Arrival of Secession Prisoners.

For the past week our people have been anxiously expecting a lot of prisoners who were captured at Island No. 10, to arrive at Camp Randall. Much curiosity to see them had been excited, and hundreds had been about the Depot, on the arrival of each train of cars from the east, for several days. Last evening at a little after seven o'clock a train bringing 881 prisoners arrived, passing the Depot, and landing the prisoners at the camp.

The cars were guarded by some sixty-five men, mostly belonging to Company I of Mulligan's Irish Brigade, under command of Capt. Fitzgerald. The whole train from Chicago was under charge of Capt. J. A. Potter, a Quarter Master in the U. S. Army.

A large crowd of people, consisting of ladies, gentlemen and children, had collected about the landing, a long time previous to the arrival of the cars, all eager to catch a glimpse of the secession prisoners. The several companies of the 19th regiment, that arrived here on Saturday, were drawn up in two lines, extending from the cars to the gateway of the camp, between which the prisoners were marched to quarters. The ceremony of unloading the cars was performed quietly and in good order.

While the crowd around was large, and the curiosity to see the prisoners was very great, there was no confusion, and no insults or jeers were given to the prisoners. We were glad that the people conducted themselves with such perfect propriety.

The prisoners also behaved well, and seemed to be in excellent spirits. Considerable correspondence passed between persons outside and the prisoners inside the cars, previous to their being let out; but it was all in the nature of civil questions asked, and they were answered in a respectful manner. The prisoners all expressed themselves well satisfied with the treatment they had received since they were captured—said it had been much better than they had expected.

Jokes passed freely between the people and the prisoners. In talking about the South, one remarked that our army would soon be in New Orleans; another that “the boys were ready for them there; and would give them a warm reception.” He then added, with a wink, “They’d better go by Corinth—warmer times there.”

In looking over the crowd, a prisoner remarked, “What lots of people you have here in these northern cities—you don’t see so many down South—never see so many.”
NEWSPAPER CLIPPING FROM THE CIVIL WAR ERA

"Visits to Camp Randall Discontinued," Wisconsin State Journal, April 29, 1862

DEATHS OF PRISONERS AT CAMP RANDALL

Deaths of prisoners at Camp Randall, previously reported...4

1. April 28—Wm. Hagg, Co. K, 1st Ala...
2. Wm. O. Mathews, Co. T, 3rd Ala...
3. Geo. Clay, Co. K, 1st Ala...
4. John Smith, Co. D, 1st Ala...
5. James Williams, Co. C, 6th Ill...
6. J. B. Pinkney, Co. I, 10th Ill...

Total...20

Arrangements have been made by the U.S. Quartermaster for the burial of these unfortunate men in the new cemetery grounds, where a beautiful spot is set apart for the purpose. The graves are marked by a simple painted head-board, giving the name, company, regiment, state and date of death of each.

VISITS TO CAMP RANDALL DISCONTINUED.

We learn that the officer in command of the prisoners' depot at Camp Randall has found it necessary to henceforth refuse passing citizens within the Camp.

The difficulty of discriminating between proper persons and others passing the guard has doubtless caused the escape of two or three prisoners, and the precautionary rule adopted by the late order is commendable. An additional reason for cutting off passes is that they were transferred from hand to hand, and consequently the privilege of admission was not confined to those to whom it was intended to be given.

THE SICK IN CAMP.

We learn from Dr. Joseph Hopkins, who has charge of the sick prisoners in Camp Randall, that, though a large number of the last lot brought here were quite ill, they are doing as well as could be expected, and are much improved from what they were on their arrival. One surgeon, Dr. Martin, who came with them, is said to be entertaining his brethren—laboring day and night—and with great skill and success. With those who came into Camp healthy, there is no difficulty. But little sickness exists among them.

See more classroom materials and lesson plans on the Wisconsin Historical Society website.

wiscossiphistory.org
Badger Boys in Blue: A Soldier's Letters
See a lesson plan related to this material on the Wisconsin Historical Society website.

Newspaper Clipping from the Civil War era
"Camp Randall—Arrival of Prisoners" Wisconsin Weekly Patriot,
April 26, 1862.

BY CARPENTER & HYER.

Camp Randall.
Arrival of Prisoners.—Last evening 881 prisoners of war, captured at Island No. 10, arrived at Camp Randall. They were guarded by a company from Colonel Mulligan's regiment; commanded by Capt. Fitzgerald. Capt. Potter, the U. S. Quartermaster, also came along with them to make arrangements for their reception. They were received in excellent style by Lt. Col. Whipple, and the four commanders under his command. Capt. Potter was highly gratified at finding such excellent arrangements at the camp, and complimented Col. Whipple on the prompt and soldierly order in which he found the guards and everything pertaining to his command.

Most of the prisoners were in good spirits, although their dress was not uniform nor its quantity calculated to make the weathers jubilant.

Besides this guard, a large crowd of bystanders received them, and several good jokes were exchanged between the latter and the prisoners. Several of the prisoners claim to be loyal men and say they were imprisoned to take up arms against their will. —Monday, April 21.

Party Cut for Service.—Last evening at 700 of the Island No. 10 boys came in on a train; they were not at the Depot by a large crowd of boys and big boys, who wanted to get a glimpse of Sir Butternut, though it was as dark as the ace of spades. Some of the neophytes seemed to enjoy the fun of the joke, with a gust that more make their situation more agreeable than being set up like ten pins, to be knocked down by Old Abe's ball. One of this class held an interesting tale-a-tale with a bystander, which shows that the fellow loves fun and means to enjoy it, whether here or there, as follows:

"Steak—I say, old fellow, I've got a likeness of Beauregard—perhaps you'd like to see it?"

Bystander.—Yes, I would, but it is too dark now.

"Steak.—Well, come up to the camp to-morrow, and I will show it to you."

Bystander.—Ah, they'll not let me in.

"Steak.—(In a most astonishment.)—What, won't let you in? why, they let us all in!"

After a sharp "explosion" in the crowd, Mr. Steak passed on, no doubt thinking it remarkably strange that in the free North, strangers are allowed privileges in camp, that are denied to our own loyal people!

A Visit to the Camp.—We visited Camp Randall this morning, and circulated for a time amongst the prisoners. We found some of the men of the Washington artillery company sitting over a fire and chatting of old times. They were organized in Memphis, Tennessee as a home guard, and were marched to Island No. 10, without having been sworn into the service of the Confederate Government. Under the circumstances they are in hopes of being released before long. One of them was the "famous fellow," who used to lie in our last, as behaving Beauregard's license when he arrived at the Depot. He tells us that we were slightly "cold;" and that instead of being a likeness of Beauregard, it is a likeness of General Buena Vista, which was given to him by a little boy at Chicago. We acknowledge the "corn," and confess that we have been cut Generals: There are 38 men of this company, and those we spoke with were civil and pleasant mannered. Some of the men and boys of the 50th Tennessee regiment were amusing themselves with playing ball. Some were thinly clad in Butternut cloth, and others in gray cloth of a light texture. Some of the boys looked barely 16 years old, and they appeared to be in a boisterous dress that ill-protected them from the keen wind. One of them told us that he would fight as well as a man, and that when he left, the old codgers were beginning to come out right sharp in.

We passed group after group sitting round fires in listless attitudes. In some, one or two were reading light literature, and we saw two of the prisoners in different groups reading in a small print Testament. One of these was pointing cautiously some particular verse that was evidently under discussion or deliberation. One group had cards in their hands, and the players were looking anxiously out for "Jack." Two invalids going to the hospital were borne past us on stretchers. Considering the cold wind and the light clothing of many of the prisoners, we shall not be surprised at the proportion of sick being large. One prisoner told us that there was only one man killed on Island No. 10 during the siege, and that his officers estimated that the Federals expended $365,000 worth of shell in about nine hours. We gathered from his remarks that what the war was costing us was almost as much considered as our progress.

The prisoners get the regular army rations, and seem to be made as comfortable, with the exception of clothing, as the men of our own regiments. —Tuesday, April 22.

Warm Hearted.—We learn that several young men of this city, hearing that the prisoners at Camp Randall were suffering for the want of postage stamps, went to work and shortly collected $80, which they invested in stamps for the use of the prisoners having families. This is commendable conduct which carries out to the letter the Christian doctrine of "doing to others as you would be done by." We also hear that certain philanthropic officers hearing that the prisoners were suffering for the want of tobacco, presented them with a barrel. Such pleasing instances of the virtues of civilized humanity are refreshing and gratifying. We understand that some human citizens are interested themselves in getting a supply of substantial reading matter for the prisoners. This is not so needful, for we are familiarizing the heavy hours of misguided and unfortunate men is a godly act, and one that mutually blesses.