. What a change this is from the old Cotton shed! beautiful groves for us to lie around in & wander through. the people of Macon are very kind & good to prisoners. preaching every Sunday, things sent in &c &c. how different from the people of Montgomery what a poor set the Alabamians are I have been sick all day & have not been able to enjoy the groves &c, but I can see others doing so. this afternoon I took some opium to check my d— but took too much for it checked it too suddenly & I suffered a most excruciating pain in the bowels which lasted about an hour after which I felt much better, & went to sleep. we found Charley Sumbards & the Non Commd officers of Cos I & G which we left at Memphis they all complain of treatment &c in Alabama, but here they have been well cared for. the citizens donate pants, shoes &c to those boys who needed them & if a man dies

4 are allowed to go to the grave with him & a funeral sermon preached. How different from Montgomery. There you couldn't find out who died & if an officer died he was hurried in the ground & no one could see him at all. I am down on all Alabamians.

Sunday June 1, 1862 Eight weeks to day since I was taken. what a beautiful day this is & what a beautiful place to spend it in, groves, springs and buildings, everything comfortable a very pleasant change from Montgomery I am still suffering from d——. I lie still all the time, hoping to be better soon.

(Lieut. E. F. Jackson died at Macon, Georgia, Monday, June 9, 1862, at 10 A. M. The longed for exchange papers and promotion papers arrived at the prison a day or two after his death.—Editor.)

HOW NORTHWESTERN IOWA APPEARED IN 1820

St. Louis, Missouri, Aug. 23, 1820.—Appeared in town on Saturday, 19th, Col. Morgan, Captain Kearney and Captain Pentland of the United States Army. These gentlemen, together with Captain Magee, left the Council Bluffs¹ about six weeks ago and went to the Falls of St. Anthony. They describe the country between the Bluffs and the Falls as eminently beautiful, the prairies predominating, but covered with grass and weeds, indicating a rich soil, the face of the country undulating, the streams of water clear and rapid, and occasionally lakes of living water of several miles circumference, embosomed in groves of timber and edged with grass, and presenting the most delightful appearance. They saw immense herds of buffaloes and elks, sometimes several thousand in a gang. . . . They confirm the accounts of the fine gardens and crops at the Council Bluffs. Mr. Calhoun deserved well of the country for having instituted this system of cropping and gardening. It adds to the health, comfort and cheerfulness of the men, and gives a certain sustenance to these remote posts.—*Boston Weekly Messenger*, Boston, Mass., September 28, 1820. (In the Newspaper Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)

¹Later called Fort Calhoun, on the west side of the Missouri River and some ten miles north of the present city of Omaha.—Editor.

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