The Diary of

Elizabeth Powell Hereford

Transcribed by her great-grand-daughter
Annabel Johnson
Monday. Rose this morning to find our beautiful prairie in front of sister’s dwelling overspread with hostile troops who, like the frogs of Egypt, have covered the land in an hour. Through the day, various privates and officers have visited the house, demanding milk, butter, eggs, chickens, turkeys, etc. The command is Col. Smart’s. Poor Elliott Majors is held by them as a prisoner. Aunt and I prepared a nice breakfast for him this morning and sent it over by “Cuff”, who found the poor fellow all mounted to be taken to Mexico (Mo.). Of course he was not allowed to receive any favor from his friends [_____] [_____]. Some of his persecutors had the pleasure of enjoying the meal solely intended for poor unfortunate Elliott. I could not [_____] [_____] when I heard the circumstances.

About 6:00 o’clock Capt. Poillon with a guard of forty or fifty drew up in front of the house and alighted. A guard immediately surrounded the dwelling whilst five or ten officers entered, and upon being called for, I went down. Capt. P. met me rather excitedly and commenced a general introduction to those who accompanied him. I requested him to dispense with this, as it was not my desire to be introduced to those whose acquaintance I had not sought and did not expect to cultivate. To this he replied with [____], stating with evident satisfaction that his business at that time was to arrest me.

*Palmyra, Missouri
I insisted that the lateness of the hour would prevent me from accompanying him to Col. Smart's headquarters but upon being assured I should (be home) by nightfall I reluctantly consented. Uncle's buggy was impressed, and I was taken to Col. Smart's headquarters. As we approached the camp the soldiers drew up in line for us to pass. The escort drew up in front of a dirty-looking tent surrounded by at least fifty dirty dusty unshaven unfeeling-looking hirelings who commenced gazing and staring at my face as though I were a hyena. Upon being ordered to alight and enter the tent, I refused and after a few sharp words, Col. Smart presented himself. A heavy strong athletic man about 45 years of age whose appearance was in keeping with his surroundings. He addressed a few remarks to me, told me I was his prisoner, that my arrest was designed as a punishment for the many offenses I have committed against the Government in discouraging enlistment, urging (?) my friends to fight against the Administration (?) and a great many other things, to all of which I exhibited the most profound indifference and unconcern, remarking to him as he ceased speaking that, from the beginning of the war in our state, the unprincipled party that inaugurated it had waged it against the women and children, and that the cries of the weak and unprotected were more pleasing to his party than the defiance of the brave.

He did not reply to this, but turned and left me. I overheard him giving his orders to McElroy, Capt. of the escort, and instead of allowing me to return home, I was sent to a farmhouse about two miles distant for the night.
“McElroy,” said Col. Smart, “take this rebel to Mr. Alverson’s house, now used by our men as a hospital, and keep her tonight under double guard, as Major’s men are in ambush not far off and may attempt a rescue. Tomorrow, she will be taken to Mexico.”

Capt. Poillon also heard every word and promised to befriend me in any and everything consistent with his duty. I then asked him if he would send word to my Aunt to have my trunk in readiness for the next day’s journey. He promised to do so. My kind friend, Mrs. Alverson, was very much surprised to see me under arrest and poor Lou sobbed outright.

Here I met with several Federal officers with whom I had but little conversation. To all their questions I gave the most bitter sarcasm for answer that my excited brain could suggest. Here at tea for the first time in my life I sat at the same table — but how could I eat, break bread, eat salt — with the enemies of my country, with the murderers of the brave defenders of our down-trodden state?

The house is surrounded (?) by guards, one of which has threatened to shoot me. Capt. P. refuses to send my message for my trunk. Write a note to Aunt and pin it under the [_____] girl’s apron and tell her to rise early in the morning, pass the pickets for the ostensible purpose of hunting [______].

Tuesday, September 30th. Slept very little last night, had such a headache produced by excitement. Dear little Lou with her small soft hands would smooth back the hair from my burning forehead. The parlor is occupied by sick soldiers. Early after breakfast Capt. P. came, bringing with him my sweet cousin Irvin who has gained permission to accompany me.
Capt. Poillon continues to annoy me by introducing Federal officers. Among the number is Lieut. Bradley, who is to take command of the escort that is to take me to Mexico, twenty miles distant. Maj. Woodson has sent letter by me to Yeiser, the Provost Marshal. My note was received and my trunk sent accordingly.

About nine we started and for two hours the ride was very pleasant, but the heat and dust (?) became oppressive, and last night’s headache returned. Our escort consisted of 60 soldiers styling themselves “Red Rovers.” When we arrived at the suburbs of the city the train halted. The soldiers fell into line, unfurled the desecrated old Stars and Stripes, and marched us into Mexico with all the pomp and display as though I had been a Madame Roland. Great God, can men calling themselves Americans take such infinite delight in waging a war against defenseless females? “Judgment has fled to brutish beasts and men have lost their reason.”

Was delivered over to the Provost, who permitted me to be taken to Sis Walker's without a guard. The greatest excitement prevailed on account of my arrest. The house has been crowded with friends, to know the cause of such an outrage. Among the ladies who called were the Misses Janice (?) whose cousin had been banished to “Sky’s Island” by Gen. Butler, also my own sweet friend, Mattie L----.

Wednesday, Oct. 1st. Several calls this morning. Dr. Lee, Mrs. L. and others. Hear several flying reports about myself, annoying because of their falsity. One charge was that I had been traveling as a Confederate spy, recruiting for Pres. Davis.
Have to report by proxy twice a day to the Pro. Marshal. Afternoon Lycurgis Batty called – had almost forgotten him in the changes of three years. Sick and dispirited and retire early, but not to sleep.

Thursday, Oct. 2. Sent a polite request to the Pro. Marshal to allow me the privilege of seeing poor Elliott Majors who is a prisoner here under sentence of death. And desires to see me. The rough crusty refusal I received brought the tears to my eyes despite my efforts to the contrary.

About ten o’clock an officer came to tell me to prepare to leave in half an hour for the cars. He brought a buggy, thinking I would ride with him. I refused to do so and Mr. Smithy, a friend, drove me to the Depot where I met Lieut. Stidger and a number of friends who had assembled to see me off. One old lady who was a stranger came up and seemed very much affected. Mr. Morris gives me some fine peaches. Cars arriving, bid adieu to friends and embark with my guard for Hudson City.

Met with Mr. William Bowen, an old friend, on the cars – purchases: a “Republican” containing an account of the execution of ten men at Hudson City for the offense of being southerners who did not regard an oath imposed upon them to support Lincoln’s Abolition Administration. Among the number was a boy of fifteen years, a brave, bright youth who even at his age had borne arms in defense of his country. They were shot by order of Col. Merrill who, for the dark deed, was promoted to a Generalship.

Upon arriving at Hudson City our guard conducted us to Gen. Merrill’s headquarters. We were duly presented to this cold-blooded fiend who, attired in full dress, paraded up and down the room, his hands crossed
behind him, dictating to his secretary. Here we remained only a few minutes when we were escorted to the "Union House." Egleston, the proprietor, a Yankee as black-hearted as his general. Afternoon, sitting reading, General Merrill entered my room, desiring a conversation, remarking that he had never met with an intelligent southern lady in Missouri. I replied that he had been very unfortunate in his associations. He said the accusations against me were that I had discouraged enlistments, was a rebel spy, corresponded with Price's army, had proven myself a firm friend of Col. Porter, supplying him with ammunition and valuable information at the peril of my own life. To some of his questions I refused a reply. He assured me I should soon be released and that every courtesy should be extended me which my position in society entitled me to receive. Professed to be very much interested in my behalf—complimented me highly amounting even to flattery. I assured him under the present circumstances I did not feel disposed to receive his sarcasm or his flattery, whichever it might be.

He remained near an hour, and after tea Cousin I and myself were seated playing chess when he again entered. We spent some time discussing religion, politics and war, differing materially on the two last-mentioned subjects. And kept up quite a firing of grapeshot and shell in the form of words.

Spent a very unhappy night, having no fastening to my door and feeling myself entirely among foes. The Union Aid Society had a dance in the dining room just under my room. The old Gen. invited me politely to participate, which of course I refused with some indignation to do.
Friday, 3rd. After breakfast we have another game of chess. Gen. Merrill breakfasted at 11:00, then came in to inform me we would continue our journey in an hour. Says our destination is Palmyra and that he will send an officer as a guard for his "fascinating captive" and says I should have been union, that he would be proud to know that I, with my intense feelings and devotion to a cause, was numbered among the loyal ladies of Missouri. Great heavens, how preposterous the thought that I could identify myself with those who mark their pathway through my native state with despair and gloom. With Queen Catherine I can say, "Is it possible for me to love the enemies of my country and my liberties?"

Cars arriving at one, Lieut. Easley presents himself to accompany me and proves quite a friend and quasi-southern, gives me a copy of Edgar Poe to read and proposed assisting me in escaping to Illinois, which proffer I refused, telling him I belonged to a party that never runs.

Reach Palmyra at 4 O'clock. The Lieut. kindly assures me he will not report me till morning so that I may rest one night without a guard. Take rooms at the National Hotel and order my supper in my room. Landlady Mrs. Reider, very kind and thinks I am a union lady, sister of Lieut. Easley, consequently tells me of the arrest of Miss Creath and that a young lady, a friend of Miss C., was also under arrest and was expected hourly. Said she had heard Gen. McNeil say they would be held as prisoners till the close of the war. I humor the joke by an attempt to play union and learn by many little things that will prove of interest to me.
Mr. Clay Vivian of Paris and Cousin spend the evening in the parlor
with me; Clay V. traveling under an assumed name is making his way to
Richmond. Retire to my room and sink to sleep to the measured tread of
military, beneath my window.

Sat. 4th. Awakened by the bright sunlight streaming in at my
window, breakfast in my room, after which Cousin P. came in and talked
with me until the landlady announced Lieut. Easley in the parlor desiring to
see me. Went in and found him waiting to escort me before Col. Strachan.
Went (with) him with much reluctance and had the humiliation of being
introduced into a room filled with gentlemen. Yet it did not require much
time to discover that most of them, like myself, were prisoners.

Col. Strachan, a low bloated red-faced man with small keen black eyes
and dark hair, brown whiskers and heavy moustache, rose when I entered
and drew up a chair for me in close proximity to the one he had occupied. I
bowed politely, took the chair, placed it some distance from him and took a
seat. With a frown he resumed his writing at the table, occasionally
remarking to a prisoner, “Stand up here, sir. How many horses have you
stolen?” etc. at the same time casting sidelong glances at me with a look of
triumph to know he had me at last in his power. He had been making the
threat for a long time – now it had been executed.

Remained in his office near an hour during which time several lady
applicants presented themselves for passes to see friends in prison, more of
whom were refused in such a heartless manner that my heart swelled with
indignation and the contempt – supreme disgust – I felt for the soul-less
being manifested itself in every reply I was forced to make him. After a spirited discussion of the circumstances by which I was surrounded, Lieut. Fuller of H— who rejoiced in the position of a sub-officer in the militia, made his appearance with a band of bleached muslin encircling his hat—I supposed to designate his rank—and I was ordered to go with him to the house of Elder J. Creath to keep company with his notoriously disloyal daughter.

Just at this moment, my friend Rufe Anderson opened the door and exhibited great surprise in seeing me. [He] requested the privilege of taking Mr. Fuller’s place, which was refused, Col. Strachan remarking, “Mr. Anderson, Miss Powell has the honor to be at present under military surveillance and you are not a military man.” But added, “You can walk with her if you desire in company with the Lieut.”

We returned to the Hotel where I called the landlady and informed her that I had been her prisoner and had been sent by the Col. to keep company with my particular friend, Miss Creath. The surprise the old lady exhibited was highly amusing. Poor Sister Mag, how fearfully imprisonment tells upon her delicate frame. She was almost beside herself with joy to know we were not to be separated. At tea time the house was surrounded by a guard. Sister Mag and I spend the whole night in conversation.

Sunday, Oct. 5. Spent most of the morning reading my Bible and in conversation. On the afternoon, Mrs. Pittman and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who are the only ones outside the family we are permitted to see, come out to visit us and bring no very encouraging news for us, as they think we are here
for the war. The dark clouds that have been rising in the sky all afternoon
begin now to dissolve themselves into a slow rain, a dreary chilling rain,
almost enough to sadden the heart of anyone, much less a prisoner’s.

Monday Oct. 6. Guards still stationed around the house carefully
watching every movement. My friends see Gen. McNeil and make an
ineffectual attempt to have me paroled. Col. Strachan absent in H. trying to
collect evidence against us. About 10 o’clock an officer calling himself
Lieut. Moon came up to station guards, called for me and when I appeared
pointed to his dirty-looking men and told them to know their prisoner, to
look at me well and know whom they had to guard. I fell frightened for a
moment, but it soon gave place to indignation and I said, Yes, take a good
look, it may not be often that you see a lady – a real live rebel. Besides, I
have the power of assuming a great many forms. One day my head sits this
way and the next day, that. One day I metamorphose myself into an animal,
the next day into something else, and expect soon to become a bird of passage
and will take my flight.

Sister M. and I agree to read three hours a day, play chess, two, and
work one. Commencing the History of the Bastille. One of the guards
styling himself Thos. Allen boasts that he was a spy in Gen. Green’s camp in
July. I make an attempt to bribe him and find I could succeed if I desired.
Poor indeed is the prospect of such a cause when such unprincipled creatures
are relied on to sustain it. Beautiful moonlight – we sit and sing and then
retire to dream of home sweet home and freedom once more.
Tuesday 7th. Spend the morning reading and playing chess. Hear that poor Tom Sidener who was captured in Shelby County is here, confined in this loathsome prison. A great many other southerners are also in that unhealthy jail, waiting exchange. According to the proclamation of Gen. Halleck, they were to be exchanged in three weeks if they would give themselves up. How strange that any southerner should place the slightest confidence in anything promised by Yankees. But the weather grows cold and the leaves are falling, the only protection from heat or cold these brave noble boys have known for months, willingly sacrificing every personal comfort rather than become the slaves of these vile tyrants who infest our State. After we had retired I had a note from Col. Strachan saying he would call this next evening.

Wednesday, Oct. 8. A dark dreary day. Wake with no very pleasant reflections. Begin to realize that I am indeed a prisoner. The day passes as usual with work, reading and writing. In the evening Col. Strachan came, bringing with him Maj. Cohen, a former acquaintance. Went into the parlor and quite a sharp, bitter discussion ensued. Agree to arrange with Col. Porter a cartel for the exchange of horses. Col. Smart tells me the sentence of “banishment” is passed upon Maggie and myself, confining us to the Northern portion of Indiana till the close of war. He promises to remove the guard if I will give bond for my appearance.

Thursday, Oct. 9. Dear Mrs. Pittman has called and promises to see Col. Strachan and try to have the sentence of banishment revoked. Oh Heavens – is this the “land of the free and home of the brave?”
Friday, Oct. 10. Clear bright and beautiful overhead, but muddy underfoot and a bleak fall wind sighing and moaning through the yellow-tinted tree tops. Write some letters today and lay them aside to await an opportunity to get them to the office. Our friends see Col. S. and find him determined upon banishment to Indiana. Maggie and I going together to write an appeal to Gen. Merrill requesting him to have the sentence revoked or delayed until we could have a fair and impartial trial.

Sat. Oct. 11th. The day lovely and calm and bright, a strange contrast to the many scenes of carnage and bloodshed enacted before its close. Mrs. Agnes Smith called and we stole down to see her. Mrs. Thompson sent Maggie a beautiful bouquet of rare flowers by the underground RR and among the buds we found a little note secreted, expressing the heartfelt sympathy extended us by the dear southern people of Palmyra.

Sunday Oct. 12th. Mr. and Mrs. L. and Mrs. Pittman came out, brought latest papers and some nice grapes for the "poor fettered birds", as they styled us.

Monday, 13th. Just two weeks a prisoner, feel the effects of confinement and loss of freedom. Maggie and I are left alone today and in the afternoon disguised ourselves completely and went down the street to the dressmaker's, only made ourselves known to Judge Redd and one or two good friends.

Tuesday, 14th. Unpleasant dreams woke me early today and upon looking out my window behold the face of the sky covered with clouds. A chill dreary atmosphere prevails and warns of the sad approach of the "sere
...and yellow leaf". God grant protection to our noble-hearted soldiers exposed to its chilling rains and frosts. Every hour of my life I am more forcibly impressed with the hardships and sufferings they undergo for the sake of Liberty; more especially do I sympathize with those who, like myself, are prisoners.

Afternoon. Sister Em and Charley with Laura C. came up. They had applied for a pass to see me, but were refused, when they determined to come anyhow, so they did and oh the joy it occasioned to see the loved ones from home. They stayed but a short time and had to hurry back to the cars. How sad I felt to see them leave for H. without I accompanied them.

Irene Pittman and Nannie Willock came out to see us, accompanied by the officer of the day — had to converse in his presence. Heard that Gen. Merrill was under arrest for the murder of those ten men.

Thursday, 16th. Day passed without anything of interest occurring.

Friday, 17th. This afternoon received from Gen. Merrill a reply to our letter in which he says we should not seek "immunity when made to suffer the penalty of your crime anywhere in the Federal Union." Answered in a manner we expected, consequently not disappointed.

Hear at the supper table that ten of the poor persecuted prisoners now confined in the Pal. Jail tomorrow at 1 o'clock are to be shot. Sometime since, Colonel Porter, in the capture of Palmyra, arrested and carried away with him Andrew Allsman, a spy and reporter. A notice was promulgated by Joe Winchell allowing ten days for him to return and alleging as a penalty for his non-appearance the execution of ten southern men. The time...
has expired and he has not returned, and Gen. MCNeil has already issued the
death warrants. Great God, I cannot realize that I hear aright. Surely tis
but a repetition of their cruel threats so often made against those who dare
to oppose their vile polluted deeds.

Mr. Kennedy of Monroe calls and assures us that it is too true and,
Oh Heavens, can I write the word? My poor dear friend, Capt. Sidener, the
noble brave bright youth, the handsome dark-eyed southerner, the dependence
of helpless orphans, is one of the fated ten. What sleep is there for my red
and swollen eyes tonight, what rest is there for this poor burning bursting
brain? Sister Mag and I with arms locked closely around each other pace
back and forth our lonely room, soars only disturbing the silence. Then
occasionally we kneel and pour forth our burdened hearts in prayer.

The sound of the saw and hammer are plainly heard and the light at
this late hour in yonder casement bespeaks the preparation being made for
the living dead. What must be the thoughts of those poor doomed beings
tonight — no sweet sleep can fold her balm wings around their hearts, no
sweet thought of future meeting with the loved ones at home comes to cheer
them. Oh my soul lift, lift to God thy strongest, purest prayer for help in
this trying hour. Oh, may the thunderbolt of His wrath fall upon those
wicked murderers and save the lives of the innocent and good.

Sat. 18th Oct. Such a lovely day in Indian summer. Ah, it seems that
more appropriately nature should be clothed in sadness and her face bedewed
with tears. Yes, she too should weep; too many tears cannot be shed for
these the good, the brave, “who go forth strong in life and come not back.
to us save with the dead." Grandpa has gone over to talk and pray with those poor distressed victims. Oh that I might sleep till the dreaded hour be passed. A large number of women have gone this morning to Gen. McNeil and almost on bended knee begged the sentence might be revoked, but all in vain. He is lost to all feeling and is almost unconscionably drunk.

10 o'clock, Grandpa has returned and exhibits more emotion than I ever saw him manifest; his eyes are red with weeping and [he] says never, no never in his eventful life has he witnessed such a scene and with trembling hands clasped earnestly, his grey "eyes sheltered in their lids", prayed Heaven to spare him from such a trial again. He visited them in their dark loathsome cells and the dear creatures threw themselves into his arms and pierced the Heavens with their shrieks, their prayers and lamentations. Eight are young men in the prime and vigor of life. And oh it seems so hard to yield to the cruel tyrant monster's decree. One o'clock is the hour appointed for their execution. My brain runs wild, my blood seems frozen in my veins, my very heart seems pulseless.

— — — — — Tis over; the dread ordeal is past and ten noble patriots have been hurled into eternity. At half past 12 o'clock they passed through the city seated upon their coffins and waving a final adieu to friend and foe. Women rushed out in front of the procession and prayed for mercy which was denied. Mrs. McPheeters, whose own nephew is one of the condemned, prostrated herself before Gen. McNeil and prayed him if he expected mercy at the throne of God to spare if but a few hours the dear lives in his power to save. Twas all in vain, her petition was unheeded.
Arriving at the Fair Grounds they were seated upon their coffins and a bandage to blind their eyes offered to each, which was promptly refused. After prayer by Rev. Rhodes they were ordered to kneel to receive their fate, to which Capt. Sidener replied, “I kneel to none but my God.” The command to “fire” was given by Ervin and 60 shots were fired at the defenseless brave. Two fell instantly, the remainder, though almost perforated with bullets still manifested signs of life. Observing it, the fiends rushed upon them with bayonets and drawn swords and butchered them in a most horrible manner. My poor friend, Tom Sidener among the latter number. He bravely bared his bosom to the shower of lead bullets and requested them to aim at his heart, remarking to a friend near him, “We will meet again, my home is in Heaven.” They died like men — like heroes — like martyrs.

One of the condemned had a wife and six little children. She pleaded long and earnestly to Gen McNeil to spare his life, and upon being denied sank in convulsions at his feet. A young and noble boy about seventeen years of age who had just arrived that morning to visit a brother in prison was so affected by the scene that he stepped boldly forward and, lifting his hat from his forehead, remarked to McNeil, “Sir, if you are destitute of all feeling, I am not. Receive me as a substitute for her husband. True, I am young and life has many charms and ties to bind me to it, but I have not a wife and six helpless babes.” The noble sacrifice was accepted and that great heroic heart perished with the others.

“Oh, Father, forgive them! They know not what they do.”
Tis a calm beauteous twilight that is now stealing over the earth, yet a pall darker than Egyptian blackness has settled over the hearts of the people. From our prison home we can see the residence of Mrs. Boswell beautifully illuminated. Upon asking the cause we are told that a large party is given there tonight in honor of the perpetrators of the foul deed which has plunged not only the city but the whole country in despair and gloom. "Oh woman with a devil's purpose and an angel's face," why seek to encourage by your base approval the crimes of men who are aiming death blows at the heart of the constitution which you pretend, falsely assert, you love?

Sunday, Oct. 19. How calm, how beautiful the day. Yet what heart can feel enlivened by the voice of Nature when ten dear southerners are to be hurried away in their rude coffins, their heads pillowed upon pine shavings, to the final resting place of the dead. Hear from Col. Porter that he has crossed the Missouri River at Portland, Calloway County.

Monday, Oct. 20. Sent today to procure a lock of Capt. Sideler's hair, which was dark, long and curly. Joe Winchell in the "Courier" in describing his dress and appearance at the time of his execution remarks, "We were forcibly reminded of the beautiful but misguided Absalom."

Tuesday, 21st. Wed. 22nd. Mrs. Pittman brings us "Frank Leslie."

Thursday, 23rd. Wave today at 150 prisoners who are sent to St. Louis. They responded in cheers, waving their hats. A federal officer grew indignant and called out to us pettishly, "Give them God's blessing and pray they may never return to disgrace their country again." How my heart ached to see them go, knowing that before the winter is ended many of that noble
band will fall victims to the horrible diseases that infest their loath-
some prisons. Hear that Col. S is removed and see him whirling his
bloated carcass towards the depot.

Friday 24th. Sat. 25th. Sunday, 26th. Three days pass without
bringing an incident worthy of notice. This evening the Chaplain of the Reg.
took the liberty to call upon Grandpa because he was a minister. Sister Mag.
And I gave "Major" a quarter to unhitch his horse, which the little darkey
did, showing his worry at what he considered a capital joke.

Monday 27th. Hear that Gen. McNeil says we are not to be taken out
of the state, says he will decide our cases today. A funeral takes place this
morning, Mrs. Hoskins’ son.

Tuesday, 28th. Maggie and I all alone today and revive old memories
of Cousin Mortimer and dear Capt. R.E.D., their many trials, their cool
daring, and our sympathy, hopes and fears.

Wed. 29th. Thurs. 30th. Days pass gloomily away in a prison when
not permitted to see friends, to receive a letter not write a note. Nothing of
interest occurs sufficient to be recorded. Life grows as tedious as a “twice-
told tale.”

How I fear the result of this confinement on her frail constitution, when my
own robust frame begins to fail under it. A note was handed me slyly today
from home. How strong a desire it awakened to be with them once again,
visiting free and untrammeled with my friends and breathing again the pure
air of God's Universe. Sister M. and I have concluded to put our heads together to effect our release or escape.

Friday, Nov. 14th. All day my brain has been bent upon some plan of escaping, if only for a few days, from our monotonous prison life. Miss Nannie Davis calls and thinks we can get a parole for a few days. Afternoon, get Grandma to accompany me to Gen. McNeil's headquarters. How I shrink from appearing before such a man — asking a favor. Down, down, pride — let me be politic for a few minutes at least, when so much may depend upon it.

Have some misgivings not having any permission to leave the house and expect to be sent back home under guard. See Gen. McNeil, who expresses surprise at my boldness in coming out without being bidden. I tell [him] that I demand a trial, that I have waited patiently seven long weeks for him to decide our case and ask him to release us altogether. Upon being refused, ask him to parole Maggie and me for one week to go to Hannibal. He granted my request, adding that he was pleased to grant me a request or favor, that he did not suppose his prisoner was a lady possessing the superior qualities he had found and his greatest desire was to see me love my country.

I reply, "Gen. McNeil, I am devoted to my country and her cause, as my present surroundings indicate."

Left him and went to Mrs. Davis' room, but stayed only a few minutes, then hurried home and in one hour Maggie and I were ready for our visit.
Started from Grandpa's at 3 - went up Main Street and met several friends, all surprised at seeing us. Waited at Depot some time for the cars. Met Miss Muldrow and sister. Joe Winchel came in and eyed us with round-eyed wonder. Reach home after dark - find Laura C. waiting us.

Sat. 15th. Went down street and met with Jennie Millon who leaves tomorrow for the South. Send a great many messages by her. Met with M. Blackwood who shows us Capt. McDonald's photograph and says the Capt. sent us a couple by mail which we never received. He is one of those deluded victims who surrendered himself and ninety men, expecting to be exchanged.

Amanda Bowen came over and we played chess with Willie and won an oyster supper.

Sun. 16th. How unfortunate - raining, so as to prevent church-going or the reception of a single visitor.

Monday, 17th. Still raining, as it has not done before since the flood. Maggie and I can bear it no longer and venture out between showers and spend a delightful day with dear old Mrs. Bowen, who shows us a great many trophies from Shiloh. Amanda sings us a great many southern songs. Heaven bless the warm-hearted girl. Eliza B. gives me a photograph of a distinguished rebel.

Tuesday, 18th. Spend the whole day with sister.

Wednesday, 19th. Still raining in torrents. Begin to fear our short holiday will be spoiled by it. Sister Mag says the "Gods are against us". Hear that McDonald's men confined in prison here desire to see us and send for a pass from the Marshal to go in to see them, which was refused. Go
down the street with Laura C. and induce the guards, former friends, to let us enter. Become acquainted with Mr. Harlin, Lieut. Miller, Capt. Williams, Mr. Doty and young Coppage. Lieut. M. inquires kindly of Adjutant Harvey Beauchamp. Came home and played chess.

Thursday, 20th. Bright and beautiful as May day above, but muddy walking. Afternoon, Unice (?) Eady and Laura called. Whilst here, Misses Gallaher and Healn came in. Also Mrs. Lou Brooks, who is going to Memphis. At night Mrs. Bowen, Amanda and Eliza came out with the boys, and the hours flew by on rosy wings.

Friday, 21st. Several calls today, but do not feel at all well — perhaps the thought that with tomorrow our parole expires has something to do with it. My dear Pa — so old and feeble — can hardly bear to give me up. Have an invitation to tea at Mrs. C's. Afterwards receive calls from Bettie Hatch, Mrs. Marsh and Mrs. Brooks, also Mollie Bridgefort. Take tea at Mrs. C's. Willie comes for us as Misses Willis, Gallaher and Bowen are waiting for us at home. Laura stays all night.

Sat. 22nd. This morning return several calls, Miss Ingram, Mrs. Wilks, met also with Mr. Hanson and Mr. Bridgefort of Monroe. After dinner a bevy of girls came up to escort us to the cars. Passing the prison, the prisoners rushed to the windows and waved to us. We returned their salutations, which causes the soldiers to threaten our arrest. We laughed at the idea, yet felt uneasy for the safety of the girls with us. Met with an old gentleman, a Southerner, who had just returned from a visit to his sick son in St. Louis prison. The cold-hearted being refused him the privilege of
entering his cell, and he was forced, after remaining two weeks, to come away without seeing him or even knowing his fate. The cars arriving, we bid a hasty adieu to freedom and friends and turn our sober faces once more towards our persecutors and our lonely prison.

Seating ourselves near a window commanding a view of the prisoners, we threw up the window and once more white cambric handkerchiefs floated out upon the breeze. Just as we were leaving received a note from Lieut. Miller who was quite sick.

Receive waves from various dwellings as we pass rapidly through the city. Two young gentlemen captured at Corinth and paroled come forward and form our acquaintance. One of them is wounded. They tell us a great many things of interest about the South, and profess the most profound respect and love for our noble Wallace of Mo.

Arriving at Palmyra, Mr. Hyter, a paroled prisoner, walked up the street with us to the Hotel, where in compliance with our parole we reported to Benjamen, a black Shilock Jew, and were sent out home. Found Grandma and Pa quite uneasy about us, fearing we had made our escape and would not return.

Sunday 23rd. Receive a few calls.

Friday 28th. An officer and two privates came twice today to search the house for Lieut. Boles, who has made his escape from jail. He was under sentence of death, and fortunately they have not as yet found him. Great God shelter him and protect him from those who seek to destroy him. The snow is falling rapidly and has already covered the ground some inches. Tis
the first snow that has fallen upon the graves — the new-made graves of those ten noble champions of Liberty. May it rest lightly upon their bosoms.

The Times today contains a demand for the head of their murderer, John McNeil, purporting to come from President Davis.

Monday, Dec. 1st. Get Grandma Creath to see Col. Strachan to ask if we were not released from confinement by the late order of War Department relating to political prisoners. His answer was if we had repented — became loyal — and would take an oath to that effect he would release us. Grandma was highly insulted by his manner toward her. I wrote him a pithy little note this afternoon, which I suppose has settled all doubts upon that subject, telling him that I was as loyal as any faithful subject can be to the best and most superior man that ever graced a presidential chair.

[Letter]

Col. Strachan:

Today in the person of Mrs. Creath I appealed to you for the first time since my imprisonment for a restoration of that freedom of which I have been unjustly deprived. You tell her, sir, that you must know my state of mind and that my release depends entirely upon it.

With the greatest pleasure I take this method of assuring you that I enjoy perfect serenity of mind as well as conscience, which is, I dare say, more than my captors can boast of doing.
As far as my loyalty is concerned, I am today as loyal as any faithful subject can be to the best and most superior man that ever graced a presidential chair. As to conversion, sir, of which you speak, the longer my imprisonment continues, the more I have to contemplate the high-handed outrages perpetrated in our very midst, the more deeply, deadly, intensely becomes my hatred of the party, sir, with which you stand identified.

As to my repentance, allow me to say that when I see a disposition on the part of the Federal government to repent of its murderous proceedings and wholesale robberies, its cruelties against the ladies of our once-noble land, then and not till then will I cease to rebel against such petty tyranny.

I remain in Statu Quo, devotedly attached to my State, my country, and her cause.

Lizzie M. Powell

Perhaps it was injudicious, imprudent, but death is preferred to a cowardly craven spirit that will uncomplainingly submit to every indignity. Mrs. Pittman and Mrs. Smith went to see Col. Strachan in regard to our release — found him in the depot surrounded by prisoners and Federal officers. He was reading my note to the crowd and was highly incensed at me for what he was pleased to term my "sarcastic belles lettres impudence."

Thurs. 4th. Irene and Nannie got permission from McNeil to call on us. Nannie gave me photograph of Pres. Davis.

Sunday, 7th. Ten long weeks since my arrest. Grandpa went yesterday to secure the interference of Col. Benjamin in our behalf. Were it not for Sister Mag, my heart would break. We are as devoted as the "Siamese
Twins." What a sad fate to fall into the hands of such despots. May their reign be short.

**Tues. 9th.** Sister Mag and I played another good joke on our persecutors – dressed ourselves in disguises and went to Mrs. A’s, where we met Mrs. McPheeters and spent most of the afternoon. When we got home, find Mrs. Thompson, Irene and Nannie Willock had stolen out to see us and to bring us some late Southern news. Town in excitement about enrolling and the jail is crowded with poor Southern men who refuse to comply with their requirements.

**Wed. 10th.** My imprisonment becomes almost unendurable. All health, appetite and energy seem to have forsaken me. Poor Maggie is sick in bed and is suffering intensely. She can not bear to feel that I am sick, sad and unhappy and the kind-hearted creature makes every exertion to make me contented and happy. Venture once more with Grandma into the detested presence of McNeil. He was quite polite and has granted me leave of absence until my shattered health is restored. Says if I will take the oath I shall be released entirely. I promptly refused, telling him plainly I had rather die in prison than to perjure myself before God and man. He was profuse in his compliments and expressions of admiration. Spoke of the murder he had committed and I shuddered at the thought, which he observed. Said I must consider him inhuman and barbarous, and I frankly replied that I did. A dark scowl crossed his features and he proceeded to write a “leave of absence” for me.
Thursday, Dec. 11th. Prepare for home. I am instructed by Gen. McNeil to consider myself still a prisoner and that my prison only is changed. I am also required to report twice a week to him by letter. At four the cars came and after bidding Grandma and dear Maggie an affectionate farewell, Grandpa and I went down to the train. Arrive in H. about five and find my trunk is left behind. Found Mr. Tom Henson here. All were pleasantly surprised to see me and supposed at first that I was released.

Sat. 13th. Trunk came today. Received present of $300 "Confederate money." Mrs. Bowen, Amanda, Eliza, Sallie Blackwood, Sue Garnett, Laura De [?] and Amanda P. came out calling.

Sun. 14th. Heard today of the repulse of the Feds at Fredericksburg and the removal of Burnside. Thank Heaven! Victory still perches upon our banners — may the names of the noble dead that perished there "fill memory’s cup to the brim,
May the laurels they won never perish
Nor the Star of their glory grow dim."

Monday 15th. Amanda B—n brings out her Album of Confederate Generals. After tea, stole out to Mr. Foreman’s prayer meeting. Meet with Sallie G. and Mrs. S— who came home with me.

Tuesday, 16th. Jennie M. came today and sang "Officer’s Funeral" for me.

Thursday, 18th. [-----]Society met here tonight. Every room crowded. Laura stays all night.

Dec. 31st. New Year’s Eve. Go over to Mrs. H’s and receive three letters. One from dear M. [Maggie Creath] who received her unconditional
release on the 26th. One from Gen. Merrill giving me the preference of banishment to Indiana during the war or to remain in prison in Missouri. The other from Col. Strachan telling me I was released. How joyously the tiding was received. And how guarded I must now be, lest by word or deed I offend these supercilious female-persecution dignitaries of our land. Like a bird when set free from its prison home, it sits for a moment as if afraid to unfold its trembling wings for flight lest it is by some rude hand thrust again in its cage. So I sit, perfectly stupefied - inactive - desiring to flee from my persecutors yet knowing not what course to take, what plan to adopt.

New Year’s Day. All Hail, thou new-born year of ’63. May peace, sweet peace, spread her gentle wing over our distracted country before thy days are run. May the States of the South take their places among the nations of the earth and before the dawn of ’64 may the South be acknowledged a free and independent power.

Jan. 4th. Charlie H. comes out for me to assist in dressing cake for the supper tonight in Brittingham’s. A supper given ostensibly for Fire Co. No. 2, but in reality for the benefit of the Southern widows and orphans. I cannot refuse anything pertaining to an act of charity for those I love. Uncle E. and I succeed in trimming cakes and arranging tables nicely. Nothing will do the boys but my attendance this evening. They will receive no excuse. Promise Mr. R—d to attend with him. He has been banished to Illinois and allowed to return last week by orders from War Department.
Met with Mr. S. D. Price, Provost Marshal, who solicits an introduction and passes several compliments. Refuse, for the reason that I do not wish to devote the evening to entertaining a Federal officer.

Jan. 6th. Meet with an important rebel today at church, a nephew of Joseph E. Johnston. Was introduced by Miss Zadie. Long may he live to enjoy the glory he has so richly earned.

Jan. 8th. Answer Maggie’s letter and also write to Gen. Price and mail one to Gen. Merrill. Zadie came to say “goodbye”, she is going home tomorrow.

Jan. 14th. Sitting today reading to sister when an officer came to order me to report forthwith to Provost Marshal Major Price. Do not feel well enough to leave my room yet, go down with Mrs. Bowen to his office. Shows me an order of banishment requiring me to leave my native state in 24 hours to return no more during the war. Major Price tells me if I refuse to obey the order I am to be again imprisoned. Show him my release from McNeil and demand the cause or reason for this course of action. No satisfaction was given me except that it was for no new offense that I was again under military arrest. Tis, I feel, an illegal persecution instituted by Maj. Price himself because I refused an introduction to the vile fiend. He paroles me to the limits of sister’s yard.

Jan. 17th. Brother Wilks came out today to confer with me and to offer his Christian sympathy.

Jan. 18th. Hail glorious Sabbath. As I sit at my window watching the crowd of passersby wending their footsteps to the house of prayer, how
sadly my heart throbs in my bosom to think of the many long weeks and months I have been denied the blessed privilege of taking my accustomed seat and mingling my voice as I once did in their sweet songs of praise. My dear little Sabbath school scholars take every opportunity to assure me that I am missed. Will there be a prayer breathed for me today, will one sigh be heard for my cruel fate? Ah yes, I know I will be remembered by the "faithful few," among whom I have so often met.

Spent most of the day in reading my Bible—the Psalms are my selection now because they are so [---] and sad, yet withal, so comforting.

Mr. R---y and Mr. Richmond called, kindly bringing me books. Amanda B--- came to say goodbye, as she leaves tomorrow with her mother for St. Louis. Mr. H---n and John S. spent the evening. We never know what a host of warm friends we possess until the dark storm of adversity beats upon us. Poor J---s says he wishes he might suffer in my stead.

Monday, Jan 19th. Receive another order— to report tomorrow morning at nine o'clock to hear my fate. All advise me to refuse banishment from my friends in the severest months of winter and my present ill health. So I know my doom will be a second incarceration. My poor old father placed his thin, trembling hand upon my head this morning when I finished reading him the order, and with a tear in his eye remarked, "My daughter, trust in God." Oh, Father in Heaven, do I not— have I not— trusted in thee, oh Hallowed Name, for grace to bear with Christian meekness the fiery trials that surround me? Were it for Thy sake I am persecuted I could thank thee that I should be accounted worthy. And next to Thee and Thy cause
is our Liberty and country hallowed and beloved.

Thursday, Jan. 20th, '63. Wake to find a heavy wet snow upon the ground and [my] poor head almost bursting with pain. Directed a note to Maj. Price requesting him to call if his business was imperative, as the weather and ill health would prevent obedience to his commands.

At noon he came, somewhat indignant, and said he would place me forthwith under guard. Bro. Willie offered himself security for my appearance if he would permit me to remain until my health was restored, but he was persistent – cruelly persistent – and demanded my appearance at his office at three o'clock. Says I am to be placed under guard in solitary confinement in a room at the Continental. Poor sister is almost frantic, yet tries to suppress her grief in my presence. My little niece – my little motherless pet – stole in a few moments ago and winding her soft arms around my neck whispered through sobs, "Aunt Lizzie, will not those cruel men let me come and stay with you? You can take little Bobbie – he is a prisoner, but will sing to you."

Six o'clock. Alone. All alone! in my prison room at the Continental. Methinks I caught a glance of pity and sympathy from the landlady, Mrs. Shoot, as I passed through the parlor. Maj. Price is from Mass. and I can expect no favors. Ah, I should hate myself if I asked one at his hands.

Twilight deepens and I sit alone and sad, but not cast down, listening to the measured tread of the armed and savage-looking German guard at my door, which is the only sound that disturbs the stillness.
Wed. Jan. 21st, '63. Opened my door this morning to ask a knife of
the guard to sharpen my pencil. Was struck to recognize in him a friend of
other days, Frank Jackson, a brother to one whom I once loved as devotedly
as a sister. Oh war! with all thy attendant evils — what can be more sad-
dening than to find former friends changed into deadly foes. How strange to
see that slender boy dressed in the uniform I so much detest, standing guard
over one whom he once professed to love and respect so kindly.

Emma, sweet pet, and Katie B. came so I could see them from my
third-story window — said they had been three times to Provost Price to see
me, but he will not give her permission to do so.

Little Arthur H. came to the door and asked the guard if he could see
me. The guard opened the door and permitted the little fellow to look in, but
would not allow him to speak to me. He brought me some nice yellow apples
— and I could see a tear in his brown eyes as he turned away. He is just six
years old. When he grows to be a man, will he remember this scene in his
early life? Will he, can he love and respect the flag that has waved over
imprisoned females, over the ruins of our temple of Liberty? Heaven bless
the boy! How my heart warms towards those who show a kind sympathetic
part when in distress.

Tis twilight, the close of another lonely day in prison. How eagerly I
listen to each footstep passing my door, wishing oh so fondly to hear a pause
before my door and some loved one would enter. What would my poor
R.E.D. think, away in his sunny home in the South, if he knew the sad
circumstances that surround me. I sit by the window and strive to forget my
sorrows in gazing down into the street upon the motley crowd hurrying toward their different places of abode. So many, all bound one way, each heart a mystery to the other and each a little world to itself. Today the enrolling officers have been trying to enforce Order 1001, and many Southern men, refusing to enroll their names with those whom their souls detest, are like myself, prisoners.

Thursday, Jan. 22nd. Today Sister, Mrs. Wilks, Mrs. Robards and other friends applied to see me, but I presume it was in vain, for Sister waved at me from the street and shook her head, indicating her ill success. My Bible! Sweet hallowed book! whose sacred pages a mother’s eye hath scanned, what a treasure art thou now in my lonely hours, how consoling are thy precious words. Yes, it is thy pages that record the sweet promise of my Savior to his sorrow[ful] stricken children: “So I am with you always even unto the end of the world.” And I know he tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb and heareth the young ravens when they cry. He too hath said, “Let not your hearts be troubled.”

Friday, Jan. 23rd, ’63. Wrote a saucy letter today to Abe Lincoln enclosing a lock of the yellow girl – the Chambermaid’s – hair. Sealed it and sent it to Maj. Price to mail for me. Paid the guard money to buy me a paper and some reading matter, but he replied Maj. Price had given him his instructions that he was to let me have no books or papers to assist me in passing away the time. How fortunate then that I brought a volume of Walter Scott and my Bible with me. In my Bible I can always find something new.
Tonight new guards are stationed, and they all have to take a look at this prisoner. One is a Dutchman, the other is a fine-looking man. He seems kind and sympathetic and I overheard him say he would perish sooner than load his gun for a woman, that he would rather be a prisoner with a thousand men to guard him than to engage in the unmanly act of persecuting me. When the evening wore on and he was left alone he slipped a note under my door. I picked it up and read:

"Young lady you are not unknown to me and I am a friend. Tomorrow they expect to take you from this house, either to the dilapidated hotel in S. Han. Or to St. Louis. If I can be of service to you do not fear to trust me."

How my heart beats. Can it be that I have found a friend in this horrid guise, or is he seeking to betray me? How my brain whirls. How can I leave my home and my friends and be thrown in those miserable prisons in St. Louis to suffer with cold and die, perhaps, with those infectious diseases that are Hurrying away the poor victims there by hundreds?

No. I will refuse to leave this city, and if I have to go it shall be by physical force I am taken.

Sat., Jan. 24th. My guard in whom I found a friend has been removed and a raw dutchman fills his place. Before he left he threw a Harper and some late papers into my room. He was an Editor in Fulton, knew R.E.D. and published his key to the "Emanant." (?) He was also nine months in Price's army and upon the magazine was penciled, "Think not I am here by choice — far from it. And tomorrow morning you will hear that with six
others I have made my escape. Be of good cheer, you are effecting more for our holy cause in your cheerless prison than a dozen recruiting officers could do."

Oh, I would I had trusted him to mail some letters to my friends. Do they not know how soon I may be forced from them? The dutch guard, I heard this morning, wishing that I with all the d----d traitors was in h----l!

Later. Oh, what an unexpected kindness I have received! How my heart pounds with gratitude too deep for words to speak. Tears will force themselves into my eyes, and my heart bounds with emotions unknown before. I have friends, thank Heaven! That has been demonstrated even in my solitary prison. I knew this morning when the dutch guard was relieved, yet I knew not who took his place until my door was quietly opened and a friend W---- spoke to me. A note was thrown hurriedly in, the door closed, and the calm measured step renewed before my room as before. I read hurriedly:

"Lizzie, poor girl, you are to be taken tomorrow to St. Louis. Refuse positively to go, and tell them they will have to use main force to take you. You have many friends and sympathizers who are groaning tonight [for] their oppressions and your own. Tonight at nine open your window and lower from it anything you may wish to communicate to friends. Persons will be present to receive them and also to send up to you letters and money. Be cautious for the sake of Heaven, as the safety of yourself and friends depend upon it."
That was all. And the key has turned gratingly in the lock. A low conversation in the hall denotes the return of the guard.

Afternoon. The guard let poor little Arthur H— look in at me today. How his bright eyes and sweet face cheer me, and he looks up into my face with a look of such sweet childish innocence and pity that it reaches my heart. Boy, may thy young heart, like Albert Selle's, early learn to love truth and freedom next to life.

Maj. Price sent back my letter today because I had not left it open to his inspection. Tis night once more and I wait impatiently the hour of nine. I have written two letters and several notes, made a long line of yarn, the only string I had about me. I have tied my letters in a handkerchief with a little apple to give it weight to descend quickly.

At 8 o'clock Mr. Armstrong came to say I was to prepare to leave my present prison. "Where am I to go, Mr. Armstrong?" I asked pleasantly. "It is not necessary for you to be informed. All you have to do is to obey orders," was his reply. "One thing is certain, Mr. Armstrong," I answered, "I do not leave here this night." At this he laughed in my face with a defiant air, remarked he had the means — the means and the power — and he would tame, at least, or subjugate one rebellious "South Carolina."

"Uttered in the spirit of a true Black Republican whose ambition, patriotism and bravery aspires no higher," I replied, "than to shoot unarmed men and imprison defenseless women."
He wheeled and left the room, closing the door violently after him and turning the key with a hurried hand on me. What am I to do! To thee, oh God, I turn and pour forth my burdened soul in prayer.

Nine o'clock. Mr. Armstrong handed me a note from Maj. Price which read, “Owing to the lateness of the hour, Miss Powell is excused from obeying orders tonight. Tomorrow morning she will hold herself in readiness to leave at eight o'clock as her presence here is disagreeable to the loyal inmates of the Continental.”

A few minutes after, Maj. Price came in. Oh, how much solicitude I feel for the safety of my friends who are doubtless waiting to assist me. Maj. Price said I had done right in refusing to leave, that he admired and commended me for it. Charged me with trying to convert one of the guards as he, with six others, had deserted and would be shot if captured. Said he did not wish me to have papers or books with which to employ my time, that he designed to punish me so severely that I would be glad to obey the order of banishment, that he had refused at least a dozen friends the privilege of seeing me and that my confinement was to be as near solitary as possible. I do not remember now what I said to him, but I know he left me with a burning cheek and remarked, “Miss Powell, if every man that fills southern ranks is actuated by as much principle and devotion to his cause as yourself, I would [--------] [--------] and respect the South. Would that our ladies were half so zealous in their country’s cause.”

After he left, I blew out my light, raised my window and waited a few [minutes] only till I heard a well-known voice in subdued tones whisper
"All is right." In an instant almost, my package was lowered, and in a few minutes more I draw another up. A number of notes and letters and a roll of "Greenbacks". My dear friends, how sincerely interested they appear. Wm. H— has gone to St. Louis with a petition to Gov. Gambol to have me released. Judge P— has written to Maj. Rollins and J.B. Henderson in Washington to have the freedom restored of which I have been so unjustly deprived.

To know we have friends fills the heart with gladness even in prison.

Sunday, Jan. 25th. The occurrences of last night seem almost like a dream, and I would persuade myself that I have been dreaming did I not find closely grasped in my hand unmistakable evidence that it was indeed a reality. How many causes I have, this holy Sabbath, for thanksgiving and prayer.

At eight Mr. Armstrong called again and informed for the presence I would be taken to the R.R. house* to await an order from St. Louis requiring my presence there. I pronounced myself in readiness and, after descending two flights of stairs, I found myself at the parlor in which were assembled officers and their wives, and as I passed on, closely followed by the dutch guard, I heard whispering, laughing and clapping of hands. At the door a closed carriage stood in waiting. Mr. Armstrong handed me in, stepped in himself, closed the door and we moved slowly off. The guards with guns at charge (?) marched along by the side of the carriage.

*The Railroad House in Hannibal had once been a repository for slaves waiting for the auction block. At that time it was, I believe, a cheap hotel for travelers off the river-boats, a somber warehouse of a building on the waterfront.
Arriving at the R.R. House I found again the windows filled with heads — men and women congregated to see a live secesh. I wore a bonnet dressed in Southern colors, and passing through the crowd I threw aside the veil which partially concealed them. This house bears the reputation of an Asylum for runaway Negroes. My room, with no fire, no carpet, very very small, with but one little window, presented such a cheerless appearance I felt my fortitude forsake me. And when I heard the savage-looking dutchman turn the key upon me, I could no longer suppress the tears that seemed choking me.

From my little window I can see the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, a stream I have always loved and feel an emotion of pride that my home has been so long beside its waters. It is forcing its way along towards the mighty gulf with a calm, quiet, resistless freedom which the icy breath of winter has not checked. Oh friend of my earlier and happier days, as thy waters, which I now see fast receding from my view, lave the shores of the sunny South, bear upon they bosom a message to the brave hearts there that upon thy bank stands a Lincoln bastille in which is pining one whom they hate and scorn because she has dared to love the brave and desires to be free.

Tis night. Oh Heavens, how can I sleep upon this horrid bed of straw, these offensive, dirty, greasy quilts. These hard pillows of straw. My brain seems a ball of fire, my hand trembles so I can scarcely write. A strange wild feeling seizes me, and I pace back and forth in this gloomy room until it seems that if the uncarpeted floor were not iron it would bear the impress of my footsteps for ages to come.
Monday, Jan. 26th. Oh, what a long sleepless night I have passed. The guards, drunken and infuriated, made several ineffectual attempts to enter my room, and as it had not been for a small bolt I had fastened over the lock, their efforts must have been effectual. Finding they were defeated, I could hear them heaping their curses upon me and planning to come in through the window. I was almost speechless with fear; to cry for help would have been but mockery, when there was no arm to save. I sprang upright in my bed and kept that position until daylight. Oh, how I welcomed the first rosy tints of morning that peeped with cheering light into my little window.

Two o'clock – Great Heavens! I have had another return of that horrible hemorrhage which caused my life to be despaired of when at school. I am perfectly prostrated, and the crimson tide of life continues to rise in my throat and mouth without abating. My hands are colorless as marble and it is with great effort I clasp this pencil in my trembling fingers. Oh, to suffer so and be alone, no kind cool hand to rest upon my burning brain, no one near to breathe a kindly word of sympathy. No one has entered my room since nine o'clock, when the Chambermaid brought my breakfast – a cup of cold coffee, some fried mush, codfish and potatoes – and left my room with a curled lip and many airs because I could not eat.

Sent a note tonight to Major Price requesting a physician, as I feel a great deal worse as night approaches. Oh, how can I spend such another night as the last? The landlady came in about three o'clock bringing me my dinner which I found impossible to eat. She is German and sat down a few
minutes by my bed, drew from her pocket a large Dutch pipe and filled my room almost to suffocation with the smoke.

From my window I can see a boat has landed at the Depot - the first boat that has ventured this far for some time. A woman with a babe - I suppose a passenger - has been assigned the room adjoining mine. Through an aperture in the wall made for a stovepipe between us I heard her inquire of the Chambermaid why the guards were stationed in the hall. Shortly after the Chambermaid left her she peered through the aperture into my room. Supposing it was curiosity that prompted her to see who the young lady was, I glanced up at her, then turned my head away. She spoke my name in a whisper and indicated by her gestures that she desired to speak with me.

I felt almost too weak to stand, but by supporting myself with the bedpost I stood up almost face to face with her. She commenced by assuring me that she was a friend, had just returned from Alton Prison, where she had been to visit a sick son confined there, and added she: "The mean, cowardly treatment the poor fellows receive there, the intense suffering I witnessed during my short stay, has caused me to make the solemn resolve that henceforth and forever my humble means, my life, is dedicated to my country's cause." She then remarked if I needed assistance, as far as she could she would render it. How I thanked her in my inmost heart as I sank back almost exhausted upon my couch of straw. In a short time I penned a note to Father telling him how I was situated, also to another friend in Palmyra. These I gave her, with the one I had written to the President. If she should betray—
Tuesday, 27th. Pa came this morning and had received my note. Oh, my dear Father, it has been many months, even years, since I saw him so much affected, so broken-hearted as he seemed the fifteen minutes allotted him to stay. How his pale lips quivered and his hand trembled as he stood by my bed. Price had given him a pass, but had refused to allow our family physician to accompany him. Sister sent me some dinner, and dear Mrs. C. sent me "brandy peaches" of which she knew I am so fond.

Tis evening again and my illness seems increasing. Sent for the landlady and her husband, Capt. Gillett. The Capt. seemed moved with compassion when he saw me. He could scarcely control his voice to speak. Said he would have given me a room with a carpet and other accommodations but Major Price would not permit. Capt. G. sat down and wrote a hasty note to Price telling him to send a Doctor immediately. In about an hour Dr. Duffield, our family physician, came. Says I am very sick and need constant care. The landlady, at my request, takes the key tonight from the guards.

February, Sunday, 2nd.* Four days have passed since I recorded my thoughts and feelings upon the pages of my journal. Dr. D--- says I have been very low, but now danger is passed if I take good care of myself.

Received a note today from Major Price accompanied by a box sent to me from Palmyra. The note said that he was determined still to make me obey the order of banishment, and that he would make my prison.

*This seems to be misdated, judging by following entries, which also grow confused.
undeniable. Hoped I would see the propriety of yielding implicit obedience forthwith. I replied that I would endeavor to bear patiently and heroically any measures his heart prompted him to enforce.

Tonight he came himself, seemed surprised to find me so weak. Thought any illness had improved my appearance as it had given me a "helpless, dependent, patient air", which he desired to see depicted on my face. Repeated again his threats – if I did not consent to leave – and said he felt convinced that close confinement would kill me. I begged him long and earnestly to let Sister visit me sometimes until I recovered, but he obstinately refused. Said he would remove guards until I grew better.

Mrs. Gillett has grown very kind to me, takes care of my dear little bird, "Robert Lee." She brought her brother, Mr. Selleck, in to see me. He is a Democrat and could not find expressions too bitter to apply to those fanatics who would persecute a woman.

Friday, 30th. Capt. G. and lady came in this evening to request me to instruct them in chess. He took his first lesson and seemed delighted. A Capt's wife sent me a glass of cider.

Sunday, Feb. 1st. Mr. Selleck sent me by his sister the "Caucasian" and "Chicago Times" to read today. The first papers I have seen since my arrest. How drearily the time passes with no one to talk to but my little canary.

Monday, 2nd. Capt. G. and lady came again and we had a stolen game of chess. Capt. G. has been negotiating with Price for my release, which he has said can be effected by taking the oath. Refuse again to forswear myself.
Wednesday, 3rd. Mr. Selleck sent me Bailou's Magazine and a "Democrat". Maj. Price told me he had fully intended sending me to St. Louis and might do so yet, but for the present I was to remain where I was. Said I was much more comfortable than prisoners in Richmond confined in tobacco warehouses and Libby prison. How I detest the man! Seemingly so devoid of feeling and everything that pertains to manliness.

Thursday, 4th(?). How swiftly the weeks seem gliding by. Would that I were free to enjoy them as they pass. A buried life— I suppose— will be mine for years if the fettered spirit does not burst its prison bars and bask in the light and freedom "out under the sun." A light snow has fallen and a sleigh containing two friends passed my window this morning. A handkerchief was waved in token of recognition when they whirled, the merry sleigh bells dying away in the distance like a fading dream, reminding me of the days that once were free and joyous and my heart kept time with their merry music.

Mr. Selleck sent me a little present with a note. And no one can tell how much a little kindness is appreciated under such circumstances. True, his politics differ from mine, yet he pities my loneliness and relieves it all he can. Sent a note to Bro. Wilke.

Saturday, 7th. Emma and Karl came to the window today so that I could see them. They tell me of a large number of friends who have applied almost daily to see me. They were uneasy about me and had to come to catch a glimpse of me from the window. Hurried away, fearing detection.
Sunday, 8th. Raining. Can anything be more depressing than a rainy Sunday in prison with nothing to read? Once more my dear Bible gives me comfort and grace to bear with meekness the trials that encompass me round about like walls of fire. My friend, Mr. Selleck, again places me under obligations for the “Maniac Secret” which he kindly sent me to read. And though I usually refuse to read novels, yet anything is now read with eagerness.

Saturday, Feb. 14th. Wrote an acrostic today (on) Miss Emma Sanders for Mr. Selleck to send as a valentine. Price sent me a letter he had taken from the P.O. directed to me. He had opened it and read it, and the note, said it contained nothing contraband. I was allowed the pleasure of the second perusal. It was from my long lost friend, Dr. M.L.C.

Sunday, 15th. Maj. Price came, bringing me a valentine. “Affection’s token.” It was pretty, but had no name. Maj. Price was kinder than usual, said if it were not for sympathizing with a rebel that he would tell me he was sorry to see the effects imprisonment had had upon me – my pale face and dreadful cough were pitiable and he deplored the fact that duty prevented him from being more lenient. That I was a dangerous foe to his government and could almost shake his loyalty. Agreed after some persuasions that I might ride out and take dinner with Sister, if Capt. and Mrs. Gillett would go with me. Also says if I will agree to closely veil myself I may have some photographs taken, and he desires the negative.
Lizzie Powell

Taken when she was in prison
Monday, 16th. Rose early this morning and dressed myself to take
dinner with sister. Capt. G. sent his word we were coming. I could hardly
sleep last night thinking of it. Went first to the Daguerrian Rooms, where I
met with Mrs. H---, had my carte de visit taken holding in my hand the
rebel colors. Afterward went out to Sister’s. All were delighted. Pa seemed
so happy to see me. In spite of Price’s orders to the contrary, the kitchen &
dining room are filled with friends who have stolen in to see me. Mr. S.
brings me a letter mailed at Memphis from a dear good rebel in the South.
Dr. B. has had it for some time, saving it for me.

What a good dinner. Mr. Selleck who accompanied us says he has
never sat down to a finer dinner and one he so much enjoyed. The excitement
and exercise has proven too much for me. I am quick sick, yet try to conceal
it, fearing it will mar the enjoyment of my friends. Back once more, the key
turned gratingly upon me. What a contrast between this cold uncarpeted
room and sister’s warm, nicely furnished, comfortable parlor and bedroom. I
have a burning fever and throat so sore I can not bear to swallow.

Sat. 25th. Feb. Five days, dear Journal, of most intense sufferings
have passed since I last recorded upon thy pages my murmurings. Diphtheria
embraces all in one word – those who have ever had that horrid plague and
lived know what I have suffered. For six hours life was despaired of, and
my dear friend, Dr. D---w watched by my bedside in the absence of those
whose right and privilege it should have been to do so, but were cruelly
refused. Mrs. G., though very kind, has many cares and cannot be with me
much of the time.
Oh the long dreary days! and sleepless feverish nights without a solitary being to administer a sip of water. Last night in feverish dreams the house was on fire, the flames were rushing through the roof and walls of my little cell and I was suffocating with heated smoke. I awoke to find a fever raging, my throat dry and burning and not a drop of water in my reach.

Sunday, Feb. 26th. I feel that this confinement will kill me. If I could only see my friends semi-occasionally, talk to them and feel and know that I am not forgotten by the outside world. Methinks I could endure it. But now, even to cast my eyes from the window to the bright sunlight without, to hear the music of the Sabbath bells and know my friends are enjoying all the privileges which the day affords, creates a feeling – not of envy, God forbid! – but a feeling of impatience, a longing desire to be once more with them, sharing their joys, their liberty. An earnest wish to be free.

Maj. Price came and remained some time. How I dislike to see him. I thought I could detect a look of triumph as he saw me prostrated, as I was unable to speak except in a whisper, my throat blistered and a white handkerchief tied under my chin. He smiled and extended his hand when he entered, which I did not pretend to take. Observing it, he remarked, "What! Not subjugated yet!"

I replied, "You can torture, but never subdue." Then followed a series of taunts and jests that left me in a raging fever. When he took his leave of me he saw the effect it had produced and apologized, adding that he loved to see the red blood mantling my cheeks again, that it made me resemble myself once more.
I said in a whisper, "Maj. Price, I want you to leave me and enter my room no more until your stony heart has softened and you come to bring an unconditional release." Sister and Pa came and refused to leave the hall until permitted to enter. Mrs. Gillette had the key, and after exacting a promise of eternal secrecy they were allowed to see me.

Sister and Pa were compelled to talk in the presence of Mrs. G. Sister was moved to tears and my poor father—trembling like an aged oak in the breath of the storm king—held my hand and looked at me for minutes together in perfect silence. Sister managed to slip some notes and letters in my hand when she bent over me to say "Goodbye" and to kiss me. One was from dear—ever dear—friend Dr. M.L.C. expressing a sympathy and devotion for me warmer and more sincere than friendship. 'Tis sweet to know that we are beloved by the good and true, and it is a fearful thing to refuse or accept that love.

Monday, 27th. Mrs. Pittman and Mrs. Smith came from Palmyra today to see me, and after persuading Maj. Price for two hours, telling him they had come expressly to see me to advise me to leave the State, they were permitted to spend a half hour with me. They were much affected to see me so prostrated and unable to speak to them only in whispers.

Mrs. Pittman, dear good woman, said to me, "Lizzie, you will die here. We have been making every effort for your release or to have you banished South, but in vain. Gen. Dix says there are too many traitors in the South already, and that you have done more injury to the cause than all the bushwhackers in North East Missouri. They are trying to kill you, is the
conviction of your friends, and as soon as you are able to travel, we all desire you to obey that Monster's decree."

I did not reply to her from the fact I was too weak to talk freely upon the subject. It seemed to me they had been with me but five minutes when Mrs. G. announced the fact that their half-hour had expired. And so they are gone, like a pleasant dream, "leaving a gloom more drear than the tomb" to envelop my lonely heart. Today I found a few lines by Taylor I believe which brought me great comfort. They read:

"Be still, sad heart, cease thy repining.
Behind the clouds the sun's still shining.
Thy lot is the common lot of all.
Into each life some rain must fall."

Some days must be dark and dreary.

Maj. Price came today to inform me that darling friend Maggie C. had sent a message desiring to share my fate as a prisoner until I recovered.

Dear, true, noble woman, what a comfort, what a blessing she would prove. What a sunbeam. But my selfishness will not — shall not exceed my love. I told him to write to her saying that I loved her too well to allow her to make such a sacrifice. Maj. Price told me that the days were passing rapidly — my friends were enjoying themselves, some were married, and that I, through "obstinacy" had chosen a living tomb. That if I would consent to leave the State he would accompany me to Indiana. That his orders were imperative and should be obeyed.

I told him I was too weak to travel, that I appreciated the fact that nearly two months had passed in solitary confinement, and quoted, "And if
the days must fly, I'll keep this end in sight: I'll spend them all in wisdom's way and let them speed their flight."

Sunday, March 5th. The very name hath something sweet and comforting in it, were it not for that inordinate, unceasing desire to be free. I would that my fettered spirit could grow accustomed to its cage and not continually pine for the freedom it can not attain. One of "Katinka's" poems has been haunting me all day long, seeming as though it were written expressly for me. It is:

"There are prisons with windows and doors all barred,
Making dark shadows which all men shun,
While the prisoners chained in their dreary cells
Are dreaming of freedom out under the sun..."

Hear today that Gen. McKien has taken Merrill's place in this district.

Friday, 10th March. Once more I am well enough to resume my chief occupation — pacing to and fro my narrow cell. My little Birdie seems to know my step and turns his bright eye upon me as I pause before his cage, and twitters and chirps to me, hops from one perch to the other as though he would inspire my heart with the content and cheerfulness which fills his own. Sweet little "Robbie", if it were not that you are happier with me, that freedom would be death to you, and that you've never known another home than your little cage, I would unbar your prison door and bid the little captive to be off to a bluer sky. I feel that nothing I love should be fettered, all shall be free save myself.
Hark! I hear Major Price in the hall inquiring for the key to my room. Would to Heaven I might never hear that most despicable Yankee voice asking, “Heow, Miss Powell...” again as long as life lasts.

April 27th, '63. Left home this morning bound for the long and perilous trip towards the land of gold. But few friends know of my intended journey and those few accompanied me to the cars, covered me with kisses and whispered in my ears warm prayers for future success and happiness. Then the shrill whistle sounded, the cars moved swiftly away, and in a few minutes old Hannibal, so dear to me, was hidden from our view, never perhaps to be seen again by me in life ---
LIZZIE POWELL HEREFORD, OBITUARY

FUNERAL OF MRS. HEREFORD

The funeral of Mrs. A. P. Hereford yesterday morning was unusually largely attended. At fifteen minutes before ten Pioneer Encampment No. 1 of the Red Cross, N. W. Smith Commander and accompanied by Grand Commander C. H. McLaughlin, proceeded to the residence of Mr. Hereford on Arapahoe Street where were assembled, in addition to the relatives of the deceased, the officers of the Ladies Relief Society, the Women’s Christian Temperance Union, and of the Denver Temperance Association. The pall-bearers were Hon. J. C. Wilson, representing the citizens; ex-Gov. J.Q.A. King, Judge Thomas R. Owen of Boulder; and Daniel Bayer from the bar; and N.C. Forrester (?) and Past Grand Commander A. J. Woodbury, representing the Red Cross. A large number of carriages were filled and escorted by the Encampment on foot, proceeded to the Christian Church, at the corner of 11th and California streets. As the body was borne in, a funeral dirge was rendered upon the organ by Miss Mollie Ball. The casket, from undertaker Brown’s, was of highly polished rosewood, ornamented with silver rods around which were entwined flowers and evergreens. Upon it were placed the Red Cross regalia of the deceased and floral contributions, consisting of a red cross bordered with white from the members of that Order and an anchor from the Ladies’ Relief Society of which the deceased was the (?) Vice President; and a wreath from the Executive Committee of the Denver Temperance Association. Every portion of the house was crowded to its utmost capacity, a large number of lawyers and literary persons being present. Ceremonies were opened by the congregation singing a favorite hymn of the deceased, “The Beautiful River,” followed by reading the scriptures and prayer by Rev. Dr. Ellis. “I know that my Redeemer Liveth” was sung by Mrs. Morrison followed by a sermon from Rev. E. T. Williams, pastor of the church. The services were unusually solemn and impressive at the end of which the congregation viewed the remains which were so natural in appearance that, excepting the paleness would scarcely leave the impression that death had done its work. Leaving the church the Encampment took the large (?) bus of the Transfer Company preceding the hearse and a large procession of carriage went to the Riverside Cemetery where the ceremonies of the Red Cross were observed.