

Robert C. Wilbur
17 Cline St
Dolgeville N.Y.

DIARY

Kept by Chas. A. Tournier while in military
service of the U.S. Government. 8-29-64 to
7-3-65

Diary kept by Chas A. Tournier while in the service
during the American rebellion.

I enlisted at Auburn on the 29th day of August 1864
remained in Auburn till the 16th day of September. Then
with my Company, A 3rd NY Light Artillery boarded the cars
enroute for Geneva. We were marched on board of the steamer
D.S. Magee soon as arriving at above place; we reached
the head of the lake at noon; remained there till 7 P.M.
Then took a train to Elmira and were quartered there till
Friday 20 inst. Then marched to the station. After wait-
ing two hours we boarded a train all box cars and start-
ed for Baltimore.

We were on the road 36 hours between Elmira and Balti-
more. The train stoped at a small station on the first day
out near a hay stack and that was my first raid as we carried
part of the hay to the cars which made us a very comfortable
bed for the night.

The next being Sunday we arrived at Baltimore and were
allowed to go to the Hotels for our dinner but we had to pay
the bill.

I dined at the Eutaw House with some of my comrades for w
which we paid one dollar per head. Late in the afternoon
we boarded a steamer on the Chespeak bay bound for camp dis-
tribution Old Point comfort near Fort Monroe.

The night was clear and the moon was shining bright as the steamer plowed through the glistening waves. I wrapped myself up in my blanket stretched out on the deck with the moon shining in my face intending to sleep. But sleep did not come that night: I wished myself home. Near morning I slept a little. At 6 Monday morning we reached our destination for the time being. We marched on to the dock with orders to remain there which we did till 10 a.m. Then a transport came in. Our next orders were to board the vessel. After being aboard one half hour another part of the 3d artillery came on board which made such a crowd we could not find room to lie down.

There was so much kicking about the danger of a (voigie) in such an overloaded boat our Captain succeeded in having us taken off to wait for the next vessel. We then went to camp Hamilton that being the name of camp distribution. We were quartered in good sized tents four soldiers occupying a tent. Us boys had a lot of fun with the darkies as there was lots of them all sizes and shades. We slept well in our tents.

The next morning one of my comrades was very sick. He was in our tent so caused us some anxiety as the cause was on account of the change of drinking water. But he recovered in a few days.

I spent a great part of the time on the shore of the Chesapeake bay as I was sitting on my grassy bank at high tide the water or waves are rippling at my feet while in a few hours at low tide waters edge is nearly a mile away the land being flat. At low tide we wade out and pick up oysters which we usually eat raw.

Wednesday Sept 28-1864. I awoke this morning just in time to get my rations. Had I slept a little longer this child would have had no breakfast as they do not wait breakfast in the army as mother does at home. I drew some pork, hard tack and coffee. The coffee was balack as they sweeten with brown sugar and add sugar and water at the same time and boil a long while but it tastes good to a soldier. About noon today my convalesing tent mate was again taken worse. A detail of men from the Hospital come with a litter and carried him to the Hospital.

I went down to the beach this evening and found some of the boys who thought they were experts at boxing were trying their skill and muscle. I enjoyed the fun for sometime then took a wash in the bay and turned in as the soldier says.

Thursday Sept 29th. Morning dawned bright and beautifull. I awoke early and found myself well and hungry as usual. But found another of my tent mates very sick, Charley White by name. The first tent mate taken sick (James Cynderlin) is not any better.

The steamer George Leary coming in as the tide was going out ran aground and was obliged to remain there several hours untill the tide came in.

The story has been about that we are not to go to Newbern as we expected but go to the front in Virginia. Some of the boys are nearly wild with fear least they may stop a bullet. I feel a little uneasy myself. Sort of feel as though I would like to tread the streets of old Auburn with the boys and girls, but I went out and had a little fund with the darkies then to my tent and played whist for awhile and here goes

for my blanket as we dont go to bed. We do not have any but a board instead which makes my back ache.

Friday Sept 30-1864. This morning is clear and bright as usual I am well. James Sunderlin came back from the hospital feeling quite well. Some of the boys and myself went over to Fort Monroe today and found it a very large and beautiful fort containing a row of good sized houses, quite a little village. We returned to camp at 6 AM just a little late to draw our rations. But after quite a long parley with the Dutch cooks we succeeded in making them believe that we had not already drawn our rations. We took our coffee etc. to the tent and while drinking mine a piece of cloth floated in my mouth which did not help my appetite very much.

A steamer of some kind had a boiler explosion off of the coast this afternoon but they say no lives lost. Charley White was taken to the Hospital. The weather cool and pleasant.

Saturday October 1st 1864. I awoke this morning and found the rain falling very fast and it has rained all day which kept us all in the tent. We played cards and smoked some. Ate all we could find to eat. James Sunderlin is now quite well and Charley white some better. The tide is two feet higher than we ever saw it before.

Sunday Oct 2nd 1864. I am well. Things are rather quiet in camp today. We expect to embark for Newbern tomorrow. It rained all of the morning, cleared up at noon. I took a salt water bath as I was returning to my tent met another of our boys on a stretcher enroute for the hospital.

Monday Oct 3d 1864. As I first looked from my tent this morning saw not the sun but dull leaden clouds. But no rain came. Cleared off after dinner. Quiet in camp today; no more news about us going to Newbern. I am not feeling well so retire early.

Tuesday Oct 4-1864. Nothing new today. I awoke this morning feeling quite sick with a dizzy and aching head so turn in early.

wednesday Oct 5th 1864. Kept in my tent all day. Went to roll call but was too sick to wait for the break ranks order so was excused. Went to the Doctor. Now I take my medicine and retire to my blanket and board.

Thursday Oct 6-1864. Still at Camp Hamilton. I am not feeling very well although some better. We cooked our own rations today and think our food is a little cleaner.

Friday Oct. 7-1864. Am feeling well and like my old self again. We recieved marching orders this morning and were in readiness all day but near night the order was countermanded and after a smoke all around with a few games of cards we retire. Thus ends another day.

Saturday Oct 8-1864. At 1 pm today we recieved orders to start for Roanoke Island, formed in line, marched to the dock where a large transport was waiting one of the kind rigged with masts and sails also steam with screw wheel in rear. We marched on board and remained till eight in the evening expecting to start oceanward at that time. But we were informed that possibly we might not leave till morning and we did not. There was six hundred of us when we laid down to try to sleep. The decks were entirely covered with men.

After passing a very uncomfortable night on Sunday Oct 9 1864 at six am we were ordered to disembark and march back to

The decks were entirely covered with men. After passing a very unformfortable night on Sunday at six am we were ordered to disembark and march back to our old camp. Why it was so a soldier is not supposed to know. On reaching camp we found our tent occupied by a new lot of soldiers. As we waited around our camp fire all day cooking and eating we expected some tents to be given us. But night came, no tents with it, so we wrapped up in overcoats and blankets and tried to sleep on the ground. I was so cold sleep would not come so I arose, went to a camp fire and sat us most of the night looking at the fire and thinking of the feather bed at home.

Monday October 10 1864. Everything quiet in camp today. The boys are all well in our company. I received a letter from my brother Ed stating that the folks at home were also well. As the day here is clear and fine and all of the news good. I succeeded in stealing a tent and am now feeling quite comfortable.

Tuesday Oct 11-1864. There is nothing today worth mentioning, no letters, no nothing. We just put in the day that is all.

Wednesday Oct 12-1864. Today about the same as yesterday excepting we had a little more to eat as there are four of us in the tent and some how we had five rations. Some one must have drew two, but uncle sam can stand it. Only it is very much against orders.

Thursday Oct 13-1864. The order to fall-in came very early this morning. We knew not what for, but after falling in line we again marched to the dock and found a large ocean steamer called the Hays. Soon after getting on board we steamed away

bound for the South. We did not get out of Chespeak bay till darkness came over the waters. The steamer was so heavily loaded we could not all find room to lie down on the decks for sleep, so I guess we will not sleep much tonight.

Friday Oct 14-1864. Last night was a sleeples night, clear and star light rather cold to be in the open air. Daylight was a welcome sight this morning. There was a very heavy swell on the ocean which made our transport roll. As quite a stiff breeze was blowing on our side many of the boys were sea sick and some were taken so suddenly they heaved up the contents of their stomachs on deck much to the discomfort of those who were so fortunate as not to be sick. I happened to be one of the latter ones. The rolling of the ship did not affect me so badly as the condition of the decks.

We arrived at Roanoke Island at about 4 PM but did not land till after dark. We then marched to some new barracks which were under conscruction with only about half of the roofing on, but that was better than the crowded deck on the rolling ocean. My back ached so from sleeping on the hard boards that I was unable to get much sleep. But here goes for a trial at sleep.

Saturday Oct 15-1864. I started out of the barracks this morning at daylight. The first thing I saw was a well with the old fashioned well sweep and an old oaken bucket. I reached the well as also did many others at about the same time. I drank some cold water also washed by face and was ready for breakfast. We formed in line in front of the cook house and waited our turn to draw rations. I recieved nine hard tac. A hard tac is about four inches square and three eights of one inch in thickness. Three of them is supposed to be eaten at

one meal. For breakfast we also drew one pint of coffee without milk. I made the remark to our captain that I could eat the whole nine at one meal. His reply was "You think more of your damned stomach than you do of military." I thought he was about right for I certainly did well after breakfast. My chum and I started out to look around in order to know what the Island was like. First we found a large Government sawmill. I was not able to learn why they had such a large and modern affair on this island. There was timber enough but I was unable to learn what they done with so much lumber. After leaving the mill we noticed the coast was low and sandy. As we turned from the saw mill we noticed a road leading to the woodland. So we started up the road, passed through the woods and came to an open which was large fields of cotton. We had our first experience picking cotton and opening the balls. We continued on till we reached the coast which we learned was the Albemarle Sound but so wide that we could not see the land on opposite side. We then returned after having walked about six miles. Ate three more hard tack, answered to roll call and am now ready to retire.

On the Sunday Oct 15th 1864 the barracks were finished yesterday and we have a bunk to sleep in now but no softer than the floor was. My chum Tom Strong and I are enjoying life pretty well now. We ^{wandered} ~~marched~~ away from our quarters this afternoon, came to a new building where we settled down and wrote some letters. I wrote one to Ellen Lawrence, also one to home. There is a rumor about that we are to embark for Newbern tomorrow which we hope is so, as were not very much in love with Roanoke island.

Monday Oct 17-1864. We do not see any vessel at the dock or any in sight so four of us asked for passes so that we might see a little more of the Island. After walking through the woods a few miles came across some darkies who told us there is about seven hundred of their kind lived on the Island. We found them very clever and polite. They seemed to think a great deal of Uncle Sam's soldiers.

We came across a cemetery containing all rebel soldiers, a very desolate place. But a large number of the boys in grey were sleeping there. On the whole I think this Island is a barren unhealthy place and I would not like to spend the rest of my life here.

A sailing vessel came in sight today. Uncle Sam's gunboat lying in the harbor sent a canon ball skipping over the waters just ahead of her. They took in sails and put out the anchor. Our gunboat sent out a small boat. Soon the men were on board and found the vessel was a rebel schooner which surrendered at once. They did not bring the crew on shore but manned the schooner and sailed to some other port. We are daily looking for orders to start for Newbern N.C. as we have none, I will retire.

Tuesday Oct 18-1864. I slept well last night. Guess my back is getting some use to the hard and straight board as it does not ache as much now. After hard tac and coffee, Tom and I decided to visit the saw mill. After a carefull survey we pronounced it a first class affair, like most everything belonging to the Government. The next thing to pass the time away was to ask permission to go in the woods and started out for a long ramble. After getting quite a long distance from camp the rain began to fall. We came back as fast as possible

but our clothing and feet was wet through. I feel as though my chance might be good for taking cold. The bugle says lights out so here goes for bunk.

Wednesday Oct 19, 1864-Last night I heard a great deal of puffing and snorting also whistle-blowing. This morning the first thing was to visit the dock and we found a large ocean steamer there called the "Masasoit". On returning to our barracks we found all of our effects lying in the sand. They said we could live there no more as the steamer had brought in a cargo which must be stored in our old quarters. We began to wonder where we were going to stay tonight. But we soon found out the Masasoit was to take us to Newbern N.C.

About 4 pm we were wordered on board. I was pleased as I had no use for the Island. Soon after I came on board someone told me there was a case of yellow fever on board which caused us some uneasiness. After investigating the story was proved to be false.

I went up on the upper deck and found the casing to the smoke stack was warm and as the night was cool by wrapping myself in my blanket and lying against the casing, I had a good warm bed so settled down for the night.

Friday Oct 20, 1864-I slept all night without once awakening. Soon after daylight I raised up and found we were out of sight of land. We steamed through smooth waters and entered Pamlico Sound. Then into the mouth of the Neuse river. After traveling about sixty miles up the river we landed at the dock at Newbern N.C. After landing we were given tents called dog-tents just large enough for two men to sleep in, but we could

not stand up in them. We drew a ration of hard tac and coffee, ate and retired.

Saturday Oct 21st 1864. When I awoke this morning, the tent was sagging so low it nearly touched my face. On pushing up on it I could hear the water run off. We crawled out and found a clear sky. The water on the tent had accumulated from the very heavy dews in this climate.

Yesterday as we marched through the city, we noticed the stores and houses were all closed. Most of the windows had tight shutters. Upon enquiring we learned the city was full of yellow fever. The death rate was large each day. I found quite a large sash and blind factory making nothing but pine coffins employing a large number of hands. Things do not look very pleasant just now, but they say the fever will die out soon, as we get a little cold weather.

I arose at 4 A.M. having slept so cold was glad to sit by the camp fire till time to draw rations. This afternoon we amused ourselves moving our tent to a spot that suited us better. We hear a rumor that we are to do garrison duty at Fort Anderson across the river. By the way, Newbern faces on the river side which is about 3 miles wide. Quite large steamers run up to the docks.

Sunday Oct 22nd 1864. Today has been quite cold also high wind very unpleasant but I preferred staying in the open air to sitting on the ground under a dog tent. We have kept out of the city on account of the yellow fever. Tomorrow we reach our destination which is Fort Anderson on the opposite side of the river. We are to take the place of Battery G of our regiment of which my brother George is a member, so I expect to see him tomorrow. Here goes for the blanket on the ground in

Monday Oct 23d 1864. Here we are at Fort Anderson. Came over this morning landed at a very long dock extending in the river about 200 feet. Just as we step from the dock on land the cook house is at our left. To the right is the road leading to the entrance of the fort which covers about two acres of land. The walls are made of earth sloping both ways. They are about 10 feet high, 20 feet thick at the base mounted with 64 pound canons. Inside at one end are wooded buildings used for the officers quarters. The two long rows of tents. Then at the other end the powder magazin. Near the entrance is another building used for a guard house. No grass but barren sand inside and outside.

We drew our guns and equipments but did not enter the Fort till the latter part of the day. George* was out in a swamp on picket today. As he came in I went out a little way and met him. His first words were, "What did you come down here for?" I told him, "To see sights and to fight and to get the bounty." and I handed him several things that were sent him from home.

On returning to the fort he and his company pulled up their tents with orders to go in winter quarters at Newbern, while our company is to take their place in the fort. So we pitched our tents wondering how long this would be our home. We burn candles in our tents and have to blow them out at 9 P.M. Mine is most gone, so I retire.

Feb. 26

*George M. Tournier. Age, 18 years. Enlisted ~~in~~ #9 1864 at Auburn; mustered in as private, Battery G, 3rd N.Y Vol. Artillery, this same date to serve three years: mustered out with battery, July 7, 1865, at Syracuse, N.Y.

Tuesday Oct 24, 1864. I arose this morning with a lame ~~back~~ back. Bed too hard I guess. We pulled our tent up and built a sort of square box about five by nice feet, five feet high, then put our tent on top for a roof. Inside we fitted up as follows: On one side two bunks, one above the other one, and a little round stove for burning wood. Four of us are to live here. We also hinged a board to the side of the building. When raised to a horizontal position can be used for a table, also for desk.

I was detailed to pull the stroke oar on the ^{post} ~~post~~ boat. This boat is manned by 6 oarsmen and one to steer. This boat runs between Newbern and the fort, making from one to three trips per day. Mine is a very good position as I do not have any other duties to do. We crossed the river twice today and returned twice making 12 miles of rowing all together.

Wednesday Oct 25-1864. At 10 AM we rowed across the river returned at 12 a.m dinner went out in the swamp and pulled some dry grass which made us a very good bed by spreading it in our bunks the covering with a blanket. This afternoon we went over the river to get a Lieutenant. Back again just in time for supper. I am now writing in my bunk with my tin cup upside down with a piece of candle on it for a light.

Thursday and Friday, Oct 26 & 27: Nothing worth mentioning.

Saturday Oct 29-1864 Two months today since I enlisted. Sort of an anniversary day. I am not sorry I enlisted. The army life suits me pretty well. Tomorrow is inspection. I do not expect to come out on account of being detailed on the post boat.

Sunday Oct 30-1864. One of the boats' crew were ordered to put on our dress uniforms. Supposing that meant inspection. But we were ordered down to the dock and after about one hour receive orders to man the boat and row across to the city. Returned latter part of day, then supper, now bed.

Monday Oct 31-1864 we mustered in for pay today. The thoughts of money makes the boys light hearted.

Tuesday Nov 1st 1864. I wrote two letters today, one to Ellen Lawrence. She seems to think someday we will be married. She will never see that day as I would not marry the best woman in the world, just because I prefer to be single. The other letter was to Mattie Conner, just the jolliest little piece of goods you ever saw. If those two girls should meet and compare notes I suppose Chas. J. would loose them both. but they live two miles apart and are not even acquainted. I like them both but never will marry either. Wish I might step in and see them tonight.

Wednesday Nov 2-1864. Rained all day. My tent has leaked some making it rather unpleasant. I went over to the city but did not get very wet. After returning I drew a days rations being the first full rations we have had in three days, something wrong somewhere. Somebody making money while the soldier goes hungry.

Thursday, Nov 3-1864. This has been another rainy day. A mail came in but brought me no letter. One of my tent mates, Hiram Hocknell recieved a letter stating that his wife was receiving calls from another man. He read a letter to me which he had written to her. Such a letter I would not write to any woman be she ever so low.

Friday Nov 4 1864. The rain has stoped falling and the sky is nearly clear. But the wind is blowing very hard. The riv r is so low the steamer could not reach the dock. After dinner we played cards till 4 PM and as the steamer could not reach the dock one of the boat's crew had to row out and bring the supplies ashore. The work made us hungry, but we had beef steak for supper the first I have tasted of since we left the Eutaw house at Baltimore.

Saturday Nov 5-1864. The water still low in the river. We again had to relieve the steamer of her supplies and that is about all we have done today.

Sunday Nov 6--1864. Inspection for the boys, none for me. The boat went over the river one. A steamer brought in a mail. I recieved a letter from Ellen Lawrence. My pard Tom Strong was on picket last night, the night was cold, he had no fire so Tom came in with a chill but seems to be all right now.

Monday Nov 7-1864. The boys are building new quarters whic h consists of a row of log houses each one about 12 feet square. There is two bunks in each corner, one above the other. Two men occupy each bunk, then there is a round stove in the middle of the building, which will make very comfortable quarters for the winter. We went to Fort Stevenson. Near there is a bed of clay. We procured a load which will be used to fill up the spaces between the logs in our new quarters. We reached our dock about noon. I found my brother George waiting for me, he having come over on the steamer to spend the day. His first visit since he left the fort. The post boat had to go to the city after noon, but I found a man to take my place so I could visit with George. We had a very enjoyable time talking about

home and the girls and boys. At 4 P.M. the steamer Ella May came in. She returned soon and my brother had to leave me. I thought he acted rather blue.

Tuesday Nov. 8-1864. The boys in our tent have been cross and blue today. I cant do anything with them. First one growls then another. Two of them came near fighting. But night is here and we retire.

Wednesday Nov 9-1864. Boys all feeling good although the rain has been falling all day and there is nothing to write.

Thursday Nov 10, 1864. This day has been rainy. We played cards, some made the usual trip to the city for we never miss making one trip rain or shine.

Friday Nov 11-1864. Cloudy and cold. I recieved a paper from Auburn today with the name Laura written on the margin. There is lots of good reading in it and I think it was sent by Laura Vernalstine.

Saturday Nov 12-1864. We had to go over to the city about 10 a.m. as we reached the dock the steamer was about to go so they threw us a line. Lots of fun to ride behind a side wheel steamer. Such a swishing bubbling foaming time and the bow of the boat about two feet higher than the stern. But much easier than rowing. I returned to my tent, found it full of the boys having quite an exciting game of cards. I went to the cook house, drew my supper. After supper two of the boys chalinged Tom and I to play cards. Just as we had started we heard a steamer whistling. On investigation found a steamer had run on a stump. Of course there was a job for the boat crew, but I succeeded in getting a man to go in my place so passed a pleasant evening.

Sunday Nov 13-1864. Today is again Sunday. The only difference we can see is ins. ection. No church bells do we hear. No churches can we see. No Sunday in the army. We made the usual trip over to the city. We done simply nothing the rest of this day.

Monday Nov 14-1864. The boys are pretty well along with the new log quarters. But still working on them. As I am a boatman do not have to help. Went over to Newbern, called on George at Battery G quarters, found George well and in good quarters. Took dinner with him. Returned on the steamer at 4 pm. Supper next, bed next. Time goes fast, soon be home again.

Tuesday Nov 15-1864. Today we decided to build a furnace in the side of our shanty. Found some bricks and clay and a piece of sheet iron for the top. But the thing smoked so we have to sit outside and the air is pretty cool. As I am writing the smoke has cleared away; good reason for it. The fire has gone out.

Wednesday Nov 16-1864 We made the usual trip to the city. While over there I looked around and found a piece of an old smoke stack, and brought it over. After tearing down our smoky furnace, we set up the smoke stack and now have a good heater.

Thursday Nov 17-1864. We put up some shelves in our shanty and are very comfortable. I went over to the city this morning, returned at 1 P.M. After dinner wrote a letter to my brother Ed.

Friday, Nov 18, 1864. Not feeling well today; the lonesome cricket is chirping his last. I heard a mocking bird singing on the top of a tall tree the day has been clear and quite warm. All nature seems sad as the winter season is coming on. I am a little out of sorts and home sick as well.

We rowed over to the city at 8 am to bring the Doctor of the fort over. We lounged around in the sun at the dock till noon waiting for the Doc. Then returned, and ate dinner. One of our men died this afternoon. This makes the eight one since we left Auburn. The change of water brings on dysentery. I have had a touch of it today. I feel like resting quietly, but our shanty is full of boys playing cards and making lots of noise.

Saturday, Nov. 19-1864. Comenced raining at 8 am. Last-ed all day. We made our usual trip to the city, was out in the rain about four hours. After returning to the fort I decided to put some pockets in my overcoat, so have spent all the rest of the day on this job, and now have nice large pockets on the side that will carry quite a load.

Sunday, Nov 20-1864. Last night there was a fire over to Newbern which burned eight large buildings. During the fire, two kegs of powder exploded causing the loss of seven lives and the breaking of a thousand window lights. The rain was falling all the time and a large number of darkies were driven out in the storm by the fire.

Monday, Nov. 21-1864. Rains again today. I got soaked while making the trip to the city. Have been obliged to wear wet clothes all day. Our rations have again given out. All we had for supper was one hard tac and will have the same for breakfast. We think the officers are selling the supplies and pocketing the money. We have heard they live high and have plenty of liquor at their disposal. Out of money, out of grub, out of spirit, here goes for bed.

Tuesday, Nov. 22-1864. The rain has fallen all day. They say this is the rainy season. I guess they are right. Toward night grew colder then came snow and hail. But they say snow will not last on the ground in this state. Near night a steamer came in with the mail. They say also provisions. I recieved a letter from Ellen Lawrence written from Clyde where she was visiting some relations.

Wednesday, Nov. 23-1864. This morning was cold with a very high wind. We went to the cook house but got no rations, just a cup of coffee. If this continues there will be trouble as hungry men get ugly. If the steamer brought rations last night, what have they done with them?

However, we had to row across the river without any breakfast, but after returning at noon we drew rations for dinner and supper. In the afternoon, Tom and I went out in the swamp and gathered wood. We had to carry it about one third of a mile but we had a good fire in the evening and I wrote a letter to Ellen Lawrence.

Thursday, Nov 24--1864. Today has been fair and warm. I have had nothing to do so have enjoyed myself wandering around the river coast. The timber here is motly pine, the soil is sandy everywhere you go. The houses are far apart as the plantations are large. A large portion wasteland such as swamp or barren sand partly covered with sczup pines and sasafra bushes. I have already dug some of the root to chew on.

Friday, Nov 25-1864. This has been another beautifull day. We were obliged to go to the city four times which means that we rowed that boat about twenty four miles. My brother George came over to the fort to spend the day with me. But I was only able to exchange a few words with him, we had so much

business on the boat. I was unable to eat any dinner. George must have passed an unpleasant day while sitting around waiting for me. He is still in the same quarters situated on the river side of Newbern.

While over in the city today I saw some little red apples in front of a store. I thought to buy five cents worth but learned the price was five cents per piece and this is the fall of the year. They say there are no apple orchards in this state to speak of.

Saturday, Nov. 26-1864. Another sunny day. All of the soldiers in the fort were inspected which consists of forming all in line. The clothing guns and equipments are all examined to see that they are in repair and clean. I being detailed on the post boat escaped that as did the boys who were sent down the river to build a raft. I went down to see the raft built. It staid some three hours in the woods and on the shore of the river. On returning to the fort I found orders waiting for our boat to go over to the city. So jumped on board. After reaching the city, we learned our errand was to bring to the fort an adjutant. We waited till eleven in the evening for him and to pay us for waiting, he gave us all a drink of whiskey which kept us warm and made our arms strong to row the boat.

Sunday, Nov. 24-1864. We made the usual trip. I secured a good book and have read most of the day and have no candle for tonight so will retire early.

Monday, Nov 28-1864. ~~Monday~~ This morning we were sent down the river to tow that raft across the river to a saw mill. It was a hard job. We could pull with all our strength and the thing would hardly move. We finally reached the mill. One of

The crew and myself went up to the city and managed to get left so that we could go to a resturant and get a good supper as we had received some money from home. So the boats crew rowed home short handed. We went over on the steamer later. The raft of logs we towed over are to be sawed into boards for the flooring of our new log quarters in the fort. My chum Tom Strong has left the boat. He thinks he will try regular duty and he is on guard to night for the first time. I have not ben on guard or picket so far.

Tuesday Nov. 27-1864. Today is another anaversary of my enlistment. Three months ago today at 12:30 noon I put my name on the enlistment roll. I learned today there is a Dutchman belonging to another regiment trying to get me off of the boat so he can have my place. I would hate to loose it as I have so much liberty. The boats crew have passes that will allow us to go anywhere day or night. I am out of money so cannot buy Aunty Snow's mollasses cakes when I go over to the city. Aunty Snow is as black as they make them but she knows how to make good cup cakes. I wrote a letter to Ellen Lawrence also one to my cousin Edna at Brooklyn.

Wednesday Nov 30-1864. This day has been fine and a busy day for me. Our boat was ordered to go down the river to Fort Chase a distance of about five miles then over to the city. While in the city we met a sarcent who wished to treat, so we had so ale, something we hardly ever get. Then we went to the bakery; the boys bought some bread while waiting for the steamer. I guess I must have eaten a half loaf. The steamer took our boat in two. We went on board and found Mart Balliett with a demijon of whiskey for our captain. I judged by his

actions that he must have taken quite a large sample of it. As he wished to treat us we all thought best to sample it. To make the quantity good he put some water in the jubb and shook it up. But one of our boys drank so much he wasent responsible so after reaching the dock we had to partly carry him to the fort. He belonged in our shanty. It fell on me to put him to bed. While I was undressing him I found every available place ^{about his clothing} ~~everywhere~~ filled with candles which he had stolen while on board the steamer. As I dare not say anything about it so thinking the matter over I took up a board from the floor, I scooped out a hole in the sand and put the candles in. Judging from the quantity, I dont believe we will ever have to go to bed for the want of light, the balance of our time. The boatswain told me to get some wood and put it in the boar. He wished it for a woman he was living with. I told him if he wished to furnish wood for such characters, he could carry it himself. He went and reported me and I am now ordered for duty and expect to go on guard tomorrow.

Thursday Dec 1st. 1864. This is winter but the day has been warm enough to sit in the open air. I have not reported for duty yet, but I am going tomorrow. It seems rather strange not to go over to the city. The change may be a good thing as I will learn to be a soldier instead of a sailor. I have spent a good part of the day cleaning my gun and equipments as they have ben sadly neglected as I had no use for them while on the boat.

Friday Dec 2nd 1864-I have ben on guard all day and like the change. A mail came in today. We do not get mail every day but quite irregular. Dell Lawrence, Ellen's brother received a letter from his father stating that he and family con-

cieved a letter from his father stating that he and family contemplated moving to the far west. Ellen is still visiting at Clyde but the family have not heard from her since she left home. I have it seems, and she reports having a good time with some cousins. Well I must stop writing as it is time to go to the guard house. My next trick is in the night. We are on two hours and off four.

Saturday Dec 3d 1864. I came off duty at 9 am. Cleaned my gun, then went over to the cuttlers which is a sort of general store, kept by a man not enlisted and who charges enormous prices for what he sells to the soldiers. Well I bought some corn meal and Tom and I made some mush and it really tasted like what mother used to make.

Quite a number of the boys recieved boxes from home today. I did not happen to be one of the lucky ones. I just lounged around this afternoon. Slept part of the time; at six fell in for roll call. Thus ends another day.

Sunday Dec 4th 1864. This morning at 1 am they signalled from the city for reenforcements to go somewhere by water. We were suddenly awakened with orders to get ready to leave the fort. At a moments notice we packed our knapsacks lively and formed in line where we recieved 60 rounds of cartridges then broke ranks. Then went to our quarters where I layed down on my old bunk for the last time and fell asleep. I woke at 7am, one hour later we formed in line and marched to the dock and on to the steamer Ella May which transfered us to a large gun boat about 175 ft long by 40 wide, mate sharp at both ends it looked like a fast boat, but has the reputation of being the slowest on record. Keno was her name. The steamer remained still until noon, then steamed to the dock and we landed

ed still till noon, then steamed to the dock and we landed [24]
just where we started from. Went back in the fort with or-
ders to be ready to go again at a moments notice. The Reno
is still at the dock. We enlisted in light artillery but they
made infantry by giving us guns instead of canons. Well I must
retire. Don't know at what hour we may be called out.

Monday Dec. 5-1864. We were not disturbed last night but
soon after breakfast were ordered on the Reno again. Just be-
fore we started the Ella May came in with some mail. I recieved
ed three letters and a paper also a photo of Mattie Conner.
She is looking fine, the same happy face. My face is not a
happy one just now as we expect some hard and dangerous times.
Well, we steamed down the river to fort Spinola a distance of
about 7 miles. What is left of the 9th New Jersey infantry came
on board. Our old gunboat is so slow the Massasoit took us in
tow. The Massasoit also has a load of soldiers. Darkness is
coming on. We are still plowing through the waters, destin-
ation unknown.

Tuesday Dec 6-1864. We arrived at the mouth of the
Albemarl Sound about noon. The sun has shone from a clear sky
all day. We passed Roanoke Island at about 4 PM and are still
plowing through the waters of the Albemarl sound as the dark-
ness is coming on.

Wednesday Dec 7-1864. We reached a little vilage called
Plymouth situated on the Roanoke river at 3:30 this morning.
The river up and down is full of gunboats. It looks as though
some rebel stronghold is soon to be atacted.

Well, we landed and marched up what used to be a street.
There used to be buildines at equal distances all along, but

some of them had ben burned and those that were standing showed the marks of war. You could see the course of many a canon ball which had crashed through front and back walls and still kept on its course. The viliage had ben under fire from fleets of gunboats at least three times. First Uncle sam drove the rebels out, then later the revels captured it again, then again Uncle sams fleet came and took it back.

I stooped down in one of the streets and without moving my feet gathered together about one hundred canon balls, some no larger than a thimble and the largest the size of your fist. There is not a fence or even a board that you can see anywhere you may go. All have ben burned for fuel. There is one church, a modern structure built of brick. I went inside of it and found some soldiers rolling canon balls down the aisles. We hear rumors of marching orders.

We are now living in a house with two long porches, one across the front, the other across the back. In front is a well with old fashioned pol and old oaken bucket. There is no signs of grass. All is sand. But that is better than mud. Just over the river is a large swamp extending for miles, heavily wooded, containing numerous reptiles which are very noisy at night.

By the way, the rebel ram, the Albemarl is sunk a few feet from our shore. I have seen it as I peered down through the water. I remember when at home of reading about the sinking of that vesel. Two more steamers arrived today loaded with troops. Guess something is going to happen soon.

Thursday December 8-1864 Last night the 85 I. I. boys set fire and burned a large empty house, in fact they are all empty as

to furniture. They gave us two days rations with orders to be ready to fall in line at short notice. We may have to leave our downey couches before morning. I saw a man go down in a diving bell to examine the reb ram /lbemarl* in view of raising it.

Our Company joined the 27th Mass regiment for this expedition; our Captain to act as major while our first Lieutenant Richardson is to command our company. We were ordered out on dress parade this afternoon.

Friday Dec 9--1864 We recieved marching orders at day break. Fell in as a battalion Commanded by Colonel Bartholomew of the 9th New Jersey regiment. The column started off, the boys feeling in good spirits. We marched through the country roads and fields for a distance of 13 miles, when we came to some rebel entrenchments guarding a bridge on the Roanoke River. We charged down a hill between the woods, the infantry first. As I was running a man behind me stumbled and while doing so, he threw his gun ahead. The first thing I knew about it a bayonet came poking between by side and arm. If he had thrown it a little more to the left, my right lung would have ben punctured. But on looking around I nearly doubled with laughter to see the frantic efforts the man made to recover his feet, and right behind us came three 12 pound canons, six horses drawing each one and they at full gallop. I

*/lbemarle Confederate ram built on the Roanoke River and commanded by James M. Cooke. On 19 Apr. '64 she sank the gunboat Southfield, put the Miami to flight and assisted in the capture of Plymouth, R.C. On 5 May she fought to a draw against Capt. Melancton Smith's seven blockaders in the mouth of the Roanoke. On 27 Oct '64 Lt. William B. Cushing with 15 men in a small launch sank her with a torpedo attached to a spar. Boatner, Mark Mayo III. The Civil War Dictionary, World Publishing Co. Inc. N.Y. 1959

backed up in some underbrush which was so thick it held me fast while the wheels of the canons just grazed my chest. I thought that was pretty close work for the eyes as the old woman said when the wheel barrow ran over her nose.

We soon reached the bridge but the rebels were just disappearing over the opposite hill. We kept on after them and succeeded in taking four prisoners.

After going five miles further which made 18 miles, we camped for the night in a cornfield. The corn was in shock so we used it for our beds. This is the first time I ever lived out in the open air in December. The air is not cold, but I am stiff and sore after such a long walk.

Saturday, Dec 10-1864. Well I am stiff and lame today. We hadent ben asleep in our corn stalks very long before the rain began to fall, I being so tired did not wake up till the uncomfortable feeling of having a wet skin caused me to start up. but it was well on toward morning. We formed in line at about sunrise, eating our breakfast as we marched. After covering about 8 miles we came to a small settlement called Fosters Mills and another bridge guarded by rebel troops. We formed in line and charge across a cornfield. The rebels turned a canon on us and sent a number of shells at us but all but one passed over our heads. That one shell exploded near the rear of our line, a piece of it cutting off the top of our drummer boys head. He was the life of the company, being a good jig dancer. I saw him fall and saw that he was killed instantly. Our cannons returned their fire but done no damage, as I could see.

We continued the charge through a piece of woodland, then into a road and across a bridge, then forming in line again to charge on them. We found out the rebs were out of sight, all but a small squad of cavilry just disapearing over the hill. The rebel Lieutenant in command of the forces at the bridge came back alone and surrendered saying "he was tired of fighting for a lost cause."

We marched about 6 miles farther then camped for the night, put out guards and pickets, built fires. I not being detailed slept part of the night by the fire.

Sunday Dec 11-1864. We layed around camp till 4:30 which gave us quite a rest, then formed in line and marched 11 miles. At midnight we came to a halt on a hill. On the summit was a church surrounded by tall pine trees. In fact we were in a large pitch pine forest. We built fires, made some coffee and with it we had some raw salt pork which we cut in thin slices and ate it with our hard tac.

Monday Dec 12-1864. At 1 AM after resting one hour, we took up line of march. I was sitting by the fire, jumped up to join our company but found on enquiring that they had been gone some little time. I started after them following line of march, finely came up with them.

Soon after joining them we came to a stream but no bridge. We ran across a mill pond jumping and running on the logs. Fortunately the moon was shining bright, but in spite of that some of the boys got wet feet and one in front of me went in the water to his waist.

After crossing we came to a fort on a rise of ground called Rainbow bluff. We could see the sentinels bayonets glistening

in the moonlight as we silently marched by. We learned afterwards the garrison of the fort were expecting reinforcements and taking us for the same gave no alarm. However just after passing the fort we met the expected reinforcements. They, thinking we were rebels from the fort coming out to meet them. They marched right up to us. But our commanding officer stepped up to theirs and said, "How are you, Colonel? You are my prisoner."

The Rebel officer surrendered his command at once and so silently they knew nothing of it in the fort. The prisoners numbered about 30 privates, 2 officers. After passing the fort and going about three miles, we came on to a battery of Rebel artillery. They hitched up lively and ran away and was soon out of sight as we had to charge across a swamp full of fallen trees, I ran out on a tall fallen tree. After running the length of it I found the water was too deep to jump off, so had to go back. But I was not the only one for the swamp was quite full of water. We finally crossed and reached dry land. There being none of the enemy in sight we camped for a short time in a grove of evergreens. The sun came out warm and I found some long dry grass on the sunnier side of a tree and layed down and slept about four hours.

I was suddenly awakened with the orders to march. As there was a large force of rebel cavilry coming from the direction of the fort so the forced march commenced and the expedition was a failure as the gunboats could not get up the river to assist the land forces. One of our gun boats struck a torpedo which exploded and blew a hole in the bottom, but no lives lost on board. The Rebels had also felled trees on the banks

of the river. The tree tops extending in the river for our steamers to run on. Our forced march was not a pleasant one as every piece of straight road we came to the rebels came in sight and sent a six pound canon ball after us. When that took place we all yelled right and left then all ran to the road sides as the ball sped down the road. No one was hit. Our canon returned the compliment every time. This fun was kept up while we marched 23 miles. I was about played out with a gun and other traps to carry. I lost my two blankets while charging through the swamp.

The rebel troops stopped following us so at 6 pm we camped having walked 34 miles since last midnight. One of our men is missing. I heard him say he could not go much farther. He must have layed behind a tree by the roadside and have been taken prisoner.

We found some cornstalks and fence rails which made us a comfortable place for a good nights sleep but that was not for me to have. As I had just about fallen asleep I heard my name called and behold, this child was detailed to go on picket duty. I crawled out and with three others went down the road about one quarter of a mile there to stay all night.

We had been on short rations and the night was cold and we had a turkey captured on the way which we had been taking turns carrying. So we concluded to build a little fire and roast the turkey. Near midnight one side was roasted. Then the guard rounds came. The officer of the day on being challenged dismounted and immediately jumped on our fire and stamped it out telling us at the same time that the woods not very far away was swarming with Rebels. A wonder we had not

shot. Well, we cut off and ate the cooked side of the turkey and walked around most of the time till daylight to keep warm.

Tuesday Dec 13-1864. The camp broke up early. It not being in sight of us we did not know of it were waiting to be relieved but as no one came one of us went and looked around the bend in the road and saw our first Lieutenant coming on a trot, he being the only man in sight. We waited for him and his first words were, "Come on boys, you will have to double quick to catch up with the main body which had been gone some time."

We were so lame from our long march and exposure and not enough to eat it was most impossible to run. But we did our best and after about one hour came up with them after marching 11 miles more, which took us all day. We came to a little village situated on the bank of the Roanoke river. All there is left of the place is a lot of brick chimneys. They were all built from the ground on the outside, but every building had been burned. Not one left nor a fence left.

However we got together enough wood to build a fire and drove some stakes in the ground to which we tied some blankets to shut off the wind which was blowing some and rather cold. A steamer came to the dock just at dark and unloaded supplies so we drew our rations, made some coffee and ate a hearty supper, after which we wrapped up in blankets with feet to the fire. Slept a few hours, but at the fire burned low I became so cold, deemed it best to stir up the fire and sit by it till morning.

Wednesday Dec. 14-1864. Today I am feeling quite well although some stiff and sore. The majority of our company went to the doctor. All but 70 of the company (normally 101 officers

and men) were excused and remained at Jamestown while the balance, I being one of the latter, were ordered on board of a little gunboat bound for up the river again for a distance of about 6 miles. Ran up to a dock on the opposite side of the river called Cedar Landing which was a large plantation. I with some others started for a large barn about quarter filled with corn stalks, nice and dry. So we are in for a good nights rest if the Rebels will let us alone.

This plantation is a pretty spot laying well up from the river. A large roomy house and a great number of outhouses, rows of negro quarters all looking clean and nice, surrounded by plenty of large shade trees.

Thursday Dec. 15-1864. We enjoyed ourselves today roaming around looking at the negro quarters and talking with the inmates. Although this is the middle of December the day is so warm I have enjoyed myself sitting on the river bank in the sunshine.

Part of the 27th Mass went out in the country a sort of foraging expedition. They returned loaded with turkeys, chickens and some ducks, also a large number of horses and mules. The fowls were soon cooked and I ate till perfectly satisfied with corn meal cakes and sorgum molasses. Night is again coming on. I will soon be in the corn stalks.

Friday Dec. 16-1864. This day has ben much the same as yesterday up to 4 pm when the command seemed quite alarmed about something. I never learned what, but supposed the Rebels were coming in large numbers, as we were ordered on board the gun boat in great haste, first letting the horses and mules loose, so they might run away.

The boat headed down stream, soon reaching Jamestown

again. In the river was a sunken steamer called the Otsego which had struck a torpedo and was resting quietly on the river bottom. The upper deck above water. A two masted sailing vessel was lying alongside. We ran up to the vessel, boarded it, were taken in tow by a tug bound for Plymouth. We thought some of us might stop a rebel bullet on our journey, but such as not the case as we reached our old quarters about dark. Went in the same room we had vacated and felt quite at home. Tonight is bright moonlight though rather cold. So we had a bright fire in the fire place, the light shining on sixteen men as that is the number who lived in this room.

Saturday Dec 17, 1864 quite pleasant and warm today, no boats came in. I went to the river, noticed the rebel ram is yet on the river bottom.

Sunday Dec 18-1864. Last night at 11 pm we were called to arms. Supposing the Rebel forces were on us as there was a loud explosion and looking out saw there was a fire. On going over that way discovered a gristmill and two houses burning. The cause of the explosion was a heated shell, someone had thrown in one of the burning buildings. Soon we were all back to bed and today all that interests us is the arrival of the 12 NY Cavalry. Today is Sunday but everyday is alike to the soldier.

Monday Dec. 19-1864. Rations given out. I have not had half enough to eat today. Some of my room mates had a little money and bought some crackers of the sutler and some corn cake of an old darkey woman. They divided around each one getting but little. We played cards some and so passed another day.

Tuesday Dec 20, 1864. No steamer came with supplies so

we have ben without rations all day. we managed to get a little to eat and so sat around all day and wished that steamer would come. It has ben cloudy all day and is reining hard this evening, although not very cold.

Wednesday Dec 21-1864. A steamer came today which brought the much needed supplies after having about one half enough to eat for two or three days. We are again filled up. 26 men from our company were detailed to go back to Newbern, 8 more to remain here at Plymouth. The rest of us to be in readiness to march at a moments notice. It has rained hard all day.

Thursday Dec 22-1864. This afternoon we recieved orders to march on board the steamer John Farren, a side wheel steamer painted all black and started up the river again. Everything grew quiet, no shots fired as the clouds were thick, darkness came on early and it was dark.

At about 9 PM, the steamer struck something with a great rumbling and shock, tipping up so that some of us ~~knocked~~ tumbled in heaps. But we soon righted up and found the steamer had run on a fallen tree. After getting clear, we continued up stream till within about 5 miles of the fort on Rainbow bluff when we met a picket boat which is a very fast going tug boat. They informed us the rebels were coming in large numbers so they turned about and went down stream faster than we went up. Reached Jamestown (the viliege composed of nothing but chimneys) at midnight, we lieft the steamer and campe .

Friday Dec. 23 1864. Last night was the coldest we have had. When on board the steamer I was warm and comfortable. But after we landed the first thing was to build fires,

the next was to sit as close to the fire as we could, but not to sleep. After daylight, the steamer Helen Getty landed some more troops and we were told to be in readiness for an attack. Some of the boys formed a foraging party and brought in a large quantity of honey and lots of sweet potatoes which they divided among the company.

Saturday Dec 24-1864 The day before Christmas--no presents, not any fun. We have been in the open air since last midnight. At 4 pm we received orders to draw three days rations. After marching us on board of the steamer Helen Getty she steamed down the river again and at 7:30 pm landed at Plymouth once more and we were soon in our old room with a bright fire burning in the fire place. While we watched it crackle and glow, we talked of Christmas eve and the fun we used to have at that time in old Auburn. Since getting back I have been informed that Battery "I" of our regiment is here. They came to go with us on this last expedition. But having a rough and slow voyage did not get here in time. Tonight is about as cold as we have in this state. I presume Jack Frost will make one quarter inch of ice and tomorrow it will be gone and if clear will be warm enough to sit out in the sunshine.

Sunday Dec 25-1864. My first Christmas day in rebelldom. The day is clear and warm. Our Christmas dinner consisted of hard tac and corned beef. This afternoon we were suddenly called to arms and were ordered in the old entrenchments surrounding the vilage. It must be they thought the rebels were coming but we saw none. While we were in the entrenchments I discovered a human hand extending full length through the soil;

After coming back to quarters I have ben informed the Rebels layed their dead in rows in the trenches and covered with about one foot of dirt. So we were a line of living men kneeling on a line of dead men with a light covering of soil between. How well I remember where I was one year ago tonight. Laurence White and I called on Frankie Haywood. I stoped and took Ina Reynolds along and we did have a lot of fun untill the late hours.

Monday Dec 26-1864. Today the sun is again out of sight. The rain has been falling all day. We have ben sitting by the fire. There has ben some talk of marching orders. One of my room mates (James Kearns) seems to be in great fear of being killed every time we start out in the field. The boys have had considerable fun at the poor fellow expence. Today by bringing in false reports that we are soon to attack the big fort at Rainbow bluff it is quite amusing to see the poor fellow grow pale and tremble, although I feel sorry for him; for I suppose he cant help it.

Tuesday Dec 27-1864. Clear and quite warm again. I have ben roaming around in the sun shine again. I heard some large canons booming in the direction of Rainbow Bluff. I have ben up that way three times and hope for the last time. I prefer to see some new country.

Wednesday Dec 28-1864. Rain all day again. One day clear, next day rain right along now.

Thursday Dec 29-1864. The steamer John Farren came in today. Brought orders for our company to remain in Plymouth, indefinately. I care not as we have a comfortable room, well-

warmed. Have lots of fun playing cards, eating and smoking although we are not eating very much today, as our rations have given out again. So I go to bed hungry.

Friday Dec 30-1864. Received half rations also orders to be ready to march at any moment. At noon we started on a road leading back of the village. Some of the forces were left at Plymouth. We went about two miles, came to a fork in the road, halted, put out pickets. The night is moonlight and I guess we are to stay here all night.

Saturday, Dec 31-1864. Today we say the old year is most dead. Today we say our time is out. Next year, tomorrow, we say it is out this year and we return home.

Last night being moonlight, some of us went out aways in the country looking for something to eat. Some of the boys found and brought in a large number of fowles. I and some others found several bushells of sweet potatoes. I carried to camp about a half bushel of potatoes. So we had something to eat and I am very fond of sweet potatoes.

At about 4 pm, the troops that were left at Jamestown came back by road. Just as they came marching down the road and as we heard of their coming, some of us went out to the picket lines to meet them.

There was a little and very ignorant irishman on the post just ahead of us. He, seeing the troops coming, thought they were rebels so fired his gun at them and ran toward us yelling, "Oh, I am Goblec". But his bullet went wide of the mark and he threw his gun on the ground as he ran. The way we laughed and yelled made the woods ring.

On the arrival of the troops, we were ordered to fall in

and marched back to Plymouth, arriving here about dark. The rain began to fall just as we started and it is raining hard now. But we are in the old room once more with a glowing fire. In counting the fowls we find there is one apiece all around in our room besides lots of sweet potatoes and as tomorrow is January 1st, I guess we will have a New Year dinner.

January 1st-1865 (Sunday). We all wished everybody a Happy New Year at the first light of day. Some went after a big kettle, others after water while others picked out feathers, still others cleaned the fowls. Soon all were boiling in the kettle and "oh" that smell for hungry men. When they were done nice and tender, we had what we called breakfast, but it was rather late. The meal consisted of chicken and sweet potatoes. We finally got filled up. The latter part of the day we had a supper of the same.

Monday January 2nd, 1865. Nothing new today. No rain, rather cold. Played cards some; went down to the Suttlers. Did not have any money, only half-rations. Found a chance to hook some crackers, so went to my room with about a pound of crackers broken in chicken broth. Good full stomach. Now for bed.

Tuesday January 3rd, 1865. This day has been so near like yesterday, if I should try to write anything it would be like yesterday only did not take any crackers as I had enough left over.

Wednesday, January 4-1865 We drilled two hours today which made us quite tired and the air being quite cold caused us to keep close to the fire.

Thursday, January 5-1865. We are still on half rations.

I am not very well just at present as I put together a sweet potato stew. It was rather watery, but tasted good. I probably over ate. Was sick for awhile and now the potatoe stew is in the back yard as I stood on the back porch and it seemed as though I threw up more than I had eaten.

Friday January 6-1865. Today has been uneventful. We put in the two hours drill and as my stomach feels rather weak I just loped around and slept most of the time.

Saturday January 7-1865 The Massasoit came in today with orders to take us back to Newbern. I don't know wether to be sorry or glad. Having had good times at old Plymouth, as well as hardships and hungry stomachs. I will remember when I first came what good corn cakes the old black woman made who lived near the dock, and how I did eat of them while my money lasted. Well to make this short, we started about noon and tonight we are just getting out on the Albemarle sound.

Sunday, January 8-1865. Last night was a rough one on the water. The wind was cold and blowing a gale. The ends of the waves dashed upon the upper deck making the decks where exposed to the air icy and sloperly. As the steamer pitched and plunged along, no one slept. As we had to round a rocky point on Roanoke Island, in order to pass through the straight leading to Pamlico sound, the captain said he was fearful that the steamer would be dashed to pieces on that rocky point.

The sensation was not very pleasant as we looked out in the blackness of the night expecting a shock every minute if we should strike the rocks. But we saw the light on the point showing us that we were far enough away to pass that rocky point. I heaved a sigh and went below and found a long row of

haversacks well filled with hard tac, and as mine was empty, I took a few out of each one and filled mine. Found a dark corner, hunt it up for tomorrow, then went and sat on a beam extending over the firemen's room and got good and warm. The boat was till pitching and rolling badly, but I being in the center did not feel it as much. Seeing daylight coming, went on deck and found we were plowing through the waters of Pamlico bound just back of cape Hatteress.

We reached the mouth of the Neuse river about 8 this morning. I went to my well filled haversack to eat my breakfast and behold, I was not the only thief on board as the bag was empty. Well I went begging among the boys' telling them how some rascal had stolen my hard tac, so in that way made out a hearty breakfast.

At 9 am we cast anchor, what for I did not know. About noon they steamed up and we started up the Neuse river bound for Newbern again. The distance is 60 miles yet to go. Here we are at Fosters warf, Newbern where I have sat many a time and swung my feet while eating bread and mollasses. We landed here at 2 am, were transferred to the steamer Ella May. But no steam up so guess we will remain here the ballance of the night. This steam boat runs between Newbern and Fort Anderson. I used to be on it so much wehn I first came here. It really seems like home to be on the Ella May once more.

Monday January 9, 1865. Well the Ella May brought us over to Fort Anderson again. I went in the fort just as the sun was rising and we cry "home again".

I immediately went to my old shanty and we made ready to

keep house. The day being clear and warm and I no duty to do procured a pass and when the Ella May returned to Newbern, I was on board found for Battery G to see George. I found him well and in the same quarters. We dined together; afterwards went down street. Everything looked quite familiar and home like. Came over to the fort on afternoon boat, drew the supper rations, played a few games of cards and last of all I write.

Tuesday January 10, 1865. Quite warm this morning and the clouds look rolling some like a thundershower, The water being low in the river, the steamer Alison could not reach the dock. They were obliged to get together a boats crew to relieve her of the supplies. I being an old hand was called on to man the surf boat. While we were on the water a severe thunderstorm came upon us. The waves rolled, the lightning flashed, the rain came and we got very wet. On returning to my shanty I found the roof had leaked. So there is no other way but for me to sleep in damp blankets or sit up most all night to dry them by the fire, and as we are not allowed lights after 9 pm will be obliged to sit in the dark, so here goes for bed.

Wednesday January 11-1865. I have ben here two days. Have not ben put on duty or detaile for anything. This day is warm and clear and pleasant. Plenty to eat, mind all serene.

Thursday January 12-1865. Everything just about the same as yesterday with the exception of being warmer. Just the kind of a day to sit in the shade and be comfortable.

Friday, January 13-1865. The weather came as yesterday. We have a new commander of the fort who seems to be a fine fellow but he has issued orders that no one can leave the fort

without permission. The boys do not like it as they have ben in the habit of wandering around everywhere inside of the pick-et lines. I do not imagine such orders will last long. The only excitement today has ben as follows: The Captain sent our bugler, Charley Wilkins over to the city to bring over his whiskey. My chum Tom Strong went along. When the after-noon steamer came in the boys were on it. The Captains whiskey was all there but not all in the jug. Wilkins was so bad off that Tom had to help him up to the fort. I dont know who is to blame but the Cap seemed to blame Tom and to punish him they send him out in the swamp on picket.

Saturday January 14-1865. Have not been called on for duty yet. Tomorrow is ins ection. I spent my time a good share of the day cleening my gun and equipments. Wrote a letter to Nettie Conner. This is mid winter, but warm enough for summer.

Sunday January 15, 1865. We were inspected today. After that I wrote a leeter to Lawrence White and by visiting around with the boys passed away another day.

Monday January 16-1865. Well today I am on guard for the first time since my return from the Plymouth expedition. Have enjoyed it very much as the day has ben so fine. Birds singing and a warm gentle breeze ripleing the water of the river. My post has ben on the dock. There are several boles of hay there which make a comfortable place to sit. Some refugees came intoday asking the protection of Uncle Sam. They are given quarters and rations so they do not suffer. Most of them are negroes.

Tuesday January 17-1865. Last night another squad of dark-ies came in. They say the country is getting so striped of

food they cant get food to eat. Last night when the sargent of the guard came around to relieve us he found me fas asleep on a bale of hay. I was somewhat stariled when he woke me. For an instant I did not know but I was gobbled (as Pvt Smith said). Had I been reported, the punishment would have been severe. But the sargent said nothing so that was the end of it. I came off guard this morning and was called on to help row the surf boat. This boat is large and has a crew of 4 oarsmen and boatswain (the man who steers). We loaded in about twenty negro wimen and children, rowed them across to the city and was gled to land them as the odour was not good and their clothing looked greasy. We returned to the fort this afternoon. I went on dross parade, then a supper of soft bread and now for bed.

Wednesday January 18 1865. Today, I done my washing, the first one I have done since coming to Fort Anderson. A yellow girl over to the city has alwys done it for me. But she changed her residence and tried to beat me out of some of my clothing. I searched for her two whole afternoons. Went through all the alleys and rommed around the negro settlement for I had nothing else to do. I made a great many inquiries, but I only knew her as Mirandy. So I would just put my head in a door way and ask if they knew a yellow gal by the name of Mirandy. After a while I got track of her in one of the alleys near the river. I staped right in the room and found her and another woman washing. I said "Well, Mirandy, have you got my washing done?" She looked scared and pretended not to know me. I told her if she did not produce my clothing I would break up housekeeping for her. She then searched around, put some-

things in a bundle, gave it to me without saying a word. I walked out with it and found it contained all I had brought to her. So concluded to do my own washing. I went on dress parade and heard an order read for us to practice shooting at a target tomorrow with the 64 pound canons.

Thursday January 19-1865. There has ben a great booming of canons today. The target was placed about a half mile from us. By getting directly behind a big gun I could catch sight of a 64 pound ball when about half way to the target. My three tent mates are all on guard so I have the shanty all to myself. I invited James Nelson to come and stay with me. We have talked over old times, played cards, smoked, so passed the time pleasantly.

Friday Jan 20-1865. I have ben on picket all day. Jim Nelson happened to be on the same post with me which is in a large swamp. The larger trees have all ben cut down and the second growth is from six to ten feet in high, and many saffras bushes. The ground surrounding our post is dry and hard. The day has been warm and clear, but now the clouds are gathering. We have passed a very pleasant day.

Saturday, January 21, 1865. In the first place I must write a little about last nights experieance while on picket. Soon after dark rain began to fall. We had a small fire of pitch pine knots in front of our door. The shanty we were in was built of poles upright for the sides, stuffed with grass and poles across the top with grass thathing for a roof.

We sat inside talking and were getting pretty sleepy and the rain was falling fast when "crash" down came the whole shanty burying us under about wo feet of wet grass and poles. We tried to get up through it but could not, so after a long

struggle we managed to back out pulling our guns after us. In backing out of the ruins we kicked the fire around so that with the assistance of the rain the fire was entirely out, and we were in total darkness. We could not see to straighten up the shanty. So on seeing the flicker of a fire on the next post I concluded to go over there and get a flaming pine knot and by gathering some more we would have a fire and a light as well.

These pine knots are as follows: The fallen tree trunk rots away and wherever there has been a branch joined to the trunk the pitch has settled. We just kick on the stubs. They break off well into the rotten wood and we have a little chunk which makes a good fire. On my return trip with the fire brand the light in my hand made the darkness more intense a short distance away and as there was a fork in the road I had never noticed I took the wrong road. And soon found myself in the edge of a big woods.

I was somewhat alarmed at finding myself standing at the edge of the woods with flaming pine knot, so I suddenly came to a right about face. After going till I reached the fork in the road, took the right hand road and soon came to my partner and the fallen shanty. The first thing we done was to gather some pine knots and by careful work succeeded in making quite a glowing fire. We were just enjoying the fire when the grand rounds came and made us put out the fire. The officer said there was too much danger us being a target for the rebels. So we concluded not to try to rebuild the shanty, so walked back and forth the balance of the night. Near daylight as I stood alone for a short time some small animal ran with great

force against my legs. To say I was startled was putting it slow. My gun was instantly reversed and the bayonet jabs in the ground several times, in quick succession and the rain was falling all the time. We had rubber blankets but they wet through after awhile.

So when we came off duty our clothing was pretty well soaked. I went to my quarters and changed by clothing. Took things pretty easy till about 2 pm when I was called on by our old boatswain, behaving gotten all over his mad. Wanted me to take my old place on the post boat. That suited me pretty well after last night's experience. So I says that's a bargain and as the crew was about to start for Newbern I was soon on board. The steamer Ella May was just leaving the dock. They threw us a line and we ~~was~~ were towed across. It hardly seems as though I had ever left the fort and the boat.

On our return trip the wind was howling which gave us a long pull and a strong pull. My chum Tom was also detailed on the boat this time.

Sunday January 22-1865. The new post boat is a good one. Painted all white, built long and narrow and is very speedy. While inspection was going on the crew went to the boat and cleaned it nicely. George came over to see me today. His battery is still at Newbern and doing nothing. George is in good health and cheerfull.

Some of the Ella Mays machinery is broken and as Colonel Stuart was with us we had to take him over in our boat. My brother George also went along. After reaching the city we were ordered to load our boat with supplies for the fort as the steamer was not running. Reached the fort in time for supper

and have plenty of light as these stolen candles I put under the floor are not all gone yet.

Monday January 23-1865 We started down the river rowing the post boat and towing the surf boat. After landing at a saw mill we loaded the surf boat with pitch pine boards. The load was so heavy the waves tipped it over and we lost every bit of it. After righting up the old surf boat we towed her back to the fort. So after a hard pull of eight miles we are again at the fort but the lumber is gone.

There are reports that the rebels are to attack the Fort. We made two more trips with the boat this afternoon, once to Fort Chase about five miles down the river. Then again over to the city. After a hard day's work I shall sleep well tonight.

Tuesday January 24-1865 Our boat made two trips today to the city. At 8 a.m. returned at 3 p.m. We ate our dinners sitting on the edge of the dock swinging our feet over the water. We went over again at 5 pm, had supper in the city. If we do not come prepared one of us buys a couple of loaves of bread. Sometimes we have molasses but never butter. We spent the evening around the restaurants and most any place where it is warm. Soldiers are not particular. At 10 pm we returned to the Fort. After writing a few lines in my book I now retire.

Wednesday January 25-1865. Nothing of importance today. I have just had nothing to do, not even a trip to the city. The air is uncomfortably cool and a high wind.

Thursday January 26--1865. Made one trip to the city this a.m. After dinner some inspecting officers came on the steamer. What they inspected, I do not know, probably the captain's whiskey, however, we had to row them down to Fort Chase about

five miles then across the river to the city three more miles and the river being skimed over with ice made pretty hard pulling and scratched our nice new boat quite badly. Tonight being about as cold as we have in this climate; probably tomorrow if the sun shines and the air is quiet, we can sit in the sun with comfort. As I had nothing on my hands, they were numb with the cold requiring a good deal of warming and rubbing, before I could write in my book.

Friday January 27-1865. We rowed the officers of the fort over to the city this afternoon. From what we heard them say, our conclusion was that they were in for a big time, which meant that we would have to row them over to the fort at midnight and a dark one too.

When the officers came to the dock, they were as we expected pretty full. On reaching the Fort, the Doctor was just stepping on the cock, when he commenced to reel. Had I not grabbed him he would have fallen in about six feet of water.

Saturday January 28-1865 High wind today. Made one trip to the city; that was enough as the waves were running high and pulling against the wind was tough.

Sunday January 29-1865 Nothing doing for me till latter part of the day when we made a trip to the city. Soon as we landed I started for Battery G quarters to see my brother George. Found him well, sitting by a little round stove in a shanty about eight feet each way. He and three other comrades live in it. They are good housekeepers as everything looked so clean and neat.

We pulled the boat across to the fort when pitch darkness was on the water. But here I am all right and about to retire.

Monday January 30-1865. Went over to the city twice. Went up on Craven street and in front of the Prison found /unty snow with a large basket full of her famous molasses cup cakes. So I bought some and with my rations, made out a good supper as rowing a boat so much in the cool air makes one hungry.

Tuesday January 31-1865. I am feeling in good spirits today. We have moved in our new quarters. The ones I described as being built. The lumber we lost when the boat tipped over was for the flooring, but later some more boards were brought to us by steamer. Our log house consists of one room about twelve feet square, two bunks in each corner, two men in each bunk; making sixteen men in our family. We had a round stove in the middle, but we have had no use for it as the weather has turned warm and we are sitting in the shade to keep cool.

Wednesday Feb 1st 1865 This month starts in warm as today is just right to be out in the open air. I have enjoyed it as we have been roaming around in the city for several hours besides lying in the shade of the government store houses. After returning to the fort had a supper of soft bread, fresh boiled beef and tea, then smoke, cards, Bed.

Thursday February 2nd 1865. Went down on the Trent river to Fort Gasken. Went in the surf boat, had a long and hard pull. The sun was hot and glistened on the water. Just like summer; how we did sweat, and what we went for I know not. But on our return to the Fort, found some more refugees waiting to go over to the city and as the steamer had gone we had to turn about and take them over. Then to top off with when we left the city they made us go to Fort Chase before ~~returning~~ returning to Fort Anderson which made about eighteen miles,

we pulled that big lumbering surf boat and we did not have a dry dud on.

Friday February 3d 1865 A large mail came in for us today. I receive a letter from Ellen Lawrence, also one from my brother, Ed. They both write of the hard cold winter. They are having plenty of sleighing and good skating. While I am reading about their snow and ice, we are sitting on the ground in our shirt sleeves.

Saturday February 4th 1865. A new steamer called the Ulisses, after General Grant, has taken the place of the Ella May, to run between the Fort and city. She is very fast and pretty, being all finished off in white and gilt. We towed behind her which gave us a wild ride as the water boiled and foamed around us. Just after dinner part of the forces in the Fort started out in the country back of the fort to learn how near the rebels may be to us and also to take prisoners.

Sunday February 5th 1865 The boys came in from their raid this noon bringing with them one rebel prisoner. Poor fellow, I felt sorry for him, he looked so white and scared. He knew not wether a prison awaited him or death. The Southern soldiers had ben taught that the northern people were cruel and desperate. But he found himself better off in our prison than he was before he was captured. I shall long remember his looks; light re hair, very white skin, large freckles that seemed to stick out.

Monday Feb 6th 1865. When we came back from the city, we brought along the commander of the Fort. He was so drunk we had to help him get to his quarters.

I received a letter from Mattie Conner, she wrote very

Luburn news, but stated she had taken a situation in a skirt shop.

Tuesday Feb 7th 1865 The most important even today is the deserting of a sergent from a Rhode island regement stationed in the Fort. He was in the habit of riding the captain's horse out around the picket lines. Our Cap not having much use for the horse wanted him taken out for exercise. But this sergent whose name was Bickels rode away this morning. Now night is coming on. He has not returned, so we conclude he has deserted.

Wednesday Feb 8-1865. Three of the boys are carrying large sticks of wood on their backs as punishment for disobeying orders. we took the Commander of the fort over to the city. Had several hours to wait for him so concluded to visit the negro settlement which has ben all settled since the war began. The houses are built in rows forming streets but no fences.

Each house contains but one room, no rooms above. The boards used for building are made as follows. They cut down a pitch pine tree, then cut it in logs eight feet long, then with the ax and wedge, split into boards about 3/4 inches in thickness, the grain being perfectly straight, but makes a very un-even surface. The wind blows through the crevices.

Such a house will do for a southern home, but in our northern climate the inmates would be apt to freeze. In this settlement there are hundreds of these splint houses and lots of little picanninies running around. Their clothing is made up in its original color but usualy brown and greasy with dirt. The chimneys to these houses are all built from the groun, all on the outside and of brick with large fire-

places. The most of the houses in Newbern have no stoves. After leaving the colored settlement, went to the dock. The ~~so~~ commander soon came and we returned to the Fort.

Thursday Feb 9-1865 Nothing of importance today. Went to the city, but once. The day has ben clear and very pleasant.

Friday Feb 10 1865. Out of money, out of postage stamps, out of writing paper. we hear rumors of an attack on the Fort.

Saturday Feb 11-1865 Today same as yesterday, only the wind is blowing very hard.

Sunday Feb 12th 1865 I have ben a little under the weather as some say. At any rate my condition is not good. Have not bra to the doctors yet.

Monday Feb 13-1865 Am feeling worse than yesterday, with whirling head. Cant eat. Guess I have caught cold and am bilious as well. More fun to lie in the bunk than to write.

Tuesday Feb 14 1865 The boys are painting the Post Boat today. I am feeling a little better, but do not have to help paint. Tom succeeded in borrowing a very interesting book. I have ben passing the time away with the book.

Wednesday Feb. 15 1865 I guess something is going to happen as the troops are steadily coming in and around the city. we hear that Sherman's army is coming across the country and a force of 40,000 are to march up from Newburn. The two armies to meet at Raleigh, the capital city. Perhaps we will remain in the fort. I hope so as their is very little danger. While here the steamer Ulysses went up the river and got a large load of confiscated baled cotton.

Thursday Feb 16 1865. Today is pleasant and warm. The paint on the post boat being dry, we launched her today. She looks very nice.

Friday Feb 17-1865. My health is better. I have ben over to the city looking at the Cavalry come in. It is quite a sight as there are hundrens of them. It is evident that some great movement is to take place. But as they say "a soldier is not supposed to know what is going to happen till it takes place.

Saturday Feb 18-1865 Troops still gathering.

The weafer fine, nothing of importance aside from that only I am feeling real well.

Sunday Feb 19-1865 I wrote a letter to Ellen Lawrence today. Her people are still living in Auburn. The weather still beautiful.

Monday-Thursday Feb 20-23. The past few days have ben all about the same. The boats crew rowing the boat over to the city from one to three times daily. Troops still gathering at the city. For some time we have ben bothered with short rations. Sometimes no surger for our rice and coffee then again no coffee. Now we know there is plenty of supplies for us all in the city. We have ben watching in every direction to find out where the leak is and have seen the cooks take large pans full of something from our cook house to the officers head quarters, so one night we watched and caught Dave Buckley, one of the cooks, hustling up to the fort with a large pan and we stopped him and found he had about twenty pounds of our sugar.

So we appointed a committee to call on the officers and find out what it meant and also why we were so often short of rations. At first they ordered us to go to our quarters. We said "all right" but tomorrow when we went to the city, this

rations. At first they ordered us to go to our quarters. We said "all right, but tomorrow when we went to the city this same committee would call on a higher officer." That caused them to show the white feather so we told them to turn out the three cooks and put in some honest men and give us all the rations the Government allowed a soldier and there would not be any trouble. So tomorrow, out goes the cooks Dave Buckley, George Easterbrook and Joseph Hammond.

Friday Feb 24 1865. The poor cooks went out on picket this morning. I have been on the boat nearly all day and have had plenty to eat. Am feeling well and happy.

Saturday Feb 25 1865 Nothing new today. Crew full of rations and with full stomachs the soldier is all right.

Sunday, Feb 26 1865. Nothing new today. Day and warm and the evening is warm. This is what I call a dull day. Went over to the city only once. Have been lounging around and wandering around. Tom and I found a gougou, a boat made of a log. We fixed up some paddles and started on a little voyage of pleasure up the river. After paddling about two miles, we came to a creek. We turned into that and explored quite a distance, and as the day was fine, we enjoyed ourselves very much. We did not tip over, the rebels did not catch or shoot us so we came to the fort. At a hearty supper and here we are.

Monday Feb 27--1865 Our second Lieutenant Rockwell by name has resigned and will start for home today. He is a man totally unfit to command and had great fear of being killed and now as rumor says we are soon to be in the field and perhaps in battle. He could stand the pressure no more. We rowed him over

to the city to see him for the last time. He brought forth a bottle of whiskey and treated the boats crew. We wished him a pleasant voyage and returned to the fort.

Tuesday Feb 28-1865 We made our morning trip to the city, returned before dinner. After supper the officers of the fort formed a plan to go over to the city and attend the theater. Of course the boats crew had to take them over. When we reached the dock the officers called out "Come on boys, we are all going to the theater." They did not have to ask us twice for we did not often get such a chance. So we all went. The play was good. The actors were few, but we enjoyed it and reached the Fort so that we were in bed at midnight.

Wednesday March 1st 1865. This morning found us in the city quite early. Having to stay sometime, I went over to Battery C to see my brother George. Found him well, but looking quite thin. He had just received a letter from his brother Ed's wife. They have been married but a short time and are living at his home. The letter states that they are soon to keep house. I thought it would not do for him to take his wife home. New wives and a mother-in-law don't get along well to gether.

Well, we returned to the Fort in time to draw our rations for dinner. After lounging around all the rest of the afternoon we received a message from head quarters to the effect that we would do the same tonight as last night; go over the river and attend the theatre at the expense of the commander of the Fort. This being a number of the boats crew is not so bad. We have had a chance to see or hear of most everything happening. Have some pretty hard pulls but no picket duty and every night in.

ell we returned and retired about the same time as last night.

Thursday Mch 2nd 1865. We went over to the city this morn^g morning. Took Robinson over (the Comander of the port) While he was there he recieve marching orders. I was here and there around the city for awhile. Thinking it about time for the boat to return, went to the warf, found our boat had gone and left me. So I waited for the afternoon steamer.

On reaching the port I ran up to my quarters and learned that our company also had marching orders. And the boys were all packed up. They told me I would have to hustle as we were to go over to the city, when the steamer returned. Well I did fly around and was soon ready. We marched to the dock, were soon in the city and marched to the Barracks, just vacated by the 15th Connecticut regiment and were told to be in readiness to march out at daylight.

Friday Mch 3d 1865. We started towards Kinston at daylight tramping through country roads mostly level land and th^{ru} through one very large swamp. The greater part of this swamp is unpassable except by boats. We crossed on the rail road bridge about 9am. The rain comenced to fall and the further we went deeper was the mud, being mixed by many feet.

At noon as we were passing through a large piece of pine woods we came to a halt for rest and dinner which was a very uncomfortable affair. As the rain was still falling, I and some others found a place under a fallen tree which afforded us a little shelter while chewing on my hard tac. I saw a batt ry of light artillery coming up the road which proved to be Bat 6. Knowing weor e was there I started on a double quick to meet

them. Soon I caught sight of him. The water was running off of his cap and blanket for the rain was coming fast. There was a grin on his face and he said, "I am all right, how are you?" I told him, "pretty fair, but I did not like my boarding house, the roof leaked so badly."

After a little visit we parted as his battery was to go in advance of us and the line of march commence. Where we were going and what would happen before another day we knew not. We tramped on through mud and rain till 4:30 P.M. Then came to a halt and camped for the night. Soon fires were roaring and we boiled our coffee, each man having a quart tin cup, the ration of dry coffee given to each man. We also had tin plates which we used to fry our pork on when not choosing to eat it raw. These plates did not always get washed clean as wash water was scarce if not near a stream. So we rubbed our plates with grass to last till we came to a stream. Then we could scour them with sand and wash clean.

Saturday Mch 4-1865 We remained in camp all day and had very little to eat as we were to be assigned to a brigade which has not taken place yet and our rations have run out and we can't draw from the brigade supply train on account of not belonging to any.

This reminds me of one time while on the Plymouth expedition we camped for the night at Jamestown. We were hungry and cold not having had much to eat for the past twenty four hours. I dumped out the contents of my haversack which consisted of crumbs of various kinds of food such as corn cakes, hard tack also a small piece of raw salt pork, some pieces of leaves had gotten in when I had slept in the corn stalks and the whole

was flavored with soot as my tin plate not very well cleaned had to be kept in the haversack. After sorting out the corn leaves as well as possible, I dumped it in my quart cup, put in some water and boiled it until the pork was done. The taste was not very odd but it filled up. Tomorrow they say we will join our Brigade, then have plenty to eat.

Sunday Mch 5-1865. Today is clear and warm. We are yet in the same camp. Joined our Brigade but had hardly anything to eat all day. Toward night they issued rations and we satisfied our appetites and felt more like men. But it seems rather strange a soldier has to go hungry so much when ~~the~~ the Government has provided plenty for everyman. Possibly in this case the supply train was delayed in loading at Newbern. The supply train consists of large covered waggons drawn by four horses.

Our camp is in quite a pleasant spot, a large level field partly surrounded by woods. They say it used to be a cotton field. But no signs of it now. Some of these plantations are without a fence and are almost covered with bushes that have sprung up in the last four years.

Monday Mch 6-1865 Broke camp at sunrise. The line of march started off at an easy gait and tramped on until 3 P.M. When we came to a halt being about 10 miles from Kinston which is occupied by the Rebels and how far their lines extend this way we have not yet learned. Guards were placed around the camp and outside of them are the picket lines.

This has been an ideal spring day and we are on the bank of the Neuse river. The birds are singing and the buds are swelling. I packed up in such haste at Fort Anderson that I

left some of my belongings. A pair of boots I brought from Auburn and I find only one shirt and that is on my back now, and clean as I washed it today in the river and sat on the bank and watched it swinging from a limb. I new to leave it would be to loose it. I was comfortable as my coat was on and I had nothing to do.

Tuesday Mch 7-1865. Just before noon today we drew rations again, then fell in line and colum started. Soon we saw the woods in advance was burning. In order to get through we were obliged to walk on the rail road. That was about the warmest walk I ever had as the sun was shining before we reached the fire, but the smoke became so thick the sun was not visable. This was a pitch pine forest which burned furiously as we went through on double quick. The trees were crashing down in some cases while others remained standing and burned like a candle. After having marched about 5 miles being out of sight of the burning woods, we came to a beautifu pine woods, the trees all green and the ground coverd to a depth of about six inches with the dry brown pine needles(or leaves) Here we came to a halt. Here we were ordered to throw up breast works on three sides. The earth works extending about three miles, but it does not take an army of thirty or forty thousand very long to do this. First comes the pioneer corps which consists of men who are used to swinging the ax. they fell the trees in all direction leaving enough wood to hold the tree to the stump which makes quite a barrier again t the charging of troops. Then comes the long mound of dirt about three feet high called breast works. As we had no shovels, our tin plates were used for that purpose. While we were doing this, the shot and shell

from the Rebels have ben pouring in on our right and our artillery have ben returning the compliment. Battery C and I, the former of which my brother George is a member have been doing the shooting not very far to our right. We have been working all day with our tin plates and the breast works are completed. After dark the canonading ceased. All is quiet but the bang-bang on the picket lines.

Wednesday Mch 8-1865. I slept some last night on the ground. My blanket was still with me, so I had a covering. This morning we were after our rations first thing as we had eaten everything drawn yesterday. But we soon learned there was nothing for us as the Rebels had succeeded in getting between us and our supply train which was coming up on our right. Troops were soon sent out to meet the train and drive away the Rebels forces. Near noon the fighting began on our right again and graduly came nearer to us. when the first thing we knew a Rebel battery commenced pouing their 12 pound balls right over our heads. We rushed in behind the breast-works and comenced to load and fire which was kept up all the afternoon. A shell came sizeling down by my side when the man next to me grabbed it and threw it as far as he could over the breastorks before it exploded. Had he not done it I probably would not be writing now.

Soon the Rebels drew nearer, drove in our picket lines. Some of the boys came rushing in and clambered over the breast works breathing hard and flatened themselves on the ground beneath a tree a little to my right when bang! crash! came a canon ball against the tree about 15 feet from the ground and the whole tree top came topeling over just where they were lying. I could not help but yell and ^{laugh} hush to see those fellows'

frantic efforts to get away from that tree. The next thing was a charge by the Rebels a little to my right where one of Battery I's 12 pound canons was belching forth a ball every two minutes.

Right there was a desperate fight for a few minutes which resulted in the capturing of our canon and all of the men. We saw them go and were unable to stop them. Soon after that it being about 4 pm it commenced to rain and as darkness came on, the Rebels withdrew.

All seems as quiet as last night. Our supply train has not been able to reach us and we have not had anything to eat all day.

Thursday Mch 9-1865 Last night I slept a little on the ground of course, and when I awoke found myself wet to the skin and cold and hungry, and black and dirty. Back of me I saw a camp fire. There I went and staid the remainder of the night, soaked up some heat, dried my clothes a little, got my face smoked a little blacker. Finally morning came, the sun peeped through the clouds and I started over where the horses had been feeding and found some kernels of corn in the mud or rather "the sand". I picked up my cup about one quarter full, put some water on it, set the cup in the fire and sat and watched it boil. When boiled soft, I ate it for my breakfast. This is the first time I ever ate the leavings of an animal, but it tasted good.

There has been some banging around us all day, but we have not been in it. As darkness draws on the clouds look like rain.

Friday Mch 10 1865. It rained almost all night last night, and I am well-soaked and feel as though had taken cold.

and rather hungry as I have had but one meal in 48 hours and that was the boiled corn. But many of the boys did not get as much as that.

The roads cross here at an angle of 45 deg. and is called Wises Forks. So I suppose this will be called the battle of Wises Forks. The rain stopped falling early this morning. Our supply train reached us this morning and we now have plenty.

At about 10am the rebels comenced at us with great fury. First the attact was the most fierce at the right for the first two hours. Our company saw no rebels in front, but the canon balls kept coming from some battery we could not see. About noon there was a great cry on our left. The Rebels had made a charge and nearly reached our supply train. Our company was then ordered to the left on double quick time.

As we ran under the low branches of the trees, my blanket caught fast and I lost it. The Rebels were pouring voley after voley of bullets just over our heads cutting the small limbs and leave so they came falling down around us. Some artillery horses were shot just back of us on a little rise of ground. We soon reached the breast works which consisted of two small logs, one on top of the other making a protection about 1 foot and 6 inches in height, behind which we dropped. Our guns were all loaded and as the Rebels charge we kept up a constant fire. But I guess we would have ben driven out had it not ben for a battery of 12 pound steel canon that came in our line and com-menced pouring their shot and shell into the advancing Rebels, mowing down both men and trees in the nearby woods.

After the battle, the ground was nearly covered with men and guns. The noise of the canons close to my right fired so fast that the six pieces kept up a constant roar and the smoke

became so dense we could hardly see. My left hand neighbor forgot to take the ram rod out of his gun, so when he fired the gun burst about six inches down from the top and the man went over backwards. He was not badly hurt, but kept close to the ground and did not shoot any more. After his gun exploded so close to my head, I could hear no more. But kept on firing till I had used up sixty rounds of cartridges.

Late in the afternoon we could not see any live rebels or hear and rebel guns but the smoke was thick. We concluded they must have retreated. Some of the boys comenced to gather up some guns that were lying around. What they ever think they can do with them I do not see and I dont believe they do.

Well, soon as firing stopec I comenced to think of somethin to eat, so we comenced to kick off some pine knots from the fallen and rotten tree turnk and soon had a fire. I made some coffee. Then after eating opened my knapsack and comenced to write a letter to home so that my people might know that I was still among the living. The boys said I was black and I could say the same of them. I had a little hand glass which I looked in and saw that my face was black enough for any nigger. Well I jumped up and started out to see what was going on and found them laying out the dead in log rows on their backs with faces covered up. Our dead were all strangers to me. There was some injured in our company but not one killed. I have not seen by brother George since the battle and do not know where to look for him.

Saturday Mch 11-1865 Our cavilry went out about two miles and learned that the rebels had retreated in the direction of Raleigh and had burned the bridge at Kinston about 5 miles

ahead of us. We have also learned the number of rebels killed to be about two thousand, while our dead number about five hundred. Their loss was the largest because they were the attacking party and were in the open, while we had breast works. I do not feel well, guess the weather is too cold to live outdoors and sleep on the ground. (Some call this place Wises Forks while others say it is called Wagners Forks)

A squad has been sent ahead to tear down a portion of the Rebel breast works, rebuild the burned bridge. Our brigade expects to advance tomorrow. I found Battery G and have seen my brother George, he is well and uninjured.

Sunday Mch 12-1865 We have just learned that part of our army have crossed the river at Kinston and camped on the outskirts. My chum Tom has gone out foraging and while I am writing has returned with a sheep. The boys are having a lot of fun with a very small mule and a very small darkey on his back. It is evident the nig is used to riding miles as he shows no fear at what ever the mul tries to do.

Monday Mch 13 1865. We are still at Wagners Forks. I heard the Rebels had left Kinston and were retreating towards Raleigh, also heard that we are to go back to Newbern to do patrol duty. That is to guard the city. They say our army that is this division numbers about forty thousand.

Tuesday Mch 14-1865 After remaining here about a week, and passing through the hardships of battle and exposure to the elements, we are again on the march toward Kinston. We came to a halt about one mile from the city where there used to be a bridge, now burned and under construction. While I stood looking on, a young colored fellow sloped from a timber in

the river and drowned in sight of a thousand men and no one made an effort to save him.

They concluded not to wait for the bridge to be finished, so constructed a pontoon bridge which is composed of a large number of boats made of strong frames covered with heavy canvas perfectly water tight. These boats are placed in a row about four feet apart, extending across the river and securely anchored. Then all are covered with heavy thick planks and all is ready for the army to cross.

It is a novel sight to see canons drawn by horses and ## troops of Cavalry, the large loaded waggons and infantry passing over on a bridge of boats. After crossing we marched through the city of Kinston. Not a Rebel soldier was to be seen. All had gone towards Raleigh. Little good will it do them as I understand Sherman's main army is now marching across the interior of the country expecting to meet our army in the vicinity of Raleigh, which means a surrender of the Rebel army of North Carolina.

Well, after reaching a point about one mile from the river we halted, stacked arms, and are to camp for the night.

Wednesday Mch 15-1865 We comenced to build breast works this morning. Worked all day, then for some reason unknown to me they informed us they were no good being made in the wrong place. The next order was to move camp and build as many more. What this is for I do not know, but as they as (a soldier is not supposed to know).

Thursday Mch 16 1865. This day has ben a day of labor as we have completed a new line of earthworks. Some of the boys got together in small numbers and by running the guard and

stealing through the picket line went out in the country foraging which is against orders. The provisions they have brought in rather make me hungry and before I sleep some of the boys will have a call from me in regard to forming a squad to go out on a foraging expedition.

Friday Ach 17-1865. Well I got the boys together and we went out in the country about five miles. We passed through a swamp on what they term a corduroy road which is made as follows: They cut logs in lengths about ten feet long, place them on the ground close together untill a road is made across the soft swampy ground. It is dry but the roughest road to ride on I ever saw. Well, to resume; after we had traveled about five miles, ^{ahead} just ahead was a large plantation. Some of the ladies were at home, also some darkies.

I looked in the smoke house which was very large and well filled with barrels of meal, hanging above was two or three hundred hams, each of us found a grain bag, shoveled in some meal, then a ham on top. An old darkey stood by: we asked him for some wine. Very slyly he said, "Go out in the swamp and at the foot of the third tree oposite the bars in a lane leading to the swamp."

Armed with shovels and gourds (these gourds hold about two quarts) we also had some jubs. We unearthen a Bbl of wine also one of apple jack. We filled our receptacles and started for camp. But with the load and five miles to walk, after already walking five (and a gun to carry) was a problem. But as luck would have it before we had gone a half mile we met a man with a two weeled cart and mule. We just took hold of the mules head and turned him around, loaded in our effects,

told the man no harm would come to him and trudge along beside the cart. On catching sight of the picket posts we removed the load, thanked the man and journeyed on. Some of our own company being on the picket pose we had no trouble in passing in to camp. We treated some of the boys to wine and applejack. They drank too much, acted badly, tore down their tents. After trying to fry some bacon, finally put the fire out abused the captain and the last I saw of one of the number he was sleeping on the ground with his ear in a frying pan. I won't mention any names as we are all pretty well acquainted when at home in Auburn and these lines might fall in the hands of some who would feel badly.

Today is St. Patricks Day and one long to be remembered by me as I have laughed myself most sick. But the captain seems to blame me and the others who brought in the liquor. The cold in my throat and bronchial is still with me and I am afraid drinking swamp water will fill us full of malarial. My head whirls wheels at times in bilious manner.

Saturday Mch 16-1865. As punishment for bringing the liquor into camp I was sent with some others out in the woods to cut railroad ties. Some of the boys were set at digging trenches. I have enjoyed my day out very much as the weather has ben clear and warm.

When I first reached the woods, the first thing I done was to cut off a limb from a fallen tree. A practical woodman stood by, He laughing at my awkward attempt took the ax from my hand. I did no more, but passed the ballance of the day visiting and playing cards. On returning to camp, I learned our forces had marching orders for tomorrow at 6 a.m.

Sunday Mch 19 1865 We did not march at six but at 10 a.m. was the hour and the place we halted at was the newly built bridge across the Leuse river. Near this bridge is a row of small log cabins formerly used by the rebels when guarding the bridge. Our company is now quartered in those cabins. How long we are to remain here we do not know.

Monday Mch 20 1865. I went down to the riverside and done my washing. I met my brother George. He is looking well. He recieved mothers photo in a letter. I did not get one. Guess they did not have enough to go around.

Tuesday Mch 21 1865. I have not bin on duty today, but have kept inside most of the time, as the wind has ben blowing hard. I wrote a letter to Ellen Lawrence and we cleaned the inside of our log quarters.

Wednesday Mch 22-1865. Four of us have ben on another foraging expedition. We escaped the guard and picket by skulking through a ravene. The first house we visited contained very little furniture and no carpets. The inmates were but two, a mother and daughter. The house stood on the edge of a swamp. These wimen were quite plump but very yellow for passtime they chewed snuff sticks. The stick is made of a small piece of the inner part of ihe bark of a tree. The end is pounded to resemble a paint brush, then diped in the nuff, is ready to chew.

These ladies said their men folks were pressed into the Rebel service. They claimed to own three hundred acres of land being mos.ly sand or swamp. They had never owned any slaves. They could not read or write. We saw no books or papers while there. These people are good honest citizens, but are termed white trash.

The next thing of any importance was crossing a stream by jumping from one large stone to another. While doing so one of the boys slipped in the water to his neck. He crawled out and said, "come on, boys. Never turn back." He squeezed the water out the best he could and the sun shining bright helped to dry his clothes.

Well, we tramped along till a plantation house and the row of negro cabins came in view. We went to the house and asked them if we could have what we called a good square meal. In reply the lady of the house said they would make hot biscuits with sauce, also cake, coffee and bacon. We went in and after waiting about two hours, took our places at the table and ate heartily. After thanking them we departed. They entertained us but not with a very good grace. The next place was a house built on posts. Under the house was a flock of fowles. We took after them and after securing some, started for camp. We had no sooner reached our quarters than we were detailed to go on picket.

Thursday Mch 23 1865 The picket post I was on happened to be in the swamp near the house where the mother and daughter lived (mentioned yesterday). During the night I was in the swamp from 12 midnight till 2 A.M. The air was filled with the noise of man reptiles and insects, a most lonesome and dismal place to be in at night. The main post was quite a distance from me and I was glad when the time came for me to be relieved. Being on picket today has ben quite pleasant as Sherman's supply train has been passing through all day. The wind has blown so hard all day we could hardly keep our tent together but the air is warm.

Friday Mch 24-1865 Last night a portion of Sherman's provision train camped in a large field a short distance from the bridge. They had evidently been foraging as they came through the country for they left on the ground enough to feed five hundred men one meal. There was parts of ham, shoulder, bacon, corn meal dried peas. We gathered together enough smoked meat and meal to last us two weeks, all in good condition. Surely war is a terrible thing. When an army marches through the country taking away and destroying everything in their path. Our shanty is now in good order for keeping house.

Saturday Mch 25-1865 I took it in my head today to call on the girl living at the edge of the swamp, so crept out through the ravine and was about to reach the door when the captain and another officer came in view around a bend in the road. They escorted me through the guard lines and told me to remain in camp. But I would not be surprised if tomorrow found me out there again. I went to our shanty and Tom and I went to work getting supper. Fried corn cakes, boiled peas, hard tac, molasses and tea with fried bacon and gravy comprised the meal.

Sunday Mch 26-1865. Another Sunday at hand. I have to look in my book to know what day it is as every day is so much alike.

A large fire of some kind has been burning all day some distance to the west. We have not been able to learn what it is.

Monday Mch 27-1865 Nothing new: we wander up and down the river bank, sit on the bridge, talk of home and the good times we used to have. But we do have good times here in these log cabins. Not very much to do. The force here is so large I have only been on duty once since we came here.

[71]

Tuesday Mch 28-1865. Things have ben so quiet here for sometime one would think the war had ended. But lo and behold we were routed out at 3 this morning with marching orders. We fell in line and started across the bridge towards the city of Kinstone We finally reached the earthworks that were made on our first arrival and remained all day expecting an attack but no Rebels showed up. But my brother George did and we had a pleasant day together. He is feeling quite well. I wish I might say the same of myself. My cold seems to have settled in my throat and left side and feel rather creepy like chills.

At 4 P.M. we marched back to our old log house again but some body had ben there and ransacked everything. One man had a box containing a large collection of souvenirs, also many useful things he had planned to send home. The box was empty. A madder man we never saw. We tried to make the captain responsible. But it would not work. The rest of us lost some things but thought just as well to keep still as soldiers don't seem to think it a sin to steal.

This reminds me of one time my chum and I pitched our tent beside the tent of some men belonging to some regiment we did not know well. After putting our belongings in our tent we went away; on our return we discovered our blankets had ben stolen. No use to look for them. But the thing to do was to get some more. So we looked in the next tent, saw some blankets spread out so the edge came close to our tent and by going in our tent and lieing close to the side of our tent we could reach them. In about five minutes the blankets were carefully spread in our tent and we were lieing on them. When our next door neighbors came home their tent was full of cuss words.

We just kept still and they did not suspect us. I suppose on account of being so close by. However they never said anything to us and we kept the blankets. (but to continue about this day) we soon straightened what there was left and were keeping house just as though nothing had happened. While we were eating supper a sergent came in and told Tom and I that we were detailed to go on picket. After reaching the picket post we found it to be the same one we had ben on before, on the edge of the swamp. And here we will stay till tomorrow night.

Wednesday Mch 29-1865 Today has ben clear and warm. So our night and day on picket has passed off pleasantly. We were relieved from duty at 4 P.M. came to my quarters not feeling very well. Ate my supper and now the rain is pattering on my roof and I shall soon be in bed.

Thursday Mch 30-1865 The rain fell all night and all day as well, so we have kept to our quarters and passed the time away by eating and playing cards. The rumor is that we are to go to Newbern to do guard duty.

Friday Mch 31 1865. The weather has cleared up today. A fine day to be out in the air and I have ben well entertained. Sitting on the rail of the bridge watching the horses and mules go by. The way I understand it, is as follows: There are a large number of men not enlisted who travel ahead of the army, several thousand in number. They are called Sherman's burners. They live on the plunder they get. But they keep in sight of the army in the rear. But some way Sherman managed to capture them and had the horses and mules driven through the country roads to Newbuern. They comenced to pass the point where I was about 8 am four abreast and continued till 4 pm, no one riding on them but just driven like cattle.

Saturday April 1st 1865. Nothing worth mentioning today. I am not feeling well so not having any duty to perform have kept in my quarters.

Sunday April 2 1865. Spring is rather backward here. But the weather could not be nicer than now. This is my birthday, 18 years old today and am not feeling well.

We heard today that General Lee was talking about having peace in the country. He must be thinking of surrendering as that is the only way peace can come in our land.

Monday April 3d 1865. Have none simply nothing today. Just waiting for something to turn up.

Tuesday April 4-1865 The weather more than beautiful. I have been repairing my trousers and as I have but one pair and wanting to be outside I went up on a hill and under a large tree I sat me down and done the repairing, at the time time enjoying the fine weather.

Wednesday April 5-1865. Still at Winston guarding the bridge, nothing new.

Thursday April 6-1865. The weather pleasant and spring like. We are enjoying it as we have nothing to do. Just passing the time away and waiting for something to turn up or happen.

Friday April 7-1865. I recieved three letters today one from Father, one from Ed also one from Ellen Lawrence. Have spent the day answereing them for I had nothing else to do.

Saturday April 8--Monday April 10--1865. Nothing written. Tuesday April 11. Today has been warm and clear. I was detailed for guard duty. Went on at 4 PM. I am to be alone on the bridge, on two hours and off four for twanty four hours.

Wednesday April 12-1865 One of my two hour spells came at midnight. As I was sitting on the end of the bridge, the thought came to me to go under the end of the bridge and build a little fire. So I gathered together a little wood on the sloping bank under the bridge and sat down and enjoyed the heat. Soon I began to feel sleepy and I must have dropped to sleep. As I came to my senses with a start and found the bridge on fire. Of course I did not want to call anyone, so commenced to hustle around for something to carry water in.

Good luck for me. I found an old tin pan and with running back and forth from the river to the fire several times succeeded in putting it out. After that I was warm enough without any fire.

Tuesday April 13-1865 We recieved the good news today that General Lee had surrendered and the war is practically ended.

Friday April 14-1865 Today has ben a beautiful day. The mocking birds are singing everywhere besides many other kinds. The boys are feeling good over a report that we are to hear some good news at roll call, and it is about that time now so I will quit writing.

Saturday April 15 1865 The good news we were to hear at roll call last night must have ben no news as we heard nothing about any.

Sunday April 16 1865. This has been a beautifull day. I have ben out in the air enjoying it. At 4 pm I was detailed to go on picket. Just before we started for the picket post we learned that General Jonston had surrenderea and also that Jeff Davis was captured. I guess the Southern Confedercy is about gone up. Baxtery G of which my brother is a member has

gone to Raleigh.

Monday April 17-1865. On picket till 4 pm/. Have not been well at all. My throat and left bronchial seems in a bad condition and guess I am getting full of malaria. If not better soon will go to the doctor. I recieved two letters from Auburn also heard that President Lincoln had ben asasinated.

Tuesday April 18-1865 The old camp life at the Kinston bridge is a thing of the past as we had marching orders this morning. After packing up we marched across the bridge for the last time and were soon in Kinston, and learned that we were bound for Newbern. While waiting for a train a lot of Rebel prisoners came in. They were a shabby looking set. Some in grey and some in citizens clothes. But all quite ragged and dirty, also hungry. Some of them had hundreds of dollars of Confed-rate money. I had more hard tac than I wanted, so sold ywelve for five hundrea dollars. My purpose was to send it home for a keepsake. We amused ourselves by talking to the Rebel prisoners till 4 pm when a train came in composed of open cars with high slat racks. We climbed up and over the sides and were soon under motion. After riding till 11 pm we arrived once more at Newbern which looked like home to us. The top part of the depot was a half story, just one large empty room. Our company were told to go up in there and rest for the night. We spread our blankets on the floor and slept by two. And when all were down for the night the floor was entirely covered, there being four rows of men on the floor.

Wednesday April 19-1865 Last night the rain commenced to fall...Soon after we were in our loft and continued all night. This morning at roll call the order was read for our company

to guard the city. We are to clean our guns and equipments, make the steel and brass shine like silver and gold. Also have our clothing clean and neat. We marched about one mile from the station to some quarters consisting of long rows of little buildings containing two bunks, intended for the dwelling place of four soldiers. Ours was some out of repair and we have spent the greater part of the day fixing it up. In our shanty besides myself are my chum Tom and John Smith and his partner John Sutcliff. The flies are getting quite numerous and large.

Thursday April 20-1865. Well I have just ben resting all day for I do not feel first class. Went down to the city; it seems almost as though we had returned home. We have ben around the streets of Newbern so much. I returned to my shanty and have been lieing in my bunk most of the day.

Friday April 21st 1865. I done my washing today and hung it out back of my shanty. I made a large opening in the gable end so I could lie in my bunk and watch my washing, but fell asleep and when I awoke and looked out, found someone had stolen my woolen shirt. No use to look for it, so I just heave a sigh and let it go.

I was detailed to go on guard at 1 pm. My post is at the turpentine works, where they make turpentine and rosin. The plant is not runing but there is quite a large stock of high wine and rosin. Some people drink the high wine. I tasted of it. That was enough for me. The day has been clear and warm and everything green is springing into life.

Saturday April 22nd 1865. Came off duty at 9 this morning I'm not feeling very well. Wrote a letter home for some money. After dinner I went over to Battery D to see Lieutenant Brinkerhoff--he was a practicing physician and an acquaintance of

mine while in Auburn. So I believe it best to doctor with him. He gave me some medicine for my bronchial trouble, also for malarial. Sleeping on the ground and drinking swamp water is enough to make anyone sick. The swampwater is cold, looks clear but a little on the amber color. But we have to drink it or go dry.

Sunday April 23d 1865. Have not ben on duty today. The weather is beautiful. We are lieing around enjoying it only the flies are rather troublesome. Was amused today to see one of the boys eating bread with molasses on. He would hold it up till partly covered with flies when he would suddenly bite off a piece and chew bread, flies and molasses and swallow it. He seemed to think it cute. Being a soldier learns one to eat most anything. But that diet is most too much for me.

Monday April 24, 1865-I am on guard again today. When we left Fort Anderson, Tom and I left some of our clothing there. He went over to the fort today. He found and brought all but a pair of fine boots I brought from home. I am going over there soon as possible to see if I can look them up.

Tuesday April 25 1865. Since coming back to Newbern we have learned that the sergent and the captains horse never came back. The horse was a beautifull animal and quite a loss as the captain brought him from Auburn. I recieved two letters, one from home, also one from Mattie Conner.

Wednesday April 26, 1865. This morning we, that is our company went over to the quarters of the Second Heavy Artillery. After joining them, we were inspected, then went on guard. We are having quite a long spell of fine weather.

Thursday April 27, 1865. Last night while on guard, I

had a chance to get even with a commissioned officer that did not use me very well. One time while I was at Fort Anderson. Well, I heard and also saw a man on horseback coming up the street. As he passed by a light I recognized him so when he came opposite me I halted him also told him to dismount and give the countersign. He says "Come here and get it, you know who I am." But I was not supposed to know so I brought my gun up and says, "Dismount". He climbed down, came up to me and whispered the countersign. But he was mad and that is all the good it will do him. At night a guard can make every horseman dismount who comes along. I don't always do, but I did this time just to get even with the man.

Friday, April 28-1865. I am on guard again every other twenty four hours. On guard right along now, but I like it very well. The leaves are out full and the foliage is beautiful. The house we are using for a guard house has been a fine place, well surrounded with trees and has an observatory with an open top well up among the tree tops which makes a good place to sit when off duty and with smoking and talking about old Auburn we pass away some pleasant hours.

Saturday April 29-1865. As I have not been in very good health and was on guard last night, so have have slept most of the day. The mocking birds are singing in the tree tops, also robins and other birds which makes these sunny days seem beautiful.

Sunday April 30-1865. We mustered for pay again today. We do that regularly, but get no money. I was on the detail for guard. It seems they had arranged for an extra post and afterwards changed the plan and as I happened to be on that

extra post was not wanted. So was off guard most as soon as I went on.

Monday May 1st 1865. There is not much to write about today on account of not feeling very well, do not get around very much to see what is going on. I don't believe the well ~~was~~ water is very good here, as it tastes rather brackish. The wells are about ten feet deep and five feet in diameter and are lined with brick instead of stones, as we have our wells at home. The colored people are holding a festival here today and has ben both entertaining and amusing.

Tuesday May 2nd 1865. Came off duty this morning and have done about the same old thing. Just layed around all day. Have played cards some and fought flies. One of my comrads says he will not play cards with me again as I cheat. I could not make him believe I was not a cheat because I turned Jack three times in one game of seven-up. But it was just chance. I was just as much surprised to see the jacks come up as any of the rest.

Wednesday, May 3d 1865. No duty for me today so thought it a good time to go over to Fort Anderson and see if I could find my boots. Went down to Fosters dock the place where we used to sit and hang our feet over the water and eat bread and molasses. I found the same old steamer at the dock, the Alla May. Steped on board, did not have to pay any fare as Uncle Sam's boys can ride on his boats free. After we were paddling over the same course we used to make so much with the post boat. When we reached the dock at the fort, there was the boat, but she is being run by another crew, all strangers to me.

I went up to the entrance of the Fort, walked inside, every thing looked homelike but not a familiar face could I see. I told them what I came after. They smiled a little. I suppose they thought I was on a fool's errand and so I was to hunt as much as I pleased, no signs could I find of the books. So sadly marched back to the dock without them and they cost me ten dollars.

Thursday May 4-1865. Have been on guard again today near the turpentine works. This is quite an industry in this state as there are so many pitch pine forests. The way they gather the pitch is as follows: The men go through the woods and chop a notch in each tree about six or eight feet from the ground which allows the sap or pitch to run down on the side of the tree and as it comes in contact with the air becomes thick and keeps hardening. It runs till the bunch becomes ten or twelve inches thick and three or four feet long. The woods present a novel sight with all of those great bunches standing out on one side of the trees. The men go through the wood and chop off the bunches, throw them into a two wheeled cart hauled by a mule and carry them out of the woods.

Friday May 5-1865 Came off duty this morning. We will not be on duty so often after this as two companies of the Second Heavy Mass Regiment will assist us in guarding the city. I have taken life pretty easy today. The air is delicious and I do not feel very well. So can lie around with ease.

Saturday May 6-1865 Have taken more cold I think and have been in my bunk most all day. My sent mates have played cards and have had lots of fun but I have not felt like joining in.

Sunday may 7-1865 This has ben a very hot day. Mail came in and many of the boys received letters. I received one from Ellen Lawrence. I have not seen her brother since we left Fort Monroe. I unexpectedly came across him while there.

There is a colored church here and they are having revival meetings. Talk about a circus, why it ain't worth half the price of down south colored revial meetings. Some rolling on the floor, some trying to climb up the posts, under the galleries while some are jum^{ping} up and won like a pea on a bass ^{drum} ~~drum~~ and all are signing a hymn. Those that are too old or too fat just keep time by slapping their hands together or slapping thier^s legs with their hands. By and by come poor colored woman caves in and lies still on the floor. Then willing hands pick her up and desposit her outside on the grass while all of this is going on, the church is surrounded with soliders looking in the windows. and waiting on the grass for another darkey to be brought out with the "power" as they call it.

Monday May 8-1865. One of our company was buried today. His name was Henderson. He died on the 7th and was laid way on the 8th. I am afraid it is a case of yellow fever. He was a large strong looking fellow.

I have been on guard again today. I might get excused but the duty is so light I might as well be on guard as any where else. Some of the boys have already gone home on account of sickness and the hospitals are full as hot weather comes on.

Tuesday May 9 to Tuesday May 16. The past 7 days have so nearly been a like and I have felt so poorly there has been nothing worth mentioning.

Tuesday May 16 1865. We had what they call a general

inspection today and at roll call at the close of the day we are to have a ration of whiskey. I drank mine today and ran to my quarters for some water. Had there not been any, there I don't believe I would have drawn another breath the whiskey was do strong.

Wednesday May 17-1865 We are still at Newbern doing patrol and guard duty. The weather is very hot and clear most of the time. We have now and then a very severe thunderstorm. James Nelso has gone to the hospital. The Doctor says he has some kind of fever. A large number of our men are on the sick list. I keep around most of the time but am feeling tough. That is bably. This part of the state is low, a large part swamp, also a great deal of flat sandy land. The summer season brings the northerner down on his back just as soon as he gets full enough of malaria.

Thursday May 18 1865 The American Rebellion is at an end. Soon the soldier will be home again. We have heard there is a colored regiment coming here to relieve us from our duties here in the city and we think after they arrive we will soon be on a transport bound for home. I have enjoyed being a soldier while in health and have been able to wherever our company has been but the last days rather hard ones for me for I now have chills and fever and the day of the chill I remain quietly in my shanty,

Friday May 19 1865 The colored troops are here. They are all southern born. Men born in slavery and used to the climate. Do they look strong and healthy thoroughly enjoy wearing the uniforms and handling the guns. I suppose we will not have the freedom to run around the city after the darkies go on duty.

Saturday May 20-1865. Today has ben an ideal day and as I heard say that strawberries were ripe, Tom and I start- ed over towards the Trent river and we found them in abund- ance. They were large and high colored, but on tasting one found them no good and upon inquiry was told that they were called artificial strawberries and are a little poisenous. Just pretty to look at and that is all.

Sunday May 21-1865. The colored troops are in possession of the city now. We have noihing to do, only answer to roll call morning and night. I will lie in my bunk a good share of the time unless I feel better than I now do.

Monday May 22nd 1865. Today has ben warm and someone told me the black berries are getting ripe over on the big flats near the Trent river, so I started over there. I found many of the bushes ten feet high. Some of the berries were as large as my thumb and they were hanging on the bushes five or six feet from the ground. I found all of the ripe ones I cared for. There has ben some large snakes seen on these flats among the bushes. I felt a little scarey while being there but saw no snakes.

Tuesday May 23d 1865. This morning was quiet in camp. The long rows of little square houses with peeked canvas roofs looked neat and clean as the soldiers lounged around on the shady sides smoking their pipes and some playing cards..others talking about how soon the time of departure would be at hand and they would be shaking hands with friends and relations while relating the sad news of some comrad who has been laid away in southern soil. Such was the morning scene, but the afternoon was different as quite a number of the hard drinkers

managed to get hold of a large quantity of whiskey somewhere down town and by the time they reached the upper part of the ~~city~~^{CITY} some were singing, others were arguing and from words they came to blows which wound up in a free for all fight. I ran down there to see what was going on and before I knew it was right in the midst of the trouble. After a few whacks and bumps was glad to get out of the way. There was no arrests, no one put in the guard house, in fact no one seemed to pay any attention to the trouble. Soon all get to their quarters and everything was quiet.

Wednesday May 24 1865. I saw one man with his hand all wound up with cloth this morning. Upon asking him what was the trouble he said, "In striking at a man in front of a tree, he had struck the tree with full force because the man was too spry for him. his hand is badly swollen and will be for some time. The the bugle call says "lights out"

Thursday May 25-1865. Today one of the boys came to me in a very mysterious and confidential manner and told me that he had forty dollars. He handed me a twenty dollar green back at the same time saying this money came easy and you are welcome to half of it. "Well," says I, "If it is all right and we don't get in any trouble, I don't object." So he told me he was passing a house with a porch extending nearly to the side walk when he heard someone snoring. He looked at the end of the porch and on the ground was a Southerner. On shaking him found he was drunk. He ran his thumb and finger in the man's vest pocket and pulled out two twenty dollar bills. At the same time he could not see whether it was United States money or confederate. But when he saw by a light that the money was good

he did not take it back. So I accepted the twenty and tomorrow we are to go downtown and see what we can buy.

Friday May 26-1865. Well this has ben a day to be remembered. We had a dinner and supper such as a soldier calls a square meal and we learned of a woman who made and had for sale good home-brewed beer. We called there and were well pleased with the sample. So bought more. It was not intoxicating, but very pleasant to drink.

Saturday May 27 1865. I have yet a good balance of my twenty on hand so continue to scorn Army rations. Quite a number of the boys are in the hospitals. I call and see some of them and do errands for them occasionally.

Sunday May 28-1865. The most interesting thing happened today or rather last night was the discovery by the officers that someone had stolen their whiskey. It had ben going on for some time and was as follows: The officers quarters is a large wall tent in the corner, and close against the canvas side of the tent was the keg of whiskey. Some of the boys cut a little hole in the tent and then with a gimlet bored a hole and drew out what whiskey they wanted, then inserted a plug. It was all done after dark. So the discovery was not made till the barrel ran dry.

Monday May 29-1865. There has ben some effort on the part of the officers to find out who the guilty culprits were who had stolen the whiskey, but to no avail. I keep around most of the time, but am feeling badly.

Tuesday May 30-1865 I have not heard from my brother George since his battery left Kinston, enroute for Raleigh and probably will not see him again till we meet in Auburn.

The weather continues hot but we ought to stand it as we have had nothing to do, only just lying around waiting for orders to start for home.

Wednesday May 31st 1865. One of the boys in the next tent on my right is said to be loosing his mind. He certainly acts very strange. One thing he done, was to move all his belongings outside, and made preparations to sleep on the ground in the open air last night. The captain made him move inside but this morning he moved everything out again. Some say he is playing it so as to get out of the service. I think it hardly possible as we have so short a time to stay.

Thursday June 1st 1865. As I was downtown saw a column of soldiers coming down the street headed by a brass band. As they came along the band was first, then a hearse containing a casket, back of that a company of soldiers. Upon inquiry I learned that a Lieutenant had died and was being conveyed to a transport, as the body is to be sent home. Surely a sad sight just as the war is drawing to a close; to hear the band playing a dirge as the slow moving ~~process~~ procession passes by bearing the remains of one who the friends expecte to soon see in life.

Friday June 2nd 1865. The sooner we get away from here the better it will suit me. For a little more hot weather will bring many of the northern-bred men down with the yellow fever. I remember well the closed and desolate look of the city as we marched through it last fall.

Saturday June 3d 1865. We are just lying around and wondering why they do not start us for home as the colored troops are doing all of the duty.

Sunday June 4-1865. There are some churches here and there must be some bells but I never have heard the tone of a bell in all the time that has passed away since we first struck the town. The only loud noise is the whistle of the steam boats and the boom of the canon.

Monday June 5 1865. The hospitals are full all the time. Some are being laid away in the cemeteries where the long rows of half circle topped white boards mark the graves of thousands. A few black letters state the name and age also company and regiment.

Tuesday June 6 1865. Some of the convalescing ones from the hospitals are being sent home daily. We hear some talk that our company will soon embark for the north.

Wednesday June 7 1865. While down on Fosters wharf, I met a soldier who had been in Andersonville prison. He has entertained me for a long time relating his hardships while there. It seems strange that a Christian community would allow such inhuman brutes to have the power to inflict such cruelties on their fellow beings, as has been permitted in the South. I have guarded prisons belonging to Uncle Sam and I know the Southern soldier imprisoned there is well-clothed, well-fed and housed. It rather looks as though the South, take them as a class do not compare with the North in regard to the treatment of fellow beings. Surely such inhuman creatures are unfit to own slaves.

Thursday June 8-1865. This day like many others has passed away meaning much to some but uneventful for me as everything is quiet here. We are killing time waiting for orders

to march to the station and board the cars bound for home. Friday June 9 1865. At roll call this morning the orderly Sergeant said Colonel Stuart wished to see me at his headquarters. Some of the company thought I was going home right away. After calling on the Colonel I found that my Father had sent me a little money and for safety had sent it in care of Colonel Stuart. I did not really need the money just now as my twenty is not gone yet.

Saturday June 10 to Saturday June 17--no report.

Sunday June 18. The past eight days have been so uneventful and my health has been so poor that I have not written anything. But we now have marching orders which means to start on our homeward journey. The packing and getting ready takes but a short time for a soldier, as all our belongings are kept in a knapsack. This is the last time I will write up a day in Newbern. For tomorrow is probably the last time we will walk the streets of a Southern city.

Monday June 19-1865 Everything has passed off as usual till 3 PM when orders came to form in line loaded with all of our belongings. I had an extra bundle and not feeling very well hired a colored boy to carry my luggage for which I gave an old pair of blue army trousers. We marched to the station and boarded platform cars and the train was well loaded. I sat on one side with my feet hanging over the side with one arm around a stake. Soon the train started. As we crossed the Trent River bridge. By the side of the road stood our old Fort Anderson Boatswain; we yelled out our good-byes and soon I had lost sight of him perhaps forever as he belongs to a

regiment from Rhode Island.

A little after dark, we seemed to be running at a terrific rate. It did seem as though we would jump the track or go to pieces. After a while the men nearest the ends of the cars put on the brakes without orders, but it was well they did. As the train had parted just back of the engine, just at the head of a grade and was not known by the engineer till we were on the downgrade. Then he dare not slack, so ran away from us. We ran nearly to our destination before we struck the engine again.

Morehead was our landing place. We unloaded and on a dock were given three days rations. Then went on board of a large ocean transport bound for New York City. I forgot to mention in one of my writing last we turned in our guns. That was quite a notable day for the boys as it meant the war was over and soon all that lived together there would soon be home before the yellow fever got hold of us.

Tuesday June 20 1865. Last night I found a row of water casks between the decks and spread down my blankets and went to sleep. After sleeping a little while, the noise of the engines and the motion of the vessel awoke me and on going on deck saw that we were far away from shore. I stood on the forward deck for awhile, watched the waves and white foam dashing away from our bow, as we plowed through the water homeward bound. Then took a little bite of soft bread and went back to my bed on the water casks. The sun was up before I went on deck this morning for this is the day I have a chill. This afternoon while my chill was on, I found a place on the sunny side of the deck and when lying in the sun and ~~was~~ covered up with my

blanket the shivers kept coming. But as soon as the fever came on the sun was too hot and the blanket a burden. This day has come to a close and I will feel better tomorrow.

Wednesday June 21-1865. Still on the water out of sight of land. I was on deck at day light as I like to see the glow in the east and finally see the sun come up out of the water. As it seems a great part of the day was spent sitting near the edge of the deck watching these birds and also looking at porpoises play, as great schools of them as large as great fat hogs plunge out of the water showing their full size. The hours have passed away rapidly and the sun is nearing the waters edge and soon nothing but the stars can be seen. The weather on this voyage so far has been calm and clear, not much like our ~~voyage~~ ^{voyage} around Hatteress, when we went south, and the vessel rolled so badly that one way over I could some times touch the water then when she rolled back I looked over the side and found the distance to the water twenty or thirty feet. Well as the darkness is coming over the face of the deep I will go below and make my bed on the water casks if no one else is ahead of me.

Thursday June 22 1865. Last night I slept pretty well and was up at daylight and they say we will be in New York City tonight. The weather continues clear and pleasant and as I am sitting on the bow of the steamer I can see the tall buildings around New York Bay which is the first thing that looks like the north as the buildings in the south are generally low. Many of the plantation mansions are large on the ground, almost surrounded by wide porches. Many of them are only one and a half stories high. We landed in the city of New York about dusk

and were marched to the barracks which contained long tables [91]
standing between long wooded benches. We filled up the benches
and before us was tin plates, tin spoons and a quart tin cup.
The meal consisted of coffee without milk, but well sweetened
and bean soup, a chunk of boiled beef and a chunk of bakers
bread. But it all tasted good after our voyage. We are to
take the cars for Syracuse next. How long to stay there I
do not know.

Friday June 23 1865. Last night we left New York and came
by rail to Syracuse. Arrived in the latter place just after day
light and were marched to a camp on the outskirts of the city
After reaching the camp, I sat down on the grass for it was a
beautiful June morning. Nature was looking her best. The
Sun was shining bright, so I concluded the best thing to do was
to go to Auburn as they might keep us here under guard for
several weeks before discharging us. So I walked to the guard
line on the east and looked across the fields of dandelions and
butter cups and says to myself "not this way" So turned straight
across the camp and found a little strip of wood land. On
entering the woods found a brook, so sat under a tree enjoying
the shade seemingly but watching the guard when he reached the end
of the beat, farthest from me. I jumped across the brook and
ran through the woods and was soon down town.

I went up rail road street east and soon met an incoming
train. I ran and grabbed the hand rail, jumped to the platform
and was soon in a seat by the side of a large old man with a
linen duster on. I had an old soft hat brought from home, which
I put on and I had ripped the red braid off my artillery jacket
and by pulling part of the man's linen duster over my light blue

pants. I was ready for the guard as the train reached the station. It ran between two rows of the patrol guard and some of the boys who were waiting for the train were captured and taken back to the camp. The guard also came through the cars looking right and left for runaway soldiers, but passed me by. Some of the guards were still on the platform after reaching the salt works, I found out why. The train stopped and quite a number of the boys had walked down there to catch on, but the guard stepped off and took them back to camp. As soon as the train had got underway, I put my head out of the window and yelled "goodbye boys; good-bye, guards."

Dan Creyton, one of our boys who got left yelled out, "there goes that damned Tournier, You might know he would fool them and get home." Daves face was the picture of dispaire when the guard stepped off the cars and took him in. About one hour after this I was walkng up Garden Street, Auburn N.Y. I met and shook hands with some and was told my brother Ed was working for Hayded and Letchworth. stoping in there took him by surprise. He quit work and started out with me. Before long I was at home and had a suit of citizens' clothes on, and supper was the first meal at home.

My people said "How black you are," and when I walked they said I marched. It was no doubt true as the tan of the southern sun and exposure will not leave me for several weeks to come. This evening has ben spent visitng at home for tomorrow I start out to see the boys and girls.

Saturday June 24 1865. Last night I slept on feathers again, in the same room and bed I occupied the night before leaving for the South. It really seemed nice to pull a nice,

clean sheet up to my chin after using the rough army blanket for nearly a year. Today has ben spent by calling on some of the girls I used to know.

Sunday June 25 1865. Have ben up on the Owasco once more. Have sailed about and landed on her shores heving a very pleasant time. Have commenced doctoring with Father for bronchial trouble, and chills and fever.

I discovered today that the trousers I gave to the mark-ey boy had in thepockets all of the souvenirs I had collected such as Confederate money, cotton balls and some papers which were a hundred and fifty years old, which I found in an old ware house at Plymouth. Also several other small things collect- ed together as momentos.

Monday June 26-1865. Have ben to Syracuse today. Saw some of the boys who told me our company are to be paid off and discharged on Thursday having on citizens clothes no one troubled me although I am as much under controll of martial law as when wearing the uniform.

Tuesday June 27-1865 Have had a chill today, so have kept at home. Mother has ben ironing while I have ben sitting close by the hot stove with a comforter around me. But the hot stove and the hot sun, for it has ben a hot day could not keep me from shivering. About 4 P.M. the fever came on, then off went the comfortable and a fan was preferable to a hot stove.

Wednesday June 28 1865. On the lake again, then downtown. In the evening, played a few games of billiards with the boys. Then made a call. Came home and now for bed.

Thursday June 29-1865. Have ben in Syracuse all day. The

day has ben very enjoyable as the weather is fine..balmy
old June. Many of the boys belonging to our company have suc-
ceeded in running the guard, reached home and donned citizens
clothes and have ven around the streets of Syracuse. But they
informed us we would not get our pay and discharge till Sat-
urday, so I came home and thus ends another day.

Friday June 30 1865. This has ben one of my chilly days.
I went down town and felt the chill coming on, so hired a hsek
to take me home and have ben here the remainder of the day.
Tomorrow being the day set for my discharge, will go to
Syracuse again.

Saturday July 1, 1865. I hac felt pretty well today and
have ben in Syracuse most of the day. But was again disappoint-
ed as they have not reached our company yet. But Monday July
3rd they say is a sure thing.

Sunday July 2nd. 1865. Nothing ev ntful today. Have ben
down street with th boys. Went to church in the evening with
a girl.

Monday July 3d 1865. Have again ben in Syracuse all day
Returned home before supper with my pay and discharge in my
pocket and in the evening went to a party at Mr. Swans on Wall
St with Allen Lawrence. Had a very enjoyable time, and now as
I am no longer a soldier in the service of the United States
therefore these writings have come to an

END