"He stood a moment with uncovered head, looking down upon the quiet face."
chunks of logs quite handy to use as battering rams. The walls of the room were constructed of matched one inch boards, and the two lamps which illuminated the apartment were hung upon the walls. Taking our missiles by a preconcerted motion we threw the logs against the fragile walls of the building, and you can just imagine the crash of both lamps descending to the floor, and the sudden extinguishing of the light, and the song "We won't go home till morning" never was concluded in such haste, where such jollity had reigned an instant previous. Of course the perpetrators did not stay long to see the effect of their mischief but secreted themselves at the guard house safe from the enquiries of those possessing presence of mind sufficient to go to the quarters. What agroping and bumping of heads and confusion in the dark and shouting for lights among these intoxicated waltzers was a scene more to be realized than described. As things have changed since "Ramah died" this is the reason I have told the story and am safe from the dominion of shoulder straps and revenue, and above all personal animosity. Suffice it to say this ended the Banquet and sent the debauchees to their quarters.
James J. Darby
Randolph
Map
Sept 19th 1862
"There's many an excellent Saint—
St. George, with his dragon and lance;
St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;
St. Denis, the saint of the lyre;
St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;
But Jonathan, youngest of all;
He's the mightiest saint of the lot!"
Columbia's, the gem of the Ocean!

The home of the Brave, and the Free!

The shrine, of each Patriot's devotion;

The world offers homage, to thee.

Thy mandates, makes heroes assemble;

Whose Liberty's form, stands in view;

And they Banners, make tyranny tremble,

When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.
Note: for a dictionary of the terms used, military slang, localisms, etc., necessary and see the last pages of the Fourth Book.

N.B. For a complete Roster of the Officers of the Regiment and other particulars see the three last pages of the Third Book.
Book First.

These books are kept as Memoirandae or Journals of what transpired between Sept. 17th 1862 to Aug. 27th 1863 inclusive or the Adventure of that despised object (by three year troops) and "A Nine Months Man."

September 1862

"But when the fiery days were done,
And Autumn brought his purple haze,
Then, kindling in the slanted sun,
The hills and sides gleamed with golden maize.

Service, One Year except Twenty Days.
Now commences "My Life in Service" or the Experiences of a "Nine Months Man", written by myself and therefore Reader or Critic as the case may be,

"Be merciful, that you may obtain mercy,"
This being not an object,
"For the prying gaze of curious eyes,
I do not expect to have very hard judgments passed upon, the style, saying and doing, stories and such that are here written; therefore I beg your kind indulgence."
1862

Wednesday, Sept. 17th 1862

I have enlisted, and this is the day we go to camp. We go under the following Officers, which were elected about a week since: Capt. Thiram G. Alden. First Lieut. Myron W. Hollis. Second Lieut. Edmund Bottom. Being Regular Militia we are to be co. Fourth Mass. Regt. The morning was pleasant and warm and about eight o'clock A.M. the co. aforementioned were en route for the Depot to proceed to camp at Lakeville. After the usual parting kisses, looks of regret, common for such occasions, behold us moving towards camp. We have enlisted for the space of nine months in defence of, (and in defence to, the enemies of,) the "Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave." We must for a time throw (perhaps forever) bid adieu to the land of Baked Beans, Doughnuts, Pumpkin Pie, Cape Cod Turkeys, and Wooden Nutmegs.

To relatives, friends and neighbours,

"Fair women and brave men,

But I will recall half the last sentence, I acknowledged we have bid adieu to about the fairest woman this land can boast of, but as to the "brave men" that is doubtless..."
but, for it is my humble opinion that if they were brave they would be with us or gone before, to the 'Seat of War.' Not to say that we have all the brave men with us, or that we are leaving all cowards behind, but we are to show whether we are a valiant set or not, that will be answered by the old saying "Time will tell." Good bye then for a time my native place, for I am now to visit scenes and sights that will not only "surprise," but scare the generality of men. But reflections are cut short by the conductor announcing "Lakeville" our destination. We alight and endeavor to form a line, but then we must be excused, for I suppose the reader understands that we are "Raw recruits from a country town;" our line much resembles a Virginia Rail Fence. Taking a dusty road, and traveling about a mile and a half we arrive at camp "Joe Hooker." A pretty camp upon a level plain, and health and convenience seemed to have been consulted when the spot was selected. Establishing ourselves in our quarters or Barracks we select our Rambles, and now we are in full possession of our Government Barn, or we are "Proprietors proto," Yard Mantling at 3 P.M. in company with about twenty others I was detailed for Yard, my lot was in the Second Relief. According to Military we are to reside at the Yard House during".
Thursday Sept. 18th

Raining. To-day we are more fully initiated into the duties of a soldier, by orders issued by the Commandant, and by becoming possessed of the information that one man is
Better than another; (in a military point of view) Those who wear the Straps are much better than an enlisted man is obvious. Our Reveille is at Five A.M. our Tattoo at half past eight P.M. “Taps” or “Extinguish Lights” fifteen minutes after. When we retire all noises imaginable are heard. Animals, domestic and wild, their voices are imitated here with singular accuracy. At last exhausted nature gives way, and we sink into the embrace of the sleepy God. Silence reigns at least, except where the noise produced by the nasal organ commonly called snoring, disturbs the quiet Stillness of the place.

Friday, Sept 19th

Not much of interest occurred to day. as a heavy rain fell all the forenoon, and the grass being extremely wet, we did not drill. The day was spent in the reception of Companies which arrived to day, five of them having come to fill the Regt. I will add that I eat meat to day, thus showing that soldiers are inclined to be bad Catholics, but then the Church grants it, and we do not labor under much of an error after all.

Saturday Sept 20th

The usual routine of Camp Life, with the exception that we “picked stones.” The “store limes” were as plentiful as ever, and we “lived high” that is at the tops of our bunkers. The day was extremely pleasant and fine.
Sunday Sept. 21st.

The first Sunday in camp, very pleasant. No difference in camp life except no drilling. Inspection of Bunkes at nin o'clock A.M. Quiet and order reign supreme, and in a long thriving village (for we receive additions daily) it much resembles the Sabbath day.

Monday, Sept. 22nd

To-day very warm and fine. Previous to this date I have omitted to tell of the beautiful Lake, stretched far away to the south-east by name "Awanagansett." To-day to a common camp expression I "shirked drilling," and then of course had ample time to survey the beach which encircles the lovely lake. The name signifies in the aboriginal language the "place of white stones," and the name is quite appropriate for oolitic stones of a spotless white are to be found upon the beach. The soldiers avail themselves of this opportunity to wash and bathe, and practice aquatic exercises and amusements.

In the evenings of this the early Indian Summer, the scene when seen from the opposite shore is grand. The woods, the trees, and the comfortable farm-houses peeping from the leafy foliage, when reflected in the beautiful Lake, is a splendid sight and compels the admiring and enraptured beholder, to ponder on and thank an all-wise Creator for the incomparable works of imitable hand. Whilst gazing at the sheet of water, spread
out beneath us like a mirror, though some wander back to the Pool in
Fond where in childhood we splashed and doleful, and when
late in boyhood we learned the art of swimming. But back to
bump, on to-night we had a glorious array rivaling in beauty
those gorgeous Italian annals, when we are informed by observers
that,

"In vermilion and gold sinks the arm to his rest."

But the arm has set and like a panorama the beautiful
picture vanishes from sight. But now it has become dark and
hold those released from duty in squads hurrying toward the lines.
They pass the guard and tie their intention as they say to "go and
see the surrounding country." A good time to go in the dark to see
the country. But I am with one of said squads myself and
I might as well tell what is our object. We are to go and
contemplate the beauties possessed by a flock of Turkeys (vulgarily styled
"gobbler") who are now snugly nestled on some roost, convenient
to a comfortable Farm House. Upon reaching the road we
meet a Sumner Team, and (as to express it) we "pile on," and enjoy
a starlight ride for about a mile. Taking pity upon the
forlorn looking object of an animal that dragged the vehicle we
dismount, and one of the Scouts informs us (who had Alighted
half an mile back) that he had "spotted" the coveted roost.
Seeing a man milking we enter the yard and take
a plentiful draught of the lacteal fluid. Thanking our
host, a brave God-fearing soldier, possessed a small degree of manners, we proceed toward "our" roost. Arriving at the entrance to the barnyard we were "heavily reinforced" by a squad of ten. We there had a "council of war" when it was decided that we should make a bold push and accomplish the crowning feat of the expedition. Our allies were good "tricks" for they possessed to a remarkable degree, the glowing quality helping themselves to anything that presented itself worthy of the notice. The question will naturally be asked: why soldiers are so bold or "cheeky"? I will endeavor to tell you, existing as they do on hard-tack, after a lapse of time their cheek bones grow prominent and as a natural consequence the cheek grows hard in proportion, and if they do not reach the tenacity of iron they certainly acquire the properties possessed by brass. Reinforced as I said before we march on the roost, we do and we leave the reserve, its left resting upon the road, in the rear of the Barn. I was one of the skirmishers and at the centre of the line of battle. After our advance and successful retreat, each captive has his own story to relate, concerning his adventure, I will merely confine myself to my own personal encounter with an immense follower. We advanced on our hands and knees as noisily as possible to prevent alarm among the Royal family. Being in the centre I had of course the best opportunity to attack the throne itself; and my
said being successful, I had soon in my embrace the princely
head of this numerous host. His majesty being pretty strong I
was for a time completely unnerved, and stumbling forward fell
over the chopping log throwing my whole weight upon the royal
personage. Recovering myself as soon as possible still retaining
my grasp upon him, I sprang forward and I had advanced about
three places when, Oh! Ah! Dimay! I was thrown backwards and I
was about to lose my kingly captive. Something had struck me
across the breast and laid me prostrate with Mother Earth.
I arose again and advance more cautiously when I discover this
masked (but now visible) battery, which broke me up as sadly. It
is what? It is simply a piece of rope, which has been hung across
the yond, not as a battery, but for the industrious housewife to hang
thereon for drying, the articles of household apparel which take their
regular routine, though the Monday morning wash. Forward again,
but cautiously for the Farmer, might hear us, and at last join
the reserve in the Road. We commence our retreat in good
order toward Camp. We now file into a field, and here we
terminate the existence of these innocent beings and divert them
of nature's yard. With our booty we find ourselves safely in
one book-house, and at about twelve midnight, I had the exquisite
pleasure of masticating one of his Majesty's drumsticks which
I assure you was excellent. I will not recount the various
mishaps, tastings, and seasonings which our poultry endured and
suffered whilst in the culinary department, undergoing the process of cooking. I have now at the head of my book, his Majesty "Wish-bone", which I preserve as a Monument, and a warning to all lubbers straying in future, to beware of any man or boy with a Blue-boat on.

Tuesday, Sept 23rd

Very pleasant. No work for to day, we are to be mustered into the Service of the United States. About ten O'clock Capt. McLoughlin comes among us examines the rolls, and the appearance of the men, and then desires us to uncover our heads and lift up our right hands; We comply and he administers while we repeat after him the following oath.

"I do solemnly swear, that I will bear true allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully, against all their enemies or officers whatsoever; and observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the Officers appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles for the government of the Armies of the United States, for the space of nine months, unless sooner discharged, so help me God."

"We are now to consider ourselves, sworn defenders of old Uncle Sam, for the time specified. One of our "skiddaddled" before he had a chance to be mustered into service, but a recruit arriving the same day, we were soon
into service, one hundred and one, rank and file. A complete co.

Wednesday, Sept 24th

Pleasant. Nothing unusual to jar the monotony of camp-life. One week in camp to day, on guard to night in Second Relief.

Thursday, Sept 25th

Very pleasant and hot to day. To day I was initiated a little farther into a soldier's business, by endeavoring to wash my shirt. Behold me, with sleeves rolled up, pants the same a piece of soap in one hand, the dirty, luckless shirt in the other about to receive from me an effort to cleanse it, and what an effort! You are mighty fortunate, dear garment, that you are as strong as you are, for you are now receiving hard usage! But I become tired and I desist, and return to camp, there to exhibit to admiring comrades my skill in the washing line. My tub was large and commodious, and all I could desire, (if it would only scrub) it being the Lake.

Friday, Sept 26th

Mornin very cold, a heavy frost last night, but the day cleared up pleasant. To day we erected on one Barracke a Flag Pole, and we raised on high the "Starry Banner" and as it unfolded itself to the breeze three hearty cheers were given. "We have the boast of having the largest Flag in the Regt. On invitation of a comrade this evening I visited for the first time in my existence a Prayer-Meeting. The meeting was to
take place in an unoccupied cook-house adjoining the
"guard-house." About half past seven o'clock with my companion
we enter the place. Directly opposite the door stood a Capt. as
a Deacon who I expected were to preside, or lead the meeting. Com-
plete silence at length reigning the Capt. approaching upon his
countenance, unmistakable evidence of having descend from the Puritans
stepped forward, and declared all assembled "Brethren." After resuming
his place, a small diminutive specimen, alight from his seat, fell upon
his knees, and recited a prayer. After rising he commenced a hymn
which was joined in by the majority of those assembled. He was
followed by an manly, upright appearing, soldier, who stood up, and
not like his predecessor with closed eyes, but with open eyes, and
gesticulating hands, compared this meeting to an Oasis in the De-
cert; he hoped all would be spiritually benefited by visiting
this place. The writer thought his proceedings singularly strange
that he should now be so eloquent and fervent in the cause, for
it was a noticeable fact, that he indulged in hearty
giggles previous to his moment of speaking. That I thought
is hypocrisy, and not much honesty. It is not well to
form hasty conclusions but I formed the opinion that
he preferred to pray in public than as the Scripture says" to
pray in secret pray." After a few more prayers and hymns a
soldier stepped forward and related a narrative of his ven-
ture in far-off Kansas. Another in a whining voice, t
where he belonged, and made a fervent prayer: It is my opinion
that he was the only true and repentant prayer - spoken in the assem-
blage. The meeting was terminated by the singing of a Hymn called
(if I remember right) the "Doxology." We leave the place and each and all
entertain perhaps, different views relative to the proceedings. I a prem-
believer am almost an outlaw, (in some minds) if I express myself
contrary to the opinion there expressed. I think that those of the be-
lief manifested, would be benefited equally as much if they assem-
bled and an eloquent and earnest man exhort them to repent-
ance. To pray in secret, and not make a public display.
But we are in a Republic, and everybody
has freedom of speech (hence mine) and faith; each
and every one has the inestimable privilege of
worshiping God, according to the dictates of his own
conscience; to scoff and ridicule religion is wrong and
I will not intentionally do it, but thanks to the fram-
of the Constitution of this Free Land, when we read
the record of their liberal views in the clause which
says "Congress shall make no law respecting the
establishment of Religion or prevent the free
exercise thereof." Therefore Reader do not take me
for a hard critic for my works can be
criticized to better advantage than the most
of people so I will here withdraw my re-
marke and proceed to my apartment and make arrangements to retire for the night.

Saturday, Sept 27th, 1862

Pleasant drilling as usual, so night I formed up of an audience (the most elite of camp) who had assembled to hear a humorous lecture on Phrenology by the celebrated Dr. Walker better known as the Adjutant. He produced a stone which much resembled a skull and which the lecturer asserted was the head or remains of the cranium of the only son of Jeff Davis. It was amusing his remarks and sayings but he suddenly terminated his speech by an extempore speech on the duty of soldiers which was very interesting and instructive. After the lecture we return to barracks and find dancing and singing going on at a great rate. Of course we join and use our humble endeavors to make life happy. Our vocal ability has shown itself to night and is the general opinion expressed in musical circles that Co. D has manifested the greatest talent the Regt can boast of. And not only musical but even already in drill and as scientific marching some excel. Boxing gloves are in use.
in the Barracks. Occasionally we met an unfortunate scholar with a black eye, or colored nose, all of which attest that his opponent was more skillful than himself. Thus some are proficient in the Pugilistic Science. We therefore embody in our fort Barn, Science and Art; for War is a Science and Pugilism is as some assert "a manly Art." So Spectator do not think that if we do cut up ungraceful antics occasionally and after taps throw through the Senates such things as, hard bread, turnips, well picked bones occasionally a flat bottle, now and then a stool, the cover of the stove comes handy once in a while, don't think we are complete savages if we do all these things; and these flying particles are apt once in a while to knock out an eye or crack a skull, don't imagine we are completely lost to civilization and enlightenment. For here I not clearly demonstrated that we are acquainted with the Art and Philosophy, we practice Tenacity by clinging to each other most nice in a while in a sculptor. The attraction of gravitation is illustrated by inducing a comrade to hit his nose against the floor, caused by an expert foot on his mule. We measure Velocities by ascertaining how long it takes an apple core to travel from your hand to comrades head. Optics are also treated on
For instance if the aforesaid apple core should come in contact with comrade's eye he would in all probability see "stars" which are certainly light. And perhaps comrade will have some good cold water in his dipper handy, which he will no doubt direct toward you the motion of which would be hydraulically and the weight with which it descended upon you would illustrate hydrostatics. His laugh at his success would introduce it as Acoustics. Thus you see we study Philosophy and experiments of its various parts are daily carried out. But enough of this it is a dry study, except when the water is used, as when we laugh till the tears flow as studied in our school. Perfectly, acquainted are these severages with the Arts and Sciences. But to bed for soldiers as a general thing do not "swear broke consume the midnight oil", on the contrary they retire at the signals that are now beating.

Sunday Sept 28th 1862

The morning broke misty and damp and through the day showers were prevalent. The rain came down straight and for hours at a time drenching the ground. This day is more like the Sabbath than last Sunday. Shut up in quarters all
day we have ample time to make this a Day of Rest. Last Friday at noon our Flag was lowered to half-mast in honor to some of our townspeople some of whom were killed, and some wounded at the Battle of Antietam Va. The melancholy intelligence come this showing that Randolph has contributed a share already in the great struggle for Liberty and Union.

Monday, Sept 29, 1863

Morning misty. A great amount of rain fell last night and the Camp and Parade ground and several here & there with huge puddles of water. At morn the weather clears up and is very warm. On guard in First Relief; the night unusually fine. The First Undress Parade of the Regt. took place this afternoon. News to night “we go home on furlough as a Co., for two days.”

Tuesday, Sept 30, 1863

Morning dark and cloudy. News to day of the death of Capt Miles, 60 & 35 to Regt, at the battle of Antietam. He died the death of a soldier combating for the glorious cause of the Union. All honor to the brave hero, leaving kindred, friends and home, the sweets of civil life, in the confusion bustle and restlessness of Camp, and the dangers, and
Privations of the Battle Field and in the cause of the Union to die. But not to him alone is to be given honor and respect, but to the numberless others that lie plain beneath Va. soil or lie bleaching beneath a Southern Sun, and to the numberless veterans who are lying emaciated in some lypt hospital. We are expected to attend the funeral of Capt. Miles in a body, upon it we are agreed. We are going home to-morrow. To-night we had a grand ball. A company of about 40 musicians paid us a visit, and therefore had a ball. The lively Irish jig, the excellent Hornpipe, the slower slow Waltz, were each and all indulged in, with evident satisfaction.

One dancer fell upon his knees, and folded his legs in the attitude of a tailor and recovering himself with perfect ease, notwithstanding his various motions kept admirable time. Another executed several unnatural contortions, and both time could not be kept. Our Orchestra played splendidly and rendered in excellent style some of their best pieces. Seated at the top of two ranks eight in number, and about a dozen each for light it made quite a display. "The good are not all dead yet," is a common ex-
pressure, and to use a camp phrase 'everything is lovely.'

everything moves in mission, and we all part in

good faith and friendship, with mutual wishes for a

repetition of the sport to-night. A pretty moody night

for tomorrow we go towards home to receive the bounty.

Wednesday Oct. 1st 1862

Now glows the apple with its pencilled streak,

Of morning painted on its southern cheek;

The pear's long necklace, stung with golden drops,

Arch'd like the banian on its pillared props.

The morning broke cold, the wind being northeast.

At six and a half o'clock A.M., we are in line en

route for home. About fifteen minutes of the

time rid himself of his mask cap of mist and show

out clear and bright upon the beautiful landscape.

The frost has tinged the maple and birch, and

their bright colors contrasted with the sober hues

of the cedar and pine, create a picture which gives

us a lively idea of the beauties possessed by native

in the Indian Summer. The boys are in excellent

spirits for we are to have to play the best sport

(I think) of our term namely the receipt of the Bounti
Moreover our furlough has been extended one day hence we are in better nature than ever. It proves we are to have a disagreeable day concerning weather. We are at home and at two P.M. I receive my Bony, One Hundred and Fifty Dollars. We separate, and some of the Boys will make the bounty him, on what is left of 15. Orders are, “Please attend the funeral of Capt. Miles, at 12 M. tomorrow. It is please now prefixed to any order what will it be in a most I am almost afraid it will be something else.

Thursday Oct 2nd 1862

In consequence of rain to day we cannot enjoy very well our furlough. At noon we meet at the Armory and at one we proceed to the rear of the lines of Capt. Miles. The Free Masons in conjunction with the Military attended the funeral of the departed brave. Proceeding to the long where the coffin was shrouded in the Stars and Stripes. Services were conducted and an excellent tribute paid to the memory of the deceased. Their bravery and courage, patriotism and valor were not forgotten and the many virtues of the soldier dead were released in fact he was spoken of as ‘departed worthy’ We escort the Body to the grave and about dark
return to the Armory in a drenching rain on a “double quick,” we are then dismissed till Saturday.

Friday, Oct 2nd

Still misty and rainy. jetzt the city, nothing occurred worthy of note in these pages. I have parted to stay with those that perhaps I will never meet again, but with many with feeling of earnest regret. Retiring early and sleeping soundly, I awake and find that I have entered on a new day, which is

Saturday, Oct 4th

Early this morning we met at the Armory and marched to the Depot. Yesterday, I approached the holy table of the altar and spiritually fortified myself by receiving the holy eucharist. That an opportunity will even present itself at the desired moment of repeating the foregoing act is my most fervent prayer (which by the way are very few). We arrive at camp and we are perfectly at home in a few minutes. Great excitement to night dancing and singing. I take a walk with a comrade (who to tell the truth is a little bloomer in his own quiet way) around the lines, when he relates to me some remarkable adventures he had on his furlough, especially where he outmanoeuvred or “went ahead” of some one of the “fair sex.” But while he talks the fair green
of Night shine out with brilliancy upon the scene occasionally dimmed by thin fleecy clouds which fly swiftly across the firmament. The sky spread beneath us like an immense mirror, now and then a white sail is seen to cross this beautiful sheet of water. The wind is beginning to rise, and we retire to quarters, the doors are on a continued roll owing to the passing and repassing of men whom we are bound to allow are a little excited accounts of just returning from sharing the delights of home.

Sunday Oct 5th

Very pleasant. Scores of victors, came to town today among whom was Capt. Mc Kinley Comst. Master gents for the Dept. Rummage the Arms and Uniforms of the Third have arrived, and that they are to leave camp in ten days. The day was grand and pleasant. gymnastics were performed to-night in great variety and rendered amusement to the spectators and it would be unnecessary to specify them here. But to-day is the loveliest night we have had since we been in camp. The Hunter's Moon is very low and objects are as discernable as broad daylight almost (handwritten). Would that I held the pen well.
If some poet, or possessed the power of describing this splendid, sublime and enchanting scene. My vocabulary contains not the words to give the Reader any idea of the beautiful landscape to night. Thankful should we be, to the benificent, all-wise Lyric, who allows us to enjoy, and bestows on the proper senses to appreciate, this scene. For in imagination this scene, but can compare scenes in the original Garden of Eden. It is now time to retire and enjoy a healthful, refreshing sleep on the soft side of a fine bed. The following piece of poetry came to night under my notice, which I give "verbatim": It first appeared on Bo'is door.

So the curious ones who come to see the accommodations of Bo'is,

We would say in view of all good breeding, say come not when the animals are feeding;

For though our nations we're not ashamed of,

And seldom by us are complained of;

Yet the prying eye of public gaze,

Well feelings of disgust too often raise;

"But view us, when our meal is over,

And as you pass our barracks door,

Step in, a soldier's welcome we'll bestow,

And tell you all you wish to know. Good night."
Monday, Oct 6th / 62

A very pleasant day in first Relief. Last night was bitterly cold and to-night the air is keen. Between three and five P.M. we had spilling rain. Nice and agreeable for a poor old soldier.

Tuesday Oct 7th

This morning is still cloudy, and we had a rainbow. About eight O'clock the large drops of rain came down in grand order. This morning an attack was made upon the Baker who supplies the Regt. with an article he (the Baker) is pleased to call "Bread". The attack was mainly carried on by our Co. The engagement was brought on by heavy skirmishing on the enemy's right. Each one had plenty of ammunition, and advancing in good order (the Baker by this time being rid of his unwell comrade, deemed it expedient to retreat) and now the engagement commenced in good earnest. The bursts of Bread were pretty hard I tell you and the belligerent let go volley after volley after the Baker's retreating column. Several struck the poor innocent animal who was doomed to drag after him the
vehicle, or in other words this moving receptacle of
the staff of life. The Bart itself showed evidence
of the force of the Assault. The Baker urged on by a
couple of well directed projectiles (one of which struck
him on the proboscis made him see "stars") was immedi-
ately on the "qui-vive," or alert, and some remarked
"alacrity," and made remarkable endeavors to applying
whipcord, he managed to soon escape the dangerous wall.
The sky clears, we are dismissed from guard, the sun shines
out brightly:

"The rain is very, how dense and bright,
For pearly clouds, repose lie,
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the deep blue sky.

At ten another soldiers, and myself concluded to go
and enjoy for a time the solitary (but not in this instance)
pleasures of fishing. A few of our friends who were
naturally inclined also joined us, but not being able
to escape the guard, they had to fall back to quarters.
We soon reach the lane and finding at a little outlet
of creek, a flat-bottomed boat which we avail ourselves
of and going aboard her, we land her and are
soon plying up the creek on a voyage of dis-
covery. As we are landsmen it is not expected,
that we would be skillful navigators. Therefore after
two or three vigorous shocks we are gradually losing
our erect position. At last one extra jerk being given
and aided by a smart rap on the right side of my
cranial from the pole of my shipmate, behold me
overboard, and floundering about as the poet says;

"Just like enormous fish!"

"Self preservation is nature's first law," so, springing
upwards I grasped the gunwale of (as my comrade termed
on "mud scow." As my weight came down upon a
little vessel down it went and down likewise
went my comrade. "Misery likes company," so we
were in our present predicament an irremovable pair.
Splashing about as soon as possible we sympathize
with each other, and empty our boots of all
surplus water, and arranging our apparel we start
"double quick" for camp. We return with the addition
of wet clothing, and minus comp. and fishing
tackle, the fish we never got, the scow was that
water is a pretty damp article, and we left
the "scow" to be discovered by some person in
the bottom of the creeks on a "voyage of discovery"
like ourselves. So much for fishing, bathing
included. This evening was given by the
Hutchinson Family a splendid concert. All the patriotic songs were rendered in excellent style.
The singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" ended the entertainment and the Regiment joined and swelled the chorus.
I was given in the open air, and all expressed the opinion that the "Family" had attained the highest perfection in the Art. The night is very pleasant.

"Wednesday Oct 8th"

Today I witnessed a singular performance, and subsequently learned the history of this curious man, this prodigiously deformed genius, whose I have endeavored to describe. His name was Merrill Newcomb and of Norton, Mass. When about three years of age a Doctor administered to him medicine containing Mercury to a large extent, and the effect was the joints of his limbs and feet were totally eradicated. He could swim as good as any man and would lay a wager to test his ability in that branch of exercise.
This mode of travel was a little four wheeled vehicle and propelled with his hands which were protected with leathern boots, and he rendered them very serviceable. By request of one of his acquaintances he placed both his legs over his head, back of his neck, sprang from his carriage walked
Upon his hands, balanced upon one hand, and remained in that position some time. "He could descend stairs as fast as the most of people. He could also use his carriage in descending steps, as in an 'illustration' he says he descended the steps of the Mass. State House as fast as his carriage would move. Barnum has several times endeavored to offer the services of this "living curiosity" but he will not allow his deformity to be exhibited for any unnecessary motive. There he is a monument of an experiment, poorly performed, the suffering victims of an unsuccessful quack. A patient of Science. I have merely mentioned the fact of making this man (his mental faculties are unimpaired) because he was to see the strangest living being in human form. It has been my lot to behold. As this book treats partly of sights he of course is admitted into the general catalogue.

Thursday Oct 9

Day pleasant and warm. To night the boys are again tripping it on the "light fantastic toe". Every evening through the week the dam has been enjoyed and the universal cry has been...
"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined,"
"No sleep till morn where youth and pleasure meet,
"To chase the glowing hours with rapid feet.
Serenading has now become quite a custom, by the leading vocalists of several companies. The "Stars" of our band are this moment singing the war-song entitled "Marching Along" whilst other "Planets" of lesser magnitude are making night hideous by bawling in discordant strains that beautiful effusion named "John Brown's Body." The night is not very bright but the boys are pretty lively and they like very well to stay up and carouse at night and indulge in morris dancing. The following poem is very appropriate and agrees very well with a soldier's spirit.

It is from the pen and writings of the lively, witty and talented John G. Sage,

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!
"To Sardo Pansa said, and so say I;
"And bless him, also, that he did not keep
"This great discovery to himself, or the"
"To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
"A close monopoly by "patent right!"
"Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep,  
(I really can’t avoid the iteration,)  
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep.  
What’s the rascal’s name, or age, or station.  
Who first invented, and went round advising  
That artificial cut-off,—early rising!

Rose with the lark and with the lark to bed,  
Observe some solemn, sentimental owl,—  
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;  
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,  
Pray just inquire about their rise—and fall,  
And whether larks have any beds at all.

"The time for honest folks to be abed,"  
"Is in the morning, if I reason right,  
And he who cannot keep his precious head  
Upon his pillow till its fairly light;  
And so enjoy his forty morning minutes,  
Is up—to knavery; or else—he drinks!"

"Thompson who sings upon the seasons, said,  
"It was a glorious thing to rise in season;"
"But then he said it lying,—in his bed.
At ten O'clock A.M.—the very reason
The more so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctified by his practice.

Tis doubtless well, to be sometime awake,
Awake to duty and awake to truth.
But when alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find in both,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood, or—asleep!

"Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft vision of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care of guise,
To live, as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweetest realms so easily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only dream of sin!

"So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise;
I like the lad, who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by haughtilyed phrase
Of fragrant worn by early songster caught,
"Cried," serve him right! It's not at all surprising.

The worm was punished, sir, for early rising.

Friday, Oct 10th 1862

Day chilly and cold. On police, discharged at

noon on account of the rain. Raining hard to

night. The guard have a bad night because

it is as "dark as Egypt." Rumor says we are

to go in a few days to "Dixie's Land."

All drowsy and quiet.

Saturday Oct 11th

So day 10. F of Fortboe enjoyed a dance; several

ladies paid them a visit, and as they are

like "angels visit few and far between," they

were as a natural consequence the "observed

all Observers." I had the honor and pleasure

myself of dancing with one of "fair sex" in this

occasion. For be it known female partners are

accuse at "Joe Brooker." Our band practiced in

our quarters to day. The men being confined in

quarters on account of the rain, those not

engaged in seeking amusement, in a game of

Chuck, "Fortyfive," "HighLow Jack," find fun

and excitement in amusing. I now confine my
self to the Irish portion of the performance which is not always thick-witted, for let it be said that that portion of the Co. are the Best Singers. Songs and Ballads for which "our own green isle" are famous are rehearsed; the wonderful scenes at "Donnybrook Fair" are duly discussed. "Long Barry" endures a complete overhauling; "But of a Stickle" and the "Spring of Shillaly" are both handled in masterly style. Several others also. I who do not participate to day in any of these amusements find employment enough in looking on, and helping applaud the performers who once in a while "bring down the house," There is one opinion rising in my mind which I will here express, and which would be forced from the most obtuse thinker, at looking around and seeing the happy fellows under the influence of the excitement called forth by the rendering in true Irish style of these Songs. That is that there is at least one consolation for the children and their descendants of The "Emerald Isle" to take from her all her privileges which the tyrannical British government has usurped, and there remains the glory won by her poets and song, and which she reasonably rests in with pride."

"For they keep a record of those, the true-hearted,
"Who fell in the cause they had vowed to maintain.
"They show us bright visions of glory departed,
"Of the love that grew cold and the hope that was vain.
"The page may be lost, and the pen, long-forsaken,
"And the weed may grow wild o'er the brawny hand.
"But ye are still left when all else hath been taken.
"Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of Our Lord and

To-day has been very wet and therefore do not drill. This evening was enacted a scene within a few rods of our Barracks. The story and cause of the excitement was simply this: "One of the Proprietors of the groves, upon which we are encamped, charged a few lady visitors five cents to hire a horse to a fence adjoining our parade ground."

The fellow sells papers about our bamp, and when he appeared to-night, he was greeted by a perfect mob, about a hundred excited and indignant men. He was assaulted and driven against a building; and then requested to state his case. Whilst endeavoring to tell his story he was interrupted several times by rods, bread &c., which was thrown at him from the crowd. He tried to get
away once or twice but he was as often surrounded and detained by the crowd, pushed and jostled in the meantime. The "Officer of the Day" then appeared, and quelled the tumult, by announcing that if the story was correct, that the victim must apologize, and appease the angry assemblage. He hesitated a short time when the crowd becoming anxious to hear the excuse, he was forced to proceed. After apologizing he sold his papers, quicker than usual, then being informed that if he even charged anybody much less ladies anything, for so trifling an obligation, he would have the pleasure of riding a rail. The crowd then dispersed and quiet reigned. Any one who endeavors to extort money on any such pretext will be made an example of and the men (who are honorable as well as gallant) will be satisfied. We have a few extorters among us already, such as the butler, the quartermaster, but being protected by fear, we cannot treat them to a ride.

Cold to-night.

Sunday Oct. 12th

Day cold and drizzly. On guard and exposed to the fury of the elements. Several friends visited us to-day. I received a bag of "goodies" (the best brand new
a day) which were very acceptable, and could
I look behold the send? I would no doubt say,
"Very much obliged." Open the bag and exhibit
exultantly my stock on hand! Of course we
have to try the quality, and the several articles
which have been amply stowed by kind and
thoughtful hands (rareties to us now) have been
succesively praised (never condemned) and excla-
minations of "so homelike" "this makes me think of marv
pantry," etc. But here we are, come down to
stern reality, soldiers in Dear Uncle Sam's serv
and what is still more. I have the pleasant
duty to perform that of going on guard to
night the night is pitchy dark, bitter cold, and
danger of rain. Three combinations which tend
to greatly lower our estimation of comfort on
guard. But all I hope is I shall not meet
with worse nights.

Oct 13th, Monday

Cold and driving rain. A furlough for to mom
is in my possession for six eight hours. The
reader will observe that hitherto I have refrained
from telling of punishments. It was my inten-
tion so to do, but to day I see twenty-four-
men standing upon barrels each one shouldering a huge stick of wood. Besides remaining in one position for a long time they are then to be looked at by curious spectators and now if any fellow soldier has a “quedge” against any of the prisoners now is the chance to laugh at them. But few very few avail themselves of such an opportunity to express their dislike on such an occasion as their comrades are in disgrace. Nothing but cordial selfishness and ignorance unparalleled would induce one man to lay at his comrade in such a predicament. And why are they there? I will tell you they took the entire to go home and see their friends and not having permission, they took an “india-rubber” prolong and stretch it to any length of time to suit themselves, returning they had pedestals offered them which they must accept or take something worse. Some men have a barrel placed over them the head knocked out, and a hole made large enough in the bottom to allow their head to pass through the barrel resting upon their shoulders a species of “Monitor”.
Tuesday, Oct 14th 1862

Drizzly. To day I started home on furlough. The usual scenes and ceremonies are carried through and I enjoy myself first-rate in various manners which I deem unnecessary to mention. At evening clears up and is very pleasant.

Wednesday, Oct 15th

Pleasant. Which reminds me of my many pleasant days spent at home and to day was duly appreciated by myself. The fond adieu of relatives and friends are still lingering in our ears as we speed away toward camp. We are received by our comrades, and we take possession of our bunks, and now fully reinstated into soldier life we resume the systematic routine of camp.

Thursday, Oct 16th

Pleasant. First Battalion drill to day. We have the color drill of the Regt.

Friday, Oct 17th

Pleasant. This morning quite warm. Last night was appointed non-commissioned officer on guard to day. Corps Second Relief. The affair
ment was wholly unexpected by me. But the rise is but little the first step in Military. Only seven ten steps from a Private to a Major and only eight for me "Lucky dog," I don't know if I have pretty well. I might possibly be at some time or other "A General in the Army." "Ambitious Scoundrel" now wearing two stripes.

"Pleasant. To day had a grand washing operation in the Lake with comrades. So might Va. of Tamton are having a dance. Several tadiagred the company by their presence and "Long and many jest went round." The space unoccupied by the gay dancers was crowded by interested spectators. Glancing at the orchestra you might perceive that it consisted of Fiddlers three, there bound to agree, "With flourish as free into each couple in motion." In the Let you might observe, "As the girls move around, the boys pitter the ground. The girls move about, just like swans in the Ocean."
But enough of this description of the 'sunny side' of a soldier's life, as I now hear Capt. James extinguish my light and turn in and resign myself to the use of Morphine. (morphine)

Sunday, Oct 19th

Pleasant. The camp is overflowing with visitors today. For the last three days our flag has waved at half-mast in respect to Wm. Palmer 1st. Lt. Co. E, Regt. deceased. Killed at the Battle of Antietam. It is the report that a portion of our Co. return home and attend his funeral and bury the body with military honors.

Monday, Oct 20th

Pleasant. To night we enjoyed ourselves amazingly. We had performances in pantomime representing different animals &c. In the words of our lamp poet,

'He little nonsense now and then,'

'Oft proves a relish to the wisest men,'

which is very true to night excepting the wide which cannot be seen with the naked eye. News to night informs us that Capt. Palmer was interred yesterday. There to his ashes, he died true to the service and the country.
Tuesday, Oct 21st

Very cold to day, and the wind flew high. Today we had a little better than common rations. Sweet potatoes were added to our dinner, the present of Mr. Jacob Miles of Town Hill. Of course the Co. appreciated the gift. East Stoughton has liberally contributed her share of the scanties. The "Regular Braders" are pleased for to day from the aforesaid firm sent enough providential cakes to do for one supper. I tell you it takes quite a quantity. East Randolph sent to day a barrel of peears, two cheese, and a huge box of wine. The Baptist village has "towed the mark." But Tripp Hill is all behind hand, with the exception that there was sent by one individual a barrel of windfall apples. Considerable dissatisfaction exists, and has been manifested by the men, the majority of which are from the Hell aforementioned. A great excitement prevails to night in consequence of a threatened attack upon the Luther by the Third Regt., which departs for Boston tomorrow; then to embark for the East of War, their destination is supposed to be Newbrine, the Lycurgus are stationed around the Luther's. The Scotchman said, "Shoulder to Shoulder."
The windows are broken, and now are removed that is all the evidence of any assault as yet. Up to Taffo no decisive attack has been made. We received a visit to-night from the 3rd and a very brotherly and friendly feeling was evinced. After the 3rd returned to Quarters, the 4th "fell in," and we returned the compliment. Headed by our band which played for the first time to-night, we made a grand turnout. Speeches by the Officers of the 3rd.

We retire pretty late. Awakened by a terrible noise we are on the "qui vive," and at once held the cause of our alarm. An immense bonfire, by which the departing Regt. are dispersing of all the boxes, barrels, and even buns, they may lay their hands on. And it is said that the Puttlers establishment is to share the same memorable fate.

**Wednesday Oct 22nd**

Pleasant early this morning we arise and visit the Quarters of the Third, passing the Puttlers, we discovered that he still lived, thus showing that the Third were graciously pleased to let him still exist, and furthermore fell back on
the principle of "live and let live." But the 'Butler, wily rogue, had taken a few of the Ring leaders, and treated them once or twice, and he was all right, that was the secret, and the lynched were rendered pretty loyal by the same persuasive element. But all is seeming bustle and confusion, yet everything is progressing with systematic military precision. I meet a friend he bequeaths me several useful articles which he had to dispense with on the march. At ten the Regt is in line, full, a complete Regt. Col. Richmond of New Bedford then took the command, and the column was on the march, headed by the Band of the 4th, who kindly volunteered their services, and it was evident that their musical ability was duly appreciated. The Fourth who had previously formed were now on the march, and acting as escort to the Depot. The 3rd, headed by the gay Dam Major marched by, we salute. We then take the advance we reach the Depot, the exclamation "good bye," "good luck," "we'll be with you soon," still lingers in our ears as we march back to camp to the air "Hail Columbia." The third left camp marching to the music of the "Girl I left behind me!"
This afternoon we received our uniforms. Splendid singing tonight in Quarters, as several "Artists" have arrived from town and me to honor us with their presence here to-night. Very cold tonight, blowing a hurricane or tornado. A comet all night for Grand.

**Thursday, Oct 2nd**

A pleasant day but the wind blew high. Today we received several visitors from Hyde Hill. We drilled more to-day and in the afternoon joined in the "merry dance." We enjoyed ourselves very well, and it reminded us much of the social dances at home, but to-day we danced in uncrowded, dirty, dusty barracks. It seems very lonesome since the 3rd left, and visiting their barracks they present the appearance of "some banquet hall deserted."

To-night I received our comrade on excellent pair of gloves, grand covering for the hands on cold, damp nights; another token of remembrance from the loved ones at home. "God bless them." "How well I remember when at home when retiring the kind, good night."
Friday, Oct 24th
Pleasant. Visited Middleboro with a few comrades and had an excellent time, we of course each and all promised to "call again." Visiting the Seminary, guided by a Scholar, we were quite interested in one view of the curiosities there collected. A Monkey's Paw, the bones of it well picked up by a Sailor who had to roast it and eat of it to prevent starvation, struck me as being a fit subject for a "Regular Yarn." A huge Stone originally about the size of my bromma broken in two by a blow from the fist of Prof. — attracted my attention. Several curiosities which I have not space to mention, a patience to write. Geological specimens of the best of the best were there abundant. The Chinese section was well represented, with various figures, pictures, poisoned arrows, Props from India, stone-head spears from the wild-men of Bones, antique and odd looking idols and images from Japan. Trappings from the Cossacks of the Don. And relics and collections from all parts of the world. Birds in great variety, from the shovel of New England and the humming bird, to the great Bald Eagle of the Andes, From the diminutive Wien.
of the British Empire, to the powerful
Ostrich of Ethiopia. But we leave the Museum
and return to camp. To-night we were met
by our camp host, Mr. O'Shea. With a great
reminiscent memory, his company proves very agreeable
and interesting in his recitals. The legend of
the German in poetry, "Along the Wans
and the fair Fionnoghe," was recited with great
enthusiasm and warmth. "Sulej's Reflections
in Westminister Abbey," were rehearsed with solemn
mien, and very impressive air. All were an corns
of laughter at a humorous story and humor was
manifested by the eager listeners at a tale of the cruel
British rule in Ireland.
When first I became acquainted with
this remarkable man, he inquired my birthplace,
when he ascertained what I was he
grasped me by the hand and thus exclaimed:
"Son of a belte, steepest am I, to meet so
far from my native land, born in America so
prompt, to defend when assailed the interests
and character of the poor exile through passion
driven from his own
lorried isle of the ocean."
I endeavored to explain that it was my duty
for was not my father one of those whom we should
all endeavor to sustain. What an ungrateful wretch
for a person to turn around, abuse the ancestors,
he would in every sense of the words be an
"degenerate son of a worthy sire."

Saturday Oct 12

Pleasant. To night a comrade being absent and
knowing he would return some time in the night
there was arrangements made to give him a
warm reception, but which no doubt he thought
was pretty cool. Securing all the dipper, wash
basins, and in fact all the noisy articles the
Barrack could dispense with for the time being
they were tied together and placed upon a
fable which was stationed in the centre of the floor.
A rope was tied from the Door Latch to
the pile on the fable, the other doors being made
secure on the inside. A colored boy (a servant
of one of the Officers) was deposited in his bunk
and a white pillow having been engager for
this occasion the son of Officer's head placed upon
it he presented a sketch worthy the pencil
of an artist. About one O'clock I comrade w-
and stole away contented to sleep in any bunk he could find. It appears that he is an enthusiast and an abolitionist and now he occasionally receives a "rub" or a "touch" on the invasion described.

Sunday, Oct 26th

To-day misty and cold. Down to Middleboro intended to attend Mass, but as the clergyman was absent, we return to camp. What is there so consoling as Religion? what is there so solacing as the practice of Faith.

Religion what treasures untold,
Are heard in that magical word,
More precious than silver and gold,
Or anything earth can afford.

Monday, Oct 27th

Well, to-day I was visited by my Father. Battallion Drill to-day, we were subject to a drenching rain in a few moments we broke ranks and shedded. The guard were pretty well wet, clothes thoroughly satiated, one completely isolated from the rest of Middleboro by standing on a little elevation and being surrounded by water—might say.

I'm out of humanity's reach,
My right hand is none to dispute,
From the centre around to the "Water",
I'm lord of the fowl and the brute.
Tuesday, Oct 28th

Pleasant. To-day drilling skirmisher drill, which in this case proves very interesting, but I think in a different field, it will prove very interesting indeed when we are under the fire of Rebel sharpshooters. We pick up the drill very quickly, and especially the retreat which no doubt the reader expects will be pretty effective in which they will not at all be disappointed, for it is seen already that we are proficient in that movement.

The reader will observe that this writing, while it is very incorrect, imperfect and ungrammatical, and in fact a very hard compound to digest literally for a critic. But dear Reader or Critic, the style of making compositions imperfect is a mode which I admire for it is almost exclusively my own. The Journal or this feeble attempt to chronicle passing events, is kept in all the inconveniences which attend camp-life, and all the troubles which combine to harass and plague a Soldier. Merely to assure myself, if I ever return, if not to be to my relatives and friends a memorial of one departed. Descending from the "Sublime to the Ridiculous" is but a step, and I have taken that
Wednesday Oct 29th

Pleasant. Drilling this forenoon and on return to b - we find our Barracks occupied by scores of Visitors from York. Dismissed we go through a wholesale operation of shaking hands. After dinner we enter our empty Barracks, which by the way are for several purposes, first, for a place of worship; second, for a Hall for Dances; and third but not least, for a place to pitch the Coppers, play cards, and other miscellaneous duties.
But entering the place this time we are to enjoy the "merry dance." It is unnecessary to speak of the dances. We shall all wish to be satisfied when I state that I am prepared myself to the best of my ability, and I suppose others have done the same, at any rate all seemed gay and happy. In camp-to-day we had a ballad singer, who contributed to entertain the crowd by singing some of his humorous and sentimental songs. A soap-man also rehearsed the wonderful properties possessed by "this superior mind-led soap." Amused as in part, relieving us of the tedious monotony of every-day life. A Doctor with his patent medicines curing every pain that flesh is heir to in a very short time. Aches of the Head, Ear, and Teeth were cured in an incredible space of time.

But our visits are gone, and I will go to sleep.

Thursday, Oct 30th

Pleasant to day and again on the Skirmish Drill. I was greatly amused by the movements of a lazy comrade. His movements were interspersed with the following remarks, which he uttered with sneering looks and grins. "I didn't think I'd have to run so!" on receiving the order to "lie down," he was very prompt to obey, but when the Order ran "rise up," he wondered what..."
they were in such a hurry for, couldn't they let a fellow lay and have a nap? "He wouldn't have liked it if he thought a fellow would have to fly around besides a fellow has to wash his face as often as he may feel natural and healthy." If he only had somebody to carry his gun and fight, and go to war in a buggy and....

At home to day on furlough. As this is journal is devoted principally to the "Life of a Soldier" and his adventures, the writer is of the opinion that it would be unnecessary to mention what transpired at home. I will therefore omit it and merely say that the day was very pleasant. I will therefore attempt to describe the meetings and partings with our relatives and friends. Sometimes the partings are affecting for we do not know whether they are the last or not. Pass we on to another month in our lives, and another page of this chronicle.
Saturday, Nov 1st. 1862

"Clear the brown path to meet his ev'ry gleam;"
"Lo! on he comes behind his smoking team;"
"With toil's bright dew-drops on his am-bient brow,"
"The Lord of Earth, the hero of the bough.

"Gratitude for 'Heaven's rich favors',"
"Now should spring from ev'ry heart,"
"And we show that we possess it,"
"When those farms we impart."

Pleasant. Return to camp. Performance to-night the property of a blind man, the little figure called Tanto or Italian Marionette, consisting of several Dances, a speech by Julius Caesar, Jonathan's Courtship, winding up with scenes from Hamlet, made it quite amusing and as it was partly for charity all appeared to be satisfied. Pleasant night. The fair queen of night shines out with all her splendor, and the camp the loake, the woods, and the distant village seem to lie in conscious security, under the guardianship of 'Silver shining moon.' It had not much enjoyment this Halloween we will therefore omit mentioning it.
Sunday Nov 2nd 1862

Morning misty and damp. Inspection as usual. About noon the mist is gone and it is very pleasant. No passers granted to day, we then we have the pleasure of remaining within the lines.

Monday Nov 3rd 1862

Very pleasant with a high warm wind. Drilling as usual. This Afternoon our camp was visited by two politicians of Randolph of a certain party with a view to secure the votes of some of our Bo of their own particular faction. But they were regarded by the master with contempt, not in particular by men of opposite party, but by all men of liberal views and not narrow minded contractors for office, as the subject now before us. But politicians and office-seekers will descend from the noble standard of freemen to the most debasing depths and perpetrate the most detestable tricks to rise into power and their actions always deserve as Lord Chatham once said, "to be stamped by the indelible stigma of public abomination." They were repulsed by our Captain (who is one of their party) who nobly responded to their request that "if one vote went to the polls, all should irrespective of party." This took down the check of the contractors.
a little for they expected that all of their patriots were as mean as themselves. But all honest men will abhor and detest the actions and movements of these partisans and upright strikers for the glorious cause of the Union—be one till the United States are cemented together stronger and more securely than when the founders fought and bled to obtain for their successors those privileges which we now enjoy.

"The noble dead, the noble dead on every field they lie.

On every scene of strife made red by bloody victory,

"The land is holy where they fought,

And holy where they fell,

For by their blood the land was bought.

The land they loved as well.

The foregoing is a briefly record in a manner how the founders acted and behaved in the 'times that tried men's souls.' And surely this present is one of those times, when politics antagonistic in its views has severed this prosperous country, and, they still persevere in increasing the cause of division and plunging deeper and deeper the gulf which has driven half the country to desperation and brought on..."
this civil and unlucky War, which now treads several States with devastating stride and, "Spreads universal desolation round.

The Constitution, the Union, and the Enforcement of the Laws is and ought to be every Citizen's as well as every Soldier's principle, and no such partisans should be allowed to enter any Camp of the U.S., or any such arrant or motive. Happy am I and happy should any one be not a vota for on a non-vote, there rests none of this terrible responsibility of voting for men who aid in dismembering the Union. I think if Diogenes had waited till the present time to commence his search, I am confident his search would have been fruitless. Honest men are a very scarce article. The men in question professed to belong to that class known in the country as the Black Republicans and their intent was to obtain votes for the reelection of a pansy-tailed Senator who has done as much and more toward severing the Union as the blackest secessionists in the land. Oh! would that for a time I were granted some Almighty Power to seize hotheads and fanatics from both sides and punish them as they deserve, then would...
the country settle down to its former peace and tranquility, for that is what the masses desire. Equipping and sending brave, noble men to the field & be sacrificed for what? To carry out the principles of a few demagogues, to serve that clique the Abolitionists. When partyism is thrown aside, and politics is thrown overboard then and not till then shall the Union have a slight chance of being restored. One of these men in office thinks more of the precious negro and better treat one of an inferior race, that those patriotic men who fight their battles to maintain their peace and enable them to solicit and obtain a few contracts for their friends, brothers in law to clothe the fighting machines with shoddy. And from the very State where a law was presented and nearly passed the Assembly to keep intelligent foreigners from becoming citizens for twenty one years and where was passed the two years amendment as if five years was not long enough. The next thing we will know a higger will be governor of Massachusetts. One of the politicians and fanatics of the party described would receive
a soldier unless he was black named as follows,

"The soldier marked with honorable scars,
"The soldier hastening from his country's wars,
"I ran to him they tell their sore-fought tale,
"Their wounds their eloquence may not prevail.

"Whilst he in pompous grandeur vainly mocks
"And says their wants are prison or the Stocks.
But enough, let us leave the country to Shoddy and Abolition for whatever is, is right; and when the time come let us endeavor to aid in crushing this Monstrous Rebellion.

So night was played a capital joke on a few comrades much like that memorable night on which was enacted the Comedy of "She Made in Black," but on a larger plan and more extended operations. I will not attempt to describe the preparations but endeavor to tell in as brief a manner as possible the effects of the operations.

Entering the Barracks led on by a valiant "iron corn," they had scarcely opened the door when the sentry, a quick rush, water, and springing forward down they went "all in a heap." The Action of the Door upon a spade attached to the spade induced the water to fall upon their devoted heads, a rope tied "taut" across the entire walk about three inches.
from the floor laid them as described. They skulled off to their several bunks, pretty well introd. into the folly of coming home late in a well regulated establishment. But it is not all yet; they discover that their comrades are not in bed; they can’t imagine what the matter is. I guess he is on guard at the general conclusion framed. Nevertheless they turn in when they meet with another mishap they fall though to the floor, and there they rest for the remainder of the night on the floor assisted by the Atmosphere. The bottoms of the bunks have been removed and they have not the “check” necessary to hunt them up under the deforming shout of laughter. Besides they are guilty of a crime, that of visiting young ladies at Middleton, and hence their late return and misfortunes.

Tuesday, Nov. 4th, 1864

Very pleasant day. Pard’ns were granted to the entire Vots of our Co. to go home to the Ballots’ lots. The remainder which were in Camp had an excellent time among whom was your humble
Serving. To night the voters returned.

Wednesday Nov 5th 1862

Pleasant. Visitors to day, and as a settled custom those inclined participated in the gay dance at Ballad Singer melted us to day and scenes camp life a flurry by his peculiar entertainment.

Evening gloomy.

Thursday Nov 6th

Stormy. Nothing unusual occurred to day. Our flag floats at half-mast, and a squad of fifty are now drilling to go to Randolph and attend the funeral of Corp. Helmsy 35th Mass Regt. to morrow. He died of wounds received at the severe Battle of Antietam. A true patriot and soldier he died, and his sentiments were those of a devoted Unionist.

"My native land, my native land,"
"To whom my thoughts will fondly turn;"
"For her my warmest hopes expand,"
"For her the heart with tears will yearn;"
"Oh! may she keep her eye like the thee,"
"Fond eagle of the rocky wild,"
"Fixed on the arm of Liberty,"
"By rank, by fraction united."
Well would it be if those who are staying at home trying in every conceivable mode and fashion, and under the very slightest pretense to evade the draft, well would it be if they would wish to avoid a draft, “gird on the armor and be marching along,” rise in their might and defend the home for let me endeavor to tell you that, 

“Tis a glorious land

Tis to broad arms stretch from shore to shore,

She hears the waves Atlantic’s roar.

Oh! inestimable privilege to aid in preserving in the Bond of Union, “The Home of the oppressed of all Nations,” “America the Land of the Free.” Who would not rather be valued as a Noble Defender than to be pointed at by scorn’s insulting finger under taunting voice explain “this goes a brave & genteel who prefers having the country overseen by an insolent foe than to shoulder a musket.” If such is the case the following will assume very well for a cowardly set of “Home Guards.”
"It is change! It is dreadful!

"Shout! Tyranny, shout! from thy dungeon and pale.

"Freedom is red!

"If there lingers one spark of the fire,

"Spread it out!

"And return to your empire of darkness.

What did this nation do in the time that tried
minister's souls? Read of the trials of the bravest
at Valley Forge? Read the history of any country
how were they upheld in their trying hours of
need? Let every man now, and especially the
natives, endeavor to be "first in peace, first in
War, and first in the hearts of his fellow
citizens." And every soldier can at least be
second to none by aiding all in his poor
in writing again this sacred country.

These are my honest convictions.

Friday, Nov. 7th, 1862.

Very stormy. A real war of the elements. "Old
Bread" is certainly abroad. This morning began with
snow about eight o'clock, the snow came down
graciously and continued with unabated fury
throughout the day. To-night the rain commenced
which renders travel very disagreeable. The guard

...
is widely drawn and all congregation in the back
assembling around the stove.

"Songs and merry jest went round."

Various jokes were played which I will not
mention here but not uncommon for camp.

But dare put your head out the door and
you will perceive that,

"The Stormy Winter's come at last."

"With wind and wave and changing skies,"

"I hear the rushing of the blustery wind,"

"That through the snowy valley flies."

Saturday Nov 8th 1862

Stormy - the snow disappeared last night.

The guard to-day, Corp. Second Relief. Seem

not unusual for the guard. However came up

notice to-day, but as I've concluded to

refrain from descriptions of punishments, I notice

occurred worth of record in this Book.

Sunday Nov 9th 1862

Very stormy. Snow to-day, but by showers of

rain was speedily removed. The Reader will

observe that in several places that I've not

trivial transactions to and in other instances

I state that "nothing occurs worthy of record"
At this point in this chronicle I must insert a few paragraphs concerning punishments which I have hitherto omitted, but duty to all concerned obviates any feeling I might have entertained in endeavoring to present as far as practically the bright side of a soldier's life. I have been much prejudice expressed towards different Nationalities and their descendants by the Native American officers and men. I have seen poor fellows incarcerated week after week in a loathsome, dirty, cold, unventilated guardhouse. Here is a plan of the place at Camp Hooker.

---

Sentinels
Store

---

Entrance to Camp. These men would go piled if their comrades did not see to it. For the officers, to my knowledge, made any arrangements concerning prisoners. For some slight from a sen-

ieated man I have seen the victims of these equities of officers kept for at least three weeks in this foul place with no charges brought against them.
shingles and "Sapps" just beating down into a close. Snowing very hard that night.

Monday Nov. 10th 1862

The morning broke very pleasant. So we started home to attend the funeral of Sergt. Henry. The solemn rites of the funeral service of the Free Masons were performed over his grave, and rendered still more impressive by our marching with and resting on regard arising. The day was very pleasant warm and grand and the procession was one which gave ample testimony that he was respected and beloved in every circle, and especially in the associations in which he moved.

Tuesday Nov 11th 1862

Very pleasant, Returned to camp drilling as usual.

Wednesday Nov 12th 1862

The morning was lovely and chilly but we were visited by scores of visitors at six o'clock. Rain commenced to fall and continued up to "Sapps"
Thursday Nov 13th 1862

Very pleasant. The parade ground was this morning covered with puddles from last night's heavy rain. Skiiming as usual.

We rally on the reserve and rest under a large Oak Tree,

"A great huge piece of nature's make,
"The growth of centuries."

Back to dinner, "Sable de Nato", Bean Soup.

Friday Nov 14th 1862

Pleasant. So day had a very exhausting march namely to Middlesboro and back distance three miles. Tough on Soldiers

at Middlesboro through were released a few hours on liberty.

"From a life without freedom",

"Oh! who would not fly",

"For one hour of freedom",

"Oh! who would not die."

But the reason we enjoy no more liberty is that to enforcing military discipline and subordination we are kept within bounds or we would eventually become a lawless mob therefore when we receive liberty we are
a joyful seat. But a "contented mind is a continual feast" and reconciling myself to the old adage, "necessity here & amin."

Saturday Nov 15th 1862

Pleasant, but chilly. Waiting for a change.

Sunday Nov 16th 1862

Chilly. Visited Middletown and attended church, where was offered up the unbloody sacrifice of the Body & Blood of our Lord. The good priest spoke on the duties of the soldiers of Christ and of the Union. His sermon was brief, eloquent and appropriate. How consoling to attend and invoke God, and for a few moments to leave the cares of the world behind and bow down in humility and adoration before the Throne of grace. What relief when a person experiences the consoling effects of our Holy Faith. Remember thy breath in the days of thy youth, lest when the evil days draw near thou shalt say I had no pleasure in them.
Monday Nov 17th 1862

On account of Rain we are exempt from work to day. Announcements of all kinds, direct the attention of the unemployed. A squad of over a dozen have organized themselves into a Band. Arranged in line they present a highly entertaining picture, and most picturesque appearance. They have chosen the very appropriate name, namely 'Demon of Discord'.

Tuesday Nov 18th 1862

Very pleasant. On guard, boy, 2nd relief.

Wednesday Nov 19th 1862

A glorious sunrise this morning, but 'Old Sol' darted behind a cloud, the weatherwise call it a bad looking horizon, and predict rain. Scores of visitors, being rainy cannot venture forth, some of the girls are becoming interested in Tactics in fact wish to learn the drill, Charly my comrade tells me how he instructed a female on his last:

"Sweet Amy asked, with pleading eyes"

"Dear Charly, teach me, will you,"

"The words I heard you Captain say;" "I should be like to drill you."

""
"What! little one, you take command?"

"Well, Amy, I'm quite willing;"

"In such a company as ours"

"I can't have too much drilling."

"Stand over there, and sing out clear,"

"Like this—'Squad, stand at ease!"

"Oh, Charles, you'll wake papa, up stairs,

"Don't shout like that, dear, please.

"I stand at ease, like this, you see,"

"And then, I need a little caution,"

"The next command you have to give,"

"Is this one—'Squad, attention!"

"Now, Amy, smartly, after me;"

"(You're sure, dear, it don't bore you?)"

"Forward! — quick march — halt — front — right!"

"There, now, I'm close before you."

"Present arms — well, it does look odd,"

"You don't believe I'd trifle;"

"We hold our arms out just like this.

"In drill without the rifles."
"Now say, 'Salute your officer.'"
"Oh! Charles, in shame! how can you?"
"I thought that you were at some truce,"
"You knave, cheating man, you."

"Charles 'ordered arms'; without command;"
"She smoothed her rumpled hair,"
"And pointed, frowned, and blushed, and then"
"Said softly, 'As you were!'

Very good Charles, capital drill made and apt pupil.

Thursday, Nov 20th 1862

Showed all day, rained continually all night.
I numbered one among an audience of this evening which was addressed by a Lady, a Refugee driven from her native Southern home, expressing Union sentiments. Her story quite interesting was listened to with marked attention. Her husband is at present fighting in the battles of the Union; this two brothers are engaged in the Confederate Service, one in the field, the other among the private, Alabama, Tattos dispersed the audience, and dissolved the Meeting.
Friday Nov 21st 1862

Rainy hard all day, confined to Quarters.

Saturday Nov 22nd 1862

Rainy to day, dull and warm. Baiting, sewing, mending, washing, singing, dancing, eating, drinking, and sleeping were carried on extensively at the barracks to day and which all more or less participated in.

Sunday Nov 23rd 1862

Very cold to day. We are in steerage. Uncle & Sam just 2 months. These two months have sped on fast and time “treads on flowers.”

We, that is myself and comrades, and take a walk around the country outside the lines. In our rambles we into the little graveyard seated upon a tombstone on reflections are cast upon the “dread unknown,” the immortality of the soul, and death. Conjecturing what position in life the occupant of this grave held, what circles in society this female moved in whose remains are deposited in yonder shade.
spot. My companion, being of a poetical
turn of mind, and this certainly being
a very appropriate place to inspire a
person with such sentiments, recited
in unfeigned feeling the Beautiful Stanzas from
Shakespeare:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial
Heads that the rod of empire might have avenged.
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

'Beneath that oak, yon yew tree's shade,
Where heroes the turf in many a moldering hea.
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to help their sires return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

"The keery call of inane breathing worm,
The swallow twitting from the thatched shed.
"The cocks shall clamor, and the echoing home
No more shall rouse them from their long sleep.
Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their honest joys their destinies decree;
Nor gird them with a disdainful smile.
The few and simple annals of the poor.

The first of "Heralds, to the pomp of Rome,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth, she gave.
Aeons alike that inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Returning to camp a sense of longing steals o'er us, but such feelings are quickly dispersed, by the joyous laughter, the exciting echoes of the eager inquiries, and above all the promptly responded to call of "Fall in for dinner!"

The question which engrosses the attention of this debating lot is, "Shall we go home on Trafalgar, Thanksgiving, or not?" Various are the conjectures and opinions expressed and as many different stories are heard as there are different men present, but the knowing
mes all agree in the decision that it will be
just as the Officers like and no mistake.

Monday Nov 24th 1862

Pleasant but cold. Last night was bitterly
cold and this morning the puddles all over
the parade ground are converted into
sheets of ice. The first slide of the season.
If we don’t leave this semi-forsaken region
soon we will congeal, and our patriotism
will be froze harder than it is in Virginia.
at the present writing. Out marching to day
and talking with several of the inhabitants of
the surrounding country, subjects of course the
war, and the coming election, some hope the
Peoples candidate will be elected and
then some imagine there will be speedy peace
that is if conservative men are sent to
Congress. In other words let the South
do as it pleases, but we say NO! the
Union and the Constitution must and
shall be upheld. Return to camp and
handed a Ticket by a Friend to attend
a Concert to be given by a party of
Ladies and Gents from Jadintown.
Certainly I must attend especially where there is a leading singer to be seen, and it is hinted that some are leading of Beauty. Well after all what enjoyment I would then be in this little world were it not for those mortal creatures, the women. If it were not for women where would we be this night?

Now but the brave deserve the fair, it's said and so say I too, for if the women are as fair in proportion as we are (have (huh!) their Beauty cannot be described. The Reader can explain that needs to be proved. But many a coward has a handsome wife, and to conclude let me offer this sentiment, The Ladies 'God bless them.' But to return to the Barrack where we left the singers, the singing was splendid, the girls were put the appearance was tremendous, and only for the Officer of the Day the performance would last all night; for we barricaded the doors and the Singers could not escape till the guard came to their relief and
the appreciative audience, before which every
piece sung was sure to "bring down the
House;" had to deliver up their fair hostages,
and disperse to their several homes; and there
embracing their overcoats, resign themselves to sleep
and to pleasant dreams.

Tuesday Nov 25th 1872

Pleasant and warm. Drilling to day we
visited that locality known familiarly as
Sampson's Farm. A farmer of the neighborhood
Mr. Williams (may his shadow never be lift)
kindly proffered us apples which we ac-
ccepted with many thanks. We broke
silkes in his yard and with his com-
shelling machine we shelled a great
many bushels of corn and chopped
quite a pile of wood." Falling ill; we give
three cheers for Mr. Williams, bid him
Good Bye
and off we go on a "double quick." By this way
I remember some of the boys
he had some good looking daughters
which peeped at us from the windows. But I did
not notice that, but if the girls would look at
us especially that part of the ranks occupied
I had an alarming dream last night. It was so realistic that I awoke in a cold sweat, and I could hardly calm myself enough to write this. In the dream, I was in a dark, cramped room with no windows, and I could hear the sound of rain outside. I felt trapped and helpless, unable to move or call for help.

Wednesday, Nov. 26, 1862

Ruminating this morning, the question has been finally decided that we shall not go home to-morrow Thanksgiving Day. Our Baptist is pretty stingy about his passes or furloughs as he is called by our men. "Bravin' the Reticent," the Commandant will sign passes of sixty hours whereas our sulky CO, commanders will only allow us twelve hours, but all assert "there is a good time coming" and it will be all right," one of these days. I would not accept the pass tendered me, but indignantly flung it in the face and definitely called upon the orderly to put it on guard telling the Doner, that, was the appreciation I held his "passes in!" and the high esteem I had for his own work self and if I even wanted a tenth I would very reluctantly accept.
Thursday, Nov 27th, 1862

Pleasant and chilly. The camp and its inmates were visited by a great many to-day, taking a holiday, those who observed it passed it in camp where by the majority it never was passed before. I would we had some fine shaving of Turkey which one of the boys had become possessed of. In an empty Barracks on an inverted barrel the victor was laid flanking him on either side were the partners in this novel corporation. The agreement was, each one engaged being partner, (the fowl being all cooked ready to eat) to shake dice for the spoil, the winner to divide equally with all concerned. He merely having the honor of being the donor. All being settled, the fowl was on the barrel steps forward to deal out each participant’s share, by dissecting the subject, Beret of its wings and drumsticks the carving proceeding with all the ease and grace imaginable, and exhibiting superior skill, and displaying the intricate
of this art, by a huge Jacka-Knife. Being just in the act of laying bare the breast of the noble bird (the student of zoology congregated around, by the way, were becoming quite interested) when whoosh! away goes the Bird; it disappears from the head of the laddie, the bystanders made a grab but it was in vain a little stuffing which one held in his hand was the paltry reward for their exertions. Now was the time for some fun, the thief was pursued around the building and his eagerness to escape was passed the spoil to a comrade and the winner of the game happened to be the buxom man. “She is as bad as the thief” but in this instance as good as the thief.

She fell back in the stairway in good order supported by a friend and there in silence and suppressed giggles discerned their presence. The present rendered useless by the capture of the first thief, returned noiselessly back.

The present rendered useless by the capture of the first thief, returned noiselessly back. Very unbecoming language and conjecture who the thieves could be. But conjecture for rain, and by and by they return.
but they very thoughtfully brought back the bones of the unfortunate robber and with a neat and handsome speech presented them to their number one. Our lines were arranged as a splendid Fudge Head are the brass horns and frame of the poor innocent victim, very appropriate, it speaks volumes, to real thoughtful ones, especially to the interested partners who did not receive their dividend.

Friday Nov 24 1862
Pleasant. Battalion drill all day.

Saturday Nov 25 1862
Pleasant. Battalion drill.

Sunday Nov 26 1862

Monday Dec 1 1862

"Winter, the midnight of the year" "Wilt with all its storms, will soon appear"
"The tomb of vegetable life,"
"In warlike strife."
"Aroumad us all things, stark and dumb,"
"Seem praying for the snows to come;"
"And for the summer bloom and greenery gone;"
"With winter’s ardent lights and dangling moons atop.

Drizzly all day. I lapse items, living a dull monotonous life of daily routine. But comrade hands me a piece of poetry written by his cousin; a gifted poetess, and the piece is dedicated to himself.
"Here falls a dear boy, in regard to your duty;"
"Be always undaunted, and true;"
"If dark days appeal you, at nighttimes evinually;"
"Still cling to the Red, White and Blue;"

I resolved,
"She, your visions of victory may at times be;
And dark clouds of despair rise anew;"
"Remember that might must give place unto might;"
"And cheer for the Red, White and Blue;"

"The God who hath made us will enfranchise us;
And provide for us all as for you;"
"Then trust in his power in every dark hour;"
"And pray for the Red, White and Blue;"
"We miss thee at home, while the wide world ye roam,"
"But the bright side we hold up to view,"
"Felling sure you'll not run from a speech gin,"
"But will cheer for the Red, White, and Blue."

"May the war soon be over all soon return,"
"To their homes, to meet friends kind and true,"
"Three cheers for the Union and all true men,"
"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

Tuesday Dec 20th 1862
Pleasant, this night was clear and very cold.
Excellent singing, the Senadas to-night, "The
Roni's grave," also "The Shamus of the Brave," and
others equally as impressive.

"How sleep the brave? Oh! not as cowards sleep;
Their hands no labor bore;
Over their graves no loving one shall weep;
They shall be named no more;
No singing voice above the tomb shall make
Proclaiming truth more boldly for their sake."
"Not as they sleep who for their country die;"
"On their name rests no blot;"
"Through the world's change as the years roll by;"
"They never are forgot;"
"Earth's greatest soul may know no greater pride;
"Than to be called to die as they have died."

"When Freedom's sons assemble to relate;"
"The deeds that they have done;"
"Each telling of some victory made more great
"Being as nobly won;"
"Those wounded veterans shall be seen;
"Bronzed and scarred with true soldier's

"The slain with calm and steady eyes;
"Turned upward to the stars;
"Seeking new inspiration from the skies;
"Neath the red planet Mars;"
"Upon the roll of fame their names are traced;
"In golden letters ne'er to be effaced."
Wednesday, Dec 8th 1862

Pleasant, in Exempt Boy! Second Relief. About dark the snow comes down grandly, but at midnight it clears and ceases snowing. But though cold, to the eye is presented a scene not altogether cheerless; the soldiers in their great coats and the Bayonets glistening in the bright moonlight the sentries facing their Beaks, the snow clinging to the surrounding trees give a new feature to grim visaged men, and suddenly transmutes me from a mild climate to a stern winter region.

Thursday, Dec 14th 1862

Clear and warm. This morning each and every member of our Co. were initiated into the mysteries of "ducking" in huge piles of snow which has accumulated by sweeping around the quarters. This afternoon we had a great snow balling match with Co. B. We rolled each other pretty well in the snow and when we stop everybody is in the best of humor, then the "Flowers" tell to an incredulous audience how they vanquished half a dozen of "your fellows". The dressing
modesty, listen to all this, and leave it for their admiring comrades to tell how they behaved during the engagement. To-night our Regt. was completed by the addition of two Cos. taken from the 48th. We escort them into Camp, headed by our Band, and we are already quite sociable with the new Comrades. Three cheers given for the new Cos. Least night we visited the Camp of the 55th. (Irish Regt. to join the Leicestershire Legion last afterwards consolidated) (48th. Regt. for to-morrow they depart hence to Camp Meip at Reading.)

The new Cos. Blankets failing to arrive, they are "quarantined on us," and we share our Hams and Comforts with our "Brothers in Arms."

Friday Dec. 5th. 1862.

Pleasant. This morning about ten O'clock we form in line and in a few moments the column is in motion; we escort the Fifty-fifth Regt. to the Depot at Middlebros. and return by way of the village.
break ranks, and every place we enter (to use a soldier's phrase) we "clean out." (Boys, Bill was in his element, for the writer observed him burrowing in a pile of crackers and making vast insides into the interior. In one saloon the proprietor gave all up in despair and with anxious eyes and countenance in which every emotion of hope had died out, continued pitting the ruin of his slim stock (growing thinner) which was rapidly disappearing from sight. Now the boys with full stomachs and grinning, smiling faces are nodding this way and that as familiar faces present themselves among the denizens of the village. And an occasional word is exchanged, but "Fall in," one of our superiors says of course, we obey, and bid good by to all and as we go:"

"Every street" we march through,
"The ladies looking round through,
"The window panes will reach through,
"The ranks, to find their joy;
"Whilst up the street, each girl you meet,
"Will look as shy and say my eye;
"Oh! isn't he a darling! The Bold Golden Boy."
The guard was taken off to night on account of threatening rain.  

Saturday Dec 6th 1862

Cold. This morn when we awoke our vision was greeted by the sight of snow, which had fallen through the night and the air was keen and bitter cold.

All “house up” except the guard. The surface of the Lake is frozen several feet from shore.

Sunday Dec 7th 1862

Very very cold. Jack Frost aided by snow and arctic atmosphere keeps the boys in doors. Those on guard suffer to a sharp piercing wind forces itself into each little chasie. It is bitter, bitter cold. As each come in from out doors red nose, red ears, and shivering frames, tell the tale that when Jack Frost left his mitt home he omitted to close the door.

Wintun is certainly abroad for

“On field and shrub, and forest tree,

Stem Wintun doth appear.”

Inland off to night, no one would attempt.
to "skedaddle" such a might as this. We are
exempt by the agreeable intelligence this evening
that we will go home on a furlough of
thirty-six hours as a lot. All is gaiety and
fun, knocking off Cape and fishing are indulged
in wholesale. We expect marching orders in a few
days. Several lingers around the store to-night and
Joe B. relates his coming adventures, he asserted
that with "Ozka's Green in the top-Bragg" he used
cut quite a dash; "I hate ye" Joe needed to fall back in disgrace and defeat when
he was pleased not to be round. Retire about
midnight after a good slim toasting. On guard
to day was a kind of a little Boyce-Bathe the
Marine "Road to Glory".

Monday, Dec 5th 1862

Very cold. Home on furlough.

Tuesday, Dec 6th 1862

Cold. Return to camp. The last furlough we
are to receive. We have painted perhaps for
the last time with the "Leered Ome
at Home."
Wednesday Dec 10th 1862

Wanner that the preceding days. We expect to leave here a week from to day.

Thursday Dec 11th 1862

Wanner Skated to day upon the Lake. I did not expect when I entered this ramp that I should have the pleasure of ever gliding over the concealed sphere of its lake on wings of steel.

Friday Dec 12th 1862

Wanner and thawing. Snow all dropped and wind only six inches deep.

Saturday Dec 13th 1862

Wanner, mud as deep as ever and I think a little might deeper. Nothing more definite concerning our departure for the Skate of War. Some we anxious to go, we will see if they back it up. It is presumed we will join the great Expedition about to embark under Major Cour. Banks.

Sunday Dec 14th 1862

Wanner and mud just two inches deeper. Scurial of the left of one leo missing to day supposed to have gone down in the mud, so
several traces left not even a look of any of their beautiful autumn leaves. Visit Middletown to attend mass, no services, clergyman unable to attend owing to the ill state of the roads. Visit Muddock (Holt, Mo) to meet with some of the citizens, some view us with consternation, others congratulate us on our joining so good a cause. As nobody has the requisite kindness to ask us to dinner, not doubting perhaps but what we would accept we start for camp, and look for dinner, where our Board is all paid and where we are considered as regular Border's.

Monday Dec 15th 1862

Warm. The mud has graciously accepted to "dry up", just a little leaving it only about three feet deep. (good measure) News to day of the Union defeat at Fredericksburg, Va. Uncomfortably warm to day.

Tuesday Dec 16th 1862

Warm. Here we are yet in Winter Boston when a week ago we expected to be gone. But hide your tins my boys. You will go soon enough, and many will at some future day wish that our uniform at "Joe Brooke" was.
Wednesday Dec 17th 1862

Very Pleasant Day. Good travelling, ground hard.

Thursday Dec 18th 1862

Pleasant. On account of the bad state of the parade—gripped and of the weather we have not been drillling lately, this morning we strapped on our knapsacks and our Breeches and went marching unlike old John Brown solemn in discordant song. Sailing up beyond the famous Sampson Hotel, on to a little hill where we have a splendid view of Long Lake and the head of Narragansett. The lake studded with numerous islands clothed in green and reflected in the bright blue water produced a scene which the eye loved to indulge in. Travellers describing lovely scenes in their tours of nature in many lands, the beauties possessed by Geneva, Killarney and Loch Lomond and near at home Winnepisaukee and Lake George in my eyes after being imprisoned in camp the attractions of Long Lake and surround rivaled these world renowned resorts.
For thirty miles this section of lakes are extensive. What a great resort of aborigines for fishing, all kinds of fish in their respective seasons. These lakes and rivers are famed for the scenes of many sanguinary conflicts, between the early settlers and their foes the vengeance savages. We might, with Edward Everett, well explain:

"Think of the country, for which the Indian fought who can blame them as Philip looked down from his seat on Mount Hope that glorious eminence that seat of royal state which far outshone the wealth of Ommus, or of India, or where the East with gorgeous hand showers on the King's barbaric, pearl, and gold, as he looked down and beheld the beautiful scene of a Summer Sunset, the snowy mountain tops clothed in golden light, the golden waterfalls, the light shining across the bright transparent water, could it be wondered at that his heart died within him when he saw it gradually passing into the hands of the stranger?"

So let us be mindful or else this glorious land, this priceless heritage,
will as in the Indiana case be lost to us; let us remark that, "Princes and Kings may flourish or my fade,"

"A health will make them as a health has made

"But a held peasantry a country's pride,

"When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Descending from our Observatory we by a kind
double-quick. Soon reach camp.

Friday Dec 19th 1862

Pleasant: Battalion drill. First dress parade to day; this showing that previous to this we had what is constituted an Under parade. We now in future propose to meet Dress Parades. Our Officers are Col. Asbury Walker, Capt. Leit. Capt. E. B.乐by, Major J. F. Howard. Adjt. Agustus Brocher. Marching Orders read to night we are of the great Banks Expedition subject to the orders of Brig. Genl. Andrews whose headquarters are at New York. Illume to march at two hours notice.

Saturday Dec 20th 1862

Very cold. Skating but after a few moments at this healthful recreation, relinquish the idea, owing to the intense cold.
Sunday Dec 21st 1862
Cold. To Middleboro to Mass. None, no clergy present, therefore cannot assist at the divine mysteries. Warmer to night.

Monday Dec 22nd 1862
Pleasant, but very sick of cold. Too abed or abrum and there stretched had ample time to meditate on the beauties of Volunteering as viewed by an invalid.

Tuesday Dec 23rd 1862
Snowing to day. Still sick. "Of mortal blessing, the first is health." "Old Sawbones" post surgeon here and his useless powders have no effect on me. He has been granted by the attractive name of Butcher. But he is not butcher enough with the weapons he uses to attack and scatter one tenth part of the ailments of his patients. Many have cause to complain (who have been his subjects) "Bad doctors to Soldiering."

Wednesday Dec 24th 1862
Pleasant but cold. Still sick. Three months in the service of Uncle Sam yesterday, five months more to serve, "lucky it is!"
or longer “is the consoling exclamation of many.
The most miserable, lonely Christmas Eve
I ever I spent, being in fact the first
I ever passed in jail.

Thursday Dec 25th 1862

Christmas Day! A great many have taken "India Rubber Thlong " commencing last night.
The general expression is "good for them."
But then you know we must have discipline
and subordination; when? Will at home to
day the little church is beautifully decorated
with evergreen, and the choir is peeling
forth some grand old Christmas odes.
The clergyman in his best vestments offer
ning up the unbloody sacrifice of the
Bod of Blood of His Lord and Master;
Whilst the congregation went up in prostra
tion down in humility and
their hearts raised in grateful Thanksgiving
in acknowledgment of the many favors and
mercies emanating from the throne of grace.

Shouting Lord in the ineffable Mystery come阵
matred on this day of Man's Redemption and
also allowing them to remain in this signa-
world, for this Christmas, for since last many
have departed from hence to that "home from
whence no traveller ever returns." With prayers for
the faithful departed and those far away
departing to their several homes, the hearts of
many of which are made lonely and
desolate by this cruel War, those missing
from the family circle who are looked for
and tidings of whom are watched for in vain
and who never, never will return.

Friday, Dec 26th, 1862

Raining last night. More muddy than
ever now, hard bottom down there some
five or six feet is the encouraging report
of a fool-hardy engineer who had the courage
to rent out to ascertain how many fathoms
depth the mud was. But to day I lost one
of my most formidable molars (having it
extracted at Middletown) which has had the
amorosity to ache most excruciatingly for a few
hours and when it recedes and I am
rid of the torment, I am all right. Our
orders are to be in line to march at one
and a half O' clock P.M. to be aboard the
Train at three on route to New York. Farewell.

Joe Hooker (addressed as a camp) many pleasant reminiscences and unpleasant recollections are mingled with our memory of thee. Many a time will we look back on life passed within thy borders and associate it with some of the happiest seasons of our life. Many a man will hear to his grave the bitter recollection of the order of a tyrannical mustang which confined him for weeks within thy granite walls. Many an unfortunate boy will curse the day that prompted him to disobey parental authority and next step saw him a raw recruit within thy limits. Many the man compelled through necessity to accept the bounty and then saw him a watchman carriage inside thy granite walls.

Pleasant associations are connected with thy Lake, Joe Hooker. Our fishing, boating, bathing, and skating excursions in and upon the surface of the waters. Our pleasure rambles through the grasses and woods up hills and down dells in admiration of nature clustered in thy environs. Often whose joy has been amassing new and
Swarms whose damsels reside at Middleburg will perhaps shed a few tears of regret for thee. Many kind, kind friendships have been engendered and many bitter enmities have been created in thy quarters during our sojourn with thee. But I'll conclude by refraining from further soliloquies and 'Joe Hooker' last of all. Farewell. A few pardoned prisoners is to occupy the 80th and the Fourth. Map Infantry will soon be far, far away from this almost deserted camp.

End of Chapter 15 and of this Book; the second chapter detailing our voyage at sea will appear in the next Book.

Respectfully Submitted,

Jas. F. Darnoon

Read Next Page
On the night of Friday Dec 26th 1862 in company with a comrade (W. A. Healy) we were taking a walk about the Camp taking a general view of things and went about business in particular. As we approached the Sethlers we were aroused (it being about Eleven P.M.) by the sound of uproarious laughter from within from persons inadvertently laboring under a high pressure of convivial hilarity. In the rear of the Sethler Shop was a room set apart as a dining room for the officers who boarded there. From this apartment the sounds emanated. On tiptoe through an aperture in the curtain commode I managed to obtain a pretty fair view of the interior. We recognized at the festive board several officers who we knew were well known for their teetotal (over the left) proclivities. Well as mischief was always paramount in my comrade's mind, as well as my own, we concluded, that "this thing had gone on about long enough." Where the butcher had been chopping his wood were two
James L. Dazey
Randolph
Dec 27th 1862
"Yes, thy proud looks, unpitied land! shall see
that man hath yet a soul,—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddened plains,
the starless night of Desolation reigns;
truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
and like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prove to the dust oppression shall be hurled,
her name, her nature, withered from the world."
she, brightening up, and now giving only a faint sob or two.

When I said it was, she signified her willingness to go in, because she knew she'd like it. Suddenly, as she stood on the wheel, poised for a spring, she drew back, and cried, abruptly:

"Mr. Ralph, I ain't fit!" and she glanced sorrowfully down at her ragged dress.

"Never mind, Elfie! Your new mother will not care for that. It's you she wants, and your dress."

"I should think not," and she laughed up into my face as I led her into the store.

"Is this the little girl?" said the pleasant voice of Mrs. Penn, as I advanced with the child. "Why, what a dirty little face it has!" Mrs. Penn continued, as, stooping over her, she gently smoothed back her beautiful hair.

"Don't notice me, ma'am, please," whispered Elfie, drawing a little away from Mrs. Penn.

"I'm very much ashamed of my toilet; but when I'm fixed up, I don't look so badly—do I, Mr. Goldant?"

"Indeed you do not, Elfie. I'm sure you'll have Mrs. Penn of the same opinion in less than a week."

"I'll be very good, and try to do anything if you'll only take me away from the horrible streets."

A shiver ran over her little form, and her big eyes began to fill at the thought of her sufferings.

"You are a regular little woman!" Mrs. Penn declared; "and we'll have splendid times, no doubt. You'll be good company; I'll be bound. Now, let's have your little face washed, and go and see Mr. Penn. He'll spoil you fast enough."

With that she was led into the office, and underwent a most wonderful transformation for the pretty, bright face that I knew so well though sadly thin and hollow-eyed, showed to Mrs. Penn what she might become with motherly care and treatment—just the charming, piquant little girl-woman that I knew her to be. Mr. Penn, coming in at that moment, exclaimed:

"Well, well! Is this our little girl? Why, you ain't bigger'n a grasshopper! But you eyes make up for it. Come here, Tiny!"

After Mrs. Penn had remarked upon her gaiters, her dress, and general attire, in his humorous, good-natured way, to all of which she gave her sharp, cunning, Elf-like replies, I saw that their hearts were fairly won by her brilliancy, her beauty, and loving nature, and that they were only too ready to lavish upon her money, love, and the attention of which she was so sorely in need.

When Mrs. Penn was ready to start for home, their protégée was as carefully put upon the seat and tenderly guarded as if she were a bit of rare china, while Mr. Penn cautioned his worthy spouse to drive carefully, and not let the horse run away—as if that were a possibility—and desirous of his new daughter...
Jas. F. Dayan
Ramsphith
'Maj.'
Dec. 27th 1862
N.B. For a complete Register of the Offices of the Rougier an the last pages of the Fourth Book, and other particular pages of the Third Book.
Book Second.

Continuation of the Journal of a Member of Lt. Col. H. M. 2nd Regt. of Infantry Bank's Expedition.

December 1862

"But Winter has yet brighter scenes;—he boasts Splendor beyond what gorgeous Summer knows, "O Autumn, with his many fruits, and woods "All flushed with many hues."

Again I ask the Reader, on Britain's very kind indulgence, granted or not, this Book will be written exactly as the writer's fancy dictates.

"Let independence be our boast" "Ever mindful what it cost."

and every true admirer of an independent spirit, with no doubt coalesce with me, in my candid opinion.
Chapter Second

Details of our Voyage at Sea, Life on a Transport, from our Embarkation at Lakeville, Mass. till our Debarcation at Carrolton, S.C. Dec 27th 1862 to Feb 17th 1863.

1862

Saturday Dec 27th 1862

At two O’clock we leave “Joe Hooker” behind and at Lakeville depot we are soon aboard the train. Now partings take place between those who will never meet again. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, lovers, adieu all part with these dear boys in Blue, and several have bid adieu forever. Several of the boys are accompanied by their friends and relatives, I am accompanied by my Father. Arriving at Fall River aboard of the “Empire State” we go, and at Seven O’clock we cast off from the wharf and we release our hold of the old “Bay State” and are now steaming gaily down the Narragansett Bay. Huddled together on deck like so many cattle, after leaving Newport, R. I., it was ascertained half of the Regt could go below and as it was decided by lot, of course...
one he was among the lucky ones. Rounding "Point Judith" we soon experience the regular heave, and smell of Long Island Sound. Taking a little medicine from my flask which I had by me for an emergency, I stretch out a resting place, and am soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. Awakened by noises, common for traveling on steamboat; ludicrous scenes are enacted by these gay sons of Mars, especially by those under the influence of fire-water. Now a clumsy fellow comes stumbling along with his feet encased in a huge pair of "gangrots," and those he undertakes to more among caution him to be careful and not step on their outstretched pedal extremities, when the very first move he crushes a comrades chin, and another explains "get off my eom," and curses loud and deep are called down upon the unfortunate pedestrian. Some are green enough to pull off their muddy boots, these become missiles for the mischievous to throw at obvious individuals heads. Others with an eye to comfort climb into the unoccupied berths, boots and all, and thus clean off the mud onto the white
sheets. A passenger vacates his berth for a moment to take the air on deck, when he returns he finds it occupied by a worthy gentleman in blue clothes, who for his best fellow has an Austrian Rifle. You might as well tell the everlasting hills to move, as the present insurgents.

The servants are very timid, and manage to keep out of the reach of the soldiers; the Lord looks to the unfortunate negroes, who fell into the hands of these Philistines in blue, for they are particularly devoid of Abolition sentiment; he would have to pay his ransom, in some shape or other; and if he is connected with the treasury, his ransom must be pretty heavy. But I did not manage to effect a capture, and consequently consigned myself on hard tacks and salt juice.

Sunday, Dec 28th, 1862

This morning at break of day, we pass through "Hell Gate," through East River, into New York Harbor. Scenes of interest occur to the eye; Williamsburg and Brooklyn, on one side, the Isle of Manhattan on the other, not to except numerous islands in the stream.
Blackwell's with its institutions as prominent as any. The Forest of Masts, the several Ferries flying between the Empire City, the ships at anchor, sailing for all parts of the world, from which stream the Flags of every nation, and bearing the products of every clime; the numerous and almost immeasurable watercraft, lying in the Harbor, impress us forcibly with the idea that we are approaching, a great Commercial Metropolis. Down the East River, steaming direct for Castle William on Governors Island, we gradually swing around, and behold us in the great Harbor of the Capital of the New World, the Metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. Still under way we enter the Hudson or North River, and approach a gigantic Merchantman lying in the River, this is our transport, the George Washington of Boston, fitted up to convey us to Ship Island in the Gulf of Mexico to join there the "Banks' Expedition." Landing alongside, we are soon drove aboard, and as thick as mosquitoes we are packed on deck. But let us see the accommodations below, plenty of Egyptian darkness, no light, plenty of Stilt and foul air, no ventilation, and the Bunks are crowded in, as if they are shelves, to receive inanimate packages, of some compact material,
to be laid away like merchandise, instead of places for breathing meany men, to huddle in, and emother, and heave and roll and pitch. But if we are packed in the way the contractor "Van Bunt" designs, there will be some on some ming which will never need repacking, because with suffocation staring them in the face, and the crowding of their comrades, they will be induced to open their mouths, some night and let all the air out, and with breathing

Visited this afternoon by my Father, and bid him "good day", as the boat disappears in sight he is aboard of, it occurs to me, that I have taken the last glimpse of that dear home, which I have left behind perhaps forever. Monday, Dec 29th 1862

Pleasant, but yet unpleasant. Sights common on shipboard are to be seen. The reading "Ay, Ay, Sir", of the sailors responding to the order of the officers, the cracking, pulling, and hauling, in the rigging, all are busy, preparing for sea. And in the harbor where we dung, about at every tide, the restless little steam tugs, busy all the day the great sea-gull, dippings for the refuse.
east away from theressells, commence us we are anchored in a busy port. But I do not possess spirit enough, to write, for my fingers are numb, and I can scarcely hold the pen, but when we arrive in a more genial climate, I will be more lengthy concerning sights.

Tuesday Dec 30th 1862

Pleasant. Quite a brisk business is carried on here now in the fish-trade by some enterprising Yankees and small boats which put out from the Battery loaded with fish. The money is sent down by a long string, the money is sent down and the pies returned, and of course the expressman has to be paid, out of the contents of the basket. These expressman can't half fill the orders, of their eager customers and of course these pies are charged only one dime, for one thing. As if you hand; but I would rather eat a turpentine chawed by a nigger, and a spit between crust made of gutta-percha, than the nasty mess, here sold as pies. Already they are known as Leather Pies, and some customers are just as important, as to inquire whether
they are secured or pegged. How saucy to insult a respectable dealer in horse meat pies, and unsanctified gingerbread.

Wednesday Dec 31st 1862

Stony, heavy wind, the reef is now set and
Signalizes for a tug, two of them come, and
take us up towards Lifflett Isle, which is
now directly under our starboard bow.

This Isle is celebrated for its Magazine, and
the place of execution of the Pirate Hicks,
hence its name. But it is cold;

"Louder and stronger blew the wind;"

"A gale from the north-east";

"The snow fell hissing in the bine;"

"And the billow, frothed like yeast;"

"Foes are frozen to day, this is the last of the
year;"

"Then now the Old Year doth,"

"And the forests utter a groan;"

"As the voice of one who existed"

"In the wilderness;"

"Alone."
Another year has passed in our lives and another page of this eventful chronicle.

1863 Thursday Jan 1st 1863

"My heart is ached within me, as I think of the great miracle which still goes on. In silence round me - the perpetual work of God's creation, finished; yet renewed, forever."

"Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest gloom, and reigns tremendous over the conquered year.

"Now, how the vegetable kingdom lies!

"Now, how the earth and the sky expand out!"

"Ho, is desolate domain. Behold, fond man! See here thy pictured life; pass some few years. Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,

"Thy summer Autumn fading into age, and pale, concluding Winter comes at last, and shuts the scene.

"Ah! when now are fled those dreams of greatness! those unsolid hopes of happiness? those longings after fame? Those restless cares? those busy, bustling days?"
Those gay, spent, festive nights? those scenes through
Lost between good and ill, that shaped its life?
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives.
Immortal, never failing friend of man
His guide to happiness on high.

A Happy New Year I wish, all which is more than we at present enjoy. So day two and a half less were taken off of our ship and landed in New York, now we have a little more room, and our quarters are assigned us for the voyage. This day is a great holiday in New York, I suppose at this moment Van Buren, the contractor for transports of the Banks Expedition is engaged entertaining a party of select friends at his palace in the city, while the poor wretches, the victims over which he is making money, are here crowded, frozen and about half starved. If he would only send a ration of his good cheer, out here to us, I guess we might manage to wish him a Happy New Year. But an unexpected affair occurred to day aboard, a
Sailor received an order from an Officer, and instead of executing the command, and his customary "Ay! Ay! Sir!" he replied that "he didn't shift at a sternoon or riggin." The order was given to another seaman, he replied "I'm of the same mind as he; are all of their minds?" is asked the maniacous reply is "Ay! Ay! Sir!" They are ordered to the forecastle, where they are now in confinement. We intended to pay a visit to the Atlantic Ocean to-day, but this disagreement manifesting itself, we are compelled to prolong our sojourn, in this cold climate, all is filthy and neglected to-day, the decks not being washed. Let me tell how we draw our fare, we eat from morning till night such as it is. "Bread Sack and Fresh Beef-boiled without one atom of salt." Some call it "Jerked Beef," I imagine one might call it "Jerked," to see the manner, in which it is jerked up out of the hold. Hot coffee, to scald caged throats, and if you wait until it is cold you miss it, you might as well try to drink Black Bull. They only want to color us a little, to make us abolitionists, so try the experiments.
So night a great fire rages in New York city, and it illuminates the whole sky in that direction, we lying about two miles off. The Lyceum, can see the whole of these flages. The Bells of Liberty heard distinctly here, are continually sounding the number of the district, where the fire rages; and rockets shooting into the sky, call for succor and relief. Sold and clean to-night; a full moon shining. The crew were taken ashore to-day. We will not sail to-morrow, as the marines hold in superstitions dread, all undertakings commenced on Friday. The crew were handcuffed together, two by two, and taken ashore like felons, to answer the charge of mutiny.

Friday Jan 2\textsuperscript{nd} 1863

Pleasant. The crew return to-day, escorted by about fifty policemen, they agreeing to return to duty but the rigging for them. Orders are we said tomorrow.

Saturday Jan 3\textsuperscript{rd} 1863

Very pleasant indeed. One week from "Fro" "Krook." At twelve the pilot coming on board, we weigh anchor, and the tug "Fulton"...
has we under way. Passing down the Bay, toward the Narrows, we pass some of the most picturesque scenery in the world. On Staten Island, we behold beautiful villages and towns, splendid residences and villas, hid away among the groves which surround them. Fort Hamilton, and dark froming La Fayette, inside whose walls are incarcerated rebellious sons of the Union; on one side, whilst lofty and commanding Tmonbeau, and vigilant Richmond, whose thunders as we pass out, reverberate through the surrounding heights. Not to omit stately Columbus, which is at this moment firing a salute; our colors dipping in the meanwhile, soon we go. We pass a large Mail Steamer, just before reaching Sandy Hook, which we make about three o'clock, and the splendid panorama is about to vanish from sight, nor hand all the while enlivening the scene with brilliant music. The pilot continues within till dark, when he lowers his trunks into the boat, sent for him, he wishes us a pleasant voyage, and we part company. Meanwhile, the sails have been spread, proving to the "land boys" quite an interesting manoeuvre. The air chilly in promise of fair weather, the Pilot's Boat
is leaving our sight; the full moon is already set in the heavens. We are motionless, except when the resell rises and falls, with the steady roll of the open sea; far away to the westward are just visible the misty elba shores of jersey. Being warm and hazy to day we have no wind to raft us on our voyage.

Sunday from 15-1863

Pleasant northeast winds all day, which is good for us, we are spanning along now, at a good rate on our direct course. The roll and pitch of the resell, make many of our boys to pay their respects, to old Neptune, and their compliments to the Storn Gelbel, or Mother Long Chickens. Largible are the scenes, and many are the receipts givin, by the amused sailors, to cure seasickness, the first of one of which is, "tie a tinscope to a piece of raw pork, cover the pork with molasses, swallow it, and then pull it up again; the thought of it, cured a great many, of this most sickness of sicknesses. We are all roped in snug to night, in expectation of a squall, being a little sick I remain on deck to night, and observe
the working of the sailors, executing the orders given with alacrity. About from Bells, (10 o'clock) the wind changes, and now we have it fair, everything being satisfactory of course & retire.

Monday Jan 5th 1863

A very pleasant day, and fair wind we are making along, now at a rate which sends joy to every heart. Several tenants of the Ocean, present themselves to our view to day, Porpoises, Sandfish and Blackfish. About midday our wind slackens, and we lie becalmed upon the dark Atlantic. A day the Sun was attended by what the Mariner call, a Sun-dog, the colors of the rainbow concentrated in one small spot, a sure indication (say the weather-wise) of a perfect gale.

Tuesday Jan 6th 1863

Little Christmas, foggy, cold, cloudy. Minutely sick. A squall to night.

Wednesday Jan 7th 1863

Pleasant. Land 8 o'clock, Columbua was not rendered more glad or his followers by the sight of Terra firma than these sea-sick volunteers. Signalize for a Pilot off Cape Henry, obtain none, the Pilot House on the cape is vacant, we beat about to
keep off shore, all night. Miserably sea-sick.

Thursday, Jan 8th 1863

Cold. Out of sight of land this morning. We are more foamy now, by hopes of landing at Fortress Monroe. About 7 a.m. we sight land. the ravaged, devastated land of the Old Dominion. In about an hour we are boarded by a boat from the "Boadicea of Baltimore," passing up Hampton Roads, through Willougby's Spit, at 9 a.m. we anchor at the mouth of the James River, about midway between the Rip Raps and Fort Monroe.

Friday, Jan 9th 1863

Snowing hard this morning. Being foggy. on view of the Fort and shipping is obscured. We are started this morning by the news that man is dead aboard, one of the company of loyal fellow he is the first of the Regt. who has died far, far from friends and home. The fate in waiting for many of us, before the survivors will be permitted to return. Our patriotism has evaporated, on account of our poor fare, and miserable accommodations. This moment behold me, (if you have good eye-sight) beside a drags
dirty lantern, lying flat extended, leaning on my elbows writing on the floor of the Bank during my three hours' absence. Tenaciousness will surmount obstacles is the saying, but Backed up with patience, it will manage sometimes to crawl under said obstacles. But I must go to market, I have thirty cents to invest I must do it immediately. Up to the Ship's Galley and consult that Pirate the Ship's Cook, can't let me have possibly more than four apples for a Quart, you know if I could I would. If you don't want them you needn't have 'em. But seeing it is you I'll let you have five. I guess I'll take em. Five cents left I purchase a little smoked eel with it, and before I go ten steps I have it eaten, head, body, tail and all. One apple apiece for comrades, and two for my own dear self. Gambling has grown to be quite an institution abroad, those having any currency to stake, going it blind. I call yer 'ship's five, and all those sayings are materially damaging the morals of the Church Members, especially on Sundays, when the Chaplain is exhorting them to repentance, and all that sort of thing when he is interrupted by the sharp boisterous voice of 200
"Phipps" Flagey, which completely eclipses the former eloquence. But a crowd is collecting on deck, and the Band, which is playing a dirge, over the dead body of our departed "Brother in Arms". Among the meek-voiced heads of the Soldiers, are distinguishable his brother slowly the body is lowered on a side into the boat in waiting for it, and accompanied by his brother and Captain, the mortal remains of a man are encased in a metallic coffin and sent home to his weeping parents at Southampton. We received Soft Breads from shore to night, and when our stomachs full, patriotism from the study decline lately has suddenly risen to par. Snow has all disappeared.

Saturday Jan 10th 1863

Pleasant and warm. A water boat came alongside to day from the Elizabetta River to supply us with water. It is almost incredible the number of gallons one of these boats can carry, all day long a hose was occupied in filling our tanks and barrels and the supply seemed inexhaustible. I hope it will be better than the Ink water of York. The Surgeon ordered off a render of pies from the ship to
day, when the intelligent contraband said the Surgeon didn’t know “muffin.” The Surgeon, with one big Home-ache Sauce who would sell his birthright for a doughnut, or a piece of gingerbread offered a hearty remonstrance. The composition in the things denominated pies would kill an ostrich to eat them not to speak of human beings. But one raw-boned, hungry, friend had an anecdote to relate about old Sam bones, which occurred during his very brief sojourn in the hospital. He asserted he was reported to the hospital steward with a rheumatic arm, the Dr. very gravely felt his pulse, looked solemn and wise as an owl for a moment, then approached a Pdl. of Epson Salts, and gave the narrator a good half pint; he took his cap to hold it, and rushing up the “after hatch” he never paused till he deposed the done in the ocean.” And gentile he continued: “I enjoy excellent health even since my arm got as correspondingly stiff I hadn’t dared to ache since.” He kicked Sam out because he imagined he was a rival Professor for killing people which would admit the faculty, and his pies would prove excellent emetics and Dr. M. D. would have couple of puncheons of salts which otherwise would have to be disposed of. Baked Beans 15 day, patriotism

from 05
is again above par, and steadily advancing.

Shorey to day march resembling Spring shows at the North.

Sunday Jan 11th 1863

Very pleasant. The chaplain held religious service aboard to day, but the sailors not liking the proceedings endeavored to break up the meeting by commencing to clean the decks of the fifth acccumulated since morning. But a considerable number of soldiers had accumulated also, since morning, and they not relishing the idea of being cleaned out, (though some of them wanted cleaning bad enough,) threatened to throw overboard that Bill the "Bozum" (Boozum) as the hose was put up the sailors prudently retired and the meeting when concluded adjourned. So now we are ordered to pack knapsacks and hold ourselves in readiness to go ashore in the morning.

Monday Jan 12th 1863

Very pleasant. All is bustle and confusion we are bound ashore. At eight Bells, with the exception of the guard and Police we are aboard of the Baltimores and Fort...
Monroe Steamer, George Washington, and in a few moments we are landed on the Wharf, at Old Point Comfort. We now tread the sacred soil of Old Virginia. Passing the entrance to the Fort, likewise the Light-House and the Great Union gym, doubtless placed there to assist the numerous other thunderers in enjoining the (Fortrere) Monroe Doctrine. Our col. being an important kind of a gemini, will not permit us to separate, but marches us around to the rear of the Fort, toward "Old Point Burying Ground." We however, before "Importance stationed his Lynchard, separate and ramble up toward the Cemetery; where slumber in everlasting repose, soldiers from every state in the Union. The Fortrere being a great Depot for the Union forces, likewise for prisoners, and the great men here in Hospital, the mortality necessarily being very great, and all being intemperately; the number is augmented, I am reliably informed to between Six and Seven Thousand spaces. A Texian and a Son of Maine here lie side by side. South Carolina's sons clay mingle with those of Massachusetts. From the Western Prairies
the Northern Hills, and the Southern Hills are here representatives in this great mute congregation of graves. The Live Oak, and the Holly, flourish over their ashes in everlast-" "
green. Boards mark some graves whilst the majority remain unmarked and unrecognized. Other graves are vacated, their contents have been removed by friends and relatives to their homes. All (when we come to reflect) like us were these beings once, now hidden by the clay, leaving home full of life, hope and health, going forth to battle for the dear Old Union, they finally died to save; and of many months, how many of us will be in the land of the Living? But the negroes here are living, in what we now regard a luxury, compared with our splendid bal- fasque aboard the Scourby. So day at Old Point were to be seen liberated slaves of every imaginable color, from the pale sick appearing white, to the darkest hue of negro blood, but they were not more numerous than the crowd of loafing Naval Officers, an Army should lie stripped Scourby, cheating
government out of their pay, whilst their comrades, at the Fort of Danger. The Officers live well enough, but "God help the enlisted Men." But our old "Mr. Consequence," managed to procure an old nag, at the Fort, and he tortured us for about two hours, by drilling us double-quick in the sand, on the beach. Maj. Gen. Jerny, commandant here, rode up the beach, while we were drilling. Return— with a drink of fresh water in our canteens—to the Ship.

Tuesday, Jan 13th 1863

Very cold to day, owing to the Sea Breeze. Making Rings, and ornaments out of Bones and Quitta—Percha, has become quite a business, to those concerned, and ammuntion also, relieves to a great degree the monotony of shipboard.

Wednesday, Jan 14th 1863

Very cold. So day I discovered that my two great toes, had been frozen at New York, and just now began to thaw, agreeable intelligence. But all I'll lose of them is the skin, which covers them. A fist comes abroad to stay, and remains abroad to night.
Thursday Jan 15th 1863

Very pleasant with great fair wind, at Half past Three S.M. we weigh anchor and are soon under way, leaving Port Monroe behind us. The transport Constellation as we weigh anchor is leaving Hampton Roads. Before we reach Cape Henry we pass the Constellation, and outside the Pilot leaves the both vessels simultaneously, and returns the same boat. We head in company, directly to sea. This is about a mist, we discow a whale, who first announced his presence to us by spouting. The old sea-rackety again commences to speak its influence on me. I sleep on deck under an mizzen boat, preferring to breathe pure air, fraught with danger, to inhaling that musty fetid vapour imregnated with every possible smell and unneat especially the offensive stench of the Bilge water which is below. I have completed arrangements for sleeping above during the voyage.

Friday Jan 16th 1863

Very cloudy and all hands are miserably sea-sick. It was very rough
to day but as the seamen say nothing unusual
of "Matenas Cape. This afternoon we crossed that
wonder of Nature the Gulf Stream. This current
which is explained in any geography, is remark-
able for the warmth of its water, compared to the
temperature of the water of the Ocean, through
which it flows. Several of the M chimney
thin myself, divested ourselves of our garments
and had an excellent wash in the warm
water. And Heaven and my Comrades, know we needed
it badly.

Saturday Jan 17th 1863

Very equally. I will likewise remark, that my
stomach is pretty equally, occasionally heaving
or endeavoring to heave in imitation of the
mighty heaving deep which surrounds us,
Water Spirits astern, and on our starboard
quarter, are seen to day, but they are gaining
on us, and are coming around on our
"Fast Bow" but our Captain being a
good sailor, by judicious management,
manages to avoid, and finally to escape
them and the threatened danger. Of
course I am miserably sea sick.
Sunday Jan 18th 1863

Very windy but it is fair. Let me have this wind before house a week and I will land you in New Orleans now, no one to eat.

Monday Jan 19th 1863

Fair wind, holding now directly ast, on our voyage. Sailing along at a good rate. All now are joyful we being in hopes that our voyage will soon be terminated. Half the crew do not draw their rations at all.

Tuesday Jan 20th 1863

Still fair wind. So day sighted a flag and signalized a large steamer. The Captain asserted she was rigged exactly like the Alabama. But I think it unlikely we might possibly receive a visit. We made capital headway the last twenty four hours.

Wednesday Jan 21st 1863

Fair wind and Swell. Sighted a full rigged schooner to day. Taken up with duties and seeing some of the crew again.

Thursday Jan 22nd 1863

Wind changed during the night, very all day and no sight of land. Showers and prevalent common for southern latitudes. Sound of the crew's signature must be heard as they have time enough to jaw with the books concerning the quality of the edibles.
Double-Headed Shot Keys
In the course of an hour he was to have the honor of escorting the ladies of the household to their carriage and their box. Meanwhile he was best in his study—they with their naval guests.

Opera night! An organ out in the square suddenly struck up one of the very airs he was to hear that evening. He hummed it mechanically to the end as he listened.

And then the stop was changed, and an old, old air rang out—an air that he had thought sweet and sad, and full of the most plaintive melody, once.

Once! once! Nay, it must have been a hundred years or more since he stood beside the pasture bars on the “old home farm,” and heard a sweet young voice trill out the plaintive music of

“In the days when we went gipsying, A long time ago!”

The “days when we went gipsying,” indeed! They were over for ever, for him. For his fashionable wife and stately daughter they had never been. In his own life, harassed and anxious as it had often been at times, was a store of experience such as they had never known.

Still the organ played on, and the rich man’s thoughts went wandering back from his lux

The Swimming Clubs of London

During the months of September and October the swimming clubs of London have their championships. At present, on any pleasant afternoon who visit the Thames between the Blackfriars and Chelsea Bridges may see many members of the various clubs engaged in practice. For its professor, who gives instruction, and sets standards for both amateurs and professional rowers. This year, the swimming club has offered as a prize a rower valued at £200. To hold this prize, it is necessary that the champion swimmer should be the best man for four successive years. To win the prize, the contestant has to swim two English miles in twenty-seven minutes and nineteen seconds. All swimmers dive from the end of a pontoon under the charge of the starter’s pistol.

The Douglas Promenade Pier, Manx

The town and port of Douglas, on the southeast side of the Isle of Man,
Friday Jan'y 23rd 1863

Sleasant but wind still adverse, being S.W. Made very little headway yesterday or to day. Sighted land today which the sailors assent is the Florida coast and near the "Hole in the Wall." The coast appears bleak, sandy and desolate. A solitary Lighthouse upon a high headland, around which the salt sea waves dash high, and we miles away, can discern the breakers in torrents going over the rocks. Arret of us is a large Steamer, under Steam and Sails. As we leave the land astern of us several Sails, are in sight. The island proves to be "Alaco," one of the British possessions in these waters and we behold the famous "Hole in the Wall." We pass into Providence Channel, N.B. and now if there are any Blockade runners coming from New Providence, we will meet them.

Saturday Jan'y 24th 1863

Pleasant and like May Days at home. The "Double Headed Shot Keys," Rocks of the Florida Reefs are seen to day. A splendid day.
with their deceitful lights, opposed to
entrap the unwary mariner, our Leap,
is old at the business, abroad and
wide awake, and on this dangerous
coast, he proves a skillful navigator.

Sunday Jan 25 1863

A lovely day, I wander as July at home.
We northeners, with a frozen mind, seek
the shade of the sails, and endeavor to
keep cool, and inhale the delightful sea-breeze.
The Sierra Camineros mountains in the island of
Cuba, we see like a cloud on the south
horizon; We can discern the red coral at
the bottom, the water is so clear and
shallow, but in safety we pass these danger
points. So day is Sunday for I perceive a very
few prayer-books and Testaments, and we
some hand polished their boots, card playing
is for a wonder suspended, the Band about
a few Hymns, and the chaplain exhorts the lis
tener, to serve their Creator, and be faithful
to the cause in which they are enlisted.
I take a shower bath, Severn might now
and those seeking to have health do likewise.
Monday Jan 26th 1863

Pleasant. This morning about three O'Clock we sighted the light of the Moro Castle situated in the harbor of Havanna, Island of Cuba. At daybreak the Cuban mountains are sinking from sight. This morning we pass a large side-wheel steamer, the Stars & Stripes, flying at her Mizzen, hailed and answered her. Two swift little schooners pass us laden with fruit, from Havanna to New Orleans. Amused by watching a little fish called by the sailors, South Sea Man of War, rising to the surface, and spreading their sail, they would invariably sail against the wind. When struck by any obstacle they would lower the sail, and sink beneath the surface for protection. Porpoise and Flying Fish were numerous. The captain, with his harpoon, is ready to spear the Blackfish, which are prowling around the vessel. A real summer night, lovely, and for us from the chill of the North, we adore the warmth and brightness of this tropical climate.

Tuesday Jan 27th 1863

Pleasant, but cool, this morning visted by refreshing showers. A few little land birds...
Lighted in our shrouds, but they were done frightened off by the "Dough Boy" (Light Infantry) Hospital brake to-day, and we are moving along gallantly. The same long maneuvers, are as carefully carried out to-day, as usual, and all hands are improving, receiving perfect boils except a few poor luckless wretches, in the Hospital. Naked feet and shirt-sleeves, is the prevailing style by day, at night we heap on the clothes. Paul Reader.

I wish you were at sea, in a Sailing vessel, endeavoring to write: for instance, in our cabin extended in a bunk (to sit is impossible) near a dead light, we are on the starboard tack, and the vessel is tipped up on one side, and scudding fast; and skilfully the captain places the ship, on the other tack; now if you could only peep into the bunk, and see the confusion, and you might laugh, but if not prepared for it, over goes S, and my stationary writing materials, and a pile of blue cloth, a pair of thin lunes (Shoes) and a U.S. Volunteer, are blended in one common mass.
But I manage to extricate myself pretty quickly, for I hear the Orderly singing out, "fall in for Rations;" and "I am there," for I've had you to understand, that I endeavor to attend to the fundamental principle, namely the Subsistance department. Around the decks, are men engaged in groups, playing cards, reading novels obtained at an enormous cost from the Boat Library, whilst others making rings, and ornaments. Others amuse themselves by gazing over the rail, into this trackless waste, the deep blue sea; and occasionally scanning the horizon, for a stray sail, or to discern some new wonder of the mighty deep.

It is much pleasanter, ploughing through the gulf, than on tempestuous voyage on the wild Atlantic. Passed Key West last night.

Wednesday, Jan 28th, 1863

Pleasant, wind adverse. On board ship, one mate sighted a British Barque, she signalled us and wished us a pleasant voyage, our answer was, "many thanks, and to you the same." The wind rises, again, the billows heave, the screaming sea-gulls ride upon these rolling mountains of water.
might throw her mantle over the scene.

The foam crested waves, dash high over our weather side; and large volumes of water sweep the decks, and force themselves through the lee scuppers; as our gallant ship—apparently due into the sea, in the darkness we see atoms of salt gleaming, and glistening like so many diamonds, the timid and fear-stricken landmen, deem themselves lost; when we experience that plunging motion, as down, down we descend into this watery vale; but now we find ourselves rising, ever rising; till we mount the glistening crested wave, in which our yards have just been dipped and on this equally quiet night the sailor scurrying aloft through the awnings making all taut and secure for our mutual safety. "Lie down those hatchl house doors," is ordered, thus the soldiers will not allow; ready I hear the muskets battering a passage, or if we go down, say they, let all have a good chance. Whither my boat the water does not reach me,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.
Ere russet leaves their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare.
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.
Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.
Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip.
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Die down, O dismal day, and let me live:
And come, blue deeps, magnificently strown
With colored clouds—large, light, and fugitive—
By upper winds through pompous motions blown.
Now it is death in life—a vapor dense,
Creeps round my window, till I cannot see
The far snow-shining mountains, and the glens

Shagging the mountain-tops. O God! make free
This barren, shackled earth, so deadly cold—
Breathe gently forth thy spring, till winter flies
In rude amazement, fearful and yet bold.
While she performs her customary charities;
I weigh the loaded hours till life is bare—
O God, for one clear day, a snowdrop, and sweet ai
that cry did, and in imagination I hear it still, and
but, Oh! how desperately and miserably sick
some of the men are. Badly, they stand on
the lee side, regardless of holding on by any
thing, everything forgotten in their misery, can
not whether they are washed overboard or not.
But amid the din of the conflicting elements.
I fall asleep and am startled occasionally
by reverberating peals of thunder, heard
during the hulks of the tempest, but may
the present moment be the worst of our lives.

Thursday Jan 29th 1863

Stormy and cold. The swell is terrible, we
hear horribly, promising of the most sickening
of sicknesses, I pray be still. Blindly, we are
not aware in what latitude or longitude we
are as we cannot catch the Sun.

Friday Jan 30th 1863

Very pleasant, a dead calm. Foggy very still

"All hushed is the billow's commotion;"
and the community in general aboard our craft
now have a chance to settle their corporative
which received as many somersets during the
Squall. Ring making is resumed which
during the Row was temporarily abandoned
Saturday Jan 31st 1863

Pleasant. Inspection to-day. Our line was complimented to-day as being the most neat and exhibiting the most neatness and cleanliness of any line in the Regt. The line is right this time surely. But I have a friend among the Sailors, who see's me all right lends me a Bridal, now and then, I have him by telling him that.

"He is a jolly mariner,"

"As ever wore a log;"

"He wears his trousers wide and free;"

"And always eats his prorg,"

"And bless his eyes, in sailor-wise;"

"He never shirke his grog."
Sunday Feb 1st 1863

"The more we live, more brief appear our life’s ascending stages;"
"A day in childhood seems a year, and years like passing ages;"
"Heaven gives our years of fading strength indemnifying fleeting"
"And those of youth a seeming length proportioned to their sweetness."

"How swiftly pass the fleeting months!
"How silently they glide away!
"As noiseless as the starry sphere,
"At close of day."

"Time, like a mighty river flows
"With awful grandeur on its way;
"Silent, yet onward, still it goes,
"Without obstruction or delay."

"O, goodness, every month made new!
"O, gifts, with rain and sunshine sent!
"Thy bounty overruns our due,
"Thy fulness banishes our discontent."

"February’s drifting snows,
"With sheeted spectacles fills the land;
"In all wise Deity is seen;
"In all those shapes sublimely grand."
In the stormy north, the land is now covered with the drifting snow, but with us it is very pleasant, and with a good fair wind, we are running in good style. So day heard reports of a court martial held on board ship, in which some of the boys had to suffer for breach of discipline, to officers, the crew in which they were unfortunate enough to be caught. I intend to mention punishments, not to tell of tyrannical conduct and arbitrary actions, not to relate how the poor prisoners fare in their enforced mode at times; I will refrain, but if anything strikes me as being unusually severe, then I will not conceal the dark side of a soldier's life, I can relate hard tales but now we are recalled, and lie still as on the surface of a mirror. Observe the dark side of the picture.

"Many and sharp the munificent ill"
"Inflamed with our frame!"
"More pointed still we make ourselves"
"Regret, remorse, and shame!"
"And man, whose heaven-erected face"
"The smiles of love adorn,"
"Man's inhumanity to man"
"Makes countless thousands mourn!"
Monday Feb. 2nd 1863

Very pleasant, and calm lying still upon the water. The Sun is very hot much resembling July at home; through the day we seek the shade of the sails, and wait patiently for a breeze. So night is splendid, the moon in this latitude passes directly over our head, being vertical, which is contrary to the course observed by the Queen of Night in northern countries. The Band discoursed familiar airs, National, patriotic, and Sentimental, but like "Mickey" Tree, we can exclaim,

"So the time of a fife, they'll dispose of your life,"
"Or surrender your soul, to some elegant lilt,"
"Now I like Garryowen, when I hear it at home,"
"But it ain't half so sweet when you're going to be kill'd."

But "Old Neptune" does not seem to admire our arrangement and therefore to show his appreciation of it kicks up his heels, stirs up a foul wind, heaves up the water, and upsets things generally. The Band retreat below, and our promenade & concert is thus summarily dismissed, the majority of the Boys follow the Orchestra. The Sailors exclaim that whenever
there is any music on board a Ship that they are always one of having a Blow. I have also noticed that a sailor I have never seen whistle, and they caution one caught in the Act not to continue the proceeding as with their superstitions a dread they assert it will invariably raise a wind. But we are all snug and we are running in toward land pretty fast, the lead is kept continually hearing; the decks are deserted and under my inverted Boat, I sink into the embrace of the Sleepy God.

Tuesday, Feb 3rd 1863

This morning the sea heaves terribly and many are sick. This morning we sighted what we supposed to be land, but we find ourselves suddenly transferred from green water into the muddy waters at the mouth of the Mississippi. About twelve we sight land in reality, off the Balize, a South West pass. Very cold to day being seemingly a transition from the torrid zone of yesterday to the frigid zone of to-day. Three lighthouses are in sight, we signalize for a Pilot and
a tug, we are answered by the Anglo-American, who takes our hawser and we are soon running towards the Bar. The Pilot thinks that we will find it difficult to get over the Bar to-night with our heavy vessel, as a large steamer is now aground, she is the Constitution with the Fifty-Ninth Mage abroad. Meanwhile our powerful tug is rushing at the Bar and we suddenly hear our keel grate in the mud and behold us fast at the face of the Father of Waters. In all the confusion, cursing and shouting, incident to such an occasion on shipboard especially with a crowd of robust audacious Yankees in the way, the Pilot coolly gives his orders; for I now notice that he has absolute control of not only our vessel, but of the powerful little machine which is now making endeavor to pull us through the mud. The Anglo-American turns and releases us from our predicament by backing us off. When the second time our Pilot makes the attempt he succeeds in getting*
Up the stream a short distance we cast anchor close to the shore, off Pilot-town, a small village the residence of a few pilots, a lighthouse and a lookout or observatory for vessels approaching from sea. The driftwood which we observed miles out at sea before we sighted land passes here in great quantities. The steam frigate Mississippi rides at anchor here among a fleet of all kinds of vessels.

Wednesday Feb. 4th 1863

Bloody this morning. The shore on either side is level and flat. The river is about two miles wide at this point. We drink the water drawn freshly from the river allowing it to settle a moment and it is nice to drink compared to the vitriol we used to imbibe at sea. Now the eye rests upon a low flat, alluvial country, sloping in marshes and bayous, and producing heavy reeds and grass, wild rice and palsa palm. This Readex is the Louisiana Lowland, the abode of crocodiles and alligators, of mosquitoes and vampires, of amalgamated
creole, and enthusiastic rebels, of practical wretchedness
and meagre titles. Wild fowl are numerous.
great flocks starting, from the marshes at intervals,
the Bobolinks, (northern name) known here as the rice
bird, are seen riding on the tall reeds, awaying in the wind
carolling forth their hymns of praise. Fowl, fish
and oysters are plentiful, which consist of the
subsistence of the inhabitants. A telegraph
wire is to be seen running up the stream, little
houses stationed on each point. A creole endeavored
to sell fish and oysters aboard to say but he
was with ill success the soldiers having no
means to cook the food. The drift wood gafferns
are in good business now, which is here collected
and sold to the bugs which tow the vessels over
the bar and up to the "present body." Our tiny
returns with two vessels and we are soon
made fast to her, and now moving slowly up the
river, and we are to view this panorama of great magni-
tude, this discovery and grave of the adventurers
De Soto. The band having recovered from old
nighttimes hard knocks, are now discovering lively
airs, which naturally cheer up and enliven the
spirits of the company. But warm and pleasant
as the weather is, it is very windy and we are forced to come to an anchorage we let go our two Brow Anchors, the rain now descends in gallant style. We are within about five fathoms. Now of the muddy, saturated bank a dwelling is here, painted with the indispensable red, elevated from Mother Earth. Around the house are hencoops and sheds about but made fast by something or other to prevent them from falling away. The roosters and hens gaze around from their isolated positions contented a mord as imaginable. The cattle stand around in the water and seem as happy as if they were in fields of clover. The pigs and goats on the piazza, and in the house take up and then they are whacked out of the way by the crawling young ones who are as anxious to see the wonder-stricken and amazed “Yankee” as their quadruped companions. The Saliente Palms, Reeds, and Wild Rice, the Stunted Willows and “Cat-O-Nine-tails,” present themselves on every side. And not to omit the presence of two men clothed in homespun apparel with full shaggy beards, slouched hats
and bootleg feet, roosting upon the railing which surrounds the dwelling on the piazza and pipes protruding from their mouths at an acute angle with their countenance, complacently regarding us, but with a slight leer just perceptible on their faces as much as to say, "there is a right smart heap o' work ahead for you and me." These are the "Butternuts," and peeping from the window which never was washed by glass are to be seen dirty, ragged specimens of the other set, who whisper in mongrel tongue to their gay "cavaliers" in front; who smile in derision at some amusing remark cast upon the appearance of the unwelcome "Santos." But the rain drives the soldiers below and I retire to my airy abode.

Thursday Feb 5th 1863

Cold for Louisiana. Wind adverse we lay too for a change. We are right on the Bank, the pilot informs me that the Bank is here perpendicular about Thirty Fathoms, I appear incredulous he reasserts it, a fact perhaps which the majority will doubt, but we have Fifty Fathoms of cable out now. We can reach
a little willow here with a musket. The denizens of the hut show signs of life to-day, in a little "drag out," the chambermaid sculls herself to the Bipeds on the loop and gives them subsistence till the next day. The cows are out of sight having retired to the shed at night; we see the dairymaid (the chambermaid) issuing from the shed and propelling in the "drag out" to the main entrance of the palatial dwelling. The "Battlements" do the heavy standing corn take their "posish" on the rail, again usually when their pipes are empty or when their food ready to be dispatched. No sooner can we expect from them to our numerous inquiries and the sallies which the wits on board make at them, and the laugh which we enjoy at their expense. But the cattle emerge from the shed and take their stand in the water as yesterday. Great flocks of fowl fly about, and rest on the driftwood. Bird playing is very active and even a prominent bluff player on board cannot elicit any reply from the moose roosters on the east front. A hard task at last drives them from their "post."
BETWEEN THE DANCES.

Yes, lady, we have met before!—
That evening of the ball, in June,
When through the opening of the door,
We heard this very same sweet tune.

The dances all—am I not right?—
Had gone to rest, but over the gate,
To watch the rising golden light.
Of morn, we leaned and lingered late.

The sun arose, the bright moon came,
At last we parted—well—our friends!
"Were you for your own eyes to blame?"
"You taught me how such folly ends!"

Twas nothing, lady, was it? You
Sighs and tears had kith, perchance;
You wished one lover more to sue,
The quiet of an honest glance!

You're pater, lady, than you were;
You have an absent look at times—
I saw it once tonight—can care
Be creeping round in broken rhymes?

Can music of that walk the hand
On our last eve so oft were given
Be floating yet?—the same your hand
Upon the tablet wrote being live?

Your hand is trembling—are you cold?
Sweet lady, 'neath the robes you wear?
It is but folly I have told,
This story of the cross I hear!

Ah! well—"you wish to pass within?"
Yes, "they will wonder why we stay!"
Time was when it was thought to be,
Though we should linger till the day!

Edith was to be done. For himself there was no trouble which would not be taken. His hunting, and his shooting, and his fishing, seemed to have become masters of paramount consideration to him. With his mother was a visitor from Grindon, Mr. Granby, with whom he had been staying. He had been very confidential about many matters—not offering anything to his son, which, as he well knew, would have been seen through as palpable and corruption—but telling him of little things. He spoke another—how he contemplated spending a small fortune on bird-placing motion to simulate the cut of statues, they have proved entirely successful and been the means of saving the Government thousands of dollars.
and they reluctantly fall back in defiance to their stronghold the fort. A "Yankee" will talk if he was in a Deaf and Dumb Asylum. After a little amusing we retire to our several virtuous couches.

Friday Oct. 6th 1863

Wind still dreeze. At twelve we have a change and we weigh anchor and start. At each bend we shoot across the River and run as near the opposite shore. The little threed hills I have described are more numerous now; great flocks of turkey buzzards occasionally a few are to be seen feeding upon the decaying carcass of a horse or other animal which is floating down the River. Several of the men shoot at these Yellows when perhaps at some future day these same filthy birds will enjoy a hearty meal from their prosecute own festering corpses. What a life must the inhabitants of this country lead, how lonesome, nothing breaking upon the monotony of their lives except the occasional passing of some water craft. Contended they seem however, and many is the person among them who is born, lives a life, and dies upon the same spot never being over ten miles
from home. We enter now a more wooded country, the dwellers here live in greater ease and appear more wealthy than their down-river neighbors. At five o'clock S.M. we arrive at Fort Jackson on the left, Banks and St. Il on the right. I omitted to say that we reached the head of the passes about three o'clock. Now we enter Mississippi's, the main Mississippi distributes itself into its various branches. Thus is formed the Delta, the Mississippi. But on Fort Jackson is to be seen evidence of the rough treatment Admiral Farragut with his fleet and his monitors inflicted upon its walls. Fort Pike is a work of minor importance. Below is the wreck of the Verona which was burnt in the fight. Now we see for the first time a Western River Steamboat, the old "Sallie Robinson," dirty and tattered but loyal as possible, tied up to the pier at Fort Jackson. The soldiers cheer us as we pass, and we return a hearty cheer to the wet-soaked garrison; I am reliably informed that the soldiers were not amphibious the week before this visit in their quarters in the Fort. About dusk we reach Louisiana...
THE CHILD WIFE;
A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XLII. — THE ILLUSTRIEO EXILE.

The revolutionary era had ended; tranquility was restored; and peace reigned throughout Europe.

But it was a peace secured by chains, and supported by bayonets.

Masini was dead. Hector an exile in Transatlantic lands; Blom had been murdered; and a score of other distinguished revolutionaries were in prison, or exiled.

But there were two still surviving, whose names caused bitterness to deepen from the Baltic to the Mediterranean; from the Rhine to the Atlantic.

These names were Koseuth and Masini.

Despite the influence used to blacken them — the whole power of a corrupted press — they were still a source of magical influence; symbols that at any moment might stir the people to strike one blow for freedom. More especially was this true of Koseuth, whose influence was known as Koseuthian. But his doctrines were too refined for the masses. He was a man of learning, but not of the masses. He had been a soldier, but not a soldier of the people.

In its long career of tergiversation, however, the Times newspaper had been driven into such a position of shame. There was a whole day during which it was charged on the Staff Ranges, and laughed at in the London clubs.

It has not forgotten that day of humiliation; and often it has given its antagonists cause to remember it. It has since taken advantage of its influence to blast its literary reputation.

He thought not of this while writing those
when we leave two of our men on account of sickness. Laying at the wharf is the "Monte-
Bells", crowded with Blue Coats, who give us as we pass cheers, which are certainly returned. Around
the little whitewashed Buildings of the Quarantine,
are to be seen many graves, a stern reminder
of the fate of creatures made of dust. Leaning
in a few moments, darkness obscuring the vision,
we withdraw to ourauptments apartments luxuriantly
sleeing upon the soft side of a white oak plank,
wrapped in my martial cloak (ditty blanket U. S.) I
repose myself to the embrace of the sleepy lord, and
dream of scenes far, far away.

Saturday Feb 7th 1863

Awake, awake, awaken. A delightful odor pervades
the atmosphere, my eager probing nostril,
under the bucket where in security I had deposited
my knowledge box informs me that we have something
different for breakfast this morning, what can it
be? (which by the way was never elaborate, amount to the disgust in this community)
but must have some of the Rarity. Why this
morning we have as an inducement to boys of an
epicurean taste some very fine Biscuit and some
excellent fork. A change you will observe for
on our long voyage we have eaten to our dainty appetites, Lyttle Fisch, Fisch, Salt-Fish, the remains of cavalry horses come and Hard Jack. So this morning how exhilarating it is to the treat, Hard Jack, and Salt Fug, who will have the impudence among us to calmly and without remorse of conscience, to look an innocent member of the Sin tribe in the countenance, Sodom and Gomorrah will not have to rendu such an account the Fork-devouring Yankees, which sailed in that fast sailing clipper the Jee. But take a peep over the Bulwarks, we are passing the U.S. Sloop of War, "Harford," when we mutually hail Beautiful scenery presents itself to our gaze: plantations, groves of Orange trees, great ephipenis whole villages of shanties, sheltered in the rear of the principal house, multitudes of contumacious who with dilated eyes and mouths, stand viewing as surprised at the music of the Band, great Magnolias and Cypress trees, Weeping Willows, huge cactuses and Oliander, from which hangs invariably the ubiquitous Spanish Moss. What a comme appears this Moss causes every tree to assume as it envelops all like a funeral pall. But I
TIGER-HUNTING IN INDA.

Even the passers-by of the Gurdon Cunning and Julius Elyard, who met only for a look, the excitement of the chase, were exhilarating. The buffaloes that once scattered at the sight of the tiger, now crouched under cover of the mounds of earth, and the tigers that once dodged under cover of the earth, now crouched under cover of the mounds of earth, and the tigers that once dodged under cover of the earth, now crouched under cover of the mounds of earth.

The captain and the party were already very tired, but we continued our march. The clouds were gray and the wind was howling. We had a long distance to go, and we were in a hurry to get to the camp. But the captain was not to be diverted from his purpose. "I will do it," he said, "I will catch that tiger." And he set off, following the track of the tiger, as if by instinct.

The tiger was not long in being discovered. It was lying in the grass, half asleep. The captain called it by name, and the tiger started up, looking around. The captain drew his gun, and the tiger ran. The captain ran after it, and the tiger was caught.

The tiger was a big one, and the captain was much pleased. He had caught his first tiger, and it was a fine one. He was very proud of it, and he showed it to the party. They all admired it, and the captain was very happy. He had done something, and he had caught a tiger.

The tiger was taken to the camp, and it was killed. The captain was very pleased, and he showed it to the party. They all admired it, and the captain was very happy. He had done something, and he had caught a tiger.
am so much up in complete admiration that I cannot attempt in my fable manner to depict the beauties of the place. And here confining the River Mississippi is the almost impenetrable levee, built exactly like the huge dykes of Holland. The road runs inside the levee on the land, a man on horseback on the road we can just see his head over the levee, now we pass British Turn upon which stands the Jackson Battle Monument the action here occurred on which the immortal Jackson defeated the dastardly British in 1812, now we are in sight of the crescent city, we draw up close to the Algiers side, near the French Ferry, and away goes our anchor plumping down to the bottom of the river and with a good hold of Louisiana mud, here we lay looking at Algiers directly beneath our starboard side. The Anglo-American now bids us good bye, and she swells away to the city.

**Sunday Feb 8th 1863**

Very pleasant, lying still in the River. Nothing to do and ditto for dinner. Now we behold the great Alma House, the Barracks, the convents, the French Market, the great French cathedral, the roofless custom
House, the square town of St. Patrick's Cathedral and numerous spires in all parts of the city. The bellowing bells slowly toll the hour away and we anxiously wait for a mail. Within a few fathoms of the gardens of Orange we rankly bow for a taste of the tempting fruit. The promenade should listen a moment to our sound and then bring away, doubtless contaminated by the close process in which they just stood to those whitehats those delightful Soles. Occasionally a Black, ebony row of Afric (Louisiana) will salute, "Bully for Uncle Sam." But we seek the shade, and chaw the evergreen tobacco Jack. They are now recommended as my nice plates in which our invincible Monitor could be clad. But write, write, write, is the order now a mail is received, contents speedily devoured and answers as quickly despatched.

Mail Steamer leaves to-morrow; Retire, hoping will be soon released from the "Hulk's."

Monday Feb 9th 1863

Pleasing. Men becoming discontented. The Third Mate and one of our Boats had a fracas to day which consisted of a little blowing, brandishing of knives, some more blowing, putting away often...
Tuesday Feb 10th 1863

Sleasant. More discontent manifesting itself on board. The men want to get ashore. Numerous friends of the Regt. come aboard and see their friends. We are much amused by seeing the small boats contending with the current in their endeavors to cross the River. The current here makes 8-1/2 knots an hour.

Awakened Wednesday Feb 11th 1863 by the matin chimes from the White Belle.

The mornings are all very misty the river being enshrouded heavily with it, you cannot see ten feet from the ship's side. About Nine A.M. however it is sufficiently clear, and the tug St. Charles takes us in tow and soon we are in motion up the River, to our destination which is at present unknown to us. We are passed by a large War Steam which proves to be the Mississippi. We pass several of Fort's Monitor Fleet on the Algiers side. We pass the French and the Canal St. Ferries, Ship yards on the Algiers side, and the crowded dwellers on the New Orleans side. The warehouses are decorated and business is not very rampant is plain to be seen, government work seems to be all
that is being done. The levee crowded by idle negroes and unemployed whites, the lazy lounging volunteers. Several men of War lie at the levee. We round a bend in the River and we soon arrive at our landing place Carrollton. Through kind of the Adjutant I obtain a pass and go ashore visit camp of 31st Mays Rola. Meet friends and of course they are rejoiced to see one from home later than they. Now I comprehend what the levee is here. It is a hundred feet from the level of the streets to the top of the levee and it is very thick, carrigan are not allowed to drive on it for in case a break was made a crevasse would occur and the whole country would be inundated. About six o'clock I return and pass another man aboard on "Barabooze." Some of the sailors were proved thieves to day and "Bendigo," and "One-eyed Bob Anderson," and the "Boardman" were imprisoned in the "Barabooze" at Carrollton for one month each.

Thursday Feb 12th 1863

Raining hard to-day. A camp fire and engine pitching fire to keep the barrels warm and to give us dry clothes. We now know the reason that our officers and contractors were in a hurry to get us to our destination as bleeding uncut Sam at the rate of $7000
Friday Feb 13th 1863

Most cleanup about nine A.M. and we are soon ashore, and we are soon established in our tents, which are to contain a squad of five each. We take down some fences and the boards thereof we place between us and mother Earth. The ground is very wet and damp, but compared to our "prison ship," we esteem everything is lovely. This afternoon in company with a few comrades we go on an exploring expedition around the town. Great tall fences resembling stockades surround each place. We obtain our drinking water at the Pisk and also do our washing and the Lord and our comrades know we sadly need it. Those pretending to be the most cleanly are accused by some of harboring remitts in their clothing already. Now in this month it seems strange to our Northern eye to see green peas, cabbage, and radishes growing in the gardens; but when we consider that we are in a tropical clime, it is easily seen. But now the "Yankee Boys" have ample opportunities to indulge in gingerbread (denominated here Vermont Spelling Books) and other Yankee medicines.
would sell their birthright for a doughnut and their loyalty would receive a severe test if they were promised on the other side.

Martial Law predominates here, and anyone found guilty of selling liquor to a soldier will have his property confiscated, and every place of business, hotel or public house, must be closed at nine o'clock. If he suffer the consequences.

The men are pretty sociable with the common sense Unionists (that is, us) or Yankees (all those that name in the Union uniform irrespective of nationalities) but the feminine portion of the population despise the peddlers, and the degraded classes delight them abominably and shew their dislike in almost every conceivable style. The poor whites appear to be a very corrodor class, perhaps their extreme poverty compels them thus to act. Some sympathy with us and some with Secession but it is evident to me they are on the side of those who hold the place always. They are most miserably clad, for they have seen hard times, and hunger relentlessly her...
ed at them, since Jeff, was President of this rotten Republic. All notions are represented into marriages of every kind are freely indulged in. And the result, we behold creatures of amalgamation of every shade of complexion and every cast of feature possible. Education is a thing unheard of and very much in the shade, though a smart people in trade. "Book learnin" is mine. The brede language, a dialect of the French, is mostly used. The Negroes can speak both language and they sit lazily on their waves all day while the White and Breeds busy themselves over their brochet and dhurn, a remindin' from the Soldiers. The Catholics are very numerous here, a church in every little village. Visited the cemetry, and saw the tombs built to receive their tenants suitable for this wet Louisiana soil. Raised up from the Earth, of Brick constructed, crosses to see everywhere Catholic emblams and reminding us also of those who died to save Mankind. How true that "Those who tread the Earth are but a hand-full to the myriads who sleep within its bosom."
Saturday Feb 14th 1863
Pleasant to day. Remain in Camp all day

Sunday Feb 15th 1863

Pleasant. Not being able to raise a pass to day to attend church and assist at Mape, we take a stroll to the cemetery. Here among the tombs I notice the last resting place of the Sister of the her, body consigned to the Tomb, her immortal soul with its Lord. The Epitaphs are written in almost as many different languages as there are graves, and the cross is the symbol of Faith which is in the Majority. A White flag waves over the entrance signifying Peace, and also for the Invaders to respect the Dead. As I gazed at the Tomb of the Sister of Charity on which still hung the remnant of the wreath deposited there, "All Saints' Day," I think of the composition of that brilliant genius hark! hark! and the grand tribute he paid to the virtues of his sister and the Society to which she adhered.

She once was a lady of honor and wealth,
"Bright flowed in her features the roses of health,
Her feature was bended with silk and of gold,"
"And her motions shook perfume from every fold
Joy revelled around her, love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride,
And light was her step in the mirth sounding hall,
When she heard of the Sisters of Vincent de Paul.

"She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for the suffering race,
And, heedless of pleasure of comfort of home,
Rose quickly like Mary and answered 'I come.'
She put from her heart the trappings of pride,
And packed from her home with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept on the threshold as onward she moved.
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost over to fashion, to vanity lost,
That Beauty that once was the song and the boast,
No more in the Ball Room her figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretches retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high sounding name,
For the Sisters of Charity, blushes at Fame.
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she ventures for Heaven the glories of Earth."
Those feet which to music could gracefully move
Now hear her alone on her mission of love,
The hands that once handled the perfume and gave
Are tending the helpless or lifted for them.
And that voice that once echoed the song of the muse,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain and woe.
And the hair that was shining with diamonds
Are now wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Yet not to the service of heart or of mind,
The cares of this heaven-minded Virgin confined
Like Him who she loves, to the mansions of grief,
She hastens with the tidings of joy and relief.
She comforts the weary and strengthens the weak.
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick.
When Want and Affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity there is a friend.

Her down-bed a pallet, her crutches the bread,
Her lecture, one paragraph, which serves her to read,
Her sculpture, the bracelet nailed to her bed,
And her painting, one print of the throne-crowned head.
Her cushion the pavement that wearies her knees;
Her music, the psalm in the sign of disease,
"For the delicate lady, lives mortified there, And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

"Unshrinkeing where pestilence scatters its breath, "Like an angel she moves midst the vapors of death. "When rings the loud musket or flashes the sword, "Unfeering she walks, for she follows the Lord. "How kindly she bends on the plaque tainted face, "With looks that are lighted with holiest grace, "And how kindly she dresses each suffering limb; "For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

"Behold her ye worldly! behold her ye vain, "Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain, "Who yield up to pleasure, sinner's and sinner's days, "Forgetful of God, and forgetful of praise. "Be lazy philosophers, ye self-seeking men, "Ye faine ends philanthropists, great at the less. "Yow stands in the balance your eloquence, "With the life and the deeds of that high born maid. "Return to camp, and it is raining very hard.

Monday Feb 16th 1863
Pleasant, but it rained very hard last night.
for it descended in good perpendicular style, and wet our sides of tents right thing, great chance now for genuine and talent to display itself now, in continuing to keep out of the water, for we are now encamped in a lake. Some call it fun, I consider pretty damp sport.

In our tent we are visited by what Yankees call a "Bull Frog," he being in his element, we were visited by other amphibious animals, and we were just thinking that we must soon become of that nature ourselves. Great question in raising our tents, digging trenches and drain to carry off the water, profiting by our experience of last night.

Tuesday, Feb 17th, 1863

Very pleasant; about ten A.M. the rain came down grandly till tappas, and we retire in the water to wake up drowned or fit subjects for a hospital.

Wednesday, Feb 18th, 1863

Ash-Wednesday and very pleasant. Regulation for this diocese are obtain all you can eat, eat when you have it, and anything you can get, and not abstain from any food only.
when you have nothing to eat. Very good regulations and I hope ardently that the Quartermaster will see that we do not have to fast. In company with a squad I attended Mass today. I was delighted everything was Catholic in the extreme, how consoling to cast ourselves down before God's holy altar and worship Him. Here the same ceremonies are carried on as at home, and the whole world over, the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic. The Sisters of Charity with their little school seemed grand, and yet more patterns of humility and devotion. The congregation composed of all colors, bowed down before the shrine of their creator. The name of the church is St. Aloysius, and a separate Altar is erected to the Saint. On a smaller Altar at the left of the Main Altar is the Virgin, a statue of the Blessed Mother crowned with Oranges. Above rests upon a pedestal. Before the Virgin's Shrine are women of all conditions upon their bended knees reciting their beads. There are very few all absent in the Confederate States except a very few, War has left its mark already upon this place, the places all wear a forlorn
and neglected appearance. Nature has com-
pleted her part here but Art is sadly neg-
digent. The levee is attended to by the fast,
thus kept in repair. The water is very high,
when we are miles back from the River we can
see the paddles of the steamers dashing up
the water, the water is now fifteen feet above
the streets of Carrollton.

Thursday Feb 19th 1863

Pleasant day, drizzling to day with much
Pleasant night full moon, and still seemed fit
joined to day by Leo. J. of our Regt, now we
are all safe and (in) sound encamped on
the muddy soil of Lousy = Alma.

Friday Feb 20th 1863

Pleasant. Visited lcaimp of the Thirty-
First Maj. They have just returned from
an expedition on the Lake Ponchartrain
but their speedy return was caused by
an accumulation of driftwood at the mouth
of a Bayou, they wished to cut. Their
generals design was thus frustrated by the
wily rebels and the return of the force was
viewed by the "Johnny's" as almost a defeat.

Feb 21st Rainimg hard all day. Very agreeable.
Sunday Feb 22nd 1863

Pleasant. Washington's Birthday was saluted to day by all the Artillery in the City. Salutes at sunrise, noon and sunset. Now I am forced to acknowledge that I am driven to Hospital by the Surgeon's orders, but depend upon it I will not stay here long, I will leave here soon if I have to be carried in a Boy. But then let me tell you the Hospital is a great Institution. There is the Surgeon and Assistants the Steward and Ward Stewards, the Nurses and last but not least the Patients. There are now Fifty Patients in this Regimental Hospital. Now all laboring under as many different forms of disease and complaints. At ten A.M. the Surgeon makes the Morning Visit, accompanied by the Steward who notes what he says regarding the Subject, concerning his fears; treatment and diet, and in a well regulated Hospital these commands are strictly adhered to. At this time those wishing to return to Duty can apply, if the S. see fit so to do they are allowed to return to their Comrades, if a Hospital is vacated by a man without orders from the S. he is considered a Desertor even
if he has reported for duty to his company.

But there are some called "Sharks" or "Hospital Bums", who prefer to lounge and "play off", and

a doctor's boy to returning to duty, and thus avoid

a little work which would give them health.

A prevailing disease here is homesickness.

I can firmly assert that there are numerous

deaths from that cause, the three years ago

tell us it is very common for quinine

months to make "three months pinks", their jealousy of our short

tem completely blinds their judgment.

I have seen three years men die from the

disease cause. And thus some of the brave

exemptions at home will say why what have

you fellows done, you have had a nice ex-

ception. If they as far as we have you

only yet, and I do as far as I wish they

could only see our accommodations for 4-

caravans, when at night a strong man be-
down in the morning unable to rise he is

carried to the Hospital in a week or less

hear the muffled drums beating his funeral

On the Shell Road here in Carrollton from early
dawn till dark night, the drums are continu
really beating and no matter at whatever time of day you look in that direction you will observe a procession escorting a body to the grave. Baggage wagons with from one to six coffins at a time going escorted to the Potter's Field, from the General Hospital and every other, dead bodies are being incessantly borne to the cemetery. Cheery prospect for an executioner. Brave exempt! allow me to invite you to share these honors, and let me see what you will say. I am not home sick, for most certainly were I, I might call my days numbered, and thank God, I do not despair at my lot, but contented till my term of service expires, if I live so long will I remain true to that dear old flag we love so well. And I would not exchange places to day for when a record will be made of the achievements of the Union Patriots, their names will be inscribed in letters of everlasting remembrance on the bright page of this history of this bloody civil war. What would a young lady say of proper spirit to an exempt "were you ever in the service?" Well, not exactly. "Well," make your debut in a blue uniform as soon as possible.
able" and then you are the Boy for me. But as I have run on, I would notice advice or discourage a man to enter the Army. In the first place I would be guilty of murder as in the second I would be disloyal. But then my dear civilian friends, don't attempt to ridicule a brave man who has seen service and manfully, conscientiously, and honestly done his part and duty in the great and good cause. But for who "agonized" it, it is not for citizens to overhurl and judge, for who knows what they would have done worthy in like circumstances. It is not fair to run-down all the fine moups troops on account of a few shirkers. The other day on the levee in conversation with a fellow (no man) he commenced damning the nine months men; I heard him awhile and then I quietly enquired, where his Regt. was. He replied they were at Donaldsonville, and he was left here in Hospital, I asked him how long he was in H. His answer was about six months. Up to this time he imagined he was in conversation with a three years troop. But I soon convinced him by some very striking remarks, that he was mistaken, and explaining...
you are a pretty Bird anyhow to talk to any kind of a Man," six months from your Regt, you breaking eggs, and by a frugiletic demonstration tipped him up on the floor, and let him what one lone month man could do. I returned highly elated with my victory to be congratulated by my comrades, in the signal defeat I have given a loafer hound of a Shish. Shew would it be fair for me to disgrace all the Three Years men, and compare them all to this deceitful knave. But I forgot I am in the Hospital and the Doctor won't let me go to camp. I want for go home," a saying which the Three Years men have invented on us but I imagine, the "Boot is slightly on the other leg."

Monday Feb 23rd 1863

Pretty pleasant to day but rather hot. Visited a splendid garden to day; inhaled the delightful odor emanating from the Orange Blossom, listened with delight to the trilling notes of the Mocking Bird. Flocks of Blue Jays are now preparing to wing their flight northward. Saw the Baraacca growing. Have been promised by the Surgeon leave to leave Hospital tomorrow; and I hope I never will be forced to enter such a vermin overrun Adam again. Bet an exempt imagie only the busy vermin atop look before his tender hide, burrowing into his cuticle.
Tuesday Feb 24th 1863

Pleasant, went to church, and by lying to the Surgeon about the state of my system allowed to return to camp. New mosquitoes at camp.

Every tent has a servant in the shape of a "darkey." Even the abolitionists employ them to get all the work out of them they can and then kick them out. One tent employs one, he polishes boots & shoes, sews the lyms, carries water, and takes on clothes off to wash and does about half of them. His grum (as his rations are called) depend upon what his employer can draw; if the supply is plentiful the servant (Isaac, Julius, etc.) eats very well, but if on the contrary the rations are scanty he has to depend on their generosity for his share, and then he is generally dismissed without one single iota of pecuniary remuneration. The Negroes are like all people, some crafty, some bright, some dull and stupid, some mischievous and smart, some very simple, and the majority thieves and liars. A mile drive past the other day with his team, one of us tried
the two oceans could at once be established, while the Atlantic section might be completed at the leisure or convenience of the Company. To this end two steamboats of very light draught were dispatched to Chagres for the navigation of the river. It was soon ascertained, however, that it was impossible to make use of these boats, drawing only from fourteen to eighteen inches of water, and that even the native bongos and canoes were capable of the service only by great labor and exposure. In addition to this, the rush of California travel, which was then directed through this river as far as Gorgona, had so raised the hire of the native boat.
an experiment. Taking a hatchet he threw it into the dust in the street. The Darkey passed our friend ran out pecked up the hatchet hailed the Negro and enquired if he dropped it. The Darkey dismounted and very seriously looked into his face, and then turning with a smile he approached our friend, prejudice in thanks and in something of this strain, "O! golly mass I'm so glad you tol' me, now onley fu' you Boss I'd lose dat wouldn't I." Are you sure it yours," gravely questioned our friend, "Dartin ansa Boss, dat's my eye." You lying black scoundrel, take that!" if he recieved the blow charly aimed at him he would in all probability have been "dead meat," but artfully dodging it his machine of locomotion soon carried him from the spot. Some of the negroes imagine that if they could only get north they could live without working. Others who have not listen ed to "Yankee yarns seem perfectly contented to remain with "Masse or Missis," as they assert "It would be too bad to rime away now after they brought me up, and never so de meanin. Those roamin' idle about beggin' a livin', tell
stones to suit Northern taste, how many times they were whipped, how many times they were sold, cruel masters, and in fact every fest to plague a poor bondsman. Some of the stories I do not tell doubt as these are always exceptions in the case. Some tell of very kind treatment schools are now instituted where things and old ideas (if there is an idea) is taught how to shoot. And Regts are being formed now the "Corps d'Afrique," in which the able-bodied are taught how to shoot the guns if the Rebs can only get them within your shot. But my opinion is that the intellect of a darkey is very tardy in manifesting itself, but kept in continual ignorance perhaps it's quite natural, and no doubt each succeeding generation will see the darkey lower than he now is or vastly more advanced. But when the poor homes of the North want some "regular branders," just send and have forwarded an installment of southern darkeys when you may believe me they can do the heavy standing around. But in the town to visit with comrades he thinks that the girls and ladies are not be compared to...
DIES GAME
THE Tichborne claimant
From Newgate Jail he add
To the editor of the Looke
Which he declares himself a vic
Against Right," and asserts his
Fighting out his claim.

"Crucely persecuted," he is
British public to assist him in
His defense, and, in his own
doing so, appeals to every British
Inspired by a love of justice and
Who is willing to defend the weak
strong."

He proposes that subscription
On his case shall be sent to his
Ho names, "in trust for the defending,
Only, that such sums
Concatrated by the solicitors un
rupty. The stubborn pluck of an
Man, under the meout
Difficulties impeding over his
Remarkable.

But it is more than doubtful
Last appeal from his prison will at
Seal ears, or open the pockets of
Sustain a cause now deemed deep.

The public sentiment, which is
favorable to him, and allowed
Large sums of money on bonds,
About London for a shilling, as
Appet against him of late, even being
Collapse of his case.

But in the strange narratives
Persomations which give a remot
The dry records of Jurisprudence.
And his suit must ever figure as
Most extraordinary, when its et
Collaterals are taken into con
We may, however, now consider
The case, and this cry from New
ably the last echo of it which will
This side of the Atlantic.

There are many persons on
Who will have substantial reasons
Bearing the affair to their cost, for
Of the litigation have been enormi

There is a magazine printed
Named Belgrave. Its title would
Its Habib is the aristocratic due
Name, and that its readers
Reasonably intelligent community
Be so; but its contributors, con
They under taketo write about Am
ish the fact that Dogberry
Somebody should perfo
the Northern ladies in point of Beauty, Bearing, or Appearance. But I suspect this boy is partial to the girls at home, having no doubt left his heart there for safe keeping. He declares however that, "You may talk as you please, of the gay Sotigueese; "But where you roam, where you roam; "You nothing will meet, half so lovely and sweet; As the girls at home, the girls at home."

"Harrying back to camp the Band are playing the "Girl I Left Behind me."

Wednesday Feb 25th 1863

Pleasant & cool. A mail arrived in camp today. One letter for Col. D. Various are the opinions expressed concerning the why and wherefore that we do not receive more letters from home. "We are all forgotten;"

"I'll write again," I guess my folks are all dead, while others more deliberate conjecture, that our mail went down in that ill-fated steamer that was lately lost on its passage hither. To night we had quite an entertainment, a few contrabands, mainly some of our employes, had a hoisting horedown dance. We coaxed in some of the fine young portion of the darkies, and then I tell you it was amusing to see the antics cut up by those light-hearted people for the Ladies of the Nigger are pretty forward.
and they can dance "Juba" any day without music; only having some one to pull or break time from them. The Band of 10 Night consists of Banjo & Bones, in the moonlight the dance was held in the green around.

Thursday Feb 26th 1863

Very pleasant. To day we were 'mustered' to be paid off, as the Paymaster is daily expected here. Arrived to day from Alexandria, about two hundred paroled prisoners, who have been imprisoned in Texas for almost two years, since first the Rebellion broke out. They belong to the Eighth Regular Infantry, U.S., and were at the commencement of the War, under the treaty with Mexico. The made a treaty with them, agreeing to allow them to leave Texas, but to go in 50's, the consequence was that thus distributed up into small bodies they were subsequently captured and brought back to prison. They tell us pretty hard stories and their appearance confirms what they relate. They marched through the country to all

fro and compelled to sleep upon the prairie without shelter, and their food consisted of corn bread in its most rough state. They give the followin


receipt for making 

6 pounds corn meal

Mix

salt

baked crust

oven

wood

saw

sift it

through a ladder

meanwhile

the flour

as often

as possible

and then it is ready for the cook.

Great efforts were made to join the Rebel army

and every inducement offered in vain attempt to

compel them to enlist. Great Bounties advertised

and every possible means used to cox them, an Officer's

 berth guaranteed each one, for they are soldiers by

profession and such perfect models of warriors

that seemed from useful for instruction and

drill would they render themselves to the

raw recruits. Some in fact did "care in", through

hunger, and all they could not at all and they

were examples made to their local steadfast Brethren

by being placed in high responsible positions

and some were actually guarding as officers they

were the men their former comrades and they were the mod

erald invariably and extended the least leniency

toward their unfortunate suffering Brethren. But

the Rebels became tired, and deserted, and often

twenty-two months of almost fruitless endeavors to con

vict these staunch adherents to the national government

to the Rebel cause, they at least were pardoned and
forwarded to the Union lines. Their tattered threads of clothes were totally insufficient to protect them from the elements, and many of them labor from that common complaint the fever and ague or more familiarly "the shakes." But it is surprising to intrench with what patriotism, firmness, and what musing devotion and patriotism they still adhere to their dear old flag. They predict ruin to the Southern Confederacy as sure as death, when the advancing thousands of the North descend upon the traitorous hordes of the misguided South. Plenty of the men have perished while in prison, but they all resist immediately the entrance of the lines; they will fight unto death, rather than surrender to the dastardly foes unparalleled in cruelty. Rather than endure the bitter trials they have just left behind they would be shot! Several during their captivity for attempting to escape labored for months under Ball & Chain. But they now expect to avenge themselves on the "Sevan Boors," and have sweet revenge on the minions of that patch of Confederacy under which they suffered. The
I soon considered it an abominable shame that the Blockade prevented the importation of strong rope, as the men and women both laid it in that it was tedious to have Yankee with it. Ignorant and unprincipled as these eastern Yankee shareholders and their dupes profess to be, they declare they would 'fight a Yankee as a Bear. But perhaps the Reader imagines I was "stuffed" or am stuffing it they conclude so they can draw inferences from what they have heard since, and then see if what I have stated proves true.

Friday Feb 27th 1863

Whenever we have a good Storm, it is my luck to be on guard, as is the base today. So I have ample opportunity to practice bathing, wading, and swimming for the next twenty-four hours.

Saturday Feb 28th 1863

Misty and I wash all day. Stay at home and sympathetic with comrades on this cheerful prospect and laugh at one mislay many a heavy
Sunday, March 1st 1863

"Call him not old whose visionary brain
Held in the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the various seasons roll,
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.

"De mane the only throbbing heart that lies
The silent spring that feeds its whispering tide
Speak from thy cavern, mystery ascending earth
Tell the half forgotten story of thy birth.

"Search us to live, not quipping every breath
So the chill winds that waft us on to death
But ruling calmly every pulse it name,
And tempering gently every word it forms.

"On yonder sign where Aries lies,—
Whose rude home seem to cleave the blast
Of winter winds and freezing skies,—
Spring smiles at last.
and pleasant, at home now is quiet
and they expect that,
Yet soon will lovely Spring return,
With milder skies and gentler gales;
No longer will the snow man
The tender heritage of the vale.
But how warm, pleasant and unpleasant it
manages to re-see. At Dress Parade each day
we close “en-masse” and listen for a few moments
to the exhortations of our (drunken) Chaplain.
In May that wisdom may he granted them in their
commands from the President to the eight-bobs
and strict obedience by all subordinates to superiors
and especially the majors. But two passes a
day are granted but one Capt. insisted that
his men all have a pass to go to church.
we expected we would have to remain and hear
the Chaplain. But this is quite a privilege
in a Maja Regt. where all are generally so
neglected, for a party of foreigners and some officers
to be granted passes in a squad to go and
attend a Catholic Church. But it being the
custom of this free land, the Capt. says
no man will be restricted from attending Divine Worship.
It is in his power to let them go.
Monday March 2nd 1863

Pleasant. A Mail arrived to day, a very few receive letters.

Tuesday March 3rd 1863

Pleasant. To night I was the witness of a very impressive and solemn spectacle. The burial by moonlight and the aid of lanterns of a brave fellow of Co. F. He has two Brothers in the Regt. and what a mournful duty was theirs to follow the remains of their brother to the grave. But he was soon left — alone in his glory.

Wednesday March 4th 1863

Pleasant. Just two years since honest Abe took his seat at Washington, and exactly two years since that old hypochondriac, James Buchanan took his infirmary departure. Just two years since that hungry set of Black Republicans were let loose upon the country and just two years since that thieving gang of Southern Democrats, with all the Arms and silver spoons they could lay their hands upon, skedaddled from the District of Columbia. Just two years since the Doge of War was
let loose upon this unhappy Nation, and in just
two years perhaps more Abe will be taking his depart-
me from the White House, his story telling he can and can
tell his jokes at Springfield. And perhaps it will be
more than twice two years, before the war is finished
and many a two years will elapse before our bounty
will be remunerated the same as of yore. Perhaps in
two years more, with nummery battle-fields covered
with mangled corpses and bones of the slain
these mangled contests of the North and South, with widows
and orphans weeping in all parts of the land will be ready
to settle on peace, and the survivors enjoy the same.
But now we have marching orders and must hold
ourselves in readiness at a moment's warning.

Thursday March 5th 1863

Pleasant. Very warm days, but the heavy
dews at night render it very cold and chilly.
We are all packed up for a march.

Friday March 6th 1863

Pleasant. Everything ready, three days cooked
rations in our karesacks. Rain is very hard,
at ammet we strike tents and amid a drenching
rain we stow luggage and aboard the Steam
"Hill", steamer which is to convey us up the
Rivers to Baton Rouge. Great confusion and
and only twelve inches deep, none of baggage
wagons, shouting, screaming and cursing drivers,
hostility and kicking mules, laughing.
Soldiers, growing saucy deck-hands, importing
contrabands and efficient servants (we have to aban-
don ours), all contributing to render the scene
a regular Babel. Away we row ourselves on the
decks and sleep soundly for we have just
found out that campaigners can sleep if they
only have their nose and mouth out of water.

I had considerable work in guiding a more
kind comrade from camp down to the Boat.
I sweated so hard, I was completely immersed
in perspiration and I expect I'll have the

Saturday March 7th 1863

Pleasing and warm. Considerable fun to
day helping ourselves in every shape to liquors
at the bars convenient to the

These were mostly the Soldier's
eyes to take from under the Bartender's
all the liquor it contained.
But all things earthly must have an end, about twelve we cast off and start up the River. The plantations present about the same appearance as below the city. Jefferson College is passed, and the Brick Church, the first Church built in La., by the early French Settlers, about twenty miles. About Carrollton called "Red Church," we pass "Bourreet-barre" (pron. Bomy-barr) and our informant, an intelligent contraband tells us hard tales of slavery but the abolitionists tell harder ones and that will suit Northern ears. About dusk we pass camp "St. Luke," and night over. The sights, we sleep.

Sunday March 8th, 1863

Very pleasant on awakening we find our boat fast to the levee at Baton Rouge, the capital of La., here we saw the first hills on the River or highlands. The large Leaf and Indian Asylum is directly before us and farther up in the city is the ruined burned State House. About eight o'clock I am greeted by my brother Geo., I tell you I am delighted, and no doubt he is as glad to meet me, not having seen each other for fourteen months and now we
most thousands of miles away from home, and with pleasure thus to see the absent ones, and to visit us is just about as good as a prolonging home. About noon, we go ashore, and encamp about two miles south of the State House in the centre of a large sugar plantation, an excellent situation for a camp. The general of the Brigade takes possession of the Mansion, the men encamp in their tents, the hospital take the village of chantics, the commissary and contrabands take the sugar house. It is a sight to see here the gangs of contrabands driven oft to work in the morning to work in repairing the levee below here, and their return at dark. But we have a better place to live than in beds of mud at Carrollton. We are careful nevertheless to keep our mouths shut for we might perhaps take a heavy meal of lizards or mosquitoes, for we have discovered that every imaginable reptile that crawls the earth, and every insect that flies the air, are to be found in Louisiana. And we are as apt to take the "Shakes" as any other evil which we have not the least inclination to have.
A Southern journal says of the cotton crop for this season: "The money paid for it in its raw state will not fall short of $330,000,000. Of this sum about $35,000,000 will have gone to speculators and first purchasers, leaving $295,000,000 to the producers. Alabama's share is nearly $35,000,000, estimating her crop at 400,000 bales."

The Montgomery (Ala.) State Journal estimates the present indebtedness of that State at $17,000,000, or $17 for every man, woman, and child within the State. The Journal adds that the amount or each voter to pay is $85, and that in order to pay off the debt during the present generation, a tax of $4 a year must be collected from every voter for the next twenty years, leaving the interest still unpaid.

Captain Williams, of the Steamship Atlantic, has been found so far culpable that his certificate is suspended for two years by the Government Commission at Halifax. They also find that the supply of coal was short.

The Grand Jury, instead of finding indictment against the attorney at law, left the case hung.

Mr. Bouicault's admirable Drama, "Daddy O'Dowd," has given way at Booth's Theatre to "Arrah Na Pogue," another highly popular play of that distinguished author and actor.

Mr. J. M. Bellew, the English elocutionist, returns home on the 17th of May, intending to come again to this country next season. He has been guaranteed not less than £6,000 for 100 readings.

The Philharmonic gave a grand concert, under the direction of Carl Bergmann, at the Academy of music, on last Saturday evening. Wieniawski was one of the performers, and Rubinstein conducted the "Ocean Symphony."

Miss Cassely lately gave a dramatic reading, interspersed with songs and instrumental music, at Steinway Hall. Miss Tennie Lasar, Signor Gulli, Mr. J. R. Thomas and Mr. W. Macdonald were among the artists present upon the occasion.

At the Grand Opera, in Paris, recently, Mlle. Hisson was playing Leonora, in "Il Trovatore," when she was suddenly taken ill, bursting into tears and exclaiming, "My voice fails me—I cannot sing—pardon me!" She could not go on, and the curtain fell.

Sothern is in his eleventh week of "David Garrick and Lord Dundreary at Wallack's. Miss Charlotte Cushman, Miss Bateman, Miss Neilson, Mr. Jefferson and the Florences are on the cards for the next season at Booth's. The Vokes Family are still at Niblo's. Mr. Dominick Murray, the Irish comedian, is at Wood's Museum. Miss Agnes Ethel appears nightly in "Trouvouse."
Monday March 9th 1863

Ehrenst. When three days rations are eked we must start on a campaign. We are under marching orders this minute, now is the opportunity to discover who are the men and who are the shirkers. We retire momentarily expecting to hear the long roll to night. Mr. Land makes a speech and appeals we will do our duty. Parade dismissed we return to quarters, which by the way are like our pockets. No quarters at all. The rain comes down grandly, and amids the heaviest showers we draw our rations, consisting of eight ten biscuits (hard-tack) and a small piece of salt hore.

Now those on the Sick List are sent to the Surgeon to see if they upon examination are able to march. Some have to march with the Regt. for it is ascertained they are "playing off." Others are to remain for they are really and indeed sick. Others desiring means of pearing the name of coward will not enter their names upon the Sick List, but still confident that upon application they might be excused and in reality more sick than those permitted to stay. But the noble fellows express adoration and declare all such transactions, and the laugh upon the shirkers who applied in vain to remain, fully.
compensates them for the ill health. Those suspected of shirking have to take it head. But one thing I notice, the Irish and the Irish-American keep up their noted reputation for bravery and noble deeds, and thinks are as yet unknown among them.

Tuesday March 10th 1863

Shorkey, Practice target shooting today and some pretty wide shots are made, not much executed done on our imaginary foe. We are now equipped in light marching order namely, (I have taken the trouble to weigh them)

- 7 lbs Blanket
- 2 lbs Rubbren
- 6 lbs Sheltal Tarp
- 4 lbs, Green coat
- 60 Rounds Ball Cartridge
- 5 lbs canteen

Heaviness, I will not complain of the weight of that, for the Quartermaster seems to think that he ought to keep that light but I think it is quite sufficiently light for all practicable purposes. But we are all ready now to move.

Wednesday March 11th 1863

Pleasant I ascertained to-day the fact that we are in the Fifth Brigade, under Retiring Brig. Genl. Ingraham. Third Division, under Major Genl. Emory Nineteenth Army Corps, under Majorg Genl. Banks.
Thursday Mar. 12th 1863

Pleasant. Sacked up to day and started to the grand Review of the Army. Right of the Gulf. This army is all comprised in One Corps the largest in the American Army. I never saw such a splendid show before, Beach Office in his place, and such a host of men, Batteries of Artillery, Battalions and Squadrons of Cavalry, the Signal Corps, and an almost immortal host of Infantry. Long lines of M. S. boys and it is plain, the genl. surrounded by their Staffs, the colors gently flying, clarions, horns and the martial music of the Band, head to the chief, as the commanding genl. approaches, the braying of horses, clashing of sabers, neighing of horses, rattling of thinkets of the pieces and caisson, impressed with an idea of the gorgeous Spectacles the shows paraphernalia of fortunies War. Then passing in review as he leave the field, under the shade of the national ensign floating over the lighted head. Fired; thirsty and hungry the train we arrive back at camp and we ready for Supper. The review
took place upon a plain in the rear of Baton Rouge, and on the road back of the Penetratey.

Friday, March 13th, 1863

Brigade drill, and pleasant weather. This day I witnessed and endeavored to participate in some new movements. After a good amount of sweat, extended and the girl screaming at the stupidity of his superintendents, and they in turn exclaiming at the men, we return to camp and you cannot imagine that by the appearance that we have just returned from some campaign in which a great deal of fatigue had been endured and great results achieved. But now to night we start in earnest and about twelve, midnight, we meet near the enemy's picket line at Whits Bayou on first Position in Sheltor Fords. A very heavy

snow. Before leaving camp on guns and loaded and we stand ready for an emergency.

Saturday, March 14th, 1863

In line at three A.M., and take up the line of march at daylight. The Enemy which consist of Cavalry, keep falling back all.
WRECKED!

THE ROSCILLAS OF MISTREE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE SEARCH RESUMED.

ORION's absence from the chateau during the first part of the fire was easily accounted for. After the chateau, the apartment where the body of his mother was lying, nothing had yet been heard of the notary or party. Driven by his stormy thoughts to seek Dorian had wandered away from the park of the chateau in order to see the greatเล่า(287,692),(364,734)(287,696),(356,741) of the act of a moment at which he appeared, and not rescued the unfortunate Orion without to himself, or without meeting severe injuries. Despite the efforts of those using the engine, the black sheet of flame had more than once swept the young man as he mounted the ladder, and, especially on the second story, it was not a little, and when the smoke of the still increasing crowd greeted him to terra firma, bearing the young girl and the in his arms, the sudden burst of joy and himself away into a low murmur as they led the extraordinary change that had taken in the face of the earth. His hand had been burnt, though blackened partially by the passage flames across it, paled as that of a corpse. Seeing the ground, he glanced round the eyes at the faces of the people, and the one he sought was not among them. There had vanished. The painful face of the young man's mother had been laid in grass, and it was necessary to account to the patients the terraces for the terraces of the Madame Louise, who was in the house and whose son, the rescued child; but the domestic of the man, who had heard the extraordinary words of the young man, whispering and gesticulating and glancing curiously, was not of the young man.

Rosetta locked herself into the room with her window, must still call Ophelia, directing the physician to leave as soon as he had seen and pronounced on the state of the young woman. Rosetta's reason for coming to the young woman was this: if she was indeed, the unfortunate lady was now in a supine, crouched, it was evident that the unfortunate lady had hurried Mrs. Bellerose to her grave must be in a manner connected with her appearance here under the care of the wretched who now prove beyond the Tregar and her grand- son. It would therefore be useless to lead Rosetta so considered it, that Lord Roscilla must be the first admitted to her. She had heard from Madame Louise, the Bouchon, on her first arrival at Soulanges, that the opinion of the physician was probably by the dormant mind of Ophelia into activity, what might her first words be on restoration to life? It was indeed a proper plan that no band of tongue or curious eye be present to witness her return to and sister arrive, for whom I have telegraphed. You will then do as you see fit.

Astonished beyond the power of speech, Rosetta stood dumb, while he looked down into the face on the pillow. Suddenly the deep, unfathomable love, with the calm gaze of a fully awakening understanding of Dorian, wiring his hand in mute farewell to Rosetta, turned and hurried from the apartment.

The next moment the sound of some one galloping made her start from the chateau brought her to the window in time to catch a last glimpse of a horse dashed beneath the branches of the trees.

CHAPTER XL.—THE CONFESSION OF THERESE.

We must now return to the earlier part of the morning; and, in order to throw a light on some points related in the foregoing chapter, accompany Lord Roscilla and the notary during their search for Fram and Dame Tregar.

When it became apparent that they were not in the immediate neighborhood of the chateau, the notary led the way to the manor of Vantage, and ruthlessly roamed that vast manor from a very profound slumber in the bosom of his family.

In a man whose conscience was as clear as crystal, the vine-grower displayed considerable impatience, when the sabres and spurs of the gens-d'armes cast their eyes upon the atmosphere. Of course he swore, with round oaths, that he knew the place, but all was in vain, the possible, of the lurking-place of Therese and her associates. The notary had whispered one reply in his ear, with the hiss of a serpent and the eyes of a vulture.

"If you do not immediately guide me to the spot, I shall give you in charge of these men, in order to have you conveyed before the Magistrate of Chateaux on a charge of aiding in the murder of my brother. The orders are as follows: life, my friend."

Monsieur Vantage, the notary of the sabres of the gens-d'armes, and admitted to himself the impossibility of escape from their clutches. Alarmed by the noise, the good Madame Vantage was chagrined, and, in order to ascertain its origin, and, while her husband was at course to pursue, Vantage relieved his mind by shaking his fist up at her.

Vantage returned there, I will stop this croaking by wrenching from thy throat, old toad;" he roared; and, feeling now the remembrance that, in truth, he could vent his wrath on his spouse and the seven little Christians who were crying and wailing with terror at the terrible spectacle, he was more capable than the notary, who had motioned to the group of men to draw aside, and said, growing louder.

"Well, I'm aged, if I must, I must. But I would promise you that I'll let me alone about that old score. If I show you where I think she is."

Vantage eyed the notary, the eyes of the gens-d'armes, and, in a tone of sulky exposition, remarked: "Come, it's too hard to drag a man, fatigued with a long march, from his rest. I'll tell you where Therese is concealed, and you can seek her without me."

In truth, the traitor had all the terror in life of meeting his betrayed accomplice, and would admit that his mind had indeed resisted.

The men had been working near there they had dismantled the Thorsen stones; but when they might see to what extent she had moved. While Vantage ardently concealed the other from those creeping round the creature, Dorian, sick at the horrid spectacle before him, was turning away, when he found that the door opened and glared fixedly at the notary, who, when he regarded her with mingled horror and surprise, having herself a galvanic effort in torrents from her lips, fixed an eye upon her and without noticing the notary's consternation with a surging mingled emotions, she motioned Lord Roscilla that she had returned to "If Fram had yet to be found, and app. Dorian knelt by her side.

"How long have I to live?" she sputtered. glittering from the blood in her throat. Her voice was a stifled, and glared at the notary, who, with a terrified glance and expression, pointed the moral to her so that his fiery eyes glared into her should say, thirty minutes. Madame Le Brun, the murderer of Oh, for the love of God, I have waited for this as this! Do you remember that man, like a dog, when in discharge of his duty to arrest your ruffian husband? He would not track you to your lair, from which you might rob and destroy; but to-night you belong to me!"

It was evident that, as he had said, the old man, not long to live, but clutch of Death had been given to the hand of the King of Terror. At the notary with a glaring smile.

"Oh, no, sir;" she said, for those thirty hours that you are to have your reach. It was Vantage who would have held back his hand. It is not you my hand has instinct, and the Earl of Roscilla open the notary was not apace with the breath. But speechless, leaned over the dying wall second he turned to the notary, and, desire to be alone with Dame Tregar. Though convinced was the true statement of the man; and Lord Roscilla and Dorian.

What passed between these two, no one actively knew, for, when the gens-d'armes brought the body, which they had also discovered, the giant, the dead woman were glancing up at the bright yellow, black, expressionless eyes that glittered on her side. The terrible confession, which is like a flame across the soul of Dorian, it is the hideous fact that his mother had carried out a dastardly crime, ran.

Unable to entertain the thought of the passing of any other than her own heart rose, and Dorothea visited Dame Tregar on her death, in order to pay her last respects, or her heart.}
deeming it prudent as yet to maintain an encampment during a half-gale. Banks rode through the lines with head uncovered and horse galloping to the front, he was loudly cheered as he progressed through this throng of men. We marched all day under a very hot sun, water is taken from the muddles on the road that some officer has just run his hose through to cool his feet, but often the men are glad to drink it, and the stagnant pools the green dunn is pushed aside by the bottom of the ship, and as near the bottom of the pool as possible the water is taken and eagerly drank by the thirsty volunteers. If you but "just drop out" to fill your canteen at a tank and what exhausting work it is to again "catch up." Along the line of march every thing is to be found which has in the intense heat of the day been abandoned and thrown away by the failing and exhausted men. And all this time we have been on level ground, occasionally passing in woods not up and down some steep ravines, but the place for ambush and masked batteries, but I manage to keep up all day, and at evening as we "dump our troops" we are allow
to forage for our food. Our encampment is on a small insignificant stream a branch of White Bayou. The first fresh flesh I tasted since we left New York is a piece of a goat, but we soon abandon that in geese and turkeys, chickens innumerable, sweet potatoes, new milk, fresh beef, mutton, and pork. Plenty to eat, plenty to drink. Plenty of fun, and the officers are just beginning to mind their own business and give the men private chances to live. Could anything be more agreeable and if those bodies of Rebels who kid us such a dust occasionally off they about a mile as they move about we might imagine if they were only out of the way we could realize that we had arrived in a paradise for the plunaming Indians, and out of the reach of woman's tongues. Not being allowed fires after dark we gorge ourselves on first class "grub" and retire to our couches, mine consists of a heap of holly bushes under blanket spread over them, Shelter tent between us and God's blue firmament, and within this piece of cotton to keep the saturated...
dear of this malacious swamp and busy mosquitoes of this howling wilderness from us, we fall asleep and never did innocent child now contented honest Samael, sleep as soundly than we, never pricked with the thorns of the holly or yet on conscious tickelled by the thorns of remorse.

Sunday March 15th 1863

Awakened this morning by a deafening report, which actually shakes the ground under us. What can it be? experienced hands wait for the shell to explode or the shot to descend which this noise heralds has been sent to us. But they do not come. I have since ascertained that it is the noble Steam Frigate Mississippi, gone down in the River, failing to pass the Battery at Fort Anderson she was disabled and riddled with shot. Some of her crew managed to escape and the explosion of the magazine is the noise which awakened us from our Sunday morning nap. Noble ship, engaged in a noble cause, and falling in a noble purpose her name will be forever cherished by our country's history, and shall live in memory a bright page as bright and
Vivid are those more successful of the confederate crossing the formidable Rebel batteries. May Heaven be the lot of those who fell, and may earth's kindly blessings descend on the survivors of the brave and noble crew. And how nobly expired the good old Ship, her broadside guns were loaded and as she was abandoned she swung around in the current and drifting, down with those Assange guns now directed at the Batteries of the firing ship, as the fire came from the conflagration she discharged them one by one into the teeth of the Rebels, and in her expiring agonies, done execution to her destroyers. When her magazine was reached she was blown to atoms and all that remained of that noble ship which did not drift down to the Ocean, found its last resting place in the Bottom of the River from which it derived its name. We are fifteen miles from the River and the report of the explosion was pretty loud, indeed we heard it as plain as a field-piece discharged in our immediate vicinity. After remaining under arms about two hours, we finally break ranks and many a rebel picket is brought in, thus showing us
proximity to the "Johnny's. And many a defenseless "Boy in Blue" was taken by the "Rebel", those in their foraging expeditions returning too near the Rebel lines. But I was amused to see the actions of two guerilla Scouts who claimed to belong to the Fourth Texas cavalry B.S.A. Their ponies (mustangs) which they bestrode would when urged to go lie down. Down goes the pony, the man (previously being dispossessed of his arms) stands up, pony rises still but at a walk from his master up he jumps and starts full gallop for the thicket. Rebb asks permission to chase and catch him; but no answer being vouchsafed, a cavalryman is grinning at him very wickedly with one eye from behind a carbine; another cavalryman chases pony bringing him back, rides him as an experiment. Rebb to mount and "be sure and make him proceed this time." This time the pony does go and he receives no more peculiar touches of the spur to fell him to the ground, and no more looks for him to "rip and shreddedle". But what recklessly plunder is carried on, which we would not deem in civilized life capable of being performed by men once living in an enlightened community. For defenseless women and children, their houses ransacked by themselves...
and demoralized soldiers. It is enough to make a Southerner fight for his home, and everything he holds dear, to see this sacrified to the tender mercies of an ignorant, reckless, vandal. The way the Army acts is a disgrace to the country. Being one of the participants, I am not obliged to condemn them wholly, for we must live on something; and there is in this world no such master dictator, as an empty stomach, craving for food. But according to the rules of Warfare, we must annihilate the enemy, and these ladies write of dangers, would shoot one of us as quickly, as we would shoot an enemy. And even those who would protect the poor woman, the most tender salute the Secess, have further even, is to split in their face. Just as venomous and spiteful as a rattlesnake. We break camp about 7 a.m. and march briskly back to occupy in a strategic point from a cross roads, which we reach about Three P.M. Halt and pitch tents. On picket to night the darkest night, it even was my lot to endeavor to see. Pointedly you could not see your hand before you, and how it rains; pours down in hogsheads, drenching around.
we cannot keep a fire on account of the water.
While wandering about endeavoring to find the picket line in the Egyptian Saline, I heard a cry of distress; I approached the spot, guided by the sound, and feel for a fire comrade on the edge of the Bayou.
We converse in whispers, and while endeavoring to rescue comrade, I tumble in heels over head into the Bayou myself. Down goes the Rifle to the Bottom, so grappling about under water, I find the Companions of my joys and miseries; my dear old Austrian, peacefully lying in the mud; my comrade, by a gleam of lightning, is seen by those above, and hailed up; I wade up to my breast in water, picking with my arm above to my boya, and my boya pull me. When we have the light; Myself through

in the comfortable mood, I stand all night in shoes, which I believe no man might ever

The attractive name which means this

Camph Misery. You would ever pity the poor horses, daily seeking

shelter under the trees, never mentioning the poor matchless, suffering for the Union, mean while

cursing it and its enemies, and hoping for better days,

and never wishing in a battle in the Bayou Morele.
How lucky those brave exempted at home now are enjoying the pleasures of "Sunday Night." Come into my arms dear old Austalian, and in one fond embrace shall find consolation and solace, in place of a fellow hugging in an imaginary one far, far away.

Monday March 16th 1863

Pleasant. Prisoners coming in every little while, back up and march five miles to Donaum Bridge. I pulled off my boots to-day, cut my faws at the knees, throw the boots away, and though mud only two foot deep, tramp all day; and at night cover my naked shins, and pedal extremities, with a few covertalks, to protect them from the dew; and the fleas, and woodticks, hold high revel on my limbs, which are thus sacrificed ruthlessly. And if I do not lose them altogether, I will call myself lucky. Drive away you tedious tormentors, if I ever reach dear old Randolph again, with well covered feet, and protected shins; tell fleas, mosquitoes, lice, woodticks, bluetailed flies, mosquitoes, and alligators, and vampires, that I stand at their defiance, and I will fight for the Union.
long as I’ve any blood left, which they can extract, through my fast failing understanding. But one less to drag was on the list. I will even remember it, hard to keep up, always last into the camp and always last into any fun or sport, but allow me to compliment the Co. O. I belong to (Co. D) that it can always “make up” any delay in the foraging line, and they have earned for themselves the highly appropriate cognomen of “Faithful Thieves,” to which the Co. O. decided that we must have some whiskey. So a quart of whiskey had been previously drawn, which was deemed sufficient, to go around. In we fall on the seat, and patiently wait our turn, about an hour consumed of our valuable time, when, just as they reached on Co. O. the decision of the whiskey gave out, and to this patriotic Band of “Faithful Thieves,” the Officers in a doleful tone, and with tears in his eyes, announced the sad tidings. May be there was not any cursing and swearing, concerning the whiskey we did not get. May be the girl? even didn’t get a “setting up,” on account of absence of the dear beverages, and may be the one wasn’t anybody, going to do a lot of duty, for a
mouth, they would join the Ambulance Train, and then I guess they would have plenty of good stuff. One genius explained the shortcoming of the 3rd, by saying the as fast as the Serge drew from the end of the 3rd, the Chaplain had a those at the 6th, and hence some body must come out, the small end of the horn. But we retire at last, and we managed to sleep just as sound, as those more fortunate of our Brothers. Sototalers. This will therefore end this Book, and my next book, containing this Marche, and in fact for the conclusion of my Story. On the Seventeenth of March, the Anniversary of Ireland's patron Saint, I will commence the date of the next Book. I hope this Book, has proved interesting, and the Act of two Battles in my view, might lend more Interest to Chronicle.

Respectfully Submitted

Jas T. Dayan
1st Lt. 42nd M'g Mys Reg't
"Oh! that mine enemy had written a Book"

Jack F. Dagmar

Randolph Meck

March 16th, 1863
March 16th 1863

The following mongrel poetry was
"perpetrated" by a comrade referring
to this movement which, at this date
we are engaged in; with copious notes by a third
impartial critic, viz. your humble
servant.

"Twas night on White's Bayou,
The moon and stars shone,
When Alden's brave heroes,
Were thinking of home; (most natural
quite likely byproc.
especially with no
theorin', be it
rooster, or holler

They trod its dark border
In silence, for fear
The foes of their country;
Their footsteps might hear; (as seldom tho
were in such a
close position

Beyond lay the Johnnies,
In numbers quite large, (by rumor the
entire rebel arm
Preparing to make,
On D.C.; a charge; (Which the aforesaid &
this had any remote notions
of resisting

"
"Whilst Scollis and Cottle,
In the dead hour of night,
Were planning the deeds,
Of a desperate fight.

"Across White's Bayou,
It co fled,
Leaving behind them,
The laurels they shed.

"And the rest of the Regiment,
With such victory flushed,
And courage undaunted,
Then after them rushed.

The erudite composer has since the above
late journeyed from this vale of tears. "Peace to his
Soul," hoping he has reached that blissful rest where
Verhyme and rhythm of the frequently insalubrious airs are as perfect as some
of the attempts in that line. The humane sphere, and where
devil war and military plots are obsolete, since Lucifer's
rebellion and defeat.
James J. Darragh
Randolph
Mapo
June 16th, 1863
"Hoorah for the country where Mercury and Mammon
Are rulers enthroned in the Capitol's seat;
"Where Order is chaos, and Justice is gammon,
"And yet there's no Bacon to read or to eat!
"Let famine stalk gaunt and meagre around
"So thin that his features you scarce can behold,
"Who'd live upon bread at an ounce a pound
"Or exchange for potatoes his carats of gold?"
James G. Dargan
Randolph
Maze.

June 16th, 1863
Note: for a dictionary of the terms used, military, slang, localisms, which are numerous and necessary see the last page of the Fourth Book.

N.B. For a complete Roster of the Officers of the Regiment and other particulars see the three last pages of the 3rd Book.
March 1863

What wakest thou Spring?—Sweet voices in the woods,  
And reed-like echoes that have long been mute;  
Thou bringest back to fill the solitude,  
The Saxon’s clear pipe, the Bucko’s reedless flute,  
Whose tones seem breathing mournful dirge or glee,  
Even as our hearts may be.

I do not ask indulgence to be granted  
me in this Book for here is enfolded to  
the Reader truthful accounts of two fights  
in which Patriotic Blood was shed to preserve  
our glorious Union. And in one in particular  
where by the mistake and experiment of a  
Political General, many a brave man bit  
the dust and created disconsolate widows and  
orphans and still more lonely hearths in their far  
off Northern Homes. Being a Participant I do not  
enjoin myself in this behalf thus confining myself as  
a Blind Son of Mars.
Chapter Third.

Details, hoping they will prove interesting, from March 17, 1863 to June 10, 1863.

1863

Tuesday, March 17, 1863

Ireland's Anniversary of her Patron Saint, All the bright glorious moon that heralds to us over the camp fire, thy hearty salute. My Saint's Day over Mud just half a fathom deep. (engineers report) Out at half of day, march about a mile and halt for Baggage. Meanwhile for Breakfast, Beefsteak from battle not half dead. Limes tom from Verde not done trembling, and which gives a quarter of life over the Fire, Salt by fist fulls, And Jack, Chickens skinned to save plucks before in a corn field. "Fall in" at noon and marched about Fire 8 M. encamp in same place as Saturday night's encampment. Subsist on the country. God help the poor creatures invaded by the license of the ruthless hand of heartless, cruel, kind War. I don't blame the Union, but I pity the sufferers. My appetite informs me I must eat, being a son of old Mother Ere I cannot resist, I pretend to help to the Human Family, nature's first law, self-preservation must prevail, I acquiesce without a murmur, the
Officers are more tractable now than ever the closer to the foe, the more civil are they to the Men; we are thankful to the Confederates for that much anyway; it ameliorates our hardships considerably. To understand we have none liberty. Last night, in the kitchen of Confederate Looks house; new milk, which has just been brought in from cows, which will never be milked again; sweet potatoes from the East disappearing. The in the Back Yard; Beef Sticks, Fresh Fish, Fresh Mutton, Fresh Goat, Fresh Turkey, Fresh Goose, Fresh Chicken, Keens, and Roosters, Tender Shang Hie, and Tough old Braves, cooked in the French Mode, by an old Wench, impressed into our service. Born Bread hot from Dutch Oven, everything good to eat; we were early on the premises, eat away roads, you can't imagine where you'll be tomorrow, perhaps all dead, who knows. Great commotion out in the Yard, take a look from the Verandah. Fowltry is becoming scarce, the supply is hardly equal to the demand. One man pursues some long-gaited Shang Hie Rooster, till he is almost ready to drop; a fresh man comes up, puts the Rooster under his arm, and ramrooses. Laughable scenes chasing fogs and battle, 'Don't touch the water in that tank, it is poisoned'; 'Don't believe it, try this nigger with it, drink this you black scoundrel.' Lord marre dates all right; 'missus left in such a hurry she...
didn't do muffin, and she didn't carry off anything. But a liberated slave would do anything for a blue coat, and after taking the water, as his eyes grew dim, and he didn't show any signs of dyspepsia, to the incredulous Yankees, they take for about as big a drink as I've had sense I left him; but it's getting dark boys outside the lines here, with arms in your hands. Take care for the lynchers! or even the Confederate cavalry. When I returned to camp I ascertained that two of my companions at the supper table belonging to the Kleinman family in a state of despair were captured or gobbled up by the Rebel soldiers. What we did not steal, the Rebs took the balance, stray Yankees included. About midnight Spies tell our commander; that if we don't get the Brigade out of here before daylight you will be "gobbled Up," the gals can't stand that; silently we stumble out, as the "long roll" is beat on a muffled drum, the tents and redboys disappear by magic; and we wear as cloaks over our weary necks, "Brose kithenas in Mars," noiseless, cautiously, we steal away, from the hordes who were just preparing to silently surround us.
We find a few prisoners, as we rapidly fall back, three miles; and thus escaped one of the fortunes, and vicissitudes of War, by this timely manoeuvre, through the instrumentality of that flag, which perhaps stood in the Rebel Command, presence, when the order was given, which was to entrap us.

And possibly at the same instant, our muffled drums beat the long role, some one as equally expert, glided from our camp, evading the Watchful Tickets, and brought into the presence of the Rebel Command, a prisoner, and with the intelligence, that the Sack has heard our plot, and is now rapidly moving to security, and out of danger.

Even, before out of sight of the dying embers, of our deserted camp fires, we see dusky forms and numerous passing between them, and us, and now striking a double quick, we soon overtake our out-witted Rebels.

Here was a moment of weakness. We could not hold out.

By the time of a correction, we arrived at the camp. Misery inside, at least, and too numerous a host, for our antagonists to grapple. The detachment which came to take our Brigade, it has since been ascertained, were about three times our number; and I may as well state this would be obliged to use some tall words.

Wednesday March 18th 1863 triumphant to catch us.

Pleasant, March away, back toantom Bridge, and squat on same spot, as yesterday morning, during as usual. To day was in the largest Sugar Heap;

I saw immense heaps of Sugar, immovable masses.
heads of Molasses, and the destruction was perfectly
horrid. But Foraging is by Orders to be discontinued
and, It is night.

Thursday March 19th 1863

Had the good fortune to remain encamped in one spot
all night. The Quartermaster had several men arrested
to-day for foraging, he thus sparing the spoils, the
result will accrue to his credit, and what fighting
men drag, toil and fight for will be taken off
them sent to Market and sold and an inferior
article furnished at the same extravagant price of this
Best commodity, thus the profits find themselves
cooly pocketed by some of these innocent officials
who would do anything for their dear country, like
Antonius Ward, "they would rather sacrifice every
one of their wife's relations than see this rebellion
succeed." After dark here if you light your allowance
of a candle, that is the signal for the peace men to
assemble and deliver a free concert. Every insect that
flies the air, will collect around this centre of attraction
and, it ain't their fault if their parts are not rendered
to perfection. And over-head on the tall forest trees,
the Buds start their "Basso Profundo" in responses to each other.

Every reptile that crawls, anakes, lizards, etc., will spring to
the wood, as it is thrown upon the fire, and "shredded"
into the reeds and underbrush, and the soldiers give them a wide
leeway. Boats fly about whirring in the darkness, fireflies illuminate
the darkest gloom, and some solitary bird breaks on the stillness of
the solitude, by a loneoom flight. He continued as he paced his beat
restlessly, waiting nearily for the relief, vanishing and thinking with
how near the Rebel picket is, or of some dear friend, or his
old house at home. A stir in the brush arouses his attention,
some animal, a stray mule or hog, stealing down to drink
at the stream, but not to be trusted, possibly might be a
linking Rebel Eq. The relief comes at last, and the
weary watchers and defenders of the camp, in whose hands
his comrades unhesitatingly lie down, trusting their lives
to his watchfulness, and indefatigable watchfulness, retire
delivering his trust to another like himself, whose no living
person can pass without the counterign. Whos can talk
of the "Nine Months Men" with acorn, the sufferings which
they endure; the privations which they undergo, fatigue, disease,
starvation, thirst, decision from the enemy. "Brothers in Arms" the
three years troops, some jealousy compels them to resent their ire
on men more fortunate to behold the horror of war to see
the "Elephant" for a shorter term than themselves. But our
led is rendering himself very unpopular on account of
his assuming such unbecoming airs, arbitrary conduct,
and tyrannical behavior, thus this contemptible upstart
dezavours to harass the Rank and file of this "stragling"
Regt. Then will a time arrive when shoulders strap will not be the fashion, and when one man will as good as another provided he is physically as smart. "Bourah! for Freedom!" of which we are now defying Old Wall and the eagles from which I adjutantly pray he will not be promoted the proven cowardly Dog. If I were live to there is one célibité man who would spit in the beardless face when citizen suits adorn our backs, should he presume address to me one single civil word.

Note. I have learned lately (Nov. 1865) that Walker has been up to Samton to a political meeting, he was there about ten minutes, when he was notified upon by a very obliging part of the retinue of that person belied, Regt. the 14th Maine Infantry. Now before the stood the man the cause of all their disgraceful flame of misery, one of the Men told him to go out of Samton in just about two minutes if he didn't, he might have to be assisted; and with a heart of the Molasses & Cotton he cheated the sport out of his Louisiana, and for which he was detained for months for trial by court martial on his craven, cowardly, canine hide. He might reckon new imperiously from his presence, will not one word to be uttered in defense of their ac...