

# ADLER ADOLF (pölg. háború, delli ezredes)

Harris William C. (Lt.): Prison life in the tobacco warehouse at Richmond, Philadelphia, 862

federate pickets arrested them, and the commanding officer sent them one hundred and thirty miles to Richmond, where they were confined in our warehouse. After a few days the Confederate authorities released them, no doubt heartily ashamed of their capture and detention.

The arrival of these boys, and the association with them, constituted a pleasant episode in our prison-life.

To those among us having families, they brought a picture of home, whilst to all they seemed a new connecting-link with our past pleasures and familiar enjoyments.

We have a curious assortment of character, under suspicion of the authorities, thrust among us, whose association, though it sometimes causes annoyance, usually furnishes amusement. Among the many may be noted one that excited much wonder and some suspicion.

He was a man apparently thirty-five years of age, whose general appearance, though a little seedy, indicated former gentility. He arrived at ten o'clock at night, and was furnished with a straw bed and blanket. Early next morning it was whispered around that "we had a crazy man among us." His actions were singular, as he would sit for hours cross-legged, with fingers interlocked, and eyes fixed upon one of us, conversing with himself.

When questioned regarding his capture and history, his replies were perfectly unintelligible, except that seven hundred thousand Germans would land in New York next week and surround and capture the city. Thus he continued until late in the day, when he was removed from the room, yet not until many suspected our friend, with his warlike Teutons, to be an impostor.

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They judged from experience; since, in several instances, men "under suspicion" had proved to be detective officers placed among us, and instructed to note the opinions and political sentiments expressed by the officers generally, and particularly by those suspected of Abolition proclivities.

In October, Colonel Adler, of the Confederate Army, or, as he styles himself, Adolphus H. Adler, Colonel, Engineer-in-Chief of Wise Brigade, Hungarian, late of Garibaldi's staff, became an inmate of our warehouse. He was suspected of Northern sympathies: yet the immediate cause, no doubt, of his arrest was the free expression of his opinions relative to the military talents of General Wise, Ex-Governor of Virginia, whom he persisted in styling "No soljare, no soljare." When first arrested, he was placed in jail, and mischievously informed that he would be hung,—when he immediately attempted to cut his throat, but only partially succeeded.

He was in constant dread of being tried and handed over to the hangman; and we verily believe that he would have turned Turk, Secesh, and Unionist alternately, in order to escape his portending doom. He is now in Richmond jail, leisurely awaiting the course of events.

J. W. Jones, aged twenty-two, small in stature, unwhiskered, unheralded, and unknown, relieved the monotony of our prison-life by sharing it with us during the early part of January.

He came to us clothed in an officer's uniform, and with the usual qualifications of a rabid Secesh,—rashness of speech, impulsive ardor, barrenness of argument, and swaggering affectation of chivalric refinement of manners. He caused much amusement, and