To my Friend J. L. Stone Hall

From

Jane Dungan

with best wishes for
future prosperity and happiness.
Thursdays I thought I might as well get down here but last night I suffered more than I have this season. It reminds me of last winter while in prison. The boys got up and built fires to warm by. I froze out with the rest. We were in line of battle at 5 A.M. but did not run long it was so cold. About 8 A.M. we met and joined the rest. We marched on in a straight five miles drove the pickets in and had a skirmish with the enemy went out an afternoon to come in and went too
Mr. XXXX

Another week has passed quietly — nothing occurring of note. To break the tedium of camp life! Our mess was put up a log cabin which is just the thing for this bleak, windy, sandy, greasy place. Some officers had already left us and we are ordered to have ten rations, 3 of them in our haversacks to take the rounds of cartridge, our blanket, etc. — to leave the other clothes packed in our knapsacks. They must be marked, as left in the camp and unable to go along with them.
was sent on the morning – the bay was about five miles from the
bridge – and allowed no small boats to land or pass without examining
them – there was an oyster bed near by to which we helped ourselves
abundantly.

About 4 P.M. we were ordered in to embark with our regiment – we went
aboard the 'Ala.' about 9 P.M., all wondering where we were going – the
general notion was that we were going to Mobile – the regiments left
of Morgan went a Mississippi.
- and part by land.

The morning of the 4th July we landed at Pascagoula Bay - we ship Island.

It was very foggy - and the only way the fleet kept together was by whistling.

As the fog cleared the pretty little town - East Passage came into view.

The whole day was spent in trying to land - as dark the landing was affected by light draft.

Our men went ashore marked out to the first mile Creek - and we were closely watched by the but undisturbed by our gun boats. They joined the town and agent's men and
This morning we go
at 4. Made coffee, and were
in line at 5. This remin-
sed us of old times, when
we were in Mo. & Ark.
The boys were all jubilant
but could not holler as
we used to. For we were
among rebels and the
rest of order was neces-
sary—All feel well—the
fact that we are going
do something—We are
going to striking an-
other blow at the rebelle.
Takes every one cheer-
hopeful—We are con-
tent of success. We have
a few ponies—
This is it—In God

Amen!
Dec. 20th

Up at Meadowville, Jackson Co., Miss. On the 17th our regiment moved out one mile in advance of the division which is camped on Franklin Creek - Col. Bruce is in command of the front. We camped on Major Good's premises (reb) at first. There is a large water mill and about 150 mill feet of lumber here. I am writing to him - A.M. DeShieres here now, we have been at camp for a month, engaged in a hat of something I cannot get off my diary a few days. I have been on short duty and come back.
across the timber - after
side off guessing around
we pitched tents - put men
in line of both sides
times before all were
through. In the after
noon we skirmished with
enemy for 2 or 3 hours
and drove them into their
folds & guess - they left on
side. We know of them
being 4 pieces of artiller
"Cav." and a battalion
infantry. Our regt...30 th ind...50 Cav and
4 pieces artillery engage-
Our skirmishers
all the musketry fire
side - the artillery
from some.

road level
as we could see all was going on — saw rebels form and advance. They yelled like indignant when they fired — but it will take something more terrific that than the yelling of traitors to stop the advance of free domes army — we went be yond where we first saw them and then return to camp expecting all again before morn. all remained quiet.

Once more I will to write — but how long I can write as time vain for we have been on line of battle several times — and twice on double the pickets.
fight with the
raiders. The last lines
which I wrote I commen-
writing — even now
the end is on my pen.

Caressed by our Chief
Captain Gilbert of the 20th
Wis. (Picket Officer) charged
on the farmers. Captured
a horse and wounded the
rider and when I saw
him he was eating
bel tart - tack. The

I have been out to the
ridge 7 miles from here
as supposed the rebels are
ontified beyond the ridge.
It is most night — and I
see all will be quiet till
morn. It is growing
dark. just as I

1863. at Morgan's
Friday Dec. 23rd

It is now evening; our March yesterday, and their cold night, and short living
the hardest of which is freeing
out at night—confine
—to make one feel 2upid.

Owlish — Last evening
we built a cold fireplace which
add to materially to our comfort.
All the rations were issued

Morning — I think there
will be some hungry boys before
we get more — all quiet to do

There is some talk of our
leaving tomorrow. I hope our
men for to feel the need of
Clothes — clean ones.

Our Camp yesterday was
wounded all of whom bid fair
to recover. (One died afterward
As Pascagoula Hospital.)
How soon we become accustomed to any thing. One, I would have thought our skirmish yesterday was quite an affair but now they seem hardly worth mentioning. They had become of almost every day occurrence.

Saturday, Dec. 24th

I have been on guard to-day — and though the position was a very comfortable one — my duties were pleasant for I was guarding prisoners. It reminded me of the time that I was a prisoner of war and the thought is not a pleasant at all. The prisoners consist of 4 men and 6 women — Mr. Dee and family just going to our line.
I spent most of the day in reading a book entitled *Tracy Trumann on Love and Principle* — it was a splendid work.

Christmas Sunday.
The book I have been reading yesterday and today has had a very good influence on my mind — perhaps as good as those at home would have been — but I am sure the desire for good artefacts have been more fully gratified — but there are less formal and not as essential to the greater good of man as those blessings we receive from a full, close communion with our Heavenly Father.

This I have had to do.

My feelings have been so wrought up in reviewing the blessings...
And promises to me that I found relief only in prayer and tears. In this weak piece of it is I am on the list and am not ashamed to confess it. I long for Christian society and privileges — to be more where I can hear the gospel preached and the Sabbath observed as it should be. To be where the gratin sounds of profanity will not constantly fall on my ears. I am sitting in this dog lent on dog river Mississippi — I have no shirt of clothes and these slain have worn 15 days and very dirty and seem disagreeable to me. Still I am not with our comfort — before me lie
The loved picture of my dear wife—and the thought that she is surrounded by home blessings—that she is enjoying this Christmas day makes me happy. My prayer is that I may spend next Christmas with her. The contrast between this and last Christmas is as great as it will be between this and next Christmas if I live and enjoy all that my fondest hopes anticipate.

Liberty is sweeter than freedom! turkey

Camp on Franklin Creek, five miles from Raseagola.

Dec. 26th 1864

The division moved back here last night—started at 12 o'clock, it was very disagreeable marching for it rained some and was as muddy as
As I ever saw it, we were in the rear of the artillery which struck just after little while waiting on it. We averaged about half a mile an hour—received letters from Hannah and Abbie.

Dec. 27th, 1864

We have had most all kinds excitement to day. We were elated by the good news of Thomas's success. Triumphal victory over Hood's invading army. And Sherman's glorious March across Georgia to Savannah—his capture of Fort Macon. I presume he is in Savannah by this time.
Col. Bruce called the best men & this was also by an order from Genl. J. Granger stating that the desired object of this expedition had been attained—also complimenting the officers and men of his command for their good behavior whenever called upon to meet the enemy.

Which has been almost daily occurrence—the regiment gave rousing cheers and a National salute was fired—about this time a mail came and I received a letter from Wash., telling me of his marriage to Miss Rob. Miller, but before I had time to read it, or break the seal, the roll was sounded all through camp and in less time than I am writing this all were in line of battle.
Our Cavalry had a brush with the Reb. – No one hurt.
I read the letter while in line and a sharp firing was going on.
It is now moonlight and all is quiet.
Dec. 27th. 1864.

Each company of each regiment are building breast works – This is a little after McClellan's Mon.
But it is well enough to go on the Confederate side.

This afternoon the Rebels attacked our pickets who skirmished with them for 24 hours.
Col. Murray tried to come in our rear but the gun boats discovered him and shelled him back –
No one was hurt on our side – A singular incident.
Dec. 29th 1862

All has been quiet to-day — I have written Guy Old, how much comfort I feel thinking of the pleasure we will take one year from now if all goes well. We have finished our breast works — they will defend us from musketry. It is cool.

Dec. 30th

I was detailed for picket to-day and went out on the river road. Lieut. Wright, 70th officer of the guard — I was muddy and that rendered fort get the day passed most pleasantly. The rebels have sometimes troubled us for two days — it is a mystery why we are staying here. This is not my business to worry about it.
Saturday Dec. 31st 1864

Came off picket about noon. Found a letter from Eucy containing her long looked for picture—photograph—I think so much of it. I looked for a long time before it seemed natural. But now it is all right. She has become a woman—no longer my pet of sweet sixteen. A year has passed and A.D. 1864 will be forever passed. In our poor nation what an eventful year it has been—what a record of battle. It has been a sorry year on the Confederacy. This diary has been written from notes I taken while in the field—Good by 1864.
A Diary for January 1865.
Port Faine Ala.

Sunday Jan. 1st
Arose at five mile Creek
Jackson & Miss.

Another New Year has come around in the grand March of Time: We welcome it with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. We soldiers had it with joy because it is the last New Year we have to pay in the Army under our present enlistment, and it is the prayer of all that in one year most none of us shall be needed to defend the old Stars & Stripes—that those who have been traitors shall return to their former allegiance—that the useless sounds
war and its sad
and effects shall not be heard
nor felt any more.
We feel sad when we think
of the noble and brave men
undoubtedly will fall in
the coming campaign.
I feel like having protection
from Him who is omnipresent
and omnipotent.
Indeed I have reason to
be thankful for the blessings
of the last year—but
this is not my object to
write an essay.
Present endmeavit.

We remained at this camp until the 13th inst.

During this time the 20th Wisconsin was at the river rafting lumber and shingles. Our duty seemed to protect them. — And every few days the Jannies came up and presented us with their compliments in the consolidated forms of bullets aimed at our ever watchful pickets which were accepted with our injury and returned promptly and with their nearest desire that they might curse them of recession. — I think they did lay the favor if not for ever curse them of course. Has been a curse to them and the nation. + Duncan came up on the 24th Jan.
Jan. 18th, 1865

The whole division moved within half a mile of East Pascagoula to day. I was on camp guard and most rich too. The March went hard with me though only five miles long. The roads were bad. Had to work in water to my knees several times. Divorced at dark - I was played out - but got my relief together and done my duty - each hour of that night seemed longer than than a day and night have before and since. There was a striking contrast between my bed, feelings, and condition then and 29 months ago that night.
They can tell all the happened then. And when we were — for then were we united as husband and wife. I thought of it as I lay on my poncho, and though I was so exhausted and stupid that my mind was almost dormant, yet when thoughts of those hours so frightened with love, joy, and contentment flitted across my mind, I forgot for a spell my ache, my ennui, and the sweet remembrance of her kind words and gentle love. With the hope of again enjoying the instilled a patient, cheerful ness in my heart. And made me a better man and soldier than I should have been with out these bright reminiscences.
remained here all
by weary, leaving between two
days, this is Military.
Our duty was light, & had
good quarters & plenty to
eat. Which is the chief desire
of a soldier.
Our knapsacks came
up, & our sanitaries.
Potatoes, onions, fruit, butter &
honey — this was private —
for Cpl. Meek, from Slay.
friends. They were the right
things — received at the right
time, & in right place.
Our clothes, & books, &
stationery were welcomed
for we were dirty & ragged
at the time passed slowly with
out book or paper —
I done nothing but write
for several days — in an-
swer to letters received.
Our evenings were very pleasantly and profitably spent, reading Beecher's Sermons and by recitations in history. Tenney and James Anderson joined us and we had lively times around our first hot fire—They will do to talk about in years to come.

For several days large details were made for our regiment to launch a boat that was washed ashore in a storm about the 10th.

It was a hard, long job. Passagoula like other places up stop had filled up with refugees black and white, and before we left was quite lively. There were dancing parties every night, a nightly occurrence but of such a character as have no desire to indulge in.
When we left all loyal & Camp with us, I was on duty at Col. Bertramne's quarters the day we evacuated, which was at Genl. Twiggs' Summer residence.

Thus ended the first month in the first year of A.D. 1865.
Below

-A SHORT TERM in a war prison doesn't improve one's looks much.
James Irva Duncan of Co. C, Nineteenth Iowa Infantry was captured in the civil war Sept. 29, 1863 at Morgania, La., and was exchanged, luckily, the following year July 22. B. Atwood, Fairfield, photo.
INTRODUCTION:
The following pages have been prepared at the request of many of my regiment, and are sent out to the members of the Nineteenth Iowa Infantry, and their friends, as a plain simple narration of a few of those things we saw and did during three years service.

If the style is rude and disconnected, or the language unseemly, let it be remembered that less than two months have been occupied in the preparation, fresh from rough camp life, and in the first excitement of reaching home.

TO THOSE AT HOME WHO PRAYED WHILE WE IN THE FIELD BATTLE'D ARE THESE FEW PAGES DEDICATED by J. Irvine Dungan

History of the NINETEENTH REGIMENT — IOWA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

CHAPTER X A narrative of the escape from rebel prison at Shreveport, La. on the 23rd night of February, 1864, of John Cary, a member of the 94th Ills. Infantry, and Levi B. Cocklin and L. Stone Hall, of Co. C, 19th Iowa Infantry

When I had made up my mind that I had staid with the rebels and endured their cruel treatment long enough, I sought comrades, those whom I knew to be brave and resolute men, for I knew that such an acquisition was essentially necessary to success. Two better men could not have been found in the service than were Cocklin and Cary. Cary was accustomed to, frontier life, and could not be lost in any swamp or forest, when the sky was clear. Hence, in the organization of our party he was chosen guide. Cocklin and I were to procure food.

It was very necessary that our project should be kept secret, which was quite difficult; from the fact we had rations to get, clothes to make and mend; we were successful however, until a few hours before we left, when we began baking our corn didgers, our associates guessed our intentions and were very kind, rendering us material aid by giving us their own rations.

At last all was ready and each hour seemed a day till we were on our way. It was hard to leave those brave fellows who had shared in common with us every hardship and privation of our prison life, and who were as anxious as ourselves to return to our lines. Many more would have attempted to escape if they had had clothes and shoes. Many of them sent messages to their friends at home, which we gladly promised to deliver if successful.

Finally, the sun sank behind the forest pines, and ere its last flickering ray of light ceased to play upon the western sky, we had taken leave of our comrades (and received many a God bless you) and were safely outside the guard line, and with a light heart and lighter steps, we were rapidly widening the distance between us and our rebel guards.

It was half a mile more to the timber; when we had reached it we halted to put on our shoes; we had carried them in our hands to prevent any unnecessary noise. By this time the moon had risen, and stars shone soft and bright, and night's stillness was broken only by the zephyrs as they played through those grand old pines. When we were in high spirits at our successful beginning, and I think truly grateful to Him who had guided and guarded our steps, we decided to go south, and when it was necessary to change our course to the west. After a moment's rest we moved cautiously forward, determined to go slowly and surely; for hours we traveled undisturbed, avoiding every road and path that had been traveled lately. We were finally halted by an impassable swamp, and were obliged to retrace our steps for miles; this was not so exciting as some things I might mention; we were prepared for such reverses, for we knew our road was a hard one to travel. A crossing place was finally found by wading. This was cooler too. We must have traveled twenty-five miles before we camped. O, how tired and sleepy we got; our five days rations bore heavily across our shoulders.

About three A.M. we stopped, made a bed of pine boughs and reposed upon it with gladder hearts than we had possessed for months. In a few minutes each of us was sleeping quietly, and when I awakened it was nearly mid-day, the sun shone brightly, the trees were peopled with many sweet songsters who seemed to congratulate us in our anticipations.
and happiness, really we felt happy. The air we breathed was pure - there were no rebels guards standing around with fixed bayonets, watching every motion, - neither were the sounds which greeted our ears those of threats and curses which we had been obliged to listen to so long. We did see not see hundreds of brave men half fed and half clothed, living, or rather enduring an existence almost hopeless in want and filth. The change was perfect, the spell was sublime.

We kept quiet that day, neither moved about much nor spoke above a whisper, for we were near a residence. We were anxious to have night come so we could take up our line of march, for we dared not to expose ourselves through the day.

The two succeeding nights we got along finely, our path was in the rear of plantations leading to Manafield and Natchezoches. The fourth day from camp we ventured to travel some. On the 28th, we were weather-bound, it became so cloudy we could not keep our course. We anticipated rain, and prepared for it as well as we could. We made a bed of leaves, over it stretched a blanket. For two nights and one day we laid in our nest of leaves during which time it rained constantly. Before the first morning water was running under us. It was impossible to better our condition, unless we went to a house - this we determined not to do. So for over twenty-four hours we laid in the water, there not being a dry thread on us. It was impossible to better to do otherwise. Truly I believe we suffered more during that time than we would, had the weather been cold enough to freeze us to death.

On the morning of the 30th it stopped