

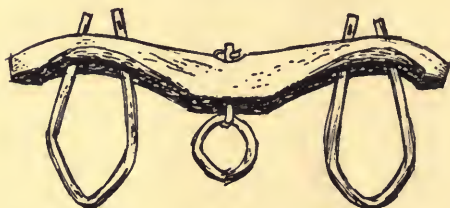
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THE
BASTILES OF THE NORTH.

BY A MEMBER
OF THE
MARYLAND LEGISLATURE.

"UNDER NO POSSIBLE EMERGENCY, NOT EVEN IN INSURRECTION, OR AMID THE THROES OF CIVIL WAR, can this Government justify official interference with the Freedom of Speech or of the Press, ANY MORE THAN IT CAN WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE BALLOT. The licentiousness of the tongue and of the pen is a MINOR EVIL COMPARED WITH THE LICENTIOUSNESS OF ARBITRARY POWER."—*Francis P. Blair.*

BALTIMORE:
PUBLISHED BY KELLY, HEDIAN & PIET,
No. 174 BALTIMORE STREET.

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W. M. INNES' STEAM BOOK PRESSES, ADAMS EXPRESS BUILDING, 164 BALTIMORE ST.

Preface.

Partly to while away the tedious hours of imprisonment, and partly to give my wife and children, on my return, some idea of the daily domestic routine of military prison life, but with no expectation or intention of publication, this Journal was written.

The reader will doubtless say it should have been rewritten for publication. Such was the writer's opinion, but friends who read the original, seemed to think it preferable, as it was written day by day, without alteration or embellishment.

The writer was early taught to adapt himself to whatever circumstances he might be placed in, and not to complain unnecessarily of what he could neither foresee nor prevent; hence his experience cannot be taken as a specimen of the sufferings of others differently constituted, or who had not the means available to mitigate the rigor, often amounting to brutality, which the authorities at Washington thought proper to exercise towards their "State Prisoners"—a term hitherto happily unknown in this country, the very sound of which instinctively carries us to Italy and Austria, or the blackest period in the history of France.

When Mr. Seward determined by a *coup d'etat* to extinguish the sovereignty of the State of Maryland, and establish a military government in its stead, it became necessary to manufacture some plausible excuse or reason for the outrage, this was that the Government had positive infor-

mation that the Legislature had determined to pass an act of secession, when it should next meet in Frederick, and it even pretended it had secured a copy of the aforesaid intended act, in the hand-writing of one of the members. This was duly heralded in all the "Loyal" newspapers, and no doubt, to some extent, believed in the Northern States; the writer will not suppose for a moment that any Marylander of ordinary common sense did not know, from the geographical situation of the State, that successful secession was an impossibility, except by future peaceable measures, whatever might be the wishes of the Legislature, and this view was as well understood in the South as here.

To those who may have attached credence to such a story, the writer will say, that at no time, and under no circumstances, was it the desire or intention of the Legislature of Maryland (with the exception of one solitary member,) to pass an Act of Secession, or any Act looking to it; while a large majority of the members, from birth, from the ties of blood, of habits and associations, and of material interests, sympathized with the South in her efforts to resist the aggressions of the North against her domestic Institutions, at the same time they recognized the fact that Maryland was a State in the Union, and while such, bound by all her Constitutional obligations to the Union—they were opposed to coercion and to war, because they believed Disunion would be the inevitable result, and were not disposed to take an active part in measures that, in their judgment, would certainly destroy the Union, and with it all hopes of a re-construction.

The real cause, however, of the arrest of the Legislature, will probably be found in the letter of Lord Lyons to Lord Russell, under date of November 4, 1861—and submitted, with other official correspondence, to Parliament on its meeting in February, 1862. Lord Lyons wrote that he had had a personal interview with Mr. Seward in relation to arbitrary arrests, and told him that it was creating a bad feeling in England, (there were, at that time, a large

number of English subjects in the different Forts, most of them in irons, sailors who had been captured in running the blockade.)

Mr. Seward replied that "*most of the recent arrests were made in view of the Maryland elections, which would be over in about a week, when he expected to release them.*"

Of this fact, the Maryland prisoners were well aware, without the confession of Mr. Seward, and confidently expected a release as soon as the military authorities had gone through the form, or rather the farce of holding an election; in this they were doomed to disappointment.—The Northern "Loyal" papers insisted on our continued incarceration as a means of "*striking terror into the hearts of the people of Maryland,*" while a class of people in Baltimore, generically known as "PLUG UGLIES," who had for years, by violence and fraud ruled the city of Baltimore, and had been finally put down, after a long struggle by the reform party, suddenly became "loyal" men, devoted to the Union, protested against the return of the Baltimore prisoners, as likely to disturb the peace and loyalty of the city, and embarrass the local government, of which, in the meantime, they had taken possession.

This class of people, having for its "standing army" the rowdy clubs of Baltimore, and for its leaders, a few men who publicly make some pretensions to decency, and privately use the party for the furtherance of their pecuniary or political interest, are the same people, who, two years ago, when Black Republicanism was not as prevalent in Baltimore as at present, cut off the coat tails of the present "Loyal" collector of Baltimore, and compelled him to escape by jumping out the window of the room where he was attempting to preside over a republican meeting; who brick-batted the present "Loyal" assessor of the city for heading a small "wide awake" procession on the eve of the election, and were the most active in arming themselves on the 19th and 20th of April, 1861, to drive back the "*Abolitionists.*"

When, a few days afterwards, it became evident that the Government had the power to hold Baltimore and the determination to do it, true to their instincts, these people immediately became converts to the controlling power and were accepted by the Government as the representatives and exponents of the "Loyal" people of Baltimore, and found their reward in the distribution of the public offices of the General, State and Municipal Governments, and in the filling of all sorts of contracts at all sorts of prices.

The writer would not be understood as including in this class, all the professed "Loyalists" of Baltimore; on the contrary there are many who conscientiously believe that the path to peace lies through blood and carnage; that the South has no rights the North is bound to respect; that the acts of the Government are not only Constitutional, but right in themselves, and that the Editor of the "*American*," the great exponent of Loyalty in this city, is the embodiment of honesty and veracity.

To the influence of both these classes, but particularly the former, the writer attributes the long continuance of the imprisonment of the Maryland political prisoners; to the voice of the North, as reason began to resume its sway, spoken in thunder tones through the ballot-box, he attributes their final release.

LAWRENCE SANGSTON.

Baltimore, February, 1863.

Personal Journal

OF A

“PRISONER OF STATE,”

IN FORTS McHENRY, MONROE, LA FAYETTE AND WARREN.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1861. Aroused from sleep at mid-night by some one ringing and violently knocking at the door; looked out of the window and saw a man who stated he had some important business with me, and desired me to come down immediately; dressed and went down stairs, asked his name and business, and refused to open the door at that hour of the night to a stranger until he told me who he was and what he wanted. He then stated that he was a Police officer, named Bishop, that he had an order for my arrest in the name of the United States, and was directed to take me to Fort McHenry. I asked him if he had a written order, he said he had not; that the order for my arrest came by Telegraph from Washington, and the Deputy Provost Marshal had sent him to execute it. I opened the door, and found four other policemen concealed under the balcony, and others

with a carriage at the corner above ; invited them into the Library while I made some preparation ; officers very polite and suggested I had better take an overcoat with me as the night was chilly, and they would, if I desired it, attend to having my baggage sent to the Fort in the morning ; regretted very much the painful duty they had to perform, &c., &c. Carriage came to the door, got in with two of the officers, drove to the Western Station House, wondering and speculating as to the cause of my arrest ; could not comprehend it ; stopped at the door of the Station House, officers asked whether I would remain in the carriage or take a seat in the Station House. I asked why we stopped there, answered, it was to wait for Mr. Winans and others ; then saw the object was to prevent the meeting of the Legislature by the arrest of its members ; preferred to remain in the carriage as I had never been an inmate of a Watch House and did not desire to become acquainted with it ; half an hour afterwards the hack with Mr. Ross Winans arrived and we proceeded to the Fort ; met numerous carriages on the road and at the gates of the Fort, showing the arrests were extensive.

On entering the Fort, was received by Col. Morris, and ushered into an unfurnished room, where I found Messrs. Scott, Wallis, Harrison and Warfield, of the Legislature, Mr. May, of Congress, Mr. Howard, Editor of the "Exchange," and Mr. Hall, Editor of the "South;" during the night, two other prisoners were brought in, Dr. Thomas of the Legislature and Mr. Brown, Mayor of the City. The Colonel had some chairs sent into the room, not sufficient, however, for all of us, and the Lieutenant was kind enough to send us a bottle of whiskey, very common, but no doubt the best he had : the Colonel came in, took "three fingers" of the whiskey, thought we were rather crowded, placed four of us in an adjoining room, bid us good night and departed. I paced the floor until morning, suffering much from Lumbago and loss of sleep.

SEPTEMBER 13. Wrote to my wife to send me some clothing, to my brother for money, and to Deputy Marshal Woods to make a few purchases for me, cigars, tobacco, &c.; after breakfast, four other prisoners arrived, Messrs. Pitts, Dennison, Quinlan, and Lynch, members of the Legislature, increasing our party to fifteen; spent the forenoon in pacing the portico, reading and conversation. Wife and children at the gate, but not permitted to see me; wife brought with her my best clothing, and some bedding, pillows, sheets, blankets, &c., which were received by the soldiers at the gate, but *confiscated* before they reached me, never saw nor heard of them afterwards. Woods came in the afternoon with the articles he purchased for me and some money for me from my brother; received notice at 4.45 to prepare for departure to Fortress Monroe at 5 o'clock; notice ample, as I had nothing to prepare; marched under guard to the Fort wharf, and on board the steamer Adelaide; met General Dix at the wharf, who told me he had a letter for me at his office, and would detain the boat until he could send for it; said that wherever we went we would be treated as gentlemen, and with the consideration due to our position; saw my brother on the wharf, told me he had just put a bundle on board the boat for me; could not find it, never heard of it afterwards; doubtless captured by the guard and confiscated as contraband; pleasant passage down the bay, treated very kindly by the officers of the boat, particularly by Mr. Klasson the clerk, who in the evening, sent us a dozen bottles of various kinds of liquors and wines and a box of cigars; in the morning found them all empty and the guard disposed to be very sociable with us, except two or three who were too far gone; had five or six hours of restless and uncomfortable sleep.

It may be noticed as a singular incident that this is the anniversary of the day on which the "*Star Spangled Banner*" was written by the grandfather of one of the prisoners.

SEPTEMBER 14. Arrived at Fortress Monroe at 8 A. M., after breakfast the clerk of the boat went on shore and

shortly returned with information that we would not be removed from the boat until after dinner, the boat then left the wharf and anchored in the roads opposite Mill Creek. The view here is an extensive and beautiful one, embracing the mouths of James and Elizabeth rivers, and the entire space of water known as Hampton Roads; on the north, the fortress at Old Point, the camps between the Fort and Hampton Creek and the ruins of Hampton in the distance, on the east and south, the Rip Raps, Willoughby's Point, Sewell's Point and the south side of James river as far as the mouth of the Nansemond. While here and there, by the aid of an opera glass could be seen the tented camps and flags of the Confederates. The day was delicious, and under other circumstances I should have enjoyed it much, notwithstanding my familiarity with the scene. At two o'clock, P. M., General Wool sent for Mr. Brown and Mr. May; they returned in about an hour and stated the result of their interview: General Wool informed them that his orders were to keep us in "close custody," and not permit any communication with any one; that under these instructions we would be confined in the casemates, that we would be supplied with food from the hotel by Mr. Willard, and furnished with facilities for writing to our friends, all letters passing through his hands.

Messrs. Brown and May remonstrated with General Wool at this severe interpretation of his orders, that the casemates were contracted and necessarily damp, and that, with the total deprivation of exercise in the fresh air, would seriously jeopardize the health of our party, some of whom were very old men, and others of delicate frame and constitution, not prepared, from their previous habits and position in life, to meet such a deprivation with safety. General Wool replied that the difficulty about the casemates might be obviated by assigning to our use a building within the walls of the Fort known as "Carroll Hall," which would be sufficiently spacious to give each of us a separate room, and that he would have the building prepared for us by to-morrow, in the meantime we would

occupy the casemates, but that the privilege of taking exercise in the open air was not, according to his view, allowable under his construction of his orders. At 4 o'clock, P. M., the boat returned to the wharf and we were marched into the Fort, under a guard, to our quarters.

Those quarters consisted of two casemates, each containing two rooms, the one facing the interior of the Fort, 15 by 22 feet; the other facing the canal and sea, 15 by 17 feet, arched and covered with earth perhaps 10 or 15 feet, supplied with closets in alcoves between the dividing walls; the front room with fire-place and lighted by a sash-door and two windows of the usual size, the back room lighted by the port hole, 22 by 24 inches.

No preparation had been made to receive us, but soon the quartermaster and provost marshal made their appearance, and stated that arrangements would be promptly made for our comfort and convenience. A sufficient quantity of iron bedsteads, mattresses, and bed clothing, soon came from the hotel and were arranged. The beds were very good for those who could sleep on beds as hard as the floor. I cannot, being afflicted with Lumbago, and consequently passed a sleepless and painful night.

We made our domestic arrangements by taking one of the larger rooms for a mess room, and placing five beds in each of the other rooms. We were then informed that under no circumstances would we be permitted to leave our quarters or even to sit at the door; this involved other domestic arrangements of an unpleasant character, particularly in crowded, damp and ill-ventilated apartments; in making this and other arrangements for our comfort, the provost marshal, Capt. Davis, professed a disposition to do for us whatever he could.*

*Two or three days afterwards, when the sergeant closed our doors and windows, by the order, as he said, of General Wool, who, in riding past, had noticed the shutters open, and had reprimanded him for permitting it; we wrote to Capt. Davis, through Mr. Wallis, complaining of the almost total deprivation of light and air; no notice was taken of the letter, unless the placing of iron bars and padlocks on the doors and windows next morning, might be considered an answer.

Supper was served at eight o'clock and shortly afterwards we retired, or rather we went to bed; about ten o'clock an officer entered our apartment and commenced a thorough search of the baggage and clothes in a style that would have been creditable to an Austrian Custom House Officer, notwithstanding it had been previously searched at Fort McHenry, still it was quietly and respectfully done, only awakening the sleepers as he wanted the key of some particular trunk; having no baggage myself, he was forced to content himself with searching the pockets of my coat, vest and pantaloons, which were laying across a chair at my bedside, but found nothing suspicious nor contraband; having finished by taking an unusually large drink out of a bottle of whiskey in Dr. Lynch's trunk, under the delusion that no one was looking at him, he quietly departed, and save the tread of the sentinel, all was still.

SEPTEMBER 15:—*Sunday*. Very sore in the back and breast from an attempt to sleep last night, got up two or three times during the night and paced the floor, wrote home for a soft mattress, and soft rocking chair, such as I am accustomed to sit on; very quiet in our quarters, some reading the Bible, some writing letters; heard the singing of some religious service in the neighborhood, but was not invited to participate. There are Sundays in revolutionary times; but, perhaps, they think prisoners have no souls! Read as much as my broken spectacles would permit, and went to bed early, slept four or five hours, received baggage from home, and a variety of little comforts such as women alone know how to provide; trunk and provision can well searched by a Baltimore detective who came down in the boat, the Deputy Provost Marshal standing by to see it well done; small bundle which the detective declined to open, asked him why? said he saw it in the Provost Marshal's office in Baltimore the day previous, and knew the contents; wife sent the keys of trunk and provision can, lost on the way and both had to be broken open,

detective's style of breaking locks may be characterized as "strong but not neat."

SEPTEMBER 16. Close, murky morning, rooms smelling badly, applied to officer in charge for some disinfecting agent, promised, but did not come; no change of quarters as promised and expected; soldiers engaged all the morning in building a fence in front of our rooms, making an enclosure of about forty by twenty-five feet; supposed it was intended to extend the area of freedom by giving us a place for exercise—all a mistake—intended for the convenience of the guard, and to keep off curious idlers who come to "look at the menagerie;" fare getting worse, can't tell tea from coffee or coffee from tea; sent protest verbally, by waiters, to Mr. Willard, against furnishing such questionable liquids, most of us have been at his house in Washington, and know he can do better if he will; spent the day in reading and playing cards. I read aloud Burke's address to the King in 1777, and Wallis read the "Captive Starling," from Sterne, the one as singularly applicable to the present condition of the country, and the other to our own condition as prisoners.

Had a visit this morning from Major Hamilton, who it seems is an acquaintance of Mayor Brown, he is aid to General Wool, and called to read to us the orders of the General for our information—they were exceedingly minute, even to directing the servants who brought our meals from the hotel, to count the knives, forks and spoons after each meal and take them back to the hotel!!!

Rained very hard all the afternoon and night with a gale from the East, rooms very damp and oppressive from various causes, Mr. Quinlan sick with dysentery; slept better than heretofore.

SEPTEMBER 17. Rooms very damp from storm last night, floor of mess room wet with exhalations from the ground, had a fire built to dry the room and air, applied again for disinfectants, but without success; fare somewhat improved,

especially liquids, coffee decidedly better; Provost Marshal sick, and as he is the only one we can apply to, for any thing we want, must remain satisfied until he gets well.

Kept fire up all day to dry the rooms; soldiers at work putting bars to the front windows; Corporal says he has orders to *close* the front windows and doors, shutting out to a great extent the light and air, already very scant; hear nothing further of promised change of quarters to Carroll Hall; went to bed at 10 o'clock, got but little sleep.

SEPTEMBER 18. Clear and pleasant weather; built fire to dry the rooms, read the Baltimore and New York papers, which are purchased by one of the sergeants for us; received letters from home of a pleasant character; during the morning the sergeant *closed and fastened front doors by order of the General*, the instructions from Washington to keep us in "close custody" now literally carried out, the only light and air we now receive in each casemate is from an opening of less than a square yard. Wrote to Capt. Cannon to hunt up my lost baggage; after dinner played cards for a couple of hours; about five o'clock, an officer with blacksmiths came to put *iron bars* and *padlocks* on the front doors and windows; the sound of the blacksmith's hammer under such circumstances produces a singularly grating sensation, and is in painful contrast to a visit made us the day before yesterday by the aid-de-camp of General Wool, who called to assure us of the desire of the General to do whatever he could to *promote our comfort*, and gratuitously suggested that he would have a neighboring room prepared to use as a water closet, and relieve us from the necessity of using our eating and sleeping apartments for that purpose, which, however, has not been done. A pleasing contrast to this may be recorded of the kindness of one of the officers who sent us a box of cigars, half dozen bottles of cologne and a few volumes of light reading; played cards for an hour after supper; received my mattress and chair from Baltimore, and had the first comfortable and refreshing sleep since my arrest.

SEPTEMBER 19. Awoke very much refreshed—pains in back and chest very much lessened; passed the morning in reading, writing, and taking as much exercise as our contracted quarters will admit of—these quarters consist of four rooms, having in the aggregate, a superficial area of twelve yards square. When it is considered that in addition to the fifteen occupants of this space, there are fifteen bedsteads, fifteen washstands, eighteen chairs, twenty-five trunks, four closets, three wardrobes, (extremely primitive in their construction,) three sets of shelving of similar character, a pine table, three by four and a half feet, a dining table, twelve by three feet, two fire places, two portable water closets, (all but the water,) and numerous small items encumbering the floors in the way of slop buckets, spittoons, baskets, bundles, &c., &c.; it may be readily understood that the space for exercise is exceedingly small. The table has been better supplied during the past two or three days, particularly in liquids, the coffee is now really good; after dinner played cards for an hour or two. We are gradually being placed under more stringent discipline; are no longer permitted to communicate our wants to the Corporal of the Guard, or permitted to speak to the sentinels. When we wish anything done our only mode of communicating our wants is through the Deputy Provost Marshal, who has other duties to perform, and of course is only occasionally within call; two instances of this inconvenience may be noticed during this day: about one o'clock a lieutenant came from head-quarters with our letters; the deputy marshal not being present, the Corporal of the Guard declined receiving them, and the lieutenant had to take them back, not being allowed to deliver them himself, and we did not get them until late in the day, too late to answer them by that night's mail. Again, in the afternoon, we were without water, and although a bucket of ice-water (which *we had paid for*) was standing outside the door, and we could see it through the slats, we had to wait two hours until the only person who could deliver it to us made his appearance, by which

time the sun had melted the ice and spoiled the water. After supper, played cards for a couple of hours and went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 20. Awakened earlier than usual by the noise of unlocking and unbarring the outer doors. Addison, in describing the City of Cologne, famed, the world over, for its sweet scented perfumes, and the nastiness (I don't like that word) of its streets, says that in walking around the city he counted some fifty stenches, each of them separate and well defined stinks;—the entire fifty, consolidated into one grand stink, could not have exceeded that found in our rooms this morning—got up, made a cup of strong coffee and smoked a couple of cigars to mollify the stench, but with little success; ate breakfast—excellent coffee and beefsteak, but bread not fit to eat; supplied that deficiency out of tin can which wife was thoughtful enough to send, filled with bread, biscuit and crackers; after breakfast read the Baltimore and New York papers, full of lies about the Maryland Legislature; received letters from home, all well.*

Deputy Provost Marshal made his appearance slightly tight, (*our* liquor passes through *his* hands,) and was unusually civil and obliging; expressed great anxiety to do what he could to promote our comfort, and superintended the cleaning of our rooms by two contraband negroes

*The "*Baltimore American*," received to-day, boldly asserts, in its editorial, that letters had been intercepted between the Members of the Legislature and the Confederates in Virginia, which revealed the whole plan of action. General Johnston was to cross the Potômac with a large army and occupy the City of Frederick, and the Legislature were simultaneously to pass an Act of Secession under the protection of Confederate bayonets, all of which the Editor knew to be false when he penned it.

We wrote an article, denouncing the falsehood, for publication in the Baltimore papers, but General Wool declined sending it, except via Washington, where of course it was suppressed.

The same paper speaks, with great apparent pleasure, of the action of a Wisconsin Regiment in sacking the Legislature Halls, and making a "*grand conflagration*" of the public documents after they had arrested and dispersed the Legislature.

detailed for that purpose, both exceedingly dirty and stupid, especially one named James Munroe, who, from the exuberance of his wool, we have named the General. The Deputy Provost having ascertained that some bottles of whiskey and a bucket of ice water were in the closet in the back room, undertook the cleaning of that room himself, and several times went back to see if any thing was left undone.

Dinner remained on the wheelbarrow outside the door to-day until it got cold, because the Duputy was absent, and no one else could authorize its delivery; when he came, he apologized, had been to his own dinner, and forgot ours, and had fallen asleep after dinner, no doubt from the fatigue of his morning's work. Tried to read and sleep in the afternoon, but failed in both. A decided improvement to-day in our accommodations; the rear room of the adjoining case-mate appropriated to our use as a water closet, thus ridding us of one of the most offensive nuisances that can be imagined in close and badly ventilated rooms.

Supper, reading an hour, cards a couple of hours—and to bed.

SEPTEMBER 21. Awoke very much refreshed and free from pain, and rooms comparatively free from stench; made a cup of coffee, smoked and read the newspapers; very good breakfast, fish particularly good and well cooked; no letters from home to-day. The usual routine for the morning, reading, writing and conversation until dinner; after dinner reading and cards until supper,—very poor supper and very little of it,—so much so that Deputy Provost swore vengeance against hotel keepers, cooks and waiters: Deputy, however, was “tightly slight,” and has become our fast friend ever since he found where our liquor closet was, and is beginning to entertain a very high opinion of us, particularly as we do not go into the back room when he is there,—an open box of cigars and some fine old bologna sausage with a box of crackers in the

closet has tended very much to increase his appreciation of us.

Spent a very pleasant evening listening to Wallis reading the "Prisoner of Chillon" and other pieces from Byron; went to bed at eleven and slept soundly.

SEPTEMBER 22.—*Sunday*. Usual routine—received letters from home and answered them; provisions and liquors arriving from kind friends in Baltimore in sufficient quantities to set up a hotel, with an upper and lower bar; the latter was established some days since by Quarter-master W., and is well patronised, our legal friends, having no other bar to practice at, are faithfully doing duty at this one, and the medical and mercantile members of our party are following the example—spent the morning in reading; dinner again remained on the wheelbarrow, outside, until it got cold; slept most of the afternoon—after supper read aloud from the "Ingoldsby Legends," paced the floor for exercise for an hour, smoked a pipe, and went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 23. Rose at six, very good night's sleep, cup of coffee and cigar and half an hour's exercise pacing the floor. Deputy Provost came in with a message from General Wool to Mr. Winans, requesting the pleasure of his company to breakfast—which we regarded, to use one of Ben Deford's expressions, as "Catamount" to a release; take it for granted that Revenue Johnson has received another fee of five hundred dollars; see him d—d before he gets a fee out of me for such service; glad to see Winans released, he bore his confinement like a man; after breakfast, Winans returned in company with Major Hamilton, an aid of General Wool, to get his baggage, and take leave of us; spent the morning in reading and writing,—no newspapers to-day.

This being the anniversary of Dr. Thomas' birth day, we spent an extra half hour at the dinner table in honor of it; I made coffee for the party, and with some fine old sherry wine, that Winans left us, and some wild cherry

bounce, contributed by Frank Howard, we had a good time; toast by Pitts to Thomas "May your next birthday be spent with your own mate and not in a case-mate;" did not forget to drink Winans' health in the sherry he left us.

Our quarters are getting gradually more comfortable, perhaps because we are getting more accustomed to them; we have now a fire daily in the dining room which serves to dry the air in all the rooms, and the officer who has charge of us (Deputy Provost Hunt) shows every disposition to attend to us; our greatest deprivation is, of exercise in the open air; we suffer to some extent also for want of light and ventilation. Major Hamilton stated to-day that the General had every disposition to alleviate our condition, but that his orders were rigid to keep us in close confinement; why it is necessary in carrying out those orders to deprive us of light and air by closing and barring the doors and windows, we cannot conceive.

After dinner played cards for a couple of hours; in the evening, Wallis read aloud from Byron. Went to bed at eleven and slept soundly.

SEPTEMBER 24. Rose at seven and made coffee; feel very well, entirely free from Lumbago; enjoyed breakfast very much, picking broiled crabs, for which Warfield sent to Baltimore; none to be had at the hotel here, although the shores swarm with them; Yankees have not discovered they are fit to eat; and although this is the heart of Gov. Wise's "fundum" we have not seen an oyster, and have not been able to get one from the hotel; the fish, however, are very good, and nicely cooked. No newspapers to-day; Deputy says the entire newspaper mail missed this morning; received letter mail at twelve, but nothing for me; wrote to wife, also to Dr. Chapman requesting him to write to William H. Seward, and tell him how we are treated here, with regard to light, air and exercise;*

*Seward expressed great astonishment when informed of our treatment, insisted that Gen. Wool had mis-interpreted his orders, which were to

dinner to-day remained on the wheelbarrow outside the door for *one hour*, waiting for Deputy Provost to come and authorize its delivery; vegetables of course cold, and not fit to eat; another great annoyance arising from same cause, is that we cannot pass into the water closet unless the same personage is present to authorize it, although water closet is in an adjoining casemate, and the door guarded by a special sentinel; suffered much inconvenience to-day from having to wait more than an hour before the officer could be found. After dinner, reading and conversation, evening passed in same way, to bed at ten and slept soundly.

SEPTEMBER 25. Arose at six o'clock; very good night's sleep; made coffee for myself and the others as far as the machine would go. At eight o'clock, Major Hamilton made his appearance with orders from General Scott to ship us to Fort LaFayette, New York harbor; the boat to start at two o'clock, P. M.; consumed the morning in writing home and packing up, in which we were aided by the Deputy Provost, who managed to steal nearly all our stock of candles; caught him at it, he excused himself on the ground that he wanted them, and we could get plenty more where we were going; besides he said it was a stealing business all round, and that it was through his management that they were obtained from the quartermaster; had an early dinner, and at the appointed hour left our quarters with great ceremony, escorted by several hundred soldiers under the command of a Dutch colonel, who, when all was ready for a start, gave the order to "*advance forward*;" the rear guard being composed of all the idlers, children and contraband negroes about the Fort; reaching the wharf, we were carefully counted and delivered over

keep us securely, but treat us kindly, and said he would immediately write to General Wool on the subject.

General Wool, on the other hand, insisted that his orders were positive to treat us with great rigor, feed us on soldier's rations, (which, however, he did not do,) and permit no one to see us.

to a Capt. Coster, who having properly receipted for us, marched us with a guard of thirty men on board the steamer George Peabody, Capt. Travers; our Deputy Provost accompanied us to the boat, and actually shed tears at parting with us, shaking hands several times with each of us, (he had helped to pack our liquors,) no doubt he considered our departure as a calamity, as his only chance for an occasional drink and a good dinner departed with us.

The officer in charge gave orders that we should have the liberty of the entire ship and the best of every thing on board during the voyage: the latter order was entirely unnecessary, as every one of the ship's crew, from the captain down to the kitchen negroes, were *Marylanders*; weather delightful at starting, but outside the Capes encountered heavy ground swell from the east, the effect of the late storm, which made the ship roll heavily, and most of the party sea-sick. The Captain of the Guard and most of his men very sick; the perfect ease with which the ship's course could be turned to the south was freely discussed, and nothing but the belief that our imprisonment would be of short duration, prevented it from being done; when such of the guard as were not too sick to go, went in the cabin to supper, they stacked their guns in an adjoining cabin, and about ten o'clock one of the negro waiters came to me and whispered very confidentially that "none of them wanted to go to New York;" went to bed at eleven—slept but little from the motion of the ship and the hardness of the bed.

SEPTEMBER 26. Arose at six o'clock; ship rolling so badly that I could scarcely dress; very unwell; could not eat any breakfast until ten o'clock, and very little then; locomotion very difficult; weather delightful, and would have enjoyed it very much, but for the rolling of the vessel; Capt. Travers, his officers and crew, all very kind and attentive to us; the Captain placed his ship's stores at our disposal, and would take no compensation; arrived at Fort LaFayette at four o'clock in the afternoon, and anchor-

ed until the Captain of the Guard could communicate with the commander of the Fort ; at five he returned with orders for our debarkation ; went ashore in small boat ; were received and required to answer to our names at the wharf stairs by Lieut. Wood, the commander of the Fort, and ushered into one of the battery rooms, already occupied by twenty-four others—mostly Marylanders ; rather shocked at the appearance of things as compared with our quarters at Fortress Monroe ; luckily I brought my mattress with me, as the Government furnishes nothing but an iron bedstead, a pallet of straw, and a shoddy blanket ; and as our arrival was unexpected, but *five* bags of straw could be found for our whole party of fourteen ; and but for the exertion of Mr. Davis, Police Commissioner, who immediately set to work to borrow mattresses and blankets from those who could spare them, most of us would have been without a bed of any kind. Baggage not coming in to get sheets and blankets out, had to sleep in my clothes ; finally got fixed and went to sleep, but awakened by the restlessness of my fellow lodgers half a dozen times during the night.

SEPTEMBER 27. Aroused at six by beating of drums ; got up and went out to view the premises ; not very inviting, Fort built on a small island about half a mile from main shore, island covering perhaps an acre, area of interior about thirty-five yards square, surrounded by buildings three stories high, the upper story of wood ; Maryland Penitentiary decidedly more prepossessing in appearance ; fell in with a prisoner of war from Virginia, named Drane, (whom I had met at Fort McHenry in my visits thither, with clothing and food for the prisoners.) Was very glad to see me and insisted on my going to his room to take a wash, furnished me with fresh water and a clean towel, did not know at the time how great a compliment it was, as otherwise I would have been compelled to wash in salt water. Made arrangements through Mr. Davis to have our meals furnished by Mrs. Graves, the wife of one of the

sergeants, at fifty cents per meal, so I shall not suffer on that score; those who have not the means or inclination to make this arrangement, live on the rations furnished by the Government, consisting of salt pork or rather pork fat, hard and soft bread on alternate days, bean soup and a liquid called coffee, sweetened with molasses, served up on tin plates and cups.

Made a survey of our room—sixty-six by twenty-two feet—brick floor, occupied by thirty-eight people, (twenty-three of them members of the Maryland Legislature, the balance from Kentucky) containing five thirty-two pound cannon with their cumbersome carriages, occupying fully half the space in the room, thirty-eight iron bedsteads, the baggage of all the occupants, half a dozen chairs and three wooden benches five feet long; the Government with great liberality has supplied for the accommodation of this number of people, one small writing table, three wash stands with bowls and pitchers, two water buckets, one slop tub and one tin cup to drink out of, and furnishes two candles at night, for the whole party, which are cut up in small pieces, and distributed around, (did not anticipate this or would have stopped Deputy Provost at Fortress Monroe when I caught him stealing our candles; he is and is *not*, a man of foresight.)

This room is ventilated by five port holes eighteen by twenty-four inches, and during the day, by two of the doors facing the interior of the Fort; the latter are closed and locked at sun-set, and at 9.15 all lights must be put out and we are left in utter darkness; should any of the inmates have to attend to calls of nature during the night, he has to find his way to the door, and knock until the sentinel chooses to hear him, which generally takes ten or fifteen minutes; the sentinel then goes after the Sergeant of the Guard, which consumes about as much more time; who conducts the applicant outside the Fort walls and back again, when the door is closed and he is left to find his bed as best he can, in the dark; a very difficult operation, as the room is too much crowded to admit of passages

between the bedsteads, and the unfortunate generally stumbles over and wakes up a dozen others, and leaves the marks of the sharp iron legs of the bedsteads on his shins before he finds his own place; much confusion arose last night from this cause, several of our party being quite sick.

I foresaw this difficulty and obviated it by placing my bed alongside the door; I did not gain much however by it, as I was awakened about once an hour by the thumping at the door.

Occupied most of the morning in writing letters home: weather cold and raw, had to write with a blanket wrapped round my legs.

Very good dinner at three o'clock; our mess consists of forty persons, for which the sergeant receives our rations and forty dollars per day, furnishing us with two meals. From various little circumstances we assume that the Commander of the Fort receives a larger share of the profits than the sergeant and his wife do. After dinner we lost two of our room-mates, Messrs. Brown and Warfield, who have been removed to what is supposed better quarters in one of the casemates, although I doubt it very much; they will have a more select set of companions, but only one-third the amount of oxygen, which I esteem as the most valuable commodity, under existing circumstances; the floor room will be the same, but the ceiling only one-third the height; gained an accession to-day to our furniture of three washstands, bowls and pitchers,—quite an acquisition as it will give a wash basin to each *six* men instead of each *twelve*, about dusk, one of the prisoners, Mr. Sturdevant, was released and bade us adieu; locked up at sun-set; no supper: being provided with but two meals per day,—enough however.

Terrific storm all the afternoon and night; waves breaking over the sea walls; and throwing spray to the top of the Fort walls, tried to get to the rear early in the evening but found it impossible to face the wind and spray; was aroused during the night by the sergeant coming in to

count the prisoners;—the Fort barge had disappeared and it was feared some of us had escaped.

SEPTEMBER 28. Arose at six and attended to domestic duties—making bed, &c.,—learned that the barge was stolen last night by two sentinels, who succeeded in making their escape during the noise of the storm;—the empty boat was found this morning on the Staten Island shore. Excellent breakfast at eight—wrote to William Jones, New York, to send me another bed, some blankets, bed linen, towels, &c., &c.,—and gave an order to Sergeant Graves to purchase for me a writing table, some candlesticks, (bottles are very inconvenient as they *will* topple over,) pitchers, tumblers, tin cups, water buckets, &c.; as there is every prospect of our remaining here for some time, I shall go regularly to house-keeping; after breakfast, lost another of our room-mates, Mr. Wallis, who was removed through the kind intervention of Mr. Davis to better quarters; sorry to part with him, but glad for his own sake; received in his place a new prisoner, an Englishman named Brayne, hailing from Tennessee, making the number now in our room thirty-six. Passed the morning in reading, writing, with some exercise, and in learning the rules and regulations posted in our rooms for our information;—they were very numerous and got up in the most pompous style;—the commander, in signing his name, imitated the famous signature of “JOHN HANCOCK.” We were ordered to be respectful and obedient to the soldiers, who in turn were ordered to speak to us *always* in a “*peremptory*” manner; we were directed to have our rooms cleaned up before nine o’clock, when they would be inspected; we were to visit the water closet not over four times during the day and twice during the night, and the sentinels were expressly charged not to permit us to “loiter there;” we were to put out the lights at quarter past nine, (the garrison clock from some cause or other was kept three-quarters of an hour too fast;) we were informed that “conversation” after that hour was “strict-

ly prohibited;" we were told that our letters must be short, plainly written, respectful to the officers, and that each letter, no matter what might be its object or contents, should have the following postscript added to it, signed by the writer: "*It is my desire that this letter, or any part thereof, shall not be published in any newspaper;*"* and we were notified if we had any complaint to make, we could address the Commander in writing, provided it was done in "respectful language."

Spent the afternoon in visiting the neighbors and getting acquainted with them. There are now in the Fort one hundred and seventeen prisoners confined in six rooms. Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4 are small casemates fourteen by twenty-two feet, arched, five feet high at the spring of the arch, and eight feet in the centre, with two very small slits in the wall for windows and no ventilation when the door is closed, and have respectively, nine, fifteen, ten and nine occupants. The inmates of No. 2 are captured privateersmen and sailors, taken in attempting to run the blockade, and are all kept *in chains*, not allowed to have beds, or permitted to take any exercise; they sleep on the naked floor with their chains on. Some charitable people offered to furnish them with beds, but the commander refused permission. The sailors (not privateersmen) are with one exception British subjects, and were captured on British vessels bound from Nova Scotia to North Carolina. The week before we arrived there were twenty-eight confined in that room; part were released on taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, and part sent to the Tombs in New York.

* This regulation was, for a while, a source of amusement, letters were daily sent to New York for such little articles as the prisoners required, one would want a hat, a shirt or a pair of boots half-soled, another a tin cup, a pack of cards, a pound of tobacco, a wash bowl or some other article of crockery, and at the foot of each letter would be the required postscript—" *It is my desire that this letter, or any part thereof, shall not be published in any newspaper.*"

Finally the thing became so ridiculous that it was dropped on both sides by common consent.

No. 5 is a battery room with four cannon and thirty-six occupants, fifty by twenty-two feet.

No. 6 is also a battery room, sixty-six by twenty-two feet, with thirty-eight occupants.

Among the prisoners may be found representatives of every grade of society or condition of life, of the highest development of intellect, and of its lowest grade, even to the idiot—one of the latter having been sent hither from Kentucky as a “prisoner of State”!!! instead of being sent to a lunatic asylum.

Among the prisoners are those who have been, or are, Governors of States, Foreign Ministers, members of Congress and of different State Legislatures, Mayor and Police Commissioners, officers of the Army from Colonels to Lieutenants; of the Navy of all grades, doctors, civil, naval and military; lawyers, merchants, farmers, mechanics, (especially machinists and inventors, whom the Government regards as a dangerous class); editors of newspapers, religious and political, (Government don't like them); soldiers, sailors and privateersmen, (called by courtesy “pirates.”) As much of what the world calls “good society,” and perhaps more of intelligence and cultivated intellect, may be found within the walls of this prison than could be found outside of it, even in a party of the same number selected for the purpose, and in the average of the aggregate, far more than would be met with in our fashionable places of resort.

Twenty-seven of them are prisoners of war, and of course subject to all the chances of war; they know why they are here. The other ninety are called “Prisoners of State,” a term happily hitherto unknown on this side of the Atlantic, were nearly all taken from their beds at night by gangs of armed men, by the orders of Wm. H. Seward, the Secretary of State, not permitted to pack their clothing, or even see their families; many of them confined in loathsome jails (in chains or not, according to the whims of their guards) before reaching here; none of them arrested by any warrant or process of law, but hurried off by night to

prevent the possibility of any rescue by means of the law, and *not one* of them knowing *why* he was arrested, or the existence of any charge against him. Who could have believed, a year since, that in that short space of time a state of affairs would exist here that could only find a parallel in the worst days of Italy or Austria! Who does not remember how our sympathies were excited, and our indignation aroused, but a few years since, in reading the accounts of midnight domiciliary arrests in Vienna, Venice or Naples, and how we wondered that a people could be so debased and degraded as to submit to it; and yet we now see the same despotic tyranny exercised in our boasted land of freedom, only by a mechanism a thousand times coarser and more brutal, and a large portion of the people absolutely applauding it, glorying in the shame, and boasting of the degradation and destruction of the liberties of their country.

“CASTE AT FORT LAFAYETTE.

“Treason is frequently regarded as a gentlemanly crime, and the person guilty of it often pretends to a daintiness to which common felons are forbidden to aspire. Hence the traitors in the present rebellion claim and receive British sympathy, not because they do not richly deserve the halter, but because they are “gentlemen.” The Tories of the Revolution made similar pretensions. Rev. Dr. Duche once wrote a letter to General Washington, urging him to abandon the patriot cause on the ground that he was a gentleman, whereas the members of Congress from New England and other Revolutionary leaders were not.

“A gentleman of this city, a native of a Southern State, having occasion to visit Fort LaFayette, was addressed upon this subject. He found there ninety-seven prisoners, divided, like Hindoo society, into four castes, each possessing a social status of its own.

“‘When we first came here,’ said his informant, ‘we suffered much inconvenience, and our residence was made disagreeable. We were associated promiscuously together, not classified, and were confounded with the vulgar characters whom the Government had seen fit to incarcerate with us. Gentlemen of refined tastes were compelled to associate with traders, common sailors, and the like; to sit at the same table and eat similar food. It is now improved. There are ninety-seven of us here, and we have been divided into groups and companies, more in accordance with our tastes, making it much pleasanter.

“‘Thus we have here a number of sailors. They constitute two classes. One class is made up of pirates outright, who enlist without regard to

principles or consequences. The other is composed of seamen who have been employed on vessels which were attempting to run the blockade. They were generally engaged upon the pretext of being employed in the West India trade, and had no idea or knowledge of being concerned in acts of this character.

“Then there is a third class—the traders. These are purely mercenary. They have been arrested and placed here for such offences as supplying arms and munitions of war to the Rebels, and would seldom omit an opportunity for traffic if money was to be made, no matter what was the character of the business. Gentlemen do not like to associate with such men on terms of familiarity.

“Among the gentlemen present are ex-Governor Morehead, Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Smith, Marshal Kane, the Police Commissioners of Baltimore, &c. These are State prisoners, and should be confined in a separate place. With them are others who belong to a sub-class—respectable men, but not moving in higher circles. The members of the Legislature of Maryland are of this character.’

“As he was expatiating upon this subject, Marshal Kane came along and invited our informant to come and see the Legislature of Maryland at dinner. They were seated in an apartment at a plain pine table. The food was bread without butter, and coffee without milk. Each man had a tin cup, but no other table service.

“The lack of these elegances greatly annoys the ‘gentlemen’ at Fort LaFayette, and they are of the opinion that they ought to be immured in some ‘respectable’ place of confinement. They would tolerate their condition of durance if their instincts were better regarded.”—*N. Y. Post.*

This is a specimen of the bogus letters that almost daily appeared in the New York papers. No such visitor was at the Fort; no such conversation occurred. The sailors and privateersmen whom the writer separates into two classes were all kept in one room, and all in irons; the other prisoners were herded together without any attempt at classification, save that about forty who had the means to incur the expense formed a mess, conducted by the Sergeant’s wife, who drew our rations and charged us in addition fifty cents per meal and gave us her room to eat in.

Another letter, published the same day in another New York paper, described our fare as fully equal to any of the New York hotels, and that we were given the roof of the Fort for a promenade, where we could be seen any evening enjoying the beautiful scenery and sunsets. Said roof was of shingles, covered with moss, and pitched at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Among the "prisoners of State" was one who received his discharge a few days since; he was a poor deformed man, who made his bread by selling newspapers on the street; and having been found with some contraband newspapers under his arm, (the *New York Daily News*,) was sent to Fort LaFayette; his captors, perhaps getting ashamed of it, sent orders for his release on taking that universal panacea, the "oath of allegiance" to the United States "Government;" he was sent for, and taken to the commander's office, who asked him if he were willing to take the oath; he replied; certainly he was willing to take any oath to obtain his release, and would, with pleasure, if desired, swear that he never was in Fort LaFayette, and never heard of such a place; the commander then commenced reading the oath, but the news-man stopped him, saying he would sign it and swear to it, but would not read or listen to it, as he did not care what it contained; he accordingly took the oath in his own way, underwent the usual search, and departed with as little weight on his conscience as if he had not gone through the necessary form. After "lock-up" played cards on the gun carriage with Mr. Harrison, Frank Howard, and Dr. Thomas, until nine and went to bed; much annoyed during the night by several of the prisoners being sick and having to call the guard to take them to the rear, my bed being alongside the door, I was awakened frequently during the night, had to go out myself, and in the dark fell over a broken flag staff in the yard and hurt myself badly—slept cold and restless.

SEPTEMBER 29.—*Sunday*. Up early, made a cup of coffee and smoked a cigar, the last one I had; made bed and got ready for breakfast; after breakfast, had a visit of inspection from Commander Wood, the *first* time he has honored us with his presence; then an official visit from the doctor of the garrison, first time we have seen him, although we tried very hard to get a sight of him two or three days ago, when one of the prisoners was sick; pointed out to him the unhealthy condition of our quarters, and the

impossibility of preserving our health, if continued in them for any length of time. The doctor fully acknowledged the case, and promised to make a report setting forth the facts: said report, when he finds time to make it, will go to Commander Wood, then to Col. Burke at Fort Hamilton, then to General Scott, then to the War Department, and the answer will come back through the same channels, so we may expect in a few weeks some answer to our appeal for a modification of our discomforts. On our arrival here, our pockets were emptied by the commandant, who kindly took charge of our finances, and informed us he would accept our orders on him for necessary expenses, and promised to send us a receipt for the money he had taken next morning; as the receipt did not come, I sent a special message for it, and obtained it.

Letters distributed to-day; nothing for me; no religious services; so occupied the morning in promenading the court, in reading the newspapers and writing; much difficulty to-day about water; we were put on short allowance the day after we reached here, and to-day only permitted to draw a cup-full at a time, but so far have managed to secure a little to wash my face with; what little we get is the dregs of the cistern;* very offensive to the sight and smell; I have counted in a single glass twenty fully developed tadpoles, varying in length from a quarter to five-eighths of an inch—the barbarity of this treatment may be better understood when it is stated that fresh water is very abundant within half a mile, and there are empty cisterns in the Fort with a capacity of forty thousand gallons that could be filled by the water boats in the same manner as ships are supplied, at very little expense. I suggested this to the commander, who replied it could not be done without permission from Washington.

*I have since been informed by army officers that the Fort had not been garrisoned for more than twenty years, and the cisterns had not been cleaned for that length of time, which accounts for their filthy condition; it was not deemed necessary to clean them for the occupants of a "State Prison."

Dinner at four; exercise and conversation until six, when the doors are locked, and our allowance of *two* candles cut up and distributed; Mr. Harrison read a sermon for us; went to bed at nine, and had a good night's sleep.

SEPTEMBER 30. Delightful morning; feel very well, and nearly over the soreness arising from my fall; succeeded in getting permission from the commander to employ one of the soldiers to clean up our room.

Heretofore we have had our washing done on the main land, through one of the sergeants, and very nicely done, at seventy-five cents per dozen; orders were issued to-day that in future no clothes should be sent out of the Fort to be washed, and gentlemen who desired to have their clothes washed could have it done by sending them to the commandant's quarters, whose wife would superintend it; don't exactly understand how the clothes of over a hundred persons can be washed inside the Fort when we can't get fresh water to wash our faces, and barely enough to quench our thirst; rather think it is a financial scheme of the Governor to increase his own or his wife's revenue; passed the morning as usual, reading, walking, &c.; after dinner Mr. Guthrie, of Virginia, was sent for, and release tendered him on condition of taking the oath, which he declined, and returned to his quarters.

Played cards in the evening with Governor Morehead and Mr. Barr on the top of the washstand, find it better for that purpose than the gun carriage, but expect a table soon, having sent to New York for one. With our limited light it is impossible to read at night, and cards are our only means of beguiling the time.

OCTOBER 1. Rest very much broken by the noise of the sick calling the Sergeant of the Guard to take them to the rear, the door is out of gear and opens with much difficulty and noise, and as my bed is but three feet from it, I get the full benefit; did not get over two hours' sleep during the whole night.

Mail this morning, brings nothing for me, five days here, and not a line from home; occupied the morning in reading the papers, writing and visiting the neighbors; find many agreeable gentlemen among them. Mr. Henry May had a visit from one of his friends, a Major in the Federal army, and a long conversation with him. May freely stated the inhuman manner in which we were treated; officer admitted it and plead stringency of orders from Washington, and want of accommodations at Fort LaFayette for so many prisoners, said the Government was preparing two Forts in Boston harbor for the reception of political prisoners, when they would be more comfortable; this looks like a winter's confinement in the worst climate in the United States;—if the arrangements are no better than here, we shall lose half our number before spring; many of them being old men, and others very delicate and frail in their persons.

After dinner, smoked and promenaded until sun-set, played euchre till nine and went to bed.

OCTOBER 2. Up at day-break, noisy and sleepless night among the sick; after breakfast visited the privateers' room; found seventeen in the room,—found thirteen in chains, three cooking for the other prisoners, and one *very ill*, lying on the floor on a blanket, receiving *no medical attention, whatever*; no beds, and some without blankets; (some discharged last week being British subjects, nevertheless required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States;) took them some bologna sausage and my stock of soft bread, which I no longer require, and made a pitcher of lemonade for the sick man;—two of the political prisoners released this morning; Mr. Fisk of New Orleans, who *bought* his way out,* and a Mr. Bate-

* The only person who appeared to have free access to the Fort and the prisoners, was a lawyer from New York, William H. Ludlow, Esq.

This gentleman, according to Fort gossip, had been at one time the law partner of Mr. Seward, and was ready, at any moment, for a proper consideration, to take up the case of any prisoner who was wearied of

man; an English subject, who was released through the intervention of Lord Lyons. Capital thing, now a days, to be a subject of Queen Victoria, wish my great-great grandfather had staid on to'ther side the water; lost one of our room-mates, Mr. Pitts, who takes Mr. Fisk's vacant place in another room, but gained three others, who were brought in to-day, Mr. Loyall of Norfolk, Va., Mr. Stevens of Charleston, S. C., and Mr. Butt of Portsmouth, Va.; all lieutenants in the Navy, just arrived from long voyages, knowing nothing of the state of affairs here, but being natives of the South, and refusing to engage in a war with their own people, taken out of their ships and sent here; they were fortunate in bringing their mattresses and bedding with them, as nothing is supplied now to the new comers but an iron gridiron bedstead.

Passed the balance of the morning in reading and visiting the other prisoners, sent very polite note to Sergeant of the Guard for a bottle of my whiskey; (which was taken from me for safe keeping at the gate on my arrival) received it, took one drink and passed it round, bottle came back—empty. After dinner promenaded for an hour and retired to my den, received a few articles I ordered from New York, as did most of the others, small pine table, bucket, tin cup, wash bowl, &c., &c., and half a dozen candlesticks, and last, but not least, a box of good sperm

Fort life; he received a number of fees, but on the whole was not as successful, nor found it as profitable, as did an eminent lawyer of Baltimore, who was employed for the same purpose. Some of the prisoners were disposed to give Ludlow the preference, supposing his former connexion with Seward would give him the inside track—but, in November, an order came to Fort Warren, from Mr. Seward, repudiating lawyers in general and Ludlow in particular, and forbidding the prisoners to employ any of them, nevertheless, the Baltimore lawyer was subsequently and successfully employed.

Ludlow, finding himself thus shut out, turned his attention to military matters and was made a Major and soon after a Colonel; he was the Military Secretary of General Dix, in Baltimore, and is now the Commissioner for the Exchange of Prisoners, in both positions I have always heard him kindly spoken of.

candles, so am now independent of the United States as far as artificial light is concerned; threw away the candlestick bottles, lighted four candles, and in honor of the event, got up a game of euchre on my new pine table. Such a flood of light had never before been witnessed in Battery Room No. 6, Fort LaFayette, and as merit always meets its reward (poetically) I won enough to pay for the light,—however, it won't amount to much, as none of the losers have a cent in their pockets, but to make the game more interesting, we imagined the money on the table. Went to bed at nine, and for the first time had an uninterrupted sleep till morning.

OCTOBER 3. Up at daylight and made a thorough ablution, having contrived to get fresh water enough for the purpose; spent a couple of hours in cleaning up my household furniture, and finding places for it; find a gun carriage almost equal to a closet for stowing things away.

Visited sick privateer; Fort Doctor does not pay the slightest attention to him, Drs. Mills and Lynch of our party got permission to visit and attend to him—sent him some lemons and loaf sugar.

Still no letter from home or from New York whither I wrote a week ago for bedding, &c., my letters have certainly been suppressed; wrote home again; seven of the privateers removed this morning to the jail in New York, leaving but ten in their room.

Unexpected liberality to-day on the part of the Government; each one in our room who was without bedding, furnished with a very good moss mattress, very scant in size, that is, in length, breadth and thickness; a pillow and pillow slip and two cotton sheets, great rejoicing thereat; more trouble about drinking water, not allowed to draw a pitcher full, may take a glass to the pump—nothing more—great disgust of Dr. Thomas on viewing the small tadpoles in his glass of water as he held it up to the light to examine it, before putting it to his lips; would have given a five dollar bill for his photograph at

that moment, with the expression of mingled horror, loathing and disgust depicted on his countenance; told him if the tadpoles could stand it, he certainly could, and down it went, with an awfully wry face. Lost another prisoner to-day, Mr. Guthrie of Petersburg, Virginia; released on parole of honor not to visit or correspond with the South.

Had a talk to-day with one of the sergeants about the insolent manner in which the sentries speak to the prisoners. The garrison consists of eighty-four men, all of them Irish except two sergeants, and one private, who is German; the privates are, as a body, the most villianous looking set of miscreants I ever laid eyes on, and their behavior is in perfect consonance with their personal appearance; several of them are known to the naval officers among us as having been in the marine service, and been drummed out as incorrigible. The three sergeants are really decent men in their sphere, were old army soldiers, sent to the Fort as drill officers, and possess as much intelligence and more good manners than would be found in the average of the volunteer colonels and majors in the Federal service.

The Lieutenant Commanding was a Baggage Master or Conductor on the Springfield Rail Road in Illinois, and was detailed by his employers to take charge of Mrs. Lincoln's baggage when she removed to Washington, which duty he performed so well, that he was rewarded with a commission in the United States regular army; a coarse, vulgar fellow without the remotest idea of what belonged to his position as an officer in the army, or even the jailor of a political prison,—but with all the pomposity common to his class and calibre, when placed in a position above their capacity.

The sergeant promised to do his best to stop the insolence of the soldiers.

Usual game of cards in the evening; a nice cup of tea made by Mr. Harrison, with some Maryland biscuit; some fine music from Lieutenant Butt's violin, and to bed.

OCTOBER 4. Anniversary of my birth day, awoke with a severe headache, slept badly; headache no doubt caused from breathing impure air, went to the privateers' room to see how the sick man was, found him no better. "Our keepers grow compassionate," guard came in to take the chains off the privateers' legs; the chains give but a step of twelve inches, and noticed that the poor fellows, after they were off, from the force of long habit, still took the twelve inch step; received letters from home, all well, spent the morning in writing and visiting neighbors, champagne at dinner to-day, present to our mess through Frank Howard, from Hiram Cranston, of the New York Hotel, enjoyed it very much. My talk with the sergeant about the insolence of the soldiers has had some effect, for this morning one of them came into our room, and said very politely, "Gentlemen, the hour for walking has arrived," and at eight o'clock another came in and said, "Gentlemen, breakfast is ready," being the first time we have been recognized as Gentlemen! in this den.

Sick privateer removed to-day to hospital on Staten Island, through the representations of Mr. Henry May, who wrote to his brother, Colonel May, to use his influence to have him removed from here, where death was certain.

Spent the afternoon as usual, smoking, walking and gossiping until lock-up, played cards for an hour with Harrison, Howard and Gordon, listened to some fine music from Lieutenant Butt's violin, and at the last tap of the drum went to bed. The drum tells us when to get up, when to go to our rooms, when to commence undressing, and when to put out the lights;—I am getting quite accustomed to it.

OCTOBER 5. Awoke with severe pains in back and chest, and return of Lumbago; made coffee and drank an excellent anti-fogmatic concocted by Colonel Kane; after breakfast headache left me, and in all probability would not have returned had I not visited No. 3, where my friends had some good whiskey, and I took just one drink

too much; passed the morning as usual, reading the papers, writing and gossip. Dinner at four, champagne again, the last of Mr. Cranston's kind remembrance. At five o'clock ordered to our quarters and locked up for half an hour; great commotion in the garrison, drums beat to arms, sally-port closed, and cannon fired immediately over us in the second story—supposed it was to drill the men for a sudden attack, but subsequently discovered it was to bring to a suspicious looking vessel that was passing out the harbor without answering the signal of the revenue cutter; the firing of the cannon shook the old Fort to its foundation, and knocked the plaster in large quantities from the walls in our room; locked up again at six, and went to bed to the sound of Butt's violin.

OCTOBER 6.—*Sunday*. Good night's rest, although very warm and close, was aroused about ten o'clock last night by fresh arrival of prisoners—fourteen in number, all from Kentucky, two of them put in our room, making our number now thirty-six.

Most of them appear to be farmers, arrested doubtless to intimidate their respective neighborhoods;* all of them

* How far this supposition was true may be judged from the following, taken from the printed proceedings of the United States Senate—the subject of arbitrary arrests being under discussion.

Mr. Powell said he desired to show the particular nature of some of these cases of arrest, and the personal action of the Secretary of State. He read a letter from a citizen of Kentucky, who he said was highly respectable and an undoubted Union man, dated Maysville, May 5th, 1862, which says:

“While Colonel Stanton of this city, was still a prisoner at Fort LaFayette, his brother-in-law, Colonel Throop, employed (through an agency) Mr. Charles T. Mitchell, of Flemingsburg, formerly a member of Congress from New York, and as I knew an intimate friend and correspondent of Seward's, to accompany him (Throop) to Washington, to promote Colonel Stanton's release. They were joined at Washington by Frederick Stanton, a brother of Colonel S. The three called on Seward, T. being introduced by M. They opened their mission by remarking that they had called to see him in reference to the Maysville prisoners. He abruptly replied that those prisoners would not be released. Fred. asked: ‘What are the charges against my brother?’ Seward replied: ‘There are

without a particle of clothing, except what they had on, and no money, and most of them ragged and dirty; Governor Morehead immediately set to work to procure clothes for them, which he did at his own expense.

At ten o'clock, Lieutenant Stevens of the Navy read the Episcopal Church Service, and a sermon from Spurgeon, to a large audience, in our room, and in a very effective manner; after service, visited a neighboring room where I found a handsome lunch set out, received partly from kind friends in Baltimore, and partly from New York; cold ducks, pickles, brandy peaches, cheese, biscuits, &c., with some excellent whiskey, enjoyed it very much, regretted it was not in my power to reciprocate, wrote for an hour until dinner; champagne again on the table, the kind gift of Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, to our mess—water to-day undrinkable, each glass would average a dozen tadpoles from one-quarter to one-half inch long without counting the smaller fish; can't use it without straining, made a private arrangement with sergeant Graves to furnish me with two pitchers of iced spring water, which he can get from the main land, to be delivered at sun-set, daily; this enabled me to give a

no charges against him on file,' and added that the business of his office pressed him too much to entertain inquiries or give explanations. One inquired if it was his purpose to keep citizens imprisoned against whom no charge was made? He answered hastily: 'I don't care a d—n whether they are guilty or innocent. I saved Maryland by similar arrests, and so I mean to hold Kentucky.' To this it was remarked that the Legislature and public sentiment of Kentucky were averse to such arrests. 'I don't care a d—n for the opinion of Kentucky,' he insultingly responded, adding that what he required was to hold her in the Union, and make her fight for it; and then turning fiercely on Mitchell, demanded of him, 'Why the hell are you not at home fighting traitors, instead of seeking their release here?' This is the substance of the interview, as related to me by Col. Throop.'

"Mr. Powell also referred to a letter he had received from A. B. Eshelman, a person whom he did not know, who stated that he is a citizen of Bourbon county, Ky., and has been seven months a prisoner, without charge, &c. This letter is endorsed by L. C. Brown, Post Surgeon at Camp Chase, Ohio, saying he believed the statements therein to be true, and that Eshelman is a good Union man."

glass of water to each of room-mates during the evening, read Tennyson and Macauley until nine and went to bed.

OCTOBER 7. Usual morning routine, prison life becoming very monotonous, one day marvellously like another; large arrival of prisoners to-day—three North Carolina gentlemen, passengers on board an English vessel from Halifax to Hatteras Inlet;—not being aware of the capture of the Forts, and seeing the Confederate flag still flying at Fort Hatteras, ran in and anchored under the guns of the Fort, and did not know any better until the Federal officers came on board and took possession of them, Captain Berry of Brooklyn, Commander of one of the New York and Charleston steamers, and eighteen sailors taken from various vessels, which were captured while endeavoring to run the blockade; most of them from English vessels; they were all immediately put in irons and quartered in the privateers' room, making *thirty* in that room fourteen by twenty-two feet—and equalising the arch, but six and a half feet in height—almost, if not quite equal to the Black Hole of Calcutta—Captain Berry * placed in

* Captain Berry was very much alarmed until he reached our room, he was kept in the Guard House until all the prisoners who came with him were ironed, and took it for granted he was to share their fate, until he was brought to other quarters, although naturally red in the face, he came in very pale; we found him an agreeable companion, intelligent, and liberal with his means, he slept along side of me when Mr. Harrison left our room. He was released in the early part of May and died shortly after his arrival home in Brooklyn, from a fit of apoplexy, with which he had several times been threatened while in Fort Warren. He was the pioneer of steam navigation between New York and Charleston, and commanded the Steamer Columbia at the commencement of the War, his offence was hoisting the Palmetto flag while going into Charleston; he made several trips after the secession of South Carolina, and was in the habit of displaying the State flag of South Carolina when entering Charleston harbor, and the United States flag when entering New York harbor. He was a large property holder in both cities. The telegram on which he was arrested described him as "*a dangerous man going at large.*"—The Palmetto flag had been used by him as above stated for fifteen years, as the private signal of his ship, a finer specimen of the frank, manly, and open hearted sailor, or a less "*dangerous*" man to the Government could not be found.

our room, made a bed for him with my rocking chair and some benches, and a pallet of straw,—drinking water entirely out, received my two pitchers of ice water from sergeant Graves and served it round in our room, a small glass full to each, played cards for a couple of hours and went to bed; awful stench in room from some undiscovered cause.

OCTOBER 8. Awoke at day break after a good night's sleep, which surprised everybody in the room except the Governor, as all of them were awake most of the night from the stench and closeness of the room; did not make coffee this morning as the tadpoles predominated over the water; at nine, a north-east rain storm set in, which confined us to our rooms and compelled us to put on overcoats; but we will be compensated by the cisterns being partially filled, which will give us water to drink. Mail came in, no letters for me, but received the Baltimore papers, the "*American*" full of lies in regard to us, and known to be so by the Editors,—had to remain in doors all the morning in consequence of the storm, very cold and raw, moderated in the afternoon sufficient to promenade for an hour; usual game of cards in the evening, and to bed at nine.

OCTOBER 9. Very cold and raw morning; how we are to remain here during the winter can't imagine, our room is very much exposed to the weather, with a brick floor and no fireplace; and when the doors are shut, no light. The arrangements here for prisoners would disgrace any half civilized nation. Had to read and write to-day with an overcoat on and a blanket wrapped round me;—heard from home, wife very much distressed at my absence, and the prospect of its continuance; at noon Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Warfield, Mr. Daniel Warfield, and the sister and niece of Mr. Harrison, visited the Fort by special permit of General Scott, and were permitted to converse with their friends for an hour in the presence and

hearing of the Commandant; saw them at a distance and thought it an unpleasant interview for all the parties; they all seemed to think our detention would not be very long.

Fourteen of the sailor prisoners discharged to-day—mostly subjects of foreign powers, all of them required to take the oath of allegiance,—one of them, Captain Barklie of Nassau, Captain of an English vessel from Nassau to Charleston, prevented two or three of his own crew from taking the oath, by telling them they would lose the protection of their own government, for which interference he is promised punishment, and will doubtless receive it.*

Had a visit from Major Clitz, an officer from Fort Hamilton, who went through our room, and agreed with us that the accommodations were disgraceful to the Government, but could do nothing for us,—was a soldier and had to obey orders,—said the scarcity of water should be obviated by sending water from New York twice a week,—advised us to draw up a statement of the facts and forward it to the President,—did so, which was signed by most of the prisoners; wrote home giving some description of our prison life; received a small lot of stationery, my portion of a present from Miss Lucas of Baltimore, to the Baltimore delegation, very opportune, for most of mine had been used by my fellow prisoners.

After dinner, usual exercise, and cards at night with Messrs. May, Howard, and Thomas; the drum sent us to bed at half past eight, the rules give us to 9.15, but to suit the convenience of somebody, the Fort clock is made too fast by three-quarters of an hour.

* He did receive it, for a day or two afterwards he was removed to the common Jail in New York, and a couple of weeks afterwards sent to Bedloe's Island, where he was kept in close confinement;—on the general transfer of prisoners to Fort Warren, he was sent thither and quartered in No. 45,—he was there, however, subject to no personal indignity, and in January was sent to New York, where they wanted him as a witness in some trial for the condemnation of a ship; being an English subject, I suppose he has been released.

OCTOBER 10. Bad night's sleep; much interruption from the sick calling the sentinel to take them to the rear; morning very cold and unpleasant; walked continually as the only means of keeping warm; wrote to General Dix, asking him to have my lost baggage hunted up; and home to say I was well, rather a story, for I am quite unwell to-day; received a long letter from home; wife very gloomy; gloomy myself; can't help it; why am I dragged from my home and family and incarcerated in this filthy prison, without the slightest charge or accusation, and not even permitted to ask why this outrage has been perpetrated—can or will a just God permit these things to continue?*

This morning a boat arrived from New York with three thousand gallons of water, which was emptied into one of the cisterns; it was badly wanted, for what little water that remained in the cistern had become too offensive to drink; even with straining. Weather cold and raw all day, wrote with overcoat on and blanket wrapped round my legs; how we will get through the winter if kept in this place, God only knows; the Lumbago has returned, and it is with great difficulty and pain I can get up in the morning; several of our number are now sick, and, in addition, a cutaneous disease has made its appearance among us; six of my room-mates are now affected by it; it is not the itch, although it has every appearance of it; there is no hospital in the Fort, and the sick have to take their chance with the well.

It is not permitted to have a light in the room for any purpose after quarter past nine o'clock; Dr. McGill got permission to-day to use a light, temporarily, (but it must

*The wife of one of my fellow prisoners writes to-day, that in company with one or two other ladies, she visited the President to obtain, if possible, some modification of our treatment.

The President received them very politely, listened to all they had to say, and informed them that he had nothing to do with the Baltimore prisoners, they were Seward's prisoners, and declined interference.

From this we may infer that each head of the Government has his own set of captives, over whom he exercises exclusive jurisdiction and control:

be put out immediately,) if he found it necessary to give medicine to the sick during the night, and it must be used for no other purpose. Took but little exercise to-day, being cold and rainy, and suffering much from my back; after dark tried to pass an hour at cards but had to give it up and go to bed. Another visit from the garrison doctor; he don't think the cutaneous disorder spreading among us of any consequence.

OCTOBER 11. Passed a very restless night, suffered much from Lumbago, and scarcely able to get about this morning; weather damp and murky; visited the "United States Hotel," as it is pleasantly termed by those who live at it, as do all but the forty who compose our mess; inspected the food and table furniture—each boarder furnished with a tin plate and cup, an iron spoon and knife, four ounces of fat pork, a slice of bread and a tin cup of coffee, so-called, sweetened with molasses—tasted the coffee, but could not detect the presence of the berry, perhaps a chemical analysis might detect *a trace* of it, perhaps not. This is the bill of fare for breakfast and supper; at dinner it is varied by the substitution of bean soup for coffee, and occasionally an Irish potato—an application for "more" would astonish the head cook as much as Oliver Twist's did the work-house beadle.

Several other messes are now in process of formation who propose to draw their rations and cook them themselves, with such additions as they can get from New York. Fifteen or twenty cents a day additional will enable them to live very well, but they will find cooking in their rooms a great nuisance.

A new prisoner came in to-day, Mr. De Costa, of Charleston, and one discharged, Mr. Anderson. Dr. McGill, of Hagerstown, was sent for to the office, and offered his release on taking the new oath, but declined and returned to his room.

Mr. Henry May received notice in the afternoon of the death of his brother. He asked permission of the Govern-

ment some days since to visit his brother, that he might have the melancholy pleasure of being with him in his last moments, which was refused, but at eight o'clock this evening a message came that he might go to the funeral, on his parole of honor to return as soon as it was over; he left immediately for New York; hope he will not return, as another month's confinement in this place will certainly kill him in his delicate state of health; took a parting glass with him and sent message to my family.

Marshal Kane was removed to-day to Fort Columbus, on Governor's Island, five or six miles from here. He has been very unwell for some time, and made such representations of his condition as induced the Government to remove him to Fort Columbus, where he will have much better quarters and larger space to exercise.

OCTOBER 12. Awoke much refreshed, slept better than for several nights; weather cold, but clear and bracing; put on overcoat and blanket to read the paper. Another arrival to-day, Mr. Carter, of Baltimore, an old friend; surprised to see him here; advised him to take Henry May's vacant place in our mess, which he did, and was very thankful when he found out how he would have fared had there not been a vacancy for him. Passed the day as usual, reading, writing, smoking and walking; locked up in our rooms this morning for an hour while the garrison were firing on a passing vessel to bring her to, which they did with a vengeance—one of the balls passing clean through her, as she did not come about as quick as the commander thought she might; we could see the operation through the embrasures in our room. On such occasions we are always locked up; perhaps they think we might take the Fort while they are busy up stairs with the guns. Took Mr. Carter around and introduced him to make him feel as much *at home* as possible; played cards after dark with Governor Morehead and Mr. Barr, and went to bed at nine, after drinking an excellent cup of tea of Mr. Harrison's concocting, and a brandy punch of my own.

OCTOBER 13.—*Sunday*. Delightful morning, cold and bracing; capital night's sleep and very much refreshed; spent an hour in putting things to rights at my end of the room and in making coffee for as many of my immediate neighbors as the machine would admit of. At eleven church service and reading a sermon by Lieutenant Stevens to a very attentive audience; special prayers offered for Mrs. George S. Gelston, a lady living opposite the Fort, who never lets a day pass without sending something to the prisoners, fruits, flowers, &c., and often more substantial articles, but for her the poor privateers and sailors would have been without clothing or shoes; nor is her kindness confined to the prisoners here, those who have been removed to the jail in New York are equally the recipients of her bounty. She was for a while prohibited by orders from Washington from sending anything to the prisoners, and wrote a letter to Seward in which she insisted on knowing whether, after having suspended the Habeas Corpus, the Constitution and the Laws of the country, it was a part of his policy to suspend the Laws of Humanity. The letter was published, and resulted in the restrictions on her charities being removed. After service read the newspapers from home and from New York, full, as usual, of lies in relation to Maryland; exercise after dinner, and the evening church service read at five o'clock by Lieutenant Stevens; after lock-up read the English papers—London Weekly Dispatch, Saturday Review and Dublin Times; they seem to understand matters in this country better than nine-tenths of our own people. It is really refreshing after reading the scurrilous political papers of this country to pick up a dignified English Magazine or Review; a cup of tea made by Mr. Harrison, a nice punch, and to bed.

OCTOBER 14. Very cold morning; had to wear overcoats and blankets to enable me to read the papers; if the devil don't get the people who have charge of us it would be as well to abolish the office of devil altogether

as useless ; received letters to day from C. W. Lentz, Baltimore, and Frank Inloes, New York, asking what they could do for me ; also from Wm. Jones, New York, sending me a very acceptable supply of bed clothing, of which I was much in need ; wrote to him for a feather bed and some other articles which I want. This morning Wm. L. Montague, of Baltimore, sent us a barrel of stores, everything good he could think of. May God bless him.

Several prisoners released to-day, Mr. Wilder, Mr. Stannard and Mr. Payne ; could not ascertain the conditions of their release ; and one new arrival, Colonel Tyler, of the Confederate Army, who was quartered in our room ; usual routine for the day and evening—cards at night ; would have read in preference but had not sufficient light and quiet ; my end of the room is getting to be a favorite place for loafers:

OCTOBER 15. Much trouble among the sick last night, aggravated by the refusal of the Corporal of the Guard to permit a light in the room to give medicine by, notwithstanding the commandant had given permission to that effect ; told the corporal that one of the prisoners was very sick, he replied he did not care if there was, we should not have a light, so sick man had to go without his medicine.

Beautiful, bright and pleasant morning, more like May than October ; was locked up for an hour while they were firing at some passing vessel ; at twelve they commenced firing minute guns for the death of General Gibson, the first one of which knocked the glass out of the embrasure window next to me, and the succeeding ones demolished sashes of most of the other embrasures ; this may be regarded as a calamity, as it is not likely they will be replaced for weeks, and we shall have no protection whatever from the weather, unless we board them up, which will shut out what little of light we have.

Number of prisoners in the Fort to-day—room No. 1, ten ; No. 2, eleven ; No. 3, nine ; No. 4, nine ; No. 5, thirty-five ; No. 6, thirty-seven. Quite an amusing incident

occurred this morning: one of the Kentucky "prisoners of State," who is half an idiot, went on the Fort wharf (which was against the rules) and stood there for some time looking at a vessel that had brought a load of fire-wood for the Fort; one of the sentinels noticing him, and supposing him to be one of the crew of the vessel, went up and ordered him to go on board, and not dare to come on the wharf again without permission; this the fellow refused, insisting that he had as good a right in the Fort as the soldier had; quite an altercation ensued, when the sentinel attempted to drive him on board at the point of the bayonet, but "Kentucky" was too much for him; some of the guard came to the rescue, and one of them, recognising the prisoner, stopped the fray and took him inside the Fort. "Kentucky" had no idea of being driven from his home in such an unceremonious manner. Three of our room-mates this morning removed to an adjacent battery room, hitherto unoccupied, and seven taken from another crowded room, relieving both rooms very much; the ten propose forming a mess and cooking their own rations, and have sent to New York for a stove for the purpose.

Mayor Brown had a visit to day from his wife, son and daughter, by permission of General Scott, and remained with them several hours, but in the presence of an officer.

Wrote long letter to wife, she does not get half the letters I write her, getting very tired of my imprisonment as the excitement and novelty pass off, and begin to feel gloomy at the prospect of remaining here during the winter—new order posted in our rooms to-day, "Prisoners are forbidden to speak to, or recognize any visitors." Some of us had touched our hats to Mrs. Brown as she stood on the balcony opposite our quarters, and such a breach of discipline cannot be permitted.

OCTOBER 17. Quite unwell this morning, head-ache and severe pain in the back; weather cold and raw, with North-east wind. Mail came in, no letters for me, made half a dozen cups of coffee for some of the boarders at the

“United States Hotel,” which they relished very much; the stuff the Government calls coffee is warm water sweetened with molasses; the presence of coffee cannot be detected by the taste, although no doubt some is put into the liquid. Two of our number released to-day, Mr. Muir, of Charleston, on condition he would go to Europe, and remain there during the war, and Mr. Chapin, of Mississippi, on parole not to return to, nor correspond with the South. Received box from home filled with good things,—after dark had a nice set out for the whole room, the Government boarders enjoyed it very much; during the evening Dr. Thomas went to one of the embrasure windows to get a little fresh air, as the room was very close, sentinel on the outside ordered him away, and informed him that he would “blow out his brains if he did not leave the window immediately;” Doctor left.

OCTOBER 18. Awoke very much refreshed from a good night's sleep, without disturbance; weather raw and rainy; occupied the morning in cleaning up my end of the room, including the gun carriage, which answers very well for shelving; the mail came in—received a very pleasant letter from wife; all well at home.

Another arrival in the morning, Mr. Isaac G. Mask, of Baltimore; Mr. Harrison left our room this morning to go into number three, where there is a vacancy; sorry to part with him—he was my next neighbor, and almost my bed-fellow, for there was but six inches between us; general regret expressed at parting with him, he was so kind and attentive to the sick, and generally useful, glad, however, that he will be more comfortable, as the room he removes to has a fire place in it. Governor Morehead also left us for the same room, and while consoling ourselves for their absence with the thought that we should have more room, three new prisoners were brought in, and quartered on us, Drs. Page and Lindsey, and Lieutenant Dalton of the Navy, just returned from sea, sent hither because they would not take the new oath of allegiance;

got them fixed for sleeping by contribution, as the Government has run out of bedsteads, straw and blankets; fortunately they have their own mattresses and blankets which will arrive in a day or two.

New regulations posted to-day in all the rooms; we are forbidden to write long letters, and must write to our correspondents that their letters to us must be very short, and very plainly written; our correspondence is read partly by Lieutenant Wood, and partly by Colonel Burke, at Fort Hamilton, and must consume a great deal of their time, as they do not mail our letters for three or four days after they are written, or deliver them for three or four days after their arrival, it takes eight days to get an answer from New York, and ten days from Baltimore; when our letters contain any objectionable matter, they are returned to us with the endorsement of Colonel Burke, stating the cause; the Colonel's early education has evidently been sadly neglected, as his chirography is almost undecipherable, and he spells "female" with a "phe."

I complained one day to the Commandant, of the delay in mailing our letters; he excused himself on the ground that he had so many other duties to perform, and that he had to take extracts from the letters, such as would give any information to the Government, particularly such as related to the financial affairs of the writers, adding, that "*he got a great deal of information from them.*"*

* As I avoided political matters as much as possible in my correspondence, it was rarely interfered with, that is, it was not returned to me, although many of my letters failed to reach my family, and I seldom wrote to others.

One specimen, however, of the paternal care exercised by the authorities at Washington may be cited.

My wife, in writing to me on purely domestic matters, proposed sending one of our daughters to school, to Streeter's, a teacher of some note in Baltimore, and asked my views about it; not being at the moment very amiably disposed towards Yankees or Abolitionists—I replied—

"Streeter is a Yankee Abolitionist and has contributed his full share in producing the causes which have disrupted the country and sent me to Fort LaFayette, and I do not desire any of our children placed under his

Another order posted to-day, forbidding the use of any liquor among the prisoners, except a limited quantity on the dinner table of our mess. The Commandant expressed himself, a day or two since, that we had entirely too many privileges and has commenced curtailing them; great consternation and indignation among those who are in the habit of taking an appetiser before dinner, and a settler after dinner,—in the evening read the English papers until nine.

OCTOBER 19. Slept but little last night; shortly after getting to sleep was awakened by the groans of Mr. Carter, who had the cramp colic very badly—got up and boiled some water with my spirit lamp for him to drink with mustard; Dr. McGill succeeded in relieving him in about an hour; the doctor made him drink as much mustard and hot water as I thought would have killed two men; told the doctor so, he laughed and said that in such cases a mustard plaster inside was more effective than one outside; had to get special permission from the Sergeant of the Guard to light the candle to give Carter his medicine, who granted it for only five minutes; no candles given out last night; Government run out of candles; fortunately, several of us have received some from New York.

Dull, foggy morning; every thing saturated with mist; matches all spoiled from damp; green mould appearing in spots on the gun carriage; horrible place this for well people, to say nothing of the sick; lost another prisoner to-day, Mr. Walker, of New York.

After dinner, a new order posted on the walls; no liquor allowed on our mess table; total prohibition; in the afternoon, the Doctor wanted some of his *own* whiskey to rub the chest of one of the sick, and it was refused, even for that purpose; played cards for a couple of hours and went to bed; room horribly close and damp.

guidance, send her to some other school." The Commander considered this of sufficient importance to send the letter to Washington; the authorities there, after carefully erasing that portion, mailed the letter to my wife.

OCTOBER 20. Arose with bad headache from closeness of the room ; dissipated by a cup of coffee, together with an hour's walk in the cool bracing air ; the storm having passed.

Church service at eleven o'clock by Lieutenant Stevens ; not so well attended as on last Sunday, only about fifty of the prisoners present ; weather so pleasant after several days of fog and mist, that many preferred walking in the yard ; was informed that his excellency Governor Morgan of New York, having our spiritual welfare at heart, would send us a preacher, if we desired it—declined it, as we did not want any religious adviser of his choosing.

No letters distributed since Friday, although they arrive regularly every morning ; fear our correspondence is to be stopped. This morning, James M. Haig, of Baltimore, whose mind has been giving way for several days, was taken to the guard house, and placed in close confinement ; no one permitted to see him ; he thinks his room mates intend to kill him ; the Commandant thinks he is shamming.

Dreadful long faces to-day, “water, water, every where, and not a drop to drink!” great outcry against the tyranny of depriving a man of his own liquor, sentinels growing more impudent, symptoms all round showing increased stringency in the discipline ; official notice given to-day, that in future the allowance of candles would be reduced to one candle per night for the battery rooms, and half a candle for the casemates ; fortunately our supply from New York has not given out, and I wrote to-day for more.

It was stated to-day that the order to stop all liquor came from Colonel Burke, on the representation of Lieutenant Wood, that the sentries had been made drunk on liquor given them by the prisoners, which was false ; the fact is, the sentries by some means got access to the room where our liquors were stored, and for some time past have been liberally stealing them, and as they got drunk, it was necessary to charge it on somebody, and the result is that our grog has been stopped, and Colonel Burke is very

“*indignant* ;” a bottle of blackberry brandy of mine, which I was keeping for medicinal purposes, was in the store-room on Friday night, and on Saturday morning I found the empty bottle with several others on the wood pile outside the Fort.

Two of the sentries who got drunk and refused to tell where they got the liquor, have been undergoing punishment for three days past ; as flogging has been humanely (?) abolished in the army, other punishments have to be resorted to, one is compelled to walk twelve hours a day with his hands ironed behind his back, and sixty pounds of bricks in his knapsack, strapped to his back, (he has not a particle of stoop in his shoulders,) the other has his hands ironed behind, with a bar of iron fastened to the cuffs to keep his arms in one position ; his legs chained together and mounted on the top of an empty barrel in the centre of the parade ground ; one of the Irish washwomen occasionally holds a cup of water to their lips, and from their woe-begone appearance to-day, one would suppose they might now safely be trusted with untold whiskey ; towards evening, a third one made his appearance on the parade ground, with his hands behind him and the bricks on his back ; he was detected in substituting blocks of wood for the bricks in the knapsack of number one, who was his particular friend ; a fourth one had offended, but the Commandant contented himself by kicking the culprit down stairs, using his foot with great effect.

Evening prayers read by Mr. Stevens at five, read Macauley until nine, and to bed.

OCTOBER 21. Excellent night's sleep, the cool weather has much improved the condition of our room ; made coffee for half a dozen, the best I ever made, having invented a new process for concocting it ; received a long and pleasant letter from my eldest daughter, all well at home, they had a visit from Henry May who gave them a satisfactory account of our mode of life ; received box from New York, with feather bed and some bedding I wrote for, for myself

and friends. New arrival to-day, Mr. Shaver, from Toronto, Canada; suppose as he is a "British subject" he will be released as soon as the British Consul hears of his imprisonment; lucky thing now-a-days to have been born in England, or any where outside of the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave!" Strong symptoms to-day of rebellion against the new liquor law; as I have a small private stock stowed away in the gun-carriage it don't affect me, but as it is generally known I have it, it does seriously affect my stock, which is rapidly diminishing.

Haig raving mad to-day; Commandant won't let any of his friends see him, or even the doctors among us; during the evening his shrieks could be heard all over the Fort; he was put in double irons and gagged; small chance for his life, as the Surgeon of the Garrison lives on the main land, and only occasionally visits the Fort. British Consul, from New York, came in the afternoon to look after British subjects; pity we had not an American Consul to look after American subjects. Shaver sent a note to the Consul by one of the sergeants, informing him of his arrest; sergeant handed the note to the Consul instead of giving it to Lieutenant Wood, and letting it reach its destination in that way, for which blunder, sergeant was put in the guard house. Consul demanded to see Mr. Shaver; was told he could not see him without a permit from Mr. Seward.*

After dark played cards for a couple of hours.

* Shaver accompanied us to Fort Warren, and early in November received a letter from Lord Lyons, stating that he had failed to obtain from Mr. Seward, either his discharge or the reasons for his arrest, and had referred the case to the Government at home. Shaver in the meantime was offered his release on condition of his taking the oath of allegiance to the United States; he was finally released about the first of January. His case was brought before the House of Lords in February, and elicited a long debate, several of the speakers insisting that the Government should sustain Mr. Shaver's claims for damages.

OCTOBER 22. Slept soundly last night in my new bed; fellow-prisoners say I am getting too luxurious and must be taken down; morning cold and bracing. Writing alongside a thirty-two pound cannon, on the gun carriage, on a brick floor, without fire, and the door wide open to give light to write by, is getting rather uncomfortable, still I stand it very well. Another arrival this morning, Mr. Pierce, of New Orleans, and three discharges yesterday, Messrs. Sullivan, Corrie and P., the latter has been here only a week, and is generally believed to be a Government spy, the former is a lawyer in New York, who volunteered his services as counsel to defend the privateers, and was immediately arrested and sent here. An hour after his release an order came revoking it, but he had gone and they let him alone.

Some ten days ago a petition was sent to the President, signed by all the Doctors in the Fort and the Surgeon of the Garrison, for the release of Mr. Quinlan, of Baltimore county, on the score of ill-health, all expressing their belief that he could not survive a protracted confinement; he has for a long time been afflicted with a chronic dysentery; yesterday he was sent for to go to the office, and offered his release if he would take the new oath of allegiance to the Government, and give his parole of honor, not to return to the State of Maryland; the former he was willing to do, in view of his physical condition, but declined the latter, as he had no place but his home to go to; this looks like an intention on the part of the Government to exile us; in fact they appear to be embarrassed to know what to do with us.

Played cards in the evening with Dr. Thomas and Mr. Barr, of Kentucky, until nine.

OCTOBER 23. Excellent night's sleep; new bed and clean linen sheets act like a charm; was aroused about daylight by the shrieks of Haig, who is now raving mad; could discover by the suppressed stifle, that the guards were again gagging him; no one permitted to see him; made coffee

for myself and immediate neighbors; two new prisoners to-day—Flanders brothers, from New York State, editors of newspapers, who preferred peace to war, and hence are here;* and one release, Mr. McMasters, of New York, editor of the "*Freeman's Journal*," which was suppressed by the Government some time since—its title not corresponding with the times; he took the oath annexed to a written protest against its legality, and the outrage to his person and property in arresting him and suppressing his paper; *query?* how much does Mr. Seward care for that? Took cold to-day—which settled in my head and eyes; nearly blinding me; could not see during the afternoon to read or write; and went to bed at six o'clock; laid awake until twelve with intense pain in my eyes—and had an uneasy sleep the balance of the night.

OCTOBER 24. Cold much better, and pain in the eyes nearly gone; weather very cold; read the papers and wrote, wrapped up in blankets; at eleven o'clock, steam tug came with our stoves and carpets, the latter, made of coarse plaited rope which will hold all the dirt that can be got into the interstices; carpet put down; two strips the length of the room, and one at the foot of each row of beds; stoves brought in, but not fixed up.

Two prisoners discharged to-day: Mr. Snable, of Pennsylvania, and Captain Hagelin, of Baltimore,—the former swearing vengeance against Simon Cameron, who, he insists, had him arrested for private reasons; the latter, the master of a bay schooner running between Baltimore and the Patuxent river, who says he was taken out of his ves-

* F. D. Flanders was the editor of the "*Franklin Gazette*," Malone, New York, at the time of his arrest—his paper was interdicted through the mails—his wife, a spunky woman, continued to publish it: writing the editorials herself, and having it distributed through the adjacent counties by special carriers; notwithstanding the prohibition, copies of the paper would occasionally reach the Fort, and the spicy editorials of the lady editor afforded us much amusement.

His brother, James R. Flanders, was a lawyer, and subsequently elected to the bench; Government made nothing out of the arrest of either.

sel in the river by one of the tug boats: does not know why; and has never heard of his vessel since; and don't know why he is released; he has been here nearly three months.

Haig, the crazy man, worse to-day; tried to get out of the guard house—and although heavily ironed, it took five men to hold him; I witnessed it, and with the supernatural strength madmen have, he knocked the soldiers about as if they were so many children; finally they were compelled to use the butts of their guns before they could get him back.

Two more of the soldiers promenading the parade ground to-day with their knapsacks full of bricks and their arms ironed behind their backs; their offence is smuggling liquor into the Fort; the severest punishment I ever saw; No. 1, spoken of last week, continues his daily walk of twelve hours, and No. 2 still acts as overseer from the head of his barrel: No. 3, who substituted the blocks of wood for the bricks in the knapsack of his friend, was relieved after a couple of days punishment; it would be much better to tie them up and flog them, but the regulations of the army forbid it.

Played cards for a couple of hours after dark, and just as I was going to bed, the door was opened and a new prisoner thrust in, and the door closed and locked without any remark or explanation from the sergeant; the most bewildered man I ever saw; looking at him a moment I recognized him as one of my youthful acquaintances, Dr. Jeffrey, of the navy, a native of Virginia, who had just returned from the coast of Africa, and declining to take the oath, taken out of his ship and sent hither; they would not give him time to get his baggage, so he came among us entirely destitute, had to stir myself to get a bed fixed for him on some benches, before the drum told us to put out the lights.

To me, it appears one of the most barbarous and disgraceful features of this war, to take Southern gentlemen, who have made it a point of honor to bring their ships

into Northern ports, and resign their commissions, when they might have with perfect ease, taken them into Southern ports; and immediately on their arrival send them as prisoners to the Forts.* I am sometimes disposed to agree with one of the English reviews I received last week, in the assertion, that "whatever may be the result of the war, one result is certain, that of thoroughly brutalizing the Northern mind."

OCTOBER 25. Cold, clear morning, slept well last night, had to dress in the dark as it is too cold to open the doors; read for a couple of hours at one of the embrasures, wrapped up in blankets, and walked for an hour to get warm; stoves in the room, but stove pipes not yet arrived.

Grand distribution of furniture to-day, I got a chair, a pitcher that was stolen five minutes afterwards, a good writing table and a husk mattress, six inches too short and ten inches too narrow for my bedstead; increased the size of it with boards, and with my own bedding on top, and a pair of clean linen sheets and pillow slips, and my new blue and white marseilles quilt, made a bed that was the remark and envy of the whole party. Dr. Nathan R. Smith, of Baltimore, sent us a large box of his splendid grapes, which was received to-day; it was a present to the Baltimore delegation; I picked out a bunch for myself and put it carefully away under the gun carriage, intending

*The most of this class of prisoners were exchanged from time to time during the winter; their exchange was a matter of special negotiation in each case, for some particular prisoner in Richmond whose friends in the North were anxious to have released.

The difficulty arose from the refusal of the Southern Government to place on an equality, as subjects for exchange, officers who were fairly taken in battle against officers who were kidnapped in Northern ports on their return from service abroad. Many of those gentlemen had opportunities to leave their ships, while in the West Indies and elsewhere, and return to their homes in the South, but declined deserting their trust until they handed over their ships to the Government, and then resigned, immediately to be arrested, and in some instances confined in common jails until the officers were ready to take them to some of the Forts.

to eat it at night, and distributed the balance of my share among my room mates; when I went to get it after dark, found somebody had stolen it, so got none of the grapes; inquired, but nobody took it.

About nine o'clock, another prisoner was unceremoniously thrust into our room, who looked as bewildered as did Dr. Jeffrey, recognized him also as one of my early acquaintances, Captain Shields, formerly of the United States Army,* a native of Virginia, but a resident of Vermont; he too, was without baggage or bedding, put three benches together and made a bed for him; he was much astonished at the looks of things in general, had been informed by the Marshal that he would be provided with "furnished quarters."

OCTOBER. 26. Slept well, was not disturbed by the sick during the night; rainy morning, but not so cold as yesterday, remained in doors, reading and writing. Noticed a new face on the barrel in the parade ground, the old occupant had been taken down, and set to walking, the offence of the new one is said to be insolence to the commanding officer; if every soldier who had been insolent to us were punished in the same way, the parade ground would be full of barrels; some of the gentlemen think it a cruel and barbarous mode of punishment; perhaps it is, but my compassion for the miserable wretches is considerably lessened from the fact that those who are undergoing the punishment, are those who have been most prominent in their insolence to us; even S. says, that if the Lord

* Captain H. L. Shields was a native of Norfolk, Va., and of course an object of suspicion, although he had been for many years a resident of Vermont, the more so, as he had a brother in the Confederate service. He was on his farm, near Bennington, superintending his laborers, when a messenger arrived, stating that a friend of his was at the Railroad station, and desired to see him before the train started; on repairing to the station in company with the messenger, instead of his friend, he found two United States Marshals, who immediately seized him, put him on the train and took him to Fort LaFayette, without permitting him to see or inform his family of his arrest, or to obtain a change of clothing.

will forgive him for what he has done in behalf of the Irish in past years, he will promise to sin no more.

Usual routine for the day ; reading, writing and exercise until the drum beat for us to go to our rooms ; took tea with the new mess at the other end of our room, and helped the set out with some of my own stores ; their cooking apparatus will not improve the atmosphere of our room. Played euchre with Dr. Lindsey, Messrs. Pierce and Barr until tattoo.

OCTOBER 27.—*Sunday*. About ten o'clock last night, just as I was getting to sleep, the alarm was given that one of the prisoners had escaped, but was in a few minutes retaken,—it turned out to be Mr. Lowber, of New Orleans, who was arrested on his way home from Europe ;—he had by some means got the iron bars of the embrasure window open, and crawled through in nearly a nude state, having packed his clothes in a tub, and put a life preserver round him, expecting to be able to swim to the main land ; he is a tolerably old man, very deaf, and can't see without glasses, and is evidently crazy to think of such a thing with the tide running four or five miles an hour, and the almost certainty of being chilled to death, before he could reach the shore ; he was taken to the guard house, and put in double irons, where he will doubtless remain until the Commandant thinks him sufficiently punished ; he begged them to let him have his bed, but they refused ; all they would give him was a brick to put under his head.

He must have had some understanding with the sentinel whom he expected to be on guard at that particular part of the Fort on the outside, and made some miscalculation about the time ; after he got outside, and was discovered, the sentry commenced calling lustily for the Sergeant of the Guard ; those near the window who could hear what was going on, say that when Lowber found he had made a mistake in the sentinel, he offered him his watch and forty-five dollars in gold that he had with him to let him go ; the sentinel replied, "it is too late, I have

called the Sergeant!" This morning the baggage and bedding of some of those in the same room were searched under the suspicion that they were preparing for a similar attempt, nothing however was found; I witnessed the search, which was done in a very offensive manner.*

Early this morning, before I was up, Lieutenant Wood entered the room with an officer in an undress uniform; supposing it to be another prisoner I remonstrated against his bringing any more prisoners into our already overcrowded room; he informed me it was Colonel Burke, his superior officer.

Burke is commander of the Forts Hamilton and LaFayette, the latter being a dependency of the former; he resides at Fort Hamilton, and this is the *first time* he has been at Fort LaFayette since the 5th of August, although it is only half a mile distant, leaving its government entirely to Lieutenant Wood, who styles himself "Lieutenant Commandant," and always writes it in full with a large flourish!

The object of Colonel Burke's visit to our room was not to inspect it, but to loan Captain Shields, who was an old comrade of his, and served with him in Mexico, a clean shirt; this done, he took his departure, without looking round or speaking to any other prisoner; this was the first and the last we ever saw of our commander-in-chief.

* The day before we left Fort Lafayette, Lowber's irons were taken off, and he was returned to his room; on the voyage to Fort Warren, he planned another escape, but was dissuaded by his friends, and again at Fort Warren, a letter of his to Boston was intercepted, where he wrote for two life preservers to be sent in a barrel of apples, but the officers took no notice of it.

He was a wealthy machinist from New Orleans, a man of great energy, and was returning home from Europe when he was arrested; we found him of great service in our mess, his specialities were omelettes and coffee, in the manufacture of which he excelled.

He was finally released in January, on condition that he would go to Europe; during the summer he attempted to reach his home by way of Nassau, but was captured in attempting to run the blockade, and is now a prisoner in Fort Jackson, below New Orleans.

Haig, the insane man, was removed yesterday; could not find out whither he was sent, none of his friends were permitted to see him when he was leaving; the garrison were all glad to get rid of him, as he gave them so much trouble and required constant watching.

Had church service at eleven by Mr. Stevens and a sermon read from Pusey; one of the prisoners sent to New York for a small instrument, so we now have music with the service. After dinner we had an official visit from the United States Marshal of New York, and Simeon Draper, one of the city officials, doubtless come to report officially that we were very comfortable under the kind and parental care of the Government; some complaints had reached the public ear through the press, notwithstanding the assertions of the Government organs that we were provided for as well as at any New York hotel, and were living luxuriously.

Draper was well known to many of the prisoners, and received some very plain talk from a number of them, myself included; Gatchell was particularly hard on him, very deservedly so; he had partaken of Gatchell's hospitality for twenty years past, and although he knew of his confinement here, had taken no notice of it: on the whole Draper did not feel any better for his visit, he promised very strongly to have some of our discomforts alleviated,* "*nous verrons.*"

After lock-up, the evening service was read by Mr. Stevens; I had a nice cup of chocolate and some home cakes, and read aloud from Poe, and the Ingoldsby Legends for an hour.

*Sure enough, as some of the prisoners had predicted, the New York papers a day or two afterwards contained an account of this visit, which described us as living in great comfort and abundance, and expressing much gratitude to the Government for its generous and humane treatment of us, even to giving us the roof of the Fort as a promenade, where we could enjoy the fresh air from the ocean, &c., &c.

If Draper, or whoever furnished the information, had looked upwards for a moment, he could have discovered said roof was too steep for a cat to promenade with safety.

OCTOBER 28. Cold, clear morning, our room now tolerably comfortable as the stoves were set agoing last evening; received box from home with my furs and some shirts. Mail came in, quite a lot of letters for me, and sat down to answer some of them, when word came in that we were to be removed to Fort Warren, Boston harbor, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning; surprised at this, as the Fort has been prepared within the last few days as a winter residence; wrote home informing my family of the change, spent the afternoon in packing up; a very troublesome job, particularly as we were locked up in the dark the moment the order came for our removal, and had to work the whole afternoon with candles;—finished packing at eight and went to bed.

OCTOBER 29. Slept but little last night, very much worried at the idea of going to Boston harbor; it looks like confinement for the winter; it is represented as a bleak and dreary place, several miles from land; got up early to pack up my bed and bedding; after it was done, and all the baggage removed to the wharf for shipment, orders came countermanding our departure, and our effects were all taken back to our rooms,—the supposition now is, that we will start to-morrow, the entire party very dull to-day at the prospect ahead of them; unpacked my bedding and got ready for another night, received my account from the Commandant, found out now why he issued the order some weeks since, that all washing should be done inside the Fort, and through his wife; we previously paid seventy-five cents a dozen; his charge is a dollar and a half; nice operation, this, for an officer in the United States army! Commander and laundry-conductor of Fort LaFayette.* Too dull to-day to read or write—tried cards in the evening, but had to give it up, and went early to bed.

* One of the sergeants who had been missing for two or three days past, turned up this morning; according to his own story, he had been in the Guard House, for complaining that Mrs. Wood charged him ten cents for washing his shirt, when six cents was the usual price.

OCTOBER 30. Received orders at daylight to prepare again to leave, and were again locked up in our rooms to get ready in the dark, or by the light of a few candles; at eleven o'clock a small steamboat came to the wharf to transport us to Fort Columbus, on Governor's Island, where we were to take a larger steamer;—marched to the wharf under the escort of part of our Irish company, who were to accompany us to Fort Warren, and on reaching the boat, into the cabin, where we were locked up; cabin on deck which gave us a good view of the shore; the ladies opposite saluted us with waving of handkerchiefs, particularly Mrs. Gelston, who has been so kind to us, scarcely a day passing that she did not send us something in the way of provisions, fruits and flowers; two young ladies ran along the shore for more than a mile waving their handkerchiefs at us.

Arrived at Fort Columbus at twelve o'clock, and found to my dismay that the boat which was to take us to Fort Warren was the same one on which I had narrowly escaped shipwreck ten years ago; and was still more dismayed on learning, that in addition to our own party, she was to take nearly seven hundred prisoners from Fort Columbus, chiefly those captured at Hatteras Inlet, making, with the guard of three hundred and the ship's crew, over eleven hundred persons in a vessel only built to carry four hundred, and in addition old and unseaworthy.

At one o'clock dinner was served—crackers in a barrel and pieces of fat pork on the head of a barrel; my allowance was three crackers and a piece of pork fat three inches square and one inch thick, not a particle of lean in it; it tasted, however, very sweet.

At two o'clock the prisoners were marched on board, the privates, six hundred in number crowded into the cabin under deck; the officers into the cabin with us above deck; left at four o'clock for our destination; hunted up the clerk of the boat and made an arrangement to have meals cooked for us and served in the cabin at fifty cents per meal; succeeded after much labor and manage-

ment in getting a state room for Mr. Carter and myself; dirty mattress and no bed clothing; berths six inches too short; paced the deck until eleven and went to bed; weather and sea very calm; captain of the boat said if the weather changed he would put into harbor, as he was unwilling to trust his boat with such a load at sea in bad weather.

OCTOBER 31. Managed to get three or four hours' sleep, but very much cramped in my short berth; got up early to give some one else a chance to get a nap, as more than half of those in the cabins had to sit or stand up all night; sea remarkably smooth for the season of the year, and every prospect of a good passage. The Hatteras prisoners describe their night as awful; most of them had to stand all night, not having sufficient room to sit or lie down, and sixty out of the six hundred having the typhoid fever—not a particle of ventilation for them, except through the cabin doors. Before going to bed I tried to see them, but the sentry would not let me pass: nor did I much regret the refusal, for the stench arising from their "Black Hole," was sickening. Pleasant weather and calm sea during the day; were all the time in sight of land, passing through Martha's Vineyard, and along the coast of Massachusetts to Cape Cod, and with the aid of a good glass, could see the country and the villages all along the coast; never saw a more miserable and God-forsaken looking country; for hours we would not see a tree—no wonder the Yankees yearn for the South!

After dinner, which was very scant, the clerk, or the "Purser," as he called himself, informed me that the steamer's provisions were exhausted; shortly after dusk, we reached Fort Warren; a more desolate place could not be imagined anywhere this side of the Arctic regions.

On reaching the wharf, Colonel Dimick, the commander of the Fort, came on board and informed us that he had not been notified by the Government of our intended removal, except that he had received orders, in general terms, to prepare quarters for one hundred political prison-

ers from Fort LaFayette, and had no accommodations for a larger number; that the Fort was a new one, just occupied; he only having come to it the day previous; that there was not a bed, nor an article of furniture of any description on the Island, and nothing to eat; but that he would send to Boston that night, and provide for us the best he could, and we should pass the night on board the boat. The North Carolina officers insisted that a portion of their men should be taken on shore, as they did not believe the men could survive another night in the hold, without serious loss of life; accordingly, about three hundred were marched into the Fort; I gave the leg of a chicken and a piece of bread I had saved for my supper, to the Rev. Mr. North, Chaplain of one of the Virginia regiments, who, I accidentally found out, had had nothing to eat all day: and went to bed, amid the curses of the whole party at the Government, for placing us in such a position.

NOVEMBER 1. Arose at daylight, and went out on deck to view the Fort and its surroundings; morning bright and clear, and things generally looking better than last night; no breakfast, and at eleven o'clock were marched ashore to our quarters. I was placed in a room with seven others, Messrs. Quinlan, Jones, Landing, Clagett, Kessler and Salmon, members of the Maryland Legislature, and Appleton, a lad of about eighteen, who was captured on his way to Virginia,—a room sixteen by eighteen feet, lighted by three slits in the wall, three feet by six inches, with a small dressing room, used in common by the occupants of the room in front, which faced the interior of the Fort; not a particle of furniture in the room. Shortly afterwards the baggage arrived in carts from the boat, and found all my packages but one trunk and one box had been opened and rifled of more or less of their contents; everything gone that was worth stealing except my cooking apparatus. All my pickles, preserves, Bologna sausage, crackers, ten pounds sperm candles, spirits of wine, soap,

tobacco, towels, tea, coffee, sugar, lemons, sardines, chocolate, cold tongues, &c., &c.; in fact I was entirely cleaned out of stores of all kinds. Found all the prisoners had suffered more or less in the same way, the soldiers on the boat no doubt thought the property of the rebels fair game; at all events, whatever they thought, they stole every thing they could lay their hands on. As the boat, with the guard on board, was still at the wharf, I hunted up Captain Updegraff, who had command of the soldiers, and insisted that he should immediately go on board, and investigate the robbery, telling him that it was his duty as an officer of the army and a gentleman that he should not lose a moment's time in looking into it; he appeared indignant that any one, for an instant, could suppose *his soldiers* guilty of thieving, and suggested that it must have been done by the North Carolina privates. I reminded him that the North Carolina privates were all confined under deck and not permitted for any purpose to come on deck, except under guard; while the baggage was on the forward deck under charge of his own men, and besides, their scanty baggage had been rifled to as great an extent as our's; their bundles broken open, and a large number of their blankets stolen; and again insisted that he should immediately go on board the boat and investigate it; he said he would do so, and started across the parade ground, which was the last I saw or heard of him.

During the day a sharp Yankee came down from Boston, and proposed to draw our rations, and furnish us with two meals a day in good style, for one dollar per day, closed with him, as fat pork and hard bread, although very good in their place, don't suit my appetite; about thirty of the other prisoners did the same,—made arrangements to get the Boston and New York papers, and at four o'clock had a very fair cold dinner, which had an unusually good taste, as I had eaten nothing since two o'clock the day previous; such of the prisoners as did not join us in this arrange-

ment had nothing to eat all day, and many of them went without food for forty-eight hours.*

After dinner I commenced looking round to see if I could not better my condition ; I had been assigned room mates who were perhaps clever enough in their own way, but not congenial to my tastes ; on examining the small room between the front and back room, which was intended as a baggage-room, and was already filled with baggage, I came to the conclusion that it would make an excellent sleeping room, it was about ten by twelve feet, dark, but perfectly ventilated by a transom over each door and an opening in the ceiling, two feet square, to the ramparts above, twelve or fifteen feet above the ceiling, making a continuous draft of air through the room without affecting the lower part of it ; calling Lieutenant Stevens, who was quartered in the front room, and who had been my room mate at Fort LaFayette, I pointed out to him its advantages as a sleeping room, and proposed to him to get the gentlemen from both rooms to remove their baggage, and give it up to us ; he concurred with me, and in a little time we had the room to ourselves, and our beds arranged.

Only eight or ten of the whole party brought their beds with them, the balance had to sleep on the floor. Appleton went into the passage to sleep ; of the remaining six in the back room, four slept with their heads on a mattress I loaned them, and the other two in my rocking chair, with such blankets and shawls as we could spare them.

* As far as I could ascertain, two raw hams and a box of soda crackers, was all the food that seven hundred people had during the whole of that day and part of the next, while many of them, in addition, had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours before arriving at the Fort.

I was congratulating myself before the baggage was sent up, that I had enough provisions to serve my immediate friends and myself for a day or two ; so thorough, however, was the "*Raid*" on our supplies that a jug of alcohol and another of Kerosene oil, both came up empty ; the former, if well diluted, might answer the place of whiskey, but the guard must have found the latter very hard drinking—worse, if possible, than that celebrated New England manufacture of rum, better known as Massachusetts lightning.

On leaving Fort LaFayette, the Commandant refused to permit any of the articles furnished by the Government to be taken with us, and even went so far as to confiscate all the liquors we had in the store room, on the plea that he did not know whether the commanding officer at Fort Warren would permit us to have them; Colonel Dimick wrote immediately to have them forwarded here, so in a few days, if they come, we shall be more comfortable, went to bed at ten o'clock and slept soundly.

NOVEMBER 2. Rose early and made a cup of tea for Mr. Quinlan, who continues unwell, and went out to take a survey of the premises; came to the conclusion that after we were fixed, we would be more comfortable here than at Fort LaFayette; we are not compelled to come in contact with the soldiers, and the officers appear to understand their position, and willing to do whatever they can to make us comfortable, or at least, to let us alone; and we will not be subject to the petty annoyances we had daily to encounter under Baggage-Master, Laundry-manager, Lieutenant Wood and his gang of Irishmen;—spent the forenoon in visiting round, and find, that in my little room I am far ahead, in comfort, of the whole party, and am entirely satisfied on that score; got a very fair breakfast at ten o'clock, and spent an hour or two in promenading and visiting the neighboring rooms; received from Boston some articles I had written for, the day previous; among them a mattress, which I gave to my room mates; this makes two mattresses for the six, and by laying their head and shoulders on the bed with their feet to the fire they manage to get through the night. Am delighted with the promptness with which we receive what we order from Boston, articles coming next day, whereas at Fort LaFayette we never received anything from New York under eight days, although the distance was less.

About two o'clock a north-east rain storm set in which stopped all out-door exercise, and confined us to our rooms. Dinner at four, and spent the evening in Commodore Bar-

ron's room in very pleasant conversation. Storm increasing, fearful night for ships on the coast; at times the wind would whistle through the casemate windows equal to the shrill whistle of a locomotive engine, and after listening an hour to the howling of the storm, and the waves breaking over the rocks, went to sleep.

NOVEMBER 3.—*Sunday*. Storm continued during the night without abatement; on getting up this morning found it impossible to go out, and very difficult to get water for washing, as very few could be found willing to face the storm for the sake of a clean face; finally a quarter induced an old negro from North Carolina, one of the prisoners, to bring water and clean up the room.

At ten o'clock the gale ceased, and the weather became mild and pleasant; several of the North Carolina officers, who had the liberty of the Island on parole, walked up on the ramparts, and on their return described the scene as fearfully grand; the surf breaking over the rocks and seawalls and throwing the spray forty or fifty feet in the air; they bring word that a ship was wrecked last night near the Fort and all perished; they saw the dead body of a female perfectly nude fished out of the surf, and the cargo strewed all along the shore.

Weather continued pleasant during the day, and at one o'clock had religious service in one of the unfinished casemates, by the Rev. Mr. North, of Jefferson County, Va., who was captured at Harper's Ferry: quite a large congregation, Colonel Dimick and several of his officers were present and responded to the service; a more impressive scene could not be imagined, all standing, on the dirt floor, amid the massive piers and arches of the casemates around us, reminding me very much of an engraving I have some where seen, of the Worship of the Scotch Covenanters in the crypt of some old ruined castle or abbey.

Dinner at four, roast turkey and Yankee pumpkin sauce; made a good dinner of the former with the addition

of a cup of coffee; spent the evening in visiting the rooms of the North Carolina officers, some of whom I had known in my many visits to that State.

NOVEMBER 4. Was very unwell during the night, ate or drank something that disagreed with me; weather delightful after the storm, spent the morning in promenading the space in front of our rooms, allotted to us for exercise, about one hundred and fifty feet long and thirty feet wide; all "Prisoners of State" are confined to these limits, while the prisoners of war, the Carolina officers, are on their parole and have the privilege of the whole island, and of visiting until ten o'clock; the State prisoners being closed up at sun-set.

Why prisoners taken with arms in their hands in open hostility to the Government, should be accorded privileges, and a higher grade of treatment than those who are arrested and confined without any charge whatever, or ever having committed any hostile act, is one of the mysteries of "State," or rather of "Seward" policy I am not able to solve.

Made the acquaintance of a number of the Carolina officers, and find them, as a body, an intelligent set of gentlemen, contrasting very favorably with the volunteer officers in the Federal service; they bear their imprisonment with great fortitude and cheerfulness, and have an abiding faith in the success of the Southern cause, only regretting their inability to participate in it, to its successful end.

Spent the evening very pleasantly, in my room, with a number of visitors from adjoining rooms, and at "Taps," that is, at half-past nine, went to bed.

NOVEMBER 5. Slept soundly last night, and did not get up until after eight; morning unusually bright and mild for this climate; had regular Yankee breakfast: codfish and potatoes, baked beans and pumpkin "sass," all very good except the coffee, some insisting it was tea, some

coffee, while others thought it was made of roasted beans. Spent the morning in making arrangements to get up a mess of our own for forty persons, in which we were aided by Colonel Dimick, who exhibits every disposition to make us as comfortable as possible; this example necessarily influences the behavior of the subordinate officers and soldiers; I have found the old adage "like master, like man," fully exemplified in my experience of military life; we experience none of the rudeness and insolence we had daily to encounter at Fort LaFayette. Passed the afternoon in reading the Boston and New York papers and taking exercise on the walk before our quarters, and the evening in playing cards with some of the North Carolina officers.

NOVEMBER 6. Election day at home, my term of office as a Member of the Maryland Legislature expires to-day; wonder what effect that will have on my confinement, and what sort of an election there will be in Maryland to-day; as Plug-Uglyism has been restored at the point of the bayonet: suppose that "disloyal" citizens will not be permitted to vote, and "loyal" ones can vote as often as they please at each of the eighty voting places in Baltimore; see by the Baltimore papers that General Dix has issued a proclamation forbidding treasonable votes (that is, votes for peace instead of war) to be deposited in the ballot-box, and constituting the soldiers, the Federal police and the Plug-Uglies, the judges of who are "loyal" and who "disloyal," with full power to arrest and imprison whom they please; have not the slightest doubt that the "Union" party will have fifteen or twenty thousand majority in the city, and as little doubt that the actual number of voters will not exceed three thousand.

Many of the gentlemen are under the impression that we will be released after the election, as our arrest was evidently made to intimidate the people of the State, and influence the coming elections; I do not think so, for the rowdy element, which so long disgraced Baltimore, and

which after a long and hard struggle was put down, is again in the ascendant, and are the advisers of the Government in all that relates to the City of Baltimore, and *they* will not permit our return if they can possibly prevent it; the bogus elections of this Fall will give them entire control of the City Government; they will immediately dismiss all the city officers, and fill their places with their own creatures, and will not permit the return of a single individual, whom they hate or fear, or whom they think could in any way interfere with their schemes of rascality; this will be found particularly applicable to Mr. Brown, the Mayor of the city, whose release would disarrange all their plans; they will keep him certainly until his term of office expires, and probably afterwards, as a punishment for his contumacy.

Set to work to-day to fix up my sleeping room; manufactured a very good bedstead out of some pine slats and put up some shelving. My room mates had a cotton sack and fourteen pounds of straw served out to them to-day, which enabled me to get back my under mattress; received some furniture I had ordered from Boston—carpet, mat for the side of the bed, chairs, washstand, bowl and pitcher, water bucket and foot bath, writing table with damask cloth cover; stowed all my surplus baggage under the bedstead and tacked a valance of black cambric around the frame, and when all was finished and arranged had about the nicest little prison room that could be found any where; many visitors came in to view and admire it.

Boat came down in the afternoon with the tables and crockery for our new mess; spent the evening in examining the bills and making the necessary arrangements to commence to-morrow morning; about one hundred of the North Carolina officers and such of the political prisoners as would not encounter the expense of our mess, are engaged in getting up another one on a cheaper scale, which they estimate will cost them fifteen or twenty cents per day above the Government rations; had visits late in the evening from Major Gillam, of North Carolina, an old

acquaintance, and several of the North Carolina officers; entertained them with a pitcher of hot Scotch whiskey punch until eleven, and went to bed, tired from the labors of the day, and sleepy from the punch.

NOVEMBER 7. Up early this morning to prepare the room and table of our new mess for breakfast, being one of a committee, with Marshal Kane and Captain Berry, to wait on the table for a week; capital breakfast: beefsteaks, mutton-chops, sausage and good coffee; the committee highly complimented on the first result of their labors. Several of our fellow prisoners released to-day: Captain Shields,* of Vermont, Mr. Eakin, of Pennsylvania, Mr.

*RELEASE OF CAPTAIN SHIELDS FROM FORT WARREN.—Our fellow townsman, Captain H. L. Shields, late a political prisoner in Forts LaFayette and Warren, reached home last evening. He was met at the cars by a large number of personal friends, but was so deeply affected that it was with difficulty that he commanded his feelings. The treatment of the prisoners in Fort LaFayette the captain describes as having been not only bad, but positively cruel. He was confined in a room with thirty-eight others. The air, of course, under ordinary circumstances, with so many persons in one apartment, would be very bad; but when we add to this that many of his companions were sick, we can imagine the sufferings of those who were thus inhospitably entertained in Uncle Sam's Bastille. The food was also bad; and the Captain declares that from the time of his incarceration until he was released he did not taste a decent meal of victuals. Colonel Dimick, the commandant of Fort Warren, does everything in his power to promote the comfort, health and happiness of the unfortunate men placed under his charge. He is a gentleman and a soldier, and his conduct towards the prisoners is of a kind and Christian character.

Captain Shields, upon the transfer of the prisoners to Boston, became of great service to his comrades from his intimate acquaintance with Colonel Dimick, and says that he is repaid for his own sufferings, by a knowledge of the fact that he was able to ameliorate the condition of those who were, like him, under arrest. Upon his discharge, Captain Shields was treated virtually with the freedom of Boston. At the hotel they would take no compensation for his accommodation, and everywhere he was the recipient of the greatest respect. On the previous occasion of Captain Shields' visit to Boston he was there in command of Sherman's celebrated battery, and being encamped on the Common, was honored with the freedom of the town. It would seem, therefore, that the two visits, though greatly dissimilar in their original cause, ended very much alike.

Elliot, of Maine, and Mr. Gilchrist, of Philadelphia, (the latter re-arrested on reaching Boston on civil process for treason,) and Dr. Brown, of North Carolina, on his parole until exchanged.

Very busy all day in getting our mess into shape, and succeeded in getting up a passable dinner at five o'clock, no doubt we shall fare better as to food, but I doubt whether much will be saved in expense.

A day or two after our arrival here, Colonel Dimick was kind enough to write to Washington, and ask for the privilege of extending, in his discretion, the same liberty of the Island that was enjoyed, under parole, by the North Carolina officers, to the political prisoners; the only political prisoner who enjoyed that privilege was Marshal Kane, of Baltimore, he had acquired it while at Fort Columbus, and was not disturbed in it here; the only answer to the Colonel's application in our behalf, was an order revoking the parole of Kane, and remanding him into close confinement; so we may be content that as far as we are concerned the "area of freedom" is not to be extended.

After dusk Lieutenant Buell brought in my letters from home with a request from Colonel Dimick that I would write to my daughter and suggest that in future she should not comment on the action of the Government, as it might embarrass me in my correspondence; found on reading the letter referred to that the young lady had given that free use of her pen in commenting on my imprisonment, that women alone know how to do, which was not very palatable to the censors, still they were polite about it; the letter was good enough to hand round, and had an extensive circulation.

Captain Shields is most emphatic in his declarations of innocence. He assures us that there is not a scrap of paper or the least vestige of evidence to implicate him, and so far from being a traitor, he has always expressed himself in favor of the maintenance of the Government. Those who know the Captain's great sense of honor and his personal integrity will give full credence to every word he may say respecting his innocence.—*Troy Times, (Republican) Nov. 8.*

Passed the evening in my bed room reading the papers from Baltimore, New York and Boston, the latter containing several bogus letters from Fort Warren, describing our miserable and dejected appearance, our dirt, rags and tatters, our deep penitence for having rebelled against the best and most paternal government on the face of the earth; our anxiety to take the oath of allegiance and sin no more; some of the gentlemen were not at all flattered at the special notices of them, particularly the references to their personal appearance.

NOVEMBER 8. Up early to attend to the mess and get breakfast ready, and kept all the morning busy in catering for the next two or three days; find no difficulty in getting any kind of the best provisions from Boston, and at a reasonable price. Dr. Coale, a friend of Mayor Brown, has kindly offered to attend to mess business in Boston; every prospect of good fare and good cooking; employed two North Carolina privates to cook, and eight to wait on the table, got up an excellent dinner, the best since I left home,—roast beef, roast mutton, Maryland hams and round of spiced beef, the two latter, presents from Baltimore, with good soup to begin with, and good coffee to end with.

Five of our party left to-day, all naval officers,—Lieutenant Stevens,* my bed room mate, and Lieutenants Butts,† Dalton, Loyall and Sharpe, the latter, one of the Hatteras prisoners; destination and destiny unknown; they were given half an hour's notice to pack up, and no one allowed to speak to them after they left their rooms; what nonsense!

* Lieutenant Stevens has since distinguished himself as the first officer of the iron-clad steamer "Arkansas," in her successful contest with twenty-three Federal steamers, most of them iron-clad, on the Mississippi river near Vicksburg, and subsequently commanded her when she was destroyed.

† Lieutenant Butts, on his exchange, became one of the Lieutenants on board the "Merrimac," and participated in her battles in Hampton Roads.

Another lot of Boston officials came down to-day to "view the animals;" the batch that came down the day after our arrival, with the Mayor at their head, were very particular in going to all the rooms, and taking a list of all who were not provided with mattresses and blankets, stating they would be furnished from Boston, forthwith, to avoid the tedious delay of getting them from the Government, through the ordinary method of a requisition; and the City would look to the Government for compensation, which charitable purpose was duly heralded next day in the Boston papers as an evidence of great kindness and liberality on the part of the city authorities of Boston; since which we have not heard a word of mattresses or blankets, or of their honors, the Mayor and City Councils of Boston, and to-night I was compelled to take another blanket from my own bed, and go out and borrow two shawls for my room mates, who were totally destitute of any thing to cover them at night.

A few days after reaching here it become necessary to make some arrangements to have our washing done; we proposed to Colonel Dimick to send it to Boston; the Colonel objected, and preferred it should be done on the Island; probably he feared it might be made the medium of illicit correspondence; there was a frame building outside the Fort that could be used for the purpose, and some Irish women, the wives of some of the soldiers or laborers, could do it; accordingly we sent our clothes out yesterday, and last night the intended wash house took fire and was entirely burned; a portion of the clothes was saved, but not much; truly I have hard luck with my baggage between fire and thieves.

Commodore Barron has taken the place in my small room made vacant by the departure of Lieutenant Stevens. I think I shall find him an agreeable companion; passed the evening in my room reading and writing.

NOVEMBER 9. Cold, raw morning, with easterly wind and driving rain; awoke with severe head-ache from drink-

ing some "Boston whiskey" last night; price three dollars per gallon, value twenty cents, being nothing but reduced alcohol with some coloring matter in it; won't drink any more until I get some from home, and perhaps not then, as I understand to-day that Colonel Dimick has stopped the use of whiskey among the prisoners, in consequence of some of them getting tight.

Occupied most of the morning with mess matters, sending orders to Boston for provisions, &c. Three new arrivals to-day, Mr. Green and Mr. Lowe, of Savannah, and Mr. Bunker, of Mobile,—Southern gentlemen, arrested on their way home from Europe; one of them quartered in my room and two in the room in front of me: they appear to be educated and intelligent gentlemen; received letter from my brother, he thinks we will soon be released, as the elections are over; doubt it very much, if the offer is made, it will be on conditions that are inadmissible. Our mess gives great satisfaction and works very well, but I shall be glad when my week's supervision expires, as I find it consumes most of my time.

Spent the evening in my room reading and writing by the light of a kerosene lamp I sent to Boston for, yesterday; I find it a better light to read by than gas light, it is softer, steadier, and equally brilliant, while it costs less, but requires great care in the trimming and management.

NOVEMBER 10. Usual routine; church service at eleven o'clock, by the Rev. Mr. North; quite a large audience, two or three hundred of the North Carolina prisoners present. Colonel Dimick takes great interest in our religious services; I have formed a very high opinion of him as a gentleman and christian; all the prisoners, without exception, speak well of him.

Had an extra dinner at the mess to-day, being Sunday, roast turkies, roast and boiled mutton, roast beef and lobster salad, and dessert of nuts of several kinds, fresh peaches in cans, honey and coffee, making capital prison fare. I find the rule holds good inside as well as outside

of Forts, that money will enable you to live anywhere, especially where there is a Yankee near and he wants it,—as he always does.

After dinner, visited the officer who has charge of us and our money, and drew twenty dollars from him, that being the maximum amount each party is trusted with, provided he has that much.

I find, in my visits to the other rooms, that much dissatisfaction prevails about the distribution of the quarters; we occupy what are termed “officers’ quarters,” and consists of sixteen rooms, eight above and eight below ground, half of them facing the parade ground in the interior of the Fort; the other half facing the embankment on the outside, which is twenty-five or thirty feet high, with a space between the walls of the Fort and the embankment of about twenty feet; the front rooms above ground are well lighted with large windows, and present a very cheerful appearance, the back rooms are dark, being lighted with narrow slits in the wall, six inches wide, and the light and view shut off by the embankment; the lower rooms of course are still darker, being ten feet below the level of the parade ground, and receiving their light from a narrow area—all the rooms are however dry—the lower ones have stone floors, the upper ones plank floors, and all have closets of various sizes between them.

The night before we landed, Lieutenant Buell, who has charge of the political prisoners, and Lieutenant Casey, who has charge of the prisoners of war, undertook, with the aid of two or three gentlemen among us, to apportion the rooms; it was ascertained, after setting aside forty-five of the political prisoners, who had no money, and for other reasons, were not entitled to officers’ quarters, that from eight to nine would have to be placed in each room—those gentlemen undertook to select the occupants of each room; putting together such as *they* supposed would harmonize in their habits and associations, and be agreeable to each other; the intention was a good one, but failed in the execution; during the night, the prisoners on board under-

standing that about eight would be allotted to each room, were engaged in making up their own parties of such as were congenial to each other, not knowing of the arrangements being made for them; next morning on entering the Fort we were all drawn up in a line, and our names called; as each eight or nine, as the case might be, answered to their names, they were given the number of their room and directed to it, and great was the amount of indignation expended when it was seen that some gentlemen occupied the front parlors, while others, their equals in social position, were consigned to the back cellars: I was assigned to an upper back room with a set of associates probably clever enough in their own way, but certainly the last I should have selected had I been left to my own choice; indeed, the evening previous, Wallis and myself were pitying the man who should be quartered with them; neither of us dreaming that it would be my lot; it turned out, however, very fortunate for me, as it enabled me to get the small room I have spoken of as a bed-room, and eventually gave me the best accommodations in the Fort.

The forty-five referred to as being without money, and for that, and other reasons, not being entitled to consideration, were placed together in one of the casemates some distance from us—a room seventeen by fifty feet within the walls, ceiling and floors of naked stone; none of them had either beds or bedding, a few had blankets, some pine slats were given them to lie on temporarily, and at the end of a week, bunks were put up, and each man furnished with a cotton sack, twelve pounds of straw and a blanket; soldier's rations were served them, and a good cooking stove given to them; these men fared much worse than at Fort LaFayette, where the same distinctions were not and could not be made, and were very bitter in their denunciations of their treatment; for the first two or three days the officers and soldiers of the Garrison were disposed to treat them as pariahs, and a guard was placed at their door to keep them as close prisoners; but this was removed, and they were allowed the same privilege of exercise that we were—on

the whole, they were a pretty hard party, and would occasionally relieve the monotony of their confinement by a fight among themselves; the Lieutenant in charge was not disposed to be amiable towards them, having had his pocket picked of forty-five dollars, which he insisted must have been done by some one of the forty-five inmates of casemate number forty-five.

Spent the evening in my room reading and writing, received the Baltimore papers only one day old, showing no detention in the delivery.

NOVEMBER 11. One of the cold, penetrating, driving, rainy days peculiar to the sea-coast in this latitude, enough to give one the horrors; out-door exercise impossible; spent the day in reading, writing and attending to my mess duties; my week's service as carver and waiter on the table has expired, but I have agreed to continue the ordering of provisions and keeping the mess accounts, Colonel Pegram, Captain De Lagnel and Charles H. Pitts being appointed the committee to superintend and wait on the table the ensuing week.

Received a basket from home to-day, filled with good things, among them a dozen bottles of mint julep, lavender brandy and old whiskey, which were stopped by the Corporal who examined the basket, and taken to the Colonel's quarters. Made a visit to the Colonel, who kindly consented to my retaining them, expressing great confidence that I would use them judiciously, and suggested that I should not make the fact generally known that I had them; he might as well have suggested to the hounds that they should no longer scent the fox. Liquor was scarce, and my friends were all seized with a sudden solicitude about my health which could only be relieved by personal enquiry; made a pitcher of hot whiskey punch, and spent the evening in my room entertaining such visitors as dropped in.

Two of our party left to-day, Mr. Bunker, of Mobile, and Mr. Pierce, of New Orleans—both took the oath of allegiance.

NOVEMBER 12.—Usual routine for the morning, exercise and attending to the mess duties; a number of articles received to-day from the charitable ladies of Boston, viz: some second hand Testaments and Sunday school hymn books, several jars of jelly, quite a number of calico comforts, made of old frocks and window curtains; a small parcel was handed to me by the corporal, endorsed with great pomposity “from Mrs. Alexander V. Rice, of Boston, for the sick rebels in Fort Warren,” opened it and found it contained six bottles of “Ayers’ Cherry Pectoral,” not having any use for it, handed it back to the corporal for him to find some other customer; six of my back room mates, although men of property, were mean enough to accept the calico comforts referred to; although abundantly able to make themselves comfortable, they have preferred to depend upon the charity of their fellow-prisoners and the Boston people for every thing they require, too indolent to keep their room clean, which has only been done when I paid one of the servants from some other room to clean it for them; with one exception they should have been placed in number forty-five, where they properly belong.

NOVEMBER 13: Beautiful day, reminds me of the weather at home during this month, spent most of the morning exercising in the open air, received letters from home, all well, and expecting my release very soon now that the election is over; have not much hope of it myself, had my name transferred from the roll of the back room to the front room, a very desirable change as it gives me a right to use the front room, which I only enjoyed before by courtesy, and relieves me entirely from my former associates without offending them; my room mates now consist of Commodore Barron,* who sleeps in the small room with me; Colonel Pegram,† who was captured at the

*Commodore Barron was exchanged in July, 1862, and is now stationed at Charlotte, North Carolina, or was a short time since.

† Colonel Pegram was exchanged early in January, and was on the staff of General Beauregard at the battle of Shiloh, now a Brigadier General under General Bragg.

battle of Rich Mountain, in Virginia, last summer; Colonel Bradford,* an old army officer, who was captured at Hatteras Inlet, and who, singularly enough, was one of the officers who superintended the construction of this Fort, Captain De Lagnel,† who was taken in Virginia after the battle of Rich Mountain; Charles Green,‡ a merchant of Savannah, arrested at Detroit on his way home from Europe; Andrew Lowe,§ a merchant of Savannah, arrested at Cincinnati on his way home from Europe, Marshal Kane, of Baltimore, and Appleton,|| the young man who was taken while endeavoring to make his way from Baltimore to Virginia; the latter two sleep in the passage, where Marshal Kane has fitted up a very nice room, by running a partition across the lower end, his health not permitting him to sleep in a room with a fire; one servant, one of the North Carolina privates, is allotted to us, who makes the fire, and the beds, (except mine, for I don't let anybody touch mine but myself,) cleans up the room, blacks the boots, brings water and makes himself generally useful, particularly when he is looked after and kept up to his work. Mr. Green, who prides himself on his skill in making tea, has undertaken that department, and at eight o'clock we have a nice little set out of whatever we may happen to have in the closet; at "re-

* Colonel Bradford was exchanged in December, and returned to his home in North Carolina; he was in bad health—now in command at Goldsboro', North Carolina.

† Captain De Lagnel after his exchange in December, was promoted to a Lieutenant Colonelcy, and commanded the batteries at Craney Island, near Norfolk; now in command at Fayetteville, North Carolina.

‡ Mr. Green was released in February on parole to go to his family, then in Virginia, but not to return to Savannah. Five hundred dollars to R. J. effected what Lord Lyons failed in; Green was a British subject.

§ Mr. Lowe was paroled for exchange in February, but spent three months in Baltimore, endeavoring to get a pass to go South; he, finally by a liberal expenditure of money, succeeded in getting it, and returned home.

|| Appleton was released on an indefinite parole in March, and returned home to study law.

treat" that is at half-past four, when we leave the parade ground and retire to our rooms, and the sentinels are drawn in to our door, I trim and light my lamp, and prepare my writing table for those who wish to write, or read in quiet, leaving the front room for conversation, and the backgammon players, the only game we have, as there are not card players enough among us to make up a game; at ten o'clock, I brew a pitcher of hot whiskey punch, which we sip until eleven; Colonel Pegram, the only one among us who does not partake of the punch, gives us some very fine music from his guitar, and we put out the light and go to bed; conversation not being forbidden in bed, as at Fort LaFayette, those who are not sleepy can indulge until they unconsciously drop off.

NOVEMBER 14. One of the loveliest days that could be imagined, positive luxury to be in the open air; read and wrote alternately all day, most of our party, from the tenor of their letters received to-day, are very sanguine of an early release, "*nous verrons;*"—went with Mr. Harrison, who had heard some of them were sick, to visit the prisoners in number forty-five, and to distribute some clothing among them sent by the ladies of Baltimore:—God bless them for their continued kind remembrance of the poor prisoners;—good substantial clothing, not miserable patches of cast off garments. The atmosphere of number forty-five was almost unendurable, that peculiar sickening smell known as a "Poor House smell," familiar to all who have gone through Alms Houses; got out of it as soon as possible, and for the first time visited the casemates occupied by the North Carolina privates, (which, however, was against the rules, as visits to them are not permitted,) found their condition much worse than the inmates of number forty-five; the casemates are the same size, that is seventeen by fifty feet, but the number in each, varied from sixty-five to eighty-five, and the stench was perfectly sickening; no wonder that thirty or forty are continually in the hospital with the typhus fever;—

the mumps has run through the whole of them; each room is furnished with a large iron kettle with a furnace under it outside the door, in which kettle they boil their meat and soup, and make their coffee, all exposed to the weather. I have often noticed them, thinly clad, cooking their rations in a driving rain or snow storm.

From thence I went to the hospital, the sentinel kindly looking another way when I passed him; here I was most agreeably disappointed, a more comfortable and better arranged hospital I have never seen, clean and free from any unpleasant smell; the contrast was so great between it and the rooms I had just left, that I began to think it must be a luxury for the poor fellows to get sick, and rejoiced that I had at last found something creditable to the United States Government in my journeyings round among their Forts, but the delusion was dispelled on my return to my room, by being informed that it was fitted up entirely by private contributions from Boston, under the direction of Dr. Peters, a surgeon in the Federal army, who was taken prisoner in Texas, and released on his parole of honor until exchanged, and who has devoted himself to the sick prisoners, carrying the point of honor so far that he will not attend to the sick of the garrison, considering that would be a breach of his parole; that man ought to be unconditionally released.

NOVEMBER 15. A placard was posted in our rooms to-day, that on to-morrow an agent of the State Department would visit the Fort, for the purpose of ascertaining and reporting to Washington the names of such prisoners as were willing to take the oath of allegiance, as a condition preliminary to any investigation of their cases. Numbers, no doubt, will take that or any other oath the Government may require, to be released from imprisonment; like the news man in Fort LaFayette, who was not at all particular what the oath was, and would not hear it read.

A large lot of clothing, shoes and blankets, was received

to-day by Mr. Wallis, from a Mr. Johnson, of Boston, for distribution among the North Carolina prisoners. It came very opportunely, for they were sadly in want of it; there are some gentlemen in Boston, although one would not think so, to judge of the Boston newspapers. A small parcel was received to-day, and when opened was found to contain two pair of nice yarn socks, with a slip of paper containing, "For a prisoner at Fort Warren, from a young lady in Boston, who has a brother, a prisoner, in Richmond;" that girl's heart is in the right place.

My views with regard to the Maryland election have been more than realized,—our letters from Baltimore, and from all parts of the State represent it as disgusting in the extreme, not worthy of being dignified by the name of a farce; gangs of rowdies and armed soldiers stationed at the polls, privileged to arrest and imprison whom they pleased, while the ballot box was stuffed with the votes of "Loyal Citizens." In the City of Baltimore several hundred were arrested and sent to the watch houses, and when they were full, to the theatre, charged, as the "*Baltimore American*" quaintly observes, with "attempting to pollute the ballot box," by depositing Democratic votes; even the aforesaid "*Baltimore American*" degraded as it is, felt impelled to express its regret at the extent to which those outrages were perpetrated, not that they were disgraceful in themselves, but that well known "Loyalty" of the great mass of the people of Baltimore, rendered them unnecessary.

How any one, bearing the shape of a man, and claiming to be one, can accept the fruits of such villiany, is one of the curiosities of human nature beyond my comprehension—truly there must be a charm in the possession of power.

Spent the evening in making up my mess accounts for the week, a very troublesome job.

NOVEMBER 16. Mr. Seth C. Hawley, the agent of the State Department, referred to yesterday, came down this morning to make his investigation; did not visit my room,

and left word he would be down again ; prepared my answer in writing, declining to take the oath, or accept my freedom clogged with any conditions ; if the Government has any charge against me let them produce it.

Hawley was very much disgusted with the result of his mission, and with the prisoners generally : found but three or four that were willing to take the oath, and had to listen to a great deal of plain talk not at all complimentary to him or his master ; one of the prisoners suggested to Hawley, that as a preliminary to the opening of negotiations on the subject, he should pay over the six hundred dollars, which, as a lawyer, he had collected some years since and failed to account for. One of the North Carolina officers, to whom he commenced talking on the subject of the "oath," promptly demanded satisfaction for the insult ; Hawley immediately apologized, protesting that he was not aware he was conversing with a prisoner of war : doubtless he will report us as "incorrigible rebels."

Very dull to-day ; not sick—not well ; too hot in the rooms—too cold and windy to go outside ; glad when night came that I could light my lamp and get to reading.

NOVEMBER 17.—*Sunday*. Church service by the Rev. Mr. North, but did not get to it ; was engaged in reading and missed the hour. Visiting round until dinner, which was an extra good one, with champagne and sherry ; presents to Mr. Faulkner from some of his New York friends ; time begins to grow heavy and monotonous ; getting very tired of the daily routine of eating, drinking and sleeping ; how I shall get through the winter if kept here I cannot tell ; the climate is horrible—cold, foggy and changing in temperature half a dozen times a day, while the small space allotted us for exercise, never having been graded or paved, is so muddy that we cannot use it half the time ; it is true I am comfortably fixed within doors, but it will be tiresome in the extreme ; read until ten o'clock and went to bed.

NOVEMBER 18. Mr. Hawley, the agent of Seward, made his appearance again to-day—handed him my answer in writing, which he said he would have filed in the State Department;* it was in substance that I could not recognise the justice or legality of my arrest by the acceptance of any conditions as the price of my release, which I suppose fixes me here for the winter; two of my recent room-mates express their willingness to swear to anything, and are frank enough to say that they do not regard an illegal oath, taken under duress, as having any moral force.

Another large lot of clothing was received to day from the ladies of Baltimore for the Hatteras prisoners. Mr. Warfield, Mr. Harrison and Marshal Kane undertook its distribution.

The boat to-day also brought down, a lean, tall, uncommonly pious looking individual, with a white cravat, whose business it was to distribute among the prisoners some religious tracts and small hymn-books. I secured one of the latter, and will preserve it as a curiosity. The hymns were, as one of our distinguished fellow-citizens would say, extremely “simiscuous” in their character.—Opening the book in the middle, the first my eye lit on, was “Come to Jesus;” the next the “Star Spangled Banner;” then, “I would not live always, no, welcome the tomb,” followed by “Hail Columbia, Happy Land,” and “Sinners awake, the hour is come,” preceding the “Red, White and Blue.” Some of the gentlemen were

FORT WARREN, November 16, 1861.

* I have *twice* taken the oath to support and defend the Constitution of the United States, during the present year, and am not disposed to turn a solemn obligation into ridicule by constant repetitions of it.

I am not conscious of having, in any manner, violated that obligation. If I have, or if the Government supposes I have, I have a right, as a citizen of the United States, to demand an investigation.

I cannot, by the acceptance of conditions for my release, acknowledge by implication or inference, that any just or legal cause existed for my arrest, which I utterly deny.

I am willing to hold myself in readiness to meet any charges that may be brought against me.

LAWRENCE SANGSTON.

rude enough to decline his hymn books; for my part I would not take a dollar for mine.

Spent the evening in my room reading the Ingoldsby Legends, and playing back-gammon with Colonel Pegram; went to bed at ten, very sleepy.

NOVEMBER 19. Spent the morning as usual in exercise, reading and visiting the neighbors; although I have reason to be thankful for my comfortable quarters, I regret very much my separation from my Baltimore and Maryland friends; they are all, with the exception of Marshal Kane, located on the other side of the sally-port, and although we have the privilege of visiting freely during the day, we cannot cross the sally-port at night, but have free access to the eight rooms on our side of it, from sunset until eleven o'clock. My associates are altogether among officers of the army and navy, and although very clever and intelligent gentlemen, it would be a relief occasionally to spend an evening with my own people; I might perhaps get permission to do so, but I dislike asking favors of our keepers.

I have already noticed that Colonel Dimick was kind enough to write to Fort LaFayette for our wines and liquors that were kept by Lieutenant Wood, on our departure; almost all the prisoners had more or less liquors in the store room, either purchased, or the gift of kind friends, and generally of the finest quality; to-day Dr. Thomas received two demijohns and a half one, of whiskey, part of his stock, being all that arrived; as the Commandant of Fort LaFayette does not add drinking to his numerous failings, he could have had none other than a pecuniary motive in confiscating them, and somebody must have made two or three hundred dollars by the operation.

Received pleasant letters from home and spent the evening in answering and getting up my correspondence, generally, which had fallen in arrears.

NOVEMBER 20. Suffered very much last night from Lumbago, must have taken cold, first time for nearly a month I have had it; it does not affect my general health, but is exceedingly painful and annoying; feel very dull to-day, too cold and blustering to exercise much in the open air, and but little disposition to do anything within doors; went to No. 2 and played cards with Governor Morehead,* Warfield and Pitts for an hour, got tired of that; helped them, in connexion with Dr. Thomas and Frank Howard, to drink a bottle of whiskey, but that did not raise my spirits. Went back to my own room and played back-gammon with Colonel Pegram for an hour or two, got tired of that; tried to read the Boston papers, but soon became disgusted with them, particularly on reading that Captain Updegraff, the officer who commanded the gang of thieves that rifled our baggage on the voyage from Fort LaFayette to Fort Warren, was, for "meritorious conduct," promoted to be a Colonel in the army; went

*The Governor, like myself, would occasionally become restive, and find it difficult to get through the day; accustomed to an active life, mentally and physically, enjoying for many years the highest honors that could be conferred on him by his native State, and surrounded by all comforts and luxuries that wealth and position could give him, retired from public life and devoting himself to his family and the cultivation of his estate; he found the transition to the loathsome battery rooms at Fort LaFayette almost unendurable.

The story of his arrest was the same as of all the prisoners, dragged from his bed at midnight, hurried off without a change of clothing, taken by special trains from town to town and from jail to jail, to avoid the service of writs of Habeas Corpus, and finally lodged in Fort LaFayette, after a journey of a thousand miles, in the same clothing in which he was taken, and then furnished with a bag of half rotten straw to sleep on.

He had been sent to Washington by the State of Kentucky, to represent her in the Peace Convention, so called, and having spoken and voted in favor of Peace, was thereafter regarded a "dangerous" man.

He was released in February and returned to his home in Kentucky; although taking no part in public affairs his presence there was supposed by the Government to have an unfavorable influence, and his re-arrest was ordered; getting wind of it, two or three hours start enabled him to reach the Canada frontier before his pursuers, from whence a few weeks afterwards he went to England.

into my little room and lit the lamp, thinking I would read for two or three hours, gave it up and went to bed, but not to sleep. The Commodore, observing that my thoughts "were in a train that did not run on sleepers," kindly entertained me with a very interesting account of his capture at Fort Hatteras, at Hatteras Inlet; it appears that the Fort was a very small one, built for only one hundred and fifty men, and having bomb-proof shelter for only that number; when the attack commenced he had in the Fort three hundred men, and during the night following, four hundred additional were sent into the Fort,—on the second day's bombardment, the ships anchored two miles distant, in a perfect calm, a thing hitherto unknown in the neighborhood of Cape Hatteras, obtained the exact range of the Fort, and could place every shell they fired, into it, while in the Fort, there was not a gun that would reach over a mile; four-fifths of the men were without shelter, and their retreat entirely cut off; under such circumstances it was necessary, to save the lives of the men, to hoist the white flag for a parley; it was now the duty of General Butler, who commanded the opposing forces, to have sent an officer in a boat to have ascertained what was wanted, instead of which, he brought several of his vessels under the guns of the Fort, one of which, the "Harriet Lane," got ashore, and then sent a boat ashore to receive the proposition Commodore Barron had to make. Barron proposed to surrender as "Prisoners of War." Butler demanded an unconditional surrender. Barron refused to capitulate in any other way, insisting that his defences were but little injured, and he had plenty of ammunition left, and that if his terms were not acceded to, he would, after giving sufficient time for the officers to regain the decks of their vessels, hoist his flag and resume the battle.

Butler now began to understand the position in which his ignorance of the rules of naval warfare had placed him; the Fort would certainly ultimately be reduced by the powerful fleet that was safely anchored out of reach of

its guns; but in the meantime, Butler and the ships under the guns of the Fort could be blown in the air before they could possibly escape, and under the necessity of the case, Barron's demands were acceded to, and the garrison capitulated as prisoners of war, having guaranteed to them all the rights accorded to prisoners of war by the usage of civilized warfare, being the first time the United States, through any of its officers, has recognized the Confederates as belligerents, and this explains why the North Carolina officers have the parole of the island, wear their uniforms, and enjoy privileges not accorded to other prisoners of war. This portion of the capitulation of Fort Hatteras, however, does not appear in the official report of General Butler; perhaps the General thought it "would not look well in print."

NOVEMBER 21. Still suffering with Lumbago, and consequently dull and gloomy, not only from that, but other *désagrémens*. This is the twenty-fifth anniversary of my wedding day, the day on which we were to have celebrated our silver wedding, and I am in a military prison, five hundred miles from home. May the foul fiend blast those who sent me here in utter violation of Law and Justice; I don't often indulge in the luxury of swearing, if it be a luxury, but to-day I can't help it; perhaps the recording angel will treat me as liberally as he did "Uncle Toby."

Wrote home to my wife, and was sorry afterwards I did so, because of the sadness of my missive's tenor:—fresh arrival of prisoners to-day, two officers and twenty-three privates, captured at Santa Rosa Island, near Pensacola, in the fight there with Billy Wilson's regiment of New York thieves; they were very ragged and destitute: fortunately a large lot of clothing arrived to-day, from the Baltimore ladies, which was distributed among them: coming from a warm climate and being very thinly clad, they were almost frozen to-day, by being kept on the parade ground for two hours in the face of a driving

storm, until quarters were assigned them. The Baltimore people have been exceedingly liberal to the prisoners here, scarcely a day passes that something does not arrive for them.

NOVEMBER 22. Usual routine for the morning, reading, visiting and exercise, wrote to my brother to know if he could learn through some of his Union friends, what the Government propose to do with us? but I fear he may not act, as his own "loyalty" may be suspected, if he makes any inquiries.

My attention was called to-day to a fact I had hitherto not noticed, that two of our room mates, although joining in general conversation, did not speak to each other, and made some inquiry as to the cause; it appears they were merchants in the same city, and for many years partners in business; they separated as partners sometimes will do, with some ill-feeling or misunderstanding, both went to England on business, and the story goes, that in returning they took different steamers to avoid coming in contact; each was arrested on his way home, one in Detroit, the other in Cincinnati, both arrived by the same boat on the same day, at Fort Warren, and were quartered in the same room,—so all their efforts to keep apart were unsuccessful.

Spent the evening in reading and playing back-gammon with Colonel Pegram.

NOVEMBER 23. Usual routine for the morning; received some fine old whiskey from home, and consequently had numerous visitors who called to enquire after my health. Officers making preparations to receive Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who are expected here to-morrow; notwithstanding the rejoicing of the press and the hallelujahs of the pulpit at their capture, the approval of the President and Secretary of the Navy of the act of Captain Wilkes, the vote of thanks given him by Congress, the exultation of Governor Andrews at Wilkes having bearded the British

lion, and the general demand of the Northern press that the captives shall be confined in a dungeon and fed on bread and water, it is very evident that Mr. Seward does not feel at ease, and is doubtful of the result, for orders came yesterday to prepare quarters suitable to their rank; nine North Carolina officers—a Colonel, a Lieutenant-Colonel, a Major and six Captains were turned out of their rooms to accommodate them, the floor carpeted and the rooms well furnished with bedsteads, good beds and bedding, tables, chairs, &c., which has never before been done for any prisoners; their quarters are adjacent to mine—only the passage between us—so we will be close neighbors.

An easterly storm set in after dinner and blew a gale all night; heard the surf breaking over the rocks until I went to sleep.

NOVEMBER 24. Storm over, bright, clear morning; queer climate this—rain, hail, snow, fog and sunshine all in twenty-four hours; spent part of the morning in collecting autographs in a book for which I sent to Boston yesterday; church service as usual by Mr. North; the Colonel has fitted up a room specially for the purpose with stoves and benches; it is well attended by the officers and soldiers of the Garrison, as well as the prisoners, the Colonel always taking part in the service.

At eleven o'clock this morning the steamer San Jacinto, Captain Wilkes, arrived with her prisoners, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and Messrs. Eustis and McFarland, their secretaries, who were duly installed in their quarters; they looked pleasant and cheerful, and a stranger might have supposed they were visitors instead of prisoners.

After delivering them, Captain Wilkes took his ship up to Boston to receive the promised ovation, and aid the loyal and patriotic people of that city in making asses of themselves.

Wrote to Mr. John Garrett to know whether he could give me any information relative to our confinement, or

the prospects of a release. Spent the evening in my room in writing and listening to the new-comers giving an account of themselves and their capture.

NOVEMBER 25. Passed a restless night, suffering very much with Lumbago; snow until noon, when it turned into rain and slush, preventing any out-door exercise; got through the day as well as I could, visiting my neighbors and gossiping. Spent the afternoon in Mason and Slidell's room, listening to a narration of their voyage, how they ran the blockade at Charleston, their arrival at, and reception in Havana, their capture by the San Jacinto, their treatment by Captain Wilkes, (which was courteous, he giving up his own cabin to them,) and their voyage to this place. The United States Marshal with some of his deputies joined the ship off New York, and endeavored to make an exhibition of their "loyalty" by rudeness towards the prisoners, assuming that they had charge of them, which was instantly stopped, Captain Wilkes informing the Marshal that he commanded the ship, and the New York officers were only passengers; found their conversation very interesting and their genuine Habanas delicious.

After writing for an hour in the evening, making up my mess accounts for the week, had a visit from Mr. Eustis and Mr. McFarland; they take their capture and imprisonment very composedly, being confident that England will demand their surrender, and restoration on the deck of a national English vessel; on the whole they rather appear gratified at it, believing it will hasten the rupture, which they think inevitable, between England and the North. I am not sufficiently versed in such matters to know whether the belief is well founded; before leaving, Mr. McFarland entertained us with music on the guitar, having an excellent voice; his opera music was entirely too scientific for me; the ballads were delightful.

To-day, Mrs. Gelston, the lady who was so kind to the prisoners at Fort LaFayette, sent us a large box of provisions, which was distributed among the Hatteras

prisoners, as they have to live altogether on the Government rations; a large lot also came from Mr. Milbourne, the blind preacher; thirty turkeys, which were in like manner distributed, reserving a small portion for our mess.

NOVEMBER 26. Suffered very much last night from Lumbago, day cold and raw, with occasional snow, the morning's boat brought down the Marshal with orders to release thirteen prisoners on taking the oath of allegiance, nine took it and departed, the other four refused.

Of the nine, seven were inmates of "number Forty-five," one of whom remarked to me as he passed out, that "he had been stunk into taking the oath," the other two were my former room mates, Messrs. Quinlan and Landing, members of the Maryland Legislature; Quinlan has been sick for a long time with a chronic dysentery, and would have died if detained much longer; he has repeatedly offered to take the oath, with a view of saving his life, but has hitherto been refused; Landing's habits are bad, being drunk whenever he could get the liquor, and particularly so to-day, having smuggled two bottles of whiskey into his room, in addition to the one allowed by the regulations; he was too drunk to know whether he were taking the oath of allegiance to Wm. H. Seward, or the Emperor of Japan; the Government need not be afraid of either of them; great rejoicing among their room mates at their departure: sickness and drunkenness are disagreeable companions in crowded rooms.

Our mess continues to improve; fare now equal to any of the hotels; the only trouble is I eat too much for so little exercise.

To lessen the trouble, and at the same time make it more agreeable, we have arranged with Mason and Slidell and their secretaries, to have supper alternately in each other's rooms, this gives us the servants of both rooms to wait on the table: and Eustis is a capital good cook, (Kane thinks *he* is, but it is a mistake)—the advantage of this arrangement is on our side, as their stock of stores is more exten-

sive than ours ; I have been unanimously elected to brew the whiskey punch at ten o'clock ; perhaps this mark of confidence was extended because I happen to be the only one who has a stock of Scotch and Irish whiskey, but it may be I make it better than any of the others.

After supper, Mason and Slidell went over the whole subject of International Law as applicable to their case, and did not, for a moment, entertain a doubt of the result ; Mr. Mason went so far as to make a calculation of the time they would remain in Fort Warren ; he said the Captain of the "Trent," which vessel only went as far as St. Thomas, would deem the matter of sufficient importance to go to England himself and report in person, that he would arrive at Southampton on the 28th of November, and immediately take an express train for London : that the news would be instantly telegraphed all over England and create an unparalleled excitement : public meetings would be held in every direction calling upon the government to demand immediate reparation for the outrage and insult to the British flag : that the government would within five days dispatch a special messenger of rank, with a positive demand for their surrender, and an ample apology for the outrage, with instructions to Lord Lyons, if refused, to demand his passports and return home immediately ; that in view of a possible refusal, England would immediately prohibit the exportation of military stores, and commence shipping troops and munitions of war to Canada : that on the arrival of the messenger in Washington, Mr. Seward would ask a few days grace for the sake of appearances, which would be granted : that in spite of all the bluster of the press, he would make a virtue of necessity and yield to the demands of England : that a British ship of war would be sent to Fort Warren from either Halifax or Bermuda : that they would leave on or about the 1st January, and by the 15th January, would be at their respective posts in London and Paris.

The experience of Mr. Mason on questions of International Law, acquired by many years' service as Chairman

of the Committee on Foreign Relations in Congress, perhaps authorizes him to make this statement in advance, "*nous verrons.*"

While sipping the punch, Colonel Pegram and Mr. McFarland entertained us with some fine singing and music on the guitar, which they continued long after the lights were put out, and we went to bed.

NOVEMBER 27. One of the marvels of this wonderful climate, a clear, calm, warm, shining day, about equal to June weather in Maryland; in all probability we shall have a gale of wind and a snow storm before morning.

Another arrival to-day, Captain Tatnall, of the Navy, just returned from the coast of Africa, and one departure, Mr. Langley, of New Orleans. Spent most of the morning in collecting mess dues for the week, and writing to Boston for provisions; had to visit all the rooms, and found the universal subject of discussion was International Law, all contending that the laws of nations were violated in the capture of Mason and Slidell, except Mr. Faulkner, who took the opposite ground, while he regretted it; went back to my own room and found the same subject under discussion, Mr. Mason going over the whole ground to a numerous audience which had dropped in to hear him; mail came in with papers from Boston and New York, nothing in them but Mason and Slidell and International Law, all agreeing that Captain Wilkes had immortalized himself, and some naming him for the next President of the United States; many of them insisting that England ought to be whipped any how, as a punishment for her sympathy for the rebels; long account of the grand banquet given to Captain Wilkes in Boston, and the very effectual manner in which Governor Andrews and the "solid men" of that city made fools and asses of themselves.

One of the Boston papers contained a very interesting letter from "their Fort Warren correspondent," describing the arrival and reception of Mason and Slidell; their villainous, cut-throat looking countenances; their baggage,

consisting of a small amount of clothing and a large amount of liquors and cigars; the close confinement in their dungeon apartments; their dinner, (the fellow had the ill-manners to peep through the bars,) consisting of salt pork, bread and bean soup, served on tin plates and eaten with an iron spoon; how Slidell, whose habits were supposed to be more luxurious than Mason's, turned up his nose at food that was too good for them, and how thankful they ought to be to a humane and merciful government for not hanging them as traitors, &c., &c.

Read the letter this evening to Mason and Slidell at the supper table, while they were discussing some terrapins and oysters from Maryland, and a very fine boned turkey from Cranston, of the New York Hotel; noticed the sentinels as they passed the windows looking wistfully in, doubtless regretting they were not inside and we outside.

After supper we were again entertained with the voices and guitars of Pegram and McFarland until bed-time.

NOVEMBER 28. Snow, rain, hail and slush until mid-day when the sun came out, but the ground was unfit for exercise; quite a large number of prisoners discharged to-day, fourteen from Kentucky, including the idiot, and Mr. Carter from Baltimore; the former had not a dollar among the whole party, and Governor Morehead protested in the strongest terms against the cruelty of turning those men adrift, seven or eight hundred miles from home, with no means of reaching there; we had been in the habit of taking up a collection among ourselves to defray the expenses of individual prisoners who were discharged, to their homes, but this lot was too large for our limited means; after a long discussion, the Colonel and the Marshal from Boston promised they should be sent home at the expense of the Government.

All of them took the oath, and went through the usual search by the Marshal, a most searching operation. When a prisoner is released on parole of honor, he packs up his baggage, which is sent to the wharf for him, takes leave

of his friends, and departs like a gentleman; if he takes the oath of allegiance, he is not permitted to leave his room until he finally departs; a guard is placed over him to see that he does not communicate with the other prisoners; when ready, he and his baggage are taken to the office, and undergo a rigid examination from the Marshal or some of his deputies, even to the shaking out of every shirt and handkerchief to see that nothing is concealed in them. I was accidentally a witness this morning, to the search of Carter's trunk, the Marshal was on his knees carefully taking out each article, opening and shaking it, and even reading over the letters from Carter's wife, which had already been read before he received them, while Carter was standing meekly looking on; I could not help expressing my indignation at the insult in very plain terms; the Marshal looked up in amazement at the temerity of a prisoner in thus addressing him, expecting me to wilt under his withering gaze, but finding I did not, quietly resumed his dirty work. It is evident they have no confidence in the man who would accept his liberty on such terms and regard him as degraded, and I think they are right, although in Carter's case the circumstances which impelled him to take the oath, justified him in so doing; we were all sorry to part with him, for apart from being an agreeable companion, he was very useful; the North Carolina officers will particularly miss him, as he undertook the management of their mess, and kept the accounts.

At twelve o'clock orders were given for us to repair to our rooms; while wondering what could be the object, and thinking, perhaps, it was to prepare for shipping us to Sandusky Island or Fort Mackinaw, somewhere in the direction of sun set, with which we had been threatened, an officer made his appearance in the room, and with great ceremony and dignity, read us a State paper signed by William H. Seward, forbidding the prisoners to employ counsel in their behalf, assuring them that employment of counsel would be regarded by the State Department as additional cause for continuing their imprisonment; a

queer doctrine, not laid down I believe, in any of the law books, asked him for a copy of the precious document, he excused himself on the ground that he had to read it to all the prisoners, and would not have time to copy it before the boat returned.

Spent the evening in my small room, reading, writing and playing back-gammon with Colonel Pegram and Mr. McFarland.

NOVEMBER 29. Snow and rain all day, preventing any out door exercise, so spent the day in reading, writing, back-gammon and visiting the neighbors. One arrival to-day, Mr. Fuller, of Lexington, Ky., of course he has not done anything, that's the uniform story of all new comers; find the discussion on International Law still continues, a little of it does very well, but am getting tired of it; this evening, Colonel Pegram, after reading an hour in my little room, remarked that Mason would be in presently, and as he had had a surfeit of the laws of nations, he would spend the evening in Major Gillam's room, where he could listen to something else by way of variety; in a few minutes he returned and proposed a game of back-gammon, asked him what brought him back so soon, said he found Mason in the room with a large audience round him, going over the whole subject.

Mason came in at ten, in time for the whiskey punch, and remained an hour; got him on other and more interesting subjects; he has fine conversational powers.

NOVEMBER 30. Snow and slush all day, with a beautiful starry night, funny climate this; usual in-door routine, reading, writing, visiting, smoking, playing back-gammon, any thing to kill time, hard work to get through the day.

Among the Hatteras prisoners are four negroes who were servants to the officers, and accompanied them hither; two are free and two slaves, all have families at home, and since the cold weather has set in they have become dis-

satisfied and wish to return home; a few days ago Major Gillam wrote to the State Department stating the circumstances and asking permission to send them back; to-day Colonel Dimick received orders to discharge them on their taking that universal governmental panacea, "the oath of allegiance to the United States," the negroes were sent for, but indignantly refused; the first one, a free negro, when the oath was read to him replied, "Lor bless you massa Dimick, I can't take no such oaf as dat: I'm a secesh nigger;" the next was a slave who wanted to know if "Massa George had taken dat oaf," and on being informed in the negative, replied, "I can't take no oaf dat massa George won't take." So the poor darkies will have to remain until there is a general discharge. One of the free negroes owns several thousand dollars of property in North Carolina, and is very uneasy lest the "dam Yankees," as he terms them, will destroy it, yet would not take the oath to save it; I remarked to him that perhaps he had better have taken it and gone home, he promptly replied, "I ain't going out here on no dishonorable terms." I fear the suggestion has impaired his good opinion of me, for on asking him shortly afterwards to bring me a bucket of water from the pump, he did it very reluctantly.

DECEMBER 1.—*Sunday*. Delicious, balmy morning; did not go to church as I ought to have done; the fact is I am losing fast what little piety I ever had, and fear if I remain here much longer I shall have none left—the region seems anti-religious. Spent the most of the day in the open air, for fear this will be the last fine day of the winter; in the evening read aloud for my companions and wrote to the Rev. E. N. Kirk, of Boston, who has sent us a number of bound volumes of his sermons, and kindly offered to preach for us; accepting his offer and thanking him for his remembrance of those in "bonds" and requesting him to preach on next Sabbath from the following text:

"For it seemeth to me unreasonable to send a prisoner and not withal to signify the crimes laid against him;"

Acts, c. 25, v. 27. Perhaps Mr. Kirk may consider that doctrine "disloyal" and not adapted to the civilization of the present day, perhaps not. We will see.

DECEMBER 2. Nothing to break the monotony of the day but the arrival of six more prisoners, hard looking cases, who were quartered in number forty-five; found on going to that delectable room that they were fishermen, captured with their fishing batteaux on the Potomac river, on their way home to Baltimore; among them were two Shany's, father and uncle of John Shany, a notorious rowdy of Baltimore, and as it is sometimes called, of a bad breed; they were both old men, very ragged and dirty; the captain of the steam tug, who captured them, found six hundred dollars in gold, on searching them, which convinced him they were rebels, so he confiscated the gold, and sent them to Fort McHenry, whence they were transferred to Fort Warren; I think the captain was right, for the possession of that amount in gold on their persons would have been proof positive to my mind, that they had taken a load of "contraband," to Virginia, and were returning with the proceeds, using their fishing boat as a blind, but whether right or wrong, the captain made a good thing of it, for it is not likely they will ever hear of their gold again.* Another burial to-day, from among the Hatteras prisoners.

*They were released a few days afterwards, on taking the usual oath of allegiance. There must have been some mistake in sending them to Fort Warren, five hundred miles from where they were captured, as they were ready at any moment, to take any description of oath required of them. Their room mates told me they had been taking some medicines to Virginia, and were returning when arrested. If this be so, I wish them better luck next time. I believe this is the only instance in the history of the world, that any nation, claiming to be civilized, has made medicines "contraband of war." England tried it once, but it created such a storm of indignation all over Europe, that the ministry were compelled to rescind it. Sidney Smith's celebrated letters on this subject, "*War on the Gallipots*," published at the period referred to, settled that matter forever, in Europe, and ought to be re-published in this country at this time. It annoys me that so foul a blot should be in the history of my native country.

DECEMBER 3. Very unwell to-day, did not go out of my room until eleven, Marshal came down in the boat from Boston with orders to release Dr. Lynch, on condition of his taking the oath and resigning his seat in the Senate of Maryland; and Dr. McGill, on condition of his taking the oath; both declined.

Mayor Brown received a parole of thirty days to visit Boston, with permission to go anywhere in Massachusetts; in all probability some arrangement will be made at the expiration of that time by which he will not return, but be permitted to go home. Spent the evening in reading and playing back-gammon with Captain De Lagnel, and in writing a long letter home; very cold to-night, had to break the ice in the pitcher to get a glass of water.

I received a piece of information to-day, that is worth recording. Mr. Blair, one of the cabinet at Washington, (if I am rightly informed,) has always opposed the system of arbitrary arrests, as a matter of both principle and policy—and more particularly has opposed the continued incarceration of the Maryland State prisoners.

A few days since, at his instance, a cabinet meeting was held on that subject, at which he insisted on the unconditional release of the Maryland prisoners, and after a hard struggle succeeded in getting an order passed for their release; on the day following, a self-constituted committee of "Loyal" men from Baltimore, nearly all of whom were speculating on the Government in some shape or form, made their appearance in Washington, and presented a sycophantic address to the President, craving for further Government patronage for the City of Baltimore, and telling the President, "Already has your excellency, by removing from our midst incendiary politicians, and by surrounding our City with a force to repel invasion, laid the foundation of affection and gratitude; sentiments which may be perpetuated by affording to our citizens work which the Government requires, and which *they* are anxious and able to perform."

The result was, that the order for our release was immediately revoked. Two or three of the more decent of the party, when they discovered the damage they had done, insisted that they never read the address and knew nothing of its contents until they heard it read to the President, notwithstanding their names were signed to it; one of them, who felt particularly sore about it, went so far as to publish a card to that effect.

DECEMBER 4. Mr. Brown left us to-day on his visit to Boston; occupied the morning in collecting the mess dues for the week, and undertook a new duty, hitherto performed by Mr. Brown, that of receiving all the liquors that came into the Fort and distributing a bottle daily to each room; this is a regulation by Colonel Dimick to prevent excesses; there is some discretion allowed, and the wines intended for the mess table are not interfered with; being considered discreet!! enough by the Colonel to take charge of this important position, I am permitted to use my own judgment in going beyond the daily allowance, and the probability is I shall have a quarrel on my hands before long with some thirsty people who cannot see why any distinction is made, when they buy and pay for their own liquor.

Captain De Lagnel is quite sick to-day with the mumps, a disease that is spreading among the prisoners.

Letters from home, pleasant and cheerful; they expect me soon.

DECEMBER 5. Nothing of interest to-day; weather pleasant and suitable for out-door exercise. Commodore Barron has given his bed in my little room to Captain De Lagnel temporarily during his sickness, which keeps me out of the apartment for fear of disturbing him.

DECEMBER 6. Great commotion among the North Carolina people to-day: two hundred and fifty of them are to be sent home for exchange: Colonel Dimick has orders to

select for that purpose, first the sick, and then the married ; how far, in an exchange of prisoners, it is proper to pick out those classes in return for *sound* people I do not know ; one of their officers informed me to-day that three hundred of them were suddenly taken sick on receiving the news ; poor fellows ! I have no doubt they are anxious to get home, for they have had a hard time of it.

Four new prisoners came in to-day—Messrs. Myers, Forrest, Debree and Glassell, all Lieutenants in the Navy, just returned from a three years' absence in the East Indies, knowing nothing of the state of affairs here, and immediately sent to Fort Warren because they were Southerners, and refused to fight their own people ; one of them, Lieutenant Myers, had his wife and children awaiting his arrival in New York, but was refused to see them ; this appears to me to be the most brutal of all the arrests : two of them, Myers and Glassell, were quartered in my room.

After going to bed to-night, Captain De Lagnel, who could not get to sleep, gave me an account of his defeat and subsequent capture :* he was attached to a small army in Western Virginia under General Garnett, in the regiment commanded by Colonel Pegram ; which regiment was detailed to cover the retreat of the main body ; with but seven hundred men, they kept five regiments at bay for an entire day, long enough to effect the safety of the larger body, but were finally overpowered and captured ; De Lagnel was badly wounded, a ball passing entirely through his side ; he told me that when the rout commenced, fearing he would be trampled to death by the advancing columns,

* The reader will doubtless remember the celebrated Napoleonic proclamations of General McClellan after the battle of Rich Mountain—“ *Soldiers you have vanquished two armies.* ” The two armies, according to Colonel Pegram's account, consisted of 2,200 men under General Garland and 700 under Colonel Pegram ; they were hemmed in the mountains and out of food—the latter were captured, the former escaped with a loss of 30 men.

In the printed evidence now before me, taken before some military committee in Washington, it appears that General McClellan's army (by his own admission) amounted to 35,000 men.

he crawled to the road side and hid in some bushes, still where he could see what was going on; the first body that came up was an Indiana regiment, who paused only *long enough to run their bayonets through every wounded man on the field who showed the least signs of life*, and then passed on; when night came he managed to reach a house in the neighborhood, occupied by a widow woman who had several sons; fortunately they were Southern in their feelings, and took him in, keeping him concealed in the house for over a month, notwithstanding the house was searched several times, some suspicion having attached to the family; finally, having recovered sufficiently to be able to walk, and fearful of compromising the family by remaining longer with them, he determined to try and make his way to the Eastern part of Virginia; taking with him a small wallet of provisions kindly furnished by the old lady, he departed, but lost his way in the mountains, and after suffering much hardship for want of food and shelter, was on the sixth day captured by the picket guards of McClellan's army; on being questioned by his captors, he represented himself to be a cattle driver, and had been in the mountains searching for lost cattle: they were about releasing him, when one of the soldiers, an Irishman, exclaimed, "Be Jasus, he's no cattle driver, look at them boots, they did not cost less than ten dollars!" the soles were gone, but the patent leather tops betrayed him, and they took him into the camp. Fearing his personal safety, until he could meet with some officer of rank, to whom he could make himself known, he repeated the same story to the Captain of the Guard, who immediately replied, "It is useless, sir, for you to tell that story, cattle drivers do not speak the pure English that you do: who are you?" "Then I am Captain De Lagnel of the Confederate Army." The officer replied, "I am glad to see you, and that you have avowed yourself; first, because we have been searching for you a long time, knowing you were concealed somewhere in the neighborhood; and secondly, that you may receive the treatment due to your position;" he was taken

the next day to General McClellan's head quarters, who placed him under his parole, when entirely recovered from his wound, to report himself to Colonel Burke, at Fort LaFayette; he then went to Bedford Springs, and remained until entirely well, when he repaired to Fort LaFayette and surrendered himself, and after being kept there for several weeks, was transferred to Fort Columbus, and finally to Fort Warren; a few days ago he received the likeness of his wife, and his Bible, which McClellan recovered from the soldiers who rifled his trunk after the battle; he appears to be a favorite of General McClellan, and especially so of Colonel Dimick, who frequently calls in to see him,—some negotiations are going on for his exchange with a Captain Ricketts, now a prisoner in Richmond, and he feels very anxious lest he may not get well before the order for his release reaches here and so detain him.

I was much amused last evening at a conversation I accidentally overheard, between some of the garrison officers. I had gone to the front door to enjoy the fresh air, the rooms being over heated; a group of officers were standing a few feet from the door conversing on the subject of exchanges. Negotiations were then going on for the exchange of Colonel Pegram and Captain DeLagnel, for officers of similar rank, then prisoners in Richmond. One of the officers remarked, that it was a piece of d—d nonsense in the United States Government to exchange such men as Pegram and DeLagnel for anybody they had in Richmond.*

DECEMBER 7. Beautiful spring-like day; wonderful climate this. Spent most of the day out of doors walking and chatting with every body; De Lagnel still sick, and getting worse, which keeps me out of my room. No Baltimore papers received now for three days; can't account

*JANUARY, 1862. Perhaps he was right, for Pegram is now a Brigadier General, and commanded the cavalry that so annoyed the rear of Rosencrans' army at the battle of Murfreesboro', and DeLagnel has an important command in North Carolina.

for this, unless our masters have stopped them, thinking we are learning too much of the world outside.

Mr. Grady, one of the old police officers from Baltimore, discharged to-day, got up a subscription of twelve dollars to send him home; the Government don't undertake to send to their homes those who are discharged, and Grady did not happen to have a cent in his pocket; the most the Government will do is to take the discharged prisoner to Boston and land him on the wharf. Spent the evening in Mason and Slidell's room; had another dish of International Law; went to bed late. We are now allowed to burn our lights until eleven, and the guards rarely interfere if we burn them later; my room mate very restless, and imagines he will have a tedious illness.

DECEMBER 8.—*Sunday*. Another spring-like day; service as usual by the Rev. Mr. North; the Colonel and most of the Garrison officers present; my room mate still very sick, which keeps me much out of my room as he requires quiet; read until eleven and went to bed.

DECEMBER 9. Weather still more mild, resembling a June day at home; received all the missing papers to-day, so our mail matter was not stopped as we feared. Mr. Charles J. Faulkner left us to-day, to go to Richmond and return in thirty days, unless he can get himself exchanged for Mr. Ely,* the Congressman who went to Bull Run to see the fun, and was captured. †

Faulkner's arrest was one of the most outrageous ever perpetrated. He was Minister to France, and when super-

* Mr. Ely, on his return home, published quite an interesting book on his capture and prison life in Virginia. In it, he refers to the numerous bogus letters which were published in the Northern Journals, purporting to come from Federal prisoners in Richmond, detailing their sufferings and horrible treatment, and has the candor to express his regret that the Northern papers deemed it necessary to keep up the military ardor of their people by the manufacture of such ridiculous and untruthful stories.

† JANUARY, 1862. Faulkner succeeded in making the exchange for Ely, and after remaining in private life for a year, recently joined the army as Adjutant General of the army under General Joseph E. Johnston.

seded returned to the country. Went to Washington, settled his accounts with the State Department, asked for and received a safe-conduct to pass the lines and return to his home in Virginia; while in the act of starting he was arrested and confined in the common jail in Washington; the remonstrance of some of his friends among the foreign ministers caused his removal after a week's confinement in jail to a better prison, where he was kept a month, and then sent to Fort LaFayette.

He wrote to Seward, who had in person furnished him with the safe-conduct, complaining of the outrage; Seward replied he had nothing to do with it, that Cameron had him arrested; on applying to Cameron to know the cause, he replied that he had him arrested as a hostage for Mr. Magraw who was sent to Virginia to look for the body of Cameron's brother, who was killed at Manassas, and had been captured by the Confederates and taken to Richmond.

Faulkner wrote to Richmond and obtained the release of Magraw, expecting his own discharge immediately to follow; he was then informed that he was no longer a prisoner of Cameron but a prisoner of State, or rather of Seward, and would be held for State reasons; but as the Republican party are very anxious to get back Mr. Ely, who is one of their big guns, the arrangement has been made for Mr. Faulkner to go to Richmond.

This is the first instance, since the safe-conduct given to John Huss, by the Emperor Sigismund, now nearly five hundred years ago, that a safe-conduct, regarded as the most sacred of all pledges, has ever been violated by any civilized nation; perhaps the excuse was, in principle, the same in both cases; in the loose theology of that day, the emperor was advised by the clergy that he was not bound to keep faith with heretics: and the Government doubtless came to the conclusion that they were not bound to keep faith with rebels.

Faulkner certainly expects to be successful in his mission, for he has distributed his stores and personal effects among his friends.

The Colonel gave permission to the prisoners to-day to use the parade ground to play foot ball, and for some hours it was a pleasant and exciting scene; they went at it like boys, in fact I kicked the ball a few times myself—after we had finished, the Hatteras privates took their turn at it. Received letters from home; wife very much distressed at my continued absence; De Lagnel still very sick, and my next neighbor in the adjoining room very ill: could hear his groans all night; spent the evening in making up my mess accounts and writing home; at supper, in Mason and Slidell's room, had a nice dish of Maryland terrapins. Durrett, of Kentucky, left us to-day, took the oath, and was consequently well searched.

DECEMBER 10. Heavy fog this morning, which cleared away by ten o'clock, giving us another beautiful day, which the North Carolina people availed of for another game of foot-ball.

At twelve, the boat from Boston brought down Major General B. F. Butler and his staff on a visit of inspection to the Fort: first time I have seen the General since the memorable day he dined at the Gilmore House in Baltimore, and subsequently found so much difficulty in mounting his horse: looked as natural as he did then, except that the cigar, at an angle of forty-five degrees, was not in his mouth, and his locomotion was steadier; made a show of generosity by bringing to Major Andrews his letter-book and papers that were taken from him at his capture at Fort Hatteras.

When Mayor Brown went to Boston last week, he very naturally stopped at the house of his brother-in-law, residing in that city. The Boston papers of this morning contain a number of scurrilous articles abusing his brother-in-law for "*harboring a traitor!*"* It is really painful

* MAYOR BROWN—A REMARKABLE ADMISSION BY MR. SEWARD.—A most vulgar and shameful attack is made in the *Evening Transcript* of yesterday, upon one of our most estimable and inoffensive citizens. It comes under the head of "sneaks and cowards." It seems that Mayor Brown,

to read the Boston newspapers, the press of the "Athens of America," and see the diligence with which they labor to stir up the basest passions of the multitude into a hatred of every thing South or Southern, stopping at no lie, however glaring, that will answer their purpose with the ignorant; their venom appears particularly directed towards us; scarcely a day passes but they have some bogus letter or information from Fort Warren, with which to regale and delight their readers. We are styled "The Rebels at Fort Warren;" "The Traitors at Fort Warren;" "The Miserable Wretches at Fort Warren;" "The Deluded Wretches at Fort Warren;" "The Wretched Creatures at Fort Warren;" "The Political Scoundrels at Fort Warren," and worse than all, the most disparaging accounts are given of our personal appearance. We were under the impression that, on the whole, we were tolerably good looking, and well dressed, but they represent us as having villianous countenances, unshaven, dirty, and ragged; of weak, puny frames and small statue, in striking contrast with the stalwart sons of the North, and about an

of Baltimore, is out of Fort Warren on parole, not to leave the State. Naturally enough, he repairs to the house of the citizen aforesaid, that house being the dwelling of his own sister, who is the wife of the citizen in question. This is called by the *Transcript* "harboring a traitor." Of course, on this theory, the Government are "sneaks and traitors," for letting Mayor Brown be at large.

The gentleman who has thus, according to the *Transcript*, been guilty of "harboring a traitor," is a physician highly respected in his profession, and so well known for charitable deeds, that one can hardly conceive of the malignant spirit which could prompt such an attack upon him. It can only be characterized as the basest sort of prying into the privacy of domestic life, and a gross assault upon all the sympathies and affections of human nature.

We have heard by the way, that a deputation of respectable and loyal Baltimore people waited on the Secretary, in regard to Mayor Brown, to learn why he was confined. It was asked—"Has Mr. Brown been guilty of any treason?" The answer was "None, that I know of." "Do you suspect him of disloyalty?" "I have no reason to do so." "Then, pray, why do you imprison him?" "Because he happens to be an obstacle in our way." We give the statement as we heard it; and his release on parole, to remain in Massachusetts, seems to confirm the story.—*Boston Courier*, Dec. 10.

average specimen of Southern physical imbecility, and with the exception of a few desperate characters, exceedingly penitent, and imploring the Government for pardon and forgiveness for having wickedly rebelled against the best government on earth; all of which is doubtless duly believed by nine-tenths of the people of New England.*

Quite an entertaining newspaper political fight is now going on in Boston; the municipal election is at hand, and the present Mayor desires a re-election. On the arrival of the prisoners at Fort Warren, when the fact was made known in Boston that a large number were sick, and there was no hospital arrangement at the Fort, no beds for the sick, and no medicines, the Mayor took the responsibility, aided by some charitable people there, of furnishing the hospital; the papers opposed to his re-election are now fiercely denouncing him as a "sympathizer with the rebels," and his friends are defending him, some on the ground of humanity, and some, that what he did was so little as not to justify his condemnation; as I have no interest in the quarrel, I don't care what the result is; I merely mention it as a specimen of Bostonianism.

DECEMBER 11. Rain all day, preventing out door exercise; occupied the morning in collecting the mess dues for the week, in reading and playing single handed euchre with Governor Morehead, and back-gammon with Colonel Pe-gram; in the evening played a few games of whist with Mason, Slidell and Gatchell; found they were too scientific for me, and as they were not disposed to be at all complimentary in their comments on my skill as a player, gave

* Scarcely a day passed that the mail did not bring numbers of anonymous letters to Colonel Dimick, denouncing him as a traitor for his humane treatment of the prisoners in his charge, and threatening him with all sorts of vengeance. The Colonel quietly put them into the fire as fast as opened; as time wore on, a change took place, and the Boston people gradually learned to speak of the Colonel, and even of the prisoners, with some respect; while the fever was at its height, Gov. Andrews felt impelled to announce publicly in Boston "that he regarded Benedict Arnold a saint when compared with the Fort Warren rebels."

my place to Eustis, while I took a game at back-gammon with McFarland. Slidell suggested that I was better skilled in brewing punch than playing whist, took the hint and prepared it, while McFarland got out some bread and butter, and a couple of jars of *Paté de fois gras*.

My temporary room mate recovering from his mumps, much to my gratification ; in the first place, a sick man in a room ten by twelve, is not a desirable companion, however agreeable in other respects, and in the second place, mumps are said to be catching !

DECEMBER 12. Another beautiful day, intensely cold in the morning, but moderating towards noon, the ball players enjoyed it very much ; another prisoner released to-day, Sommers, of Baltimore. One of my room mates, George Appleton, put in the guard house for impudence to one of the garrison officers ; after remaining there a few hours, at the instance of Commodore Barron and Colonel Pegram, the Colonel released him, but ordered him to remain a close prisoner in his own room. We all tell George he has done wrong, and advise him to go to the officer and make an apology, but boy like, he is stubborn, and refuses ; two or three days will bring him to his senses. I cannot conceive why the Government keeps him here, a mere child, utterly incapable of doing them any harm.

DECEMBER 13. Very dull day, spent most of it in the unprofitable labor of endeavoring to unravel some Chinese puzzles, brought home by the naval officers from the East Indies, and in looking over several hundred stereoscopic views from China and Japan, some of them different from any I had ever seen, the same picture representing, according to the light thrown on them, scenes by day and by night ; these gentlemen have brought with them a large quantity of Chinese and Japanese articles, the examination of which serves to while away the time.

Spent the evening in my room, reading, writing and

chatting with De Lagnel, who is much better, and such visitors as dropped in.

DECEMBER 14. Took a walk this morning round the ramparts in company with twelve or fifteen of the political prisoners, by special invitation from two of the officers of the Garrison, who went with us.

The scene was a beautiful one, Boston in the distance, the harbor studded with small islands, and the ocean in front; the day clear and bracing; perhaps it looked more pleasing from the fact that for forty-five days I have seen nothing but the parade ground, the stone walls that enclose it, and the sky above.

Received very pleasant letters from home, also from Ward and Matilda, the latter enclosing some of her patriotic poetry, and the former giving a very gloomy picture of affairs in Baltimore. W. thinks that apart from my absence from my family and my accustomed ways, I am losing nothing by being here. Wrote to E. declining to accept any release encumbered with conditions, which I suppose will keep me here; spent the evening as usual in reading, writing and visiting; ate a few oysters in No. 7 and some boned turkey and champagne in No. 11, and dropped in at Mason and Slidell's to finish off with a good Habana.

Captain De Lagnel left us to-day, having been exchanged for a Captain Ricketts; the news of his exchange almost made a well man of him; hope I shall meet him again; he is one of the finest specimens of humanity I have ever met with.

DECEMBER 15. Another beautiful day, cold but clear, and bracing; church service as usual by Mr. North; spent the afternoon in reading the English papers and their comments on the capture of Mason and Slidell: looks very warlike. Spent the evening in getting up my correspondence which was falling behind.

DECEMBER 16. Cold and stormy, so much so, that the boat could not land at the wharf to-day, and had to go back with our letters, papers, and to-morrow's breakfast and dinner; the occasional missing of the mail and our bundles of newspapers, is regarded as a calamity, the latter gives us employment from twelve until two, and we look for it as regularly and with more impatience than we do for our dinner; after reading the papers, their contents afford us subjects for discussion and conversation the balance of the day; for want of other matters to discourse on, the subject of International Law was resumed, much to my annoyance. The two hundred and fifty Hatteras prisoners who have been exchanged, were to have left to-day, but the storm prevented it.

DECEMBER 17. Storm passed away, and at twelve o'clock the Hatteras prisoners embarked for their homes: one of my room mates, Colonel Bradford, a very estimable gentleman, going with them; as they were passing out of the sally-port, one of them stepped out of the ranks and told Colonel Dimick that should they ever take him prisoner, they would take good care of him.

The Colonel very kindly took all the remaining North Carolina privates on the ramparts to witness the departure: he is a good old man; lost two of our room mates, whose places were immediately filled with three others, making our quarters more crowded than ever.

The news from England has created great commotion among the prisoners: from present appearances we shall have war with England, for I cannot see how Mr. Seward can possibly back down, *query?* How will it affect the chances of our release? badly I fear. Mr. Mason insists, that the Government at Washington, notwithstanding the approval of the Secretary of the Navy and the President, and the vote of thanks by Congress to Captain Wilkes, will surrender them and make any apology England may require. Spent the evening in my bed room, reading the papers to Commodore Barron, who is sick, and in supping round, oysters, terrapins, hot whiskey punch, &c., &c.

DECEMBER 18. Charles H. Pitts left this morning on a parole of thirty days to visit his family; the general impression is, that he will not return, and for his own comfort, I hope it may prove so. I can see no object in sending him back, but then, at the same time, I can see no object in keeping any of us here, so that amounts to nothing; passed the day as usual.

DECEMBER 19. Another warm and pleasant day, of which the ball-players took advantage; one discharge to-day, Mr. Cenas, of the Navy, who goes home to be exchanged; passed most of the day in the open air; find the nights are getting long and tedious, dark at half-past four, and to bed at eleven; six and a half hours to get through with every evening, a fine opportunity to read, if I could settle my mind to it, but the annoyance of being here, my unprotected family at home, and the uncertainty of the future, prevents anything like continued reading or study. When I think of the outrageous manner in which I have been treated, dragged from my home at midnight, without a moment's warning or preparation; transported from Fort to Fort like a felon; of my business affairs thrown into confusion, if not ruin; of my wife and six daughters at home without a protector, I lay down the book and do a deal of inward swearing. Mr. Slidell advised me the other day to do it outwardly, expressing the belief that it would relieve me, as a flow of tears sometimes is a relief to dry eyes when in distress.

DECEMBER 20. Mr. Kessler, of Frederick County, late member of the Maryland Legislature, left us to day; he has been ready for several weeks to take the oath, but somehow they had not faith in him. Col. Kane returned to-day from his three weeks' leave of absence, reports everything very dull and gloomy in Baltimore, saw my family and says they are all well. Durant, member of the Legislature from St. Mary's, offered the oath but declined it.

DECEMBER 21. Usual routine of exercise, reading and visiting the neighbors; spent an hour in Governor Morehead's room playing cards, and another in Wallis' room listening to his reading, and Gatchell's humorous wit; the latter is the life of the room, and never loses his humor or his temper.

Played back-gammon in the evening with some of the naval officers and listened to another discourse from Mason on International Law; made the whiskey punch earlier than usual with a view of changing the subject, but that only brightened his ideas, and he went on.

DECEMBER 22. Mr. North preached his last sermon to-day, he has been exchanged and leaves for his home in Virginia to-morrow. Mr. Brewer, clerk of the Maryland Senate left to-day to visit his family on a parole of thirty days; extra good dinner to-day, to which Captain Berry, one of the prisoners, added a basket of Champagne.

DECEMBER 23. Rain, hail, snow and slush, with a gale of wind from all points of the compass, converting the parade ground into a huge mud puddle which I had to cross twice during the morning. Mr. North left us to-day, having been exchanged for some regimental parson captured at Bull Run, we fitted him out with a good suit of clothing, and gave him thirty dollars out of the mess fund to take him home, a small return for his services in the Chapel; we are now without a minister.*

The approach of Christmas is bringing to us the kind remembrances of friends from all parts of the country, and the indications to-day are that we shall have provisions enough to feed the whole of the remaining five hundred prisoners during Christmas week. Six large boxes came by the Boat to-day, from Washington County, Md., consigned to Dr. McGill and Mr. Alvey,† of Hagerstown, with

*Mr. North returned to his home at Charlestown, Va., only to be driven from it in a few weeks by the advance of the Federal army.

†Mr. Alvey was released in February on his parole, and returned to his home in Hagerstown, but in April was compelled by the mob to leave, and took refuge in Canada.

a list of the contributors, one hundred and thirty in number, turkeys, hams, rounds of beef, venison, tongues, in fact, everything to eat or to drink that could be thought of by that number of people.

The town of "Freedom," in Maine, sends two large boxes filled with turkeys, lobsters, salmon, the sweet corn of that country and some very fine wines and old brandy; we had among us for some time, two gentlemen from that town, who lost their "freedom" for exercising freedom of speech; they attempted to make speeches at a "Peace" meeting, but the meeting was broken up, and that night they were taken out of their beds and sent to Fort LaFayette, where, and at Fort Warren, they had the opportunities, for four months, of doing penance for the sin of preferring Peace to War. Too stormy to take exercise and had to pass the day within doors, listening to the usual discussions on Mason and Slidell and the chances of a war with England; Mason still persists there will be no war, and that the Government will back out from every position they have taken, others think they have bullied and blustered so much, that they cannot back out without making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the whole world; for the last ten days a large force has been engaged in mounting the barbette guns of the Fort, and putting it generally in a state of defence.

A nice mess of oysters cooked by Marshal Kane, with some Scotch whiskey-punch, closes the day, or rather the night, and to bed at eleven.

DECEMBER 24. Mr. John W. Davis, Police Commissioner of Baltimore, left us to day on a parole for thirty days; this system is getting quite fashionable; nothing of interest to-day, except the preparations for Christmas, boxes continue to arrive from all quarters, with good things for the holidays; mutton and hams from the Eastern shore, canvas-backs, terrapins and oysters from Baltimore, turkeys and geese from everywhere, pound cakes and fruit cakes without end; we shall give the North Carolina privates, and the moneyless politicals of number forty-five, such a week's

feasting as will make them "return to their mutttons" of salt pork and beans with perfect disgust.

This being Christmas-eve, the Colonel kindly sent us word that we could burn the lights as long as we desired.

DECEMBER 25. Christmas day; spent it pretty much as I would have done at home, only on a smaller scale, visited all the rooms, taking a glass of egg-nog here and of apple toddy there, had the best dinner of the season, but no one appeared disposed to eat it, the egg-nog having supplanted the dinner; continued my visits under special permit from the Colonel, until eleven, and am sorry to record, went to bed forgetting to wind up my watch.

We had a rich scene this evening in the underground apartments the other side of the sally-port, in the trial and execution of Wm. H. Seward for treason, in having abolished the Constitution and the Laws and usurped the Government; about fifty of the prisoners were present and participated in it; a stuffed figure had been made, representing the culprit, who was seated in the criminal box; a judge was selected,* twelve jurymen drawn, the prisoner was assigned counsel, the prosecuting attorney opened the case, and the examination of witnesses went on in due form; speeches were made by counsel on both sides, and the case given to the jury, who after some deliberation (I fear they were biassed) found the prisoner at the bar guilty; the judge, after making the usual preliminary speech on the enormity of his crimes and the justness of his condemnation, pronounced the sentence and he was immediately executed. One of the garrison officers was present, and between the trial and a bucket of egg-nog on the table in the corner of the room where he

*DEATH OF AUSTIN E. SMITH.—Major Austin E. Smith, son of Ex-Gov. Smith, of Virginia, and formerly Navy Agent at San Francisco, was severely wounded in the battle before Richmond on the 27th ult., in the shoulder. On the 29th his arm was amputated, but he survived the operation but a few hours. It will be recollected that Major Smith, on his return from California, was arrested on the Isthmus, and for some months was confined in Fort Warren, Boston Harbor.—*Richmond Enquirer*.

stood, seemed to enjoy it very much. I fear that on awaking next morning, he found his recollection of the doings of the previous night very much impaired.

DECEMBER 26. Awoke with severe head-ache, the penalty of yesterday's indulgence, and spent most of the day in bed, received letters from home, informing me that General Dix had written to Washington to procure a parole for thirty days for me, wrote back declining to accept it.

DECEMBER 27. Very cold and stormy, out door exercise impossible, still unwell and suffering from bad cold, Mr. Salmon, member of the Legislature from Frederick County discharged to-day, took the oath, and Mr. Oaksmith, charged with fitting out slavers, but suspected of fitting out privateers, removed to New York for trial.*

DECEMBER 28. Intense cold with strong gale of wind, so much so that the boat from Boston could not make the landing and had to return, consequently no letters or papers.

Without the papers and with weather too inclement to take exercise, the days are very long; there are not enough card players in the room to make up a party, and backgammon has become tiresome. About ten, the officer who was present at the trial of Seward, came in and helped me

*Oaksmith was the only prisoner ever sent to any of the Forts on a specific charge of an offence not political; partly because we did not desire the company of a slave trader, and partly because we suspected him of being a spy, (he having been at the last election in New York a prominent and active member of the Black Republican party,) although either would have been sufficient, we declined to admit him into our mess.

He was a man of fine personal appearance, intelligent and polished in his manners, and took our refusal very hard, in a few days he took a seat at the mess-table uninvited, and no notice was taken of it.

He was removed to the jail in New York city, and during the Spring, tried and convicted for being engaged in the slave trade, and sent to the Penitentiary for five years, from which he soon made his escape, and finally turned up in Havana.

to drink a bottle of whiskey, that is, he drank seven-eighths, and I the other eighth.

DECEMBER 29. Very cold, thermometer some distance below zero—our chaplain having left us, we did not expect a sermon, but on going to the chapel this morning, whom should I find reading the service, but the officer who drank my whiskey last night; he had a full clear voice and read it better than nine-tenths of the clergymen I have heard; after service Colonel Dimick informed me that he had received orders from Washington to permit me to go home for thirty days, told him I would decide in a day or two what I would do, spent the evening in writing and reading in my little room.

DECEMBER 30. Cold and raw; spent most of the day in my room, preparing to leave, having determined to accept the proffered parole after much consideration over it. My affairs at home are getting into a confused state, and my wife fretting very much at my absence, and now sick in bed.—Most of my friends approve of my going. Some object to it, thinking that in so doing I recognize the right of the Government to keep me a prisoner. I do not think so, as I enter into no obligation except to return in thirty days. Mason and Slidell are also preparing to leave, having received official notice of their intended surrender.

DECEMBER 31. Another cold and raw day, preventing out-door exercise—spent most of the day in my bed-room reading and writing; got up a game of cards in the evening, the first *in our room* since I have been here. Col. Dimick sent word in the evening, that as it was New Year's Eve, we could burn the lights at pleasure. Determined to show our appreciation of his kindness by brewing a second pitcher of Punch, and finally a third one, and as the Commodore did not drink Whiskey Punch, but was partial to Rum-Milk Punch, I sent to the mess room for a gallon can of cream that was left over from our Christmas keeping, and

with the aid of a bottle of very old rum, presented me by Mr. Harrison, very soon concocted a beverage, that if not fit for the gods, was certainly appreciated by the Commodore, colonels, and prisoners of State; it was the most delicious thing I ever tasted, rich cream, rum forty years old, a little sugar and nutmeg, with a few drops of orange juice; I give the receipt for the benefit of posterity.

We had numerous visitors during the evening, and about mid-night, Lieutenant Moore, of North Carolina, who occupied the room immediately under us, made a call, (the smell of good things will sometimes descend as well as ascend,) the ostensible object of his visit was to give Mr. Mason a copy of some very clever verses, set to the tune of "Dixie," his own composition, which Mr. Mason had heard him sing a night or two previous, (Moore has a fine voice) and of which Mason had specially requested a copy. Mr. Mason took the song, and putting on his specs, carefully read aloud each verse, commenting as he went along, and pronounced the whole a capital good thing; folding it up and putting it in the side pocket of his coat, he went on to say, that he intended on his arrival in London, to have it set to music and sung in the theatres, printed and distributed among the ballad singers on the streets, played by the organ grinders, in fact he intended to make an "institution" of it; after singing a song or two, Mr. Moore retired and we went to bed.

JANUARY 1. After breakfast this morning, while Mason and Slidell were in our room, their own being cleaned up, a tap at the door, and Lieutenant Moore came in. "I am glad to see you Mr. Moore," said Mason, "I do not know at what moment we may leave here, and I want you to give me a copy of the song I asked you for a few days since;" "why Mr. Mason," said Moore, "I gave it to you last night;" "you did nothing of the kind," said Mason; "I did;" replied Moore, "and Mr. S., who was present, will doubtless remember it." "Mr. Mason," said S., "Mr. Moore came in last night about twelve, and handed you the

song ; you read it carefully, with running comments, and stated what you purposed doing with it when you reached London ;” “I did nothing of the sort,” replied Mason, “and I really think, Mr. S., you are carrying the joke too far ;” “I have no disposition, Mr. Mason,” replied S., “to carry a joke an unnecessary distance, but I have now a distinct recollection that after reading it, you folded it up and put it in the side pocket of the coat you now have on.” Instantly he ran his hand into the pocket, and lo! it was there ; looking alternately at the paper, Mr. Moore and S., he turned to S. and quietly remarked, “I’ll be d—d if I drink any more punch of your brewing ;” nor did he, for in a few minutes after, an agent of Mr. Seward’s, a Mr. Webster, came in and informed him and Mr. Slidell that a boat was at the wharf, waiting for them, and they must depart instantly.

Slidell replied he was not ready, and would require two or three hours to pack up ; Webster insisted that the boat was waiting and they must go within thirty minutes ; Slidell, who was not particularly amiable at being thrust out of the Fort in this unceremonious manner, and withal had been sick for several days, replied in language more forcible than chaste that he would not go until he was ready, nor did he, for it was nearly twelve o’clock when they departed. Colonel Dimick particularly requested that no demonstration should be made on their departure, and that none of the gentlemen should go on the ramparts to see them off ; their immediate friends took leave of them in their room, and the prisoners generally ranged themselves on each side of the sally-port and uncovered as they passed out. I understood during the day from one of the officers that they were taken away in one of the small harbor tug boats, and as the boat went straight out to sea it must be to put them on board of some British ship in the offing ; as there was a strong gale of wind, with a heavy sea running, they must have had an uncomfortable time.*

* We learned a day or two after that they were put on board an English steamer forty miles from the Fort, about two hours before the gale com-

Occupied the balance of the morning in collecting the mess dues for the week, and preparing the accounts to hand over to my successor, Mr. Green, of Savannah, who has agreed to undertake that troublesome task. Our "sanctum," as Commodore Barron terms it, I have handed over, with all my bedding and furniture, to Mr. Green, after consulting with the Commodore, who accepts him as a room mate, with the proviso, however, that should I return, he will vacate it.

In the afternoon, by special permit, took a walk round the ramparts for the second and last time. Spent the evening packing up and preparing to leave.

In leaving this Fort, it is, perhaps, proper to say, that we have experienced none of the brutal treatment which characterised the officers and soldiers at Fort LaFayette; while we were thrown entirely on our own resources and subjected to strict discipline, there was no harshness or rudeness exhibited towards us; in no instance did I receive an unkind word from any officer or soldier. I was compelled, from my mess duties, to come more in contact with the soldiers than any other prisoner, and uniformly found them civil; I suppose I asked over a hundred what induced them to enlist in the army; the answer invariably was, I am a mechanic, with a family and without employment, and was driven to it by necessity; very few of them were foreigners, and although they probably will fight if driven to it, they have no heart in the contest,—they enlisted to *live* and not to *die*.

JANUARY 2. Up early, and occupied the morning in packing up and taking leave of my companions. Terrible

menced. The steamer was bound for Halifax, and as nothing was heard of them for two weeks, great apprehensions was entertained for their safety. We subsequently learned that the vessel after battling with the storm for several days, with many of her crew frost-bitten, gave up the attempt to reach Halifax and bore away for Bermuda.

Mr. Mason's predictions were all realized with wonderful accuracy, with the single exception of the date of his arrival in London, he did not reach there until the 28th January, owing entirely to the storm, and consequent change of route by the West Indies.

storm last night, seven vessels wrecked on or about the island, much apprehension about the safety of Mason and Slidell, unless they reached some larger vessel before night; the small tug could not possibly have lived in such a storm. Their mode of surrender was discreditable to Lord Lyon's for permitting it, and disgraceful to the American Government in the extreme,—it was like the spiteful and unwilling act of a whipped child.

Left the Fort at one o'clock in company with Lieutenant Buell, the officer who has had special charge of the political prisoners, and who was visiting Boston for a day or two's holiday; got on board the steam tug with much difficulty and some danger: the storm was still so severe that the boat could not make fast to the wharf, and our only chance of getting on board was to stand on the wharf, which was covered with ice, holding on to a post, as the boat would run past and spring on board as she rose on the water, to our level, while my baggage was "pitched" on the deck, and a fine rocking chair, which I was desirous of taking home, came on board minus the legs and rockers,—had I had any idea of the difficulty, I would certainly have remained another day.

Reached Boston at three o'clock, and went to the Tremont House to dinner. I happen to be about the same size and the same general outline as Marshal Kane; our features are dissimilar, but both had, at the time, our faces covered with beard,—a few minutes after I was seated at the table, I noticed that I was the observed of all observers, and soon it was whispered all over the dining room that the veritable Marshal Kane, the celebrated rebel and bridge-burner of Baltimore, was present; it did not however disconcert me, or in the least interfere with my appetite: and having finished my dinner, I walked through the room with as much of dignity as I could possibly assume, every eye being turned on me to take one long look at so notorious a character.

After calling on Dr. Coale, who has been so kind to us, and settling my mess account with him, and visiting

Faneuil Hall market to pay some bills due for marketing; (quite a crowd gathered round me in the market when it became known that I was one of the "Fort Warren rebels,") I left Boston at 5.30 for New York, via Fall river.

At the supper table on board the boat, the negro waiter who attended to me, was unusually polite and attentive to my wants: before rising from the table he whispered in my ear, that he hoped Marshal Kane was well; I thanked him, and assured him he was in excellent health.

JANUARY 3. Did not reach New York until eleven o'clock, in consequence of the storm of last night; too late to connect with the train for Baltimore and was compelled to remain until six o'clock; as I passed over the gangway, of the boat, I could hear numerous voices behind me, "that's Marshal Kane," "that's him," there he goes," my negro friend had evidently spread the news;—after telegraphing home that they might expect me in the morning at five o'clock, I called on Mr. McMasters, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, and Mr. Sullivan, the counsel for the privateersmen, who were my companions at Fort LaFayette, and spent two or three hours going round with them; was surprised at the freedom of speech every where we went, perhaps our visits were confined to one class of people; at three dined with Cranston at the New York hotel, who sent us so many good things at Fort LaFayette and Fort Warren; after leaving the hotel, found myself dogged by a couple of villainous looking detectives, faces half bully and half sneak; go where I would, those fellows were behind me; in the coffee room at the depot, in the ticket office, while getting my baggage checked, there they were—finally in the cabin of the ferry-boat, finding I could not get rid of them, and their action was attracting notice towards me, I went deliberately up to them and stared them out of the cabin.

Came through without stopping, reached home at five o'clock and found my wife and daughters up, and awaiting my arrival, and a nice warm breakfast ready, which, sur-

rounded by my family, was the sweetest meal I had eaten for months.

It only remains to say, that on the expiration of my parole, through the action of some of my friends, I was not required to return to the Fort; no conditions were exacted from me, for I would accept of none, no cause given for my arrest and none for my release. In short, I suppose, not being considered a "dangerous" man, I was simply turned loose.

APPENDIX.

Fort La Fayette.

OUR removal from Fort LaFayette on the 30th of October, 1861, entirely cleared that place of prisoners, only, however, to be refilled to a much greater extent, and in a few weeks crowded far beyond what we supposed its utmost capacity.

From many gentlemen who were confined there through the following winter, and the spring, and summer of 1862, I have had statements of their condition and treatment, showing that our treatment there, brutal as it was, was humanity compared to the treatment of those who followed us.

In the Battery Room where I was located with thirty-seven others, and which was then so crowded that our beds touched, or at most a few inches between them, sixty-five were packed during the winter and spring, the other Battery Rooms packed in the same proportion; the small casemate rooms, which we esteemed over crowded with eight occupants, were made to hold as high as eighteen, bedsteads had to be dispensed with, and the floors covered with mattresses, so that the inmates could sleep in common, something like the between decks of a slave ship; about eighty of the prisoners, sailors and privateersmen, were kept all the time in irons, their legs chained together.

Up to the month of May they were kept close prisoners in their rooms, not permitted to leave them, except under guard, to visit the rear; after sun-set they were not permitted to leave their rooms under any circumstances whatever. The rations were inferior in quality and quantity, so much so, that among the poorer class of prisoners, complaints of hunger were daily and hourly made; Mrs. Gelston continued an angel of mercy to the prisoners, daily sending them food, until it became offensive to the commander and it was prohibited, first, except in cases of sickness, but soon after totally;

on entering and leaving the Fort they were stripped and searched, their money, watches and pocket knives taken from them; during the winter they suffered much from the very limited supply of fuel.

But all this was humanity compared to the treatment of a few prisoners who were specially obnoxious to the Government; Colonel Zarvona, Dr. Edson B. Olds, of Ohio, Pierre Soulé and Mr. Messereaux, of Louisiana, who were confined in separate rooms, or dungeons they might be called, although above ground. The first three or four weeks of Dr. Old's imprisonment was in solitary confinement, not permitted for any purpose to leave his cell, utterly denied the use of pens and paper, of newspapers or books of any description, even to the refusal of a Bible when he applied for it: not permitted to have light in his cell: the greater portion of the time he was ill with the Bloody Flux, and was even refused waste paper. I am aware these details are disgusting, still they form a part of the history of the times. Some of the prisoners noticing that the food which was taken into Dr. Old's cell, came out untouched, supposed the inmate (they did not know who) was sick and unable to eat the army rations, and requested permission of Lieutenant Wood to send the sick man some other food, which was refused.

The treatment of Zarvona is probably the same, none of the prisoners ever saw him, and he still remains there. Soulé and Messereaux received the same treatment except shortly before they were released, it was so far modified as to permit them to receive newspapers, and visit the rear under a guard, at which time all other prisoners must be in their rooms.

On two occasions, the draft from the chimney leading to the quarters above, became reversed, throwing the whole of the smoke into Zarvona's room; his noise induced the sentinel to open the door, after calling the Sergeant of the Guard; the soldiers on entering the room immediately retreated, stifled from the smoke; the door had to be left open for fifteen minutes, and the other prisoners were driven to their rooms to prevent them from seeing him.

Lieut. Wood, suspecting he had found means to communicate with the other prisoners, laid a trap to ascertain if it were so. Dressing one of the soldiers of the same size, in Zarvona's clothes, Zarvona was removed from his cell at night, and the soldier substituted, with instructions how to act. Next morning, one of the prisoners, Mr. Cecil, in passing the cell, was attracted by a noise from the window, and a piece of paper tied to a nail was thrown out; unconsciously he stooped to pick it up, and was immediately seized and conveyed to a

dungeon cell, six by three feet, where a ray of light never penetrated, and kept there for seven weeks; his fellow-prisoners could scarcely recognise him, when he re-appeared at the end of that time, so haggard and emaciated had he become. The reason assigned by Lieut. Wood to the other prisoners for his brutality towards Zarvona was that he had attempted to make his escape. It is true he did make the attempt, but it was nearly two months after he had been placed in close confinement, and when it is known that the night on which he made the attempt was very cold, that the tide runs like a mill-race between the island and the main-land, and that should he have escaped the fire of the sentinels, he would almost certainly have been chilled to death by the water, or carried out to sea by the tide, and as his friends say, is unable to swim, it will readily be seen that nothing but insanity, or desperation caused by his barbarous treatment could have induced him to make the attempt.

Lieut. Wood, in answer to an enquiry recently made by a committee of the Senate, states that Zarvona is confined in a room 25 feet long by 15 wide, lighted by three windows, only one of which is closed. This is not correct. The room, which I measured myself, is less than 14 by 22 feet, with an arched ceiling, 5 feet high at the spring of the arch, and 8 feet in the centre, has one door and one window, facing the interior of the Fort, which were kept solidly closed, and two narrow slits in the wall facing the sea. When the front door and window was closed, it was impossible to read or write in the day time without candles.

Fort Warren.

AFTER leaving Fort Warren, according to the accounts of my companions who remained, every thing went on as usual. In February, the North Carolina prisoners were exchanged, with the exception of Commodore Barron and a few naval officers. The prisoners were congratulating themselves on the increased accommodation by their departure, when a fresh arrival of nearly two hundred officers taken at Fort Donaldson, crowded them more than ever.

The new arrivals experienced the same kind and humane treatment from Colonel Dimick which had previously marked his character, with the exception of Major General Buckner and Brigadier General Tilghman, who were, by special orders from Washington, placed in solitary confinement, where they remained during their whole imprisonment.

All the prisoners of war were exchanged and left the Fort the latter part of July—a portion of the political prisoners had been discharged in May, on various conditions, and but fourteen now remained; of these, some had been offered a release on parole which was indignantly refused, others were esteemed too dangerous to be released on any terms.

The liberty of the island was now given them on parole, and as time passed on, the garrison, impressed by their manly bearing, learned to treat them with much respect. Even the Boston Journals ceased to speak of them as "Miserable Rebels," "Deluded Traitors," "Misguided Wretches," but as men whose calm fortitude and stern determination to suffer rather than surrender a principle, entitled them to sympathy and regard, even from those who differed from them.

This change of feeling, going on through all the Northern States, partly the effects of returning reason, and partly the wide-spread feeling, that no man, having public or private enemies, could feel assured, on retiring at night, that the morrow's sun might not find him in a Fortress or a filthy Jail, finally developed itself in the Fall Elections in such an unmistakeable form, that the Government was forced to relax its policy, and in the month of November, general orders were issued to release all the State Prisoners, against whom no specific charge existed; still the feeling against the Maryland Prisoners was yet so strong at Washington, kept up in all probability by the Plug Ugly Junta in Baltimore, that special orders were sent to Col. Dimick not to release any of his prisoners under the general order, and the probability is that those gentlemen would have remained at Fort Warren, but (as I am informed) for the interference and strong protests of Mr. Blair, the Post Master General, who had always regarded with disfavor, the arrest, and particularly the long continued imprisonment of the Maryland prisoners, and insisted on their unconditional release, which he succeeded in effecting after a strong effort.

Camp Chase.

It may be interesting to know how "*State Prisoners*" are cared for in the Bastiles of the West; they exist in every State, and probably vary but little in their management. The one at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, is thus described by a "Loyal" Editor who writes on the spot :

HORRIBLE DISCLOSURES IN RELATION TO A POLITICAL PRISON.

We speak wholly of the political prison, the prison of State, as we know nothing whatever of what occurs in the prison where "rebels taken in arms" are kept—that is, "the prisoners of war."

It must not be forgotten that there have been from six to seven hundred political prisoners at Camp Chase at a time; and although several hundred have been lately discharged without trial, there are yet some four hundred—one or two hundred of these have arrived there within a few days past from Kentucky and Western Virginia. These men are taken from their homes, some from their beds at night, some from their houses in day-time, and a great many of them are picked up in their fields at work; and never suffered to see their families before being spirited off to Ohio and incarcerated in the celebrated Bastile, which will soon be as famous as Olmutz itself.

Our Ohioans are put into the same prison with these men from other States, and from them we have learned some facts which the people of Ohio ought to know. Many of these men have been kept in this prison for over one year, a great many for five, six, seven and eight months, without even seeing outside, or being allowed to communicate personally with any one, not even wife, child, father, mother, or stranger.

They are furnished with nothing but a single blanket, even these cold nights, unless they are able to purchase additional comforts with money they may be able to command. Many are poor men, and unable to purchase; they were not permitted to bring along a change of clothing, and many had on when seized nothing but summer wear, and that has become filthy, worn out, and scarcely hangs upon their backs.

They have no bedding, and therefore are compelled to sleep on bare boards. They have not enough wood furnished to keep fires up all night, and hence the suffering is intensified by the cold weather. If they attempt, after night, to walk out in the yard to take off the chills of the dreary night, they are instantly threatened to be shot by the guards, as ordered by those in command.

Dr. Allen, of Columbia county, Ohio, said he laid on a bare board until his hips were black and blue. The wood furnished them is four feet long, and they are compelled, each mess to chop it up for themselves, and, the provisions being furnished raw, they have to cook for themselves. Recollect, always, that these are political prisoners, against whom no one appears as accuser, and no trial is permitted.

The prison has become filthy—awfully so—and the rats are in droves. If the prisoners attempt to kill one of these rats they are forbidden, and threatened with being shot instantly. Recollect, always, as we said above, these are political prisoners, against whom some malicious negro-worshipper has created a suspicion of disloyalty, but whose name is kept a secret, and hence there can be no trial.

The prison is perfectly alive with lice and no chance is given to escape the living vermin. A dead man, one of the prisoners, was the other day carried out to the dead yard, and laid there over night, and when visited in the morning by other prisoners, who heard there was a dead man there, they found the hair on his head stiff with lice and nits—the lice creeping into his eyes in great numbers, and, as he lay with his mouth open, the lice were thick crawling in and out of his open mouth.

Not long since two of the prisoners got into a scuffle in trying their strength, and finally into a fight, as was supposed; and several other persons rushed to part them, when the guards from the look out above fired on them, killing an old man by the name of Jones, from Western Virginia, and the ball grazing the skull of another; he fell, and it was supposed at first he was killed, also; another of the balls passed through a board at the head of a sick man in the hospital, and only escaped him by a few inches. The two men in the scuffle were not hurt.

We might go further, but God knows this is far enough for once. It is enough to make one's blood run cold to think of it.

Now, if any one doubts this—if the authorities at camp or at the State House doubt it, if the Legislature, when it meets, will raise a committee, we promise to name the witnesses who, if sent for, under oath, prove all this, and as much more, some of which is too indecent to print in a newspaper for the public ear.

We do not bring these things to light for any other purpose than an act of humanity, of respect for the fair fame of Ohio, and to direct public attention to them that the brutal authorities of that camp may have justice done them. The commandant of the camp is himself a member of the Ohio House of Representatives. He will no doubt appear on 1st Monday of January to take his seat. Let him answer to his compeers on that floor—let him answer to his constituents who elected him—let him answer to the whole people of Ohio, if he dare, whether these things are so or not. Heaven be blessed if any modification can be put upon these transactions—any excuse of the most trivial nature, by which the fame of Ohio may be vindicated from the crime and stigma which otherwise must go down to all time upon the pages of our history.—*Columbus (Ohio) Crisis.*

COPY OF PROTEST SENT TO WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 8.

[PAPER REFERRED TO ON PAGE 42.]

FORT LAFAYETTE, October 8, 1861.

His Excellency, the President of the United States:

SIR: The undersigned prisoners confined in Fort LaFayette, are compelled to address you this protest and remonstrance against the inhumanity of their confinement and treatment. The officers in command at Fort Hamilton and this post, being fully aware of the grievances and privations to which we are obliged to submit, we are bound, for humanity's sake, to presume that they have no authority or means to redress or remove them. They, in fact, assure us that they have not. Our only recourse, therefore, is to lay this statement before you, in order that you may interpose to prevent our being any longer exposed to them.

The prisoners at this post are confined in four small casemates and two large battery rooms. The former are about fourteen feet in breadth by twenty-four or thereabouts in length, with arched ceilings about eight and a half feet high at the highest point, the spring of the arch commencing at about five feet from the floor. In each of these is a fire-place and the floors are of plank. The battery-rooms are of considerably higher pitch, and the floors are of brick, and a large space is occupied in them by the heavy guns and gun-carriages of the batteries. They have no fire-places or means of protection from cold or moisture, and the doors are large, like those of a carriage-house, rendering the admission of light impossible without entire exposure to the temperature and weather without. In one of the small casemates, twenty-three prisoners are confined, two-thirds of them in irons, without beds, bedding, or any of the commonest necessities. Their condition could hardly be worse if they were in a slave ship, on the middle passage. In each of the two, out of the other three casemates, ten gentlemen are imprisoned; in the third there are nine, and a tenth is allotted to it; their beds and necessary luggage leaving them scarce space enough to move, and rendering the commonest personal cleanliness almost an impossibility. The doors are all fastened from six or thereabouts in the evening, until the same hour in the morning, and with all the windows (which are small) left open in all weathers, it is hardly possible to sleep in the foul, unwholesome air. Into one of the larger battery-rooms there are thirty-four prisoners closely crowded; into the other, thirty-five. All the doors are closed for the same period as stated above, and the only ventilation is then from the embrasures, and so imperfect that the atmosphere is oppressive and almost stifling. Even during the day three of the doors of one of these apartments are kept closed, against the remonstrances of the medical men who are among the inmates, and to the utter exclusion of wholesome and necessary light and air. In damp weather all these unhealthy annoyances and painful discomforts are of course greatly augmented, and when, as to-day, the prison-

ers are compelled by rain to continue within doors, their situation becomes almost intolerable. The undersigned do not hesitate to say, that no intelligent inspector of prisons can fail to pronounce their accommodations as wretchedly deficient, and altogether incompatible with health: and it is obvious, as we already feel, that the growing inclemencies of the season which is upon us, must make our condition more and more nearly unendurable. Many of the prisoners are men advanced in life: many more are of infirm health or delicate constitutions. The greater portion of them have been accustomed to the reasonable comforts of life, none of which are accessible to them here, and their liability to illness is, of course, proportionately greater on that account. Many have already suffered seriously from indisposition augmented by the restrictions imposed upon them. A contagious disease is now spreading in one of the larger apartments, and the physicians who are among us, are positive that some serious general disorder must be the inevitable result, if our situation remains unimproved. The use of any but salt water, except for drinking, has been for some time altogether denied to us. The cistern water itself, for some days past, has been filled with dirt and animalcules, and the supply, even of that, has been so low that yesterday we were almost wholly without drinking water. A few of us who have the means to purchase some trifling necessaries, have been able to relieve ourselves, to some extent, by procuring an occasional, though greatly inadequate, supply of fresh water from the Long Island side.

It only remains to add, that the fare is of the commonest and coarsest soldier's rations, almost invariably ill-prepared and ill-cooked. Some of us, who are better able than the rest, are permitted to take our meals at a private mess, supplied by the wife of the Ordnance Sergeant, for which we pay at the rate of a dollar per day, from our own funds. Those who are less fortunate, are compelled to submit to a diet so bad and unusual, as to be seriously prejudicial to their health.

The undersigned have entered into these partial details, because they cannot believe that it is the purpose of the Government to destroy their health, or sacrifice their lives, by visiting them with such cruel hardships, and they will hope, unless forced to a contrary conclusion, that it can only be necessary to present the facts to you, plainly, in order to secure the necessary relief. We desire to say nothing, here, in regard to the justice or injustice of our imprisonment, but we respectfully insist upon our right to be treated with decency and common humanity, so long as the Government sees fit to confine us.

Commending the matter to your earliest consideration and prompt interference, we are your obedient servants.

This paper was signed by about eighty of the prisoners, and Lieutenant Wood informed us it was sent to Washington. Some of the prisoners refused to sign it on the ground that the facts were too tamely stated, and others, that it might be construed into a petition, as it subsequently was. No notice, as far as I know, was ever taken of it at Washington.

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