

THE CIVIL WAR DIARY

OF

JOHN G. MORRISON

1861-1865

[VOL. I 30 JULY 1861 - 5 AUGUST 1862]

[1]

John G Morrison

Co. A. 30th N.Y.S.V.

Hunters Chapel

Va

Robert [illegible]

of New York

John G Morrison Esq.

John G Morrison on Board

the Gun Boat Carondelet Cairo ILL.

Mr. H Blasdell

Panton Vt

Mr. John G. Morrison

Co. A. 30th Reg. NY. V.

[obliterated] G. Morrison

Lansingburg

John G. Morrison N.York

Island No. 10 Hunters Chaple

Miss River Va

March 30th 1862

John G. Morrison

Tiptonville Tenn

April 1 /62

Capt Walsh

John G. Morrison

Lansingburgh

N Y

[2] Hunters Chapel

Fairfax
~~Alexandria~~ County
Virginia
July 30 - 1861

[6] Saturday, July 20th. Received orders yesterday to hold our selves in readiness to march after McDowell's army, which left for Richmond this last week. Everthing was ready and all hands in a fever of expectation. The sound of a horse's hoof was surely a-coming, but we were doomed to dissapointment time and again. I being on guard had every thing in readiness for an immediate start, but no order came.

[3] Sunday, July 21st. Came off guard at 9 A.M. Had divine service at 11. During service heavy cannonading was to be heard in the direction of Faifax. About noon an orderly came with orders for us to fall in at 3 P.M. and march across the long Bridge into Virginia. Three, four and five came but no march yet. At last about 8 the orders came for us to fall in, and we started for Washington. Arrived at the Long Bridge. A mounted officer rode up to the Colonel and handed him an order for us to return to our camp, as McDowell had fought a great battle at Mannasses and had completely routed them, and so thee was no occasion for us. At the news of the victory we gave three hearty cheers and counter marched and arrived back about 11 1/2 P.M.

[7] Monday, July 22nd. Raining hard, as it did all night. Strange rumours began to come concerning the fight of yesterday. It is being whispered around that in place of a victory that we were most disgracefully beaten and that our whole army panicstricken and, utterly demoralized, had fled in al directions. Every hour through the day the news became worse as fresh bands of stragglers keep arriving and of course adding something to the thousand and one stories of the defeat and subsequent plight. In the afternoon the rebels took possession of Centreville. The street of Washington were filled with stragling soldiers seeking their companies and regiments.

[9] Tuesday, July 23rd. More yarns concerning the fight. Barney Corrigan came to see us today. He was at the fight. He belongs to Ellsworth's Zouaves. He says he fired six rounds and their the Regiment broke and run. Today the enemy is in possession of Fairfax and Munson's hill.

Wednesday, July 24th. Received orders this morning to march. Destination not known. Every thing in readiness. In the

afternoon went to have a swim. Did not return until about 6 P.M., when I found everything including knapsacks packed and some of the companies already fallen in. Got my gear and, in short order, fell in and to the air of "The Green Flag Flying," we left Camp Union behind us, passed down 14th Street, and marched for the long bridge. Here we met the 1st Minnesota coming over to reorganize after the battle. Crossed over and about 8 1/2 P.M. I first trod the "sacred soil of Virginia." After halting and lying around Fort Runyon for a couple hours, we started again and came to a halt on for the night on the much talked of Arlington Heights. ~~We found a couple more regiments in the same fix as ourselves.~~ We have received orders to bivouac for the night, old [Jim? Finn? Tom?] and myself bunking under a wide spreading oak with a good fire at our feet.

[5] Thursday, July 26th. Awoke about 5 A.M. a trifle chilled. Gave myself a good shake, and I was right. Having nothing to eat, I [read?] and I started to look for [Jem?] at 4 A.M. No drill this morning. Formed at 8 A.M. and started for Washington. On the road passed several regiments, and the most conspicuous amongst them were the Garabaldi Guard, which looked splendid in their white pants, dark tunics, and hat and feather. Their [?] [?] The regiment looks quite French-like. Marched past and was reviewed by the President, Gen'l Scott, and several other officers whom I did not know. After the review we were marched straight back to our encampment without a halt, and as the day was very warm and dusty, several of the men were compelled to fall out by the wayside. It tired myself verry much also.

[11] July 29. The whole company went on picquet this evening to the falls church road, Augustus Denisard and I being stationed together. Seen nothing all night. Have since heard that the Black Horse Cavalry drove in our mounted picquets about an hour after we left.

July 30. The whole regiment was inspected today by an Regular Army officer, for what purpose I don't know.

August 2nd. Co. D brought in a prisoner, whom they thought was Sessesion spy, but when brought before Gen'l Mansfield turned out to be a reproduction of Harvey Birch on a small scale.

August 3. I went on guard yesterday morning. Received a letter from home and a paper from P. Flynn. Traded off last night and went on picket with the company, Denisard and I being together the same as before and with the same result.

August 4. Bought 100 of tickets from the sutler to pay an

~~gambling~~ debt, which I did.

August 5th. Instead of going to church yesterday, I went into the woods ~~and gambled. Came out 2.25 winner.~~

August 6. Passed yesterday the same as the preceeding day with the like result.

August 7th. Went on picket yesterday morning, to be gone 24 hours. After I got to my post, staid there about an hour, then went on an independent scout toward Falls Church. On the way went into the house of Mr. Charles Mix. None there but a colored woman, a slave. In the course of the talk, she said she would like to go North. I told her she had stay where she

[12] is. She said that nothing was as dear to a person as their liberty and their family. She told me that her husband and 5 of her children were taken away some time since and she did not know what had become of them. She said that present owner was a good man and never whipped his slaves the same as some masters do. She told me that down in the cotton country the slaves under some masters had more work than they could do in the day and if they did not have it done, [he would] tie them up and give them 30 lashes and then tell in the bar rooms that they had to punish one of their servants for being lazy, and such is slavery. Returned this morning and heard that the regiment was under arms all night, expecting an attack which did not take place, but we are under marching orders. The rebels drove in our pickets at Alexandria where they rallied and drove them back.

August 10. Went on guard yesterday morning. Came off this morning. Nothing of importance occurred during the last 24 hours.

August 13th. Went on outpost picket yesterday morning to be gone 24 hours, Joe McHenry and I being together. Chris Williams and I went to an old farmer's house where we bought some milk - we were paid yesterday - at the very moderate rate of ten cents a quart and some peaches at the rate of 4 dollars a bushel (they don't know how to charge in this country). It commenced to rain about 6 P.M. and continued steadily until

[13] 1 A.M. this morning. Stopped a man yesterday named Throckmorton and demanded his pass, which he produced and then commenced telling us about his affairs. His elder brother commands a troop of [Prussian?] calvary about 6 miles from here. He came down last [night?] with his troop and destroyed his peach orchard worth 1000 dollars, run off 5 slaves, and completely gutted his house and took 3 horses and left word that he was coming down next day to destroy his

crop of corn. He had to leave (the union man) the night of the battle of Bull run and durst not go back until last Sunday since the war has commenced. He has lost about 10,000 dollars worth of property and he is firmer in his attachment to the union than ever.

August 15. Went on guard yesterday and about 11 o'clock the report came in that the rebels were advancing by the way the [Chain?] Bridge. Three companies from our regiment went out immediately, ours amongst them. I traded with [Clarck?]. He done my guard and I went with the company in his stead. Went ahead 3 miles and stopped at a church of some sort the 24 hours. Had a pretty good time. It looked kind of sacreligious to see fellows playing bluff on the pulpit and smoking and sleeping n the pews. Saw nothing but heard that they chased the pickets of the Boston 9th Irish Regiment. Sent 9 dollars to my wife yesterday in a check on the Bank of America, which the chaplain was kind enough to get me.

[14] August 16. Washed my clothes. Had just got done when it commenced raining, which has every prospect of continuing for some days, as it usually does down here. This is a queer climate.

August 17. Drills and parades, the same as usual.

August 18. " " " " " "

August 19. Sunday. Battallion drill at 5 A.M. Nice way of keeping Sabbath, and our Colonel, a deacon of a church to boot. Church at 10 o'clock. Did not go, though. Played poker instead. Rained pretty much all day. Clothes not dry yett.

August 20. Went on special duty this morning, which duty was to help to build a fort, back of Fort Corcoran. Had to march about 8 miles to get to it. Had to pick and shovel all day yellow clay and hard pan and had to go at it without any breakfast, none ready when we started away from camp. The fort had to be finished by the 24th of this month. Don't think it possible to do it. Detachments from all regiments of our brigade. The first clear day in a week. Clothes pretty dry when I came back. Heard whilst out there, the Seceshers were throwing up earth works in the neighborhood of Falls Church. Col. [Kerrigmar ?], I heard, went to Gen'l McClellan for leave to drive them out. Not granted. Reason why - might bring on a battle. Forgets Fort Sumter. Parallel case, all right, I suppose. Saw the brother of Jackson (him that shot Ellsworth). He lives back of Fort Corcoran.

[15] August 24. Received orders to shift our encampment and to be ready to march at 7 A.M. All ready and tents struck at the appointed time, but military-like did not start until 1 P.M. Had to march back to Arlington Heights to consolidate the brigade. Pitched our tents and made ourselves comfortable. Saw Gen'l McDowell. Think he would make a good pugilist.

August 25, Sunday. Went down to Potomac to bathe. Whilst gone had dress parade and whilst the colonel had the men on the ground said we had better have meetings, the only way to get the men to church. Not a very religious regiment. More packs of cards used than prayer books. Plenty of tracts around. Better save the money and buy rifles for the men. Heard the articles of war read this afternoon, rather a sleepy operation. Must be did, though.

[16] August 26, Monday. Had a review today. Two brigades was inspected by Mr. President and Secretary of State and Gen'l's McClellan, McDowell, and their respective staffs. Handsome man, McClellan. Eye like an hawk. Looks wide awake. Don't think they can fool him. Keeps his own counsel. Don't think Beauregard will know much of his plans. Evidently knows his biz. Says we must have blue uniforms. Shows his sense there, as the Army is dressed now. They look like the London beggars. Motley is their wear. Another good idea of his - keeping the officers and men from hanging around the gin mills in Washington. He should have a court of examination called to examine these volunteer officers, both regimental and company. through their facings. I don't wonder at the disgraceful affair of Bull Run. Nothing else to be expected. Men good enough, officers not worth the lace on their coats, but it will learn the government something.

August 27, Tuesday. The rebels drove in our pickets this noon. Killed one of the 25th. We received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice to Arlington Mills, where the 25th lay last week. The rebel's pickets come in there now.

August 28, Wednesday. Lay on our arms all night in expectation of being called out. Slept good and sound all night as I usually do. I received a package of things from the little woman at home and a verry nice pipe and for all of them I am truly thankful. It is a good thing to have somebody at home to remmember a fellow when he is far away.

August 28th, Wednesday. The rebel kicking up quite a noise with their guns out beyond the railroad. Heard they had a battery erected on Hall's Hills, which commanded Ball's Crossroads and the battery which the 35 have erected as well

at Fort Corcoran. God help Washington if ever we are driven from Arlington, for what is its salvation now will be its ruination then, but it is hardly probable that such a thing will take place. Received a long letter from my little wife, which pleased me, but some of its contents made me very mad.

[17] It would not be good for somebody if I could have got to Lansingburgh after I read it.

August 29, Thursday. Went on guard. Have orders for muster and inspection to take place on the morning of the 31st.

August 31st, Saturday. Mustered and inspected today by Gen'

Keys. He said that we were the best looking company out of the forty which he inspected that day.

September 1st, Sunday. Went to the meeting which is held every Sunday under the name of church for the second time since enlisted. It went against the grain, though. Had a good ramble this afternoon through the woods and missed dress parade thereby. Asked the colonel to let me go to the Mass. 9th. Said I could go after I went to his church. Did not like it, but had to put up with it.

September 2nd, Monday. Drills and parades the same as usual. Wrote a letter to my wife.

September 4th, Wednesday. Went making roads through the woods. Received a letter from home. Heard through the papers that Jeff Davis was dead. Don't believe it, though. Reason why - the Devil is good to his own. Expected a fight all day, holding ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Had orders to fill our canteens with water and to stow away 2 days' provision in our haversacks and to be ready to [march] at a moment's notice through the night, Had orders to have two days' cooked provisions on hand. I think there is a fight looming up on the horizon and I think it will burst up pretty soon.

[18] September 5th, Thursday. Turned in last night like a trooper's horse all standing, ready to bound at a moment's notice. Was not disturbed. Went on picket to Hall's house about 6 miles to here. Seceshers within 100 yards of us did not show their snouts. Made a fire of the window blinds and roasted some corn. Saw the fireplace where Mrs. Hall was burned to death by a Negress about 5 years ago. Went on outlying picket with Denisard and Frost, two bully men, not better in the regiment, to an old log shanty within twenty yards of the woods where their pickets were stationed. Imagine, I seen a man in the woods - the only glimpse of a rebel I have seen so far. Retired from the house at dark to

a corn field close by. Ground awful wet. Bad to sleep, five of us together. I had the third watch. Heard something like sticks abreaking. It made my heart beat so that I could almost hear it. Amounted to nothing. When my watch was up, lay down to sleep but could not come it. The infernal mosquitoes would not let me with their confounded hum-m-m. I think they must be varmints there is not south of Mason and Dixon's line. Managed after a while to get a snooze but woke up suddenly, as is the case with me when I sleep on picket, and found the whole party fast asleep. I done the rest of the watching until morning myself.

About 5 this morning

[19] (September 6th, Friday) The captain came to me and sent me and Frost and Chris Williams out to reconnoitre the house and see if there was any one round. So we crept off on our hands and knees through the corn. Got up close to the house. After a while heard some persons talking. Felt kind of [narvish?] and thought, what a fine opportunity some secresher had to pop us if he was around. Durst not raise my head out of the weeds, where I was lying, for quite a while. Ventured at last when the supposed enemy turned out to be our own men. Was relieved about 10 o'clock by the 14th Brooklyn Zouaves. Got home about 1/2 past 12, tired and sleepy after my night's hard work. Inspected this afternoon by Gen'l Keyes again. Did not make a very fancy appearance, not having time to clean up, besides being so tired. I think we can hardly go another week without fighting, from the uneasy look of things about here.

September 7th, Saturday. Was supernumerary for guard today. Got called to go on post about 1/2 past 1 P.M. on the quartermaster's store. Had a visit from the Rev'd Thomas Scully, Catholic chaplain to the 9th Massachusetts volunteers, an Irish regiment. He heard confessions in our tent. I made up my mind to go myself. It was hard work, though, it being about a year since I was there before. Went at last. Found him a very nice man. Told me to come to communion on Sunday morning. Gave me an Agnus Dei, which I wanted very much.

September 8th, Sunday. Got J. Dennison to stand the last hour of my sentinelship to allow me to go to church. Went to church with a party of about 30 under the Command of Ensign Durgan of our company, who is a thorough good Catholic Christian. Went to church. It made me feel good to see the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered in the woods of old Virginia and a congregation of 1200 sons of old Ireland assembled to participate in the benefits of it. Received the Holy [Scapula?] of Mount Carmel at the hands of the priest. I hope I may lay it aside as long as I live. Dress parade at

5 o'clock, the same as usual, but the old man thought he would give us a Battalion for a change. Did not make much by it, though. The boys were careless and did not drill worth anything, upon which he got mighty mad and kept us at it until dark. But he got a blast for his smartness, for an order came soon after to him from the Gen'l commanding not to do any work on Sunday that was not actually necessary to the welfare of the country, and what made it worse was that officer who brought [it] read it aloud so that all hands could hear it. Nice church deacon he is. Surely, if some of his brethren in Christ could only see him, I wonder what they would think of him.

September 9th, Monday. Went on a working party to help make roads. I wonder what old Lee would say if he seen all the roads we are making for him on his estate. Old Gen'l Keyes came down to see our regimental drill, as the best drilled regiment takes the right of the Brigade. Seven companies of regiment were out. All the 24th was out, too, in their new clothes, whilst we were in our old ones. The Colonel was ashamed of us and sent us home again right away, but the old General insisted on us being out tomorrow at 10 P.M. Worked hard all day and no grog. They have stopped that too on sheep and halfpenny worth of tax economy. A man needs one horn after digging at roots and stumps. They would make more if they would give it to them, but I suppose they know best. At least they think they do.

September 10, Tuesday. Had drill today under the supervision of Gen'l Keyes, who expressed his satisfaction at their superior drill and discipline. He said we were the best drilled volunteer regiment this side of the Potomac. The old colonel was mighty well pleased at the way we acquitted ourselves and said that he would have us our new clothing tomorrow.

September 11th, Wednesday. Received our new clothing today.--shirts, drawers, jackets, and pants. Blankets came, but the colonel would not keep them. They were so miserable and poor. It is wonderful how little conscience those army contractors have. They think that they are cheating the government. Instead, it [is] the unfortunate soldier. Had a brigade review in presence of a committee from N. York. What gammon it is to turn out a brigade for alot of old fogies to stare at. Got pretty well wet whilst out, as it rained for about an hour. Got back about 7 1/2 P.M., after being out about 5 hours. Turned in. Had been asleep about two hours when I was awakened by the rain. It did come down, too. I got soaking wet, blankets and underclothing. If I escape the rheumatism, it will be by a miracle. Slept sound for all that.

[22] September 12. Received new blankets today. Had a heavy dose of battalion drill twice today. The men got mad towards the last of it in the evening and done every thing careless. They commenced hooting at one time on doubling column by divisions on the centre. Made the colonel very mad. Thought he would give them a little more, but the longer the worse, so he had to give it up for a bad job. I was mighty savage myself. I will drill my best for an hour, and after that I don't care how I do it. The men all act and say the same thing.

September 13th, Friday. Went out digging today. Walked about 4 miles to our work and then found ourselves about five minutes walk from our own encampment. Worked hard all day cutting down stumps. Good thing for the muscle. Some of those who are troubled with the dispepsia and ennui should come out here for about a month. I will warrant them a more permanent cure than Dr. Brandreth and his pills combined can expect. Retired to my virtuous couch a 9 1/2 P.M. to sleep the sleep of the righteous.

September 14th, Saturday. Received new caps today. Teams went after rifles for the regiment. Did not get them. Had not got to Washington yet. Get them soon, I hope, as the old muskets we have got are not worth a cent. Terrible heavy battalion drills today, enough to make an angel swear. The old colonel has sunk below zero in my estimation. I can bear as much as any man, but I don't like to be bored to death with nonsensical drill. It only makes the men sullen and discontented.

[23] September 15, Sunday. Had orders to parade in full marching orders, notwithstanding Gen'l McClellan's orders that the army should [do] nothing but what was absolutely necessary on a Sunday. The whole brigade was out in the same style. We were just getting in shape for a drill and review when Gen'l McDowell happened to drop in on us and stopped it immediately. Long may he wave for that. The old colonel was dissapointed awfully. I could see it on his face, but he had to care. Frisby does love to drill. Had a good time eating the things which my dear wife sent me. God Bless her and spare me to get back to her. The folks home think that we are litteraly starving through the misrepresentations of some old billious malcontent. Plenty to eat and to spare. There is not an army in the world that is as well taken care of as the American, and I know whereof I speak. Dress parade at 5 P.M. We formed a square and had a splendid address -- half sermon, half

an error
lecture. Took his text from the (old Testament). Had some reference to Palestine, whereas he began narrating his

travels in the Holy Lands. Splendid speaker. Got some of the gait of an actor about him yet. He then passed from his travels to our national troubles, and then he was at home again. Would make a first-rate stump speaker. He is the man to take the ideas and secure the love and respect of the soldier.

- [24] He stands as much above our chaplain as the sky above earth. He spoke to them in a most fatherly manner concerning their souls and advised them to cease swearing and gambling. I will endeavor to obey him in respect to the latter. I hope my last card is played. (I forgot to mention the Speaker's name on the preceding page. It is the Revd Dr. N.P. Newman, a Methodist minister from Albany, N.Y. - once an actor, now a minister). Had orders to pack up and be ready to start at a moment's notice.

September 16, Monday. Nothing unusual occurred today except a new idea of turning us out for inspection with belts and musket at 5 in the morning, when the colonel inspects the men and the tents.

September 17, Tuesday. Gen'l Wadsworth's brigade, which forms our division, was inspected by Gen'l McDowell. Not near as well drilled as ours. I imagine two regiments passed the reviewing officer without saluting him. I think it showed bad drill on the colonels of the regiments. Received our two months' pay this afternoon, which amounted to \$23.60. We received the increase of pay from August 6th. Paid the sutler 1.50. Sent 20 dollars home to my wife in a treasury note in a letter, which I hope will not go astray. Paid 75 cents which I owed, which left me 1.35 to keep me in pocket money the next two months. Had orders to appear on parade in heavy marching order for an inspection by Gen'l McDowell. It rained, so it did not come off, so it was put off until next day. It was the differed until some other time. The boys were mighty glad, as they don't like to carry knapsacks.

- [23] September 19th, Thursday. Went on picket out towards hall's house, Denisard and I being together on the advance post. We were stationed in a barnyard. We had a first-rate time. We had plenty of vegetables -- potatoes, tomatoes, beans, cabbage, parsnips, and such like stuff. Slept under a haystack when it was my watch off. Seen nothing, although they sot at our ensign and some other of the boys.

September 20th, Friday. Returned off picket this morning, kind of weary. Had a long battalion drill at 4 P.M. Did not give us time to rest ourselves. Felt as if I was going to have the ague. Got some quinine from the doctor. Done me no good. Got a little brandy and pepper, which done me some little good.

September 21, Saturday. Felt bad this morning. Went on guard, nevertheless third relief. Rained all day steady. Got well soaked, which made me feel miserable. Came off at 9 P.M. Raining hard. Determined not to turn out at 1 A.M. in the morning.

September 22nd, Sunday. Did not turn out at 1 A.M., as said. Was to be reported to the colonel. Thought better of it and he did not do it. paraded at 9 A.M. Turned in until about two. Felt kind of sick all day. The relics of the ague is in my bones yet. Dress parade and divine service at 5 P.M.

September 23rd, Monday. Did not sleep well last night. Had a grand review before Gen'l McClellan, Prince de Joinville, Duc de Chartreux, and Count de Paris, who will be king of France in case Louis Nap. should die. The whole division was [26] out under the personal command of Gen'l McDowell, including two batteries of artillery and one single company of cavalry. Our regiment marched past in fine style. Got a little liquour this evening. Made up a dose for my illness, which I hope will cure me.

September 24th, Tuesday. Nothing of any importance occurred today. Went through the usual routine of camp life. Received a letter from home in answer to the one in which I sent the money. It arrived safe. She must have wanted it, as she has had no money from the committee in about four weeks.

September 25th, Wednesday. Nothing today except a little bean pole drill, as the boys call it, to learn them to keep their distances. A queer idea, I think, like a boy learning to swim with floats. Had orders to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice, as the enemy was advancing. They have been advancing often but they never advance. I will never believe it again until I see them this side of Ball's crossroads.

Friday, Sept. 27th. Detailed for fatigue duty to report at the Arlington House. Reported but did not go on account of the rain. Miserable day. Read all day. Some of Bulmer's work, very misterious indeed. It cleared off about 5 P.M. Went on dress parade. Had only got there when down it came again. Turned in at 9 P.M.

Saturday, Sept. 28th. Turned out at 5 A.M. at our usual morning parade. Was told to prepare for brigade inspection. Was all ready at the appointed time (10 A.M.). Was inspected individually by Gen'l McDowell. He was very minute. Said I should have my breast plate on in line with the buttons of my jacket. Expressed himself well pleased

with our regiment. Said the first two companies marched as well as any troops he ever seen. Our packs were inspected by an officer of the first cavalry and as mean hound he was too.

Went on dress

- [27] parade at 5 P.M.. Had only got on the ground when an order came for the whole regiment to proceed to Ball's crossroads. Thought it was only a false alarm and did [not] take anything along except a piece of bread. When we got there, found the whole army moving. The rebels, for some cause unknown to us, vacated Munson's Hill and the village of Falls Church and we were come to take possession of those places. Loaded our guns at the crossroads. Met the 33rd Pennsylvania returning. Had been out, they said, about 1 1/2 miles but did not see anything. Marched towards Upton's Hill. Saw Gen'l McDowell standing with his back to the fire in consultation with some of his officers. Thought of the campaigns of Napoleon Gen'l McClellan, as he dashed past like a whirlwind followed by about fifty troopers. Our regiment was preceded on the road by three batteries of artillery and one troop of cavalry and the 14th regiment of Brooklyn and was closely followed by the remainder of our brigade. When we got abreast of Munson's Hill, we debouched to the right on a cornfield, formed divisions, and stacked arms. Tore down the fences all around and made bivouac fires. It looked highly picturesque to see the blaze of an hundred fires illuminating the hills, where 24 hours before the rebels had sat in conclave. The men sat round the fires, laughing, singing, and telling stories as the humour took them. It brought to my mind Mannie McCarthy and the stories of Waterloo. To sleep was out of the question, as the wind blew quite keen and chilly. Was detailed for guard to go on at two in the morning. We had an alarm caused, as I afterwards learned, by some of our outposts firing into
- [28] each by mistake. The whole brigade flew to arms instanter. We thought it was a night sortie after the non-appearance of our enemy. The row subsided and I curled byself up beside a huge fire. When my time to go on post came, they could not find, so I snoozed on until morning uninterruptedly.

Sunday, Sept. 29th. Got up and shook myself like a dog and I was ready for anything. I noticed that the colonel was no better off than any of the rest of us. There was the earth for a bed and the sky for a coverlet. There was no distinction of persons that night any how. I roasted an ear of corn. Eat that and a piece of bread with a drink of water for breakfast. For my negligence of the past night, I had to go on guard again. I did not call dinner the same as breakfast. Some of the men found some nice fresh pork apparently, and it was nicely poisoned too, so that one mouthful would kill a man. The house was burned down that evening. 100 men left the regiment to go on fatigue. supper

on the same epicurean principle as the two former meals. Went and had a look at the rebels' work on Munson's Hall. It made me laugh to think of what had been an eyesore to our army so long. 50 men could have taken it in half as many minutes. Mud walls 18 inches thick, and they had only three small pieces of cannon mounted and about 10 feet of stovepipe mounted on wheels and poked through an embrasure. It made a first rate representation indeed. Went on guard at 6 P.M. Kept us on until 9 P.M. Was not wanted any more that night. Cold like the night before.

[29] Monday, Sept. 30th. Awoke about two in the morning chilled all through with lying on the damp earth. Had a good heat and lay down again. Turned out about 5 A.M. Breakfast the same as the morning before, varied though with the addition of half a pint of bootleg. Came off guard at 8 A.M. and, as all the regiment went chopping, thought I would look around the country and take a private reconaissance for the benefit of myself individually. Visited about a dozen houses and found both unionists and seceshers, but the latter predominated. Came across an old woman. She was mighty independent and down on the Yankees. Said they stole everything. She had thought they would get whipped. I suppose the wish was father to the thought. Took some grapes off her vine. She did not object. I suppose she thought it was no use. Fell in with 10 more soldiers. They wanted to take in her vine. Put it to a vote. Were equally divided. Left the decision of it to me. Voted against it, so they let it rest in peace. Went on farther. Stopped at a house for dinner. Asked an old darkie if there was any secesh about. Laughed and said I must be blind. Brought me out behind the house, and to my surprise, there stood four of them about 150 yards from me. They were on picket on the brow of an hill. Went back to the house and finished my dinner and travelled campward. strolled around until 4 P.M. Most beautiful country this. Not half worked, though. Depend too much on Sambo. Lay down for to sleep at 10 P.M.

[30] Tuesday, Oct. 1st. Detailed to go chopping to take our arms along. When we got on the ground, I left and went on a tramp the same as the day before but in another direction. Saw plenty of secesh, quite near too. They did not attempt to molest me in any way. Saw no signs of dearth, such as Northern papers would make us believe. the rebel soldiers were not short of food by any means. They left plenty behind them in their camps and nothing was destroyed around where they lay, the same as it is with us.

Wednesday, Oct. 2nd. Went on guard this morning to the Hampshire and London R.R. Nothing of unusual moment took place during the 24 hours which I was on. Took off my stockings and washed them. Had been on nine days then.

thursday, Oct. 3rd. Came off guard at 10 A.M. this morning. Done nothing the remainder of the day except to dig about 1/2 bushel of potatoes. The secesh left plenty behind them still. I sleep beside the fire nights. Turned in at my usual hour.

Friday, Oct. 4th. The right wing of our regiment went on picket to and beyond the village of Falls Church. Saw several souvenirs of the rebels there, which they left in their hurry to get away. Was stationed at the church from the belfry of it. Could see their mounted pickets about 1 1/2 miles away. Visited the house of the late rector of the church, the Rev'd Jas. A. Harrold, M.D.L.S.H.J.N.I.W.M. and a precious rascal he was, too, pretending to be a union man until the spy mentioned under caption August 2nd caught him at some of his dirty tricks, when he left for the kingdom of Secessia, not forgetting in his hurry, however, to take his neighbor's horse and wagon with him. It was on his trail the spy was when he

[31] was unfortunately arrested by our regiment, and so he has run clear since. The spy is after him yet, though, and he says he will catch him too before long. He left a splendid suite of household furniture behind him, including a piano, harp, and melodion, besides a library of about 300 volumes and his letters for the past 5 years and some of them were spicy too. I took seven volumes of his books and he had had them some years and the leaves were not cut yet, religious works at that. Visited the church that was built by Washington and in which he used to worship. It was repaired some years ago by Henry Fairfax, who was killed at the Battle of Saltillo during the Mexican War as a tablet set into the wall of the church testified. Saw some new-made graves in the church yard belonging to some of the rebels who were killed in this vicinity. One was only 9 days old as a board by the head of the grave showed. Tore a leaf out of the rector's ledger, borrowed a pen and ink close by, and wrote a letter to my wife on it. Had a pleasant time of it and was not disturbed by the enemy. Heard that some of thirty-fifth scouts arrested an officer of the 1st Virginia Cavalry. Siegal, by name. He was inside our lines, getting chesnuts and not 4 miles outside it, as the papers afterwards stated. What a propensity those papers have of magnifying any little occurrence of that sort. Had about five hours sleep through the night. Was scared some about 2 A.M. by a hog rushing through the fire close by.

[32] Saturday, Oct. 5th. Came off picket about noon today. Received a letter from my wife. Could not find a stamp to send her the one I wrote. Lounged round all the afternoon

except whilst I was helping to build a bough shanty to keep my things in and to sleep in occasionally. Turned in to it, about to try how sleeping under a shelter would go.

Sunday, Oct. 6th. Arose this morning about 5, mighty stiff and sore, whether from sleeping on a side hill or from lying on straw, I don't know. No church today, for a wonder. Thought it would serve my underclothes to wash them, as I had on two weeks. Went down to a creek by the railroad. Washed them clean and myself too. Felt considerable better after it and as the day was warm I did not feel the lack of them. My clothes did not dry enough to put them on. Read some of the books which I took from the minister's house (The lives of the Popes, by Professor Ranke, a Prussian, I presume). He appears not to be as much of a bigot as the generality of the writers of ecclesiastical history are. Turned [in] about 10 P.M. to another night's torture.

Monday, Oct. 7th. Arose this morning as sore and as stiff as yesterday. It looked stormy and wild all around the sky. Had breakfast. Then went on fatigue to Fort Wadsworth. Commenced raining in the afternoon and the way it did come down, mixed with lumps of ice 2 inches long and an inch thick. It was the most severe storming of the kind I ever seen, and I have seen some big ones, too. We covered our shanty with our india rubber blankets, but it was no use. It came through and we were thouroughly drenched in about 10 minutes, clothes and blankets soaked, the shanty like a hog pen. It was a nice spectacle and a fine prospect for a night's sleep. About

[33] 11 P.M., our ensign got some spirits for the men. It was a great benefit to them. It was raining yet and every prospect of it continuing all night. To sleep was of question.

Tuesday, Oct. 8th. Crept out of the shanty about 6 o'clock, wet, cold, and miserable after the night. As I thought, it rained steady all night, but there five of us lay and took it. There was no use in leaving, for everybody else was as badly off as ourselves and we had no place to retreat to. It was about as hard a night as I ever put in. Boiled some potatoes for breakfast and some coffee too and as the rain shewed no signs of ceasing, some of my bed mates thought they would look for she[l]ter somewhere else, which they did and found a deserted house where we took up our quarters, and as I brought some coffee and sugar along, we boiled some potatoes and made some more coffee to which we invited some other refugees, who were less fortunate than ourselves. Our boarders in the house increased to the number of 30. We had a pleasant home and good quarters. Returned to the regiment and drew the rations for our own party. Went back to the house and made our bed, and a commodious one it was too. We

played cards, sang songs, and told stories until a late hour, when we lay down to sleep in the best bed we had had in some months.

Wednesday, Oct. 9th. Woke up twice during the night and replenished the fire and smoked. Got up four good between 4 and 5. Got breakfast for my boarders, eat it, and started for camp. The rain had stopped, and the sun shone forth as usual.

- [34] Arrived on time to go on fatigue to Fort Wadsworth again. Served out a ration of liquour to us about 10 o'clock. It went first rate to a fellow using a pick or shovel. Came back at noon. Had nothing to eat. Had not come yet. Wrote a long letter to my wife, the longest in fact I ever wrote to anyone. I felt gassy and that was the way I relieved myself. Threatning to rain again. I heard they had sent for our tents. Turned into litter once more about 10 P.M.

Thursday, Oct. 10th. Crept out about daylight. Had rather a thin breakfast. Went to dig again. Had to stop on account of it raining again. The tents came up this noon. We had to go to work and pitch about an 1/8 of a mile from our present place of sojourn. Found my knapsack but not all my things. Had only got the tent up when down it came again. Continued to make ourselves comfortable, however. Got plenty of straw in our tent. Lay down to sleep and took my clothes off for the first time in 13 days. Felt very comfortable indeed.

Friday, Oct. 11th. Was up this morning bright and early. Awoke once, though, when I found the rain beating in on us. Closed the tent door as well as I could and lay down again. Got a little wet -- not much, though. Went on fatigue again this morning to the old place. Put on a clean pair of stockings, which made me feel better, as my feet were getting [omission] with having the other ones on so long. Commenced the old routine of camp life again. Turned [in] about 11 o'clock.

- [35] Saturday, Oct. 12th. Turned out about 5 A.M. Had breakfast and went on fatigue to the Fort. Again nothing of any consequence occurred today except the division of Gen'l Porter being driven from Lewinsville by the rebels. Upon the receipt of the news, every man's complement of ammunnition was served out and we were told to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, and so the matter stands now.

Sunday, Oct. 13th. Slept in peace all night, there being no occasion for us, as the rebels did not strive to follow up their successful attack. It looks as if they were striving to draw us in to Bull Run again, now advancing, now

retreating, but I don't think they can do it a second time because we have got a different man from Gen'l McDowell at the head of the army. On what a slight basis a man's reputation rests. If McDowell had won Bull Run, He would be commander-in-chief on the banks of the Potomac today. As it is, he has charge of two brigades and in my opinion he has all he can do to handle them, for it takes a mighty able general to manœuvre 50000 men. So Napoleon thought. Had church at 10 A.M. Did not attend, though. Received and answered a letter from my wife. Had dress parade at the usual hour. Turned in at the usual hour.

Monday, Oct. 14th. Turned out at 5 A.M. Went on guard this morning. The day passed the same as usual.

Tuesday, Oct. 15th. Came of guard this morning. Was pretty cold through the night. A fire felt very comfortable indeed. I wonder how it will feel two months from now? I hope I will be further south by that time. I should hate to go into cantonments on the banks of the Potomac this winter.

[36] Wednesday, Oct. 16th. The rain is coming down again. It is very muddy weather now in consequence of so much rain falling lately. The day passed off quietly.

Thursday, Oct. 17th. The company went on fatigue to Fort Wadsworth, as it is now called. Misting rain all the afternoon. Heard that Gen'l Wadsworth was within 1/2 a mile of Fairfax Court house with Captain Gerry's company of cavalry and a company of the 35th N.J.V., the rebels retiring to beyond the village where they drew up in line three regiments of them and invited them down to come and take them, which polite invitation he respectfully declined. We had orders to be ready to march. The rain still coming down. Turned in without being called for.

Friday, Oct. 18th. Was roused out about 4 this morning to go to Fairfax to the support of Gen'l Wadsworth, only the right wing to go. Before we started, the order was countermanded, for which I was indeed thankful, as I did not relish the idea of walking 11 miles in the rain on an empty stomach. Gen'l McClellan told Mr. Wadsworth that when he wanted them to advance, he would let them know. The day passed off gloomy and rainy.

Saturday, Oct. 19th. Nothing of importance occurred today except having orders for a brigade inspection on tomorrow morning.

Sunday, Oct. 20th. Brigade inspection at 9 o'clock. The troops looked remarkably well. No divine service today.

Went on guard in place of Abe Longstaff on the third relief.
Has the look of being a very cold night.

Monday, Oct. 21st. Was mighty cold last [night]. No frost but a terrible cutting west wind blowing. Heard that they were fighting at Leesburg. Had orders to stand by. Did not go. Had two days' rations cooked and served out. I am tired of getting ready to go so often and then not going. [illegible]

[37] again until I am underway.

Tuesday, Oct. 22nd. Awoke this morning and found it raining. Streets muddy and the men miserable. It rains very much now-a-days. I think there must be a rainy season in Virginia the same as they have in tropical countries. I was on police today. Could not do anything on account of the rain. The corporal of the police came to me in the afternoon to go and help bury the adjutant's horse but I could not see it that time.

Wednesday, Oct. 23rd. Arose this morning and found the sun shining bright and clear as if in atonement for his absence of the preceeding day. Bought a National Republican Newspaper. Read an account of the fight at Leesburg. The same as all the rest. A defeat, to be sure. 1600 against about 5000. The 15 [th] Mass. suffered terribly. Lost about all their captains. Senator E.D. Baker of Oregon was killed whilst heading his regiment. Gen'l Stone was looking on but could not help them and make the contest more unequal [sic]. They had rifles and we guns. There was a great many driven into the Potomac and drowned and two colonels taken prisoners. It looks queer to me that our commanders will persist in meeting and fighting them when they know that rebels vastly outnumber them. It has a bad effect on the men. They say that the officers get them into those scrapes to make great names for themselves. Another thing - the people will get tired of hearing of nothing but defeats and become lukewarm in the cause, and if they do, Good-bye to [the] cause of the Union. If [it] was not that secession is such an infernal doctrine, I should surely say that the Lord was on their side.

[38] Had orders to pack our knapsacks, fill our canteens, put on our belts, and stand ready. The ambulances were got out and everything in readiness for a fight, which did not come off. About this time, news came in that some of our left wing (they being on picket) were shot [at] and an ensign and a private taken prisoners. The men were a little excited and were wishing that orders to advance would come when an aide-de-camp to Gen'l Keys came dashing in and told us. Were ordered to unpack again. A derisive shout greeted this

again. I received a letter from my wife and answered it forthwith and thus ended the day.

Thursday, Oct. 24th. Detailed for fatigue duty to Fort Wadsworth. Waited there two hours before we were set to work. Went about 1/4 of a mile to make and sett Abbatti. Heard it was to prevent the approach of the rebel cavalry who were expected today. It is said that the enemy is at Fairfax Court house, 40,000 strong, and it is thought they intended making a demonstration against us today. Let them come, and if they don't get something that is not laid down in the book, then I'm no prophet. Spent the afternoon reading de Quincey's opium eater. Curious revelations, certainly. There was no truth in the report that our men were taken prisoners. Turned in about 9 P.M. mighty cold.

Friday, Oct. 25th. Turned out this morning to find the ground covered with frost. Mighty cold night. Their idea to be put in practice today. Our battallion with knapsacks on. Good idea, that, to accustom the men to carry their packs. Slung on knapsacks at 3 P.M. Started towards Falls Church. Turned off to the right in a field and drilled about an hour. Hard work to carry a pack all day. For an hour or two, it don't

[39] feel heavy, but after that it begins to tell. I had almost forgotten, it is just seven years today since the fight at Balaklava. I was not there, but some of my regiment was, but not in a body, though [they] tell of the hardships of this campaign in Virginia -- why, it is child's play in comparison to the campaigns of 1855 and 6. "It" was soldiering with a vengeance. I thought then that if I got out of that scrape that my soldiering was done forever, but after a lapse of six short years, I find myself in harness again but for a different cause. I was fighting for what was of no interest to me personally, but in this case, if we are beaten, the America of which we were all so proud will pass away to give place to I don't know what. Perhaps like Mexico, perhaps a monarchy, bothe equally bad.

Sunday, Oct. 27th. Went through the usual routine of Sunday work, excepting the church service, which we did not have, the minister being on leave of absence home.

Monday, Oct. 28th. Arose at 5 1/2 A.M. Cold morning. At 9 1/2 A.M. four privates and all the non-commissioned officers in every company in the regiment were detailed for skeleton drill. In lieu of muskets they had poles 16 feet long. A man held the end of each pole and that kept them at platoon distance to ensue the place of a platoon of men. It is taken from the French to learn the men to keep their distance. I

think it is very nonsensical and does no good. By good luck I was not in it. We had knapsacks on and done our drill at the usual time. Turned in at my usual time.

Tuesday, Oct. 29th. Went through our drill the same as the day before.

[40] Wednesday, Oct. 30th. Had orders to fall in at 9 o'clock for brigade drill under the supervision of Gen'l Keyes. We marched about 3 1/2 miles to a large field by Bailey's Crossroads. The field was full of briars, which made it hard to march in. The Gen'l put us through in fine style. We made two balks, our colonel not being with the regiment (he being on furlough). I should hate very much to have to fight in his absence, for we have not a field-officer except himself in the regiment that is capable of maneuvering the regiment. We got back about 1 o'clock in good style. Had orders to get ~~held~~ get ready for muster tomorrow. Turned in at 10 P.M.

Thursday, Oct. 31st. Was mustered at 10 A.M. by Lieut. Col. Brintwall, who inspected our muskets and boxes. Our knapsacks were not inspected as is usual on muster days. Had a short company drill this afternoon. Heard that Gen'l Keyes was to get command of a division and be taken from us. I would be very sorry to lose him, as he is an able man, I believe.

Friday, Nov. 1st. Turned out this morning, wind chilly, betokening rain, and we were told there would be no drill, so four of us started out to look for some potatoes, which we found after some trouble. We dug about 1 1/2 bushels, enough to last us a week. Got back about 11 A.M. Found the regiment were out on drill. They did not expect it. Our company turned out about 25 men, rather thin looking indeed. About 4 P.M. the rain, which had been threatening, commenced coming down lightly at first but increasing until it became a perfect flood which had every appearance of continuing for a couple of days, as it usually does when it begins to rain in [41] Virginia. About 7 o'clock it commenced coming in our tent, as it is very much worn. When we lay down about 9 o'clock, it was about two inches deep in the straw under our feet. Rather a poor prospect for a night's sleep.

Saturday, Nov. 2nd. Awoke several times through the night with the rain falling through on my face. Turned out about 6 o'clock. Not much the better of my night's soaking. Raining still and no prospect of it ceasing yet. Awful miserable time. All day cold too. Could not leave the tent. I never feel homesick except in such weather, for it is enough to make a fellow forswear soldiering for ever in any cause.

Turned in at 9 P.M. Still raining. Received a letter from my wife with some stamps enclosed, which I wanted very much.

Sunday, Nov. 3rd. Arose about 5 1/2 this morning. Found the sun shining brightly but air very cold and chilly. No service today, the chaplain not being back yet. Turned in at 9.

Monday, Nov. 4th. Turned out about 5 1/2. Felt very cold through the night, especially my feet, which are to the opening in the tent. Our morning inspection at the usual time. Formed at 9 for brigade drill under Gen'l Keyes. I think that a forward movement is intended soon from the severe drilling which troops are getting. Knapsack drill every day at 2 P.M. and then dress parade at 4, so that between them all we have not much time to spare. We have had two rations served out this evening, as it is our turn to go picket tomorrow, to be gone 48 hours. In fine weather we only staid 24. Now, when it is cold, we have to stay 48. Very consistent indeed.

[42] Tuesday, Nov. 5th. Out all ready at 9 A.M. with knapsacks to go on picket. Were about to face in when were told we were not for picket, as we were wanted for brigade drill under the eye of Gen'l McDowell. The left wing of the 24th relieved their right in our stead, so we had to get a regiment of Gen'l Wadsworth brigade to fill out the number. We were taken over the railroad to a large field where we were drilled for about 4 hours. It was very hard and fatiguing, as the ground was soft and we sank every step we took. Knapsack drill at the usual time. It looked equally to windward. I think we will have some more rain very soon. Turned in at 9 1/2, a trifle tired.

Wednesday, Nov. 6th. Was awakened through the night with the rain pattering on the tent. Some of it had trickled through on me where I lay. Arose about 6 A.M. It was still raining and very chilly. Was detailed for to guard the railroad. It stopped raining about 8 o'clock and began to storm and the way it blew was a caution. There was the three of us on a post together. We tried to erect a bough shanty but it was no use, for as fast as we built it up, it was blown down again but we got it to stay up about night. Our wood failed about 10 P.M. and as it was almost impossible to go without fire (the night was so cold), I had to start and look for some. I got some after a while in a creek that ran close by enough to last all night. We all got asleep one time and I awakened nearly frozen to find the fire almost out. It was soon replenished and I lay down to snooze it till morning.

Thursday, Nov. 7th. Got up and shook myself about 6 A.M.

The morning was raw and chilly when the other two went to the camp to get breakfast. I made some coffee for myself which went first rate, as coffee always does in the morning. I never was

[43] a lover of coffee until I came down here but I have come a-soldiering, I have found the benefit of it. It is before whiskey, in my opinion. Got back to camp in time to see the company go on picket. I did not go with them and it is the first time that ever they have went any where that I was not along with them but I did not want to go out after being on duty 24 hours. I lounged around all day and read the Sunday Mercury, which my dear wife sends me every week. As I turned in at 9 P.M., the night had every appearance of being a cold one.

Friday, Nov. 8th. Arose this morning about 5 1/2 A.M., shivering with the cold as the night had been very cold, and in the morning the ground was covered with a heavy white frost. Did not get warm for a couple hours. The company returned from picket about noon time. They said they had a very fine time of it. Heard that a short time after they left their picketing grounds, about 150 secesh cavalry came down and shot two and took four prisoners belonging to the N.Y. 23rd and that Gen'l Wadsworth had a very narrow escape from being taken. He will get nabbed some time, for he is continually prowling around outside our lines. Heard also that our mammoth fleet was bombarding Port Royal at Beaufort in South Carolina. I hope that it will utterly destroy and not leave a vestige of either places. Received a letter from home. It is curious that a fellow thinks so much of anything from home though only separated by a short 500 miles. Had dress parade at the usual time. Skeleton drill tomorrow, the same as usual. Turned in at 9 1/2 P.M. with every prospect of another

[44] cold night.

Saturday, Nov. 9th. Turned out about 5 1/2 after a pretty good night's rest. The sky was cloudy and the wind cold, betokening rain. The skeleton drill was countermanded and instead a division inspection to take place at 10 A.M. Went over the railroad to our drill ground. It looked grand. There was about 10,000 men on the field - - 12 regiments of infantry, 2 of cavalry, and 4 batteries of artillery. We were all in heavy marching order. We were reviewed by Gen'l McDowell and staff about noon. It commenced raining, which stopped further developments but not before the most of the regiments had marched past and ours amongst the number and as usual our company was one of the best. About an 1/2 hour after we left, Gen'l McClellan arrived on the field. A salute of I think thirteen guns were fired in his honor as commander-in-chief. It rained all the evening. Had to keep

in my tent, it was so muddy. Turned in at 9 P.M.

Sunday, Nov. 10th. Turned out about 6. The sky was clear and the sun shining brightly. Had orders for an inspection with packs at 9 A.M. Got all ready and turned out with the regiment. I had only got on the parade ground when I had to leave and go on guard. Was on the second relief. Pleasant day until evening, when it became cloudy and cold. Heard through the day that our Gen'l "Keyes" was to be taken from us to be made a major general and that our colonel was to succeed in the command of the brigade. If Keyes leaves us, I hope it may be so.

[45] Monday, Nov. 11th. Spent a very cold night on guard. Came off at 8 1/2 A.M. The regiment turned out for brigade drill at 9 o'clock. Marched over the railroad, but the brigadier not being on hand, a battalion drill was gone through. I was not there. I don't like to turn out to drill after being on guard 24 hours. After about 12, the brigade was drawn up in columns of battalions to listen to Gen'l Keyes' farewell address. he delivered a most stirring address of which I remember the substance but not the words. Some of the colonels present proposed to have the men uncover to listen to him but he would not allow it. Then the order was read investing Col. Sullivan with the temporary command of the brigade. Ye gods, how mad our colonel looked to think a junior got it and he being the senior colonel of the brigade. He proposed three cheers for Sullivan, but it did not go down very well indeed. We were paid off for the months of September and October. I received \$26.00, not owing the sutler anything. Received a letter from my wife. Put \$20.00 aside to send her. Felt rich with six dollars in my pocket. Paid a few debts, which left me about 4.00, which I intend to keep until I get a chance to go to Washington. Turned in about 9 1/2 P.M., all right.

Tuesday, Nov. 12th. Arose this morning about 6 1/2 A.M. Fine morning, clear and warm. Real indian summer weather. Inspection at the usual time. Thought I would take a tramp today. Started off about 9 o'clock. Went to Hunter's Chapel. Went to see our old camp ground. Hardly knew it. What we left - heavy woods - I found as bare of timber as [if] a tree never grew on it. Went to Arlington and down the road and down the road towards Alexandria. Having no pass, durst not go into the town. Stopped at a house on the outskirts and got a drink of lemonade. Could not find anything stronger. Started to come back. Was riding along on a waggon horse. Met John La Mountain, the balloonist. He laughed to see me. I suppose he thought, how different from my occupation six months ago. Returned to Arlington and stopped to a house for supper. Had pork, cabbage, potatoes,

and cornbread. Did not leave until dark. Walked along by Fort Runyon. Came across [46] a fellow lying drunk and asleep by the roadside. Took his cap off and found it was Jem. D. From Lansingburgh. Roused him up and took him along when, near Hunter's Chapel, fell in with two dragoons belonging to Harlands 1st Pennsylvania my special edification, I standing near him. He staggered at one time and truck me in the face with the point of his sword, making a small hole. Saw a fight between there and the chapel. Stopped at the headquarters of Gen'l Blenker to hear the band play a couple of airs. Trudged along. Picked up another drunken man belonging to the N.Y. 25 at the crossroads. Was stopped by a cavalry man and invited to take some wine, which I did not decline. Got to camp about 10 P.M., well tired, and turned in at 11 P.M.

Wednesday, Nov. 13th. Turned out about 6 1/2. Pretty cold night, morning too, but sunshiny and clear. Battalion drill at 9 A.M. Nothing of moment occurred though the day. Turned in at 9 P.M. Mighty cold.

Thursday, Nov. 14th. Turned out at 6 1/2 A.M., cold and chilled. The sky cloudy, portending rain, which began to drizzle in the afternoon. Awful miserable time. No place to go to escape it. Turned in early, which was not much better, as it makes a fellow's bones sore lying so long on the soft side of an oak plank.

Friday, Nov. 15th. Awoke through the night, shivering with the cold. The rain was filtering through the canvass. Such weather was enough to make a fellow run home and let the rebels take Washington. It is such a detestable place in winter time, especially when it is raining. Turned in at 8 1/2 P.M. after a do-nothing, weary day.

[47] Saturday, Nov. 16th. Almighty cold all night. Kept me awake about half the time. This morning had cleared off but still cold. A foraging party comprising 52 all told left the regiment this morning to go about 6 miles after forage, which they had contracted for some days previous with a man named Wm. Y. Dullin. When they got there, they proceded to stack their arms, leaving twelve on guard, who instead of minding their business proceded to play cards. The remainder busied themselves husking the corn and loading the waggons, of which there was six. About 1 P.M. they went into the house to get dinner when the cry arose, the cavalry was coming. They started for their guns, which were stacked in the field some distance off, which some of them gained to throw away the next minute as they flew before the sabres of a couple of troops of grey-horsed cavalry. There was some tall running done there, I warrant. The story was that the men belonging

to our company were all killed or taken prisoners, but after a while they all turned up except Jem Hickey and Sergt. Webster. The colonel asked permission of the acting brigadier to take the regiment out and pursue them, but he would not permit it, but sent his own regiment at last. He got permission to go himself. Then he shouted, all who wanted to follow him to fall in, and immediately the whole regiment turned out, but again Col. Sullivan forbid it, and so we had rest and did not know but what some of our men were lying wounded. Terrible excitement all the evening. About 10 P.M. Hickey turned up

[48] and stated that they had got him and left him to catch Capt. Lanning, and then he run. Very likely yarn indeed. Said he fired twice at them. There is a hundred different versions of the affray. The amount of it is they were all well scared. Did not turn in until about 11 1/2, listening to the misadventures of that foraging party.

Sunday, Nov. 17th. Turned out about 6 1/2. Cold and frosty. Wonder how the prisoners slept last night on our left wing. Went on picket this morning to the scene of the reconre. Funeral this morning of the man who was unfortunately shot last [word omitted] by some careless fellow discharging his gun in the street. Captain Hodge of the brigade staff took our company out to Dullin's house. Went there. Found that Dullin had been arrested in the morning. We searched the house all through but found nothing treasonable. Found some of our company's muskets and shameful to tell they had never been fired off. I brought two books and a broom away with me. got back to our camp about 6 1/2, being gone about six hours. Turned in about 10 P.M. Cold.

Monday, Nov. 18th. Could not sleep much through the night with the cold. Turned out about 6. Was detailed for camp guard. Was on the 2nd relief. About 12, the right wing of the regiment fell in for division drill under Gen'l McDowell. About this time word came in the 14th of Brooklyn and the rebel cavalry were having a fight. Shortly after this our left wing came in off picket but had to go out on drill immediately be McDowell's orders. The regiment returned about 4 1/2 P.M. with orders to eat their suppers and be ready to

[49] march immediately to the relief of the 14th. It was my time to go on post at 5 but I traded off with Clark, he to do my guard and I to go with the regiment in his stead. Before we went, however, the order was countermanded. The wind commenced to blow quite cold about this time. Every prospect of a cold night. About 8 word came in that all was quiet at the front.

Tuesday, Nov. 19th. The night passed off quite comfortable,

notwithstanding the cold, thanks to a good fire which I kept going all night. Relieved from guard at 8 1/2. The regiment formed for brigade drill at 9. Did not go. I don't believe in going on drill after being on guard 24 hours in this weather. The 14th came in about noon. Heard the particulars of fight. The cavalry came on them in three bodies and in as many different places. They wounded 1 and took 10 prisoner.

The 22nd, which relieved them, found two dead in the woods afterwards, which were disfigured from being beaten with the butts of their carbines, besides sabre cuts and bullet wounds. Their regiment swears vengeance against the cavalry for their inhuman treatment of them. The regiment came in from drill about 4, tired and hungry and swearing hard at McDowell for having kept them out so long. Our regiment was warned for picket tomorrow.

Wednesday, Nov. 20th. Turned out this morning stiff with the cold pains in some of my joints. Clear morning, prospect of fine weather whilst on picket. All ready to start 9 A.M. Took 1/2 loaf of bread and 1/2 pound of sausage for 24 hours.

Marched off and got our post about noon, the woods where the fight took place. Our company was kept as a reserve in case of an attack. We waited most anxiously for them, but they did not come. I think some of them would have been sorry if they

[50] had come. The 22nd this morning found a cavalry horse already equipped and tied to a tree some secesh left behind them. Kept still all day and did not stir around much. Took a snooze in the afternoon so that I would not be sleepy through the night.

Thursday, Nov. 21st. Passed the night pretty comfortable. Kept a small fire all night so that should not show any blaze. s troubled through the night in consequence of not bringing enough to eat with me. Had a small breakfast. Gen'l McClellan had a grand review yesterday. There was 70,000 men on the field, the largest body of troops that were ever seen together on this continent. Would like to have seen it. Got back to camp about 1 1/2 P.M., a trifle tired.

Rest of the day same as usual. Turned in to new quarters, namely the Lieut. Col's tent, he being on leave.

Friday, Nov. 22. Did not sleep any through the night, being in a strange sleeping place. The air was keen and frosty. Battalion drill at ten. Lasted until 12. Heard the rebels and the 35 N.Y. had a skirmish, they being on picket. Don't know whether it is true or not. Turned in at 8, as it was cold.

Saturday, Nov. 23. Awake through the night and heard the rain pattering on the canvass. Turned over and went asleep

again, knowing that it could not come through on me. Turned out a 7. Still raining and not likely to cease. Cold and miserable again. No battalion drill. Cleared off about noon. Company drill about two o'clock. Did not attend. Afternoon cold and chilly. Received a letter from my wife and three from Tom Gillespie. Turned in at 8 1/2.

Sunday, Nov. 24th. Turned out about 6-45. Morning cold and ice thick after the night's frost. Water in a pail at my head froze over 1/2 inch. At 9 o'clock had inspection by the

[51] colonel in heavy marching order. Not much trouble to carry a knapsack in cold weather. Answered my wife's letter and sent her a Washington paper. Church meeting at 3 P.M. Did not attend. Dress parade at 4. Cold and chilly, and about 6 we had a fall of snow about a couple of inches. Felt wintery indeed. Turned in about 8. Still snowing.

Monday, Nov. 25th. Up at 6 1/2. Bitter cold. Found it had snowed through the night. It looked decidedly winterish, the limbs of the trees and the ground clothed in white. Battalion drill at 9 1/2. Hated to leave the fire but had to go. Thought my fingers would freeze, holding the musket. Got warmed up after a while drilling. Fired ten rounds of blank cartridge. Afternoon not so cold. At dress parade, volunteers for to form an artillery battery was called for. About sixty stepped out. There was none, however, left our company. Had a great notion to go myself. Turned in about 8 to escape the cold.

Tuesday, Nov. 26th. Turned out 7 and missed the customary morning inspection. To get an extra guard if I miss it again. Battalion drill at 9 A.M. On hand company drill at 2 P.M. Did not attend. Turned in about 9, cold and still getting colder.

Wednesday, Nov. 27th. Same routine as the day before.

Thursday, Nov. 28th. Rainy and miserable. Done nothing all day.

Friday, Nov. 29. Cold and chilly. Battalion drill in the afternoon. Did not go. Very good, indeed - fingers numb whilst holding the musket. Turned in at 8 1/2 to get warm.

Saturday, Nov. 30th. Turned out at 6 1/2. Air cold and frosty. Drills same as the day before. The regiment goes on picket tomorrow, it being our turn. Turned in at 8.

[52] Sunday, December 1st. Turned out at 6 1/2. Formed for picket at 9 A.M. Marched out about 4 miles beyond Falls

Church. Countermanded again. Then entered the wood and got astray and tramped about until 1 o'clock, at [which] put on the reserve. Comfortable place in a thick pine woods. Had a good time. Went into the woods and built a fire by myself. Frost kept me company most of the time. Received a letter from my wife. Went to where the rest of the company was laid down to sleep. Slept about an hour. Awoke with the cold of my feet. Went back to my own fire. Built it up again and staid until morning.

Monday, Dec. 2nd. Morning sharp and frosty. Joe Boyce and I were sent to convoy a darkie through our pickets up to Doolin's house to whom he formerly belonged. Brought him up to the house and then such hugging and kissing I never saw before. He (the darkie), not having been home in two months. Got some mild for my breakfast. The slaves told us that Doolin was a strong secessionist and that he brought the cavalry down on our party of forragers. Was relieved by the 24 N.Y. Heard that a deserter from Mannasses had given himself up to one of our pickets. He belonged to Moores 1st Virginia Regiment. He was an Irishman named Welch. He was dressed in a suit of grey cotton cloth. His pants had a red stripe down the side and he had to buy them at that. Seemed glad to get within our lines. Said he was compelled to take service with them. All of them say that. Got back to our camp about 2 P.M. Turned in about 8 1/2.

Tuesday, Dec. 3d. Turned out about 6.45. Frosty and clear. Company drill at 9. Battalion drill at 2. Kept us at it [53] until 4. Such long drills only irritate the men and makes them careless how they do it. Cold and clear. Turned in at 11.

Wednesday, Decr. 4th. Same as day before. Got a shirt and drawers from the captain. Warned for picket tomorrow.

Thursday, Decr. 5th. Turned out at 7 and missed the inspection for which I am to stand a guard when I come back. Got under weigh and started at 9. Marched out to the same place as last day our company picketed to the right of the Fairfax road. I and more were stationed in a heavy pine woods close by the house of a man named Sewall, an old stock Virginian and a very strict Catholic to boot, slightly tinged with his heresy of secession, and to make it worse, he is an old soldier of the war of 1812. Very nice folks withal. Had a pleasant time and not cold either. Kept watch three hours through the night.

Friday, Decr. 6th. Morning balmy and clear. Was relieved about 11 by the 35 N.Y. Returned home by Leesburg road. Met Mr. Humphrey from Lansingburgh. He was on business in

Washington and thought he would call over and see the boys. Got back to camp at 1 P.M. The whole brigade was turned out at 4 to receive Gov. Morgan, but he did not come. Turned in early, being tired.

Saturday, Decr. 7th. Turned out at 6 1/2. Morning clear and frosty. Had to go on guard for missing roll call. All the rest of the regiment turned out in heavy marching order to receive the governor. Had a large review, I was told. Expressed himself well pleased with the looks of the boys. Looks as if the night would be cold on guard.

[54] Sunday, Decr. 8th. Morning clear and frosty. Came off guard at 8 1/2. Church at 10 1/2. Did not attend. Moved into another tent with Clark and Frost. Wanted to buy a stove. Could not get one. Dress parade at the usual time. Turned in at 8 1/2. Had a little better quarters to sleep in than I had in the last tent. mr [Irving? Twing?] spoke.

Monday, Decr. 9th. Nothing of any interest took place today.

Tuesday, Decr. 10th. A box of bed clothes came today.

Wednesday, Decr. 11th. The box was opened today and the goods overhauled and looked at and amongst the contents was a parcel which my dear wife sent me, god bless her, which contained gloves, tippet, and several other things. It is a wonder to me how she can contrive to save anything out of what I send her. She must practice self-denial to be able to send them to me. Bought a stove, for which I paid 3.55, to be equally defrayed by the inmates of the shanty. Drills the same as usual. Got the stove going. It makes a tent feel 100 per cent more comfortable. With such quarters as I have now got, I can winter first rate. I think the American soldier has no cause for complaint. With the pay he gets, he is able to afford himself luxuries which no other soldier can, as I well know. Turned in at 9 1/2 to a good warm bed. If a soldier is not well lodged, he cannot do his duty, for if he sleeps cold, all the heat which he may acquire whilst awake will not make him feel comfortable, as I know by experience.

Thursday, Decr. 12th. Arose at 6 1/2. Finnegan had the fire going. Hated to get up, I felt so comfortable. Had to, if I did not want to do an extra guard. Expended a dollar to have my likeness taken in Ambrotype to send home, as my dear wife has been asking me to do. Gave it to Mr. [Irving? Twing?] to take home. He is here, I understand, trying to get
[55] his son discharged on the plea of inability, but I don't see it. Day passed off the same as usual. Turned in at 9 1/2. Evening clear and frosty.

Friday, Decr. 13th. Up at 6 1/2. At morning inspection was told to get ready in heavy marching order, as our new Brig. Gen'l Auger was to inspect us. All ready at 9. Waited until near noon for him, but he did not come. In the afternoon the whole brigade was manuevred by Gen'l McDowell. Had to march in consequence of the muddy nature of the soil and the thawing of the night's frost. Got home about 6, tire and muddy. Turned in about 9 1/2.

Saturday, Decr. 14th. Up at the usual time, waiting for the general, but he did not come. At noon was served out with ten rounds of blank cartridge. In the afternoon, marched to the same place (Bailey's crossroads). Found the whole of our division was there. Had a sham fight, our regiment being on the extreme left. We were brought into the action only once, when I fired 8 rounds. What nonsense it is to imagine that a man can tell what is going on in a field of battle when all he can see is about his own division or company. Roads muddy and in some places almost impossible. Came back about 5. Heard that [Irving? Twing?] had obtained his discharge on the plea of disability. That was gammon. , that was what got him his discharge. He is going home in the morning.

Sunday, Decr. 15th. Sunshiny and warm days after frosty nights. [Irving? Twing?] left for home by the Quarter Master's waggon. Frost and I started out to look for some boards to finish the shanty. Walked about 10 miles but could not get any, everything having been picked up. Got back about 12 1/2. Found that they had served the bed clothes out. Our

[56] shanty got two first-rate comforters. Wrote my wife. Moonlit and cold.

Monday, Decr. 16th. Morning sharp and frosty. Day warm and balmy. Formed in heavy marching order to be reviewed by our Brig. Gen'l, who had arrived. Was reviewed by him. He is a smart, keen looking man. Was under arms about 4 hours. Our regiment gave him three cheers by the order of our colonel. Not very strong ones, indeed. Done nothing all the rest of the day but wiat for him to inspect the camp, but he did not come.

Tuesday, Decr. 17th. Still waiting for him to come. Nice warm day. Did not come today either.

Wednesday, Decr. 18th. Detailed for guard on the railroad. Day warm and clear. Gen'l McDowell had his division out for a sham fight at Bailey's crossroads. Our brigade turned out in heavy marching order with twenty rounds of blank cartridge. A great number of civilians came over from

Washington to see it. It was a fine affair, I was told. Got a wagon load of rails for the nights firing. The French princes came along in citizens' clothes. When I demanded their passes, which they shewed quickly, I wonder if they would do it on the boulevards of Paris.

Thursday, Decr. 19th. Releived from guard by the 24 N.Y. at 8 1/2 o'clock. Slept none of all night. The night was moonshiny and cold. Done nothing all the remainder of the day.

Friday, Decr. 20th. No drills in consequence of getting leave to decorate our street and shantys for Christmas. Bought a pound of shot. Frost and I set out to see if we could find any game. Was out about an hour when we got seperated in a

[57] woods. I waited a while for him but he did not come, so I started off alone and whilst chasing a fire bird I got turned around and became lost, so I got on a hill and I looked around and I seen a place that I thought was Falls Church, so I made tracks for it and when I had walked about 1 1/2 hours, I heard some one shouting. I turned round, beheld some pickets beckoning me back. I came back, found that they belonged to the 17th N.Y. and that I was traveling towards Fairfax as fast as I could go, so I made back tracks and arrived in camp in time to be too late for knapsack inspection by Brig. Gen'l Auger, for which I was not sorry. Frost had just arrived the same as myself, empty-handed, on dress parade. Orders were read for us to go on picket to the front for forty-eight hours. Turned in at 9 1/2. Night cold.

Saturday, Decr. 21st. Turned out at [?]. Formed for picket at 8 1/2 and marched off. I was sent on the outpost along with Frost and four others. Good post in the afternoon. Frost and I went on a bit of a private roccanaisance on our own look. We did not go very far. Saw a camp fire on the edge of the woods and two men standing by it. Imagine they were rebs. Not there, though.

Sunday, Decr. 22nd. Nothing disturbed us through the night except a couple of cows which Tom Kawn thought was a secesh.

[58] I did not sleep but about 1/2 an hour through the night. Company B came to releive us at 9 o'clock, for which I was sorry, as we had everything fixed for a good day's feed, having found two pits of potatoes and a hen roost quite near. We came into the reserve and whilst halting along the road we heard a musket shot which we afterwards learned was caused by a man fooling with their guns. He lived about an hour, being shot through the groin. His name was Gilman. He belonged to Po Keepsie for some cause or other. Our regiment

was relieved by the 23d N.Y. Got into camp about 1 1/2 P.M. Done nothing all the rest of the day. Turned in at 9 o'clock.

Monday, Decr. 23d. Turned out at 7 A.M. Morning cold and cloudy. There was twenty rounds of blank cartridge to have been served out to us for another sham fight, but it threatened rain and so it was deffered until some fine day. About dark it began to rain and so it came down in style, as it usually does in Virginia. Heard that a box containing 20 turkeys and 80 mince pies was coming out to the company for a Christmas dinner. Turned in early on consequence of having no candle.

Tuesday, Decr. 24th. I was awakened several times through the night with the wind threatening to blow the tent down but it stuck it out, for which I was duly thankful, as I would not have fancied getting up in the cold and setting the old tent up again. The morning opened cold and clear. Nothing to do all day, it being Christmas. The box of estables arrived just in time but I did not think it would. Turned in rather disconsolate and homesick for a novelety. It goes hard to be

[59] away from home at Christmas above all other times.

Wednesday, Decr. 25th. Christmas morning. Clear and a little frosty. Was detailed for camp guard. Did not like it. No use to say no, though. On the third relief we got our turk. It was a pretty good one and the pies were excellent. Went first rate. Would have went better if somebody else that I know was here to partake of it. Felt kind of lowspirited all day. Wonder how my dear wife spent the day and if she felt as miserable as I did. I hope not. I think there is a good many heavy hearts in the loyal states today for the fathers, sons, and brothers now engaged in this contest. Finished the last of the eatables at supper. Turned in at 9 o'clock to sleep until one.

Thursday, Decr. 26th. Cold and clear. Came off guard at 8 1/2. Done nothing all day. Received a letter from my wife with 13 stamps enclosed, one from Tom Gillespie, and two papers from him also. Turned in early because we had no candle in the shanty.

Friday, Decr. 27th. Was awakened about 3 1/2 this morning with orders to get our breakfast and take the road somewhere. Got in line about 4. Was told to go back to our tents until 7 1/2, when we started off towards Farifax. We men found out that we were going on a covering party to Wadsworth's brigade, which was out foraging. We took up our position at a place called Mill's crossroads, so that the enemy could not

get in behind him. Stayed there in the wood until about 2 P.M., when
[60] he had got what he wanted, so we started back and got to the camp about 4 P.M. At dress parade, it read out for a division drill, heavy marching order, with 40 rounds of blank cartridge. Turned in at 9.

Saturday, Decr. 28th. Formed for the sham fight at noon. Marched to Bailey's crossroads. Was maneauvored there until about 4 1/2. When we got to the camp, found that 8 recruits had arrived from Lansingburgh. A poor lot they look. Old Finn got drunk and pulled down the shanty, then James D. came in and Finn went to put him out and down it came again. Turned in at 8 1/2.

Sunday, Decr. 29th. Turned out at 7. Had breakfast. Did not attend church. Wrote my wife in the afternoon and washed my clothes in the afternoon. Turned in at 9 1/2 P.M.

Monday, Decr. 30th. ~~Done nothing all day. Orders for a bri~~

Monday, Decr. 30th. Formed for a brigade drill at 1 P.M. Marched to the drill ground over the railroad in heavy marching order. Drilled about three hours under the command of Gen'l Auger. He seemed to know his business. Our bi-monthly inspection takes place tomorrow.

Tuesday, Decr. 31st. The last day of the most memorable year of the century. Formed for inspection at 9 A.M. Inspected by Capt. Hodge and the Gen'l who declared himself well pleased with our appearance. He afterwards inspected the camp. Tomorrow will be the opening of a new year -- so good bye to 1861.

1862

Wednesday, January 1st, 1862. All Hail to the New Year. Was in no hurry in getting up, as I did not sleep much through the night on account of the rascally noises which was kept up all through the it. Guns firing, drums beating, fellows shouting and singing and keeping up a din all night until daybreak, when all became silent. Morning parade at the usual time. Then after breakfast came foot-racing, sackracing, and such exercises, terminating with chasing a greased pig. Everything passed off pleasantly and without trouble. Saw only one drunken man in our regiment. Did not take part in the fun as I felt rather lowspirited all day. The captain bought some oysters and served them out to the company as well as a pair of fingerless mittens to every man. Received a paper from my wife. Turned in at 9 1/2 and so terminated my first day of the new year.

Thursday, Jany 2nd. Arose at 7 A.M. Weather fine and clear. Battalion drill at 2. Dress parade at 4. Turned in at 9 1/2, rather weary, to sleep off my despondency.

Friday, Jany, 3d. When I turned out this morning, found that the wind had changed and with it brought a change of weather, as it felt chilly and raw like. Imagine we will have snow soon. Drills the same as usual. Turned in at 9.

Saturday, Jany 4th. Morning cold and cheerless. A year ago today I entered the newspaper business with good prospects before me, as I then imagined, and now see what one short year brought forth. Then I had money and a comfortable home. Now I have neither and am a soldier and waiting anxiously for my two months' pay. Turned in at 8 P.M.

[62] Sunday, Jany 5th. Turned out at 7 to find the ground covered with snow and piercingly cold. Detailed for brigade guard. Mounted gaurd. Thought my feet would freeze, we were kept so long standing ~~around~~. Was detailed for the 1st relief but was not wanted, so I had to act as supernumerary. Was not wanted until 10 P.M., when I had to go on in Tom McClenehan's place, who pretended to have a toothache. I had to get out of bed and the snow was falling very heavily. It was very cold, imagined.

Monday, Jany 6th. Came off guard at 10 A.M. after standing around in the snow for about an hour, waiting until the new guard got mounted. Day very cold. No drill. Turned in early, as I was kind of drowsy.

Tuesday, Jany 7th. Turned out at 7, though I had been awake since 3. I never sleep after 3 in the morning. Found the morning clear, frosty, and cold. Two drills today. Nothing unusual took place along the lines. Had a nice thaw which reduced the Virginia mud to the consistency of mush. Mighty hard walking.

Wednesday, Jany 8th. Anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. I wonder what the old hero of that fight would think if he could look out of his grave and see the descendants of the men that won that fight, striving to cut each other's throats today. He never dreamt on that day that the city he was defending would tear down the sign of its own salvation in less than half a century later. We had frost last night and a thaw today. Nice time for artillery to travel. Drills the same as usual. Turned in at 9 1/2.

Thursday, Jany 9th. Frosty morning and sunshiny day. Mud 12 inches deep, awful sticky. Our regiment to go on picket

tomorrow to be gone for two days. Hope we will have good weather. Heard that rifles for the regiment was coming up today. Inclined to rain in the afternoon. Turned in early to have a good sleep, as I won't get any for the next two days, I imagine.

[63] Friday, Jany 10th. Formed for picket 9 A.M. Roads awful muddy, as it had rained hard all night. Looks this morning as if it had not got through yet. Our company was left on the reserve for a novelty, to go to front next day. Built good fires and made ourselves as comfortable as the wet ground and cloudy weather would permit. Slept none all the night, as I could not.

Saturday, Jany 11th. Went to the front this morning. There were seven of us on a post. Ran short of grub, as we only brought one day's provisions with us and the others did not arrive until nightfall. Saw some of the rebel cavalry but they did not come within shooting distance of us, as we only had muskets. If we had had rifles, some of them would have lost the number of their mass, I think. Kept a sharp lookout for them through the evening but they did [not] annoy us.

Sunday, Jany 12th. Expected that their horsemen would attack us through the night, as it was quite bright all night. I expect they thought better of it. Heard heavy cannonading about two in the morning. It seemed as if it was down the river. Was relieved by the 20th N.Y.M. about 10 A.M. After we left, the cavalry made a dash at them, but they made nothing by it. Heard that Mr. Brush was arrested yesterday for striving to give information to the rebels. Got back to our camp, tired and dirty. 48 hours picketing is tough in winter weather. Dress parade at 4. The capt. got a letter from Webster in Richmond. He stated that he was very hard up for clothing and shoes, likewise writing materials. His letter was wrote on tobacco paper and the envelope was a label off a tobacco box. He said that he had seen Remington, who

[64] visited him in his prison. He said that the foraging party ran away before they knew whether the cavalry were friends or enemies. He told the captain also that he could not trust half of the men in his company, as at the first fight they would run away. That remains to be proved. I guess his confinement makes him feel billious. Turned in early so that I might have a good long night's sleep, as I was mighty sleepy and tired out.

Monday, Jany 13th. Turned out this morning at 7, considerably refreshed after an 8 hours' sleep. Drills at the usual time. Nothing of any importance took place today.

Tuesday, Jany 14th. Rain, mud, rain, mud and no drills.

Wednesday, Jany 15th. do. do. do. do. do. do.

Thursday, Jany 16th. The same, only a little more mud.

Friday, Jany 17th. Rain all night. Detailed for guard but was sent wood-chopping, for which I was thankful. We were paid off, two months' pay, \$26.00. Good pay for a soldier but not enough if he is married. Paid all my debts, which amounted to \$6.00. Sent \$20.00 to my wife, which is not much to have to live on for two months. Received some debts which were due to me. They must keep me until next pay, as I will not run in debt anymore. Turned in to get rid of the mud.

Saturday, Jany 18th. Lay awake half the night, listening to the rain pattering on the tent. Turned out at 7 1/2. Nothing to be seen but mud, knee deep. Rained all day, miserable time.

Sunday, Jany 19th. Rained all night. Raining when I got up. Got breakfast, then went after rails. Got soaked through before I came back. Had to change my clothes all round.

[65] Rained almost all day. Feel listless and ennui. Turned in early to get rid of the mud and rain.

Monday, Jany 20th. Still raining and [no] likelihood of it ceasing. Regular London weather. ~~in the~~ The commissioners appointed by the President to attend to the soldiers' allotment called. I signed for \$10.00 per month. It is a good idea.

Tuesday, Jany 21st. Rain and if possible more mud than ever before. The long promised rifles arrived last night and the ammunition today. Won't be given out until the weather clears up. Not likely to do [so] whilst this moon is in. The paper of today brings good news that [scorpion?] [Zollicoffer?] is wiped out as well as a host of his vagabonds. I wish Buckner was in the same position and I hope it is true.

Wednesday, Jany 22nd. Raining when I awoke. The day cheerless and miserable. John G. McMurray came to see us today. He looks old and worn.

Thursday, Jany 23rd. Awoke through the night with the cold. When I got up, found that it had froze some through the night. Bought a pair of boots for which I paid 3.50. Bought some writing papers also. We are having real English weather.

Friday, Jany 24th. Morning cold and chilly. Detailed for guard. Ciphred for number one on the first relief and got if. The rifles were out today. I left the ~~precints~~ precincts of the guard room for about five minutes. In my absence the guard were fallen in but I returned in time to answer my number. Lieut. Cross had me pricked nevertheless and my name handed in to brigade headquarters for a court martial. It is awful miserable being on guard house. No fire and no place to sit down or to rest. Wet under foot and cold overhead. Cannot leave even to get your meals.

[66] Saturday, Jany 25th. Came off guard at 9 1/2 A.M. It was without exception the hardest 24 hours duty I ever done. No place to rest. Strove to have a fire on the floor. The smoke was worse than the cold. It made my head ache and my eyes sore. It hailed and sleeted without cessation all night and it was bitter cold and no way of sleeping. The most miserable time I ever passed on guard. We were kept waiting about an hour for the new guard to get mounted with an ignorant sergeant-major. He joined the regiment five weeks ago and was immediatly made color bearer and now on the promotion of our late sergeant-major to a lieutenancy he was shoved in because he was lieutenant i the Troy City Corps some years ago. He is no more fit for his office than a man that never seen a soldier. It would not matter so much if there was none of the sergeants in the reg't fit to fill it. He is only fit to be a brigadier general. Orders came from the captains of companies to see that every man had two shifts of clothes, as it is said that we are going on some expedition. I hope it may be true as I am tired of this inactivity. Turned in early as I was tired and half sick after the night. I hope that I won't have to put in another like it this year to come. About 2 doses would kill me.

Sunday, Jany 26th. Arose this morning thouroughly rfreshed and the head ache completely gone. Weather windy and smelling like more rain. Passed the day reading and answering letters received. The usual drills to be resumed tomorrow. Turned in at 9 P.M.

Monday, Jany 27th. Cold and raw morning. Drill at 10. Battalion drill at 2 1/2. Did not last long as it was very muddy under foot and so the men could not march, being slippy.

Tuesday, Jany 28th. Awoke about three A.M. to hear it raining the same as usual. At the morning inspection received orders to parade with all our troops to see if we are fit to take up the line of march. The parade did not take place in consequence of the continuance of the rain. Was deffered until tomorrow.

Wednesday, Jany 29th. Morning cold and raw. Was detailed for guard. Have only been off four days and there are eighty-four rations drawn in this company. There is something wrong somewhere. On the first relief, bad walking under foot. Almost impossible for a sentinel to traverse his post. Had to stay in the guard house when off post, a cold, dirty, cheerless hole. Borrowed a book of Lieut. Campbell to while away the time whilst off duty. Prosect of a bad night as the wind became chilly and rainlike.

Thursday, Jany 30th. Came off guard at 9 A.M. Had a very hard night as it rained almost incessantly. Did not have any sleep whatever as there was no place to either sit or lie down. Returned the book to the Lieut. which I borrowed whilst in the captain's tent. Said jocularly that he kept a bad fire. He (the capt.) told me to go where there was a better one, for if he depended on me for wood, he would have no fire. As if it was the duty of the privates to keep him in wood. He will order me out when I go in again, I reckon. Turned in early as we go on picket to the front tomorrow, such were the orders on dress parade.

Friday, 31st Jany. Formed for picket at 9 A.M. Marched off after being kept standing in the cold about an hour. Mud awful deep and hard walking. Our company went on the outpost the first day. The evening closed in, cold, miserable and rainy, which after a while changed to sleet and snow.

[68] Saturday, February 1st. Company B of our regiment releived us, they having been on the reserve the preceding day. We had an alarm on our post about 3 A.M. I imagine it was Joe Boyce being on post. Said he heard the twigs crack and then a voice said in low tones -- sh, keep still. Joe then challenged and, receiving no answer, fired his rifle in the direction of the voice. We immediately started to our feet and Sergt. Kennedy, having charge of the post, sent me to beat up the woods. The snow was falling heavily at the time and so I could hear nothing nor could I see in consequence of the darkness. After [a] while all became still again. In the morning, however, we sought and found his tracks and where he paused and turned back. They were half obliterated with the still falling of snow. I tried my rifle and she shoots first-rate and don't kick. I was sorry to leave my post as I knew that the place of reserve was worse than where we were, but a soldier must obey. The place of the reserve was awful wet and miry and no place for a fellow to rest himself whilst the rain, which was now falling heavily, made it still worse. Some of the boys found an empty house a little way from where we were situated in the centre of which they made a fire. They sent for me and I went and was glad

to find such good shelter. Made up my mind to stay there until next morning.

[69] Sunday, February 2nd. the 20th N.Y.S.M. relieved us about 9 A.M. Felt glad, as I was very sleepy, not having slept much through the night as I would lay down until I would get chilled through, then get up and sit by the fire until I got warm again, and so on through the night. Was glad when morning came. Got to camp about 1 P.M. Found that Tom Abbott's wife had come in to see him, having heard that we were going south. I imagine that she intends staying, if possible, but Tom cannot get a tent. Another thing, I don't think the captain likes it much. Expected a letter from my wife surely, as it is now overdue four days. No papers either. She must be sick. Then if she was, somebody else would write. Looks equally off to windward.

Monday, Feb. 3d. Cold, rainy, and snow. No inspection.

Tuesday, Feb. 4th. No letter yet. Something wrong.

Wednesday, Feb. 5th. Mud, snow, and rain. No letter.

Thursday. Received orders at our morning parade to be ready at 11 1/2 A.M. for the long expected inspection. All your dry goods on your back. Was inspected by [a] major of McDowell's staff. What the purport of it is, no one knows. Was courtmartialed this afternoon for my offence of January 24th. Would not be allowed to call witnesses in my favor. Was very mad. No use, though. At dress parade, all that were tried were marched out in front of the regiment and their sentences read off. Mine was to be fined one dollar. Glad it was not worse. Would not like to stand on a barrel.

Friday, Feb. 7th. Detailed for guard this morning on the second relief. Awful muddy walking. I think we will have a fine night for it.

[70] Saturday, Feb. 8th. Came off guard at 9 o'clock, both sleepy and cold. The night was pleasant. The long wished for letter from my wife came at last and one from my faraway sister also. My wife had written to me some ten days before, at the same time sending me seventy-five cents worth of stamps, but the letter miscarried, I suppose, as I never received it. I must write my sister some, as I have not written to her in about ten months. Heard that a large quantity of picks, shovels, and axes had come to the regiment for to clear and make roads when we go forward, I suppose. Turned in early, as I was tired and sleepy.

Sunday, Feb. 9th. Dry and cold. Nothing of importance

occurred today. Slept early.

Monday, Feb. 10th. Morning cold and dry. Company drill at 10 1/2 A.M. Company skirmish drill by the captain and Mr. Davenport at 2 1/2 P.M. One of my tentmates, Joe Boyce, took sick today whilst on guard. Had a very heavy cold. Went for the doctor to see him. Prescribed some purgatives and dover's powders for him. He is very uneasy and complains of pains and headache.

Tuesday, Feb. 11th. Boyce some better this morning. Company drill at 10 1/2 A.M. The pioneer tools were served out to the different companies. It commenced snowing this afternoon for dress parade.

Wednesday, Feb. 12th. Morning warm and balmy. Had a parade at 9 A.M. The pioneer tools were served out to the different companies. It commenced snowing this afternoon for dress parade.

Thursday, Feb. 13th. Beautiful weather, like May weather North. A short drill at 10 1/2 A.M. It was rad out on dress parade that we were to learn skirmish drill as fast as possible and fire at the target and then account of the best shots to be kept and to be handed in to headquarters daily.

[71] Friday, Feb. 14th. Mizzling rain at morning parade. No company drill. Ground too soft after the slight rain again. Sent Forney's War Press to my sister in Dublin.

Saturday, Feb. 15th. Snowing heavily all day. At noon the regiment was formed and an order from Gen'l McClellan read asking for volunteers to man the gun boats on western waters. I and about thirty more stepped [forward]. Some of them only were chosen.

Sunday, Feb 16th. Snow deep and weather cold. About 8 P.M. an order came to me from brigade headquarters to hold myself in readiness with three days' provisions to start at 8 A.M. on Monday morning, as I was the only one detailed from our regiment. I sat down and wrote my wife, informing her of my departure.

Monday, Feb. 17th. Morning cold and sleeting at 8 A.M. Was ready to start. Fred Dargen filled my haversack with the best grub in the sutler's, besides giving me two dollars in cash. Nat Palmer also gave me fifty cents. The captain was not pleased about my going. Shook hands with all the boys and started. The colonel sent for me and told me he had remitted my fine. He hoped that I would do nothing to disgrace my regiment. Reported myself at headquarters when I

was joined by seven more men, 1 from the 14th, 2 from the 22nd, and 4 from the 24th. Gen'l Augur gave us three dollars to get something to drink along the road. Walked to Arlington House in the sleet where we found about 8 men waiting for us. We were kept there until about noon and then left for Washington.

- [72] Got to Washington about 2 1/2 P.M. Went in to the soldier's rest and had some coffee. Got mustered and went aboard the cars. Was slightly obfuscated. Went asleep and did not wake up until I got to Little York in Pennsylvania. Arrived at Harrisburg at 7 1/2 A.M. Stopped there 15 minutes and got some coffee. Saw Camp Curtin and the soldiers drilling. Did not stop again until I got to Altoona where we were all well treated. Had some oysters and coffee. Left for Pittsburgh in which we passed through some of [the] wildest country that I ever seen. The hills were piled one on top of another, the same as if somebody had been tossing them about at random. The grade of the railroad for nine miles east of the tunnel is 91 feet to a mile. It took three engines to bring our train of twelve cars across. We got to Pittsburgh at 11 1/2. It was with difficulty that I could breath the sulphurous air caused by the coal fires.

Tuesday, Feb. 18th. Changed cars at midnight and proceeded O.C. and F.W. Railroad to Indianapolis. On the road we stopped at Crestline, Ohio, where coffee was served out to the boys. It is a one-horse place whose chief productions seem to be railroad track and ginmills. I could not get a tin cup to buy in the whole village. At Bellefontaine we again stopped and four of us went into a house and asked for something to eat, when the boss told us to sit down and helped us to the best he had in his house and when I offered to pay him, he would not take it but invited me to come and see him if ever I stopped there again, for which may he live a thousand years and his shadow never grow less. Hear some of the boys went

- [73] into a tavern to get something to drink, but as they would not give it, they went behind the bar and carried out a barrel of whiskey which they put on board the cars. Stopped at Centralia and got some coffee. Had a good time generally until we arrived at Cairo, Illinois. On the road saw a trainload of secesh prisoners which were taken at Fort Donelson, the most ragged, woe begone looking lot of humans that I ever set my eyes on. Some were as vicious as ever, some were apathetic to a degree, and some seemed glad that they were prisoners and hoped that this war sould soon be finished, saying that they were totally mistaken in regard to what they were fighting for in the character of the people that they were fighting against.

Friday, Feb. 21st. Arrived in Cairo at 3 A.M. and was sent

on board the receiving ship Maria Denning. About 9 A.M. I got leave to go ashore, which I did, and found Cairo to be a dirty, swampy hole, no sidewalks and mud knee deep the same as Virginia. Bought a tin pot, pan, some stamps, tobacco, and wrote a letter to my wife. Went on board at noon. Poor accomodations. No hammocks, no mess traps, nor no regulations whatever. Turned in about 7 1/2 P.M., as I was mighty sleepy, on the soft side of a pine plank.

Saturday, Feb. 22nd. Raining this morning and cold. About half a pint of coffee for breakfast and some hard bread. About 80 men drafted to some of the gun boats. Did not go.

Sunday, Feb. 23rd. Turned out at four bells. Grog at six. Breakfast about two. Heard some heavy firing in the direction of Columbus. Must be the gun boats, as they have all left

[74] here. An old preacher came around and distributed some tracts amongst us. What gammon it is. It is only time and money wasted.

Monday, Feb. 24th. Slept in the hold last [night] as it was dry. Heard that it was Columbus firing at the boats yesterday and that when the boats opened fire that the Rebs sent out a flag of truce. Thirty men were to be sent on board the Carondelet and I was sent amongst the number. This boat suffered severely in the fight at Donelson, having 4 men killed and 30 wounded. She has about 70 shot holes in her. her captain is great on the fight, I am told. Am glad that I have got on board of her as I was sick of the [?]. In the afternoon steamed up to Mound City (6 miles) to get repaired.

Arrived there about 3 P.M. when the carpenters went to work on her immediatly to keep on all night. At night the captain had an awning broke out for us to sleep on and made the ship's cook keep a fire on all night for fear that the men would catch cold in the absence of the heat from the boilers. Seems a very kind man.

Tuesday, Feb. 25th. Turned out at 4 bells. Had a good night's sleep. Went steady mess cook. Got up steam again and cameback to Cairo. Heard that Nashville had surrendered.

Don't believe it. Wrote a letter to Joe Boyce. Like my quarters first rate so far. Turned in at 9 P.M.

Friday, Feb. 28th. Pots, pan, and spoons served out to the whole except myself. Heard that the Rebs had evacuated Columbus. It don't look reasonable, for if they did, their power is gone forever in this part of the country, as it is their last remaining stronghold this side of Memphis, Tenn.

[75] Saturday, March 1st. Nothing of any consequence occurred today except the reading of some documents relating to the taking of Fort Henry. I hear that we are going down to Columbus tomorrow, I suppose to try the range of the mortars.

Sunday, March 2nd. Morning very cold and stormy looking. Steam was gotten up, but as it began to storm the fires were put out again. We had our usual monthly muster (as in the Army), when the purser read the regulations of the Navy and some other papers which I did not pay much attention to, as my mind was on the oven in which I had a pie for the mess. The day passed off cold, dirty, and wintry. I did [not] expect such weather in this latitude.

Monday, Mar. 3d. Turned out a little before 4 bells (6 A.M.). The weather cold like the previous morning. Steam was again gotten [up] but had to be slacked off again on account of a leak in one of the boilers. The Tyler and Lexington gunboats arrived from the Tennessee River where they had a small brush with the rebels on Saturday last. The latter's crew went ashore with the howitzer and small arms and came back minus three of that number. Whether killed or taken prisoner they don't know, as they had to leave in a hurry, they (the Rebs) numbering some couple of thousand men with eight pieces of cannon which they had planted along the river bank. The Tyler lost one man, I believe. What temerity it is in those captains to think of pitting their small forces against such odds, all to get a great name. If they succeed, all right. If they happen to lose their men and don't, they are at the easiest call enthusiasts. The men belonging to the Louisville, of which there was about 40 on board of this boat,

[76] were sent on board of their own boat in the evening. All hands were stationed at their guns, my station being No. 7, first shotman at No. 5 gun. At about 8 bells (8 P.M.) the fires were again started preparatory to leaving at 4 in [the] morning. The carpenters were being hurried up with their work so that we could get off at the appointed time. I did go asleep until 5 bells/ 10 1/2 P.M. and the last sound I heard ringing in my ears was the clank of the smith's hammer ironplating the pilothouse.

Tuesday, Mar. 4th. Was turned out at 8 bells/4 A.M. Got breakfast soon after. Commenced steaming down river towards Columbus, intending if possible to drive the rebels out. At about sunrise arrived at Lucas's Bend, two miles from and above Columbus. Came to here and took our line of battle, we being on the extreme left and nearest to the fortifications, which seemed to be deserted, which was thought to be a ruse to draw us under their guns. In the meantime, as the current here runs very swift (6 miles an hour), we had drifted

opposite their water batteries, but still no gun to warn us off or let us know that we were treading on dangerous ground.

About this time a man appeared above us on the bluff waving a flag, but what kind we could not tell. It seemed composed of light and dark stripes with a white patch in the center. Arriving opposite the site of the battle of Belmont, the Commodore sent a tugboat in to reconnoitre, which signalled back the joyful news that Columbus was evacuated. Ye gods, what cheering was done. Was enough to wake up all the dead

[77] rebels in the vicinity. What a splendid place to fortify the river. Here [it] is only about 1/2 a mile wide and the bluff rises to the height of about 100 feet, terrace above terrace.

It must have been a sad necessity that compelled his most holy reverence Major Gen'l Polk to make racks for some place where a Yankee 9 inch rifled shell would not be apt to ruffle his [blank] or disturb him at his daily devotion. Columbus is a small, shabby-looking place, containing, I am told, at the best of times only about 1000 inhabitants and known only as the terminus of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad and for the number of its rumholes. We, however, found ourselves only second-cousin as it was taken possession of the evening before by some Illinois cavalry, which had been out on a scouting expedition from Paducah (which is only 25 miles from here) and rode on as the last of the rebel rearguard were leaving it. The Rebs destroyed everything of any consequence before they left, so that our men found nothing except broken whiskey bottles and numberless packs of cards, which seem to be the rebels' decalogue. The upper works of the rock of Gibraltar. After all hands had a good look at the place, our bows were turned towards Cairo, the St. Louis being left for guard boat, at which place we arrived at sundown. The country through which we passed was all a dead level, heavily wooded with cottonwood, and here and there an old wooden shanty,

[78] which looked like the country itself, desolate and forlorn, at one door a lot of shockheaded youngsters, dressed in the butternut of the country, stood gaping at us with their mouths open to save their eyes. That and another house, from which issued smoke, was all the signs of life we seen until we arrived opposite the now deserted camp at Bird Point in which there was a few soldiers standing guard over what cannon the

works mounted. About 8 P.M. we came up to our old berth and so ended the capture of Columbus the redoubtable.

Monday, Mar. 10th. Went to quarters at two bells (9 A.M.) at

which I hurt my back severely. Heard that Mannasses Gap was captured by McClellan and that Banks was in possession of Winchester and Charlestown and that he was badly cut up. Don't know whether it is true or not, as the papers say nothing about military affairs owing to this late order of Stanton's, which may be prudent but I vow it is not comfortable. Read in today's St. Louis papers that Gen'l Pope had invested New Madrid but could do nothing, as the rebel gunboats shelled them rather severely when he approached too near. Turned in early as I was very stiff and sore.

Wednesday, Mar. 12th. Turned out at 4 bells (6 A.M.), stiff and tired. Went to quarters at two bells (9 A.M.). Clothing was served out to the soldiers. I drew 1 cap/pants and 4 yards of flannel, which I have not yet got. Read today about the Merrimac coming down the James River, Va., and sinking the frigate Cumberland, besides compelling the frigate Congress to haul down her flag, after which she burnt her. Heard that

[79] we were going down to Island No. 10 to attack the Rebs. Recovered the long wished for letter from my wife, as I had not received one in almost a month. Received also a letter and papers from my friend Tom Gillespie which were truly welcome, as I had nothing whatever to read. No intelligence yet from camp.

Thursday, Mar. 13th. Was turned out at three bells (5 1/2 A.M.). Had an early breakfast as it was that we were going away at 1 P.M. Wrote an answer to my wife's letter. Did not leave at one o'ck as said but went out into the stream and humbugged about for a couple of hours with our anchor and then returned to our old berth alongside the levee. Heard in the afternoon that the Rebs had evacuated the Island No. 10, at hearing which the crews of some of the [boats] cheered lustily. Turned [in] at 8 bells. About 1 bell a tugboat came alongside and told the captain to allow no person ashore and to be ready to leave at a moment's notice.

Friday, Mar. 14th. Was turned out at 4 bells. Went on deck and found it had rained all night. Breakfast at 6 bells, after which we steamed down the river to Columbus, at which place was congregated six other gunboats. We came to alongside the wharf and commenced taking in coal. Before we finished, the commodore signalled for the flotilla to get under weigh. They did immediatly and steamed down stream until we came near Hickman in Tenn., when we cleared for action and then gradually dropped down abreast of the town where we made fast to the Missouri shore, the Rebs leaving

[80] as we made our appearance. Hickman is the dividing line between Kentucky and Tennessee. It is a pretty little place

built on a side hill and contains in prosperous times 1500 or 2000 inhabitants. There are a good many fine brick buildings in it. Here I first noticed the approach of spring in some grass plots striving to appear green. The different gun crews were told off to keep watches through the night but as it would not reach my gun, I turned in for a good night's sleep as we all expected some hard fighting in the morrow. After being turned in we were told to be in readiness to turn out at a moment's notice.

Saturday, March 15th. Was not roused out until four bells, when we immediatly got our steam up and our breakfast down and left in the direction of Island No. 10. On the way down we seen a steamer lying inshore with bows upstream and as their was a heavy mist on the water, she did not see us until we were close upon her. Upon seeing us she immediately made steam and appeared to be standing for us, upon which the commodore (he leading) stopped his steam and waited for him to come alongside, instead of which she put her nose down river and the way she made the water fly was desperate. After - I should say - about 7 minutes, the Benton flag fired a five-second shell at her, which fell short, of course. After a while another, with the same result, and again, but this time the heaviest rifle would not reach her and that was the last of her. It was a mighty blunder that I will wager that she would not have got away from our captain in

[81] that manner if he had been in Foote's place. About 4 bells (10 A.M.) we came to the bend in the river just above the Island 10 where the flotilla came to. Across the elbow of the land we could discern several white lines which those having glasses said were tents. The commodore fired several shots, which fell short, at long intervals at two white objects on the far shore, but no answer. After a while he placed two mortars, which began throwing their heavy shells. After they fired twice, we could see a flash from between the two white objects. After a while the shot struck the water 1/2 a mile short of the mortars. Then came the report. After we found out where they were, the mortars were ranged for them and - crash - went a 17-inch shell, and again they answered and again it fell short. Bang - went another 17 inches and back came a round shot in return - short, also. Several more shells were thrown at them, some bursting in the water and some in the woods beyond them and one right over them, after which that battery was silenced for all day as it spoke no more. We could now see a couple of steamers plying back and forth. The mortars were ranged for them and began shelling them but with what result we could not tell. They did not cease their running, however, until dark. The commodore also fired several shell at them but they did not reach them. At dark the mortars were towed up stream for fear of a surprise. We went up stream and made fast to a

tree. I had often heard of anchoring in the wood but I never saw it verified until then. Our gun's crew, having to take
[82] the first watch from 8 til 10, we were armed with cutlasses, boarding pikes, and loaded muskets handy in case of an emergency. About 9 1/2 P.M., some of the watch were sent into one of the cutters to pull one our officers on board the Benton. Went in the boat, the first time in three years for me to pull an oar of that sort. Turned in at four bells, tired as if I had been working.

Sunday, March 16th. Turned out at 4 bells (6 A.M.). Got breakfast right away. Cast off our moorings and got out into the stream. Found that the white lines that we saw yesterday had grown into tents today and they appear to have augmented considerably since last night. The steamers are still plying busily about. Ever and anon comes the boom of a distant gun from the direction of New Madrid, telling us that Gen'l Pope is not idle. Today is the birthday of my wife. I wonder how she is spending it. She has got the sound of a church bell in her ear and I am listening to the boom of the mortars, which since 10 1/2 A.M. have been fired at the rate two per minute, eight being now in position. About three bells, the Rebs in the fort between the white houses hoisted a white flag which the commodore immediatly answered, and a tug bearing the emblems of peace at her flagstaff was sent on shore to see what emblems of peace at her flagstaff was sent on a shore to see what they wanted but she returned almost immediatly and then the firing began. I have heard that they have five gunboats waiting for us inside the point. They want to get us between them and the batteries, but I don't see it. The commodore does all the firing himself except what comes from
[83] the mortars. The firing was kept [up] until dark. In the meantime the rebels fired only twice (which fell short) from the battery which we thought was silenced. As an instance of the spirit of which our people are made, I saw some newsboys come from Cairo down here over 60 miles to the scene of the conflict to sell their papers. I see by them that the Rebs have got another splendid threshing from Siegel and that the last rebel in arms has been forced to leave Missouri. Pope was too many for them at New Madrid. Turned in at 8 bells to be turned out again at 4 to stand watch.

Monday, Mar. 17th. Roused out at four bells. Breakfast right away. Soon after, fire was opened by the mortars, to which they replied. In the meantime, a council of war was being [held] on the flagboat to consider what had best be done after it was dissolved. The Cincinatti, St. Louis, and Benton were lashed together, the Benton in the centre, and their heads turned downstream, where they took a position close into the Tennessee shore. Our orders being, I believe,

to follow after some time. In the meantime, the Mound City had taken up her position in the bend of the Missouri Shore and covering the nearest mortars as the enemy's shot kept coming a little closer all this time. We then beat to quarters and got everything ready to take a hand in. We then went to dinner. After dinner we kept backing and filling until about 4 bells, when the captain tried [to] get a berth inside of the commodore, but there was no room, and so he steamed over to the other side and after some trouble he got her downstream

[84] and alongside the Mound City. After a few moments of preparation - bang - went our port rifled gun and as the smoke rolled lazily upward and away, I could see the dirt fly in all directions round the fort. Every now and then, I could see a shell from a gun would go whizzing along and, falling short, would send huge jets of water high up into the air. Now a round shot would leave us, ploughing the mud up and then the sand would be sent aloft in showers. Occasionally, they would fire a shot towards the Benton, which would invariably overreach or, falling short, would bury itself in the soft mud of the Tennessee shore to lie there until mayhap it is dug up by some future speculator of the Barnum species. The fire was kept up by us without intermission until the commodore signalled us to cease firing, which at 4 1/2 P.M. took place. His and the other boats in company, however, kept it up until after sundown. After we stopped firing, the Rebs opened another couple of batteries on the Benton. They are away further to the right. One shot - a 128 pounder, I believe - stuck her, going through her deck and up again, lodging at last in a wash basin in the wardroom. Fortunately, nobody was hurt. I seen through the day that one of their steamers was aground, scuttled by them to prevent her falling into our hands, as she could not get away, seeing that we have got possession of the river six miles below. At last all firing from the boats ceased for the night, but it was kept up through the night at short intervals by the mortars. I heard

[85] also that a gun bursted on board the St. Louis, killing two and wound ten. Turned in at 1 bell to be turned out again at 5 bells with the cry of "all hands up anchor," so I turned out and lashed up my hammock and laid it away. The anchor was hove up and we steamed into the Missouri shore and made fast to a tree. After all was secure, I again unlashd and turned in. After lieing in about half an hour, I was again turned out to stand my watch, which I did and turned in then for the final four hours sleep, as I was very tired.

Tuesday, Mar. 18th. Was turned out at 4 bells. Breakfast immediatly. We then dropped down astern of the Mound City and opened fire from our port rifled gun, which fell short. Then the starboard rifled gun threw one which landed plump

into the fort and the clouds of dirt it threw up was truly enormous. I understand that they were rebuilding with sandbags the beaches when it struck and that it scattered men and sandbags in all directions. The commodore now signalled to us to stop firing, which was done. We then sat watching the shells from the mortars dropping all round them. We did not fire anymore all day. Turned in early and felt cold and chilly, as if I was going to have the ague.

Wednesday, Mar. 19th. My watch from 4 til 6 A.M. Turned out sick and miserable as the ague was on me full force. Got breakfast for the mess. Had then to lay down, as I was not able to get around. Chills and fever in alternate fits all day. Felt truly miserable indeed. Turned in as soon as I [86] could, thinking perhaps that I might feel better in bed, but it was all the same. Expected to spend a poor night.

Thursday, Mar. 20th. Turned out at four bells, a little better. Thought I would run clear today, but before breakfast was as bad as ever. Went to the doctor, who gave me twelve pills, which done me a great deal of good. My messmate Durkin gave me his grog thickened with pepper, which warmed me up thoroughly. Felt better all the afternoon. Received two Sunday Mercurys from home but no letter. Did not turn out on watch, our gun having the first watch. Felt very miserable indeed.

Friday, Mar. 21st. Felt first rate this morning. Resumed my duties in the mess. Not much firing from us today, the Rebs returning no answer whatever. It is said that when the land forces arrive that we will try conclusions with them. All right now. Hope I will remain in that condition.

Saturday, Mar. 22nd. The effects of the ague all gone. We have been down here a week now and no further a head on the capture of this place than when we came down. The Rebs fired across the land at us today, but they did not happen to fetch us. We moved a little higher up the stream and made fast to some trees along the bank.

Sunday, March 23rd. After breakfast, whilst kneeling by the mess chest, heard some [thing] come crashing into our deck. Thought it was a shell but found it was a tree which fell on us. After awhile another crash and shock far more severe than the former. Thought this time that some of the boilers burst for sure. Everything was darkened and bits of wood and glass flying about in all directions. The boat quivered and shook in every point at this shock. I felt a very severe pain take me in the small of the back and the ague came back in full force. It is the first time that I knew that a shock would

[87] affect the human system in that manner. After awhile I went on deck and found that the hammock nettings were broken down in several places. The hog chain and the stanchions that supported it were carried away, her seams were opened and gaping in several places, and in consequence of the breaking of the hog chain, she had sank about 7 inches on the starboard side. After awhile the wreck was cleared and we moved higher up the stream as some others of the trees looked very threatening, and it was best to be out of harm's way. Luckily, there was no one killed, but we had three wounded - one (a messmate of mine named Maguire) severely, the ship's cook slightly, and a colored cook cut over the eye. Our carpenters went to work immediatly to repair her. I felt real sick and bad and went to the doctor and got a dose [of] quinine. Was glad when the hammocks were piped down, as I wanted to turn in. Seven years today I left the waters of the Golden Horn homeward bound and sick almost to the death and here I am almost in the same condition today on the waters of the MISSISSIPPI. Many, many miles of strange waters and land have I seen and traversed since then, but I hope that this will be my last escapade as I am about tired of my role.

Monday, Mar. 24th. Turned out at 4 bells, some better. Some carpenters from Cairo came on board and went to work straightening her up. All the firing is now done by the mortars. None of the boats (except the Benton, which fires occasionally) does anything. Nothing of any importance took place today.

Tuesday, Mar. 25th. All right again today. Nothing of any consequence transpiring.

[88] Wednesday, Mar. 26th. Received the long expected and much wished for letter and paper from home and found by the letter that some other letters had been sent to me but have not yet arrived and also that Jennie was very sick with some kind of a swamp disease. The contents of the letter made me feel sad and wish that I was at home, if only for a short time.

Thursday, Mar. 27th. Wrote an answer to my wife and also a letter to my friend Tom Gillespie. Nothing of any importance occurred today.

Friday, Mar. 28th. Coaled ship and hove a rifled gun overboard in consequence of the bore being smaller at the breech than at the muzzle and therefore liable to burst when fired off, as the shell could not be pushed home.

Saturday, Mar. 29th. Weather warm and clear. Nothing going on more than usual. Read today of a fight at Winchester,

Va., between the Reb. General Jackson and Gen'l Shields in which the former got beautifully whipped as he deserved. Turned in at seven bells, as I had turned out at 12.

Sunday, Mar. 30th. Service today by the captain. Then all hands were mustered as is customary. No firing going on except an odd shell now and again from the mortars. The Rebs are keeping mighty still those times, whatever it means.

Friday, April 4th. I understand that the commodore asked the captains of the flotilla if any of them would undertake to run the blockade of the island. They all refused except our captain, who said he would try it. So on Friday evening we got a flatboat loaded with hay bales lashed to [the] side of us, which was to be kept next the batteries and as it was moonlight we were to lie over until it got dark, but before that time the sky became overcast and got dark as pitch. Then the rain began falling and the thunder to roll and the
[89] lightning to flash, which made everything look weird-like and fantastic. We then beat to quarters and put out all lights and kept quiet as was possible. Just as we turned the point of Missouri shore, they opened fire on us with shot and shell and musketry and they flew around us at an awful rate, luckily without striking us once. It was a mighty hazardous undertaking, for if any had taken place, that would have delayed us. We might have been destroyed but thank god we ran clear until we came close to New Madrid, where we ran aground, but after a little work she was got off again and we tied up close to the town. It was now about 12 P.M. After we were made fast, the main brace was spliced, hammocks piped down, and I turned [in] for a short sleep until morning. Just before we started to run it, our first master (the old coward) resigned his place, which was taken by the first master of the Cincinatti.

Saturday, April 5th. Was turned out at 4 bells. Went on deck to have a look at the town. Found that it was a pretty large-sized place and previous to the war had been a great trading depot. In the forenoon the fires were put out and the boilers cleaned. We then took a lot of fire wood on board, chiefly cottonwood rails. Whilst wooding, I went ashore to look at the fortifications which the rebels built and found the sandbags, in place of being filled with sand, were filled with corn which they had taken from the only Union farmer in the vicinity out of sheer wantonness and spite. I found a great many of the finest houses on the place had been burned to the ground and the household gear scattered about in all
[90] directions. Here, pier glasses and stoves piled together. There, feather beds and beef barrels. Everything, in fact, in most elegant confusion. The peach and plum trees were all

in full bloom, which gave the town a very pleasant looking background indeed. Had a visit from Gen'l Pope, who inspected the boat. He is a short, stout man with long, dark hair and whiskers. Does not appear to be any way airish, if he has 40,000 men under his command, and what is better, his men speak well of him. A good many of the men went ashore and brought off several trophies in the shape of pigs and chickens and several other kinds of notions not laid down in the articles of war. Turned in at 8 bells.

Sunday, April 6th. Turned out at 4 bells. Had quarters and service at two bells, after which steam was gotten up and we proceeded downstream with the intention of destroying the rebel batter opposite Point Pleasant. They opened on us from a three-gun batterie, of which we took no notice, more than returning their warm complements in kind. We found that they had batteries mounting from one to three guns, scattered all along the Tennessee shore as far down as Tipton, a distance of about 15 miles, with which they were in the habit of annoying our troops on the Missouri shore, and as they mounted heavier guns than our batteries did, they done so almost with impunity. We lay off Tipton some time, expecting that they had batteries also at this point, but as no signs of animation were visible, we turned round and proceeded upstream to take the batteries in detail. The first one, mounting two heavy guns, was fought well and obstinately, but whether it was the fault of the gunner or not, they could not get the range of

[91] us, as their shot and shell invariably fell short or overreached and of course doing us no harm. In the meantime, we kept lessening the distance that lay between us, so that we could use our grape and canister. In fact, we made it to hot to hold any man, except one bearing a charmed life. There was one man, however, that refused to leave, as he quietly took his rifle and ensconsed himself behind a tree that stood close by the battery and from which he would step out and, deliberately taking aim, would fire and then dodge back again to reload. And so he kept on for about twenty minutes, the boat all this time within an hundred yards of him, firing her four broadside guns, as well as twenty soldiers on deck with muskets and rifles, who also kept up a continuous stream of fire on him and the tree. The tree and the ground around it was cut up terribly. At last flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and he started to run to the woods beyond in a slow and painful manner, as if he was wounded. Our third master stood by the gun to which I belong and strove to hurry him up by sending a couple of pistol shots after him but without effect. And as we had a strand of grape in the gun, he told us to give him that, which we did. And when the smoke had floated away, the rifleman was not to be seen. If we killed him, peace to his ashes. If

still alive, he fights worthy of a better cause, for he was a truly brave man. We now hauled up alongside of the battery and landed some of the soldiers and some of the boat's crew for the purpose of spiking and otherwise destroying the guns and their carriages, and which was done in short order, as they might have had rifleman in

[92] the woods beyond, and they could have injured the party severely. We got a lot of powder and shot, two overcoats, a shotgun, and the rifle belonging to the hero of the tree, which was still loaded and capped as he left it. The party that went ashore found a great deal of blood behind the tree and for several yards along the route which he ran. We left again for the upper batteries, which we engaged until it became so dark that we had to watch for the flash of their guns to see where to fire at. As this was unprofitable work, we stopped until the coming morrow would give us light to finish what we began. We then steamed up and made fast a little below New Madrid, at which place we arrived about 8 P.M., all hands pretty well tired out after that nine hours' spell at the guns. Hammocks were soon piped down and I turned in for a good nap.

Monday, April 7th. Was turned out at 8 bells, I being on the morning watch. When I went on deck, found that it had rained through the night. As it became lightsome, I discovered to my surprise that black hull of one of our gunboats lying about half a mile ahead of us in the stream. Various were the conjectures that were made in regard to which of the boats it was, some ruefully asserting it was the Benton, others denying it on the score of there not being grit enough on board to run her through. After some time she dropped down towards us. One of the ever watchful gunners on one of our small forts sent a shell across her stern and then hailed, demanding to know what boat that we all waited most anxiously for, the answer which came in the form of "the United States Gun Boat Pittsburgh." Our captain then hailed her and told her to drop

[93] down into a bight of the land, which was right ahead of us, as one of our officers was going on board of her. I went in the boat and up to her. Some of her crew told me that they had taken advantage of the storm and darkness and had ran the blockade of the island in the same manner as we had and that the rebs fired some 90 rounds at them but without one taking effect. Immediatly after coming on board again, we had breakfast and steam was put on and we were ready to finish our previous day's work. After we left th levee, all hands were beaten to quarters and the boat gotten ready for action.

By the time that this was done, we were abreast of one their batteries, which immediatly opened fire on us, which we returned with compound interest, sending our rifled shell hissing and spluttering around their heads in every

direction. Whilst we were engaged, the Pittsburgh also came down. Determined to have a hand in, she ran across our bows and delivered her fire, with what effect we could not tell, as it was now drizzling rain and a damp kind of vapor had overspread the river, shutting the Tennessee shore out from our view. She then dropped astern of us and took up a position in by the Missouri shore, from which she continued to heave shells, sometimes over us, in the direction of the fort. After a time, however, the mist cleared away and the sun shone out in fine style. We then closed in with them and dosed them with short range shell which compelled them to beat a retreat in double quick time. A party then went ashore and spiked the guns. We then proceeded leisurely on our way, silencing and spiking all we came across to the numbers of six. At one

[94] place they had an eight-inch gun mounted from which we drove them. About five minutes after they left, our party landed to spike the gun, which they did. They then proceeded towards a fine looking house which stood a little way off and in which they thought some of the rebels had hidden themselves. As the party approached it, they came to a sudden halt, as they thought that they heard the clicking of several gun locks, but as no one attempted to shoot, they mustered up courage to approach it and found that it was on fire, the indwellers or whoever had possession of it having fired it as they were leaving it. It was well furnished with all sorts of household goods. It was an act which shewed the temper as well as the ignorance of whoever did it. What our men thought was the clicking of gun locks was nothing but the cracking and curling of the wooden furniture in the flames, as it lapped them with its fiery tongue. Soon after we left it, a small curl of smoke came razing through the roof and was soon followed by a strong, bright blaze and as we neared the Missouri shore, we could see that it was one blazing mass, from coign stone to chimney top. Some of our generals thought it was our work and seemed not to approve of such doings, but our captain soon disabused them of their error. We now heard that some of our transports had come down from above the island (by channel partly natural, partly artificial, which runs across the bend of the Missouri shore a distance of some eighteen or twenty miles, although it is but 7 by way of the river) to transport

[95] some of Pope's men as soon as would clear the way for them. They then took on board the brigades of generals Stanley and Hamilton and carried them across whilst the two gun boats covered them. They landed at the three-gun battery. A party was sent ashore to bring off whatever stores or material of war they left behind. We found more ammunition in the battery and some barns which adjoined them than we had shotten away in the course of two days' firing. I also went ashore to have a look at things and found that it mounted two

long sixty-eights and an eight-inch iron howitzer. 1 of the long guns had got struck with one of our shell on the starboard trunion and which had of course dismantled it. The howitzer had got struck in the muzzle with a ricochet shot which had knocked it backwards into the trench behind the battery. The battery itself was a substantial work, being built of sandbags to the thickness of several feet and from the bottom of the fosse to the top of the work it was "I should say" about ten feet high. There was also a trench or rifle pit which extended on each side of it for about a quarter of a mile and was about four feet deep. Some of the boys wandered off and could be seen returning to the boat laden with various articles of secesh goods, some with knapsacks, some with blankets, and some with clothing, I having as my trophies four coonskins, a china cup, and a scoop shovel. After all the troops were disembarked and the ammunition all on board, we then left for the other shore where we made fast, head downstream, well satisfied with our day's work of taking and destroying nine guns, besides breaking up a camp of three

[96] thousand men, which I think was a good day's work for one boat.

Tuesday, April 8th. I was on deck last night from ten till twelve. I could see numerous small blazes in and around Tipton which I thought were camp fires, and above all, one bright red glow which looked like a fire to me. Some of the watch said the smaller fires were the rebels' lights to see to strengthen their works to withstand us when we attacked them this morning. However, was [not] destined to solve the mystery. We beat to quarters and dropped slowly down. When we got close down, we could see that our flag was waving over it. We then hurried down and heard the joyful news that Island No. 10 had been evacuated and that two thousand prisoners, including one general, had fallen into our hands.

Before the day had closed, the number of prisoners had increased to six thousand men and three generals -- namely, Gantt, Makall, and Walke, formerly colonel of the 41st Tennessee rebel regiment. We had got all their arms, ammunition, artillery, and commissariat stores and all without the loss of one man. I think this achievement will compare favorably with any of the war, and in my opinion it is all attributable to the skill and courage of Captain Walk of this boat, because if he had not run the blockade and destroyed their batteries, Pope could never have landed his troops and so getting behind them, compelling them to evacuate and then taking them prisoners. Some of the men went ashore and got some of their arms. I also got one from a pile that had just been brought in. They had been armed with all sorts of firearms, from a flintlock musket to a revolving rifle. They

[97] kept their arms in a most dirty and careless manner, as they were all more less breech burnt. Turned in at 8 P.M.

Wednesday, April 9th. Nothing of any importance occurred today.

Thursday, April 10th. Wrote two letters home today, one to my wife and one to my friend, Tom Gillespie. Heard today that a great battle had been fought at Corinth, Miss., between the Union forces under Genls Grant and Buell on one side and the rebels under Beauregard and S.A. Johnston on the other and which resulted in the defeat of the latter after two days' fighting in the second of which Johnston got killed and Beauregard lost an arm. It is said that the slaughter on both sides was tremendous, amounting (so says report) to 50,000 killed and wounded. It is also said that Grant was beaten the first day by Beauregard and driven back some six miles but the timely arrival of Buell with 60,000 men (which made the forces about equal) turned the scale in our favor, but I don't think it is true. I went ashore today and had a good long walk through the country, the soil of which is composed principally of sand and loam mixed, but it is badly farmed, as they trust too much to the nigger. I ran across a few of that class known south as "poor whites" and of a verity they are poor in all that is requisite to bring them up to any preconceived idea of souther men, an American citizen, being small in both mind and body. Moreover, they don't seem to comprehend the question at issue, having derived what little information they possess from those whose interest it is to mislead them.

[98] Visited the home of a widow lady named Davis, who seemed very uneasy at the proximity of our troops, thinking perhaps that we were like her secesh soldiers, ready and willing to steal everything we could get our hands on, as they had stolen six of her horses a few nights before. I found a little keg of buckshot on my road home, which I brought home and gave to one of our masters. Turned in early as I was tired.

Friday, April 11th. Nothing of any importance occurred today except the return of our first master. I also received a letter and two papers from Tom Gillespie, which were very welcome, as I was entirely out of reading matter. The weather begins to feel warm now.

Saturday, April 12th. In the forenoon the whole fleet came down from Island 10, as the commodore came abreast of us, signalled us to get under weigh and follow him immediatly, which we did. As the afternoon wore away, we kept gaining on the other boats and from being the last we came the second in line as we passed downstream. There was nothing to be seen except the same everlasting cottonwood bottom, flooded, and

here and there an old tumbledown shanty propped up like an old worn out stage horse on the verge of dissolution. The river was studded with small islands whose green appearance contrasted pleasantly with the muddy yellow of the stream. About sundown we tied up abreast of the mouth of the Ohio river, famous only as having been the theatre of some of the adventures of the once celebrated Davy Crockett. We were followed down by a fleet of transports (loaded with troops) [99] which looked like huge white ghosts as they loomed up against the dark background of the Arkansas shore. Here the approach of summer made itself rather severely felt in the shape of several 'skeeter'bites. I went on deck with the intention of enjoying the soft spring evening, but it was no use, as they drove me below. I turned in about 8 bells, but it seemed as if they had followed me down as they made it impossible for me to sleep. I then went on deck and staid till 12 A.M. when I went below and slept.

Sunday, April 13th. All hands were turned out at 4 A.M. to coal ship as were completely out of that article. Soon after, a coal barge was brought alongside by the U.S. Steamer Conestoga, but as the coal was covered with water, it was slow work coaling. In the commander of Conestoga I found an old shipmate, who five years ago was a green midshipman on his first cruise. Now he has got an independent command. As the morning mist lifted off the face of the river, a rebel steamer could be described, apparently aground on the bend of the river about a mile below us. She made no effort to get off. After some time, we could see the smoke of several other boats coming round the bend further below. They soon have in sight to the number of four, when they all set to work apparently to get the stranded one off. They plied and ran around as carelessly as if there wasn't a yankee gunboat on the Mississippi. After watching them for about three hours, the commodore very leisurely [signalled] to get under weigh and gave us orders to follow him. It took him about half an hour to get turned around so that by the time that he was fairly under weigh, the rebel boats were two miles on the way to Fort Pillow. Before they left, however, they sent us a few shell, which came a little nearer than was pleasant to contemplate. We also sent them a few, which helped to hurry them up. The whole flotilla was now running downstream as fast as possible, the rebs ditto. We passed only one town on the way, a poor, one-horse place named Osceola. It is in Arkansas and eight miles from the fort. About two miles above the fort we all came to. We lay still for a little, when the commodore sent us orders to follow him. We then ran down to the bend on which the fort is situated. As soon as we came in sight, they began shelling us. We took a hasty look and departed in short order. I could see several lines of white tents and tiers of guns pointed threatningly at the

intruders. None of their shots done any damage, as they shot too high. We then went back up river about two miles and made fast. They had also about 10 boats lying under the guns of the fort. Nothing was done the remainder of the day and I turned in until 12 A.M., at which time I had a watch.

Monday, April 14th. Six mortars were placed in position this morning. A flash and a roar and our first instalment of our national debt was being paid. The firing was kept up through [101]the day and at short intervals through the night. Once in a while they returned the fire, making good line shots, but none of them took effect.

Tuesday, April 15th. The bombardment is still going on, but with what effect we could not tell. I heard that this fort mounted thirty-eight guns, six of them 120 pounders -- so says a deserter from it.

Wednesday, April 16th. Rainy and cold. Nothing going on.

Thursday, April 17th. Gen'l Pope and the whole army has left here for the Tennessee river to reinforce Grant in expectation of the fight at Corinth.

Friday, April 18th. Nothing going on. I am sick with the ague. Feel bad. Sleep on our arms every night in expectation of an attack from their fleet.

Saturday, April 20. Easter Sunday morning. No eggs around but a good supply of "shell." Received a draft of thirty men from Cairo. The old messes were all broken up and reconstructed. I was placed in 7 mess, of which I am now cook. Weather rainy and cold. Fell sick, got a sore mouth to boot. Turned in early.

Monday, April 21st. Nothing going on of any importance.

[102]Tuesday, April 22nd. Nothing of any importance occurred today except the arrival and reading of the following significant document:

Copy

Navy Department
April 12th, 1862

Sir,

The department desires you to convey to Commander Henry Walke and the officers and men of the "Carondelet," also to Acting First Master Hoel of the "Cincinatti" who volunteered for the occasion, its thanks for the gallant

and successful service rendered in running the "Carondelet" past the rebel batteries on the night of the 4th instant. It was a daring and heroic act, well executed and deserving of special recognition. Commendation is also to be extended to the officers and crew of the "Pittsburgh," who in the manner on the night of the 7th inst. performed a similar service. These fearless acts dismayed the enemy, enabled the army, under general Pope, to cross the Mississippi and eventuated in the surrender (to yourself) of Island No. 10 and finally to the capture by general Pope of the forts on the Tennessee shore and the retreating rebels under General Mackall. I would also in this connection render the acknowledgements which were justly due the officers and crews of the several boats who in conjunction with detachment of the Forty-second Illinois Regt., under Colonel Roberts, captured the first rebel battery and

[103] spiked the guns on Island No. 10, on the night of the 1st inst. Such services are duly appreciated by the Department, which extends its thanks to all who participated in the achievement.

I am respectfully

Your obdt. servant

Gideon Welles

Flag Officer
A. H. Foote
Comdg Gun Boat Flotilla
Cairo, Illinois.

Wednesday, April 23rd. Nothing occurred today except the return of some of Pope's troops.

Thursday, April 24th. Nice artillery practice going on today on the part of the rebs, their shell bursting over our mortars every time, but without doing any damage. Item, received a letter and two papers on Tuesday from the little woman at home and also a letter from my friend Tom Gillespie.

Friday, April 25th. Moved from our post (of covering the mortars) about a mile up the river to clean the boilers. A shell from the rebels fell right into one of our mortars, making things fly in all directions, but fortunately without hurting any one. Wrote an answer to my wife's letter of the

15th. Nothing occurred up till 8 bells, when I turned in as I felt rather unwell.

Saturday, April 26th. Nothing of any note occurred today.

Sunday, April 27th. General muster of all hands. Divine [104]service was also held. Wrote an answer to Tom's letter of the

15th. Weather warm and close, very relaxing. All the vegetable world is in full bloom. Deserters still arriving with much news.

Monday, April 28th. One of the late deserters states that the rebels intend making an attack on us some night this week. with thirteen boats, in consequence of which report we get everything ready for action every night before turning in. We also keep watch, and watch and sleep with our side arms on. If they come up, they will have a good time, I don't think.

Tuesday, April 29th. Nary rebel last night. Nothing of any consequence going on.

Thursday, May 8th. Was awakened about 4 A.M. with the cry of "all hands" tumble out, lash and carry, three turns and run, the rebels are coming, and such like expressions. I tumbled out and commenced lashing up all the confusion hard talk incidental to a lot of sailors being roused out of a sound sleep. Some were rubbing their eyes, some bundling their clothes on wrong side up without care, some already dressed but busy swearing. The drum beating to quarters soon got everything quiet, cutlasses were buckeled on, guns trained and the magazines and shell rooms opened in expectation of an attack. After a while I went on deck to see what caused the uproar and found that a couple of their boats, whilst it was yet dray day, had stolen round the elbow of the Arkansas shore with the intention of stealing a couple of our mortars, which weren't there. They Buzzed around for about an hour, taking good care, however, to keep out of range of the rifled shell which were kept in waiting for them. One of them seemed to approach a little but she was warned off by a shell from the Benton, which if it did not hurt her, it scared her badly, as she backed out in short order. After a while, they disappeared altogether and that was the last of them for this day. Got two papers today.

Friday, May 9th. A sharp lookout was kept for them this morning, but they did not make their appearance. The steamer from Cairo brought down Commodore Davis, who is to relieve Commodore Foote. About noon, a rebel tug bearing a flag of truce came around the point towards us. One of our tugs was

immediatly sent down to see what her errand was. All she wanted was to return two of our doctors to us who were taken prisoners at the battle of Belmont in September last. I think they have some ulterior motive in so doing, because they are not generally so magnanimous. About one bell (12 1/2 P.M.) all hands were called to cheer ship as the commodore was going away. We all tumbled up to get a parting look at the old man. He looked very pale and feeble as he was passing us. He said, if he was able, he would come on board and shake hands with all of us and then he wished that God might bless and protect us. A few turns of the wheels and the western flotilla knew Commodore Foote no more.

Saturday, May 10th. Whilst busily engaged washing in the forecastle about 6 1/2 A.M. this morning, I heard some one say the rebels are coming and in looking towards the fort, I saw steamers rounding the point of the Arkansas shore and they were closely followed by several others, as we could see by

[106]their smoke. In the meantime, all hands were called and before the hammocks were off the deck, we beat to quarters. By this time, four or five of them had got round the point and were making for the Cincinnati with the intention of either sinking her or capturing her and the mortar which she covered. The leading and largest of the rebel boats was a side-wheeler and to be iron-cased forward of her wheel houses, as I saw the Cincinnati fire her three bow guns and then, turning, deliver her broadside, fire into her at a distance of a few yards but without seeming to take any effect whatever on her. During this time we had been dropping down rapidly, and when we got within range, we opened on them with our bow guns, but the range was rather high and did not seem to strike her. After a few minutes, however, we got it and our starboard bow gun sent one through her starboard wheel house and (into her boilers, it is thought), as the steam gushed out in huge jets from an hundred different places, I could also see her crew retreat to the fantail. She now dropped astern, and I had to go to my own gun as there was a good chance to use our stern guns.

I then took my station as first sponger and from that time until the fighting ceased I had not much time to see what was going on, except when I would be on the port loading, and then I would look round to see what was going on. I could see their boats and ours mixed up indiscriminately and the shot, shell, and grape flying about in rather a careless manner. In fact, the air was full of flying missiles of sorts. One [107]of their rams was heading for us when a broadside from us caused him to haul his wind. There was also a small steamer of some sort coming for our stern when two well-directed shots from our stern guns entered his wheelhouse and for a few minutes the air was full of splinters. She also left.

They now began to fall down towards the fort and in a short time they were all under its guns leaving us masters of the field. I now looked at the cabin clock and found that the action had one hour and ten minutes. I now went on deck to see what damage had been done. I found that the ram had ran into the Cincinnati in two places and that she was in sinking condition and also that her captain was mortally wounded by a sharpshooter as he had just shot their pilot. One other officer and three men were also wounded, and I believe that is the total of casualties to the Federal side. Our own boat had got struck with some grape shot and shell but without doing any material damage. A tug came to the assistance of the Cincinnati and towed her close to the shore, where she sank, but she will be up again in a few days. Weather very warm and relaxing all the rest of the day. Everything quiet.

Sunday, May 11th. Slept with our side arms on all night to be ready in case of another attack. Divine service and muster. Wrote to my wife. Nothing of any importance took place today.

Monday, May 12th. Another alarm today. Thought they were coming, as they came up to the point, but concluded to go [108]back. By a deserter today we learn that two of their boats have gone under and one is so severely damaged as to be useless. In the afternoon, heavy firing was heard in the direction of Memphis. Flotilla in status quo.

Tuesday, May 13th. The rebels kept up a steady fire from their heavy guns all night. You could trace the course of the shell through the air by the twinkle of its firing eye as it revolved in its flight towards us. There was none of them came near enough to annoy us, however. They tried to steal another march on us with another doctor and another flag of truce, but it would not work, as our tug met theirs before it rounded the point. Everything was kept in readiness in case they came up again. Did not trouble us, though.

Wednesday, 14th May. Being on watch last night from 8 until 12 A.M., I was lying on deck about 10 1/2 P.M. doing some terrible mental swearing at the bloodthirsty mosquito's which were attacking me by brigades, when the hoarse voice of the boatsman's mate startled me by crying out "all hands" and at the same time the order was given to beat to quarters. The mosquito's were forgotten in view of meeting with a "a foe more worthy of steel." The watch who were asleep turned out quickly and piled their hammocks away in all shapes. Belts were buckled on and revolvers were served out. After standing about half an hour at our guns, we got orders to lay down beside them and sleep if we had a mind to. Between that

time and morning, we had three more alarms, but like the first one, they were groundless. Once through the day they made their appearance at the point but did not venture round.

[109] Thursday, May 15th. One more false alarm today. Heard another alarm, which I hope may turn out real, "to wit," that we were to get some money tomorrow. Weather warm and close.

Friday, May 16th. I have heard that thirty men deserted today from the fort and that they say that they are suffering for food in it and they cannot get any supplies, as the people of Memphis are getting back on them, and their bogus government are not able to help them. They sent up a flag of truce today, wanting to know on what terms we would surrender, a rich idea certainly. Money was served out, I getting thirty dollars. It came just in time, as a letter came from home telling me that the funds had run out. I sent twenty-five dollars home by Adams Express, which I hope will arrive safe. I turned in with a merrier heart than I have had in sometime. Oh, almighty Dollar.

Sunday, May 18th. Divine Service and muster. Received a letter from my friend Tom, also two Troy Times from home, in one of which I read of my old tentmate John Dargan being ordenance sergeant in the regiment. Wrote to my wife a letter in which I also enclosed ten dollars, which I hope she will get, as she must want it by this time. It is reported that three rams has arrived to strengthen our fleet. I hope it is so.

Monday, May 19th. Two papers from Tom. The rebels sent up another flag of truce today, wanting to know upon what terms we would surrender the flotilla. What sublime assurance.

Tuesday, May 20th. Nothing of any importance going on today.

[110] Wednesday, May 21st. Another flag of truce today. What they wanted, I don't know - something impertinent, I imagine, as the commodore placed some of the mortars in position and shelled them in good style all the afternoon, the first mortar firing done in ten days.

Thursday, May 22nd. Nothing of moment occurred today.

Friday, May 23rd. The rebels drove in our picket on the point last evening. Heard that we had a battery in process of eviction. Also, on the point our pickets had another skirmish with them in which one officer was killed (by one of his own men, on mistake) and another and three pickets wounded. The St. Louis was sent down to the point to shell the woods, which she did, after which all was quiet.

Saturday, May 24th. Moved upstream to coal ship, which we did. Took a fresh stern gun aboard, whilst lying alongside the transport. Several of the boys imbibed large quantities of "Red Eye," which eventuated in divers pugilistic encounters in which luckily "nobody was hurt." Received a letter from my wife. Wants to know when the war will be over. Would like to know myself.

Sunday, May 25th. Divine service and muster. The rebs sent up another flag of truce, for what purpose, can't learn. Received six fresh men on board. One of them told me that the crew of the Cincinnati were all paid off last week. Answered my wife's letter.

Wednesday, 18th. Nothing worth transcribing has taken place since Sunday. The rebels brought us to our guns twice today but were wise enough to keep out of range of what we had in store for them. Read today of Banks being driven back to Harpers Ferry, closely pursued by "Stonewall" Jackson.

[111] Received two papers from my wife and one from Tom Gillespie. I think, from the symptoms, that a fight is brewing between us and the fort. Hope soon.

Thursday, May 29th. Mosquito's gave me fits last night. I understand that 200,000 more troops had been called to serve for three months and three years and also that "ye galliant Seventh" had departed on another thirty days' pleasure trip to Washington. Have heard that Gen'l Banks was badly beaten by "Stonewall" Jackson, Ewell, and Co., and forced to retreat beyond the Potomac, Banks having about 5000 men, they between 15 and twenty thousand.

Sunday, ~~May 31st~~ June 1st. Divine service and articles of war read. Today all quiet.

Monday, June 2nd. Eureka -- "glorious news" this morning. Corinth evacuated and "Bombastes" Beauregard and the chivalry "Non est inventus" having sloped to look out for a soft spot in that traditional "last ditch," which I am afraid they don't care about, finding peace behind them.

~~Wednesday,~~ Tuesday, June 3d. I think that there is something of importance taking place at the fort, as their steamers are continually going and coming. This evening the "ram" Queen of the West went around the point to reconoitre. After she had got well round, they opened fire on her, striking her twice, but without doing her any hurt. Two of their boats steamed up towards her, when she retired to the shelter of our gun boats, which opened fire on the enemy in return, when they retired quicker than they came.

Wednesday, June 4th. Good news from McClellan and Banks this [112] morning. I hope they will keep on us. Rumours are afloat to the effect that the fort is evacuated. One of our tugs was sent to ascertain the truth of the matter. She did not return until evening when she confirmed it. As it became dark, heavy clouds of smoke were seen to rise from the fort, followed by a bright glare in the sky, as if a heavy fire was raging beneath. After a while a sullen boom came floating through the calm evening air, telling of a magazine blown up. All were impatient for the next day's sun that they might see had detained us for fifty-two days doing nothing on Plum Point bend.

Thursday, June 5th. All hands were called at 4 A.M. The anchor was then hove up, and we waited for the signal to sail. It was not long before it came. All hands went to quarters and we dropped slowly down, preceded by a couple of rams and followed by our transports laden with troops. We soon came abreast of it and found it to consist of several works and mounting, I should think, about forty guns. As I imagined, they had destroyed everything which they could not carry away, burning the carriages from under the few guns which they left (seven in all). They also left some powder behind them, as I could see by the frequent explosions which took place as it caught fire. It was a splendid point of defense and would have cost us a vast amount of trouble and perhaps loss of life to capture it. Our troops were landed and we lay there until noon, when we again got under weigh. Passed Randolph. There was never much of a fortification there. Saw piles of burning [113] cotton just below it. From that dawn, piles of it could be seen on both banks afire. The surface of the river was also strewn with it. We passed splendid-looking farms and of course their usual concomitants of grinning niggers, which waved white cloths at us as we passed about 4 P.M. We ran foul of a steamer which had been destroying everything along the bank. As soon as we were in sight, she started to run and we opened fire on her. Two of our shots were seen to strike her, but she did not hold up, and as she steamed faster than we did, she was likely to get away, but the commodore sent the armed tug "Spitfire" after her. We soon lost sight of both of them in the crooks of the river but every few minutes the report of the tug's gun came to our ears, telling us that she was closing in with her chase. At last, after about twenty minutes, we came in sight of them and found that the tug had captured her. There was a cheer went up from every boat in the fleet at the sight. The crew of the prize had run her ashore as a last resort to save themselves from capture and made good escape through the

woods. She was named the "Sovereign." As we passed her, I could [see] that one of her wheelhouses was shot through and that her bows were all smashed in. She was soon under steam again and following in our wake for Memphis. "Sic transit gloria mundi." We picked up two men in a skiff, which were sent on board the benton. We kept on until Memphis, hove in sight, precaution but "nary reb" or any other man was to be seen. From there we lay, the
[114] lights in the city were plainly seen. There was also a large bright blaze to be seen, like a burning boat.

Friday, June 6th. All hands roused out at 4 A.M. Anchor was hove up, decks cleared, ready for action. We then went to quarters and awaited a demonstration on their part, which they did not seemed inclined to make. We could see that they had nine boats to our four. About 5 1/2 A.M., the Bragg came up towards us and opened fire. It was answered by us instantly. The commodore now signalled the whole fleet to drop down and engage them. We crowded steam on and got right on amongst them and fired our bow broadside and stern guns as the occasion demanded. The bluffs in front of the city were crowded with spectators who were invited by Ed Montgomery to see the Yankees getting whipped. They cheered their own boats as they passed, but their cheering did not avail them against the iron-shod prows of our rams Monarch and Queen of the West, which roamed about like the evil one seeking whom they might destroy. At last, after two hours and fifteen minutes, they were whipped out, leaving eight of their boats in our possession, the remaining one escaping whilst the rest were fighting. We had two wounded slightly by a shot striking us on the ring of the anchor and chocks, sending the fragments onboard. A shell also burst over us, a small fragment striking me but doing no harm. We chased them about ten miles below the city. As we returned, we could see the hull of a boat on the stocks which had been set on fire by them to keep her from falling into our hands. They also ran two others ashore, firing one of them before they left. Just as we got past the burning one, she blew up with a terrible report which sent all hands for their guns, as the bursting of the shells in her magazine sounded as if they had opened a battery on us. We arrived in front of the city at 9 1/2 A.M., the secesh flag still flying. The commodore now sent a flag of truce ashore, demanding the surrender of the city, but as the mob had put the mayor in jail (for fear he should surrender it), nothing could be done, as the people were in a terrible state of excitement. Matters remained so until three P.M., when a party of soldiers went ashore and cut it down. The bluffs remained crowded with people all day. So here we are, with Memphis in our possession. Ed Montgomery's boast (that we should never penetrate the Mississippi any further - see his official account of the engagement on May

10th) to the contrary notwithstanding, beside the gunboats, eight transports, and one wharfboat fell into our hands. They also burned one boat which they had on the stocks. The blaze which we seen last night was another of their boats which ran around, and they destroyed her too. At supper time, grog was served to all hands on the score of the victory. They must have lost over a hundred killed and wounded and about as many prisoners, and so I imagine our last fighting on the Father of Waters is done. Vale.

Saturday, June 7th. From our position in front of the city, [we] can see that the excitement is subsiding fast. Received a letter from my wife and one from Horace van Deusen. The gunboat Cincinnati came down from Cairo today and the Pittsburgh left for the same place. The Avalanche [116] of this morning says that this boat made the best shooting of any of our boats. I would like to know its opinion of us.

Sunday, June 8th. Divine service and muster this morning. The bluffs on the river bank are as crowded as yesterday, mostly women curious to see the Yankees, I presume. City quiet.

Tuesday, June 10th. Some of our officers went ashore on liberty and one of them, Mr. Gilmore, got into an altercation with a secesh blackleg name Forrest, who drew a pistol and shot him (Gilmore) through the abdomen, the ball lodging in the skin one and a half inches to the left of the spinal column. Forrest was immediatly arrested by the Provost Guard and Mr. Gilmore brought off in the boat.

Wednesday, June 11th. A memorable day on the calendar of the "Carondelet" as huge blocks of wood, which by a kind of poetic lisenca are called "holystones," first came into requisition, and as a natural consequence some tall swearing done. Coaled ship in the afternoon.

Thursday, June 12th. The Mound City, St. Louis, and Conestoga, accompanied by two rams, left this morning for White River, liberty parties from the other boats going ashore all day but no liberty for us.

Monday, June 16th. Received two papers from home and one from Tom Gillespie. Considerable dissatisfaction amongst the crew on account of being kept on board whilst all the other boats' crews have been ashore twice. No prospect of getting ashore, either.

Thursday, June 19th. Dropped down to the old dockyard where we took some more lumber on board, then went up to the city.

Ran in alongside of the levee for some more. Memphis looks [117] like a provincial English city. It [is] as if there was a plague in it. Everything looked so lifeless and dull.

The Conestoga came up from below, bringing the sad news that the Mound City, in an engagement with the rebels on White River, had a shot put through her steam chest thereby scalding a great many of her men and that as they jumped overboard, the rebels on the battery, with which they were engaged, opened fire on them in numbers, so that altogether she lost or killed and wounded one hundred and fifty out of a total of one hundred and seventy-five on board. Some Indiana troops now came up and bayoneted the rebs in fine style, not taking but a few prisoners and amongst them the notorious colonel Fry of Tennessee and one of the most bloodthirsty and cruel scoundrels which this secession plague has generated, but he deny's giving his men orders to fire on them whilst in the water. It would be foreign to his nature not to do so. I hope he will get what he merits.

Thursday, June 26th. Nothing worthy of note has occurred the past week. Money was served out today to part of the crew, I getting \$25.00. Tried hard for five more but could not get it.

Friday, June 27th. A liberty party composed of "twelve" petty officers were let go on shore for about "eighty" hours. At the expiration of the time, four were still ashore. Received a letter from home today. Nothing new.

Saturday, June 28th. One of our rams arrived from below said that they had been within two miles of Vicksburg and that it was being fiercely bombarded. Their yawl boat (ram's) ran [118] the blockade of the rebel batteries and held communication with Farragut. She also brought some orders for us, I imagine, as the remaining boats made preparations to get under weigh. We were to start in the afternoon but did not. Answered my wife's letter and enclosed a few dollar treasury. All the liberty men came off.

Sunday, June 29th. Got under weigh at 4 A.M., preceded by the Benton and followed by the Louisville. About twenty miles down, met the St. Louis and Mound City coming up, the latter's being almost all sick, they being a fresh crew. We here lay to for some time and then proceeded slowly on our way as the Benton stopped for to get the mail. Nothing to be seen except the same interminable bottoms covered with the luxuriant summer foliage peculiar to this region. Occasionally, a plantation would be seen with its cluster of Negro dwellings and, standing aloof from its humbler neighbors, the white house of the planter could be descried,

peeping out from its bower of shade trees. In the evening we met the Cincinnati, also returning from White River about 8 P.M. We tied up to the Arkansas shore and I turned in.

Monday, June 30th. Came on deck at 12:15 A.M. and was surprised to find that we were under weigh, which was caused by the Benton coming up with us and, still keeping on her way, passed the mouth of the White River about 5 A.M. and came abreast of Napoleon at 8 A.M., which place contains about 2000 inhabitants. It has also a very fine marine hospital. The Benton again astern of us, the Cincinnati and Louisville leading quarters and will for the first time in three weeks.

Tuesday, July 1st. Morning cold and rainy. Came in sight of the first of Farragut's fleet about 9 A.M. Immediately afterwards, came in sight of the other six which ran the blockade. Their names are as follows: "Hartford," flagship, sloop-of-war Richmond, and gunboats Sciota, Panola, Oneida, Iroquois, and Wissahicon. We came to anchor a little ways from the Richmond. She got four shots on her whilst running past their batteries and had two killed and nine wounded. The other boats suffered in proportion. Seven of our mortars came down behind us and were placed in position to shell the city. Porter's mortars attending to the fortifications. From where we are lying, the dome of the courthouse and the spires of two churches are to be seen. The Louisiana shore in front of the city assumes the form of the two sides of a triangle (owing to the sinuous course of the river). Along the lower side Porter's mortars are placed, and along the upper are ours, so that the city is placed between two fires which must eventually drive them out.

Wednesday, July 2nd. Our mortars opened on the city this morning. It was soon returned in the shape of a large rifled shell which came whistling through the air like a gigantic ~~plover~~ quail. Burst short, doing no harm. The firing was carried on by both parties at intervals all day. No harm to our side.

Friday, July 4th. Independence Day. We are fighting today for what we fought eighty-six years ago - our national existence then against King George, now King Cotton. The whole flotilla fired a national salute at 12 A.M. The [day] passed off dull and heavy for me. If home, I would not pass [120] it in such a manner. Wrote to my wife and sent her ten dollars. Hope it will go home straight. Turned in at 8 P.M. The main brace was spliced on board every craft of the two fleets, with the exception of this one "miserabile."

Sunday, July 6th. Was awakened last night by hearing a

furious bombardment which continued for about an hour as hard as sixteen mortars could throw their shell, aided by a couple of gunboats. The rebels never once replied. Heard that McClellan had taken Richmond.

Wednesday, July 9th. Sick today with the ague. Received a letter and paper from T. Gillespie.

Thursday, July 10th. Received a letter from the dear little woman at home which was very welcome, as her letters always are. Nothing going on of moment.

Saturday, July 12th. Answered my wife's letter and sent her five dollars. Received two papers.

Sunday, July 13th. Divine service this morning. Answered Tom Gillespie. Am twenty-four years old today and the hottest this summer, the glass standing 110 degrees in the shade. SX came down.

Tuesday, July 15th. Weighed anchor at 3 1/2 A.M. this morning (as per order of yesterday) and proceeded up the Yazoo on a reconnaissance in company with the gunboat Tylor and the ram Queen of the West. When about eight miles up, I was startled by the report of a gun (being at breakfast) and the orders "all hands to quarters," "cast loose and provide."

I looked through a port to see what caused all the comotion and I beheld our gunboat and ram retreating from a most formidable-looking monster which was coming down the river in style, at the same time keeping up a steady fire on the Tylor. The ram having refused to butt her, it was about time for us to stand clear and we accordingly

[121] turned our head downstream to avoid being struck by her.

In the meantime, I had got my gun cast loose and ready as I could, which I did. I now became very warm, so I pulled my shirt and hat off, which made me feel better. The decks were very slippery and I asked for sand, which was not to be had, but I soon got a substitute in the shape of a flood of water which came pouring in through a hole in the wheelhouse, caused by an eight-inch solid shot which came through our stern, gutted the captain's cabin, passed through the wheelhouse, sterage and several steam pipes, and knocked a twelve-inch oak log into splinters and then rolled out on deck. All this time the rebel was close astern of us, now on one quarter, now on another, but steadily gaining on us. I got several good shots at her, but I imagine without effect, as her iron-cased sides did not look as if they were breached. She mounted ten heavy guns, three on each side and two forward and aft. Altogether she was a mighty unpleasant looking critter to be closing you up and at the same time throwing solid shot through you. At last she touched our

stern and then ranged up on our starboard side. As she touched our stern, I fired the last shot I could at her and came forward just as she poured her broadside guns into us, which stove in our plating as if it was glass. She then ran across our bows and left us. As she was crossing, I fired a sixty-eight into her at less than two yards distance, with what effect I don't know. We then tried to bring our port broadside to bear on her but she was not in range. She still kept on her way down river and passed from our sight in a bend of the river. We had got aground, but [122] after some work we got afloat and followed her down as fast as our disabled condition would permit us. I now had time to look around and I found that we had four killed, sixteen wounded (some very severely) and twelve missing, all in one short hour's fight. The main brace was now spliced and the excitement subsided a little. When we got down to the fleet, all hands were both mortified and surprised to learn that she (The Arkansas) had ran the gauntlet of all our boats and was safely moored under the batteries at Vicksburg. On the strength of the recommendation given me by the first master, the captain rated me coxswain of his gig, saying at the same time it was all he could do for me now which I think was sufficient, as I was not fighting for an office. The Tylor had ten killed and eight wounded, the ram none, as her capt. would not face the music. About 7 P.M. all of Farragut's above the batteries got under weigh and stood down to engage them and from that time until 10 P.M. a continuous roar of cannonry was kept up and sputtering shells crossing and recrossing in all directions. The last sound I heard as I was falling asleep was the sullen boom of the mortars.

Wednesday, July 16th. Morning cold, rainy, and miserable. Some of our missing has turned up and report three of their number drowned in endeavoring to swim ashore. Our dead were taken ashore at noon and burned. A great many of our crew sick with the ague. In fact, all hands look dull and stupid.

Was on board the Benton. She had one man killed in the [123] engagement with the batteries. Turned in at 8 P.M., I not being well.

Thursday, July 17th. Received a letter and a paper from home, also a paper from T. Gillespie. Was shifted from the wardroom gun to take charge of No. 1 gun. The number of our sick still increasing, the captain being amongst the number. Wrote to my wife. The fleet in statu quo. Changed to mess.

Sunday, July 20th. Went on board of hospital boat "Red Rover" for the first time with a message to our captain. Saw some of our wounded and sick. All seemed to be doing well. Found that some "Sisters of Charity" were stationed on the boat and all the patients spoke very highly of their patience

and self-denial. Heard when I came on board that we had orders to proceed to Cairo as soon as we could get our steam pipes repaired. Wrote a long letter to my friend Tom Gillespie. Cooking again, as our cook was sick. Turned in at 8 bells.

Monday, July 21st. Anniversary of the battle of "Bull Run."

Previous to that "faux pas," not many imagined that the war would last a year and not finished yet. Went alongside the coal barge to coal up for our journey. Thirty contrabands were sent to coal her and help work her to Cairo. Was sent with the first cutter for four day's ice. Got it and a drink when I returned. Was placed in charge of some of the contrabands to see that they worked and to remain until the job was finished. Heard that the two fleets were to attack the city conjointly at 2 1/2 A.M. on Tuesday morning and capture the Arkansas, if possible.

Tuesday, July 22nd. The coaling was not finished until 3 1/2 A.M. I got my grog and turned in for a short nap. Heard our flotilla getting under weigh but no firing as yet. Was awakened about 6 A.M. by cheering on board the boat for the ram "Queen of the West" for the way she behaved in twice

[124] butting the Arkansas, but without effect. I have learned that our flotilla made an attack on the city at 4 1/2 A.M. but that Farragut's fleet somehow did not join them. The Essex, it is said, fired two broadsides into the ram but it is thought without effect. In the forenoon, I brought the captain on board from the hospital boat. The first cutter also brought whatever of our sick were able to stand the journey to Cairo. Twenty-five of the contrabands were kept on board, the remainder being sent back to their quarters about 2 P.M. We got under weigh and left, as our signal quartermaster got left behind. The first master detailed me to act in is place until we got to Cairo.

Wednesday, July 23rd. Came on deck at 4 1/2 A.M. Found that we had picked up another contraband. Both banks of the river lined with deserted dwellings, not a human to [be] seen. Everything desolate, looking as if all hands were dead. About 7 P.M., a man in a skiff came alongside and hailed us. Picked him up and found that he was the pilot of the transport "Sallie Wood" (which left Vicksburg on Sunday with our mail). She had been fired onto by rebels at Island 82 and sunk. She had some passengers on her, both men, weoman and children. When she was sinking, all managed to excape and took to the woods. he (the pilot) got a skiff and some of his luggage and started downstream for the fleet. He lay still daytimes and went on his way at night. He was first starting out when we came across him. Came to anchor until 1 A.M. as we were in the neighborhood of where this

guerrilla party lives.

Thursday, July 24th. All hands were called at 1 1/2 this morning to get up anchor. After being up, we went on our [125] way slowly until about 4 A.M. when all hands were called to quarters. We were now abreast of Greenville, where the rebs lived. We opened fire on the houses and woods but elicited no response whatever. Passed on our way until 4 P.M. when we again went to quarters as we were abreast of where they had the guns when they first fired into the "S. Wood." Fired about fifteen shots and left, as there was nothing to be seen. About 8 P.M. came to off the island where the boat had been sunk. Blew our whistle but no one came. A boat's crew, armed, were now sent ashore to a house on the island to look for traces of the lost ones. Turned in at 9 P.M.

Friday, July 25th. Turned out at 5 A.M. and (picked up a Lieut. of the Wis. 4th and a darkie that were on the Sallie Wood) was surprised to find that we had been aground all night. She only got off about an hour before I came on deck. Took a deserter from a guerilla band on board. In the afternoon came up with the ram Lioness and the transport Pike, the latter having a coal barge in tow. Lay to and coaled up. Took four refugees on board who had fled from Miss. to avoid conscription. Turned in at 9 P.M.

Saturday, July 26th. Turned out at 4 1/2 A.M. In the forenoon, was hailed by three men in a skiff. Were taken on board. Refugees also. They left Ark. to avoid conscription too. They had rowed about 800 miles before reaching us. In the afternoon, got aground again with every prospect of remaining so some time. Worked until 12 A.M. but apparently without effect. Turned in on a chest lid for 3 hours.

Sunday, July 27th. Out at 3 A.M. Tried to get her off. [126] No result. About 9 A.M., the ram Queen of the West came up to us. Sent our guerilla on board in charge of the Lieut. of the Wis. 4th as we were hoping that she would tow us off. Our head swung round and we were afloat once more after being aground 18 hours. Nothing of any importance occurred during the rest of the day.

Monday, July 28th. Made Helena and Gen'l Curtis's army. The captain went ashore and held a short confab with him. He (Curtis) is a short, slight man with a blonde goatee and moustache. Left in the afternoon. Threatning rain.

Tuesday, July 29th. Turned out at 4 1/2 A.M. and found myself at anchor off Memphis. It looks duller than when I last seen it. Nothing going on.

Wednesday, July 30th. Coaled up today. Left for Cairo, leaving the Mound City and St. Louis as guard.

Thursday, July 31st. Came up with the Cairo doing duty off Randolph. Coaled up at Fort Pillow.

Friday, Aug. 1st. Left Fort Pillow about midnight. Passed New Madrid and Island 10. No guns mounted at the latter place that I could perceive. Turned in at 9 P.M.

Saturday, Aug. 2nd. Still crawling upstream at the usual rate of 3 miles per hour. Passed Hickman about 10 P.M.

Sunday, Aug. 3rd. Passed Columbus this morning. Did not see it.

Monday, Aug. 4th. Arrived at Cairo at 8 1/2 A.M., being fourteen days from Vicksburg. Took the capt. ashore to the office. Received two letter from home. Left Cairo for Mound City for repairs.

Tuesday, Aug. 5th. Received two letters and three papers from home.

[127-132 are blank]

[133]60	22	
19		83
<u>11.40</u>	66	
18.26		<u>17.6</u>
1.50	18.26	
<u>\$31.16</u>		
8.36		
<u>22-80</u>		

1 over shirt	2.50	
1 tobacco	47	
4 soap	7	14
pot, pan & spoon		<u>25</u>
3-36		
blank	<u>5 00</u>	
		8.36

[134] John G. Morrison on account with U.S.

March 1st.	4 yards flannel, 62 per yard	2.48
" "	1 pair satinet pants 3.30	3.30
" "	1 cloth cap 1.10	1.10
" "	1 mess pan and kettle 1.40	1.40
" "	1 lb. tobacco 35 per lb	35

"	"	1 lb. soap	7	"	"	7
April 12		2 " tobacco	35	"		70
May 1		2 " "	45			90
"	"	2 " soap	6			12
"	16	By cash				\$30.00
	June 26	By cash				25.00
July 1		2 lbs soap	7			14
Aug 12		1 lb tobacco	45			45
"	"	2 " soap	7			14
Sept. 11		1 " tobacco	47			47
Sept. 11		2 " soap	7			14
						<u>14</u>
\$[66].76						

U.S. in account with John G. Morrison						
Feb. 24	till	Feb. 28th	at	18	per month	2.40
Mach 1	until	April 1st				18.00
"	"	"	Ratom			7.50
April 1	"	May				18.00
"	"	"	"			7.50
May 1	"	June 1				18.00
"	"	"	"			7.50
June 1	"	July 1				18.00
"	"	"	"			7.50
July	"	"	15			9.00
"	"	"	Raton			3.75
July 15	"	August 1				25.00
August 1	"	Sept. 1				25.00
"	"	"	Grog			1.50
						<u>168.65</u>
						<u>66.76</u>
						101.89

[135] March 1st

4 yards flannel	62 cts. per yard	\$	2.48	1
lbs tobacco	35		35	1
" soap	6		6	
1 pair satinet pants	3.30		3.30	
1 cap	110		1 10	
1 mess pan and kettle	140		1 40	
<hr/>				
April 12th	2lbs tobacco	35c	70	
May 1st	2lbs "	46	92	
"	"	2lbs soap	6	
	16th by cash		10 43	May
				30 00
June 26th	by cash		25 00	
July 1st	soap 2 lbs, 7		14	
	2 40			
				<u>59</u>
				25 50
				66.16
129-40		25 50		
<u>64.16</u>		25 50		

62.24		25 50
<u>25</u>		102.012-75
87 24	25.212-50	
	25.025 00	
	<u>.526 50</u>	
	181 15	

<u>2.40</u>	
	181.15
	<u>66.76</u>
\$114.39	

Gun Boat Carond

Miss Mary A Fuller
 No. 12 [James?] Street West
 Dublin
 Ireland

Joseph Boyce
 Newmarket
 Dublin
 Ireland

U.S. Gunboat

Carondelet

June 17th 1862

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[Vol.II - 6 SEPT. 1862-8 JUNE 1863]

John G. Morrison
U. S. G. B. Carondelet
Mound City
Sept. 6th 1862

[1] 1862 Journal of Events

Sept. 6. Turned out at 6 A.M. Went to Cairo for the mail. Received a letter and two papers from Tom Gillespie and also a package from my wife, which contains this book [illegible].

Sept. 7, Sunday. Went for mail. Another litter from T. Gillespie announcing the death of Capt. King and Liet. Dargan in battle with the enemy at Gainsville, Va., August 29th. They were two brave men.

Sept. 9, Tuesday. Rainy. Staid on board all day.

Sept. 10, Wednesday. Went to Cairo for the mail. Found my descriptive list in the Purser's office.

Sept. 11. Went to Cairo for mail. Whilst there, was summoned as a witness in the case of "Nesmith [?] versus the United States" on a charge of uttering treasonable language. My testimony was hardly needed. The charge could not be proved and he was therefore acquitted.

Sept. 29, Tuesday. At 8 A.M. we fired a salute in honor of [the] commodore being promoted to a rear admiral and hoisted his flag at the mizzen in the afternoon. We hauled in alongside of the U.S.N. wharf boat to take in stores.

Oct. 10, Friday. Raining all day and very cold. Our

captain went to Memphis today. Received a letter from home.

Oct. 11, Saturday. Nothing going on. Received a very curious letter from M[?], the major part of which I copied.

[2] Oct. 12, Sunday. As the captain was not on board, we had prayers read to us by the first master.

Oct. 14, Tuesday. The captain returned from Memphis on the De Soto this afternoon. Whilst on the wharf boat, Acting Rear Admiral Porter arrived to take charge of the flotilla, A.R.A. Davis being relieved. Sent an answer to the letter of Oct. 7th. Drew four yards of flannel and one pair of socks from the purser. Fired a salute in Admiral Porter's honor.

Oct. 15, Wednesday. Drew three yards of satinet from the purser. Nothing of any consequence took place.

Oct. 16, Thursday. Purser Nexen paid out a little money today, I receiving twenty dollars. Settlement in a couple of weeks.

Oct. 17, Friday. Sixty men went to Mound City today for shell. Took them aboard.

Oct. 18, Saturday. Went ashore with the Master-at-Arms and bought twenty dollars worth of stores for our mess. Received a letter from home stating that my child was very sick. Turned in about 10 P.M.

Oct. 19, Sunday. Was turned out this morning at 5 A.M. and was surprised to find steam up. After breakfast we hove up the anchor and steamed up river a little ways and commenced coaling up, as we had received orders to go to Helena, Ark. Got done coaling at noon, then steamed to Mound City for to get some of our old crew. Got only one. Left about three P.M. and sailed past Cairo. Came to a little ways below and sent the mail ashore and hoisted all boats up and then stood down the Mississippi. Arrived and anchored opposite Columbus about 8 1/2 P.M. Turned in at 10 P.M. Answered the letter from home and sent 15.00.

[3] Oct. 20, Monday. Was turned out at 5 A.M. Hove up the anchor and kept on our way. Passed Island 10 in the forenoon and Tiptonville about 2 P.M. Came to anchor off Mitchell's Landing at 6 1/2 P.M.

Oct. 21, Tuesday. Turned out this morning at 5 A.M. The anchor was then hove up and we started. Spoke the gunboat

"Pittsburgh" off Osceola. Arrived opposite Fort Pillow about 1 P.M. Passed the remains of Randolph about 2 1/2 P.M. Nothing to be seen. Every house looked deserted. Turned in at 9 P.M. Arrived off Memphis about 10 P.M. and made fast to a coal boat.

Oct. 22, Wednesday. Was turned out about 4 1/2 A.M. Had breakfast and then coal[ed] ship. Found the St. Louis doing guard duty. After coaling, dropped down and made fast to her stern. We having no doctor, hers paid us a visit. Left for Helena about 10 1/2 A.M. Saw the wreck of the Beaugard and Jeff Thompson. Came to anchor about 7 1/2 P.M. a few miles above Helena.

Oct. 23, Thursday. Was turned out at 5 A.M. The anchor was hove up and we went to breakfast. Shortly after, came in full view of the town and anchored, as we were not sure of the channel. The pilot's [horn?] sounded and [he] came on board again. Got under weigh once more and dropped down amongst the fleet. Came to an anchor abreast of the city. Here we found Benton, Bragg, Mound City, Louisville, and Cairo. The captains of the different boats came on board of this boat and visited our captain. Commenced keeping quartermaster's watch.

Oct. 24, Friday. Day warm and plesant. The gunboat Cairo went upriver today as convoy to the steamer Judge Torrence. A mail arrived today but no mail for me. Wrote to my wife.

[4] Oct. 25, Saturday. Turned out at 4 A.M. to keep watch and found it blowing very hard from the norwest, which made me feel very cold. As the day grew, so did the wind and cold, until it reached a climax in the shape of a light fall of snow. Very cold all day.

Oct. 26, Sunday. Did not turn out until 6 A.M. Went on deck and found that the gale had abated a little and the cold likewise. Had divine service and muster at 9 1/2 A.M. Through the day the sun came out quite strong and warm. Another mail and none for me.

Oct. 27, Monday. Warm and clear. Nothing going on.

Oct. 28, Tuesday. About 3 P.M. a steamer was described coming up the river. In short time she could be distinctly seen, carrying a flag of truce at her fore and a rebel flag aft. As she showed no disposition of coming to a halt, our captain thoght that he would send her a remainder and,

according, a rifled shell was sent towards her which had the effect of bringing her up instanter. A tug was despatched with our executive on board to enquire her business. On her return, we found that she had come up on business connected with the exchange of prisoners, her captain at the same time apologizing for coming so close to our position. The gunboat Conestoga arrived from Cairo, bringing a heavy mail, but none for me.

[5] Oct. 29, Wednesday. The rebel boat remained at anchor all night and this morning she steamed up to the town and ran in alongside of the wharfboat, her flags still flying. The Lexington arrived from Cairo, as did also the Emerald with a load of secesh prisoners to be exchanged. After a short stay, she left for Vicksburg, convoyed by the gunboat Conestoga. In the afternoon, the Lexington went to Cairo, carrying the mail with her. "Ye reb" downed his flag.

Oct. 30, Thursday. The transport Brown arrived from Cairo this morning and brought the mail. I received two papers and a letter from my wife. It affected me very much. God help her in her troubles. The rebel boat left this morning. In the forenoon we fired a salute for a new fort which had just been finished. The Louisville, "in tow of B," left for Cairo in the afternoon.

Oct. 31, Friday. General Quarters this morning. All boats were manned, armed, and called away. One of our crew, named Charles Frederickson, a native of Sweden, died on board this afternoon.

November 1, Saturday. Went ashore after the mail this morning. The gunboat Bragg went on a reconaissance downriver at noon today. Received a letter from my old friend, Wm. J. Butler, this afternoon. At night, went ashore with a return mail.

Nov. 2, Sunday. Divine service and muster at 9 1/2 A.M. Then went ashore to church, Thomas R. Davis and I going to the Catholic Church. The Bragg returned this afternoon. Reports seeing nothing.

Nov. 3, Monday. Manned and armed all boats. Crews landed on a dry bar on the river and went through a drill. Answered Wm. J. Butler's letter.

Nov. 6, Thursday. The gunboat "Conestoga" and the transport "Emerald" arrived from Vicksburg late last evening. Drew from the paymaster one scrub brush twenty eight.

Nov. 7, Friday. Mr. Gilmore returned this morning after his long leave of absence. Drew from paymaster one pound of tobacco.

[6] Nov. 8, Saturday. The transport "B" arrived from Cairo this morning bringing a week's mail, I receiving a letter from my wife and four papers from T. Gillespie. Answered my wife's letter. The steamer "Maria Denning" arrived from Cairo en route for Vicksburg with several hundred rebel prisoners to be exchanged. A long letter from the admiral was read on the quarterdeck this afternoon. If he keeps the promises which he therein makes, he will be doing splendid indeed, but such documents are "wery much doubted, wery."

Nov. 9, Sunday. Divine service and muster. After muster, took the captain ashore in the gig, and I strolled around until noon. Mound City and Denning went to Vicksburg.

Nov. 12, Wednesday. The transport "De Soto" arrived this afternoon with the mail, I receiving a letter and a paper from my wife.

Nov. 15, Saturday. Went ashore with the captain this afternoon. Whilst on shore, saw several thousand men embark on board the transports for White River. Heard also that we were going as a convoy to them. Steam was made, but it being dark, we did not leave.

Nov. 16, Sunday. All hands were called at 5 A.M. Got breakfast and hove up anchor. Dropped down a little way and waited for the transports. Whilst waiting, had a service and muster. Got all ready and started again, rather slowly, as the river is very low. Came to off Fryer's Point until soundings were taken, when we resumed our way. Came to anchor at 4 P.M. until the transports came up with us.

[7] Started again and did not stop until we ran aground on a sand bar about 8 P.M. It was very dark and rainy.

Nov. 17, Monday. Turned out at 12 A.M. to go on watch. got thoroughly soaked. Turned in at 2 1/2 A.M. Out again at 5 A.M. About 7 1/2 A.M., the "Ohio Belle" got us off, but we grounded again and remained until 10 1/2 A.M. when we were got off by the boats "Gladiator" and "Meteor." Came to anchor off the mouth of White River at 4 1/2 P.M. About 6 P.M. we hove up anchor again and shifted to another part of the river. About an hour after, our cable parted and we lost the anchor and thirteen fathoms of cable. Went away in the boat about 7 1/2 P.M. and was gone until 11 1/2 P.M.

Nov. 18, Tuesday. Turned out at 6 1/2 A.M. and found that the transports had went up the river to Montgomery Point (4 1/2 Miles) to land the troops. They all returned about noon (without landing) and proceeded up White River, the "Decatur" taking the lead, the last one entering the mouth about 3 1/2 P.M.

Nov. 19, Wednesday. All the transports came down the river this morning as the water was too shoal to permit a landing. At 2 P.M. hove up anchor and proceded up river (about two miles up). We were joined by the "B," which had just arrived from Cairo with the mail. I received a letter from T. Gillespie. Came to anchor off Montgomery Point, where a party of soldiers went ashore and burned Montgomery's house. Hove up anchor again and steamed up river about 10 miles and came to anchor. A new M.D. came on board. The Hero of the Yazoo returned from the hospital also.

[8] Nov. 20, Thursday. The "Maria Denning" arrived from Vicksburg this morning and reported the "Mound City" as being between Napoleon and the mouth of White River but could come up no further as his coal was all burned. The Denning was sent back to tow her up.

Nov. 21, Friday. The Mound City arrived up about 12 A.M. last night. Hove up anchor about 11 1/2 A.M. and started up river, the "mosquito" gunboat "Signal" having us in tow. About 1 1/2 A.M. exchanged numbers with the gunboat "Lexington," which was bound down. Came to anchor at 7 1/2 P.M.

Nov. 22, Saturday. Weighed at 6 1/2 A.M. and started up river. Passed Fryer's Point at 6 P.M. and came to anchor off Helena at 9 P.M.

Nov. 24, Monday. The "mosquito" gunboat "Marmora" arrived from Cairo this morning, bringing the mail. I received a letter and two papers from my wife. Dispatches also came for our captain and immdiatly all hands were in motion, getting ready for a start down river to Vicksburg (it is said). Commenced coaling and got all through about 5 P.M. Hauled out into the stream and dropped anchor to wait for the "Mound City" to coal. Answered my wife's letter.

Nov. 25, Tuesday. Weighed anchor at 8 A.M. and steamed down river followed by the "Mound City" and the "mosquitos" "Marmora" and "Signal," each of the latter having a loaded coal barge in tow. Came to anchor 9 P.M.

Nov. 26, Wednesday. Turned out at 5 A.M. Weighed anchor at 6 1/2 A.M. Passed White River at 8 1/2 A.M. and the Arkansas about 11 A.M. Met the "Lexington." We exchanged signals when she rounded to and followed us. Picked up several contrabands. Sent the "Mound City" on ahead of us. Came to anchor at 6 1/2 P.M.

[9] Nov. 27, Thursday. Turned out at 5 1/2 A.M. Had breakfast and weighed anchor. Picked [up] some more "contrabands," one of them having lived in the woods for over five months. Passed one plantation where all the slaves on it apparently wanted to come off, but being rather short of provisions, had to decline the honor. Passed the remains of the "Sallie Wood." Came to anchor four miles above Lake Providence at 6 1/2 P.M.

Nov. 28, Friday. Turned out at 5 1/2 A.M. Weighed anchor and proceeded down river very slowly. When abreast of Providence, went to quarters and stood ready to fire on them, as one of the darkies said there was some soldiers there, but they did not show themselves. Came to anchor off Milliken's Landing (in Milliken's Bend and about 20 miles from Vicksburg) at 4 P.M. A boat's crew, armed, went ashore on the tug from us and also some men and officers from the "Marmora." As they landed, some guerillas in the woods fired on them and wounded one of the "Marmor's" officers in the right side. Kept a bright lookout, as it is said they have some batteries erected along the shore.

[10] Nov. 29, Saturday. Out at 5 1/2. Hove up anchor about 7 1/2 and steamed down very slowly. Arrived off the mouth of the Yazoo at 10 A.M. Came to an anchor. The "Marmora" and "Signal" were sent up to reconnoitre, twenty men and the gunner going from us on the former and the same complement from the "Mound City" going on the latter. About 3 P.M. some rebel soldiers appeared on the Louisiana shore and appeared to be taking a look at us. After they had looked enough, I suppose, they began to fire their musquits, at us, but we sent a few shell at them and they soon made tracks. The expedition returned at 4 P.M. and reported having ascended about forty miles when they were compelled to return, having struck a masked battery which they were not able to fight on the way. They shelled the woods, thereby driving in the pickets from the river banks and killing a few of them, took two prisoners and a contraband on board, found that the rebs were busy erecting some more batteries down towards the mouth of the river.

Nov. 30, Sunday. Out at 5 A.M. Weighed anchor and stood up river again. About 2 P.M. the gunboat "Lexington" and the transport "David Tatum" arrived down from Helena. All

the fleet now came to an anchor.

Dec. 1, Monday. Arrived from Helena the gunboat "Pittsburgh" as convoy to the transport "Metropolitan," which had on board several hundred rebel prisoners which were about to be exchanged. The Pittsburgh came to anchor astern of us and the "Lexington" took her place and proceeded down to Vicksburg. Coaled ship.

[11] Dec. 3, Wednesday. As the "Lexington" was overstaying her time, our tug was despatched down river to look for her and also carried a letter to some official in Vicksburgh. She returned about 4 P.M. On account of the rainy weather yesterday, I had a severe ague chill last night, and I felt bad today and cannot keep my watch.

Dec. 4, Thursday. The gunboat "Baron DeKalb" arrived as convoy to the three transports "Dacalah," "Tecumseh," and "Sallie List," which had several hundreds of rebel prisoners on board. About 9 1/2 P.M., the gunboat Lexington arrived up from Vicksburg in company with the "Metropolitan," Raining all day.

Dec. 5, Friday. Weighed anchor this forenoon and steamed down river. Just above Milliken's Landing the "Baron DeKalb" got aground and we had to wait for her until she got off. Arrived off the mouth of the "Yazoo" about 1 1/2 P.M. About an hour afterwards, the "DeKalb" arrived and came to anchor. In the afternoon, a woman appeared on the Louisiana shore, waving a white flag. Our cutter was sent ashore to see what she wanted. She said she was the wife of a deserter from the rebel army and she wished to get to her parents in Iowa as the rebel authorities had ordered her to leave. She was brought on board and kindly received by Captain Walke after questioning her in regard to her future movements. He escorted her on board of the "David Tatum"

[12] to await transportation up the river. In the evening the ram "Switzerland" arrived from Cairo, bringing the mail. I received three letters, one from my wife, one from my sister and one from Sandy Gillespie. Not quite over my illness yet.

Dec. 6, Saturday. The ram "Queen" arrived down. Heard that Farragut's fleet was at Port Hudson. A refugee named Thomas Fagan came on board and was detained according to orders. He is a shrewd, close fellow. The mosquito "Marmora" went on a sounding expedition up the Yazoo and found 6 1/2 feet of water on the bar.

Dec. 7, Sunday. Divine service and roll call. Nothing

going on.

Dec. 8, Monday. Another refugee came on board this morning and told the capt. he could pilot a party to where they could find fifty dressed hogs awaiting carriage to Vicksburg, so the capt. sent a boat's crew on board of the "Marmora" armed and went up the river and found them according to promise. We took the hogs and also brought away his family. The gunboat "Cairo" arrived from above and reported being fired into by guerrillas at Milliken's Landing. A quartermaster named William Smith was wounded in the arm so that it was found necessary to amputate it. She shelled the woods where the guerillas were and also blew down a couple of houses in the village. The mail came down on her. Nothing for me. About 7 1/2 P.M. the "Lexington," in company with the transports, came up from Vicksburg.

[13] Dec. 9, Tuesday. The "Lexington" and transports left for Cairo this morning. The transport Champion No. 3 arrived from Helena with a couple of loaded coal barges in tow. We were to ascend the Yazoo today but in consequence of Capt. Walke being sick the expedition was deferred until he got well.

Dec. 10, Wednesday. Coaled ship this morning. The "Champion" went up river again. The ram "Switzerland" also was ordered up, she having a case of small pox on board. Received two refugees from Vicksburg on board. Nothing to be learned as their stories are contradictory.

Dec. 11, Thursday. The "Marmora" and "Signal" ascended the Yazoo to within two miles of Snyder's Mills. Nothing occurred except the bursting of an infernal machine close to the former.

Dec. 12, Friday. As our captain's illness still continues and as the water might fall, the gunboats "Cairo" and "Pittsburgh" and the mosquitos were sent up the river this morning, we only sending a boat's crew and an officer and the Mound City the same. The ram "Queen" also went with the expedition. The expedition returned about 4 1/2 P.M., bringing the unwelcome intelligence that the gunboat "Cairo," whilst ascending the river, had struck upon a submarine infernal machine and was almost immediately blown up, as she sunk in twelve minutes after striking it. No one lost, however, she sunk in deep water and is totally out

[14] of sight. Took two prisoners on the way down, one white and one colored. Received a "contraband" on board who says he has been servant to Beauregard, Van Dorn, and

lastly to Gen'l Smith, the present commandant at Vicksburg. He says they have only forty guns mounted.

Dec. 13, Saturday. Signed debt account with paymaster today for the three months ending with December. Clothing account \$8.06. Small stores \$2.40. The transport "White Cloud" arrived from above and passed down to Vicksburg with prisoners.

Dec. 14, Sunday. Usual routine of Sunday duty. The "White Cloud" came up this afternoon.

Dec. 17, Wednesday. In consequence of our stores running out and no sign of any coming to us, we weighed anchor and stated up river to see what detained the store ship. As we approached Milliken's Landing, we went to quarters and remained until after we passed. Came to anchor about 6 1/2 P.M.

Dec. 18, Thursday. Weighed anchor about 8 1/2 A.M. and kept on up. As some guerillas were hovering about, we went to quarters but they did [not] deem it prudent to fire on us. About 4 P.M. the "Lexington" hove in sight with the Sovereign in convoy. We immediatly turned about and proceeded down river again. The "Lexington" brought a long-watched-for mail. I received a letter from home. Came to anchor at 6 P.M.

Dec. 19, Friday. Weighed anchor at 7 A.M. and arrived off the mouth of the Yazoo about 9 A.M. Answered by wife's letter.

Dec. 20, Saturday. Ram "Lioness" and the transport "City of Madison" arrived from above, the latter having on board prisoners about to be exchanged. The ram brought a small mail, mostly papers, I receiving six as my share. The rebel pickets, taking advantage of the prescence of the flag of truce which accompanied the prisoners, showed themselves in groups along the levee, smoking and lounging about in the most nonchalant manner imaginable. About 1 P.M. the prisoners left for Vicksburg, the gunboat Lexington acting as convoy to them. Queer war, this, when a man has to be protected from his own friends. In the afternoon, the ram "Switzerland" and the transport "Champion No. 3" [arrived], the latter having two loaded coal barges in tow. She reports being fired into by guerillas at Milliken's Landing, one shot (a 6 Pr) passing through her pilothouse. The gunboat "Taylor" arrived from above.

Dec. 21, Sunday. The usual routine of Sunday duty, but as

the captain was sick, our first master read prayers in his stead. River rising.

Dec. 22, Monday. Coaled ship. Nothing of any note passed.

[16] Dec. 23, Tuesday. The Lexington and transport came up this morning and reports Jeff Davis and Joe Johnston in Vicksburg. The gunboat "Benton" and two mosquitos arrived from Helena. The gunboat "DeKalb" and "Signal," accompanied by a tug and the ram "Queen," ascended the Yazoo this morning about 11 1/2 A.M. The tug returned in haste about 1 P.M. The gunboats Renton, Taylor, and Lexington, in company with two mosquitos and the ram "Lioness," ascended the river. About 7 1/2 P.M., the DeKalb returned. Had no news. The tug "Erebus" returned about [time omitted] and reports one killed and one wounded on he by guerillas when about fifteen miles up.

Dec. 24, Wednesday. One of the rams came down the Yazoo this morning and reports one killed and three wounded on he "Benton." The tug Intrepid came down also, she being disabled. Buried the cook of the "Erebus" in the afternoon. Christmas Eve. I wonder how my wife is spending it. Better than me, I hope.

[17] Dec. 25, Thursday. Christmas Day. "Oh" What. Visions of roast turkey and sech-like the name recalls. About 1 1/2 P.M. a steamer hove in sight, which proved to be the "New Uncle Same" with Admiral Porter on board. Close behind came a fleet of transports, ninety-two in number, carrying McClernand's army and bringing up the rear came the gunboat "Louisville." Immediatly, all hands were on the "qui vive" for a mail, which came, I receiving two papers from home and a letter from my friend Tom Gillespie. The ram "Sampson" came down with two loaded coal barges and whilst endeavoring to turn round, she swung against the "Mound City," thereby staving in one of the barges and of course losing all the coal.

Dec. 26, Friday. The flagship (bearing the admiral), accompanied by the gunboats "DeKalb," "Cincinati" and a few "mosquitos," with fifty transports, ascended the Yazoo. About noon the gunboat "Louisville" also went up. The gunboat "Taylor," being out of coal, came down to get some and reports that after destroying several torpedoes, they got within range of a battery at Snyder's Mills. They opened fire on it but received no answer. There was a slight skirmish took place also between the advance guard of our army and a body of rebels. The rebels fled across the "old River," destroying the bridge behind them, so that we had to give up the pursuit. Answered Tom Gillespie's

letter and wrote one to my wife.

Dec. 27, Saturday. The ram "Monarch" arrived down this morning and at noon came the "Conestoga." Whilst maneuvering the boat to see if she could be fought head down stream, we parted one of our best hawsers and lost our heaviest anchor and 60 fathoms of cable.

[18] Dec. 28, Sunday. Heavy firing heard through the night. It slacked about 4 A.M. but recommenced about 8 A.M. and was kept up until 1 P.M. with a fierceness and regularity that told of hot work. About noon the "Rocket" came down from the scene of the conflict and reports us having taken three earthworks which commanded the approaches to Vicksburg on one side. The rebels fought well and contested every inch of of the ground. It is also reported the capt. and 12 men were killed on the "Benton" and that she was not able to cope with the battery and therefore backed out. Sent the mail up in the "Rocket" as she and the Conestoga went up in the afternoon. The mosquito "Ratler" arrived down. She brought a small mail. I received a letter from my wife. About 4 P.M. the transport "Minnehaha" arrived down with 1100 prisoners to be exchanged, but Capt. Walke couldn't see it in that light whilst fighting is under weigh.

Dec. 29, Monday. The fighting is still going on. We are beating them back slowly but at the same time surely. We have taken our 1000 prisoners already. Our two mortars are at work at the Yazoo fort steadily but seem to make no impression.

Dec. 30, Tuesday. Everything in "status quo." Received a refugee on board which came all the way from Red River to us.

[19] Dec. 31. At sundown we unrove our ridgeropes and coiled our hawsers down in our forward deck in preparation for a fight. About 7 P.M. we weighed anchor and in company with the "Mound City" and "Pittsburgh" steamed up the Yazoo river to Johnston's Landing where the flag was lying. Came to anchor about 8 1/2 P.M. Turned in soon after and so ended the year 1862. I am thankful that I have lived to see the end of it.

January 1. Hail to the New Year. Was turned out at 1 1/2 A.M. (very cold indeed). Weighed anchor, went to quarters, and placed everything in readiness. Put out all lights and fires, lit our battle lanterns and was ready. The "Pittsburgh" came alongside of our port side and made fast to us, the "Mound City" being in the rear. We started up towards the batteries (7 miles) but owing to a dense fog we did not make much headway, as it was go-ahead slow, stop, back her, all the time. Just as we got within long rang, a tug came in a great hurry and we were ordered back to the landing. Got there about 4 1/2 A.M. Came to an anchor. Hammocks were piped down and the boys turned in until 9 A.M. when the hands were again called and we went to breakfast.

[20] Plenty of yarns around. Lay still all day surmising why we were ordered back. I took the captain on board the flagship. He returned at 6 1/2 P.M. Everything was not ready for another start and about 8 P.M. we weighed anchor and instead of going [up], we went down and 9 1/2 P.M. found us on the Mississippi bound for Island 10. So much for calculations. Passed the "Mound City" and "Pittsburgh" at the mouth of the Yazoo.

Jan. 2, Friday. Came on deck at 12 for watch. Shortly afterwards spoke the ram "Lancaster" and the transport Tigress, the latter having Gen'l McClernand and staff on board. A couple of his staff came on board and held a pow-wow with our captain. Raining heavy all the afternoon. On account of the terrible heavy rain and intense darkness, we were forced to come to an anchor about 9 P.M. Not having anything but a "Kedge," we dragged. About 9 1/2 P.M. all hands were turned out to heave it up again. Dropped and hove it up three times through the most disagreeable of nights. I got soaked thro.

Jan. 3, Saturday. Out at 6 A.M. Still raining as if the floodgates of Heaven were open and intensely dark to boot.

[21] The darkness however was occasionally made to appear still more intense by repeated flashes of very vivid orange and blue lightning. 8 P.M. Has rained steady since we got under weigh at 8 1/2 A.M. and no signs of it ceasing yet. Every place wet and miserable. As the spar deck leaks, the gundeck is flooded all the time. Anchored at 6 P.M.

Jan 4, Sunday. Turned out at 2 A.M. to keep watch - "Ye Gods," what a change. The sky was as clear and bright as a baby's eye and "ye moon" looked as serene as if a cloud had never obscured the brightness of her passionless looking phizog. The hands were turned out at 4 1/2 A.M. At 5 A.M. the anchor was weighed and we again started on our way

rejoycing. At 10 A.M., instead of divine service, we hauled up along the bank and took in about 40 cords of fence rails and instead of praying we fiddled (on the rails). The same operation was gone through at about 3 P.M. and again at 4 and again at 6. About 7 1/2 P.M. we were overtaken by the gunboat "Lexington" on her way to Arkansas River. She made fast to us and helped to tow us along. She reports that all our forces had fallen back from the banks of the Yazoo to a position on Milliken's Bend. She also brought us a mail which was due us from below. I received nothing as my letters are on the Blue Wing, which was captured by the guerillas off Napoleon and taken up Arkansas River about 11 P.M. We took five "contrabands" on board which hailed us from an open boat.

[22] Jan. 5, Monday. Steaming up the river about 3 P.M. we were overtaken by the hospital boat "Red Rover." Our tug was dispatched with our mail to her, but as she was not going up immediatly, she did not take it. When our tug returned, all the old crew were agreeably surprised to see our old purser come on board to make the long-wished settlement of our accounts. He reports that all our forces had left the region of Vicksburg and were on their way up to Arkansas River "en route" for "Little Rock," About 7 P.M. we came to anchor about 5 miles below Napoleon where we found the "Red Rover" and the gunboat "Conestoga," the latter being aground and out of fuel.

[23] Jan. 6, Tuesday. Came on deck at 2 A.M. About 2 1/2 A.M. the mosquito "Rattler" arrived down as convoy to some transports which had brought coals to the fleet. A loaded barge was brought alongside of us and all hands called to coal ship. The "Rattler" brought a few letters for me. Got done coaling about 9 A.M. Weighed anchor and went to breakfast. About 11 A.M. we came abreast of Napoleon. A good many men were to be seen, lounging around, who scowled and looked black at us as we passed. Saw the remains of one of the "Blue Wing's" coal barges about 2 P.M. whilst steaming close into the Mississippi shore. The boat was hailed by a boy on the bank. We stopped and our captain enquired what he wanted. He said that his sister and himself were left alone and they had nothing to eat, whereupon our captain ordered the purser to give him some provision, which he did, the captain himself giving him some of his own private stores, "for which may his shadow never grow less." About 6 P.M. we passed the mouth of the White River.

Jan. 7, Wednesday. Turned out at six A.M. and found that the mosquito "Marmora" had come up with us through the morning and was fast alongside, towing us. About three

P.M. the mosquito "Juliet" overhauled us and came alongside and made fast to us. Arrived off Helena about 8 1/2 P.M. About 10 P.M. we hauled in and made fast to a coal barge.

Jan. 8, Thursday. All hands were turned out at 4 A.M. and coaled ship. A mail came on board last night. I received a letter from home and one from Wm. J. Butter. Answered wife's letter. About 3 P.M. we got under weigh in tow of the "V.F. Wilson" and steamed up river. It being verry foggy, we were obliged to tie up to the bank about 9 1/2 P.M.

[24] Jan. 9, Friday. Morning foggy and chilly. Cast off about 7 A.M. and steamed up river. Two of [our] petty officers were left behind on the bank. Our tug was sent after them and with some trouble found them. The river being on the rise, we did not make much progress and we came to anchor at 6 P.M. Evening very foggy.

Jan. 10, Saturday. Turned out at 4 A.M. Hove up the anchor and proceeded on our way rejoicing. In the forenoon we met the new style gunboat "Chillicothe" on her way down to join the fleet. She is the queerest-looking specimen for a war ship that ever I seen. She may be a useful boat but I vow she is not a handsome one. Passed Memphis at 4 P.M. Came to at one of the "Chickens" to fix our wheel. Was put on the blacklist for an indefinite period for skylarking.

Jan. 11, Sunday. The hands were not turned out until 7 A.M. Divine service at 10 A.M. Stopped at Fulton about an hour (12 till 1). Passed Fort Pillow at 2 1/2 P.M.

[25] Jan. 12, Monday. About 11 1/2 last night I was awakened by a violent concussion. I sprang out of my hammock instantly and ran to [the] companionway but owing to all hands being on the same errand as myself, I could not get on deck to see what had caused such an uproar. It seemed as if the boat was going to pieces, glass falling and timber cracking and splitting to which were added the noise of falling bodies. I thought we had encountered another accident like the one at Island 10. Then I thought that a snag had run through her bottom. I had my mind made up for a swim ashore as I came to the conclusion that the old "Carondelet's" time had come. I sought the ports, but they were all closed, but after a while, as I did not hear the water running into her, I knew there was no danger and I returned to my hammock. I then learned the scare was occasioned by a large snag taking us in the port bow. It slid up the ironfaced casemate and ripped off our hammock nettings,

tearing down our awning stanchions and breaking our hogchain and its supports. The boat sank down about four inches on the port side. We rolled all the shot amidships and proceeded on our way slowly, passed Point Pleasant and "Tiptonville" in the afternoon and about 8 P.M. we came to at "New Madrid." About 11 1/2 P.M., a mail came off.

Jan. 13, Tuesday. Turned out about 6 1/2 A.M. The mail was distributed and I received two papers from home. Left "New Madrid" about 10 1/2 A.M. and ran alongside the Island on the Tennessee side and made fast about 2 1/2 P.M. Weather cloudy and cool.

[26] Jany. 14, Wednesday. Commenced raining last night. Raining all day very heavy until about 6 P.M. when snow began to fall. Heard that the Island was not threatened by any secesh but for reasons best known (to himself) the commanding officer at Columbus ordered all the guns on the Island and 10,000 rounds off ammunition to be destroyed at the same time and whilst depriving the troops on the Island of all means of defence he made no provision for their removal in case they were attacked by the enemy but gave them special orders not to attempt to fight by any means. We lost by the operation eighty-nine guns. It may be all right but it looks queer.

Jany. 15, Thursday. Eight inches of snow this morning and still falling. Weather cold. Signed accounts with our late purser up to Sept. 30th, 1862. I signed for \$81.02 instead of \$92.99 as I anticipated, not having been allowed for my full ration, which was stopped from May 31st till July 14th. I demmurred considerably but I could not help myself. A mail came on board but nothing for me. I answered W.J. Butter's letter of Dec. 28th. Evening very cold and frosty.

Jany 16, Friday. Intensely cold all day. Water freezing very rapidly. No difference btween here and the banks of the Hudson today.

Jany. 17, Saturday. Weather moderated last night. Day pleasant compared with yesterday.

[27] Jany. 18, Sunday. About 5 1/2 this morning I was awakened by the captain's steward, having been sent for by the capt. I turned out double quick and went into the cabin. The captain informed me that he had been ordered to Cairo to take charge of the new gunboat Lafayette and he wanted to know if I would go with him. I told him I would be very glad to [go] with him. So he told me to pack up my things and be ready to go on board the mosquito boat "New Era,"

which was lying ashore of us. I was soon ready and then lent a helping hand to get his things packed. At 8 A.M., all being ready, we went aboard and we were soon after under weigh for Cairo. The "New Era" was just from the Arkansas River and was carrying the news of a fight at Arkansas Post which had taken place the previous Sunday, and she had then on board nine of the rebel officers which had been taken prisoners. We arrived off the naval wharf at Cairo about 9 1/2 P.M. The captain immediatly went asore and I turned in as itwas raining heavily. There were five of us come with the captain -- namely, John Ford, Terry P. Robinson, Maurice Phillips, Benjamin Holmes and myself.

Jany. 19, Monday. Was roused out at 5 A.M. Still raining. Watching for daylight that I might see the boat I was going on. After the mist lifted, I could see a long, huge ironclad monster with two very high wheelhouses. Watched all day for the captain to come off to us but "nary come." Rained steady all day. Turned in about 9 1/2 P.M. In the afternoon the "Lafayette" moved out into the stream and the "Eastport," which came down in the afternoon, took her place at the wharf boat.

[28] Jany. 20, Tuesday. Turned out at 5 A.M. About 10 P.M. the captain arrived off in a tug. All our traps were placed on board and about 11 A.M. we went on board of the "Lafayette." Everything was in the utmost confusion on board of her and four only of her eight guns being mounted. Got a fire started in the cabin. The captain got disgusted at the appearance of things and left for shore. I found about thirty men on board. We made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances would admit. In the evening I wrote a letter to my wife. Turned in about 10 P.M. I turned in on the cabin floor as it was the best place to be had.

Jany. 21, Wednesday. Stormy and uncomfotable. The captain returned on board to stay.

Jany. 22, Thursday. Slept in one of the coal bunkers last night as it was the best place I could find. The captain went on board of the receiving ship "Clara Dolsen" to get a few men if possible so that he could get a boat's crew as there were not enough men on board that knew how to pull an oar to man his gig. Picked out twenty-five men, most of them being of our old crew which we left behind us in the hospital last fall. A letter from home.

Jany 23, Friday. The new gunboat "Indianola" arrived down from Cincinati. She is of Monitor-style with a pair of

wheels attached, which gives her rather a queer appearance.
In the forenoon went to the "Dolsen" after our draft but we were only allowed to take ten instead of twenty-five, as the others were going on the "Eastport."

Jany 24, Saturday. Received a letter and six papers from T. Gillespie. Answered his letter.

Jany. 25, Sunday. Weather fine. Divine service and muster at 10 A.M. Was not present, being ashore with the boat. The mechanics worked at the boat all day.

[29] Jany. 26, Monday. Raining hard all day. Cold and uncomfortable. Had a couple of hours hard work in the afternoon, clearing drift-wood from our bow. Answered my wife's letter of the 16th. A few days ago Captain Walke received a communication and today the following answer was returned to it.

Copy U.S.S. "Lafayette," Cairo, Jany 24th, 1863

Sir

Agreeable to your request I herewith subjoin a list of names of the petty officers and seaman who have most faithfully, valiantly, and efficiently served their country on board the "Carondelet" while she was under my command in the various battles and perils she has encountered during this Rebellion.

I think that they merit the distinguished notice of the government as provided by Section 7th of the act of Congress "to further promote the efficiency of the Navy":

Michael Reilly	Matthew Arthur
James Whalen	George Midlam
John G. Morrison	John Ford
Charles Wilson (1st)	Thomas White

Lieut. Comdr. S.L. Phelps	I remain very
Comdg. U.S.S. "Eastport"	Respectfully your
Obdt. Servt.	
H. Walke, Capt.	

U.S.N.

P.S.

[30] The above mentioned men were with me at the capture of Fort Henry, Feb. 6th, 1862, Fort Donelson, Feb. 13th and 16th, Island No. 10, March 17th, running the blockade, April 4th, capture of rebel batteries opposite Point Pleasant, April 6th and below New Madrid, April 7th, naval engagement above Fort Pillow, May 10th, battle of

it. Nothing going on of any account.

Feb. 13, Friday. Received a letter from home.

Feb. 15, Sunday. Divine service and muster at 10 A.M.

Feb. 16, Monday. Received two papers from home. Drew twenty-five dollars on account from the purser. Dispatched the whole of it to my wife the same evening by the Adam's Express and answered my wife's letter of the 13th.

Feb. 18, Wednesday. Received a letter from Tom Gillespie.

Feb. 19, Thursday. Drew a new hammock.

Feb. 22, Sunday. Divine service and muster at 10 A.M. Received a letter from my wife.

Feb. 23, Monday. Received two papers from T. Gillespie. About 9 1/2 P.M. we were roused out by the boatswain mate calling "all hands." The men turned out in all haste. The order was then given to clear the guns for action. After considerable time and trouble we got them into position and loaded small arms were placed handy, guards were doubled, and everything made ready to guard against surprise. We then turned in all standing but we were not troubled.

Feb. 24, Tuesday. I learned this morning that some querillas appeared on the Kentucky [shore] opposite and was the cause of last night's alarm. We received a draft from the "Clara Dolsen" of 75 men.

Feb. 27, Friday. The officers and crew all being on board, the "Lafayette" was placed in commission.

[33] Feb. 28, Saturday. Left the levee about 9 A.M. and started down the river. Passed "Columbus" about 11 A.M., Hickman at 1 P.M., and Island 10 about 3 1/2 P.M. Saw the "New Era" laying there doing guard duty. Wrote a letter to my wife and sent it away. Came to anchor about 6 1/2 P.M.

March 1, Sunday. All hands were called at 5 A.M. The anchor was hove up and about 6 A.M. we started. At 9 1/2 we went to quarters. Had divine service and the Articles of War read to us, then a general muster of all hands. At 1 1/2 P.M. we passed "Fort Pillow," an hour later "Randolph," of which there is nothing left. About 6 1/2 P.M. we spoke the "V.F. Wilson" and she reported that the gunboat "Indianola" had been taken by the rebels whilst on an expedition up "Red River." Our captain received a dispatch from her. We passed Memphis at 8 P.M. and sent

mail ashore. Turned in at 8 1/2 P.M.

Mar. 2, Monday. All hands were called at 5 1/2 A.M. Had breakfast soon after. Passed "Helena" at 6 A.M. and "Friar's Point" about 7 A.M. In the forenoon spoke a steamer which reported that the "Indianola" was captured by the rebel gunboats "Music" [?], "Webb," and the late U.S. ram "Queen of the West." In the afternoon had a drill and tried our bow guns. I fired two shells. Whilst at quarters the "Conestoga" came along and told us that the Indianola sunk the "Webb" and then went down herself. Passed "Napoleon" at 4 P.M. Turned in at 8 1/2 P.M.

[34] Mar. 3, Tuesday. Turned out 6 A.M. Arrived off the mouth of the Yazoo River at 11 1/2 A.M. Went up a little way and came to anchor. Found that we had this river blocked up by a string of mortars and two eight-inch hawsers stretched across the stream with the gunboats "Benton" and "Carondelet" doing guard duty over them.

March 4, Wednesday. The "Carondelet" dropped down alongside of us and two of our nine-inch guns were given to her. Saw all of the old bums. Admiral Porter and General Grant paid us a visit through the day. In the afternoon signed my accounts on the "Carondelet" up to the day of my leaving her. had due me ~~\$269.41.~~ Received about 20 soldiers from a broken-up Illinois Regiment (the 101).

Mar. 5, Thursday. Commenced moving our two "Parrotts" aft. It will be a very difficult job in consequence of the narrowness of our gangways. The admiral again visited us today. Got the first gun off about 9 1/2 P.M.

Mar. 6, Friday. Mounted the gun in the forenoon and in the afternoon began to get the other aft. Did not get it aft until 10 P.M. I felt very sick in consequence of having a touch of the chills and fever.

Mar. 7, Saturday. Got the second gun mounted this forenoon. Had considerable boating to do, practising the crew. Drew from the purser one pound of tobacco at 80 cents per lb. Was very sick all the afternoon. "Oh" how I wished I was home. Did not get our hammocks until 10 1/2 P.M. as we are getting ready to go somewhere.

[35] Mar. 8, Sunday. Turned out at 6 A.M. Went to quarters at two bells. Had divine service and muster at 4 bells. About noon we hove up anchor and went in alongside the bank. In the afternoon we had several cutter loads of visitors from the different boats in the fleet. Turned in at 9.

Mar. 9, Monday. Turned out at three bells. Went with the captain to the flagship. Returned about 10 1/2 A.M., when we hove up anchor. About 11 1/2 A.M., the admiral and Gen'l Sherman. We then backed out into the Mississippi and stood a little ways and went to dinner. After dinner we backed down below the Williams Canal and came to. All hands were beat to quarters and we opened fire on Vicksburg with our rifled Parrotts and fired eleven shots without eliciting a reply. We then left for the Yazoo again. Whilst passing the "Louisville," I noticed that they had a sham gunboat made for the purpose of sending down past the rebel batteries. About 7 P.M. the "Dolphin" was manned by six volunteers and two officers to see her off. One of the quartermasters being sick, i had to stand his watch. I was on from 8 until 10 P.M. It was very dark and raining. Tuirned in at 10 1/2 P.M. I had been asleep some time when I was aroused by the sound of the gun. After I had put on my belts, I went on deck and found that it was raining heavily and intensely dark except when a flash of vivid blue lightning illuminated the dismal-looking river and woods. About 1 1/2 A.M. - "bang" - went a gun from Vicksburg and

[36] we knew that the "Dumby" was drifting past the batteries. Bang, went another, and so it was kept up until they fired ninety-three shots. All hands slept on their arms all night to be ready in case of an emergency as a large bright light was seen up the river. I turned in on a pile of hammocks in the "Den."

Mar. 10, Tuesday. Stood a watch from four until six. I learned today that our last night's scare was occasioned by some of our boats (which were out foraging) lighting a large fire on the bank of the river. Rainy and uncomfortable all day.

Mar. 11, Wednesday. Sunshiny and warm after yesterday's rain. Drew a pair of boots from the purser, priced three and a half dollars.

Mar. 12, Thursday. Had a general boat exercise this afternoon. Put down on monthly division clothing bill for six yards of flannel and three yards of satinet.

Mar. 13, Friday. An expedition consisting of the gunboats "Carondelet" and Tyler and Champion No. 3 (transport) and also two tugs went up the Yazoo River on a reconaissance. All but the "Carondelet" returned to this place about 4 1/2 P.M., she staying up at Johnston's Landing. Keeping quartermaster watch again. Two weeks from Cairo and no mail yet.

Mar. 14, Saturday. The gunboats "Pittsburg" and "Tyler" went up the Yazoo this morning, the Tyler returning about noon. At three P.M. the "Price" arrived down, bringing the long-wished-for mail. Immediately all hands were on the "qui vive." After a delay of two hours ours came on board and then what crowding there was around the bearer. At last they were served out and, "Eureka," I received two letters

[37] as my share. The papers will not arrive until tomorrow. In all corners of the ship could be seen the boys scanning their letters with evident pleasure. I know I did, as I had not heard from home in almost four weeks. Three of our boats were detailed to ram guard all night. My old chum John Ford received an appointment as master's mate this evening and was ordered to report for duty on board the "Benton," and so another mackerel chap departeth and George Whitehouse reigns in his stead. As for Ford, may his shadow never be less and may he live for a thousand years.

Mar. 15, Sunday. All hands were called about 5 A.M. Steam was gotten up. We cast off our moorings and dropped down abreast of the "Williams" Canal, which hasn't left fifteen miles inland. In the meantime the gunboats "Mound City" and "Cincinnati" entered the Yazoo, the former taking up our position and the latter continuing onto Johnston's Landing. At three bells we had divine service and muster.

Mar. 16, Monday. Rainy, misty, and uncomfortable. Commenced coaling ship. Sherman's division of Grant's army went up the Yazoo in transports. Today it is reported that the "Carondelet" has went into Back River and got in behind Vicksburg. Lights were stirring about the point all last night. About 6 P.M. the rebs commenced firing over at the canal and continued it at intervals of five minutes all through the night. I think they are evacuating. John Ford joined the Benton today. This is my wife's birthday. I wonder how she is spending it.

[38] Mar. 17, Tuesday. The weather being warm and clear, a perfect contrast to yesterday, finished coaling ship. Drew from the purser six yards of flannel at fifty-five cents per yard and three yards of satin at ninety per yard

Mar. 18, Wednesday. Very warm and cloudless. The mosquito "Linden" came alongside and reported heavy [firing] at Haines Bluff. Cannonading from Vicksburg at intervals all last night. I think they are evacuating.

Mar. 19, Thursday. Weather same as yesterday. At the cannonading again last night, some of the shells bursting

right close to where we lay. With the glass, large bodies of troops attended by baggage waggons could be seen leaving Vicksburg. The seventh and eighth Missouri regiments were captured by the rebs up the Yazoo yesterday.

Mar. 20, Friday. Weather splendid. Firing last night the same as usual. Three of Farragut's fleet has arrived opposite Warrenton. Four ships started to run past Port Hudson, but one (the frigate Mississippi) was destroyed in passing. She had bales of hay on her deck, and a shell, bursting amongst it, set it on fire and she was totally destroyed.

Mar. 21, Saturday. Weather cloudly and comfortable. Shooting savage last night but nobody hurt. About 6 P.M. desperate firing down the river. It seemed as if there was a general engagement going on. The roof of the court house in Vicksburg was covered with people looking down the river. It lasted about an hour. About 10 P.M. a colonel came on board of us and told us that the firing was occasioned by Farragut passing Warrenton and that he was now lying abreast

[39] of the canal and out of coal and wanted to know if we would tow a barge down to the point and, setting it adrift, let it float down to him. Done so.

Mar. 22, Sunday. Went to quarters at 9 A.M. Divine service and muster at 10 A.M. Whilst at quarters heard very heavy firing below Vicksburg. In the afternoon heard that the firing was caused by the gunboat "Albatross" running past the batteries at Warrenton bound down. In the afternoon five steamboats, carrying the marine brigade, arrived down. Evening wet and cloudy. A mail arrived this evening but nothing for me.

Mar. 23, Monday. Rainy and cloudy all day. It was arranged for the Monarch to run the blockade this morning but not being dark enough it was deffered until another time. Wrote a letter to Tom Gillespie.

Mar. 24, Tuesday. Dirty weather. The rebes have kept quiet this last couple of nights. Not a sign of life to be seen anywhere about the city.

Mar. 25, Wednesday. Came on watch at 4 A.M. About 5 A.M. the two rams "Switzerland" and "Lancaster" cast off their lines and backed out into the stream, each having a coal barge alongside. After some little delay they started down stream towards Vicksburg. By this time it was just breaking day, but they kept under the shadow of the shore so that they could hardly be seen, but no sound came.

After a while there was a small bright flash. "Ha" - there goes a gun -but no sound came. Another and another followed in quick
[40] succession. Still no report. All hands were completely mystified in regard to the flashes which were now shooting forth from all parts of the city but making no noise. We could see the smoke of the boats as they passed between us and the town hall. All hands were the surmises in regard to the supposed silence of the rebel batteries. About 6 1/2 A.M. heavy firing was heard down the river. Went to quarters at 9 A.M. About 10 A.M. three forlorn-looking soldiers made their appearance on [the] river bank and stated that they had belonged to the ram Switzerland and she had been destroyed whilst passing Vicksburg. They stated that as soon as they came within range, the rebs opened on them, sinking the "Lancaster" and disabling her companion. There were none killed but several drowned, and the pilot and engineer of the "Switzerland" were severely wounded. The admiral came down from the fleet today as the expedition is a failure.

Mar. 26, Thursday. Took the captain on board of the flagship a long and very heavy pull in the afternoon. Had boat exercise.

Mar. 27, Friday. Got under weigh about 7 A.M. and started towards the mouth of the Yazoo. Came to alongside the "Sovereign" and took on some iron and then kept on our way up the river until we came to Johnston Landing where the Tyler was doing picket duty. We relieved her and she passed
[41] on down in the afternoon. The fleet came down looking awfully used up, some of the boats being minus their smokestacks, hammock nettings, and boats, the old "Carondelet" as usual being the worst, she having had the lead. The rebels jammed them up so in a narrow place that they had everything in readiness to blow the boats up. For some days nobody durst go on deck for fear of the concealed rebel riflemen. After considerable work and some fighting, they got clear and returned without accomplishing anything except destroying nine plantations and about a million dollars worth of cotton.

Mar. 28. Saturday. Whilst on watch from two until four this morning heard very heavy firing at Vicksburg. Learned today that it was occasioned by two more rams running the blockade. They got through safe. About 11 A.M. had target practice with our bow battery. Some fair shots were made. We then hove up anchor and returned to the mouth of the Yazoo where we arrived at noon. About 2 P.M. the "Tuscumbia" and New National arrived down, the latter

bringing the long-expected mail. I took the captain over after it and I received two letters, one from my wife and one from Tom Gillespie. Answered Tom's about 10 P.M. A breeze set in from the NW and increasing until it blew a regular gale. Several boats were blown from their anchorage but no harm was done. It abated about 1 A.M. but left the atmosphere very cold behind it.

[42] Mar. 29, Sunday. Quarters at 9 1/2 A.M. and divine service at 10 A.M. Weather very cold and unpleasant. Answered my wife's letter.

Mar. 30, Monday. A mail arrived down today and I received three papers from home. Weather very cold.

Mar. 31, Tuesday. Weather warm and pleasant, a contrast indeed to that of yesterday.

April 1, Wednesday. The flagship "Black Hawk" and the gunboats "Tuscumbia" and Price followed by the mosquito "Linden" went on a reconnaissance down the Red River. They returned about 4 1/2 P.M., with what result I did not learn. We took on vast quantities of ammunition today and I think it means a journey past Vicksburg the first dark night that comes. Considerable April Foolisms has been played on one and another today.

April 2, Thursday. Weather beautiful and warm. A general court martial is being held on board to try an engineer for uttering secesh sentiments. Large bodies of troops were sent up the Mississippi today, destination not known. In the afternoon the flagship went away from here.

April 3, Friday. Court still in session.

April 5, Sunday. About 12 o'clock last night the gunboats "Carondelet" and "Mound City" got up steam and steamed down towards Vicksburg. Shortly after, heavy firing was heard from the rebels and it is believed the boats ran past their batteries. Had divine service and muster at 9 1/2 A.M. The boats did not go past last night as it was not dark enough.

[43] April 6, Monday. Nothing going on. A mail arrived down but nothing came for me.

April 8, Wednesday. The "New National" went up today, taking "Old Wilson," "Maurice Phillips" and several others of the "Carondelet's" old crew whose times had expired, some of them several months ago.

April 9, Thursday. A court martial is being held today on Eugene Daly for mutiny. He is charged with having refused to do duty and inciting others to do the same. He came with me from the Potomac army on detached duty on the 17th of February, 1862, and claims to be returned to his regiment as a soldier. Cannot be kept on detached service for more than one year. He would not be returned as the naval authorities state that we were sent here for our whole time of service. Daly denies it and would not work as a seaman and so the case stands. Him and 12 others are confined on the flagship.

April 10, Friday. The "Black Hawk" went up the Miss. this morning and in consequence of the prisoner not being present, the court did not sit. I drew from the purser eight yards of flannel at 55 cents per yard and one silk handkerchief at \$1.05. Great preparations are being made by some of the boats to run the blockade some of those dark nights. The "DeSoto" arrived down.

April 11, Saturday. The mail was served out this morning. I received a letter from home with a paper from some stranger. The prisoner being present, the court sat. I was called as a witness for the defense. I gave my testimony, which I think had a favorable effect on the court.

[44] April 12, Sunday. Divine service and muster at 9 1/2 A.M. Answered my wife's letter.

April 13, Monday. The expedition from Yazoo Pass returned this morning, having lost several lives and accomplished nothing. Cause, "wait 'till tomorrow." The "Chillicothe" is so badly damaged that she has gone to Cairo for repairs. Her sliding port shutters, on being struck, wedged and could not be used, so they had to shoot them out from the inside. Her turret was not able to resist the smallest shot that struck, being built of three-inch iron backed by only nine inches of pine wood. She is nothing in fact but a huge swindle on the government. The "Price" and "Carondelet" went alongside a hay barge and took in several on their port side to protect their machinery. We moved all our boats over on to our starboard side. The court martial finished today, their decision not know yet. Rained heavily all the early part of the night.

April 14, Tuesday. In the afternoon, covered the forecastle with ranges of chain and greased our port side with a heavy coat of pork grease. We unshipped our ventilators, forge, and all unnecessary gear round the deck. Covered our quarterdeck and fantail with loose

sheets of iron and then coiled hawsers on top of them. In the afternoon we took a coal barge alongside and thirty-five bales of hay, which were spread over the tender parts of the boats and saturated with water. About 5 1/2 P.M. the "Benton" left her moorings and dropped down into the Miss. At 6 1/2 P.M. the Price

[45] came alongside of us and made fast. At 7 P.M. we cast off our moorings and dropped down stern first to the mouth of the Yazoo and came to an anchor until it was time to start. It is a splendid night, it being intensely dark. About 9 P.M. it got reported round that we would not start tonight, after all our preparation. Turned in at 9 1/2 P.M.

April 15, Wednesday. Was aroused at 4 A.M. by the cry of "all hands." Turned out. Went on deck and found that we had not moved during the night, transports not being ready to accompany us. About 6 A.M. the Price was ordered to cast off from us (in consequence of dragging our anchor). She did and we came to astern of the "Tuscambia." In the afternoon we lifted our anchor and went in alongside of the shore. Turned in at 8 P.M., as we were to get under weigh at 12 A.M.

April 16, Thursday. Did not get asleep last night until about 11 P.M. Was roused at 12 A.M. by the cry of "all hands." Went on deck and found it clear and starry. All the boats had steamed up. About 12 1/2 A.M. the "Price" came alongside and made fast to us. Soon after a tug came alongside and told us to look out for three bright lights from the "Benton." Then we were to get under weigh and follow her lead. The time for starting arrived (1 A.M.) and no signal yet. About 1.45 A.M. a tug came and told us that we were not going down tonight as the army transports (which were to accompany us) were not ready. Several

[46] remarks were made, not at all complimentary to Gen'l Sherman. The watch was set and the remainder was piped down. Through the day all the transports which were to accompany us came to anchor in the Yazoo so that there might be no delay in getting off this time. About noon the "Lexington" and "Pole Star" arrived down from Cairo. The latter brought the mail but I received nothing. I however wrote to my wife telling of what I expected to take place tonight. About 5 1/2 P.M., took the captain on board the flagship. Returned at 8 P.M. Whilst away, had quarters on board this boat when Eugene Daly's sentence was read off. He was sentenced to four years' hard labor in the Penetentiary, approved by D.D. Porter. Went on watch at 8 P.M. Kept a good lookout for the signals from the Benton to get under weigh. About 9 1/4, two lights were hoisted on the "Benton." We immediatly got under [weigh]. It did not

take long as our anchor was hove short. The "Benton" had much difficulty in turning head down, but she got round eventually, and we followed her slowly down stream. We then went to quarters and all unnecessary lights were put out and strict silence kept. I went on deck at 10 P.M. and looked down at the city. Everything looked quiet and sleepy, but the signal lights flashing now and then told us that they had their (far from sleepy) eyes on us. About 10.45 P.M. we rounded the Point, when - whang - went a gun and the shell came whistling and

[47] screaming through the air. It fell short. Silence for about a minute (which seemed an age) when they tried it again, this time a little nearer. Another short spell and then they opened on us with about a dozen guns. We made no reply but kept on our way. After a while one struck our bow port but did not come through. They are getting the range of us. Crash - and 130 pounder rifled Whitworth came a-tearing through our casemate and making the splinters fly in all directions. We now opened on them with our port broadside guns and gave them a round. By this time we were right in the centre of their fire. Crack, crack, and again we were pierced. It now seemed as if the whole shore for miles was lined with guns. They fired from ahead, abreast, and astern of us. It literally rained fire and this boat was a target and could be seen quite plainly as they set fire to a barn, which threw out a strong, ruddy glare against the black sky. All this time we were only drifting with tide as [we] were covering the weaker boats. We touched bottom once and remained still. Then how the devils cheered and yelled, thinking that we were done for. They now opened with musquetry, field pieces - in fact everything that could throw a shot - and for 15 minutes it was truly awful. Whiz, thump, and again and again we are

[48] struck, this time further aft. We had now got off and we dropped slowly out of range. They still kept up their fire, although their shots almost always fell short. Early in the fight the coal barge, which we had in [tow], received a shot and was now filling rapidly, so we cut her and the "Price" adrift. After steaming down a little ways, they opened on us with field pieces. One of the boats replied and so we passed "Warrenton," having been one hour and 40 minutes under fire.

April 17, Friday. Came to an anchor about 2 A.M. Soon after I took the captain on board the "Benton." She had only 4 men wounded. Returned about 2 1/2. Hammocks were piped down, but I turned for a snooze in the "Den." At 7 A.M. was awakened by Peter 3d for breakfast. After breakfast went on deck and found that we had been struck twelve times, three shot having penetrated us (for which we may thank our neutral English cousins), they being all

rifled Whitworths which came through. I saw several fragments of round shot which broke to pieces on our sides.

at 10.30 A.M. the whole fleet got under weigh and at 1 P.M. came to an anchor off "New Carthage,La." of the three transports which started with us, only one lived to get through (Silver Wave). Of the other two, one (Henry Clay) was burned. The other (Forest Queen) was sunk. The Silver Wave was manned and piloted by soldiers, her crew refusing to take her down. About 2.30 P.M. the "Tuscumbia" and us got under weigh and went down river. About five miles below "New Carthage" we saw the remains of the "Indianola," her wheel houses being out of water. We went to quarters and

[49] run our guns out as the "Tuscumbia" was busy shelling out a querilla camp. We went down about a dozen miles, then turned and came up again. Remained at quarters about one hour but did not fire a shot. Arrived back about 7 P.M. and tied up to the bank. We passed many fine plantations through the day, amongst others that of Mrs. Porterfield, the niece of Jeff Davis, her and her husband sitting at the door as we passed. Several large plantations being under water, the levee having crevassed.

April 18, Saturday. The town of "New Carthage" consists of one house, a grist and saw mill, and cotton gin and has in porsperous times a population of seven white souls besides a couple of hundred niggers. The "Pittsburg" went down and took the remaining eleven-inch gun of the "Indianola," the others having been burst, and the rebels took her two nine-inch [guns] down to Grand Gulf. A working [party] went ashore from all the boats and took the coals off a coal barge and put them ashore. Two regiments arrived from "Milliken's Bend."

April 19, Sunday. A working party was sent ashore to finish unloading the coal. Divine service and muster at 10 1/2 A.M. Several regiments arrived during the day. Gen'l Osterhaus paid us a visit. He is a tall man and looks every inch a soldier. Wrote a letter to my wife and sent it away by the army mail. The most of the crew received short liberty today.

[50] April 20, Monday. The transport "Forest Queen" arrived down this morning, badly shot through but not sunk as reported. The "Tuscumbia," "Mound City," and Price went down river to act as covering party to the troops, which are now being sent down about ten miles.

April 21, Tuesday. All the soldiers left this morning. Raining by starts all day. About 8 P.M. went ashore with the captain. Went on board the "Benton" where all the

captains were in confab with the admiral. Returned on board at 9 1/2 P.M.

April 22, Wednesday. The whole fleet got under weigh at 9 A.M. and started down the river, the "Benton" having the lead, the "Price" and us bringing up the rear. Plantations became thicker as the river is descended. About noon came in sight of "Grand Gulf." Then we wore round and stood up river again for about five miles where they all made fast to the bank except us, who remained out in the stream. About 1 1/2 P.M. the admiral, accompanied by all the captains in the fleet came on board. We then dropped slowly down, stern first. We went to quarters and opened fire on them with our stern guns. They replied twice but their shots fell short. We fired seven shots and then hauled off more shell which passed over us, so we moved a little higher up. The works look a good deal like Fort Pillow but all the guns that could be seen were two pieces - thirty-two's, I

[51] judged. We also saw a small steamer plying between the mouth of "Big Black River" and the works. Tried to hit her but failed but tomorrow will tell the tale as we are to attack it. Night calm and clear. We are to stand watch and watch tonight.

April 23, Thursday. "All hands" were called about 6 1/2 A.M. A terrible heavy cannonade was heard about midnigt in the direction of Vicksburg, several hundred having been heard. Went on deck about 6.45 to see how we lay. The "Benton" and "Tuscumbia" were not to be seen, having went up the river again during the night. Between 7 and 8 the "Carondelet" and "Mound City" dropped down and came to anchor astern of us. In the afternoon the "Price" came down with Gen'l McClernand, another office, and our special artist on board. After firing a few shots and making a few sketches, she left as she came. Weather pretty warm.

April 24, Friday. Working like beavers on the fortifications in front of us. About noon I reported my time out to the now "Commodore Walke," as I have served the two years for which I enlisted. He said that he would speak to the admiral about me when he seen him. In the afternoon the "Price" came down with the admiral on board. The commodore went on board. Us and the "Mound City" opened fire on the works with our stern guns. After firing a few

[52] rounds, the admiral signalled to us to cease firing, which we did, and he immediately went up river again.

April 25, Saturday. A couple of men in a skiff was brought

on board her by the "Louisville's" boat, they wanting to go down to the "Grand Gulf." The captain would not let them go but they produced a pass from Admiral Porter giving them that permission. It was dated the 22 inst. On sight of that they were allowed to go down, though known as two of the most bitter secessionists in this section. A good many comments were made on the policy that allowed such men to pass through our fleet into the enemy's lines.

April 26, Sunday. Divine service and muster at 10 A.M.

April 27, Monday. The "Price" came down this afternoon with the plan of attack which was ordered to be read to the crew at quarters. The four Turtles are to take the lead, then the "Tuscumbia" and "Benton" next. Then we were to float down stern first and when we could use our stern [guns] no longer, we were then to fight them with our broadside and bow guns. We all expected a mail from the "Price" but no such good luck befel us. Tomorrow we are to begin.

April 28, Tuesday. About 10 A.M. transports with barges in tow filled with troops arrived down. They soon landed the men and went for more. Soon two more arrived and then the "Price" with a disabled steam boat in tow brought up the rear. About noon the "Benton" and "Tuscumbia" came down and
[53] tied up to the bank. We got everything in readiness in case we were to go down, but the day passed over without anything being done.

April 29, Wednesday. At 7 A.M. the admiral made signal for the fleet to get under weigh. We did so. Then the Turtles steamed slowly down, the "Tuscumbia" and "Benton" after them. After they had all passed us, we dropped down slowly, stern first. We then went to quarters and opened our magazines. About 8 A.M. the first gun was fired by the rebels at us but it fell over and ricocheted a half mile beyond us. Again and again they tried but with the same result. They now depressed their guns as their shots now fell as far short as they formerly did beyond us. About this time the rest of the fleet opened on them with their bow guns (and us with our stern ones) which had the effect of diverting their fire from us onto them. Pretty soon we were abreast of them and opened on them with our nine-inch [guns] and howitzers. The whole atmosphere trembled with the concussion of the repeated broadsides from the boats, nor were the rebels idle as they replied to us almost shot for shot from their various batteries. In fact the whole hillside was one continued line of flame. Some time before this we had brought our bow guns to bear on them and were

[55] firing at the rate of two shots in three minutes. Then we would lose the range as we would use our broadside and stern guns. About 11.30 A.M. the rebel fire began to slacken and finally 12.30 A.M. saw all their batteries silenced except one (the upper) four-gun battery on the first bluff, and they were so high above us that we could not hit them so often as we wished. The firing had also ceased on our side with the exception of this boat. The "Tuscumbia," having been partially disabled, had dropped down out of the way. The "Louisville" also staid below, and the others had gone up and left us to contend with the battery alone. We got a good position in an eddy at a distance of nine hundred yards and then didn't the sand fly, but it was no use as we could not dislodge them. The admiral now signalled to us to cease firing and come up. We obeyed the order slowly, returning shot for shot until we got out of range totally. We steamed to where the fleet was lying and made fast to a tree astern of the "Pittsburg." The retreat was beaten and I left my gun, having been five and a half hours at it, and I may safely say it was the hardest fight I ever was in. Went in on a tour of inspection round the boat and found that she had received sixteen shots besides fragments innumerable, one taking away our steam whistle. Of our six boats, three are totally riddled and one (the barge), davits

[57] and all went together. At 2.15 P.M. went to dinner. Not much to eat as the fires had been out all day. Took the captain on board "Benton." Passed the "Pittsburgh." Her boats were all smashed and she was badly cut up, having about forty shots in her. One shell came through her port side and, bursting, killed seven men and wounded several more. One went on through her pilot house and took the foot off the pilot. "Mound City" and "Carondelet" received but a few shots each, and no one hurt us, only one man slightly. Lay down for a short snooze as our work for the day was not yet done. About 5.30 P.M. we hove up anchor and dropped down to within easy range and opened on them with our bow guns. They soon returned the compliment, hitting us three times, not hurting anyone or doing any damage. We stayed with them until about 7.50, when we hauled off about a mile and came to anchor. Supper was piped and I went at my regular beans. 8.15 P.M., hammocks were piped down. In fifteen minutes they were again piped up as there was a little more for us to do. (Gen'l Grant had marched 30,000 men across the land about eight miles below and transports had to be run past the batteries tonight.) About 8.45 the boats up river got under weigh. We did the same and stood ready to bring up the rear as usual. The "Benton" ahead,

[59] followed by the turtles, came creeping down under the shadow of the woods. The rebs seen them fast enough as

they opened fire on them as soon as they came within range. The boats answered in their usual style, and under cover of the smoke, the transports sneaked down one by one and got round the point. It looked fine to see the shells go twirling and twinkling back and forth. The rebs, on our withdrawal, had returned to the silenced batteries and were now firing as fresh and as vindictive as ever. We were also giving them "Parrott" to keep them busy. After the last had passed, we turned head down and followed them as leisurely as possible. As soon as we came abreast, they opened on us afresh, hitting us ten times but doing no damage. We did not return the fire as the smoke would have blinded the pilot. Overtook the rest of the fleet and about 11 P.M. we tied up to the bank. 11.30 hammocks were again piped down. I felt very glad as I was extremely tired and sore, having fired eighty-five rounds through the day. At 12 A.M. I turned in for a snooze.

[61]

April 30, Thursday. All hands were called at 5 1/2 A.M. After breakfast we took a couple of regiments of infantry on board. The other boats took all they could carry and we started down river. We went to quarters in case there was any attack made on us. Ran down about ten miles and landed the soldiers then came back for another load. Had to go alongside the "Tuscumbia" and get some coal as ours was all used up. She was badly cut up in the fight. Four shells burst in her engine room, disabling one engine. Another shell came through one of her ports and killed five men and wounding twenty some of them, mortally, it is thought. In the afternoon took another load of soldiers down belonging to Major General McPherson's 17th Army Corps. At 8 P.M. started up again. On the way up ran alongside the transport "Anglo Saxon" and commenced coaling ship. Did [not] get through until 11 1/2 P.M. In the meantime some of the boys had found out some barrels of whiskey on board of her. It was soon circulating pretty freely, guards to the contrary notwithstanding. I, of course, had a moderate allowance, which made me sleep sound until

May 1, Friday. Guttenberg called me at 6 1/2 A.M. We were then under weigh. Passed the wreck of the transport "Horizon," which had been run down by the "Moderate" She had some field pieces on her which of course were lost. She had also a large load of soldiers but we picked them up. Heavy firing in the direction of "Port Gibson" all morning. Took another load of soldiers down this forenoon. One of the wounded died on the "Tuscumbia" today. In the afternoon wrote a short letter to my wife. Late in the evening a mail arrived overland. Everybody was in a fever of expectation as we had no mail in three weeks. About [time omitted] P.M. it came aboard and was distributed and

I received two letters, one from home, the other from T. Gillespie. I was
[62] detailed tonight for a boat expedition to look out for a couple of coal barges which were to be sent down past "Grand Gulf" to us.

May 2, Saturday. Was not called upon to go in the boat. About 5.45 the coal barge was espied drifting down the river a little below the batteries. Immediately a whole fleet of boats put out towards it. One of our cutters reached it first and made fast to it. Then all the boats tried to tow it but could not. The "Price" crept out from her berth, made fast, and soon landed it alongside the levee. After breakfast a working [party] went ashore from all the boats to unload it. Answered Tom Gillespie's letter. Two more of the "Tuscumbia's wounded died today. As a suspicion was felt that the rebs were evacuating the batteries, we were detailed to go up and find out. Accordingly, at 11 A.M. we got under weigh and went up slowly to go within about a mile and then we opened on them with our bow guns. Pretty soon a cloud of smoke and the whizzing of a shell convinced us that there was whiskey in that corn. After a few exchanges we left them for a short time. A strange sail was discovered coming up the river. Many surmises were made as to her. Some said the "Webb," some a ram. After a while she came up alongside the "Benton" and proved to be the ram "Switzerland" from "Farragut" and "Red River." After supper all hands were called to muster and the following address
[65] to the fleet from Admiral Porter read:

[address missing]

after the address being read, all hands were called to coal ship. As we had received orders to proceed to Red River to join "Farragut," one quarter watch went coaling and another went on the boats and brought forty rounds of eleven-inch ammunition from the "Tuscumbia" on board of us. About 11 P.M. the transport "Forest Queen" arrived up from the army, bringing four hundred and forty prisoners which were captured in yesterday morning's fight at "Port Gibson, La."

May 3, Sunday. Did not turn in until 2 A.M. was awakened at 5 1/2 A.M. by the noise of the boat getting under weigh. About 5.45 A.M. all hands were called to quarters. I tumbled up to find what was up. I learned that four explosions had taken place at "Grand Gulf" which looked as if the rebels had evacuated, blowing up their magazines behind them. We were now running up as fast as we could, followed by the rest of the fleet. When within the distance of a mile, we slacked up and fired two eleven-inch

shell at the works but no answer was returned. Then we fired three blank charges and ran up alongside, shoved out a gangplank, and then our marines, followed by the first division of sharpshooters, went racing up the bluffs at railroad speed to see who would gain the fortification first. The first to enter was George Dawson, who waved his cutlass over his head and took possession of the hill in the name of the United States. Then John Beffel hoisted the "Stars and Stripes" and we saluted it with three rousing cheers. We then moved up to the fourgun battery, ran alongside, and made fast to a tree. The captain, followed by the most of

[69] our officers, then went ashore to look at the works. I also managed to strike "terra firma." I also struck a beeline for the works to see what I could confiscate to my own personal use and advantage. I found a carpet sack but it was unfortunately empty. This battery was very strong, mounting three sixty-eights and one seven-inch rifle. They were all spiked, of course. One had a load in and as it had become hot from its burning carriage, it went off upsetting itself out of its position. I then set off on a tramp over the hill. It is a beautiful country but blighted looking as all slave [?] territory is. Several more of the boys were here on the forage also. Here might be seen one chasing a chicken with a drawn cutlass, there another hunting an old gander with an empty horse pistol. Altogether it was a highly ludicrous scene. After considerable racing and a corresponding amount of hard praying, the enemy was captured. I got a bobtailed chicken, another three geese. We all had from one to five chickens, and one a yearling bull. We then started for the boat. I and another got safely aboard with our prizes, but the others were not so fortunate as they met the admiral on the bluff. He abused them for thieving and ended up by ordering them to take the things on board of the "Benton" where they went to enrich his larder, bless his gallant and magnanimous heart. About 9 1/2 A.M. we returned to the coal pile and went on with our coaling. At 11 1/2 A.M. the Benton made

[71] signal for us to get under weigh and follow her lead. We did so and four of us started down for Red River (the "Benton," "Price," "Lafayette." and "Pittsburg" bringing up the rear). At [12].45 A.M. we passed "St. Joseph, La." At 1 P.M. we passed "Rodney, Miss." It is a scattering town containing, I should judge, 2000 inhabitants. Came abreast of "Natchez, Miss." The lower town is a mean place, looking like a settlement of Dutch ragpickers. Of the upper town I could see nothing as it was hidden by the trees on the bluffs. I saw only one house that looked of the first class. It is at the upper end of the town and stands almost entirely hidden by shrubbery. A circular

mound stands beside it, covered by small trees clipped into a conical form. It really looked splendid. The bluffs and windows were crowded with the townfolks looking at the Yankee invaders. No demonstration of any kind was made towards us. Passed "Ellis's Cliff" at 8 P.M. If this place was fortified, as it is capable of being, it would bid defiance to the Navy of the United States. Providentially they have not many spare guns in Dixie. Turned in at 10 P.M.

[73] May 4, Monday. Turned out at 5.30 A.M. Found that we were at anchor a little [off?] the mouth of Red River. As the mist lifted off the face of the water, the sloop-of-war "Hartford" could be seen at her anchorage in the mouth of the river. About 1.30 P.M. I took the captain on board of her. She is certainly a fine ship. Returned on board at 3.30 P.M. Immediately our moorings were let go and bringing up the rear of our squadron, we entered the Red River. As we passed the "Hartford," we were cheered by her. We returned the compliment and went on our way rejoicing. The "Red River" proper does not begin for some thirty miles from what is now called its mouth. The country was all flooded as we passed through, leaving nothing to be seen except the tree tops. At one place a house cropped out and on the stoop some black weoman were sitting. Then we came abreast of them. They started up and of all the antics that ever I seen them weomen went them, jumping, turning pirouettes, that would have done credit to [a] dancing master and clapping their hands, they felt so glad to see us. About eight miles up we fell in with some of Farragut's light-draught boats which had come up through the "Atchafalaya." There it empty's into this. As we ascend the river, it becomes narrower and the turns shorter. About 5 1/2 P.M. all the light drafts went down a bayou except two, the "Ariozona" and "Estella," which are going up to Alexandria with us. About 7 P.M. tied up to the shore along with the rest of the fleet.

[75] May 5, Tuesday. All hands were called [at] 4 A.M. and we got under weigh. We were now on the Red River literally as the water is the color of iron rust. Got along very slowly as the river does not exceed 200 feet in width in most places and turns about every fifty yards or so. Sometimes our bow touched on shore and our stern another. After we would have two turns to make at one place. As a consequence we were some distance behind the fleet. Took a river pilot on board. Now the country begins to look better. Occasionally a clearing is seen and an old, ricketty shanty with a mud chimney but everything deserted except in a few instances. About 7 1/2 P.M. we arrived at Gordon's Landing

where a burning raft lighted us to an anchorage. Here the rebs had three heavy guns mounted and a raft and iron chain stretched across the river to stop us. The "Price" forced the obstructions and shelled the battery but there was no one there to answer her, they having evacuated. They threw two of their guns into the river but did not have time for the third as were too close. Took the captain on board the "Benton." Returned at 9 1/2 P.M. Hammocks were piped at 10 P.M. and I turned in.

May 6, Wednesday. All hands were called at 4 A.M. and hove the anchor up and made fast to a tree. Took a look at the battery. Found that it completely commanded the river as it makes two bends just below and a boat, to fight, would have to run within an hundred yards of it. Off to the right they had a fort under erection, but we came too soon for them to finish it (it was here the Queen of the West was captured by them). About 7 A.M. the admiral made signal for the fleet to get under weigh. After considerable backing and filling we got started. Once above this landing the whole aspect of the country changed. The swamps and the bush were replaced by the well-tilled farm and the springing crop of sugar cane. The banks maintained an almost uniform height of about twenty-five feet above the river. Habitations became more frequent and from them whites and blacks would rush out to look at us as we slid past. Some of [the] whites seemed glad to see us as they would shout a word of welcome as we passed but with the majority it was otherwise, the men scowling at us and the weomen would put their hands to their faces and look at us through open fingers. One woman put her thumb to her nose and her fingers performed several manœuvres for our edification. The welcomes were in all cases poor men and vica versa and the darkies cut up great figures when they thought they were not seen by any white folks. About 7 P.M. the boats came to anchor as it was said there were some batteries several miles above us. Took the captain on board the "Benton." Returned at 9.30 P.M. Found all hands at quarters with orders to sleep at their guns so as to be ready in case we were attacked through the night. At 10 P.M. turned [in] on the soft side of an oak plank to try to sleep for a few hours as I had a watch at 2 o'clock.

May 7, Thursday. Did not sleep much in the early night as it was rather cool from [a] NorWest wind blowing into our open ports. Stood my watch turned in on a bale of hammocks in the "Den." Slept until breakfast was piped at 5 1/2 A.M. Hove our anchor up but could not proceed in consequence of a heavy mist which overhung the river. About 7 1/2 A.M. it cleared away and we steamed up to the city, the batteries only existing in imagination. Arrived

abreast of "Alexandria" about 8.30 A.M. and found that the "Arizona" had taken possession of it last night and the Stars and Stripes were now floating from the top of a tree in front of the city (much to Admiral Porter's chagrin).
The

[79] citizens were all out on the levee to look at us but not one gave us a welcome. We came to anchor at the upper end of the city. It is a very lively-looking place. Has a couple of churches and some very fine brick buildings. Has a population of a couple of thousands, I should think, and in peacable times must be a place of considerable business. Soldiers of the "Benton" were taken ashore and posted as sentries at all the principal street corners. There were no boats of any description as we had been led to expect. In the afternoon we took charge of an old ferryman and his boat. He told us that the steamer "Grand Duke" was down the river and saw the "Price" forcing the raft at Gordon's Landing. She returned and spread the alarm and about a dozen transports, which were lying here, got up steam in a hurry and left for "Shreveport," a place about 200 miles above. He also told us that the "Webb" was ashore up the river. A couple of soldiers belonging to the Louisiana 28th came down to the water's edge and beckoned us to take them aboard. We did so. They told us they were left behind sick and so they came and gave themselves up to us, saying that they were tired of the service of Jeff & Co. About 5.30 a regiment of cavalry rode into the town, being the advance of Gen'l Bank's army. We stood ready to cheer them but the "Benton" did not lead, and we are not allowed to lead him. About 7 P.M. Gen'l Banks and staff arrived and took quarters at the hotel opposite where we are lying.

May 8, Friday. The gunboats "Pittsburg," "Arizona," and "Price," accompanied by the ram "Switzerland," went down the river on an expedition up "Black River."

[81] The captain sent for me today and told me that he had made another application through the admiral to the Navy Department for the congressional medal for me. As I had refused an appointment, I told him that I would be very glad to receive it. He then said that I had justly earned it and that he would see that I got it too and that before too long, and so the matter rests for the present.

[83] May 9, Saturday. The "Benton" went down river this morning, leaving us and the "Estrella" in charge. Our captain then sent her down a little ways to forage a little for us. About 4 P.M. our marines and first division of sharp shooters were called away in a hurry as some querillas had made their appearance on the bank. They soon landed and after a few minutes' chase succeeded in

capturing two. One of them said he was captain of a gang amounting to 100. He said they were out only a few miles back in the bottom and that he came in to pick up information. He was drunk and said more than he would if he was sober. he was armed with a rifle, a pistol, and a bowie knife and was splendidly mounted. Also at 4 P.M. I was sent ashore with the boat to bring off Major Gen'l Banks, Brig. Gen'l Dwight, and some of their staffs. Gen'l Banks I found a very compact, upright figure with a pleasant face and an eye which beamed with good nature and shrewdness combined, and in fact he looked every inch the soldier and good man. He cross-questioned the guerilla, at the same time was reading him like an open book. He inspected the ship. He expressed himself highly pleased with her, and when leaving he bowed most politely to the captain and then to the crew. The guerilla was put in irons and the other was given over to the provost marshal.

May 10, Sunday. Divine service at 10 A.M. In the afternoon the transport "Sykes" arrived from Berwick Bay with dispatches for Gen'l Banks.

[85] May 11, Monday. Gen'l Grant's army tug arrived from Grand Gulf this morning with the mail for us. I expected a heap of mail and of course got none whatever. I was awfully dissatisfied indeed. The "Sykes" left for the mouth of the river with dispatches for Farragut. The transport "Union" arrived up from the "Berwick Bay" with ammunition for Gen'l Banks' army. Grant's tug left, taking our mail up.

May 12, Tuesday. Nothing of any importance transpiring. The captain of the "Union" having been put under arrest by Gen'l Banks, Mr. Smith from this boat was placed in charge of her. She left for "Berwick Bay" at 4 P.M. with a few lady passengers and some sick soldiers.

May 13, Wednesday. The "Arizona" arrived this forenoon. Reports that the expedition against the batteries on "Black River" a failure as after two trials, they could not dislodge the rebels. About 1 P.M. the ram "Switzerland" arrived with dispatches for our captain. Immediately we got under weigh and after considerable trouble we got turned round. About 2 P.M. the transport "Empire Parish," from "New Orleans" with army stores, arrived. Dropped down the river slowly about 6 P.M. We ran into the bank to wood up. Took on eighteen cords and started to go but found that we were fast. After a vast amount of backing and filling, our anchor was got out and her head was swung off. Got [in] our hammocks at 11 P.M.

May 14, Thursday. Got under weigh at 5 A.M. Passed "Gordon's Landing" at noon and found the batteries and Gordon's house had been destroyed by the "Benton" on her passage down. Saw alligators for the first time in my life. Tied up to a tree at 6 1/2 P.M.

[87] May 15, Friday. Turned out at 5.30 A.M. and found that we had been under weigh some time. Arrived on the Mississippi about 9 A.M. Found the "Hartford," "Pittsburg" and the "Satchem" doing blockade duty off the mouth of the river. In the afternoon the commander of the "Hartford" paid us a visit.

May 16, Saturday. Nothing of any importance going on.

May 17, Sunday. The "Estrella" came down the Vicksburg this afternoon. My heart went up at the prospect of a mail, but it came down with a thump. Then I learned that she had nothing but coal for us. She also brought the news of the evacuation and distruction of Warrenton by the rebels and that Gen'l Grant had taken Jackson, Miss.

May 18, Monday. The "Arizona" and "Pittsburg" went down river this morning as far as "Bayou Sara" to make a reconaissance. In the afternoon the "Price" hove in sight. Again I hoped for a mail and again was I disapointed. She brought nothing but ammunition for us, and the "Pittsburg" commenced coaling ship. About 9 1/2 P.M. the "Switzerland" came down Red River. About 10 P.M., all the ammunition being on board, hammocks were piped down.

May 19, Tuesday. The "Price" went up Red River to "Simmsport" at 5 1/2 A.M. Continued coaling in the afternoon. Mr. Smith returned, bringing N.O. papers to the 16h prox. Finished coaling about 7 P.M.

May 20, Wednesday. The "Switzerland" left for the "Atchafalaya" in the forenoon. The "Price" arrived down at 1 P.M. We got under weigh and went up "Red River." Tied up to the bank about 3 P.M. About 9 P.M. the "Switzerland" came up from "Atchafalaya" and made fast to [the] bank ahead of us.

[89] May 21, Thursday. Two steamers came up from N.O. with troops for "Bayou Sara." In the afternoon the "Sachem" and another boat went down "Red River." A boat's crew went ashore on the plantation of a Mr. Turnbull and brought off a great many books.

May 22, Friday. Several boats passing up and down. A

queer-looking craft was observed crossing above us this afternoon in a heavy rain. We fired a shell over it and sent a boat to see what it was. It proved to be a poor old man and his family fleeing from hunger and high water. The woman looked pitiable indeed. They went down towards the Miss. After they had been gone a little way, the captain sent a boat after them with some food. They were very glad to get it, the woman declaring it was the first wheat bread she tasted in eighteen months.

May 23, Saturday. Boats passing up and down in numbers. Another lot of refugees came down from above, the rebs having driven them out as they were "French" and flew the tri-color on their flat boat. Splendid news from Grant "but no sign of a mail." Awful lonesome here.

May 24, Sunday. Divine service and muster at 10 A.M. About noon the gunboat "Pittsburg" came up from "Bayou Sara." She had a mail, she said. My heart went up like a rocket to think it had arrived at last but it came down like a stick when I learned there was nothing for me. According to her news, Vicksburg and Port Hudson can only hold out a few days longer. I wish they were taken as I want to get home, not
[91] having heard from there in six weeks.

May 29, Friday. Not a sail of any sort have we seen for the past four days. We might as well be in the desert of Sahara as here for all the connexion we have with the outer world. I have often been told that it was a queer country where nobody lived and indeed for the last two weeks I have [had] a chance to realize what is meant in that sensible, foolish saying. Signed accounts with the purser up to March 31st, 1863, and find a balance of \$189.97 in my favor. Turned in at 8 P.M. About 8.15 P.M. a rocket blazing through the air announced the arrival of a boat. Immediately everything was in an uproar at the prospect of a mail. We answered the signal but I did not turn out as we had been deceived so often. I soon after fell asleep.

May 30, Saturday. Turned out at 12 A.M. to keep watch and found that the "Price" had arrived from Vicksburg. Little Peter had two letters and lots of news for me. I was soon on deck reading the letters by the light of the Quartermaster's lamp. I read them both twice over my hunger for news from home. One of them was from my wife and the other from Tom Gillespie. Both of them contained some very pleasant news. At 2 A.M. I wrote an answer to my wife's letter. In the forenoon the purser told me that he had orders to pay me off tomorrow. "Ye gods and little fishes," how tickled I felt. I would have given a cheer if

I durst. So of course that knocked letter-writing out of my head as
[93] I would be home first myself. At 11.30 A.M. the "Price," with our executive officer bearing dispatches, left for "Bayou Sara" to return tomorrow. Vicksburg, from all accounts, is about done for. The Price returned from Bayou Sara about 12 A.M.

May 31, Sunday. Divine service and muster at 9.30 A.M. At 12.30 P.M. I received my discharge and pay, which amounted to [amount left blank]. Shook hands with almost every one on board. All said they were sorry to lose me for a shipmate. I shook hands with the captain. He wished me good fortune and said that he would be very glad to have me under his command again, especially in war time. Paid \$6.50 that I owed and got into the cutter, which put me on board the "Price" at 1.30 P.M. She got under weigh. In fifteen minutes more, a bend of the river had the "Lafayette" from my view forever (I hope). At the mouth of the river some darkies waved to us. The boat was run into the bank for them and they cooly asked what was the news from "Port Hudson." They did not want to come on board. Passed "Ellis's Cliffs" at 3 P.M. About 4 P.M. run into a plantation to buy some eggs for which they asked the moderate price of \$1.00 a dozen. Staid about 1 1/2 hours. Then passed "Natchez" about 9.30 P.M., when I turned in on the deck for a snooze.

June 1, Monday. Did not sleep much all night as the mosquito's were abundant. Turned out at 5 A.M. Passed Rodney at 9 A.M. About 2.30 P.M. came abreast of
[95] Jameson's Landing. Saw a whole train of army waggons on fire. A little higher up the Arizona was shelling the woods. Spoke her and her captain came on board. From his boat's crew I learned that some guerrillas had made an attack on "Carthage" yesterday but had been repulsed. They had returned today and burned the waggons. We fired a few rounds into the woods as we passed "Carthage." Saw the mill on fire also. Saw the "Indianola" high and dry, no water being within a quarter of a mile of her. Passed "Grand Gulf." Found that we had torn down the rebel works and built others in their stead. A little below "Warrenton," spoke the "Carondelet." Seen all the boys. Sent \$1.00 on board of her which I owed. Tied up a little above "WARrenton" on the La. side. At 8 P.M. seven of us were put ashore with our bags and hammocks to find our way to "Young's Point" the best we could, a nice little walk of about 12 miles and about 75 pounds of baggage to carry. I'll bet I cursed. Some proposed to walk but I was determined not to stir for the night as I could not carry my traps at all but resolved to trust to the chapter of

accidents for a conveyance. Hark, "waggon wheels," listened, the sound came nearer and then receded. Hope, which had come with the sound, died suddenly as they died at last. It was resolved to move the traps out on the main roads. They moved and I stood irresolute whether to throw my dunnage overboard and follow them or stay for a waggon to carry them. At last I effected a compromise in the shape of a wheelbarrow which was lying in the sand. "Eureka" - here was an end to my difficulties. At once, piled my things and found a piece of stuff in my pocket and made [97] everything fast and rolled my pants up and started. It went gay for a little ways and then the blasted ruts began to tell. I was dripping with perspiration and blowing like aporpoise after the first half mile, but stuck to for about 1 1/2 miles when a halt was made by the side of a broken-down army waggon. It was now about 10 P.M. The driver of the waggon told us that if he was fixed, he would carry our traps to the next point (about 1 1/2 miles). We tried to fix his gear but it was no use. He then told us that he expected a couple of empty waggons along to take his load off and that we might obtain a lift that way, so we concluded to wait for them. So sure enough, after about an hour, they hove in sight. After they came up, we helped to unload the breakdown and load the others. I told the waggon master how we were situated and he said we might put our things on and have them carried as far as he was going. We put our things on and after about half an hour's ride we arrived at our journey's end. Here we stayed about an hour when as good fortune would have it, the waggons were ordered to "Young's Point." That was just into our hands as that was the exact spot where we wanted to go. So we jumped on and started. The road was tolerable for a little while and then came a corduroy and of all the shakings, jumpings, and tossings I ever experienced, that capped them. I thought that I would not have a whole bone in my body when I got

[99] through, and to walk was out of the question as the boots had chafed my feet raw in a couple of places, I not being used to walking on "terra firma," so I had to muster up all my philosophy to weather it. At last, after about an hour's ride, we came to the earthen road again and everything was all right. About 12.30 A.M. he came abreast of Vicksburg. Had a good view from where I sat. There was a heavy fire in the city, the blaze of which shewed everything around it with the vividness of daylight. The flashes from Grant's guns in rear of the city as he hurled his shell into their works showed that he was not idle even at time of night. At short intervals the sullen boom of our mortars in front could be heard and the course of the shell could be seen as it revolved in mid-air like a twinkling fiery eye traversing space. I watched the scene

with much interest until a turn of the road hid the city from my view. I then lay back in the waggon to try for a short nap. I had not lain down long when I had to tumble out again as we were now at our journey's end. We put our things down by a sutler's tent and held a council of war what to do. Something to eat was voted first. We roused the sutler up. Whilst he was turning out, I went to find out the whereabouts of the "Black Hawk." I met a negro belonging to the "great Western" and he told me that she was gone up to "Yazoo City." I returned to the party and found them engaged in the discussion of ginger nuts, cheese, and river water. I

[101] fell to with the rest but did not eat much. Bought a pipe (for which I paid fifty cents). Had a good philosophical smoke. Wrapped my coat around me and lay down by the levee for a short snooze, it being now 3 A.M.

June 2, Tuesday. Awoke about daylight. Some of the party were sleeping yet. Shook myself and started to look for some conveyance to take me to "Cairo." Found the "Kennett" up. Went on board of her to enquire about the fare. The clerk told [me] that if I would get a pass from "Provost Marshall" Reno, the Quartermaster Genral on the "Sunny South" would give me transportation but that I would have to board myself. I then went and saw the Q.G., showed him my discharge, [who] said it was all right but that no one was allowed to leave our lines without a pass. He told me the P.M.'s office was at the lower landing by the "William's Canal," so I started for there. Met an acquaintance who told me the "Black Hawk" was down there. I then went back to the party and told this. They were having breakfast off prepared coffee, Bologna sausage, and ginger snaps. Concluded to go and see "Capt. Breeze." Left one of the party (he being sick) to mind our things. On the road down, stopped at [a] tent for a drink of ale. Charged me only \$1.50 for two one-pint bottles full, which was "werry" moderate indeed, "werry." Found the "Black Hawk." Saw the first Lieut. Told him our fix. Told us we were just hours too late as the DeSoto went up last night (how I prayed for

[103] the delay the Price made on the trip up). Said we could stay on board until the next boat would go up and in the meantime he would issue a ration for us and have us put in a mess. He then sent me for the bags and hammocks, telling me that as soon as I came back with them, he would send me right up. I went after them in a tug, carried them down to it, put them aboard, and took the sick man to the hospital boat, but before I returned the "Kennett" left, without me of course. I felt quite ill. I thought that I was about to have a sunstroke with travelling around in the blazing sun, but after bathing my head I felt better. Supper time

came and no supper for us, nor was there anyone that knew anything about us. Said it would be all right in the morning. Turned in beside a gun at 8.

June 3, Wednesday. Up at 4 A.M. No breakfast for us this morning again. Managed after a while to obtain some tea but no bread. Cast many an anxious eye up the river for the expected boat but my eyes got tired looking and yet no sign. Wrote a short letter to my wife, telling that I was discharged and on my road home. Noon came. Still no ration for us (how I prayed for some folks). Went ashore after dinner with my letter to send by one of the army boats, as they leave daily. Luckily I met the mail carrier from a regiment taking the mail on board for a mail boat. Gave him my letter. Walked around in the camps. Awful hot and dusty it was. Went and seen the Provost Marshal. Stated my case.

[105] He told me to bring my papers and that he would make it all right for me. Went back for to get them as I was fully determined not to stay on the boat another night, no matter what might come. Got on board. Met the Master-at-Arms looking for me as Captain Breeze wanted to see us. I found the others, went and seen him. He told us that the "Polar Star" was going up that night and that we might go on her if we would pay our ration up. I could have hugged him, I felt so tickled and of course I accepted the offer. Then he told the others that as they were not discharged as yet he supposed they were entitled to their ration, so he ordered the paymaster to get five days' rations for each of us. I then asked if he would not allow us commutation instead of the ration. He said he could not do it but, said he, I'll fix it another way. I will give you an order on the steamer for subsistence. He wrote them and we thanked him, sincerely on my part. Got our bags and hammocks. Got into a tug and pushed off from the "Black Hawk" (I would have cheered if I durst, I was so glad to get away from her). In five minues more we were on board of the "Polar Star." Went up into the cabin to find the clerk to present o[u]r order, but he was not aboard nor was the captain either, they having gone down to the point to see them fighting at Vicksburgh. "Oh" how I wished they would return for fear D.D. might countermand the order. At last they arrived. Showed our documents. Said it was all right and

[107] for us to make ourselvs as comfortable as we could. In a few minutes the boat got under weigh and as we passed the "Black Hawk" I would not have traded places with D.D. himself. About 6 P.M. the gong beat for supper and I sat down to a supper the like of which I had [not] eaten in almost two years. Ran into the "Yazoo" and took two coal flats along side of us to tow up. About 8 P.M. we backed

out and headed up stream and, as the noise of the bombardment died away in my ears, I thanked God that he had spared me to return to my Dear Wife and little one when so many better men than I lies awaiting the sound of the last trump in the red clay of the Walnut Hills at Vicksburg. Did not turn in until it was late as I felt too comfortable to think of sleeping.

June 4, Thursday. Turned out at 5 A.M. Did not sleep much through the night as the bed was too soft for me to enjoy it. Had not made much headway through the night. Passed a few boats through the day all laden with troops for Vicksburg. Kept a sharp lookout for querrillas all day but saw none.

June 5, Friday. Tried the mattrass last night. It went better. Had a slight touch of a chill today, owing no-doubt to Tuesday's operations in the sun. About 6 P.M., arrived opposite Napoleon. Spoke the "Bragg," which was lying here. Noticed the levee is wearing away very rapidly so that a year from now there will be no Napoleon there. Passed through the new cut-off, which saves about 10 miles.

About 9 P.M., took on two passengers from the Niagara. One

[109] was a refugee from Bradley County, Ark., and the other a ci-devant rebel colonel named Goodwin. He said that he had got tired of it and was going home to his father in "St. Louis." He also told us that he was in the fight at "Grand Gulf" and that we killed 800 of them during the action. He [said] that when Vicksburg went the secesh was played out on this river. Being told a party of guerrillas were at Island 68 with twelve pieces of cannon, all the rifles were laid out handy. The two guns which we carry were primed and everything in readiness in case we were attacked, but he told that they would not attack this boat. He spoke as if he knew their plans, which no doubt he did. A good sharp watch was kept on him and, if he had tried to do anything wrong, he would have been killed on the instant. All hands stood ready for a call.

June 6, Saturday. The night passed without any trouble. Spoke the "Curlew" in the forenoon. Arrived at "Helena" about 5 1/2 P.M. Saw some Negro troops for the first time.

They looked quite comical to me in Uncle Sam's new blues. Stayed about one hour. Troops still going down in vast numbers.

June 7, Sunday. Arrived at "Memphis" at 2.30 P.M. Went ashore and looked around. Deserted looking as usual. Left at 4 P.M.

June 8, Monday. Passed "Fort Pillow" at 8 A.M. Got aground several times through the day on the now fastly increasing bars. Came to about 8 P.M. as it was too dark to run.

[110] "Lansingburgh" July 1st, 1863

John G. Morrison on account with John Ames

		D	C
July 2-	33½lbs. Soft Western, sorted roughed, at 5½ c. per lb.		1.84½
" 9-	45 ¾ lbs. Soft Western, sorted and roughed, at 5½ c. per lb.		2.51¼
" 10-	36 lbs. Soft Western, sorted and roughed at 5½ c. per lb.		1.98
" 10-	By One Subscription to J.A. [?]	1.00	
" 14-	42lbs. Stiff Western, sorted and dressed, at 12 cts.per lb.		5.04
" 14-	By One subscription to L.D.	.25	
" 13-	Shinplasters	4.00	
" 18-	Three days and 6½/10ths at \$10.00 per week		6.09
" 20-	Shinplasters	4.00	
" 23-	By One Subscription to Mrs. H.	.25	
" 28-	42½ lbs White Western Bottoms (7) at 14 cts. per 16		5.95
" 28-	50¼ lbs White Western Bottoms six and above 12 " " "		6.03
" 29-	26 " Grey Western sorted and roughed " 5½ "		1.43
" 30-	Shinplasters	4.00	
July 31-	Cash	10.00	
August 4-	57¼ lbs. Western, sorted and roughed, at 5½ c. per lb.		3.15
" 4-	28 14/16 lbs. Western Dressed to 4 & 5 at 10 "		2.88½
" 5-	24 lbs. Western sorted and roughed " 5½ c.		1.32
" 6-	11 6/16 lbs. Western Dressed to 4 " 10 c.		1.14
" 7-	Shinplasters	10.00	
" 11-	42½ lbs. White Western to 5 " 12c.		5.10
" 12-	68 ¾ lbs. Grey Western Sorted and to 5 12c.		8.25
" 13-	Shinplasters	4.00	
" 17-	58 lbs. White Western to 6 and above at 12		6.96
" 19-	20½ lbs. White Western with Tampico to 7 16		3.28
" 19-	Shinplasters	4.00	

"	22-	57 lbs. Grey Western, sorted and Roughed at 5½		3.13½
"	24-	24½ White Western, sorted and roughed at 5½		1.35
"	24	Shinplasters	4.00	
"	25-	62 lbs. Western, sorted and Roughed at 5½ c.		3.41
"	25-	Cash	10.00	
		Carried Over	55.50	70.84

SETTLED

[endpaper] John G. Morrison, U.S.S. Lafayette,
above Vicksburg, March 24th, 1863

[VOL. III 14 SEPTEMBER 1864 - 18 MAY 1865]

[1] for Fortress Monroe and Washington. Got under weigh about 5 P.M. Went cook for the party. About 7 1/2 P.M., came to anchor above "Hell Gate" until the tide would come up. Did not have supper until about 10 P.M. Turned in about 12 A.M.

Sept. 15th, Thursday. Turned out at 3 1/2 A.M. Got under weigh about 6 A.M. and proceeded on our way rejoicing. At sundown, was off Absecon light. Turned in at 10 P.M.

Sept. 16th. Out at 4 1/2 A.M. Got into Fortress Monroe about 2 P.M. About 6 1/2, we put about 115 men ashore ashore. A 7, got under weigh. Turned in at 10 P.M.

Sept. 17th, Saturday. Out at 5 1/2 A.M. and found myself on the Potomac, which I think is a most magnificent river, broader but not so picturesque as the beautiful Hudson. Got aground on a bar about 8 A.M., where we stayed until about 3 1/2. About 6 P.M., the Capital came in sight. We were soon off Alexandria and about 7 1/2 P.M. tied up at the

[2] Washington Arsenal. The captain in charge went ashore to report our arrival. Turned in about 11 P.M.

Sept. 18th, Sunday. Was turned out at 4 A.M. with orders to get ready to go ashore. Were all got out on deck and mustered, but there was one man absent, "an old jumper," nor did we succeed in finding him. At last we got off and marched to the soldier's rest, where we arrived at 7 1/2 A.M. After some delay we were marched inside and got breakfast. After breakfast I became very sick, being attacked with cholera morbus. About 1 1/2 P.M., a sergeant

and four men came after us to take us to Camp Stoneman. After a short walk, we hired three stages to take us to camp, for which we paid fifty cents per man, there being 43 of us, all for the same regiment. After a long, dusty drive of about 4 1/2 miles, we arrived at camp. Our knapsacks were overhauled and we were marched to Camp Miscellany, where we were received a poncho and half a shelter tent each. Four of us went in together, namely, Brown, Snyder, Sleepy, and myself. After a little time, the boys got our shanty together, I being too sick to give any help. The blankets were spread and we all turned in, where every[thing?] looked quite natural.

Sept. 19th, Monday. Out at 5 1/2 after a good night's rest. Had a good breakfast. Wrote to my and enclosed twenty dollars.

Sept. 20th, Tuesday. Went on guard today.

Sept. 22, Thursday. Detailed for fatigue. Had a good easy job at sweeping the forage quarters.

Sept. 23d, Friday. Wrote to my wife, sending her a five dollar bill on the Farmer's Bank of Troy. Had a great time on horseback, being desperate sore from the last few day's operations in that line, but getting a little more used to it.

Sept. 24th, Saturday. Went on guard again today as corporal of the second relief. Had a very heavy rainstorm, during which I got a pretty severe soaking. After the rain, a very cold wind blew up. During the day, orders came for us to get ready to leave the next morning. Had my likeness taken and sent it home.

Sept. 25th, Sunday. Very cold night in consequence of the wind. Did not sleep but a couple of hours. Received two days' rations, and fooling around until noon, we fell in. Started to Washington, but a party of us rode down in a stage, for which we paid a quarter dollar. Arrived at soldiers' rest about 2 P.M. and were put into quarters by ourselves. Had some supper and a walk around, waiting to go off, but nine o'clock came, but no off for us.

Sept. 26th, Monday. Out at 5 1/2 A.M., waiting to go off, but 6 1/2 came, but not the train for us. In the evening, went out around town. Came back about 9 P.M. Hunted for my knapsack to get my blankets but could not find it. Came to the conclusion that it was adrift somewhere and lay down on the bare boards without it.

[5] Sept. 27th, Tuesday. Got up at 6 A.M. Searched all around but no sign of my things gave them up as a bad job. Went around town. Returned about 1 P.M. and found that all our party had embarked on the cars. Hurried down to look for my overcoat but found everything cleared out. Rushed down and got on board with not a moment to spare. After being on board a while, one of the boys told me that he had found my knapsack. I was glad, of course, until I came to overhaul it, when I found to my sorrow that everything was gone except my half tent, shoebrush, and cap, even to my discharge and some other private papers. The dirty, mean thief. If he had only left the papers. He was welcome to the rest. Got off about two o'clock. Did not stop until we came to the "Relay House," where a part of the train left us and continued on to Baltimore en route for Albany, having on board the remains of the 44th N.Y.V. going home to be mustered out. After waiting a couple of hours, an engine came along and off we went for Harpers Ferry. The country through which we passed was very wild and rugged-looking, having high rocks on either side. Lay by a couple of hours to wait for some trains. Arrived at Sandy Hook, Md., about 2 A.M.

[6] Sept. 28th, Wednesday. About 6 A.M. I awoke, feeling very chilly, having slept some hours on the platform of one of the cars. Had a good wash and felt better after it. Was formed in line and marched about a mile to Harpers Ferry, where we took up our quarters abreast of a whilom cotton factory but is now used as a kind of prison for vagrant "rebs," bounty jumpers, and dead beats of all descriptions. It rained very heavy during [the] day, compelling us to take up our quarters in a stable. In the afternoon it cleared off and became quite pleasant again. Took a stroll around to look at the town and like all Virginian towns that I have seen, dingy and dirty. Our party took quarters under a tree and about 9 P.M. put down the blankets and turned in.

[7] Sept. 29th, Thursday. Awoke about 5 1/2 A.M. Looked around and found that someone had made love to a poncho I had borrowed. Done some preying for the second thief. About 9 o'clock all the cavalry was mustered and we were marched to Camp Re-Mount, which is situated in "Pleasant Valley" between Maryland Heights on one side and Bolivar on the other. Here we were again mustered and then marched off to our ground of encampment. We put [up] our tent and cooked a good dinner. In the evening, one day's rations were served out to us. Turned in at 9 P.M.

Sept. 30th, Friday. Out at 6 A.M. to roll call. Wrote to my wife today. In the evening, five days' rations were served out to us, as we are leaving for our regiment in the morning early.

Oct. 1st, Saturday. Out at 5 A.M. and had breakfast, as we were to fall in at 6, but did not until about 8, when we were marched down to Sandy Hook and put on board a train of freight cars. Started off about 11 and, whilst passing Harpers Ferry, took a good look at the now burned down arsenal, famous as the first scene in the John Brown drama.

It rained almost all day, which hindered the country from being seen to advantage. About 2 1/2, we came to Martinsburg, which is quite a smart place. About 7, we passed through Hancock. At 9, we hove to, as we had to wait for some trains which were coming east. As our car was

[8] overcrowded, there was no such thing as lying down, so I made the most of the job and sat up to it.

Oct. 2nd, Sunday. About 6, I got out of the car to take a look round. I found that we were in a very wild-looking country - high, steep hills on all sides, clothed with timber to the top. The trees were all out in their fall finery in suits of gold and fire. I found that we were thirty miles from Cumberland. About 11 trains came along and then we started. At Patterson's Creek I saw an ironclad land battery which is used to protect the bridges along this route. At 1 1/2, we arrived at our destination.

We were then marched to headquarters where our names were taken. We were then sent to our regiment and told off to the different companies, us four being allotted to Company [C? O?]. We found lots of the boys from home but not in this company, as it was raised in Rochester. They gave us some bread and coffee and helped to put up our tents for us. At 8, answered our names and then turned in.

[9] Oct. 3d, Monday. Reville was sounded at 6 A.M. Roll a few minutes after. Had hardly time to get out in time. Witnessed the initiation consisting in being shook or tossed up in a blanket. It was laughable indeed from a spectator's point of view. Had no wish whatever to be shook myself. Whole day foggy and misty. Cut some logs to raise our tent from ground. Tattoo and roll call at 7 1/2. Taps at 8.

Oct. 4th, Tuesday. Foggy and misty, same as yesterday. Tried my hand at bare-backed riding and received a sore stern for my pains. Ordered 100 feet of lumber to fix bunks in our tent. Struck out a new ground for our tent. Picked and levelled it and carried the logs into position.

Oct. 5th, Wednesday. Laid the foundation of the tent and got it built. Dug out a foot below the surface and fixed things snug. A small mail arrived but no mail for any of us. "Hope defferred maketh the heart sick"

[10] Oct. 6th, Thursday. Nothing of any importance today.

Oct. 7th, Friday. Received a letter from my wife and felt considerably elated thereat, it being five weeks since i heard from home. It was also the first letter that came to our crowd. Came off guard this morning. Had to sleep out, then off duty. It was very chilly. In luck today, as I lost the last five dollars that were in my possession. I intended to pay a debt with them but kept deffering it until too late. Serves me right.

Oct. 8th, Saturday. Very cold, in consequence of a west wind, a regular skinner, in fact. On fatigue. Answered my wife's letter. Drew a jacket and poncho.

Oct. 9th, Sunday. Morning chilly with a severe white frost on the ground but through the day quite pleasant. Had company inspection by the capt.

Oct. 10th, Monday. A large mail came to the Regt., I receiving a letter and a paper. Wrote to my friend John Ford of Phila.

[11] Oct. 11th, Tuesday. Another letter and two papers from my wife. Went on stable guard. Colonel Tibbitts arrived in the regiment formation.

Oct. 12th, Wednesday. Came off guard this morning. Had quite a race whilst coming from water, my horse having run off with me, and I, having nothing to hold him, let him "rip," of course. No damage done, however.

Oct. 13th, Thursday. Had a battalion drill by the colonel, the movements same as infantry but commands are different. Answered my wife's two letters. Weather nice and pleasant.

Oct. 14th, Friday. Weather warm and pleasant. News of a raid by "Moseby" on the train between "Harpers Ferry" and "Martinsburg." He destroyed the train and robbed the passengers, amongst the lot a pay master having 65,000 dollars with him. Good lift by "Moseby."

Oct. 15th, Saturday. Weather nice and pleasant, being wash day. No drills, of course.

[12] Oct. 16th, Sunday. Had a regimental parade and close inspection by the colonel at 10 A.M. Had divine [service] to which all were invited. Did not take the invite but stayed in the "Rest" and wrote to "Steve Hurd." An alarm of fire downtown but the regiment did not turn out. Went on stable guard.

Oct. 17th, Monday. Filled out my voting papers in prescence of Major Otis and Capt. Truesdall of my own company as witness. Had it sent to "Squire" King of the "burgh." Went the straight Union ticket. In the afternoon, a long regimental drill and dress parade, all in one. A mail came in but I was dissapointed as there was nothing for me.

Oct. 18th, Tuesday. Nice pleasant weather. Received a letter and two papers from home. Had a squadron drill this afternoon.

Oct. 20th, Thursday. Answered my wife's letter. Tried the horse which I drew yesterday. Trots hard.

Oct. 21st, Friday. Went on guard this morning. Received a lot of voter's papers from G. W. Cornell.

[13] Oct. 22nd, Saturday. Came off guard this morning. Very cold and chilly, as it rained from 8 till 12 last night and the remainder of the night a very cold wind prevailed. At 1 P.M., fell in for to receive the sett of colors which John A. Griswold had presented to the regiment. We were marched down to the old race course. The regiment was formed into three sides of a square, the colours being on the fourth. The donor not being on the ground, a presentation letter from him was read instead by Col. Tibbits and responded to on behalf of the regiment of Lieut. Col. Fitzsimmons, after which we drilled a few minutes and then marched to camp. The colors are very fancy, consisting of a regimental and national flags on which the name and number of the regiment is engraved. It was a tiresome ceremony, as it was very cold. A mail arrived and I received one letter and one paper from home.

Oct. 23rd, Sunday. Had a regimental parade and inspection by the colonel. After dinner, horses were given out to those which had none. Divine service in the afternoon but did not attend.

Oct. 24th, Monday. Nothing going on. Had a Squadron drill in the afternoon. Received a reinforcement of five

recruits.

Oct. 25th, Tuesday. Went on stable guard. Answered my wife's letter of the 19th.

[14] October 28th. Received a letter from home.

Oct. 29th, Saturday. Received a letter from John Ford. Drew a nose bag.

Oct. 30th, Sunday. Went on guard this morning after a regimental inspection by the colonel. To [be] mustered for pay tomorrow.

Oct. 31st, Monday. Came of guard this morning. Was mustered for pay at 1 1/2 P.M. Whilst out, orders came for the regiment to join Sherdian by way of Martinsburg immediatly. After muster, equipments were served out to us, which kept us into the night, fixing them up. I spoke to our captain and he had Jemmy Nolan transferred to this company. Drew three days' rations and had them cooked.

Nov. 1st, Tuesday. All the companies except A and us (C) packed up, and at 10 1/2 A.M., boots and saddles sounded and whilst we were at water, they marched, we having no saddles. Will have to stay behind until tomorrow. Answered my wife's letter of 26th of Oct.

[15] Nov. 2nd, Wednesday. Drizzling rain all day. A bad day for the boys that are on the road. Got a pass from the captain for all the "saints" to go downtown to see the show. Quite a nice town is Cumberland and has some very nice stores, especially the book. As it was late, when the theatre was over, concluded to stay down all night, "Bill Healy" and I taking a room at the "Revere House." Turned into a good bed and slept until

Nov. 3d, Thursday. At 6 A.M. when we turned out. Went and had some oysters and started for camp, where we found that we were bound off at 6 P.M. for "Martinsburg," Va. About 3 P.M., packed our traps and tore down the "Rest." About 4 1/2 P.M., we got off and after some delay got on board the cars about 7 P.M. and started, some of the party being under th weather "slightually" previous to leaving camp. I received a letter and paper from my wife.

[16] Nov. 4, Friday. Did not have much sleep through the night as we were very much crowded. At 8 A.M. found that we were some twenty miles from Martinsburg yet and we did [not] reach it until the afternoon. We then got out, and, after waiting a while, we got out our horses, mounted, and rode

off towards where our regiment was (it having just come as we rode through the town). I noticed that the most of the streets were barricaded across by dry stone walls with passages left for vehicles and pedestrians but all guarded by infantry. We rode about [a] mile out on the Winchester pike and found the regiment just picketing their horses. We did likewise and commenced pitching our tents in an oak opening. Started to get something to eat and found that there was no water to be got nearer than town. After eating, I had to go on guard to look out for our troops, as the 25th N.Y. Cavalry was on one side of us and the 162nd. N.Y. Infantry on the other. It had rained most of the day until sundown, when an awful cold nor'west came on, making it impossible to keep warm, although we had huge fires of oak and black walnut, cords of it at a time.

[17] Nov. 5th, Saturday. Passed an awful miserable night, as it was too cold to sleep, besides having my eyes almost melted out with the smoke. Came off guard at 2 P.M. At sundown, the wind lulled, making it much pleasanter indeed. Turned in at 8 1/2 P.M. The cavalry and our neighbours, infantry, left this morning to escort a train to Winchester.

Nov. 6th, Sunday. Turned out long before daylight, it being so cold, having had a severe frost through the night. Had a company inspection at 10 A.M. Drizzling rain through the afternoon.

[18] Nov. 7th, Monday. Turned out at 6 1/2 A.M. Raining still at 9 A.M. "Boots and saddles" sounded in a hurry as orders had arrived for the regiment to go to Winchester with a wagon train. Soon the camp was all animation except us (as we did not expect to go), but we were ordered to go with the rest. What a fix we were in - no saddles, and a ride of 22 miles before us. After considerable running around, I managed to borrow one from "Arty Wood" in Co. L. At 11.30 A.M., we filed out alongside the train and off we went through the still falling rain. About 1 P.M., we passed through Buckletown, which consists of a few scattering houses. About two, we came to Bunker Hill, which town is one heap of ruins, it having been the scene of several fights during the war. Through the afternoon the rain stopped and it became quite pleasant. About nightfall, the rain came down again. About 6 P.M., we halted about one mile this side of Winchester for the train, to file in off the road. We then started again. The town must have been quite stylish before this war, from what I could see of it as we rode through in the dark. We left it a couple of miles behind us, I should say, and halted in an orchard after some trouble. We got our picket rope up and then I

dismounted, the sorest and most tired that I ever was in my life. About 10 P.M. we made some coffee, which went good. About 11 P.M., Snyder and I spread our blankets on the hillside and lay down for a snooze.

[19] Nov. 8th, Tuesday. Did not sleep much through the night as I ached all over. About 9 A.M., was detailed to go on a scout, but as I had lent my saddle, I could not go, for which I was mighty glad. Whilst striving to rest myself, "boots and saddles" sounded. We were soon in the saddle and off again for Cedar Creek where Sheridan's army lay. On the route we passed through Middletown and Newtown. About two miles beyond the former, we halted in form of line of battle and was inspected by Gen'l Tarbert and his Adjutant. Our Col. got fits from the Gen'l for bringing us up in such a state and said we must go back to Martinsburg and get equipped. They took all the horses that had saddles on them except mine, which I saved by some dodging. Whilst on the ground I came across an old friend in the shape of Mr. Smith, reporter for the N.Y. Tribune, once a shipmate of mine on the "Lafayette" on the Mississippi River. He was very glad to see me and took my company and regiment so that he could call on me. We then camped on the edge of a piece of wood, with the intention of going back in the morning.

[20] Nov. 9th, Wednesday. Up bright and early and had our tents struck, but we were not [to] get off so easy, as our good horses were taken from us which caused some swearing to be did. Then word came that we were not going today, so we pitched our tents again. The quartermaster now came along with a lot of old worn-out horses which we were to take back to Martinsburg with us. I soon got one, as I did not relish the idea of walking back 38 miles and carrying my load. Through the day I noticed that the whole army was on the move backwards and about 4 P.M. "boots and saddles" was sounded. Up came our tents and off we went. After riding about a mile, we formed in line of battle and waited for a wagon train and a battery to pass us, as we were detailed for rearguard. It was now quite dark. We then rode about 6 miles and halted in an open field. We got our plugs picketed and then had some coffee. Snyder [and I] bunked together, same as usual.

Nov. 10th, Thursday. Up before daylight without breakfast and to the road again. We rode through [the] finest country I ever seen until about noon, when word came that Moseby was only four miles ahead of us on the road. Our eight effective companies started after him, leaving us to take it easy. They did not find him, but he found them, as

he
[21] took three of Co.H prisoners. I went to a house to get some milk. I got some and a little bread, for which I paid 35 cents. They were awful strong secesh too. In the afternoon I was detailed to help kill a "critter." I received the tail and a piece of liver for my share. We are off sure tomorrow. Whilst sitting at the fire about 11 P.M., our lieutenant came with the mail and told us that we were to march at 2 A.M. next morning

Nov. 11th, Friday. Turned out about 1.30 A.M. and proceeded to pack up. "Tummas," meanwhile, was getting breakfast but just as we sat down to eat we had to mount and I had to throw my coffee away, for which I prayed considerable. After waiting about an hour, we started for Winchester, where we arrived about 5 A.M. We came to a halt, fed, and went about making some breakfast. We halted until about 7 A.M., when a wagon train came up, guarded by a brigade of infantry and some artillery. We fell in alongside and started. Saw a few rebs at Bunker Hill but they did not approach us and we arrived at our old camp at Martinsburg
[22] at 3.30 P.M. Whilst the boys were pitching the tent, I visited the city and bought some few things which I required. In the evening a very cold west wind blew up and as I had not been well for a week I turned in early.

Nov. 12th, Saturday. Did not get out until 8 A.M., as it was desperate cold. Turned in our old plugs, lounged around the fires all day. Are not to move until Monday. Took J. Nolan into our tent.

Nov. 13th, Sunday. Whilst Jemmy and I were rolled up in the blankets to keep warm, the Capt., who had been to town, rode in and sung out "strike tent" right away, as we are off in a few minutes. We were soon packed up and on the road to the cars which were to take us to Pleasant Valley. We got on board and after some delay, as usual, got started and arrived at our destination about 3.30 P.M. Our names were taken and we went about putting our tents up, as it was intensely cold. We split the "Rest," Jemmy Snyder and I going together. Turned in early.

Nov. 14th, Monday. Did not get around much, as the cold
[23] still continues, with hail storms occasionally. Very uncomfortable indeed.

Nov. 15th, Tuesday. Cold still continues. Shifted our tents today. Wrote to my wife. Towards night the weather moderate.

Nov. 16th,, Wednesday. Wrote to my wife for a pair of boots.

Nov. 21st, Monday. Sleeting and hailing all day. Awful cold and uncomfortable. Was put on guard. Received two letters from home which were very welcome as it was almost two [days? weeks?] since I had had any. One of the letters contained \$5.00 and eight post stamps. Also two papers came to my tent at 8 P.M. and [I] did not return to the guard any more.

Nov. 22nd, Tuesday. A cold nor-west wind blowing down off the heights which rendered Pleasant Valley a misnomer. Got an axe and into the woods I went. Built a fire and stayed all day. In the afternoon, split logs to raise the tent and backed them up.

[24] Nov. 23d, Wednesday. Weather moderated considerable, the sun shining out quite warmly. Drew horses to mount the 22nd N.Y. Cav. Towards evening, orders came for us to leave tomorrow.

[25] Nov. 24th, Thursday. Thanksgiving Day. Was roused out before daylight to draw equipments. I drew a saddle and blanket, horse brush and curry comb, having turned my others over to Capt. Headly, Co. E. During the forenoon, drew horses, I getting an old sorrel which I think must have been an undertaker's horse, he is so slow. Got into line about 4 P.M., and after an inspection which lasted three hours, we started for Harpers Ferry. Whilst crossing the railroad track, my tentmate, Snyder came near being killed as the engine came along(it being intensely dark) and ground his horse all to pieces. He by good fortune received only a slight hurt. This occasioned a long delay, so that between that and our stoppage by the guards and pickets, it was after 9 P.M. before we got clear of the town. We rode over the Bolivar Heights, and about 10 P.M. we passed through Hall Town on the road to Charlestown. We stopped at 10.30 P.M. We fried some pork and eat it, and Jem and I turned in by the foot of the oak.

Nov. 25th, Friday. Out before daylight. Got some coffee and meat cooked. Saddled up and off by about 7 A.M. About 8, passed through Charlestown, which is quite a nice town. Saw where John Brown was hung. After passing through, we turned to the left and took the "pike" for "Berryville," which place we reached about noon. Leaving it on our left, we took the road for Winchester, where we arrived about 4 P.M. After considerable marching back and forth, we tied up in a piece of woods, had a good supper, and turned in

about 10 P.M., pretty tired after our ride of 28 miles.

Nov. 26th, Saturday. Up about daylight. Had a good breakfast. Saddled up about 8 and was inspected about 9. Inspected again in the afternoon and arrived at our regiment about 3 P.M. It began to rain as we arrived and continued until night, making things miserable. Went tentmates with "Landon" and Magee.

Nov. 27th, Sunday. Cutting poles and putting up a picket line for the horses all day.

[26] Nov. 28th, Monday. Forty men from this company went on picket this morning to stay two days. All our tent getting together, our captain staying with us.

Nov. 29th, Tuesday. Everything quiet along the lines last night. My first cavalry picket. Don't feel so safe as in infantry.

Nov. 30th, Wednesday. Came off picket this morning, being relieved by the 14th Penna. Cav. Not sorry to get through. Answered my wife's letters which I received on the 21st inst. Wrote to Harpers Ferry for Jemmy Nolan's box. Put in for a pass to the 6th Corps to see Joe McKenna.

Dec. 1st, Thursday. Got my pass and went on the picket line (about two miles). He was glad to see me and I him. On our way back, stopped at a house and had dinner, and "Ye gods" such a dinner to a hungry man after a ride of a dozen miles. Got back in time all right. Was put on stable guard.

[27] Dec. 2nd, Friday. Stood Magee's guard whilst he cut logs to build a shanty, Landon drawing them over. Came off guard at 5 P.M. As the rest of the company were off, got an axe, as they are a scarce article these times.

Dec. 3d, Saturday. Landon and [I] detailed for a scout today. Fifty of us went, our capt. being in command. Went to "Cedar Creek" (16 miles) and found rebel infantry behind the stone fences waiting for us. Turned back. Saw some mounted men on our flanks, but they did not attack us. Got back to camp about 4 P.M. Found that Magee had the shanty framed.

Dec. 4th, Sunday. Was roused out at three A.M. for another scout. Us and the 14th Pa. Cav. going out, Major Otis being in command. Went to Fishers Hill (22 miles), a desperate strong position both by nature and art. Saw nothing. Got back at 8 P.M. awful hungry, as we had

nothing to eat all day. Had one halt this side of Strausburg where we fed.

[28] Dec. 8th, Monday. At work all day on the shanty, building a chimney and quarrying stone. Got her up [and] going before we stopped. Draws bully.

Dec. 6th, Tuesday. Another scout today. 44 men from Comp.A and 10 from this, Lieut. Holcomb in command. Left here about 10 A.M., Jemmy being one. About 7 1/2 P.M., a few of [them] came back with their horses all blown and a dismal yarn in their mouths. They went to "Morgan's Ford" on the Shenandoah. A few crossed and captured one man, and ten horses recrossed in safety, but about two miles on the road home they were attacked by a party of Rosser's Cavalry and three killed, one, the Lieutenant, wounded, and thirty-five taken prisoners. Jemmy amongst the number, he having a bad horse. Our company losing seven men and A Co. 28. The camp is all in an uproar about it.

[29] Dec. 7th, Tuesday. A scout of 100 men went to the scene of yesterday's melée but found nothing except a few wounded horses and the Lieut. at a farm house stripped naked, they (the rebs) having taken all his clothes and valuables from him. Found the dead and buried them.

Dec. 8th, Thursday. I was detailed for a scout this morning along with nine more from this company. Went to Ashby's Gap and passed down along the river about five miles. Saw plenty of rebs but they did not venture on us. Came home by the scene of the fight. Saw nothing. Came through White Post and down the Front Royal pike to camp, where we arrived about 4 P.M. Very cold as a keen nor-wester is blowing. Found the shanty empty, as the rest of the boys are on picket. Put on stable guard.

Dec. 9th, Friday. Received three letters today - one from home three months old, one from Snyder, and one for Jemmy Nolan from his sister. I opened it and found one dollar and six post stamps, which I kept. Wrote to his folks on account of his mishap. Came off guard at 5 P.M., not sorry, as the weather is intensely cold. Lieut. Holcomb died today from the effects of his wound. About 7 P.M. began to snow very heavy.

[30] Dec. 10th, Saturday. About eight inches of snow on the ground. Weather cold and uncomfortable.

Dec. 11th, Sunday. Out on a scout with Capt. Geer to the Shenandoah River. Saw the rebel pickets and nothing more. Got back about 5 P.M.

Dec. 12th, Monday. All the company on picket and desperate cold. Thought I should freeze whilst waiting to go off. Relieved the 14th Pa. Cav. A corporal being wanted and not having one, I was on to act as one. Mightily glad at that as it relieved me from standing post in the cold. Received a letter and paper from my wife. Towards evening, the wind going down, the weather moderated. The boys complaining of being short of rations.

Dec. 13th, Tuesday. Not near so cold as yesterday. Nothing to eat in the crowd. The night passed off quietly. Our captain, hearing that the men had nothing to eat, purchased bread, beef, ham, and beans and sent them out to us, for which long may he wave.

[31] Dec. 14th, Wednesday. Passed a quiet night and a pleasant one, considering. Was relieved at 9 A.M. by the 14th Pa. Cav. Put the finishing touch to our shanty. Answered my wife's letter of the 6th inst. Detailed for a scout tomorrow.

Dec. 15th, Thursday. Went out today under command of Capt. Farrand of Co.K. Went to "Ashby's Gap," I being in the rear guard. Whilst passing, was fired into by the rebel pickets on the other side of the river but they did no damage. We waited for them to come abreast of us to return it, but they did not venture. Got back all safe about 7 P.M.

Dec. 16th, Friday. An idle day for a novelty. Detailed for a scout tomorrow.

Dec. 17th, Saturday. Off at 6.30 A.M. Morning kind of raw. Took the Front Royal Pike for about 8 miles and turned down to the river at "Weir's Ford." Halted in the road for a part of the 14th Pa. to join us, but they did not come. Reached camp about 5 P.M. and heard the 14th party were attacked at "Morgan Ford" by 500 Reb Cavalry and nine killed and the remainder (91) taken prisoners. Fears were entertained for us, but we came out all right.

[32] Dec. 18, Sunday. Inspection of arms at 10 A.M. by the captain. At 12 was detailed to go to the depot below Winchester with a wagon train. Whilst down there heard a rumor in regard to a raid which we (the cavalry) were to make. Did not get back until after midnight.

Dec. 19th. Was turned out at 2 A.M. with orders to pack up as we were off. Turned out and got breakfast. Saddled up with one day's grain and four days' rations but had orders

to leave our tents standing and not load our horses as we were coming back. Mounted about 6 1/2 A.M., about which time the first and third divisions of cavalry got under weigh and started up the Front Royal Pike. Us being rearguard, we did not get off until about 10 A.M. We came to a halt at the north fork of the Shenandoah to allow those ahead of us to cross, which we did in single file. The river proper was a little higher and of course more difficult. Made a short halt this side of Front Royal and then pushed on about five miles beyond the town, where we bivouaced for the night. Rails were rather scarce but we managed to keep comfortable.

- [33] Dec. 20th, Tuesday. Reveille about 3.30 A.M. Boots and saddles about 5, as we were to have the advance. Very cold in consequence of a nor-wester. About a mile on the road, my horse cast his right fore-shoe, thereby making him lame. I had to face out as I was not able to keep up, but I obtained a shoe from the captain, which set me all right again. Fell out and had it set and did not overtake my command until we arrived at the village of "Flint Hill" (a one-horse concern). Made a short halt and then pushed on through "Little Washington," which is quite a respectable-looking place. Stopped and got some splendid hot cornbread off an old negress, for which I promised to pay her when we got back, and rode off for "Sperryville." As we came up, we could see the rebel pickets on a hill beyond the town, but they did not wait for us. We left the town to our right and rear and took a dirt road, which led towards "Madison City." Here again we came on their pickets, which left as before, and we continued our march until about 6 1/2 A.M., when we came to a halt for the night. Just before halting, a bushwacker fired on one of our scouts, who immediatly
- [34] returned it. Pickets (dismounted) were ordered off the right, and I, being on the right, had to go. Stood about an hour and then fell back to the reserve, which was pushed about a mile back. Got a fire started and soon had supper under weigh. Whilst getting supper, was detailed for guard, at which I prayed considerably, but it was no use. Stood my first at 8 1/2 P.M.

Dec. 21st, Wednesday. Passed an awful miserable night, as it commenced snowing and hailing about 1 A.M. So that it was impossible to lie down, so I sat on a stone by the captain's fire and caught a nap the best I could. During the night, the captain had his cook make coffee for the guard every time they came off post. About 7 A.M., we saddled up and about 8 1/2 we started off as rearguard. Wet, cold, and miserable. We marched about two miles through the cold, drizzling rain and then came to a halt at

the foot of a hill, where we remained a couple of hours and took the road for "Griggsville," where we arrived about dark, after some of the worst marching that I ever seen, the

[35] mud in some places being more than knee-deep for the horses at times. We did not make more than a mile per hour. Toward evening, the rain stopped and a cold wind blew up, chilling me to the bone through my wet clothes. The horses were almost used up, as we had nothing for them to eat for the past thirty-six hours except some straw and corn stalks. We bivouaced in a swamp - a cold, wet spot - but as rails were hand, we soon had good fires blazing all round us. After having some supper, we shook down some straw and in spite of the cold wind managed to sleep comfortable until

Dec. 22nd., Thursday. at 5 A.M., when we were roused out to find the morning cold and frosty. Rode out about 6 1/2 A.M. Our brigade being on the advance, rode into "Madison Court House" about 10 A.M. As we rode in, I [met] several of the regulars coming out, loaded with food and forage, they having "looted" several barns and meathouses. We halted a few minutes in front of the Court House. I took a look around and found it the most respectable-looking

[36] little place which I have seen in this part of Virginia. We were soon off again over the slippery, icy roads, where the horses were slipping and falling so that it was almost an impossibility to get forward. After a few hours' ride, we were ordered to trot up as the enemy was just ahead of us. We did so, and we saw a few prisoners coming to the rear, they having been captured by our scouts. They belonged to "Mudwall Jackson's" command. As we rode along, I saw two of them lying dead on the road, and I was told there were several more of them lay dead in the woods. We passed their picket fires, which were burning brightly, as they had only left them a few minutes before. We did not stop until we came in sight of the "Rapidan" at a place called "Liberty Mills" six miles from "Gordonsville." As we rose the crest of hill, they opened on us with a couple of twelve-pounders from the other side of the river (then the first shell came, I done some dodging in the most approval style). We then filed off to the right under

[37] the hill, dismounted, and threw out skirmishers. It was intensely cold, and we had to "stand to horse" all the time. After remaining here a while, it came our company's turn to furnish the skirmishers. The captain immediatly called for every fourth man, and as it happened, I was elected, so in company with nine more, I started towards the river for the skirmish line. The bullets came right thick whilst we were running down, but none of us got hit.

I crouched down behind a rail fence and watched for a

shot. I soon got a chance, and I blazed away at a fellow behind a big pine tree, with what result I don't know. They had the best of us altogether, as they had earth works and a pretty heavy piece of woods to shelter them whilst we had nothing but the rail fence. During a lull in the fighting, they kept shouting to us to come over and give them a sight. We turned the same for an answer to them, but neither party was

[38] willing. Besides, they had burned the bridge at our approach. I remained on the line until I fired all my own ammunition and some that I borrowed, and the firing was very close and heavy all the time. I then started to come up for more, but I was so benumbed by the cold that I was unable to walk. After a while I got and - whew - but they shot savage and close about a dozen rounds at me, and if I didn't run, then I never did, but luckily I got off without a scratch. When I got over the hill, I found that the regiment had fallen back about a half mile. Made a fire, when I found them, but - lo - I had nothing to cook, so I parched some corn and started to make some coffee. Before I got through, orders came for us to mount, as we were likely to be wanted (the rest of our troops being then engaged with the enemy), as during our skirmishing with them the first division and the rest of ours had found two fords (one above and one below the bridge), crossed over and took them on both flanks and were driving them handsomely. Then orders came that we would not be wanted, as our men were running all sorts. Whilst some of the boys went over the hill to watch the fight, I returned to my mutton, or rather my corn and coffee, which I soon

dispatched, as I had fourteen hours without food. About 7 1/2 P.M., news came that we had driven them from their works and captured two pieces of artillery from them, at which the boys gave three hearty cheers. I then got some cornstalks and made our bed, where in spite of the increasing cold and our snow bed, we slept comfortably until

Dec. 23d, Friday. About 5 A.M., I turned out and soon had a good fire blazing. Parched some more corn for breakfast. Our loss yesterday was one man (killed in this regiment) and several wounded in the 14th Pa. Cav. Our troops returned

[40] from across the river, having driven the rebs to within 1 1/2 miles of Gordonsville, where they had a heavy force of infantry (which came from Richmond that morning), which compelled our boys to get up and get out. Right smart, I reckon. About 3 P.M. we began to fall back towards Madison Court House, and such awful travelling, men and horses falling at every step. One of our company, "Ed Toole," got very severely hurted. We were ordered to dismount and lead our horses, but it did not better things much, and to make things worse, the rebels were after us hotfoot. At last, about 8 1/2 P.M., after sundry slips and slides, we reached Madison Court House, tied our horses to a fence on the street, and I started to look for some grub. Came across a barrel of flour in a house, to which I helped myself. Through the day I got some potatoes, so between them and

[41] the flour and some good shoulder, Tom and I had a feed royal. I also found piles of tobacco, so that I wanted for nothing. We made our bed on a pile of cornstalks and turned in about 11 P.M. and slept good.

Dec. 24th, Saturday. Reveille sounded about 5 1/2 A.M. Started to bake some cakes. Before I got through, "boots and saddles" sounded and a few minutes later "lead out," so there was nothing for it but to throw out my batter, for which I prayed some. Rode out and formed in line. Stood in line a few moments, then ordered to dismount, which we did, expecting to go every moment, but did not get off until near noon, when we headed towards Culpepper. Could hardly travel, it was so slippery. About 6 1/2 P.M., halted in a woods near "Pixieville." Soon had a good fire going and then a [illegible] supper, after which we turned in for a snooze.

Dec. 25th, Sunday. Christmas Day. Up bright and early and, whilst saddling up, was imagining what kind of Christmas morning the folks at home were having. Wished very much that I was with them to enjoy it. Started about 9 A.M. About 11, passed through the town of Jefferson, a nice, tidy place. Rode all day without disturbance and came to at night a couple of miles from "White Sulphur Springs," a watering place of some note in Virginia previous to the war, but nothing now remains except a huge heap of ruins. Very hard to get wood where we bivouaced, so that it was about 10 P.M. before I had supper ready, but it was good when it came. Shook down some hay and turned in about 11 P.M. and so ended Christmas.

Dec. 26th, Monday. Was turned out at 3 A.M. and it raining heavily. I was completely soaked through, as the water had run under me as well as coming through from the top. Before we got our fires going, "boots and saddles" sounded - whew -there was some awful swearing thereat. Ten minutes later, "lead out" and off we went through the driving, chilling rain. Passed through "Warrenton," which looked dull and cheerless enough, but it contains some of the best private houses which I have seen in this state. We had the advance. As Gene Torbert rode through, he was fired at out of the window. Nobody hurt. Passed through "Salem." Heard here that "Moseby" had been killed a few days before by some of the 13th N.Y. Cav. (don't believe it). In the afternoon, the rain stopped and a cold wind came up, chilling to the very marrow. Did not halt until dark. I was then detailed for picket. Dismounted, at which I was mad, but no use. Had to go on the first relief. Came off and hunted for Tom. Found him. He had a bully supper for me to which I done justice after my twenty-four hours' fast. Returned to my post and did not leave it. Took my boots off for the first time in eight days, and it took four hours to get them on.

Dec. 27th, Tuesday. Reveille sounded at 3 A.M. About 4 A.M., three rockets were thrown across our camp, causing considerable excitement as to what purpose they [were] thrown. Tom got breakfast and saddled up, so that when I came over about 5 1/2 A.M., everything was in readiness for a start. About 6, we started, the morning cold and foggy, our company being the advance guard. Strong flankers were thrown out, as we could see the guerillas gathering on all the hills around us. Came to the town of Paris, a poor, miserable, dingy hole. Passing through the outer edge of the town, our attention was drawn to several pieces of red

[45] string which were lying along the road. Our captain dismounted to examine them (as he said, they looked strange), when he found a hand grenade attached to each of the strings. He placed a guard over them until the general came up. After that, we rode shy of all red strings. We then rode through the famous Ashby's Gap, and about noon we came to the "Shenandoah." It was pretty well up, and I got pretty well wet in fording it, as my horse stumbled into a deep hole. After crossing, we halted about an hour for the column to cross. We then started down the Millwood Pike for Winchester, where we arrived about 3 P.M. We then took the road to our old camp. When we arrived, we found some of our shantys torn down, but ours had escaped. We soon had a good fire going and some supper under weigh. We then spread our blankets and lay down for the first quiet sleep in nine days.

Dec. 28th, Wednesday. Did not turn out until after 7 o'clock. The [word omitted], which stayed behind us, now came up, bringing our tenting and things which we left behind, also our mail matter, I receiving one letter and three papers. Fixed ourselves snug. Once more, nothing going on. Suffering considerable, as I am almost barefooted.

Dec. 29th, Thursday. Received orders today to be ready to move tomorrow morning to another camp. Weather still very cold and uncomfortable.

[46] Dec. 30th, Friday. Boots and saddles sounded about 6 A.M., but we did [not] get off until 9 A.M., when we took the road to Winchester. Passed through the town and struck the "Berryville" Pike, which we followed about a mile, then turned off to the left and halted beside a strip of woods. After considerable delay, we filed in and pitched our tents, Davidson, Shine, Tom, and I going together this time. A picket of 50 men was immediatly sent out from this regiment, I being one. Answered my wife's letter.

Dec. 31st, Saturday. The last day of the year and the last day of my boots also, they falling to pieces with me, desperately cold weather to help things, and so ends 1864.

1865

January 1st, Sunday. The New Year opens very cold. 150 men for picket from the regiment today, 50 of them dismounted. Was detailed. Tried to get excused, but the major said, if we were barefooted, we should go. On hearing this, the captain took off his own boots and gave them to me. Started

[47] for brigade headquarters without rations and had to return for them. Whilst at our tent, the party marched off. Tom and I started across lots to over haul them, but missing the paths on account of the snow, we went astray and wandered about for several hours in desperate plight, as we did not know but what we were going towards rebeldom, and if we came on our own lines after dark, we were apt to be shot for bushwhackers. At last we struck a pike and sat down to wait for someone to come along to tell us where we were. After waiting some time, two mounted men came along and told us that we were on the "Front Royal" Pike, half a mile from Winchester. We came to the conclusion to strike for camp, which we did, and arrived there just as "taps" were sounding, well tired out after our eight-hour tramp. We soon turned in and forgot all our hardships in the land of dreams.

Jan. 2nd, Monday. Out about 6 1/2 A.M. Got breakfast, Davidson and Tom going into the woods to chop and split logs
[48] for the shanty, "Shinie" being sick and I cook. Got the logs over by evening and ready to put up. Got excused on account of not being well today. Weather very cold and the men suffering very much for lack of clothing and boots.

Jan. 5th, Thursday. Detailed for and went on picket today.

Jan. 7th, Saturday. Came off picket today. Intensely cold and storming furiously for the last twenty-four hours. Was glad to get in. Drew a pair of boots, as they had got round at last.

Jan. 10th, Tuesday. Seven of our company came up from remount camp, amongst them Mr. J. [?] Synder, who tells me that Lieut. Draper of this regiment has drawn my box from the express office some time since.

Jan 12th, Thursday. Received a letter from home and answered it.

Jan 15th, Sunday. Went on picket today on the "Berryville" Pike. Six of the picket went outside our lines to forage and were attacked and one killed, one severely wounded, the rest escaping. Towards evening, we received orders to
[49] blockade the road, as we were likely to be attacked at any moment, as large bodies of rebels had been seen in our vicinity. A sharp lookout to be kept and no one to sleep.

Jan. 16th, Monday. The night passed off without any trouble, as they did not come near us.

Jan. 17th, Tuesday. Were relieved this morning. All quiet last night. Got the box at last. The books are OK, everything else ditto. Lots of work in the cavalry now.

Jan. 18th, Wednesday. On stable guard today. Turned Jemmy Nolan's things over to his brother Joe.

Jan. 24th, Tuesday. Received a letter from home in which was enclosed Jemmy Nolan's address. He is in "Libby Prison" and well. Got an answer half written and then burned it, as it did [not] suit me.

Jan. 25th, Wednesday. Received another letter and a paper from home. Answered the two in one. Desperate cold weather, the coldest in fact I ever felt in this state.

Jan. 27th, Friday. Went on picket. Cold, cold.

[50] Jan. 28th, Saturday. Came off picket this noon. Never suffered so much from the cold as I did last night. Thought I should surely freeze and had an attack of the ague to help me along. Turned in as soon as I got to camp. Great peace rumors. Hope they will come true and soon.

Jan. 29th, Sunday. Felt bad this morning. Went on the sicklist. Quinine and Dover's was prescribed for me. A scouting party left the regiment to be gone for two days.

Jan. 30th, Monday. Some better this morning. More quinine and returned to duty. The scouting party came back about midnight, having went as far as "Woodstock," where they were obliged to take the back track. Were bushwhacked into "Strasburg." Short of rations, as is usual, two days out of five.

[51] Jan. 31st, Tuesday. Went on picket this morning. Weather quite warm for a novelty, but no grub. Stationed at "Greenwood Church," a pleasant post.

Feb. 1st, Wednesday. Did not get relieved until night, in consequence of Gen'l Sheridan having his farewell review before his departure to the Army of the Potomac. All the cavalry in the department was out.

Feb. 2nd, Thursday. Quite pleasant this morning. On fatigue all the forenoon, cleaning out our stables. At 1 P.M., boots and saddles sounded for a drill, this time of year. Drilled a couple of hours under the supervision of Gen'l Tibbits.

Feb. 3d., Friday. Cold again, with the expectation of

snow. A mounted inspection in the afternoon.

Feb. 4th, Saturday. Weather quite pleasant today. Received a letter and a paper from home.

Feb. 5th, Sunday. Morning quite cold and feels like snow again. Had a dismounted regimental inspection at 9 A.M. by "Major Otis" in the afternoon. Went into the woods for a log. Whilst out, a scouting party was made out to be gone for three. I was on it but did not get around in time to go with it.

[52] Feb. 6th, Monday. Detailed for picket this morning. Weather quite sharp. Got on a good post.

Feb. 7th, Tuesday. Pretty cold night. Commenced snowing about 6 A.M. Likely to be a heavy fall. Relieved from picket about noon. Desperate cold riding to camp. Had to get to the woods as soon as I landed. Turned in early.

Feb. 8th, Wednesday. Cold morning and about eighteen inches of snow. Woods again. Thought I should freeze. Answered my wife's letter of the 4th inst.

Feb. 9th, Thursday. Very cold morning, the usual high winds and as cold as ever. Went on stable guard.

Feb. 10th, Friday. Very cold night. Came off guard at 9 A.M. Received a paper from home. Drew eight fresh horses in the company. Washed clothes today.

Feb. 11th, Saturday. Weather pleasant but frosty. Turned in my horse, as he was unservicable. Was detailed to take the old horses to the "corral." In the afternoon, drew a horse by lot and got an old black skeleton, wicked as a tiger cat, named "Dago."

[53] Feb. 12th, Sunday. Cold and windy again. Mounted inspection at 9 A.M. but, being detailed for stable guard, I missed that, for which I was glad.

Feb. 13th, Monday. The coldest night and morning this winter, it being impossible to keep warm by walking. Came off guard at 9 A.M.

Feb. 14th, Tuesday. Detailed for picket. Stationed on the right of the "Millwood" Pike. Day pleasant.

Feb. 15th, Wednesday. Weather again cold, with a heavy fall of snow. All quiet last night. Was relieved from picket about 11 A.M.

Feb. 16th, Thursday. Weather warm and considerable of a thaw. Wrote a letter to "Tom Gillespie." Had a regimental inspection (on foot) by the Inspector General of the Division.

Feb. 17th, Friday. Pleasant day. On stable guard. Three of our "None Coms" went on furlough this morning, to be gone fifteen days. Towards evening, it clouded up and began to snow.

Feb. 18th, Saturday. Morning raw and unpleasant. It snowed almost all night. Came off guard at 9 A.M. At 5 P.M., was

[54] detailed for a scout to travel light. About 22 of us started, one half being of the 14th Pa. Cav., and took the road to "Berryville," through which we passed about 9 P.M., everything being dark and silent in the town. About three miles below it, we turned off to the right and after several turnings and windings, we reached the "Shenandoah River" at "Weir's Ford" and began crossing in single file.

Got over all right and dry, thanks to my boots and a steady horse. We then took to the hills, travelling in single file, and about midnight we reached the town of "Paris." Here we halted, the 14th leaving us to go towards "Front Royal." We then proceeded to search the houses for arms or "Rebs," but did not find any. We again started on and did not halt until we got into "Upperville." Here we halted and pickets were thrown out, I being one. The houses were searched here also and some prisoners and other contrabrand articles came to light, amongst them were two barrels of apple brandy o which some of the boys became glorious. When I was relieved

[55] off post, I got some also but could not drink it, it being too fiery, but I gave it to my horse, who seemed to relish it highly.

Feb. 19th, Sunday. Left "Upperville" about daylight and started for camp. The drunken ones were falling out of their saddles every few yards along the way. We again visited "Paris" but passed through without stopping (as delays are dangerous after daylight in that country). Here we were obliged to leave seven of our men, they being too drunk to move. Crossed the river again at "Ashby's Ford" without accident. Back by the "Millwood" Pike and arrived in camp at 11 A.M., having ridden over sixty miles and being eighteen hours in the saddle. Being both tired, sore, and awful sleepy, had dinner and turned in for a snooze. Slept until stable call. During the afternoon, some of the 14th came into camp hatless and bleeding, their party having run onto "Rosser's" Brigade, the rebs killing

and capturing over eighty of them. They saw our drunken ones lying in the snow, stripped naked and all mashed up, but whether living or dead they did not wait to look, so that taking it all round we did not make much of the operation. Received a letter and paper from home. Quite sore yet but a night's rest will make me all right again.

Feb. 20th, Monday. Pleasant weather again. On stable guard again. Answered my wife's letter of the 14th inst. Good news from "Sherman" again.

Feb. 21st, Tuesday. Heavy frost last night. Genl Tibbitts had a grand ball, the sounds of the music called up an involuntary sigh at the remembrance of the times that we tripped the light fantastic toe to the same measures. came of guard at 9 A.M.

Feb. 22nd, Wednesday. Detailed for picket this morning. Posted at the block house to do patrol duty between it and "Greenwood Church." Began to rain soon after getting there. Continued all day. Salutes were fired in honor of its being Washington's Birthday.

[57] Feb. 23d, Thursday. Came off picket about noon. Still raining and considerable mud going. Good news from "Sherman" again. Rained all day. Each man served out with two extra shoes and nails to put them on. Another raid in the wind.

Feb. 24th, Friday. Weather pleasant, with much mud. On fatigue all day, digging a ditch. Received a paper from home. Drew a sutter's check for \$2.00.

Feb. 25th, Saturday. Cloudy, with some rain. Each man to have 80 rounds of ammunition and be ready to start in a moment. Got two dollars from the sutter.

Feb. 26th, Sunday. On camp guard this morning. Two hundred horses were taken from our regiment today to mount men in other divisions who are going off on this raid tomorrow. I lost my "Dago." Regimental inspection by the Inspector General of this department. Weather fine but "oh," the footing! Mud, mud, mud.

Feb. 27th, Monday. Came off guard this morning. The night was cold but not unpleasant. Our second brigade broke camp this morning and marched off. Rain great part of the afternoon.

Feb. 28th, Tuesday. Weather cloudy and dull. Went on

[58] picket. Stationed a little way from the "Berryville" Pike. Saw several rebels during the day, but they did not come within shooting distance.

March 1st, Wednesday. Came off picket about 10 A.M. Drizzling rain. All quiet last night. Drew a fresh horse today, a wooly old cream. Named him "Fremont." Rainy. Lent begins today.

March 2nd, Thursday. Detailed to go after horses down to the depot. Did not get back until the afternoon. I was then cold and wet to the skin. Received a letter from home.

March 3d, Friday. Went on camp guard today. Rainy and unpleasant. Good news from "Sheridan."

March 4th, Saturday. Came off guard at 9 A.M. Rained all night. Nothing but mud, mud, half knee-high. Answered my wife's letter.

March 5th, Sunday. Regimental inspection today. Not on it as I was doing fatigue duty. Turned in all our camp equipment.

March 6th, Monday. On picket today. Stationed at "Jordan's Springs," a favorite pleasure resort of the F.F.I.'s [?] before this war, but now very much delapidated. Drank of the waters several times. Mighty unpleasant to both smell and taste.

March 7th, Tuesday. Came off picket about 2 P.M.

[59] March 8th, Wednesday. Got my dirty clothes soaked and ready to wash, when an order came for all the available men of the regiment to go somewhere. Having turned in old "Fremont" last Sunday, I had to take another horse. Took the road to "Winchester" at a smart trot. Halted about a half a mile beyond the town and drew up in a line of battle. Whilst waiting, I learned that we were to guard a lot of rebel prisoners (captured by "Sheridan") down to the station. They soon came along (a hard-looking tribe indeed) and we formed on the front and flanks of them and started at a snail's pace for the cars. We halted several times to rest them and allow the footsore ones to come up. We got down about 4 P.M. and turned them over to an infantry regiment to look out for them. There were about 1500 of them. Got back to camp at dark. Whilst marching through "Winchester," many were the sympathetic glances they received from a portion of the female inhabitants, but nothing further.

March 9th, Thursday. Started to wash again this morning when I had to go on camp guard. Weather nice and fine.

[60] March 10th, Friday. At 2 A.M., officers' call sounded, and every available man and horse were ordered off on a three-day scout. They marched about 7 A.M., the weather cold and windy. Came off guard at 10 A.M. Went on fatigue and done my washing in the afternoon.

March 11, Saturday. Detailed for guard this morning, but I was not required. Weather fine again.

March 12th, Sunday. The three-day scout returned this afternoon, bringing some twenty prisoners, most of them deserters. Received a paper from home.

March 13th, Monday. Went on guard this morning. At 11 P.M., a scout of one hundred men left the regiment.

March 14th, Tuesday. Came off guard at 9 A.M. The scout returned having been to Berryville and around but came across nothing.

March 16th, Thursday. Went on picket this morning. Weather warm and pleasant. About 6 P.M., it began to rain.

[61] March 17th, Friday. Came off picket about 11 A.M. Spent an awful miserable night. Our fire went out and we could not get it to go again until about 12 A.M., when two of us went about half a mile and roused two old maids out of bed and got some matches, dry wood, and an axe. We dried our clothes on our backs. Got a letter from Tom Gillespie and one from home. Had an inspection of horses. The half of the horses in the regiment were condemned.

March 18th, Saturday. On stable guard today. Answered my wife's letter. A most painfull accident happened in Co. M. A young fellow named Parker had a shell between his knees, striving to cut the plunger out, when it exploded and almost tore him to pieces. The bone of his right thigh stuck right out, his left almost as bad, his right hand and fore arm totally gone. His face and neck were cut in several places. It made me quite shaky to look at him. He died this afternoon. Answered my wife's letter.

March 19th, Sunday. Came off guard at 9 A.M. Had company inspection at 1 P.M. The funeral of Parker took place this afternoon, his own company only being present.

March 20th, Monday. Went on picket. Quite warm and

pleasant.

[62] March 21st, Tuesday. Came off picket at 10 A.M. Received a paper from home. Quite rainy. A scout of the thirteen men went out under command of Lieut. Draper, the division scout. Rainy and cold.

March 22nd, Wednesday. Answered Tom Gillespie's letter. In the forenoon, a couple of scouts returned, saying that they had been attacked and nine of the fourteen killed and that they escaped by having good horses. A scout of 100 men were immediatly ordered to go and find out if it was true. I was detailed as one. We started at noon. About three P.M. we came to where the fight took place and found one man killed and one mortally wounded. The rest were not hurt but were all taken prisoners. We travelled over all the surrounding country but got no track of them. We got back to camp about 11 P.M., awful tired and sore.

March 23d, Thursday. Went on stable guard today. Warm.

March 24th, Friday. Came off guard at 9 A.M. Got ready for an inspection, which did not take place.

March 25th, Saturday. Cold and windy. Went [on] brigade guard.

March 26th, Sunday. Came off guard at 9 A.M. The night was cold and windy. Had company inspection at 11 A.M>

[63] March 28th, Tuesday. Went on picket today, short of rations. Stationed at the blockhouse on the "Berryville" pike.

March 29th, Wednesday. All quiet last night. Came off picket at 11 A.M. Rained through the afternoon.

March 30th, Thursday. Went on stable guard. Raining heavily. Letters from home behind time. A heavy storm of thunder, lightning, and rain about 8 P.M. Washed all our dirty clothes today.

March 31st, Friday. Came off guard at 9 A.M., still squally. Rumors of breaking camp floating around. No letter yet.

April 1st, Saturday. Got ready for picket, then we did not go. I then went on camp picket. Weather pleasant. Again the regiment for general inspection, but it did not come off. Drew all the horses from the second brigade of this division.

April 2nd, Sunday. Came off picket at 9 A.M. The inspection took place at 11 A.M. We were highly complimented by the inspecting officer. Warm and clear in the afternoon. A dispatch from Gen'l Grant was read, announcing a great victory by "Galloping Phil" over the rebels. "Bully" for him.

- [64] April 3d, Monday. On brigade guard again today. Another dispatch today from Gen'l Grant, announcing the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond by the Rebs and that they were both in our possession. Besides, vast quantities of war material and prisoners fell into our hands. Three-times-three were given with a will and the music was got out and played the national airs. Jeff himself was not to be found at 9 P.M. Orders were received for the regiment to break camp, send all the dismounted men to the rear, and all the good men and horses to join a party about to proceed up the valley. Evening squally.

April 4th, Tuesday. Came off guard at 2 A.M. At daylight "boots and saddles" sounded. We soon tore things down and after some trouble got packed up. Three days' rations for man and two for beast. About 8 A.M. we started and took the road through Winchester for Newtown. Passed several regiments of cavalry and a battery of artillery along the road and took the advance. Halted on "Fisher's Hill." Our company picket was stationed in the reb breast works. Weather warm and pleasant. Dropped a few lines home.

- [65] April 5th, Wednesday. Took up the line of march in the extreme rear. About 8 A.M., passed through "Woodstock," which is quite a nice little place. The only union sentiment visible was exhibited by some good-looking young ladies who wore small national flags on their bosoms. Halted at Edinburg and after backing, and filling for a couple of hours, we camped on a piece of woods and made ourselves comfortable. Had a visit from Hawk and Dick of the 22nd. N.Y.

April 6th, Thursday. Reveille sounded at 3 A.M., "boots and saddles" at 4, and at 5 we started on the back track. Halted twice through the day, and about 4 P.M. we encamped at Kerntown, four miles beyond Winchester. I received three papers by mail but no letter. I do wish they would come.

April 7th, Friday. "Boots and saddles" sounded at 10 A.M. We started at 11, and about 4 1/2 P.M. we encamped about a mile beyond "Berryville." Passed large bodies of infantry moving in all directions. Just as I got supper cooked, I

was detailed for picket. I think the air was blue around me for some time when I heard it.

[66] April 8th, Saturday. Came off picket about 11 A.M. Turned in our Burnside carbines and drew Starr's New Patent, which are almost as good as the Spencer Carbine No. 32684.

April 9th, Sunday. On brigade guard today. Cloudy and cool. Lost two men last night by horse thieves.

April 10th, Monday. Rained all night. Very unpleasant. Came off guard at 7.30 A.M. Another mail and nothing for me yet. Duty very hard. Wrote home.

April 11th, Tuesday. On picket today. Cold and damp. Got a paper from home but no letter.

April 12th, Wednesday. Night cool. Came off picket about 9 A.M. Drew a Remington Revolver No. 116155.

April 13th, Thursday. Went as escort to "Summit Point" with a wagon train.

April 14th, Friday. Every available man in the brigade was ordered off on a scout today. Went to "Snicker's" ford but the water was too high to cross. Then we went to Shepard's ford, which was also too high. A couple of the scouts crossed by swimming their horses. Got back a dark. A rebel lieutenant and five privates came into our camp and gave themselves up.

[67] April 15th, Saturday. Rainy and cold. Went on picket at noon. "Boots and saddles" sounded. The boys struck camp and formed line to march when the order was countermanded. During the afternoon, the painful and startling rumor of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln (at Ford's Theatre, Washington) reach camp. It was not believed, but night papers proved it too true. It created a most profound sensation amongst men of all parties and many were the curses vented on the head of his murderer.

April 16th, Sunday. Came off picket at 9 A.M. Regimental inspection at 2 P.M.

April 17th, Monday. Warm and pleasant. On fatigue, grading the company street. Sent on dismounted picket at 5 P.M.

April 18th, Tuesday. Came off picket at 3.30 A.M. As orders had come to saddle up, three days' grain was served out. Then we were told to take only one and finally none

[68] at all, as we were only going out with Gen'l Champman to have an interview with Moseby at "Millwood." Got off about 8 A.M., preceded by our band, which struck up some lively airs, as we rode through "Berryville." We halted about half a mile this side of "Millwood," when the general and his body guard rode into the town. After waiting several hours and accomplishing nothing, we started for camp, but were shortly overtaken by Moseby and his staff. He then had another conversation with Chapman and rode off. We got back to camp about 8 P.M. A number of dismounted had come up during the day. A paper from home but no letter yet. Turned in at 9 1/2 P.M.

April 19th, Wednesday. On camp guard, mounted in style.

[69] April 20th. Was roused out at 2.30 A.M. to pack and saddle, as the regiment was to move at daylight. Did not hurry myself at all. Drew two days' grain for my horse and three days' bread for myself. Did not get [off] until about 8 A.M., when we took the road to Harpers Ferry, where we arrived at 1 P.M. Here I noticed all the houses were in mourning for the President. Went to remount camp, as my horse was unservicable, and turned him in. Here I met Jemmy Nolan, looking well after his sojourn in "Libby." Turned in my sabre also about 5 P.M. All the dismounted men belonging to the 2nd. Cav. Div. were marched down to "Knoxville," to take the cars for Washington. In the place of that, we faced for "Frederick." We were then told that we would have to walk to Washington. Our squad halted about two miles beyond Knoxville and went into camp by an old sawmill. We soon had a good fire going and the coffee boiling, and after a good supper, Jemmy and I lay down and slept until

April 21st, Friday. At 4 A.M. when I turned out and soon had a good fire going. Had breakfast at 5 and started. After several halts, we got into Frederick at 12, well tired and footsore. The boys now said that they would walk no further, so they deputed me to act as sergt. of the squad and get transportation for them. I went to the Provost Marshal and after some trouble I got it for thirteen of us. We then went into camp along the railroad, but it began to rain about 10 P.M., so I got up and went to the guardhouse and bidding defiance to the storm I slept like a top until morning.

[70] April 22nd, Saturday. Had breakfast at 5 A.M. At 7, started for Washington, where we arrived at noon, passing through some of the finest looking land I ever seen. Left our things in the soldiers' rest and got something to eat in the afternoon. Went and seen Shelly and Bryson and got

treated bully. Saw the mounted men of the regiment come in and go over the long bridge. Walked all round the city. Everything draped in sables. Some of the boys were very kind to me, treating me off my own overcoat, which they sold whilst I was out.

April 23d, Sunday. Cool and cloudy. Went to church. Very quiet city on today.

April 24th, Monday. Visited the Capitol Patent Office and Post Office Johnson [?] Buskirk. Spoke to him about the medal business. He gave me a note to the chief clerk of the Navy Department and sent me to another and then he took me to Asst. Secy. Fox, who gave directions to have my case attended. I found out that there is nothing like having a freind at court. Went to the Sanitary Commission and got some paper and envelopes from them. Visited Joe Boyce in evening and had a pleasant time.

[71] April 25th, Tuesday. Got a pass to join the regiment. Left the "rest" at 1 P.M. and took the direction of Georgetown. Crossed the bridge and was once more on the sacred soil, about the same place where I struck it four years ago. Passed all the well-known roads and about 7 P.M. came on the regiment, just back from "Falls Church." The country looks much better than it did in '61, and I turned in with Brady and Co.

April 26th, Wednesday. The long-looked-for letter came at last. Reported to the camp of the dismounted men, which finely situated.

April 27th, Thursday. Answered my wife's letter. Drilled a little in the afternoon.

April 28th, Friday. On guard today. A lot of parold prisoners joined us today. The papers contain the good news of the death of the assassain "Booth."

[72] April 29th, Saturday. Bully news in the papers. As hostilities has ceased, an immediate reduction of the army and its concomitants has been ordered by President Johnston. It made all hands feel good and various were the conjectures as to how long we should be kept.

April 30th, Sunday. Was mustered for pay today by Major Bontelle. Had divine service, but did not attend.

May 2nd, Tuesday. Signed the payrolls this afternoon for four months' pay ending Dec. 31st, '64. To receive it

tomorrow. Great yarns afloat.

May 3rd, Wednesday. Went down to the regiment for the money, but no paymaster was to be found. Waited some hours and then left in [illegible].

May 5th, Friday. On guard today. Receive a letter from home. Gen'l Tibbits bought eight barrels of ale to treat the regiment but only twenty men were found who would drink it. He has left the service.

[73] May 6th, Saturday. During the afternoon, an order came for all the men who had not signed the payrolls to go to their companies and do so, as the paymaster had come. All hands then went down for their money. I drew \$60.90, two dollars being due the sutler. I then paid various other small debts. I gave Jemmy Nolan my pistol to carry, as it hurt me. Did not return to our camp that night.

May 7th, Sunday. Got to camp bright and early and found that someone had entered the tent during the night and stolen all of Jemmy's money and my revolver and overcoat. Went down to the regiment and gave the captain \$50.00 to send to my wife by Adam's Express. A great many of the boys considerably bent.

May 8th, Monday. Answered my wife's letter of the 5th. Getting tired of this idleness.

May 17th, Wednesday. Went on a visit to the Second Corps and seen some acquaintances in the 125 N.Y.V. Received a letter from home. Awful hot - 95 in the shade.

May 18th, Thursday. Quite a storm today, which cooled things considerable. Answered my wife's letter.

[in pencil; in a childish scrawl:]

John John G. Morrison
Marget H. Morrison
Pennie Mor

[next to last page :]

Alcohol one pint ShellLac 5 1/2 oz.
Burgundy Pitch 3 oz. Gum Turpentine 5 1/2 oz.

[ditto, in pencil, written in childish scrawl]

