Military Prison
Louisville Ky. July 26. 63.

I wrote on 22nd. inst. Miss Frank, to yourself and sister - detailing, somewhat prosily and egotistically I must confess, my adventures since I last had the pleasure of seeing or hearing from you.

In that letter, presuming from certain expressions of some of the Federal officers - my custodians at present, that we would soon be removed to Johnson's Island, I requested that your reply be directed to that point; but from present indications I am constrained to believe that our sojourn here will be for some while yet to come. At any rate, if you write - direct to me at this place until further notice.

The confinement and restrictions of a military prison are at all times irksome: Capt. Simms and Lieut.

LIZ83

Hines and Webster of Morgan's command are with me, and together we contrive to relieve prison-life of somewhat of its tedious and oppressive monotony. Gen'l Burnside has issued stringent orders in reference to favors and privileges being allowed Morgan's com'd, but as yet no right to which we are entitled as prisoners of war has been infringed upon; and there is an evident disposition upon the part of the officers of the regiment — our guard — to accord such favors as may be proper under the terms of Gen'l B.'s order. My intercourse with them is of course very limited, but whenever I have been thrown in contact with them, their bearing has been that of courtesy.

The routine of our daily life may be described in a few words: We rise at an hour regulated by the announcement of a usually late breakfast; and, after the preparation of a "prison-toilet" — simple in the extreme, adjourn to the mess-hall whose cuisine is not altogether fashioned after a French model. Returning to our quarters, we while away time by reading, talking, playing chess, draughts, or cards, smoking, dozing &c. until dinner; the same bill-of-fare, the above routine recapitulated and supper is announced: bread, bacon, and coffee once more! and we return to do that which already has closely occupied our attention during the day — nothing. To bed! and the morrow with its attendant ennui surely dawns. Amid all this monotony, the reception of an occasional letter from relatives or friends causes a delight so enthusiastic that none but prisoners of war can comprehend it; it certainly would occasion your surprise. This being

the case, you surely will not think that I am asking too much, Miss Frank, when I request a prompt and punctual response to my dry and uninteresting letters; for I plead guilty to the charge of the selfishness involved in expecting to derive far more pleasure than may be conferred by me.

My respects to your parents, - and compliments to your sister, Miss Belle, from whom I would be happy to hear if she may be disposed to relieve the monotony of a prisoner's life.

Will you not write soon? I continue with added esteem and respect,

Sincerely Yrs. &c.

Wm. J. Davis

11