

Military Prison, Johnsons Island,  
Near Sandusky, O. Meb. 16th 1864.

My Dear Sister,

I have waited long and patiently for some con-  
soling words from home, but have to give up the idea of  
receiving anything and write again. I am well as usual  
and content myself the best I can with this kind of living-  
prison life. Some time ago I was hopeful of an ex-  
change but now all hopes have departed and I am indeed  
low spirited. For several weeks I have heard nothing from  
Mr. Armstrong but think I will in a few days.

Can you not persuade none of my old correspondents to write  
to me? Here in prison I want something to cheer me, as the fleeting  
moments of my life are passing unimproved. - some words from  
home to meditate upon while thinking of the dear ones there  
Imagine how bad I feel when I see so many letters delivered  
to other prisoners, and when I ask, I am told nothing for you -  
Write to me soon and often, and as I can not write  
much at a time I will write often too. How does things  
look about home? Give my love to all the family  
and be not uneasy about me, for I receive nothing harsh  
from the hands of the officers and men who have charge  
of me. Good bye.

Your affectionate brother,

Jos. Kinsey

Prisoner of War.