

I know the friends worth having will not be changed by the outpouring of these vials of petty wrath - As the Scotch say, "It's a light love that hauls na up in the cauld blast" I have heard nothing yet of the box - but the officer has promised to inquire -

When the winter is over & gone - if I shall a prisoner I may need a few things & if unable to supply myself otherwise will remember your generous proffer - Please say to Mrs Lillard that I mailed yesterday a letter to my wife - but omitted to add to whose care - Also if any thing are sent me - to direct them simply to [redacted] with a note explaining

who for, inside - I want two books "White Lies" by Reade - & Artemus Ward's Book. if you please - We have nothing to read -

No one shall have any advantage of you dear friend in your thoughts & remembrance & as to the services you speak of so highly - if you value such efforts you shall the full benefit of me - How could I employ the leisure now found upon me than by seeking to keep bright the links of grateful friendship that bind my memories of L. in a perennial garland - My regards to my friends Mr & Mrs H. & others - Send me your full address & your brother name & for yourself accept the grateful return & warmest wishes of your brother & friend - always & truly, - a friend - [redacted]

Hospital. Feb 20<sup>th</sup> 1864

My Dear Friend -

I call you this by the right which your own Kindness has conferred and am proud to know that you permit it. When I left L. I was suffering considerably from an affection of the throat, which in this still bleak air has grown worse, so that I am no longer able to, but am simply "No 28. First Ward" & over me hangs a neat placard saying "Admitted Feb 15<sup>th</sup> Discharged \_\_\_\_\_ Died \_\_\_\_\_"

all of which is eminently suggestive I assure you to day my cold seems to be leaving the bronchial organs & settling rather on the lungs so that my cough is frequent & troublesome but I hope will result in nothing serious - Your letter was given me this morning - tho' received at my Mess-room three days ago - & I have read it once & again eagerly - it is so like what my fancy has painted you - Kind, gentle, in a word, womanly -

"When pain & anguish wring the brow  
Of ministering angels - Thou!"

95x12

MSB



And so - holding your letter in my hand - I felt old memories coming back dim, dreamy pictures of bygone days when a mother or a wife with soft & velvet touch - soothed some fevered agony away, or with low & dove-like words of fond affection made me - always a restless sufferer - forget any every pang. Thus lying on my

bed & holding the letter, I was into the land of visions & the Present no longer held me. The white washed wooden walls by some "knight" magic moved away to make room for the dear surroundings of a home whose happinesses then elude I did not appreciate. The rush of the chieftain air through some gaping window became the life giving breeze of an open window, & as the full spell of this witchery was upon me the long continued moan - the labored breath & hacking cough from the narrow couches near me, seemed the happy hum & stir of summer woods, thro' which war-worn & weary I was going back to peace & home & love - Partly rousing again, I thought I heard the light fall of a woman's step - the gentle rustling of her robe & fancied I was in L. at some friend's house & that you had come to see me.

It was only a begonia & clipped nurse who said - "Time to take your medicine, now Sir". I rise, swallow the potion & as the hours have been flying, sit up to answer the note you sent.

As you know of me from what I had done, it was very little I assure you - would it had been more. Such kindness as you & other friends have shown

me at L. & afterwards to my dear wife & child sustains, encourages & cheers me. Our baby as you know perhaps - has gone to the silent land, & I come not be there to cheer her up under the grievous & desolating blank - nor feel the loss of my dear little life. When I heard that I would see my child no more on the earth, my capture which I had so dreaded became nothing in the presence of my great & bitter grief, but God knows best for already to me yet lingering in the bowers of youth, earth has lost a charm & Heaven gained a newer, dearer grace!

I see that the Journal & other papers too are very severe on me. Many things said of me have no foundation in fact whatever - though

The Patient no longer flinty paths father  
But <sup>ing</sup> with steady steps defined by extreme  
His wings of death round detestable altar  
Where hate bequeits love & blood turns into wine!  
The sword shall be buried with the cross & Peace  
From the plow shall be given from the head of the spear,  
The sword shall be broken as the quills were used

The green beans of Plenty the fruits of good cheer  
The brightest lands rise the sweet song of the harp  
And the woodman's axe rings in the forest afar  
The tears shall be dry on the face of the weeper  
And flowers shall smile from the furrows of War!

Written by  
Col. Wm S. Hawkins C. S. A.

Camp Chase Oct 28<sup>th</sup> 1864  
For Mrs L. W. Tucker, of Louisville Ky.  
When my father & mother gave blessings each night  
And my grandpa - upheld our souls for a time  
Where the South - had its dark - thro' its hallooming light  
Deep discord, consuming with the cheats of War



6.

And softly I'm counting the march of the hours -  
Am assiduously striving to drive off the gloom,  
That ever is here & there: that the South April flowers  
Will soon bless the earth with <sup>the</sup> spring tide's perfume  
And the music of a soft throat below & above  
The bees in the garden, the birds on the spray  
And the machine of letting its stores of love  
Set the thought, how I yearn to be up & away.

7.

What the hour is coming, O Captive & Brother!  
When the armies of might shall give way to the  
And the leaving be heard of thy Father & Mother.

8.

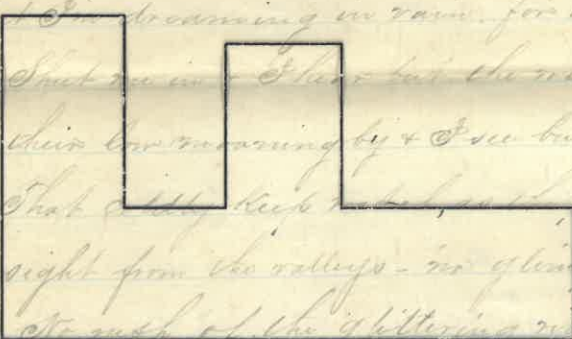
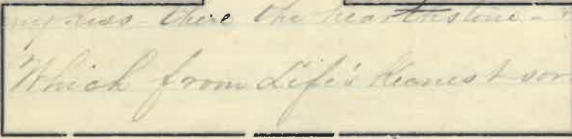
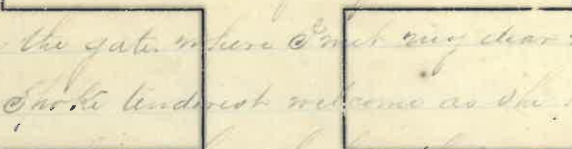
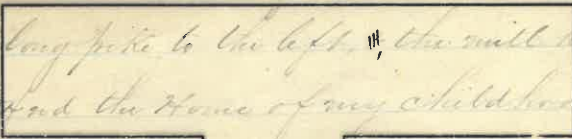
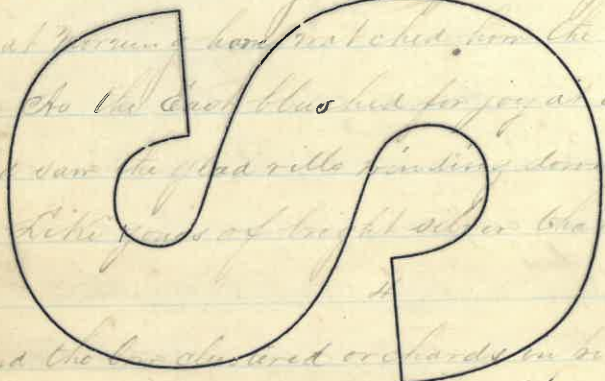
And garlands of love thy gate soon <sup>shall</sup> adorn -  
Thou again shalt thy little ones play round thy knee,  
And about the Earth's fulness & beauty arise  
And thy dear wife be at answering love back to thee  
No thine evening hymns & nutty smiles & kisses  
8.

9.

Again live the Martyrs in song & in story  
And might joined with might shall give things and  
Be the crown & the home to all honor & glory  
And all lands for Humanity's triumphs on the way

MSB

As the Evening with mystical gleam, came down  
Or at evening hour, watched from the bright Planet, pale  
As the East blushed for joy at the coming of dawn,  
And saw the glad rills winding down to the vale,  
Like fountains of bright silver that belted the lawn  
And the broad wet orchards in pink & in white,  
And the wheatfields with hills & ripples of green  
The long pike to the left, the mill house on the right  
And the home of my childhood once still to come  
\* There the gate where I met my dear wife, where her look  
Gave the kindest welcome as she held up our child  
For my bliss there the heart's true - the Bible divine  
Which from life's flames & sorrows would bring his bliss  
But I dream in vain for the moon's red face  
Shut out in - I see but the stars  
In their low murmuring by & I see but the stars,  
That I may keep my heart as if prisoners sleep  
At night from the valleys - no glimpse of the hills  
At night of the glittering stars that roll -  
But the bread of the Gentile measured & still -  
But the manness brooding in heart & in soul



95-56

The Golden Letter

1.

Dim dreaming Dear Friend, of our fair old Land  
And the upland meadows so mild & so free  
And the broad, brave streams, so proud & so grand  
Moving on <sup>their</sup> majestic course to the sea.

On the shores of the Sound, the dome Scythians

Of the towering trees in the deep shadowed woods  
And the forest's musical hum & stir.

2.

There have I seen the deer's agile bounds  
As he trod the ~~low~~ & the yielding sward  
And have heard the deep bay of the yellow hound  
With their chorus that not long but blood will stand

And have seen him stand from his stately rest  
The forest's king, & gaze from the back of the  
Have seen the strong beat of his stately breast,  
And have felt the rumour of his pensive fold.

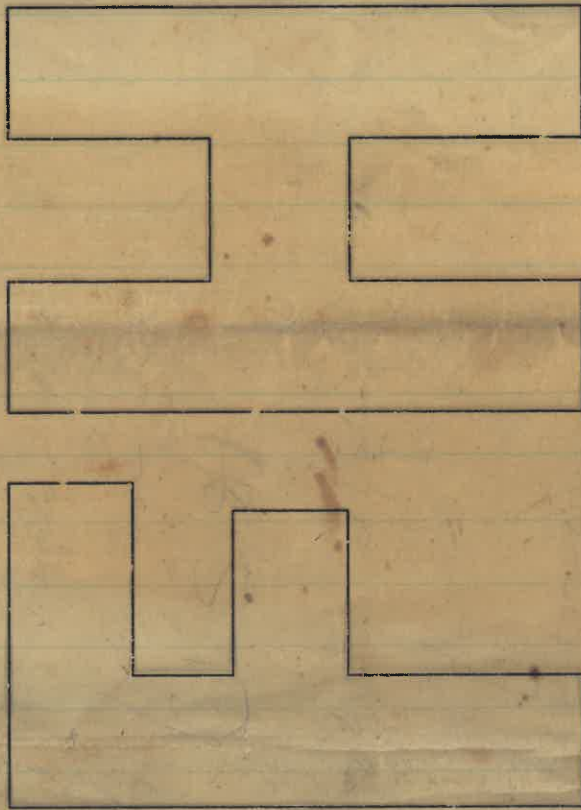
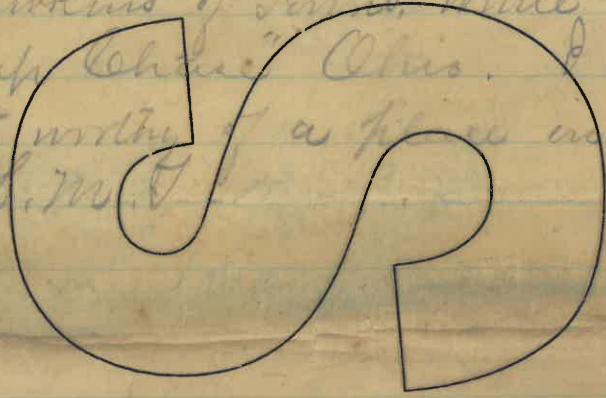
3.

Then my heart has beat fast on the firm mountain height  
So I gazed on the shores of the far away times  
And beheld the magic of its wondrous light

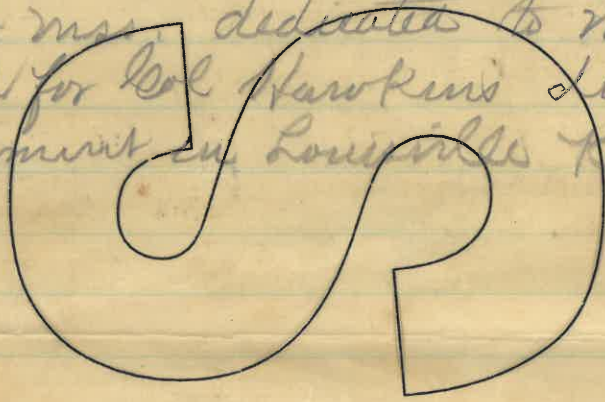


The Prisoner's Dream

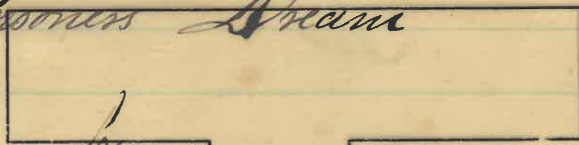
In looking over some old letters I found  
the following poem in <sup>the original</sup> manuscript - the com-  
position of that noble young Confederate officer  
Gen. W. S. Hawkins of Tenn. while a prisoner of  
war at "Camp Chase" Ohio. I hope you  
will think it worthy of a place in your popular  
paper. S. M. T.



Original mss. dedicated to my mother  
who cared for Col Hawkins during his  
imprisonment in Louisville Ky.

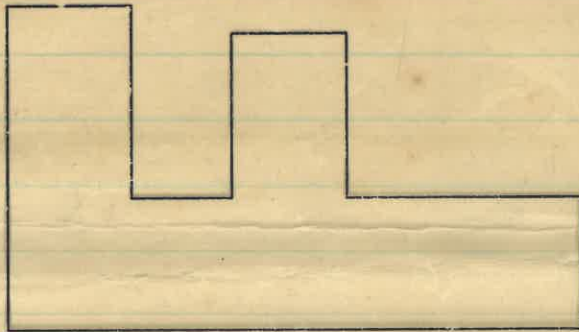


The Prisoners Dream

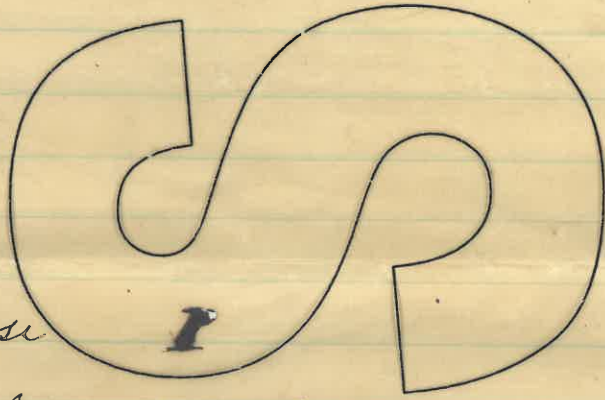


by

Colonel William J. Hawkins of Tenn -  
late commanding "Wheeler's Reputed Scouts" Army of  
Tennessee, and now a Prisoner of war held at Louisville







Verses

"Fit them tight." And the Turnkey plighted the chain  
Of the shame; and the wrongs, in heart and in brain;  
Ah Life! Ah Love! Shall this evermore be  
The fate of the champions for Liberty?

Come quickly fair Spring with the blossoms and bowers,  
And thy odours glow through the musical hours,  
Hark! I wish like some bird from its leaf-coveit chanting  
That my heart in freedom could also be punting!

Once more to drink in the untainted air,  
And to revel again in the pleasures that were —  
To feast at Loves banquet and quaff at Loves bowl —  
And wash out the rustings of bonds from the soul.

II

But thy longing is vain 'tis a Pinner's dreaming,  
In the darkness it fades, and it loses its gleaming,  
And I hear the hard cough and the sigh and the groan  
And the oath of the senter, whose heart is of stone!



Now the hum of the captive thrown die in the night  
And thus but one twinkles - the Hospital's light  
But soft - in the hush of the midnight - this then  
My heart is away to the wildwood and glen -

Away to the meeting of cavaliers bold  
With their arms and their flags, and the gleams untold  
Of a fray with the foe, the invaders wild band,  
Whose plundering and burning have wasted the land.

III

Let the clarions blaze or the bugles wild call,  
Sound a triumph to us, to the banners a fall,  
Hark! a war in the distance, the clattering hoof -  
Ah who from the struggle would stand back aloof?

At the cannons loud shot; 'tis the bullets quick whir,  
They charge, thimp, they charge them, the plumes all a-ir  
Ah! the glory of carnage and bold thrilling deeds  
The clang of the saber, the thunder of steeds,

Our banners wave blinding as then on by the hour,  
For another brave stroke, gain of the Federal power  
One wild Rebel yell; how it echoes and thrills -  
As the suns of the South land leap forth from the hills

Ah you leave the mother whose love was thy cheer  
And hasten, the need of thy Country is here  
And fear not, when first in the battles first glare



Oh Father, come forth from the sweet light of home  
The Foreman approaches thy country men come  
Give blessings to wife and to children and say  
You will pray for them oft in the hard fought fray

Oh Ruth put back from the clasp of thy arms  
Thy sunny haired sister, and heed the alarms -  
That fly through the land the invaders are near  
And join as thy comrades defiantly cheer

O Cover: come forth from the garden's sweet roses  
The moon that shines or there, a new scene discloses -  
It shines on a war field, so ghastly and gone  
Come strike for the Southland thy pride and thy zone

Her words are all music her breath is all hymn  
And dove like in thine rests her dainty white hand  
Thou only art seeing, thy loved one is near  
Thou only art thinking, that she is so dear

But there's no time to lose let the good by be spoken  
One fond word to her wife's faithful heart spoken  
For her sake make haste to the Camps of the men;  
And her faith and her love shall keep watch o'er thee

And Bodegroom: away leave that slumbering form  
And breathe not a word of the just coming storm  
Uncertain, uncertain, the tower of bliss,  
Here, here, is thy sword just a sword just a kiss.



Just a thought of thy bridal year, life's sunny morn  
Just a lingering prayer for her babe that's unborn  
Ah! her very mouth murmurs, and even in sleep  
Thy name she hath whis'per'd - O dear angel keep

Your pure watch, above her the young soldier's wife  
For her sake uphold him in the hazardous strife  
He is gone thro' the night shadows murky and dim  
And in vain she is smothering her white arms for him

VII

Speaks the cannon again from its throat red and hot  
With its whistling shell and wild smearing shot  
The sword blades are stained as the column flies past  
That sound is the laughter of fiends in the blast.

Striper hand by your country your love your renown  
Stop, rest for the dying, side down side them down  
At the bugles to calling, at the proud echos roll  
And give fire to the blood and strength to the soul

Give brothers give in the song of the free  
And we'll here pledge each other still faithful to be  
The victors, wild song greets the night and the trees  
Is the flag of the Southland that's hung to the breeze

VIII

And who are the heroes whose valorous blood  
Has died all the plain where their steady ranks stood  
The sons of old Tennessee - faithful are found  
And they wish to dispute every inch of the ground



Which of old was the hope of the lined and the true  
And their life current flowing shall freely bedew  
The flowers of the valley the sod of the plain  
For their proud limbs are fettered by tyrannys chain

But I wake in the dungeon so clammy and dreary  
And feel that thy time is so long and so weary  
I thought 'twas the whisper all parts of the breeze  
Telling something so sweet to the blossoms and trees

IX

But no tis the noise of the wind by my prison  
Or the last heaving sigh of some soul that has risen  
To throvo of the shackles and bondage of clay  
And fly to the freedom of the green arabae;

I thought 'twas the spot that should open the fight  
When Southrons should battle for Country and right  
And I turned for my faithful and trusty old blade  
And the weapons that ever beside me were laid

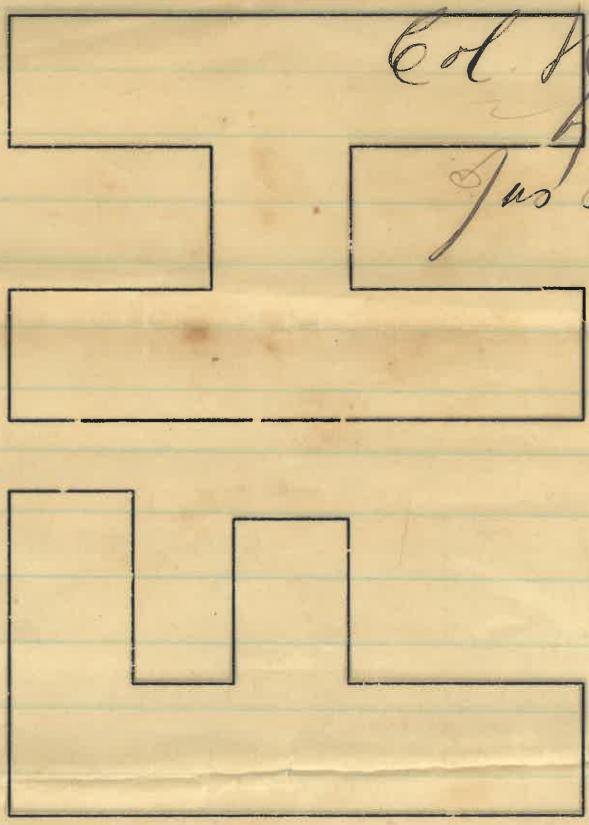
But no 'twas only some sentinel keeping  
His watch lest a prisoner stealthily creeping  
Had got past the bounds where his bayonet bright  
To the signal of Tyranny all thro' the night

But Tyrants the hour is coming to reach  
When these lettering forms shall walk bold and steady  
When your own limbs shall feel the sweet weight of the chain  
And your lips the cup of captivity drain



Strikes the hour of freedom on the dial of time  
 When our flags shall advance with their lustrous subtitle  
 When we look up again through our tears to smile  
 And the grip of the shackles shall yield to the file

And 't will be glorious a day of a part  
 When the carvers blade strikes the last of man's heart  
 "Kind friends" be ye ready with song and with cheer  
 To welcome the hour when the captive goes free



Col. Harokins

Just He Ludeer



Camp Chase O. March 1864.

The Captive's Letter.

To Mrs L. G. Tucker. Louisville Ky.

I am dreaming, dear friend, of our fair old Land,  
 And its upland breeze so mild and so free  
 And its broad wave streams, so fringed & so grand,  
 Moving on in <sup>their</sup> majesty down to the sea  
 Of its fairy-like scenes of its dim solitude  
 Where the singing birds flit with a rattle & whir,  
 Of the towering trees in <sup>the</sup> safe shadowed wood  
 And the forest musical hum and stir.

2

There have I seen the deer's agile bounds  
 As he braced the <sup>the</sup> yielding brake  
 And have heard the deep bay of the following hounds,  
 With this think, that nothing but blood could do so.  
 And there have I scared from his stately nest  
 The fierce-eyed Eagle from the tree tops old  
 Have seen the strong beat of his kingly breast  
 And have felt the rush of his <sup>his</sup> pinions bold.

3

When my heart had beat fast, on the firm mountain heights  
 As I gazed on the spires of the far away towers,  
 And beheld the magic of its twinkling lights  
 So the evening, with mystical glooms came down.  
 Or at morning have watched how the bright Planets pale  
 As the East blushed for joy at the coming of Dawn,  
 And saw the glad rills winding down to the vale  
 Like zones of bright silver, that belted the lawn.

95 x 12

This material is the property of The Filson Historical Society and cannot be reproduced without permission

4.

And the low-crested orchards in pink & in white  
And the wheat-fields with billows and ripples of green,  
The long hills to the left, & the mill house on the right  
And the home of my childhood, once still & serene,  
Where my father & mother gave blessings each night;  
And my fond wife upheld our sweet babe for a kiss  
Where the Bible best Book! shone its hallowing light;  
Life's discord, commingling with the chorals of ~~my~~ bliss

5

But I'm dreaming in vain - for the prison's rude bars  
Shut me in, & I hear but the wild winds that sweep  
In their low moaning by & I see but the stars  
That coldly keep watch as the prisoners sleep  
No sight from the valleys, no glimpse of the hills  
Or of the glittering rivers that roll -  
But the tread of the outcast, measured & still,  
But the weariness brooding in heart & in soul.

6

And sadly I'm counting the march of the hours  
I'm uselessly striving to drive off the gloom,  
That comes when I think that the sweet April flowers  
Will soon bless the earth, with the spring-tide's perfume,  
And the music of life thrills below & above  
The bees in the garden - the birds on the spray -  
And the May-time be telling its stories of love -  
At the thought, how I yearn to be up & away!



as voice says

7

But "the hour is coming O ~~Angels~~ ~~and~~ Brother!  
When the armies of Right shall give <sup>way</sup> to the more  
And the blessings be heard of Thy father & mother,  
And garlands of Love Thy pale brow shall adorn!  
Then again shall Thy little ones flay round Thy knee,  
And about thee, Earth's fullness and beauty arise  
And Thy dear wife look answering Love back to thee,  
As the evening hymn sweetly swells up to the skies.

Again live the Master in song and in story!  
And Might joined with Right shall grow stronger each day,  
So the brave and the true be all honor and glory,  
And all Lauds for Humanity's triumphs make way.  
The Patriot no longer in flimsy garb  
But walking with steady steps, firmly entwined  
His wreaths of devotion round Liberty's altar  
Where Hate becomes Love and Blood turns into Wine!

9

Then the sword shall be bound with the olive of Peace,  
And the furnaces grow from the heat of the spear.  
Then the wilderness trees with a joyous increase,  
The green banks of Plenty, the fruits of good cheer!  
From the Harvest lands rise the sweet song of the Reaper,  
And the woodwinds are ring in the forest afar,  
The tears shall be dry on the face of the Weeper  
And flowers shall smile from the furrows of War!

William S. Hawkins, Col. of Gen. C. S. A.

2

1870

Dear Mother

I have just received your letter of the 10th and was glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines will find you the same. I have not much news to write at present. I am still in the same place and doing the same work. I have not seen any of the old friends here. I have not seen any of the old friends here. I have not seen any of the old friends here.

WELL

I am left off the line  
while a prisoner in L. S. B.



[March 1864]

Mr. G. Tucker.

My Esteemed Friend.

You will have seen, I am  
 glad to know that you got the Packet. I had  
 a copy of me. transmitted with much pains &  
 much anxiety for you & am sorry that it  
 missed you. The seeds have come & I  
 believe I have lengthened the lives of several  
 invalids by reading 'Voluntas Mortis' to them.

One friend - St. Rome of La. died on Monday - I  
 spoke for him Sunday night, & told him of  
 that Heaven, upon whose ineffable Rest  
 next morning, he entered; His memoranda  
 have been sent for his family - who are ig-  
 norant of their loss. My heart was sad  
 within me, when I saw the remains of a  
 dear & valued Comrade hurriedly placed  
 in a rude Coffin & borne to the Strangers  
 graveyard - no mourner following -

Least Seal of Miss. is visiting this morning  
 & I have just returned from the sad duty of  
 writing down his last message of love to  
 those dear to all us concerning to day

9 X 11

that their loves one has entered at last  
the dark valley of shadow - My friend is  
reigning though - & keeps up nobly - He smiles  
when I look to it him with swimming eyes -  
O May I never become so callous as not to weep  
at a spectacle so profoundly tender - & I know  
you will not think these tears unmanly  
that well up in fear & sacred tribute to a  
dying Comrade - a gallant Patriot  
There are several patients for whom I could do a  
great deal here with a comparatively small sum  
I devote to them part of my own allowance, &  
have been promised some out from other quarters -  
There are many in S. who doubtless only look an

opportunity to do something in these cases - Your  
own efforts must be constantly required in the  
Prison there, as also Mr. Hoffman - is that for these  
I must in appeal to you - Having too in my own  
experience how much you have both already done -  
The Bill was received & returned to the owner -  
As to the Unit I mentioned, ask Mrs. H. (who by

the way owes me a letter) to do Mr. Morgan, Cutler  
of the 30th Regt & enquire of him. The package was  
I have been left with Mr. Callant - but he strangely  
feared to take charge of it. - I wish to get it if I  
can be had - or if not, I am anxious that the tailor

buffer me, from my accident & that some friend procure  
the Unit & put it for my after disposal - Ask Mr. M.  
too what was done with my papers left in his care at  
the season you seem to think my muse sentimental  
I send a letter to show that she sometimes shares my  
"fighting" propensities which if all are not so excessive -

My regards to Capt. A. - Mr. C. - & Mrs. M. H. - & all  
their friends - & believe me Madam to be her  
most affectionate & grateful friend  
Wm. B. Hartline  
- Colonel Penn. Scoble is dead -



Behind the Bars -

Though I rest within a prison  
And long miles between us be  
Yet thro' bond & many distances,  
Sweet, my soul goes out to thee  
Seeks thy presence at the Dawning  
In the tender twilight hour  
Thro' <sup>the light</sup> & thro' the darkness  
In the sunshine in the Shower

Whether on my narrow cot  
Or pacing sadly in my cell -

With a slow & measured footstep  
Like my watching Sentinel -

But I am not here, My spirit  
Has flown on wings of Light  
With its mild & eager yearnings  
It seeks thee here or there.

Now again I sit & clasp thee  
Thy Head upon my breast -  
The dear accustomed place where  
Of old we would to rest

95 x 12

And feel thy Heart's low throbbing  
As I hold it close to mine,

And look down into thine eyes

When the loving glances shine,  
On the rind's lids that shadow

Those deep & tender eyes,  
Pressing bliss & pure & holy

In whose mouth the ardor lies  
We felt in bygone hours

When we were first & young  
We married & seemed to listen

To the songs by angels sung!

When gently, soft by us, went

The frightened evening breeze  
Or whispering blessings for us

To the tall & stately trees

Then we paused & in the stillness,

With love each other examined

And then next clearer than we were,

Show aught in Earth's wide round

I pledged to Heaven that nothing

"We" brains could <sup>ever</sup> part,

And then with garlands hailed you

As Queen of all my Heart

And we vowed to go together



Through the shocks & storms of life,  
I'd be the faithful Husband  
And you the tender wife!

H

The way of death Southward  
To the little lonely grave  
That holds the dearest treasure,  
Ere my Mother Earth me gave,  
I'll plant the flowers of Spring! with beauty,  
And my little darling's tomb

And for my darling breathe over her,  
Your precious perfume!

For still I hear the music  
Of her sweet & childish voice

That voice now smells the thorns,  
Where the seraphim rejoice -

But its lingering tones are with me

And my God & love me ord,  
Somewhere some day I'll find her

Beside the Great White Throne

And I visit them my mother

Stretching low in fervent prayer

The prayer that every day goes up  
For me to Heaven there,

And I see my little Brother

In his immortal repose -

God spare him all the year

This weary spirit bears!

As his time approaches slowly

May he be his bride & joy!

For me love him & be truly

Our gentle Brother's boy

And may she do him know

That mother dear of mine

I cling to her in fondness

Like a tentacle to the vine.

After this in haste I visit,

Where the Patriotic warriors sleep -

With hope to them that latter

I find joy to them that weep

To tell the touching story -

Of our faith behind the bars -

Of the pent-up love we ever feel;

For the flag with Southern stars

As to say to all our comrades -

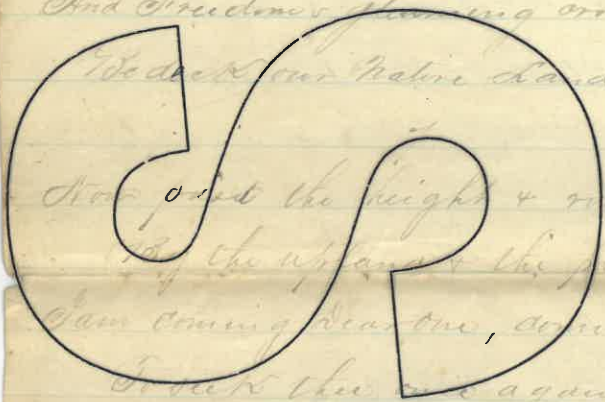
Still wage your fight on time

For last our Car of triumph comes

95x17  
95x56



Along the grooves of Time!  
For God + Right still proudly form,  
Your hand + bee-hive Wand -  
And Freedom's flaming sword shall yet,  
We seek our Native land!



Not o'er the height + rise  
Of the upland the plain -  
I am coming near you, saying  
I love you once again,  
And I find you sleeping calmly

With my Baby on your breast  
And once again my blessing  
On the tips of both is put  
You smile, as in your dreaming

I whisper ~~///~~ soft + low  
And I sigh, + sigh so sadly  
For I am loath to go

For the earthly weary body  
Will need his weary soul -  
To be back + answer for him  
At the calling of the toll.

8.

Back to hours of sadness  
 And the darkness faded -  
 When the stars are gone from night  
 And the glory from the moon -  
 When the light is breathing  
 And the world is fading  
 And the world is fading  
 And the world is fading  
 O death! O death!  
 The victims there had none!  
 The pale faced children, free at last  
 In darkness beyond the sun  
 How sad to see them  
Thru tears  
 O death! O death!  
 The world is fading

S

95 x 118

Dear Madam -  
 I have been so occupied to-day - as some of my friends are very sick - that I have not been able to attend to the return - but I for you - but as I promised to send you two boxes by 6 days on rail, I do so. Knowing that you will make full & ch. suitable allowance for the fact that they are not arranged more neatly - I have I in my library & writing from my own collection, these I should be no need to speak of this - but I am writing from an impromptu desk placed in a mess-room, which bears its name -  
 Believe me always & most truly -  
 Your grateful friend  
 W. S. Williams



Poison Hospital, March 19<sup>th</sup> 1864.

My Dear Friends

Your lively & inspiring letter has reached me in the nick of time as since you wrote I have got well, but unfortunately have got sick again, I can't say however that I altogether relish the peculiarity of writing at such long intervals, for which you seem to have a gift.

Your letter I see was directed to "Colonel O" - Direct in future "Care of Sergt Merriam, Camp Chase O" They are separate Post-offices, & this error may lead to the discovery of the first 13<sup>th</sup>, which as I wrote recently to Mrs N, has not yet reached me, The package you mention will get here tomorrow I suppose, The name sent back to me could not be deciphered owing to my Germanic writing rather than to the Dutchiness of the name itself, It was 'F. Sewingley, Surgeon'

He has however left us having been relieved, we suppose, in part owing to his <sup>capture on the prairie</sup> ~~gratitude to many of us~~ I really laughed outright at your piquant description of your interview with Mrs N.

Does she show you her letters too? But you must both pardon me, if the expressions of my gratitude for your sisterly kindness & sympathy have been too warm, I am proud to be considered as a friend, an ardent & very faithful in return; besides, as a worn & weary Captive, I do not write to either as I would, could I like yourself, breathe the free air, with its freightage of ceremonious conventionalities, I have no other liberty - give me at least a little in my letters, of the fulness of the heart, the mouth speaks. Regulations enough hem me in, Let not a woman's hand - & that a woman, a friend - add any other bond. More than all this however, as a married man, I protest against

95 x 12

This material is the property of The Filson Historical Society and cannot be reproduced without permission



being ruled out so arbitrarily. Had I married unhappily, I would be, perforce, a little averse to such familiarity - or if you please, such a proneness to compliments. No! My Mother by whose knee I heard with wondering eyes, the Story of the Cross - My Wife, for whose sweet sake I lose all other true & faithful wives - my little Daughter, in whose pure young eyes I used to look & praise these all have endeared your sex to me. With their blessed influences adorning all my Life at round an Elm is wreathed the glossy Muscadine, or as an Ivy is clinging to, by a sweet Wild Rose, I could not help being complimentary, & I shall seek to show this, not in words only, but in attempting those deeds of high & noble enterprise, of intelligent patriotism & of hal-  
-lowed Sacrifice which Woman's hand has always delighted to crown - No marriage is complete, either, in which Perfect Love receives no lasting Halo from the Shrine of Perfect Trust - "like Apples of Gold set in plecters of Silver".

"When at God's chancel radiant run, the currents of two Lives in one such rivulets of lordly splendor swim, the very air grows rich & dim An unnamed Joy beats in his blood; he walks in realms of perfect good Her cheek a lovelier damask shows, as to his side she leans more close. And now she trembles to his breast, for Life - it is her happy nest His arms her flowerlike form caress, with all its touching tenderness So Strength & Beauty - hand in hand, go forth into a Promised Land Thro' Shoets of Time & Storms of strife - The Husband true - the loving Wife".

But hold! enough! you have now my argument, its philo-  
-sophy spiced with a little fun & set off with a few flowers of Poetry - which last I have only added, because writing to a Lady - & you are well, right to love them, since you form, yourselves, the Poetry of our Lives -

This material is the property of The Filson Historical Society and cannot be reproduced without permission



In writing to you, it seems also to me, that I am writing to one whom I have known long since, May this mutual feeling be as a good omen, & of that Friendship, "Esto perpetua"!

I have suffered terribly of late with my throat, & to crown the cup of misery, have had the visitation of an intensely painful "ear-ache" The very climate here seems to hate me for being such a Rebel. My wife only staid out day, & was permitted to see me for two hours, I held my baby to my heart all the while marking the pauses of our talk, with such kisses as are ever given by a Father to his only one! Mrs Hawkins is now with her parents near Bethany, & I hear from her regularly, in letters that renew the winged hours of "Love's Young Dream"

Why may not we married folks make all our lives, a honey moon, my good Mother also, whom I wish you knew, writes every week,

I am truly grieved to hear that your Brothers illness is likely to be so serious & shall be anxious till I hear from you again. I am his friend for your sake, & am confident, that if I knew him, I would be so for his own, I will mention him in my prayers. When Mr Tucker returns from his Northern trip, assure him of my high esteem. By the enclosed lines, which when written were dedicated to you. You will see that I have not forgotten my promise. I sent a copy of them to my mother & she writes that they have been requested for publication by a Radical Editor in Tenn. & by a Brigadier General from Pennsylvania. I wrote them however for you, receiving them until you answered my last, -

I am much obliged to Mr Perdue for his "amende honorable" though it is couched in language far more flattering, than my deserts. I know already the nothingness of earthly distinction & will try &



not be spoiled. It was follow me <sup>here</sup> though even here - Last  
week the several hundred officers, <sup>needed</sup> to organize a  
government, Genl Vance & myself were the Candidates of the  
two parties. - for the Chief Executive, I was chosen by about  
20 majority, and will deliver my Inaugural next week.  
The following were some of the planks of my platform  
"Equal Rights & Equal Ratios" - "Free Trade at the Sutters" "Death to  
Detectives! and a Speedy Exchange!" The race was exciting - & we  
addressed the citizens of our Commonwealth, at length. -

We have organized also, this week a Lyceum, which holds its  
sessions twice a week - for debates, Lectures &c. I am  
President of the Association, & we are determined to make it improving  
I mention these things to show you that we are not stagnating  
& because I flatter myself that you will be pleased to hear  
of them. Thus we wreath our manacles with garlands -

And yet through the gloom of Captivity my prayer is to be soon  
released, & for the hills again & the leaf-crowned wildwood! &  
for the bounding steed, & the wild joy of warriors going to die.  
Yet "tho' troubled on every side, I am not distressed; tho' perplexed  
I am not ~~cast~~ despaired; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down but  
not destroyed; - "for which cause I faint not, but tho' the  
outward man perish the inward man is renewed day by day"

These blessed words were used by the noblest Apostle of Truth, -  
the feeblest in the ranks of Liberty, will try & profit by them.

I shall not say, having already wearied you, how eagerly I will  
await your reply. To my kind friend Mrs H. - my Sympathy  
& my hope that smiling Health may soon again be hers - & to  
yourself a renewal of the assertion, that I am proud to be  
your friend always & most truly -  
Love Mrs. Hawkins. C.S.S.

This material is the property of The Filson Historical Society and cannot be reproduced without permission



April 20th

Mr. J. Tucker

My Dear Friend

As by the time this reaches you, the May month will be full upon us. I presume to ask another favor of yourself & Mrs. D. As I am compelled for the time being to be under obligations to some one, I prefer these of course with a place in whose friendship I am honored, & whose taste & judgment I have already experienced. I desire therefore two sets light waistcoat - 1/2 doz per good summer coats - two light & neat overcoat - 1 doz paper collars - \$14 1/2 - 5 per light stout walking shoes. As to the overcoat - good figured linen, or perhaps calico, will suit, something that can be worn the whole out, like the winter garments for winter use. The shoes - \$6 - made full. As for the I believe the nearest - the socks - but British ribbed or silk thread.

You are owing me a letter, do you know & so is dear Mrs. D. Here I come therefore myself to see what is the matter. The picture I assure you is the best I can get here, though my countrymen declare that it is anything but flattering. My eyes have the sleepy look of a sentinal in his last beat & my huge moustache gives a sombre, demure cast to the countenance. I have neither a sleepy or demure look - I never had the 'Blues' - am always cheerful & often hilarious. There is considerable sickness here now & one day last week there were four deaths. Through their loneliness & terrible hazards, consisting to acts in driving & employing one's mind, as to here often from one's friend. - as to the balance nothing to sustain & cheer, as the adoption of philosophy - nor the reckless one of Academics, nor the indifference one of the Stoic - but the sweet, serene & holy confidence of a believer in Christ.

This material is the property of The Pilson Historical Society and cannot be reproduced without permission

95x12

whom the only change would be for the better. I speak in the  
Quarters once each week & in the Hospital twice - & then in our  
Messroom we have prayers every night - At present there  
- fine bath indeed its uses - & some of us are trying - now  
that our earthly armour is laid for a while aside - to receive  
these better weapons so beautifully described in Job, II. 11-13 -  
Some of us are hoping when we are no longer fit for firming & health -  
weary by the crosses of Babylon, to be also freed from the most  
difficult & debasing thralldom of "beetting sins" -

Most of my letters of late, contain flowers & incidents  
I wonder how the outside world does look - You Louisville  
ladies have such a beautiful city that in the sweet  
spring-tide of the year it must become lovely -

"As the Spinel-covered Espahan -  
Or where the rippling rivers ran  
Thro' streets of distant Samarcand"

Of course you went to the Opera - In some of my Louisville  
letters the fair writers go into rhapsodies about it  
Sometimes I hear strains of surpassing sweetness - but I  
know not who composed them, nor who performs - In these  
delicious half-dreaming moments that precede full slumber  
this music, faint & far, breathes into the "waven chambers of  
the ear" & "gentler on the spirit lies - than tired eyelids  
on tired eyes" Sometimes they are the old refrains of memory  
but are more frequently the jubilant choruses of hope -

I am hoping this week to hear from my application  
for a parole - & if it is favorably considered will report  
at once - Please send with these things, a bill that I may  
arrange to forward the amt to you - Remember care to your  
Mother & to Mr Lusk - & to all my friends, I believe are  
always & most truly Yours  
Wm H. Hawkins

This material is the property of The Filson Historical Society and cannot be reproduced without permission



Rack Island. Ill

June 5<sup>th</sup> 1864

Mrs. L. G. Tucker

I was at the hospital when  
Mrs. Duff received the Box you sent  
to him & I did not get any  
thing at all & my present condition  
compells me to call on you for  
1 Shirt & 1 pair Drawers size 32.

length 31 & one pair Sox & pair of  
Suspenders & 1 hat 7/8 & 3/4

Chemistry to have <sup>some writing paper</sup> by doing so  
you will do me a favor that will

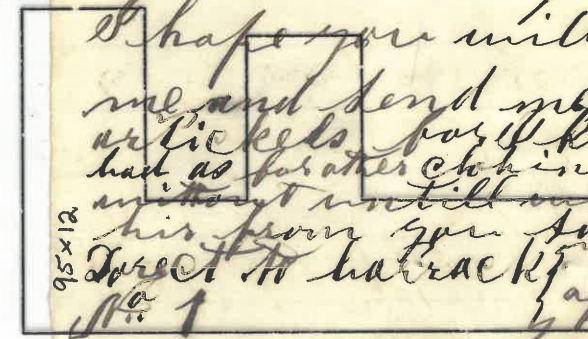
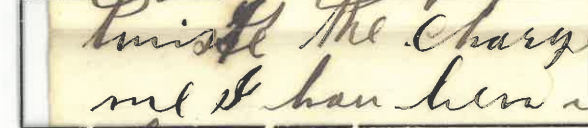
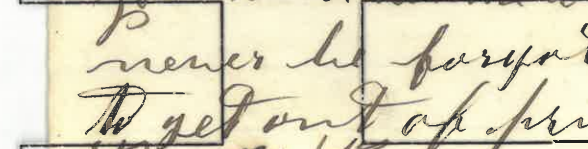
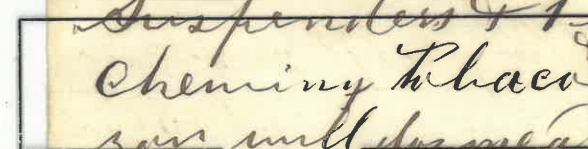
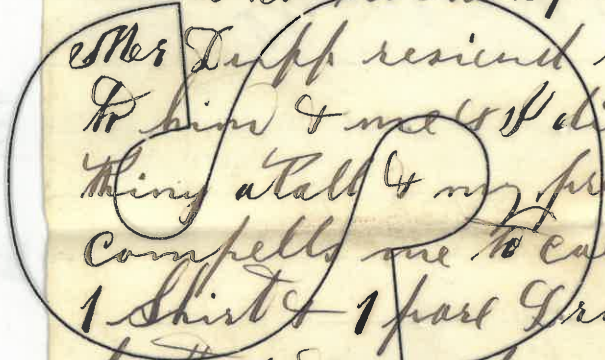
never be forgotten & if I live  
to get out of prison I will pay

twice the charges made against  
me I have been unlucky & never

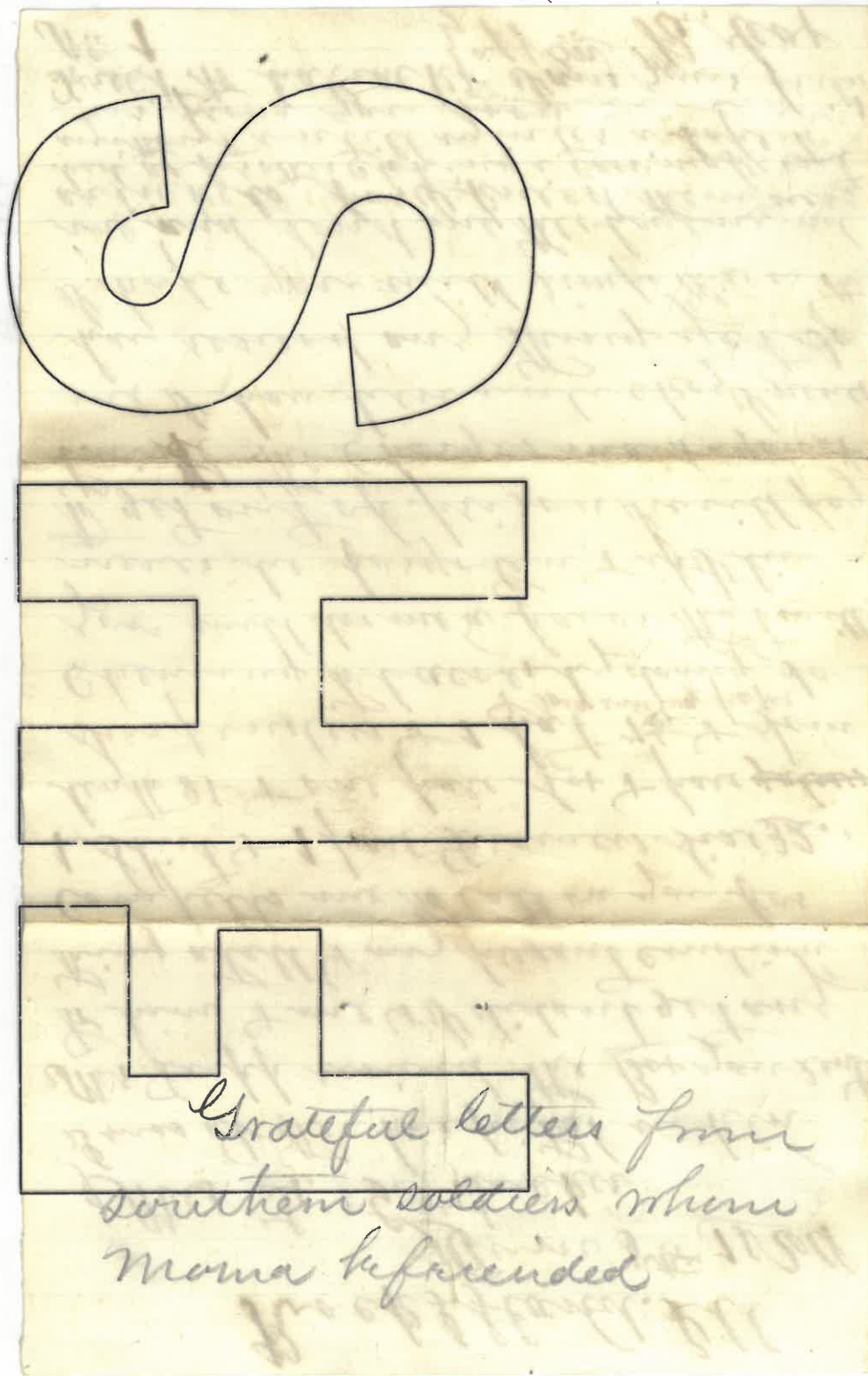
have received any thing yet so  
I hope you will sympathize with

me and send me the above named  
articles you'll need them very  
bad as for other clothing I can make out

myself until winter I hope to  
hear from you soon  
Direct to Rack Island your friend  
No 1  
R. Lee



95x12



Grateful letters from  
Southern soldiers whom  
Mamma befriended



Office of Confederate Agency  
Dec 30<sup>th</sup> 64

My Dear Friend,

9512  
My Christian friends  
is our longer limited  
is our longer limited

I snatch a moment of leisure from an exceedingly busy day to inform you that I have been spooled. An election was held last week for the purpose of designating three officers to act as Confederate Agents at this Post. There were of course a no. of candidates - some

in fact - yet my friends gave me the handsome testimonial of nearly 3000 votes - 800 ahead of the ticket - We were spooled on the 2<sup>nd</sup> &

since then have been arranging the business details & connected with our duties. - I am

expecting a visit soon from my wife - & I count the hours till she comes; for I know not what might

take place & of late my good fortune has not smiled so kindly upon me - else I would not be sitting here tonight - still a prisoner. Yet

I know that God often sends our choicest blessings to us in disguise. Permit this brief note - recall

me most kindly to all my friends & write soon to

Yours most sincerely  
Wm. S. Hawkins Col

Direct to Care Capt. Lamb

Office of Confederate Agency  
Camp Chase O. Jan'y 11<sup>th</sup> 65

My Dear Friend

Your kind letter is welcome and  
I am very glad to hear from you  
and amply repaid me for my impatience  
till it came. - After I was paroled I wrote a  
gain, because I felt assured you would rejoice  
with me. - I do not think my year of imprison-  
ment has been devoid of gain to me & that too in  
the highest & truest sense. - Your graphic & touching  
description of that sad scene when the brothers wept  
together over a common grief, necessarily recalled  
the heartrending picture to behold which one need  
only to walk down to the Prison Hospital - Right  
before last, thirteen prisoners died here. We have  
some eight thousand of our men here & my sole  
regret is that I am so powerless to help. - Genl  
Beall our Chief Agent writes me however that  
his Cotton has not yet come - notwithstanding my  
position here is almost a sinecure. - The articles  
came & for them accept again my warmest & deepest  
thanks. - You have been almost my special Providence in  
this prolonged & dreary life as a captive. - Yes I delight

95 x 12



Please inquire at the City Post-Office & also at the Prison P.O. in Dr. for a letter for me. Sent there by Mr. [unclear] & also at the [unclear] & also at the [unclear]

to know & see that God has raised up for me good  
& true friends even in the land of the Stranger -  
One allusion in your letter a little surprises me -  
Surely you have not been in danger from the Gen-  
-erals! but ah! those terrible Rebels! what is it they  
will not do. where is it they will not go? - I am  
satisfied however that there is one thing as getting  
too far North - The very climate here is down as  
"poor success" - To night the snow which has been  
steadily falling for many hours, is banked up  
around my door in huge & almost impassable  
drifts - The books are very acceptable - I form quite an  
addition to my little Library - By the way are you a Baptist?  
How much obliged I am for that woman's curiosity of  
Penny which let you to ransack that cabinet & find my  
missing letter - for as soon as written, it became mine  
Eight months on the way! I will write tomorrow to our  
lady friend & the way I will send - I have re-  
cently had the pleasure of a 5 day visit from my wife & my  
sweet little child - With them the envious hours flew & my short-  
lived happiness spent like a dream - Joy dwells so brief a season  
but misery loves to stay - As you now owe me two letters & I  
am going to be very exacting - I will say "Goodnight and  
pleasant dreams" -  
Yours most truly & sincerely  
Wm. S. Harrison  
Col. & C. S. A.