LEAVES
FROM
A Soldier's Diary

THE PERSONAL RECORD
OF
LIEUTENANT GEORGE G. SMITH
Co. C, 1st Louisiana Regiment Infantry
Volunteers [White]
During the War of the Rebellion

ALSO
A Partial History of the Operations of the
Army and Navy in The Department
of the Gulf from the Capture of
New Orleans to The Close
of the War

PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE G. SMITH
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Preface

And Ardenne's waves above them her green leaves,—
Dewy, with nature tear-drops,—as they pass,
Grieving,—if aught inanimate e'er grieves,—
Over the unreturning braves,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow,
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

—Byron

During the three years service of the First Louisiana Regiment Infantry Volunteers, at two different enlistments, it had on its rolls about thirteen hundred names. It performed a prominent part in all the operations of the army of the Gulf, which operations extended from the Gulf of Mexico, Northward to Kentucky and Tennessee, and from the shores of Lake Ponchartrain Westward to the Sabine Pass. Besides, that army traversed four times the line of the Red River from its confluence with the Mississippi to many miles beyond Alexandria. Once damming the waters of that river on the falls at that place, thus saving from impending destruction one half the United States Navy there at that time.

In the meantime during all of this several hundred miles of marching and counter marching, the army of the Gulf fought seven fierce battles, so

*Pronounced Arden. A wood between Brussels and Waterloo.
that, that long line is sown thickly with the graves of the fallen. The First Louisiana Infantry alone losing one thousand so there were but three hundred out of its thirteen hundred to muster out at its final discharge. Some were disabled from wounds and disease: others died in hospitals and on the march and many were slain on the battle field. And in the solitudes of the Magnolia forest at Port Hudson where the broad Mississippi rolls its turbid waters.

And hears no sound save its own dashings.
The dead reign there alone.

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, toe,—in one red burial bent.

—Byron

G. G. SMITH.
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CHAPTER I.

*New Haven to Ship Island.*

Soon after recruiting for the 13th Connecticut Regiment Infantry Volunteers was begun, I entered the recruiting service, and during the winter of 1861—1862 labored for that regiment in that capacity until it was full. Recruiting officers were quite plenty at that time and somehow the war fever among the people had worn away considerably and consequently recruiting was what might be termed slow, and not until March 17th, 1862, was the regiment ready for the seat of war.

On that day at ten p. m. we left New Haven, on a steamboat, and the next morning at five o'clock found us on board a large sailing vessel in New York harbor, bound for Ship Island in the Gulf of Mexico. I enlisted as a sergeant in Company K and it so happened the first night I was detailed as sergeant of the guard. I don't think the 13th C. V. all belonged to the temperance society.
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If they did many of them sadly broke their pledges; but perhaps they thought the occasion justified them in doing so. The Colonel ordered one poor fellow “seized” up in the rigging for disorderly conduct. It was distasteful to me, but military orders must be obeyed. The job was new to me but I accomplished it without much trouble, otherwise the night passed off quite peacefully.

March 20th, the ship hoisted anchor, moved down and anchored off Sandy Hook, where she lay until the 23rd. On the way everything was new to me, Castle Garden, Governor’s Island, Staten Island, etc. Besides the U. S. gunboat Roanoake lay there. During the time tugboats were busy bringing water and other supplies for the voyage.

On March 23d a propeller came down with two four-inch guns, put them aboard and towed us out to sea. A U. S. mail steamship outward bound passed us. It was a beautiful sight and one to make one feel proud of his country. Thirty-one vessels, great and small were in sight from the deck of our ship. At about one o’clock p. m. the tug boat left
us, but the wind was calm as a summer evening, and remained so until about 3 p. m. when a stiff breeze sprang up and the good ship, City of New York, spread her white wings, and soon the Jersey Heights began to grow dim, and the shades of night coming on, they disappeared entirely from view. We never saw any more of this green earth until we reached an island on the southern coast of Florida. Next day got the guns in position, so that when Old Glory crept up to the masthead in the morning and unfolded to the breeze he was greeted with the cannon's roar, the emblem of freedom and power.

On the 25th we entered the Gulf Stream, water about milk warm, sea rough, about in the latitude of Charleston, S. C. In the morning, "Sail ho!" from the masthead. "Where away?" "Three points on the weather bow, sir." "Steamship, looks like a privateer." Captain Saulter cracks on more sail. At noon it disappeared to leeward. A gale sprang up in the afternoon and blew tremendously all night.

March 27th. At 2 a. m. went on deck,
fearful sight, thunder, lightning and rain, wind blowing almost a hurricane, sea roaring and waves running nearly mountain high. At 3 a. m. Michael Dobson died. it was said, of delirium tremens. His berth being near mine, of course I tried to compose his limbs and features for burial, but while doing so the ship gave a tremendous lurch almost sending her on to her beam ends. The dead body of poor Dobson was flung out of his berth, and I found myself lodged against a row of berths in the center of the deck. I got the body back with the assistance of another soldier, and at daylight the wind ceased. Dobson’s funeral was at 9 o’clock. The body was sewed up in sail cloth with bags of sand at the feet, placed on a plank shrouded in the U. S. flag and balanced across the rail. The chaplain read the beautiful burial service of the Episcopal church, the inner end of the plank was raised, and the body slid off into the deep. I remembered the words in Revelations, “And the sea gave up the dead that were in it.” From this time on nothing of importance occurred worth relating for several
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days. We were south of the latitude of Charleston going round the peninsula of Florida, and much of the time we were becalmed, the sea being smooth as a mill pond. One evening there was an alarm of a privateer. Somebody said they saw a dim light in the distance. I did not see any and did not believe anybody else did. To meet an armed vessel of the enemy it is plain would be no joke. All we had was two small smooth bore four-inch guns, worth about as much as toy pistols against modern rifled cannon, so that to meet such a craft everybody knew that our destination would be Andersonville or the bottom of the ocean instead of Ship Island. Off Bermuda, John Haywood died and was buried in the deep.

April 2. Seven sail in sight. Spoke brig Free Lanning from Philadelphia bound for Key West. Passed Hole in the Wall and Abaco Island. In regard to the former I saw no wall or hole either, only just two or three rocks standing out in the ocean; but in regard to the latter it was all that is claimed for it. The shore is precipitous, either clay or
white cliffs. The ship sailed so close to it I could toss a biscuit on shore, no trees or shrubs growing on it, nothing but grass, thick and short as though goats had browsed it. All was so silent, no living thing was to be seen except I saw a grasshopper fly and snap his wings, and that was all the sound to be heard. The lighthouse is on the extreme southern point of the island, but the keeper had gone and all the lights had been removed along the southern coasts and islands. The Abaco Island for solitude and loneliness can discount Selkirk's Island two to one and have points left. From this time until the 6th we were becalmed most of the time. George Goldsmith of Company K died and was buried in the ocean. The natives from some of the islands came out in boats with fruit and shells to barter with the soldiers.

April 6. In the morning at daylight a tremendous racket was heard, the trampling of feet, the rattling of the chains, and the skipper brawling through his speaking trumpet indicating that something was wrong. Of course I
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must know what the racket was about; so I crawled up on deck and found the ship at anchor near some shore and among dangerous rocks. I am not much of a sailor, but it looked to me to be not a very desirable condition of affairs, but fortunately the ship was not on the rocks and the wind was still, but how the ship came there and how it was to be got away I was willing to leave to those whose concern it was. The island we were near was called the Indian Key, among the Florida reefs. Next morning a breeze sprang up, the anchor was hoisted, the sails spread, and the vessel was on its way to Ship Island again. Meanwhile some of the officers went ashore while we were at anchor and brought aboard some cocoanuts and shells, with some branches of tropical trees. The sight of them after seeing so much water was refreshing indeed. At sundown we were off Key West. A pilot boat came out to us and all hands sent letters ashore. Edward Murphy of Company B died today and was buried in the ocean off Key West.

April 8th. Sergeant of the guard.
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Benjamin Jones of Company H, and Charles F. Cleveland of Company B, died and were buried in the ocean. Next day spoke ship Black Prince, of Boston, from Ship Island, who reported that a large fleet of gunboats left that island a day or two before she sailed. It was generally supposed they were bound for Forts Jackson and St. Philip.

April 11th. At 10 a.m. Pensacola, Fort Pickins and Santa Rosa Island in sight. Did not communicate with the shore. At 3 p.m. passed blockading fleet off Mobile. During the night a heavy thunder storm, lightning, wind and rain, terrific. In the morning we passed Horn Island, becalmed a few hours, but at 6 p.m. the City of New York anchored off Ship Island, April 12, 1862, twenty-six days from New Haven, Conn.

On the two following days we were employed in laying out streets, leveling ground and putting up tents. On the 13th I was detailed to get guns off the ship. A squad of 25 or 30 men were detailed to do the work. The guns were the Enfield rifles, made in England, and
were said to be captured from blockade runners, and were in the original packa-
fies, 12 in a box. They were in the hold of the ship some 35 or 40 feet be-
low the upper deck and of course had to be lifted out with blocks and pulleys, as
gasolene engines were unknown in those days. We found James Under-
wood dead on board the ship. He was Fife Major of the 13th Conn. Vols. from
Thompson. In the old training days, in my boyhood, he with his fife would al-
ways march at the head of the column. I believe the poor man died purely of
homesickness, as I had conversed with him many times during the voyage and
he was very sad, his conversation being always of his home and old friends.
Stayed on board all night, and by noon of the 16th had all the guns on board a
schooner and came ashore. I was satisfied with sea life for the present and had
no regrets.

April 17th. Took a squad of 14 men and went on an expedition to the East
end of the island, and a short description of it at this time, perhaps, will not
be out of place. It is about seven miles
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long from east to west and about a mile wide, lying along the southern shore of Mississippi about twelve miles from the mainland. The center is narrow, and when the tides are in the water breaches clean across the island. The surface is somewhat undulating owing to the shifting of the sands by the action of the winds and water. There is but little vegetation on the west end of the island, but on the east end, which is much the widest, there is a stunted grove of yellow pines and shrub oaks, with some other shrubs and plants indigenous to the climate. But what is peculiar and perhaps the main reason for its being chosen for the quartering of troops is the fact that good, cool, fresh water can be had in any part of the island by digging anywhere from eighteen inches to two feet in the sand. I never knew of any scientific reason for it, but I suppose the salt water of the ocean is made fresh by leaching through the sand. We started from the west end of the island, where the troops are quartered, at 9 a. m. On reaching the center of the island we found the water breaching over for
about a mile, and this we waded. After this our course lay along the south shore to the further extremity of the island. We found many curious shells, nuts, fruit, and branches of trees washed from the surrounding islands. Many pieces of wrecks lay along the beach embedded in the sand, and some almost whole skeletons of vessels lay rotting on the shore. These told sad tales of anguish and death in ages past. From the extremity of the island the southern shore of Mississippi could be seen quite plain. Some porpoises were sporting in the water and many birds were seen. Some of the men caught a few fish. Ripe blackberries were found among the pines. An alligator had been imprudent enough to show himself in a small pond of fresh water, and several officers and soldiers were watching for him with guns, but he was too cunning for them and they did not get him. After wandering about the island until about 4 p. m. all hands collected as many fan palms as they could carry and bent their steps for camp. The water had receded from the island so that it was dry ground all the way. The
palms made a good floor for our tents. Next morning I was foot sore and weary. From this time until May 4 drilling and inspections were the order of the day. Heavy cannonading was heard more or less every day in the direction of Fort Jackson until the early morning of April 26, when at about 2 a. m. the most fearful cannonading ever heard on this continent broke loose. Ship Island shook as with an earthquake from the terrific explosions which continued until daylight. On the second of May a steamer from New Orleans came in, giving an account of the capture of that city and all the forts below.
CHAPTER II.

Capture and Occupation of New Orleans.

Of course I have not the time and space to give an account of the passing of the forts as it was described in the papers at that time and as I have seen it since, but two or three incidents are interesting to me and may be to the readers of this diary. One of these is the part Commodore Boggs took in the fight:

"He was in command of the Varuna, originally a passenger steamer transformed into a gunboat. It was frail, but a fast vessel. He saw it would not stand much pounding before the forts, so he requested the Admiral to let him run past the fort and fight the enemy's fleet above. He received permission on condition that he would not sink any gunboats in the channel so as to obstruct the river. Boggs had the barrels of pork that were on board for rations, placed in the boiler room, and soon some of it was hissing on the hot coals under the boilers, and the boat started up the river. Opposite the fort he poured in a broadside and then fired grape and canister as fast as the guns could be worked. The Varuna was soon above the fort without a shot hole in
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her. The shores seemed lined with rebel gunboats on both sides of the river. He opened his batteries on both sides, as well as his stern and bow guns. One vessel seemed to be loaded with soldiers. He sent a shot into that which struck the boiler and blew her up. It ran ashore in flames. Three other vessels soon ran ashore in the same condition. At daylight he saw an ironclad bearing down on him. It struck the Varuna in the side crushing in her timbers. It backed out and came on again striking her in the same place. Boggs ordered the engineer to go ahead up stream. This turned the ironclad around exposing her wooden side, when he poured in five shells in quick succession. This fixed her and she ran ashore in flames. As soon as this was done another ironclad struck her in the side crushing it in so the water poured in in torrents. He then turned her prow to shore, working his guns until the trucks were under water. As soon as her prow struck the bank he ordered a chain cable ashore and wound it around a tree, keeping her bow above the water and the crew all escaped. Captain Bailey said, 'He saw Boggs bravely fighting the wounded thing until her guns were level with the water.' That made five vessels he put hors de combat with his wooden tub. Down the river opposite the forts the fight was raging fiercely. The white smoke rolled and heaved in vast volumes along the shuddering waters, and one of the wildest scenes in the history of the war now commenced. The fleet with full steam on was soon abreast the forts, and its rapid broadsides mingling in with the deafening explosions

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on shore turned night into fiery day. Louder than redoubled thunders the heavy guns sent their deafening roar through the gloom, not in distinct explosions, but in one long wild, protracted crash, as though the ribs of nature were breaking in final convulsions. Amid this hell of terror, a fire raft, pushed steadily forward by the ram Manassas, loomed through the smoke like a phantom from the unseen world. As if steered by adverse fate it bore straight down on the Hartford. Farragut sheered off to avoid the collision, and in so doing ran aground where the fire ship came full against him. In a moment the hungry flames leaped up the rigging and darted along the smoking sides of the Hartford. It seemed all up with the gallant Farragut, but for that stern discipline which he always maintained his fate would have been sealed. There was no panic on board at this awful catastrophe, every man was in his place, and in a moment the hose was unwound and a stream of water turned on the flames. The powerful engines were reversed, and soon forced the vessel off into deep water, though all aflame. The firemen cool and collected, plied their hose, while the gunners still stood to their guns, and poured in their broadsides, and still the signal ‘close action’ flamed above the staggering ship. The fire was at length got under, and Farragut again moved at the head of his column. And now came down the rebel fleet of thirteen gunboats and two ironclad rams to mingle in the combat, Broadside to broadside, hull crashing against hull, it became a gladitorial combat of ships. Farragut found himself at last past all the forts
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with thirteen out of seventeen vessels of the fleet. The Varuna, Commodore Boggs, was sunk. The Itasca, Winona, and Kennebec, were disabled so they had to turn back and float down the river. Thirteen out of the seventeen enemy's gunboats he had brought down to assist the forts in demolishing our fleet were driven ashore or wrecked or captured."—[From "Farragut and Our Naval Commanders." by J. T. Headley.

Farragut now proceeded up the river with his fleet to New Orleans, on the way silencing a powerful battery at English Town. That city was now at his mercy. Lovell commanding the rebel troops there had taken himself away and left the affairs of the city in the hands of the mayor, Monroe. Farragut sent Captain Bailey and demanded the surrender of the city, and that the United States flag be hoisted on the City Hall, Mint and Custom House. Monroe sent a long winded reply containing this wonderful piece of bombast: "As to the hoisting of any flag other than the flag of our adoption and allegiance, let me say to you that the man lives not in our midst whose hand and heart would not be paralyzed at the thought of such an act." And then wound up with an ap-
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peal to be very careful of the feelings of his gallant constituency, assuming an air of superiority and injured innocence. I should style preeminently foolish. The reply of Admiral Farragut was so cool and to the point I cannot refrain from giving it here:

U. S. Flagship Hartford, Off City at New Orleans, April 26.

To His Honor the Mayor of New Orleans:

Your Honor will please give directions that no flag but that of the United States will be permitted to fly in the presence of this fleet so long as it has the power to prevent it; and as all display of that kind may be the cause of bloodshed, I have to request that you will give this communication as general a circulation as possible. I have the honor to be very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT.

Refusing to confer further with the impudent mayor he sent Captain Morris to hoist the flag on the Mint. The latter sent a party on shore and "soon the old flag swung once more to the breeze in sight of the enraged population." The officer in charge warned the spectators that if any one attempted to haul it down the building would be fired upon, and returned to the ship, leaving no
guard to protect it, but directed the howitzers in the maintop of the Pensacola to be loaded with grape and trained upon it.

At eleven o'clock this morning the admiral ordered the church pennant to be hoisted on every vessel of the fleet, and that their crews assembled in humiliation and prayer, should make their acknowledgements to Almighty God for his goodness and mercy in permitting us to pass through the events of the last two days with so little loss of life and blood. The solemn service had progressed but a few minutes when the silence was broken by the discharge overhead of the howitzers by the lookout left in the maintop to watch the flag. It at once aroused every man from his devotions and all eyes turned towards the Mint. They saw four men on the roof of the building tearing down the flag. Instantly the gunners without waiting for orders sprang to the guns and pulled the lanyards. The next moment a whole broadside was expected to pour into the city, but not a gun went off. As it looked like rain the gunners had re-
moved the wafers by which they were discharged, before the service commenced, so that only the click of the locks was heard. But for this a fearful destruction would have ensued. It is not altogether clear that this was not a providential circumstance, for after the warning Farragut had given him, it was clearly the duty of Monroe if he was going to pull down the flag, to warn the people in time to get out of the way. But still there was ground for fault finding. As it was the commander of a French war vessel in the harbor growled, and said Farragut’s note was virtually a threat for immediate bombardment. Neither England or France were very friendly to the United States at that time. Both were jealous of our growing power, and the Monroe doctrine was distasteful to every monarchy in Europe, and especially so to France; for she had already set up a kingdom in Mexico and placed a scion of the house of Hapsburg on the throne, and the stability of his government rested entirely on the success of the Confederate arms. So it is not surprising that they would like
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to see this fair fabric of ours crumble and fall into harmless fragments. Hence it was good policy that no act of vandalism could be construed in such a way that it would place blame at our doors. Farragut was disgusted with the wordy jangle and turned it over to Butler and went on up the river. We shall hear more of the flag incident anon.

On May the 6th, the 1st Louisiana was again on board the City of New York bound for New Orleans. We passed the Chandaleur group of islands. Next day ran in among rocks and had to drop anchor. In the afternoon a breeze sprang up and the ship was again on her course, entering the southwest pass on the 8th an ironclad nondescript lay partly submerged at the bar. The pilot boat Matansas came down from the lighthouse and took us in tow, and on the 10th of May we anchored off Fort Jackson. The fort bore marks of a terrible pounding. At this point we took in a supply of coal and started up stream. Next day took Yankee Blade in tow. Passed many beautiful and costly buildings, made possible by hu-
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man slavery. John Smith, from Wood-
stock, fell overboard. A boat was low-
ered and he was picked up. On May 12,
1862, tied up to the wharf in New Or-
leans. Next day disembarked and was
quartered in a cotton press. Unloaded
ship stores, and on the 15th moved into
the Custom House. In passing through
the aristocratic St. Charles street but
few people were seen and these did not
seem at all glad to see us, although the
regiment was in its best attire: shoulder
scales, arms and equipments burnished
for the occasion. But nobody vouch-
safed us a smile, except when we passed
the Clay monument the iron features of
that old veteran statesman seemed to
smile on us as if well pleased with the
gentle visit. It seemed refreshing.

The 13th Conn. Vols. remained here
doing guard duty at the Custom House
and General Butler's headquarters in
the St. Charles Hotel until July 4, 1862.
The duties were quite arduous as we
had to go on guard about every other
day. It was the duty of the sergeant of
the guard to examine passes. As the
post office and General Butler's court
were in this building, a continual stream of citizens was going in and coming out all day. Each relief was on two hours and off four. It was somewhat gall- ing to some of the citizens to be obliged to go between a cordon of hated Yankee soldiers with a pass to get to the post office. This was particularly distasteful to the ladies, but there did not seem to be any other way. General Butler came down every morning with a pair of big bay horses and a barouche, and the guard must fall in before the entrance, open ranks, and present arms as he passed in.

Quite a number of events worth relating happened while we were on duty there. Somehow Butler found out who tore down the flag Admiral Farragut had raised over the United States mint the day the city was captured, and he had him arrested and put under guard in the Custom House. He was tried and sentenced to be hung at the Mint directly under the place where he tore down the flag. I visited him two or three times in his place of confinement and conversed with him. He was a man
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of diminutive size, dark hair and whiskers, wearing the latter quite long. He was a shoemaker by trade, I should say of French origin, but spoke quite good English. From what I could learn there were others more to blame than he. They simply made a catspaw of him and they kept out of harm's way. His name was William B. Mumford. The story I learned was that after the citizens got the flag they formed a procession and dragged it through the streets in the mud for awhile, and then divided it up as trophies. But if Farragut's guns had gone off when the lanyards were pulled there would have been no hoodlums to drag the flag, or Mumford to hang. At sunrise on the morning of June 7th, Mumford was led out between two lines of soldiers, placed in a common army wagon and seated on his coffin, a plain, unpainted pine box, guarded in front and rear and on either side. The cavalcade started towards the Mint led by the band playing the Dead March. I was on duty that day as sergeant of the guard and so could not go, but from the top of the Custom House I saw them
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start off. His wife and two young daughters stood in the street below, and to see their grief was enough to wring tears from a stone. A beam was run out of a window directly under where the flag hung, and William B. Mumford paid the penalty of his crime with hanging by the neck thereon until he was dead.

June 16th, Newton Craig, (first mate of the City of New York), Stanislaus Ray and William M. Clary, were hung at the Parish Prison for robbery. On the 26th visited Lake Ponchartrain, had a bath and oyster supper. Found the water in the lake to be fresh. Decay died of wounds received at Baton Rouge. July 2, Company K of the 13th moved from the Custom House to No. 190 St. Charles street, to act as body guard to General Butler. On the 4th ladies of New Orleans presented the 13th Conn. Vols. with a beautiful flag. Many of the rebel army paroled at Fort Jackson and St. Philip came into the city of New Orleans and were there without means of support, no alternative was open to them but to enlist in the Union armies. So General Butler issued an order to any of
the Northern troops that wanted to go home to put in an application for a discharge and it would be granted, their places to be filled with paroled rebel prisoners. Recruiting offices were also opened for two new regiments of infantry and one of cavalry. I did not see any very early opportunity for promotion in the 13th, and there was a possible chance in one of the new regiments, so I put in an application for a discharge. I received it on the 16th of July, 1862, and re-enlisted in the 1st Louisiana Regiment as Orderly Sergeant of Company E, on July 29, 1862. The regimental officers were Colonel Richard E. Holcomb, formerly Major of the 13th C. V., Lieutenant Colonel Henry H. Elliot, Major William O. Fisk, and Adjutant Charles H. Grosvenor, formerly sergeant of Company H, 13th C. V. The line officers of Company E were, Captain Louis A. Solomon, 1st Lieutenant Rudolph Krause, Second Lieutenant James M. Gardner, formerly 2d Sergeant Co. K, 13th C. V.

Next day, July 30th, Co. E was mustered into the service of the United
States. From this on I had plenty to do, company books to keep, drilling the company, looking out for rations, etc.
CHAPTER III.

Camp Williams to Capture of Donaldsonville.

August 27th, 1862, ordered to Camp Williams and arrived there the next day. It is fourteen miles above New Orleans, near Carlton. Soon after we arrived Colonel Holcomb shot a man by the name of John Dramond for disobedience. The ball penetrated his left breast and he died instantly. Camp Williams was on a narrow strip of land, with Lake Ponchartrain on one side, and a deep swamp on the other. The latter was full of standing water, and the habitation of reptiles and every unclean and hateful bird; but it was of strategic importance as one of the defences of New Orleans. Generals Butler and Dudley reviewed the brigade August 30. After the review General Butler had the First Louisiana drawn up in close column by divisions. After complimenting them for their soldierly appearance he gave them a lecture on military discipline, closing his remarks with
this sentence, "The lightnings of heaven do not fall more swiftly than will justice overtake the evil doer." We found Camp Williams not the healthiest place in the world. Lake Ponchartrain opening out to sea, was of course affected by the tides. When the tides were in the marshes would be full of water, but when they were out the contrary would be the result, and the portions exposed covered with ooze and silt would fester and ferment in the burning sun: while on the other side was the swamp, furnishing prolific breeding grounds for the festive mosquito: It is not strange that the result should prove to be what it was. In less than a week fully one half the regiment was at the surgeons tent on sick call in the morning; there were from two to four funerals in a day. Most all the time officers were sick so that the non commissioner officers were in command of companies. The writer of this was put in command of Company A. When it left the recruiting camp, a little over four weeks before it numbered 112 enlisted men. One night, a few days before we left, but four men turned
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out for dress parade and other companies were in a similar condition. The First Louisiana 12th and 13th C. V., the 75 N. Y., a company of Louisiana cavalry and two batteries were brigaded, General Weitzel commanding.

September 29, received marching orders, and at sunrise next morning we were on the march for Camp Kearney. After we had marched about a mile Col Holcomb ordered me back to look after the convalescents or those who were unable to carry their guns and knapsacks. These were all put in army wagon and the men got in line. There was about one hundred of them. We started about one o'clock and arrived in Camp Kearney at dark. This place was drier ground and being near the river was much healthier than Camp Williams but the men had imbibed so much malaria at the latter place that there was not much improvement in the health of the men until the middle of October.

October 18th, Brigade Review in New Orleans.

October 23d, Orders to move tomorrow. Embarked on board the Empire
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Parish at Carolton, the Iberville with the Nineth New Hampshire preceded by gun boat number 3, were in the advance. Then the Empire Parish with the First Louisiana came next, followed by the General Williams with the 13th C. V. Then the 12th C. V. and 75th New York, on two other transports. Three gun boats were in the expedition. Early the following morning the whole brigade disembarked at a plantation six miles below Donaldsonville, La. As soon as the troops were in line they were put in motion. The infantry saw no rebels: but the cavalry in advance reported seeing the coat-tails of some mounted infantry streaming in the wind, in mad flight down the Bayou Lafourche road for dear life, and that was all the enemy seen by the expedition that day. Arrived in Donaldsonville at 9 a.m. As soon as the First Louisiana landed they were ordered to build board shanties and garrison the place. Plenty of lumber was found and by night the regiment had quite comfortable houses. Next day, Sunday, the remainder of the brigade continued the march down the
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Bayou Lafourche, toward Brashear City. I took a stroll through the town. This had been a notorious place for Guerrillas and steamboats had been fired upon here several times. Admiral Farragut had warned them that if the practice was not discontinued he would burn the town. But they disregarded his warning: so sometime in July last three gunboats came up the river and laid two-thirds of the town in ashes. But the houses left standing might as well have been burned, for the soldiers Saturday and Sunday morning made wasteful havoc with the furniture and windows of those that were standing; and then too the piles of bones, heads and feet of chickens and turkeys lying upon marble top tables and scattered about in confusion told what fearful raids had been made in the poultry yards. Many contrabands came in and occupied the deserted houses. Information was received that one B. Molare was in command of a band of guerillas, and was in the habit of coming home to his plantation and staying all night. Colonel Holcomb ordered Company E under the command
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of Lieutenants Krause and Mayne to go down and arrest him. We started about 9 p. m. with the negroes who gave the information accompanying as guides. An hour's walk brought us to the house. The men were stationed so as to allow no one to escape, and the two lieutenants and myself went in. We found three ladies and a boy occupying the house. They were well dressed and the furniture indicated considerable wealth. One of the ladies, a buxom widow of about 25, seemed to be spokesman for all hands. Lieutenant Krause informed her of our errand, and asked her if Mr. Molare was at home. He was not, and in answer to questions she made the following statement: Mr. Molare was not her husband, but her cousin. Her husband was dead. Mr. Molare was not a captain, and was in command of no military organization. He lived there because his house was burned in Donaldsonville, but had not been there for two or three days. As to firearms she said there were none about the place except two small pistols, which she produced in a wooden case. She said they kept them
for personal protection. She then said we might search the house and she would show us every place where firearms could be secreted. During the search some Confederate bank bills turned up, and she said, "I suppose you have no faith in them?" I replied that I had none in the least. We were not there to rob or plunder, but were there for persons and things contraband of war. Not finding any arms Lieutenant Krause sent for the overseer and told him he might consider himself a prisoner and must go with us. He then said to Mrs. C.: "I have been informed by pretty good authority that Mr. Molare is at the head of a band of guerillas secreted somewhere about here in the woods, and is in the habit of firing on boats as they pass up and down the river. Now you may say to him if he does not come and deliver himself up as a prisoner of war we will come here and burn this place to the ground." Then we left for camp. The next day Mr. Molare came and took the oath of allegiance to the United States. On Saturday when rations were issued to citizens, the widow
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and the rest of the family were regular customers.
October 28, went on a foraging expedition and secured some poultry for home consumption. Heard news of a fight between our brigade and the rebels at Thibadeauville. Our boys were victorious, taking seventy or eighty prisoners who were sent to New Orleans on transports.

October 29, Company E on picket duty, false alarm at night, cattle in cane-field. Krause's mounted infantry rode out and ascertained the cause of the alarm. Nothing of importance occurring after this, I have not thought it proper to keep a minute daily account, but I will state something of what was going on in the interim. Many negroes flocked in from the plantations bringing their manners and customs with them, which gave infinite amusement to both officers and men. And these they furnished in almost every variety so as to suit all classes. In one house some old gray-headed patriarch would hold forth in a religious discourse to a noisy and delighted audience. In another a
prayer meeting would be in progress. Further along might be heard the banjo and fiddle, and the sable virgins of Africa could be seen "tripping the light fantastic toe." This last as may well be imagined formed the principal attraction, and not infrequently these sable nymphs would be led off by a partner in uniform. The contrabands increased so rapidly that something must be done with them. Colonel Holcomb set about making a fort. This gave employment to several hundred. General Butler conceived the idea of farming some of the deserted plantations, so he employed agents to see to the work, and sent negroes and their families to gather the cane and make it into sugar, paying them wages and feeding them. This was a nice arrangement and opened the way for self support to thousands that otherwise would be an expense to the government. As for myself I found plenty to do, for Captain Solomon and my Second Lieutenant were on the sick list most of the time with chills and fever contracted at Camp Williams, and my First Lieutenant was on detached
service with the mounted infantry. This placed me in command of the company most of the time, and with the duties of Orderly Sergeant and the books of the company to keep was quite sufficient for one to do. But my officers were very kind to me, and I had all the privileges of a commissioned officer. Besides this I had a nice comfortable house built for myself, Lieutenant Gardner and Captain Solomon, the Captain occupying one room and Lieutenant Gardner and myself the other. Thus things went on quite harmoniously. During this time General Butler was superceded by General Banks in the Department of the Gulf.

January 17, 1863, moved across the bayou as our encampment being inside the levy there was danger of being flooded out. Indeed the waters had already began to rise. Besides our fort had begun to assume respectful proportions, and it would be good policy to be on the same side of the bayou with it, in case of an attack of the enemy. We took down our old houses and moved them up on our new camping ground.
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February 9th, 1863, This day will be remembered by the First Louisiana by the event of raising the flag on the new fort. It was now about completed. Six large 24 pound cannon had been mounted on the parapets, and our company (C) had been detailed to man the guns. It was what is termed a (star fort) having salient and re-enterant angles. Two sides were protected by the river and bayou Lafourche. The others by a deep moat or ditch nicely bricked up inside. The parapet was made of sand and nicely turfed: ambrasures being left for the guns; Altogether it presented a very pretty appearance. The raising of the flag and christning of the fort was in this wise. By 10 o'clock a.m., the regiment was formed in square around the flag pole in the center of the fort with officers, ladies and citizens in the center. An interesting young lady by the name of Miss Weber was selected to preside on the occasion. A table was placed in the center on which the flag rested with the halyards attached. The men were stationed at the guns. Everything being in readiness, an officer passed the
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o'clock a.m., the regiment was all on board the good steamer Iberville, and to the tune of the "Mocking Bird" by the band, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs and other manifestations of friendship we bade adieu perhaps forever to Donaldsonville. At 5 p.m. we landed in Baton Rouge, disembarked and marched about a mile in rear of the town and camped in the tents of the Thirtieth Massachusetts regiment. The main forces had arrived before we did and had been disposed in line of battle: the right resting in rear of Port Hudson and the left at Baton Rouge, a distance of eighteen miles.

Sunday, March 5, terrific cannonading begun at midnight and continued until four o'clock in the morning, reveille was sounded at five o'clock, when all the troops fell into line and remained until daylight. A bright light was seen in the direction of Port Hudson. It seemed to be a terrific conflagration. But presently the scene changed, suddenly the light flashed up as bright as day. I could see to pick up a pin on the ground. I looked again toward Port
Hudson. The heavens were in a light blaze and streams of fire could be seen leaping among the clouds. What seemed to be pieces of timber were flying through the air amid the flames. But this was only for a moment and all was dark. Then came a long deep heavy roar like the heaviest thunder, and the earth shook. I tried to look into the faces of my comrades, but all was silence and darkness, no one moved or spoke. The scene had stupefied them. They were smitten with awe. Soon after daylight pieces or fragments of a wreck came floating down the river, and the figure head of the sloop of war Mississippi appeared. At the same time a boat load of her crew came down and told the sad tale.

Story of The Boat’s Crew.

At about midnight Admiral Farragut with the Hartford, Mississippi and two other gunboats had undertaken to run the batteries at Port Hudson. The Hartford and Albatross succeeded but the remainder were forced to retire. The Mississippi in endeavoring to haul around to bring her broadside to bear on the works ran aground directly under
the batteries. For half an hour did that noble crew under one of the most terrific fires of shot and shell endeavor to haul her off, but seeing her in flames and her deck slippery with blood set a match to her magazine and removing the wounded abandoned her to her fate. A portion of her crew escaped in the boats. Many jumped overboard and were drowned and a few were taken prisoners. The vessel after burning away a portion of her upper works raised up from the sand and swung around into the stream: but in doing so her heated guns went off directly at the enemies batteries, as if this noble ship meant, like a brave warrior to die fighting. Seeing this and knowing the immense amount of ammunition stored in her magazine, the mortar fleet below hoisted anchor and turned their prows down stream. Meanwhile the Mississippi floated seven or eight miles down the river, when the fire reached her magazine and with her flag flying very soon nothing remained of that noble ship save a few shriveled and blackened timbers floating on the water. Thus passed away one of the finest naval
war vessel ever built in this or any other country. Her history was closely connected with that of the nation, and was at once our pride and glory. Her keel had ploughed every sea and ocean and was admired in every land. She perished in the defense of her country, and was buried in the noble river whose proud name she bore.

March 20th, pitched our tents on a hill, half a mile below the asylum; much rainy weather: got cold and was sick and unable to do duty.

March 27th, ordered on board a transport for Donaldsonville whence the First Louisiana steamed down the river arriving the next morning at three o'clock. My ailment was complicated with diarrhoea and flux, so the surgeon said I must go in the hospital which I did and the regiment went into camp.

March 31st, whole division of twelve regiments, General Dwight commanding, started down Bayou Lafourche towards Burwick Bay. I remained in hospital.

April 9th, much better. Lieutenant Jones came back for convalescents and
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... Left Donaldsonville on the twelfth. Eighteen of us went to New Orleans where Lieutenant Jones turned over to me the convalescent squad, consisting of eighteen men and three women. He and Corporal Olmstead remained in the city. We crossed the river and took the cars at Algiers for Brashear City, where we arrived at dark. The road passes through what I should say was a salt marsh, being low swampy land covered with cotton-wood trees or a long coarse grass through which crawled slimy snakes and alligators. An ugly looking bird like a crane also inhabits these dismal abodes. The army had passed up the lake and had a fight at Franklin on the Tache Bayou, whipping them badly and capturing two thousand prisoners. The battle was fought on the twelfth and thirteenth of April, Major Fiske of the First Louisiana and several privates were wounded besides two or three killed. My old regiment the thirteenth C V was said to have lost heavily in this battle. The troops were hot in the pursuit. Three gunboats, the Estella, Arizona, and Cal...
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houn came down the lake with eighty prisoners, a part of the crew of the Queen of the West, our gunboats had destroyed in the morning. The commander of the Queen, Captain Fuller was among them. At 4 p.m. eighty more prisoners came in on a transport. As I stood by the gang plank of the transport, Captain Fuller was brought out on a stretcher. Seeing me with my orderly sergeant's insignia he saluted me and I returned the salute. His feet were scalded. Went on board the St. Mary with the wounded, steamed up the lake ten miles and came to anchor with three gunboats. The three wounded soldiers' wives were left behind as being too cumbersome and they return to New Orleans. Ten miles further up meeting with obstructions in the Bayou, we were compelled to leave the steamer and march fifteen miles to Franklin. On the way ravages of war was seen almost everywhere. But my gun, sword knapsack and equipments were my chief concern on account of their great weight and I was not sorry when we arrived in Franklin. The town was full of soldiers
and prisoners of war but we found an empty negro shanty and turned in. The former occupants in their flight had left some of their live stock which annoyed us so much that our rest was not as quiet as might have been desired. In the morning we had three days rations of beef cooked and put in the haver-sacks along with sugar, coffee and hard bread and were ready to move. But as we were about to do so Captain Persons marched his company into town. He had been ordered to guard a bridge and was left in the rear. Here was a nice chance. I put the men with me into his ranks and then was free to go as I pleased. Lieutenant Hall had a spare horse and saddle he loaned me to ride. Captain Persons asked me if I would ride forward and secure some fresh meat for supper. I said yes and after riding two or three miles I found some nice pigs and shot one with my rifle, got some negroes to dress it while I secured some poultry so when the baggage wagon came up it was all ready to load on. Stopped at a plantation where the family had run away on the approach of
the troops, but had left the negro cook. I asked her if she would cook some fresh pork and chickens for us, she said, "yes," but she was nearly tired out. She had been cooking two days and nights for the soldiers and had had no sleep. We had a princely supper. The pig weighed about a hundred pounds and was plenty for officers and men. When about to retire a gun was fired near the house and a bullet came crashing through the room where the officers were going to sleep. Captain Persons gave the order to fall in and we were soon in line of battle, expecting an attack. But one of the lieutenants came in and said it was one of our men that fired the shot. The captain summoned him to appear and answer for firing his gun at night alarming the camp. "Sure captain," said he "and you would not let me be ate up by the dogs?" But what were you doing away from the quarters at this time of night?" Captain I went down to the negro quarters for some water and when I was coming back four dogs pitched out at me ready to tear me to pieces and I was obliged to fire my
gun to keep the critters from eating me up. "Well replied the captain I will let you off this time, but in the future I want to find you in your quarters after nine o'clock. His name was Galliger. I expected his explanation was a fabrication so I went out into the kitchen and pretty soon Mr. Galliger came in with a goose and wanted the old negro woman to cook it for him. I suspected this was the dog he shot.

An orderly came back and ordered Captain Persons to halt at a bridge over the bayou to guard it, which left me to finish my journey alone. I came up with the First Louisiana at 9 o'clock at night April 19, faint and weary. My old comrades were glad to see me; particularly Lieutenant Gardner, who was in command of the company, as Captain Solomon had been put under arrest. The boys were in good spirits, but complained of hard times. The next day, the 20th, arrived at Opalousas. This was the third capitol the rebels had made for this state since the rebellion. We expected to catch some of their honorable bodies, the members of the
Legislature, but they were too wary. The saying, “A stag oft hunted grows wild,” was true in this case. The authorities surrendered without opposition. Opalousas ordinarily contains about 6,000 inhabitants, and is situated in one of the richest farming sections of the state. Watered by the Teche and Atchaffalaya Bayous which divide and subdivide forming a network of bayous which are navigable for steamboats a considerable portion of the year, which while they irrigate and fertilize the land, afford at once a cheap and easy means for the conveyance of the rich products to the sea and to the markets of the world. Cotton and sugar cane ordinarily are the staple products, but this year it was planted mostly with corn to feed the armies. Colonel Holcomb ordered me to turn my gun and equipments over to the quartermaster and act as lieutenant of Company E.

April 22, General Dwight’s brigade again on the march. Nothing of importance occurred until May 5, 1863. Came up with tail end of fleeing rebels, had a spirited little cavalry chase. The
negroes said, "When dey seed you all comin', Lor', how dey did run. Dey got away from heah as fast as dey could make de horses run. Lor', you ought o seen 'em go. When one lose his hat he neber stop to pick 'em up, he go rite on as fas as his hoss can lay legs to de ground. Yaw! yaw! yaw! When dey went down, Lor', how dey did brag. One rebel could kill a hundred Yankees. Yes, Massa, da gwine to clean you all out. But dey come back a heap faster den dey go down. I see dey can fight mighty well with their tongues, but when dey seed you all, dey could run a heap better den fight." I said to an old matronly looking woman, "We have come to free you all." She replied, "May de Lor' bress you all. Ise been prayin' and prayin' for you dis many years. Now my eyes see dat de good Lor' has heard my prayer. Bress his holy name! Now Ise gwine ter die in peace." I left her going on in this strain, with the tears rolling down her wrinkled face. Her earnest simple manner was indeed affecting, and I thought I saw tears glistening in the
eyes of some of our hardy soldiers as they passed, pretending to laugh at her simplicity. But I thought her rejoicings were premature, for she would probably have to wait some time before she could see the full fruition of her expectations, as the sequel proved. I merely cite this as an example of many scenes like the foregoing. Indeed every plantation we passed from Opalousas to Alexandra had its complement of these simple-hearted beings crowding to see us as we passed; all frantic with joy, some weeping, some blessing, and some dancing in the exuberance of their emotions.

May 6th, Lieutenant Dwight, the General's brother, was shot by a guerilla. He had been to the rear with dispatches and when returning, in passing a wood, he was shot from behind the trees. One of the fellows was caught, not the one that fired the shot, but they were together so he had to die for it. The army started at 5 a. m., marched about a mile and halted. A grave had been dug. The prisoner was brought out and kneeling beside the grave, facing the firing party, the warrant was read, and
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the command given to fire. He fell forward on his face. I thought I heard some pistol shots afterward, but I had seen all I wanted to, and the army was again in motion. At night we entered Alexandria, said to be thirty miles from the place where we started in the morning. The army marched through the town and camped in a ploughed field. In passing through the streets there was a house with a bright fire on the hearth. A girl was standing in the door, and I heard her say, "See the scabs." I was too weary to reply, but I gathered from it that we were not very welcome. As soon as the companies broke ranks I gathered some sticks and weeds, made a cup of coffee, ate some hard tack and salt junk, took a good smoke, laid down between two hummocks, and I was soon in the arms of Morpheus. Army rested here until the 10th, when General Weitzel and Dwight's brigade started again in pursuit of the enemy up the Rapides Bayou about thirty-five miles to where they had burned a bridge and the chase was abandoned. Rested here in a piney woods until the 12th. These
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woods reminded me of the hunting scenes I had enjoyed in Texas before the war. I noticed we had been passing over ground for the last two days that I had passed over two years before on my way home from Texas. The Rapides Bayou, and it is not a bayou, takes its rise here in a large spring, which is peculiar from the fact that its waters divide, and part flows north and empties into Red River, and the other part flows south forming the Rapides Bayou and empties into Grand Lake, thence into the Gulf of Mexico.

May 12th, Army made an about face early in the morning, and commenced to retrace its steps towards Alexandra, arriving at 4 p. m. This was a severe march, making only one halt in twenty miles, and a hot day at that. But it often happens that severe trials work out for us blessings instead of afflictions. Our severe march proved to be a case in point. My larder, or rather haversack, I knew was running low, and the question arose as to what I was to have for dinner. My entire stock on hand consisted of a piece of boiled salt pork, a
few pieces of hard tack and some coffee. Salt junk was all gone. Salt pork I could not, and hard tack I would not eat, and what was to be done? After a little reflection I said, "I am resolved what to do. I will soak my hard tack in some hot water and soften it up a little, and fry some of the salt pork in my tin plate and then fry the soaked hard tack in the gravy." Very good! Why had not I thought of that before? But after a long time noon came, and the army halted for dinner in a wood where there was a brook, and I proceeded to put my plans in operation. A soldier noticed something unusual going on and stood watching me. As soon as he saw what I was going to do he wheeled on his heel and walked rapidly away. My plan was successful, and the dish was quite, and I may say, very palatable at least to me at that time. But I had builded better than I knew. I gave it no farther thought, only that I should repeat the process upon future occasions. So I did not mention it to anybody, but in less than a week I was surprised to see every-body frying soaked hard tack and salt
pork. The officers' servants had caught the idea, and it was a prominent dish on every officer's table, from the General down to the lowest private. I had been in the Army of the Gulf almost two years, and I had never seen it done before. I had taken two unpalatable articles of food, forming a part of the soldiers' rations, and put them together, making one wholesome, palatable dish. But nobody knows who did it to this day, I suppose on account of my inability to blow a horn. But the idea must have been a saving of thousands of dollars to the subsistence department, for the pork ration was almost always discarded by the soldiers and thrown away, while the hard tack was a byword and a hissing. The original packages were marked "B. C." I never knew exactly what it meant, but the soldiers said it meant "Before Christ," and judging from the hard and stale condition of some of it, I was not prepared to say it did not mean just that.

May 17th, 1863, on the move for Simsport, where we arrived on the 23d. This place is simply a point where the Red
River road crosses the Atchaffalaya Bayou. There are two or three houses in sight. On the way heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of Port Hudson, and an orderly came back and reported that Vicksburg had fallen and Port Hudson was on fire and about ready to surrender. So the army halted in the road under a broiling sun, and the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the army cheered to the echo. Many negroes had collected here from the surrounding plantations. At 8 p. m. the First Louisiana embarked on the St. Maurice bound for Bayou Sara. Stayed up until we passed into Red River, thence into the Mississippi, when I retired. Next morning at 3 a. m. we were in Bayou Sara, and at 7 o'clock the First Louisiana and the 91st New York forded the Bayou and marched to the rear of Port Hudson. A part of the 19th corps had anticipated us and at 8 p. m. were engaging the enemies' outposts. Next morning we marched three miles further round towards the enemy's right, in the rear of some woods where the 91st New York deployed as skir-
mishers, and the First Louisiana fell into line as a reserve. The skirmishers had penetrated the woods but a short distance when they encountered the enemy's pickets and a sharp engagement was commenced, but the enemy soon gave way before advancing skirmishers. After pursuing them about half a mile, they obtained our range with three heavy guns from their works and we were obliged to fall back to their old encampment. We were not yet out of range, but the ground falling off in the opposite direction, his shot and shells flew harmlessly, hissing over our heads. After dark a serious catastrophe happened on our left. The 31st Massachusetts stationed there mistook the 91st N. Y. on picket guard for the enemy, and fired into them. It cost the life of a captain of the 31st Massachusetts, but none of the 91st New York was injured.

The union line of investment was said to be seven miles long, from the river above Port Hudson to the river below. General Banks had most all the forces in the Department of the Gulf there; and were all stationed ready to invest
the works preparatory to an assault. One in my position could not of course be expected to know much more than what was transacted directly under his own observation, so that those who desire a more extended view of the operations of the army during this siege must consult those who had better opportunities for observation than the writer of these pages.

May 27th, 1863. Early in the morning before sunrise the First Louisiana was ordered into line of battle. Companies B, H. and E, were ordered “as skirmishers.” My company was well posted in the skirmish drill, and I had no fear about them. A dense forest in which was hidden a powerful foe lay between us and his strong fortification, the fearful nature of whose armament we had already been made sensible by the destructive missiles he had previously hurled crashing through the trees at us. But not much time was allowed for these reflections. We were quickly deployed, and Lieutenant Gardner being in command of Company E gave the command of the first platoon to me, and the second
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to Lieutenant Koblin. Colonel Holcomb was acting Brigadier General and he quickly gave the command "Forward." Flushed as we were with success, having been continually seeing the enemy fleeing before us for the last two months whenever we came up with them, victory had come to be almost a matter of course with us. So the boys expected a real "picnic," and it may as well be said that they got it before the day was over. We had not proceeded more than two hundred yards before the grey coats of our enemies appeared among the trees, and they made their presence further known by a shower of bullets. The men returned the fire with interest and a sharp fight was kept up for a few minutes when the rebs gave way. I ordered the men to move forward as rapidly as possible, and not halt to load, but to load and fire as they marched. They had practiced this on the drill ground and knew how. In the excitement of the moment we entirely overlooked the necessity of keeping in line with the rest of the skirmishers and we soon found ourselves alone with one pla-
toon of soldiers. The woods were so dense I could not see the length of my platoon. I was afraid to be in the rear for the danger of firing into them, and if we were forward of them they would fire into us. I could see no remedy, so we kept on our way, loading and firing into the bushes ahead as rapidly as possible. I could hear the stentorian voice of Colonel Holcomb as he gave the command, "Forward on the right!"

This I expected was intended for Company H as I feared they were in my rear: So I reiterated the command and kept up a continual fire into the woods in front. I think when I reiterated the command to "Forward on the right" it drew the fire of the whole rebel picket line on us, immediately in our front. But our fire soon silenced them and they disappeared entirely. This gave us a clear passage so far as the rebels were concerned. But we kept up the fire and pushed forward as fast as the nature of the ground would admit. We continued our course in this way for about a mile and a half, when we arrived at a small creek known as Thompsons
creek, crossing this, we ascended a steep bluff. About half way up I halted the skirmishers and myself and another sergeant crept to the top to reconnoiter. About two hundred yards from the top of the bluff across an old cotton field was the rebel breast works. To the right was a deep basin of about seventy-five acres of felled timber commanded by a battery of two guns. Everything was silent and scarcely a man was to be seen, I believed the enemy was concealed behind the breastworks and did not deem it prudent to approach any nearer until support arrived. I told the sergeant next in rank to remain there and I would see if I could find any of the rest of the skirmishers. At the foot of the bluff I found Colonel Holcomb sitting on the bank wounded and Captain George, Company F, near by in command of the reserve. The Colonel said to me, "Sergeant where are your skirmishers?" I saluted him and said "Colonel they are up there (pointing up the bluff) We are in front of the rebel breast works and cannot go further until we have reinforcements." He said, "I am
wounded and cannot go further. A piece of shell struck me on the hip and I am disabled. But you go and tell Captain Parsons to charge on that gun that is firing down on us and take it” “Very well,” I said, I went out to the right in the direction Captain Parson ought to be but could find nothing of him. I did not look long, and returned to report to the Colonel. But he had gone to the rear. I then returned to my command. I found the remainder of the line of skirmishers had arrived and taken up their positions along the bluff. We had not been there long when the enemy seeing we were not going to make a charge, opened upon us with a terrific volley of grape canister and musketry splitting the limbs of the trees above our heads into splinters. I had my men stationed in a gully cut out from the side of the bluff by the action of the water, so that the fire of the enemy could not reach us. One poor fellow carelessly exposed himself and was shot through the brain and fell at my feet. I looked down at him. He gasped once, and was dead. His comrades took him away.
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The firing ceased and I looked round and discovered we were alone. I said to the men, "What does this mean?" One of them said somebody started a report that the rebels had come out from their works and were flanking us: "I said it was all nonsense. The rebels dare not come out from there works; and we will hold the position until we are compelled to leave it. It has cost us too much hard fighting to abandon it." So I said to one of the men, "How many cartridges have you got?" "One," he replied, "besides the one in my gun." I asked another, and he said, "Four." This I found was the average number among the men. I said to them, "This is a bad state of things, but I think we can deceive them for a while at any rate." I told them that there was no possible danger of being captured if we only kept a good lookout so that they could not surprise us. I told them further to fire occasionally when a good mark presented itself, so as to keep the enemy informed that we were there. I then went around to the right of where Company H was posted and found Cap-
tain Parsons of Company I and Lieutenant Jenner of Company D with their commands. I told them of my condition and that we were out of ammunition. Lieutenant Jenner generously gave me a few packages of cartridges and I returned to our heroic little band, after promising Captain Parsons and Lieutenant Jenner that I would hold the position to the last extremity. The sight of the cartridges inspired the men, and whenever a mark presented itself it was attended to. The retreat happened at about 12 m. We held the position until 2 p. m., when they returned. Company H, B, and the second platoon of Company E retreated. They had been back to our starting point in the morning. They all felt chagrined that they had retreated so rashly, the officers in particular. One said, "Sergeant Smith, where have you been?" I replied that I had been right there all the time. He said, "You have not." I replied that I had, and appealed to the men of my command to prove my statement. He became convinced, and said, "Well, by G—d, I would give a thousand dollars
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to be in your boots.' I did not know before that I was doing anything more than my duty. They brought a supply of ammunition, and I believe some grub, but I don’t quite remember about the last. At 5 p.m. a flag of truce was displayed from the breastworks of the enemy. A tremendous cheering was heard all along the line, and contending parties of both sides laid aside their arms and rushed out to see each other as though they had been friends long parted. Two officers met, the flag of truce was found to be a mistake, the two disappointed armies retired behind their breastworks, and the firing begun again. But the truce showed me that I was right in my calculation that there was a large force behind the breastworks in front of us, where we charged up the bluff; for no sooner was the truce proclaimed than the rebel soldiers swarmed out on the parapet like ants on an ant hill. If all the forces in that immediate vicinity had combined and attempted to charge across that plateau, there was force enough there to have swept it away like chaff from the summer threshing
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floor, or ever they could possibly reach the breastworks. I have thought sometimes that it was a blessing in disguise that Colonel Holcomb was disabled on that morning, or that I failed to find Captain Parsons to deliver his message.

May 28th. At 3 a. m. another tremendous storm of shot and shell. But all except the guard lay sleeping behind the bluff, so that the torrent of lead and iron passed harmlessly over our heads.

At noon another truce was agreed upon until 7 p. m., to bury the dead. Our forces occupied the time in strengthening their works along the bluff, so that when hostilities began again we had very nice breastworks and could stand up and fire, whereas before, in many places, the men had to lie down to fire in order to avoid exposure. At 7 p. m. a rebel gun on the left (an 8 inch Parrot, called the Lady Davis) proclaimed the truce at an end. Now the conflict began with redoubled fury.

A laughable occurrence happened about this time. A shell burst in close proximity to our line, throwing stones and dirt all over us, at the same time
knocking down little Pat Murphy. He jumped up, exclaiming, "Be jobbers, an 'twas the strongest wind I ever felt."

Firing ceased at 8 p.m.

May 30th. Shooting at each other had begun to be regarded more as a pastime than otherwise. But the enemy did not seem to regard it in that light, and had come to be quite shy, so that our men could hardly get a mark to shoot at, but when they did, five or six bullets would fly at it, and it would be strange indeed if all of them missed. Today one of our shells dismounted a rebel gun.

June 1st, 1863. First Louisiana relieved by the 8th Vermont Infantry. After dark it fell back to the rear about half a mile, into a ravine. The rebels shelled us tremendously all night, but did us no harm. Our business here proved to be to protect a mortar battery that was to be planted on high ground in front of us. Guard duty coming only once a week, eating and sleeping turned out to be our chief occupation. The trees in that camp were mostly large Magnolias, and being in full bloom at this time of year, the air was loaded with their fragrance.
June 8th. Guns all in position—one 10-inch mortar, three 8-inch mortars, one a 32 pound Parrot rifle, and two brass field pieces. These guns occupied about half a mile in the line. Other guns were interspersed along the line, but of these I know but little. The mortar firing was grand in the extreme, notably the 10-inch one. The gun is fixed permanently with an elevation of 45 degrees. The shell is seen as soon as it leaves the gun on account of the burning fuze. It mounts, and mounts, until it seems to be among the stars, it then ranges along like a meteor until it begins to describe the other half of the parabola. It then descends to the ground, burying itself many feet in the earth and explodes with a deep muffled roar, sending dirt and stones many feet in the air.

June 10th. At night, while the First Louisiana was sleeping, a charge was being made on the right and left of the rebel line at the same instant. The one on the right was made by the 90th and 191st New York and the 22nd Maine regiments. It was directly in front of our position. The troops undertook to
creep through a ravine, full of fallen timber, in the darkness: but they were discovered by the rebels, who poured such a deadly fire into the fallen timber that the attempt had to be abandoned. Some of the soldiers crept into holes and remained there all day, and escaped in the night. Others crept back the same night to camp, but a few lay dead and wounded on the field. The charge on the left ended about the same way.

June 13th. General Banks sent a flag of truce to General Gardner demanding a surrender of the place, but the rebel General could not see the necessity of surrendering at that time.

Sunday, June 14th, 1863. We have now arrived through the vicissitudes and chances of this siege, to another day that will ever be memorable, not for the amount of good or for important victories gained on that day, but for reasons quite the contrary. It will be remembered by the actors in that drama for the desperate encounters of a "forlorn hope," and for the terrible and useless slaughter of human lives. At 12 o'clock midnight, we were ordered in line of battle. The
night was dark, but the soldiers groped their way through the forest, two miles and a half, towards the left. Here we found eight or ten regiments ready to move. But before we did so it had begun to be daylight. We passed over a bridge, across Thompson's creek, up the bluff, and halted. A line of skirmishers had been sent out to drive in the enemy's pickets, so that the infantry could pass through the trenches without annoyance or discovery. But while we were waiting for this the enemy opened on us from the fortress with heavy guns, firing every conceivable thing they could get into them — pieces of railroad iron, old horseshoes, nails, spikes, etc.—but they flew harmlessly over our heads. A bullet flew uncomfortably near me and wounded a man directly in my rear. It hit his leg, and I heard the bones crash.

But the order soon came to march. A road had been cut through the fallen timber for about half a mile. It wound among the hills in such a manner that no part of it was exposed to the fire from the fort. This was continued up to within two or three hundred yards of the
works. The terminus was protected by a pile of cotton bales. To the left and running parallel to the enemy's breast-works, was a line of hills. We filed to the left and formed in line of battle behind these. During the whole of this time I was ignorant and so was everyone else around me, of what we were about to do. There was a vague notion, however, that there was to be a charge somewhere on the enemy's works. Whoever planned these defences seemed to have understood his business. The timber was cut back three-fourths of a mile from the embankments, tree tops interlacing with each other formed almost an impregnable barrier. Between us and the fortification was the hill or ridge of land, behind which the line of battle was formed, and a hollow between this and the fort. This last was full of deep gullies and fallen timber, rendering it almost impassable. Colonel Holcomb was acting Brigadier General that day. He was a brave man and a good officer. Our bayonets were fixed, and the Colonel gave the command, "Forward! double quick, march." The first Louisiana gave a yell,
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and up the hill they went. But no sooner had they come in range of the guns on the breastworks than they were met by one of the most withering fires ever seen by mortal man. In crossing a level piece of ground on the top of the hill I cast my eye around and saw that almost every man had fallen. I halted, and thought, "Well, what does this mean? I do not believe I can take Port Hudson alone and guess I'll fall down too." There was a white oak tree about a foot through lying on the ground in front of me, so I pitched down, and laid on my face as close to the log as I could get. And I did not get down any too soon, for the bullets began to come, cutting the bark on the top of the log, and striking the ground two or three feet beyond me, but they could not hit me; so I lay there until they got through firing. I then ventured to lift my head to see what was going on, as I supposed Colonel Holcomb would give the command to go forward again. The ground was covered with men as far as I could see, and it seemed as though it was a half a mile. Soon after falling down behind the log, I heard
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Col. Holcomb say, "13th Connecticut, why don’t you move forward?" The 13th gave a faint yell, and came up the hill sharing the same fate as the First Louisiana did. They were on our left. Those were the last words I heard the Colonel speak. After looking as long as I dared, I laid my head down again behind the log: but the rebels had seen me, and began firing again, so I laid still till they got through, and then I gave another look. The men lay there just as they were when I looked before. I thought, "why don’t they crawl down the hill and get out of the range of the rebel’s guns?" I looked once more and the truth flashed on my mind, that they were all dead or wounded, and they could not get away.

The sun was awful hot, and I had played "hide and go seek" long enough with "my friends the enemy;" besides, I did not see any further prospect of taking Port Hudson that day, so I thought I might as well get out. In coming up the hill I noticed a deep gully on the right, with two logs across it. A young soldier, in a sargeant’s uniform, stepped up on the logs, and was crossing, but all at once

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he stopped, turned round, and fell on his face. He lay there until we got by. Now I thought that would be a good place to get into out of the way of the sun and rebel bullets. So I crawled down the hill, keeping the log between me and my friends until out of the reach of the guns of the fort and got into the gully. The boy still lay there sleeping his last sleep, and I presume his mother never found out where he was. I found Lieut. Gardner in the gully with three or four more of Co. E, First Louisiana. It was quite cool and comfortable there, but the canteens were all empty and no water to be had. The wounded must have suffered terrible agonies lying there in the hot sun. If they stirred a hand or foot the rebels would shoot at them. The groans were something awful. "And there shall be the weeping," came forcibly to me. It was sure death to undertake to bring one away.

We laid in the gully until 3 o'clock when Lieut. Gardner requested me to go to the rear and gather up the stragglers and bring them back to the gully, as we supposed we were to remain there over
night. I thought it prudent to move as fast as convenient, for no sooner had I emerged from the cover than the bullets commenced to fly as thick as bees about a hive on a hot summer’s day. I made some pretty long strides down the hill, and was soon out of harm’s way. On the way to the bridge I found several of my company and took them along with me. I found the company’s cook at the bridge with hot coffee, hard bread, and boiled salt junk. This was a source of rejoicing to the physical man; for the contents of my haversack and canteen of water, brought out at midnight, had been shared at early dawn with my less considerate comrades, and I had not seen food and but little water since that time. I dispatched some men with food to the men on the battle ground. While discussing my coffee I learned that Col. Halcomb, Lieut. Hill, of Co. H, and several other officers and men with whom I had been on terms of intimacy for months past, had been killed. Colonel Halcomb and Lieut. Hill fell nearly at the same time,—the former killed outright and the latter mortally wounded. The Colonel met
his death at the moment he ordered the 13th forward, and the words I heard, as related above, were about the last he ever spoke. He was struck twice, once in the breast and in the second the ball passed through the brain. This last, of course, was fatal; and I was told by those near him when he was killed, that as soon as the ball struck him he threw up his hand exclaiming, "Oh, G—" (the power of utterance ceasing before the words were articulated) and fell. His body was taken from the field and sent to his family in Connecticut. Lieut. Hill was wounded in the breast and died several weeks later in the hospital at New Orleans. On the way through the woods in the morning his manner was singular. He conversed with me much, and it was about his people at home, and it was of a melancholy nature. He was a brave officer and everybody loved him.

The news I learned that night was sad indeed. We dispatched our supper as soon as possible and started on the return. We had not gone far, however, when we met some men of our regiment who reported that the troops were all
coming out. On hearing this we halted by the roadside, and soon Major Grosvenor appeared at the head of all that remained of the First Louisiana. We fell in and marched back to the bridge. Here we compared notes, and while some were lamenting the noble slain others were rejoicing that some were left alive. The night was dark, and Lieut. Jenner and I sat on the ground talking over the events of the day. We did not observe that our companies had gone, but they had, so we started in pursuit, but so many paths led through the woods that we soon discovered that we were lost—lost in the woods in face of a mortal foe, in the night. “All right, let it be so. But I’ll tell you what I am going to do. I am going to camp right here. If we wander around here in the dark we will run on to the rebel pickets, and fetch up in Andersonville prison.” Lieut. Jenner agreed I was right. So, happening to be under a large Magnolia tree, I selected a big root for a pillow, and we went to bed. I believe I exchanged the root for my canteen during the night, otherwise the night passed without any molestation.
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May 15th, 1863. As soon as sunrise we started for camp. It was a gloomy day, and seemed more like the day after a funeral.

June 18th. First Louisiana went out twenty miles to guard a wagon train to get cotton; got 75 bales and several loads of corn.

June 20th. Moved back to our old quarters in rear of the batteries.

June 21st. Our brigade, under Gen. Morgan, with three batteries and a cavalry force under Col. Grierson, went out on the Jackson road in pursuit of some guerillas under Chief Logan. Did not get them—horses too fleet.

June 22d. Back to our camping ground again. Major W. O. Fisk returned from New Orleans and took command of the regiment in place of Col. Holcomb, who was killed May 14th. Major Fisk was wounded in the fight at Franklin, April 12th, and had been in the hospital ever since that time.

My position as acting-lieutenant admitted me to the society of the commissioned officers of our regiment. I cannot say that I can point to a period of great-

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er enjoyment, than the four weeks spent before Port Hudson. Several causes combined to bring this about. The principal one, perhaps, was the consciousness that my name had gone in from the battlefield "recommended for promotion." This was more satisfactory to me than if I had been recommended for meritorious conduct on "dress parade." And then, too, the beauty of the scenery: the deep foliage of the gigantic Magnolia and birch trees, whose broad branches shut out the rays of a burning sun, and the immense blossoms of the former, loaded with their fragrance, the gentle breezes which stole through the trees. This naturally inspired a corresponding spirit of romance and poetry among the officers and men; so we made the forest vocal with patriotic songs and pleasant ballads touching our dear old homes and the loved ones in dear old New England. But the Magnolia leaves dropped and the flowers faded. So, too, we must pass away.
CHAPTER V.
Terrific Fight at Fort Butler.

Sunday, June 28th, 1863. First Louisiana ordered to Donaldsonville. Went in wagons by way of Springfield Landing, 18 miles below Port Hudson, where we went on board the Iberville at 10 p.m. Next morning, at daylight, arrived at Fort Butler. Rumor of a fight here had reached us, but we were not fully aware of the magnitude of the conflict until now. Port Barro, a little cluster of houses on the same side of the bayou with the fort, had been nearly all burned, and some of the houses in Donaldson were burning. The First Louisiana disembarked and went into the fort. New made graves were seen along the levee and the slope of the parapet towards the river was completely covered with a gore of blood.

We learned that at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 28th, a force of Texas rebels under General Morton, 5,000 strong, had attacked the fort. The garrison in the fort consisted of a detachment from
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the 28th Maine, commanded by Major Bullen and a few convalescents from the hospital, belonging to the First Louisiana; in all about 183 efficient men. Six heavy 24-pound siege guns were mounted on the parapet, and the Essex lay in the river. This was our force and armament. The plan of attack was this: A force was to make a feint upon the main entrance by the side of the bayou, while a storming party of 500 picked men were to steal down behind the levee, under cover of darkness, wade around the stockade in the river, and scale the parapet on the river side, where there was no moat. By some mistake the storming party arrived first, and while some were wading around the stockade, others tried to cut an opening in it with axes. This alarmed the garrison, and in an instant the parapet was bristling with bayonets. Then commenced "some savage biting." For three long mortal hours did this little heroic band withstand the assault of three times their number in a hand-to-hand conflict with only a bank of earth six feet wide and as high as a man's breast to separate them. Charge after charge was
made by the rebels, yelling as only Texans know how to yell, but each was met by a volley that sent the maddened desperate adventurers hurling back down the parapet with mortal wounds. Some tried to creep over, but these were met by the bayonets. They then resorted to throwing bricks, but all of no avail. One desperate fellow mounted the gate in the stockade with a lantern, and tried to open it inside. He fell pierced with many bullets. In the meantime, while this was going on, the main force had arrived and the fort was besieged on all sides. The heavy guns then opened their black throats and vomited forth death and swift destruction, while two gunboats, lying up the river, hearing the conflict, rushed to the scene of action under full steam, and rounding the bend above the fort, opened broadside after broadside, of shot and shell, in the midst of the enemy. It was then that death and destruction reigned supreme, and the Death Angel flapped her broad wings amid the glare of bursting bombs and the terrible flashes of the deep-mouthed cannon. The horrified rebels retreated in dismay and confusion,
while the death-dealing missiles pursued them for miles, and strewed the country with the slain.

The story of that terrible night is now soon told. At early dawn the Essex spied the few hundred rebels who had crept behind the stockade between the parapet and the river. They immediately opened a broadside of grape and canister. A flag of truce was raised, and they were prisoners of war.

This ended one of the most bloody conflicts of the war, according to numbers. But the loss was nearly all on one side. The enemy lost 1,000 men in killed and taken prisoners. Our loss was six killed and 11 wounded.

It was my original intention not to relate anything but what I saw with my own eyes or participated in personally. I have, however, departed somewhat from that purpose, but not without the best of evidence either from eye-witnesses or participants themselves. In relating the foregoing account of the attack on Fort Butler, the language may seem overdrawn, but if it is, it was not my intention to have it so. I had the best of
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opportunities to obtain the facts, and I can conscientiously say that I have related them truly and faithfully as they were told me.

Companies F, C and E of the First Louisiana remained at the fort, and the remainder of the regiment was ordered back to Port Hudson. At night I was detailed as officer of the picket guard. Houses were burning all night, but all was quiet so far as the enemy was concerned. But at noon of the next day the advanced mounted videttes came rushing in seemingly in a terrible fright, reporting that a large force of rebel cavalry was close at hand and approaching rapidly. At the time I was with the reserve at the post on the river road above the fort. There was a bend in the levee and the road above this station, which shut out from view everything beyond. Consequently the cavalry would be upon us before we could see them. So, of course, we must retreat or be captured I chose the former. An orderly met us with a message from the commander of the fort, ordering us to hasten so the guns could sweep the road. When we

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came in sight, the men were at the guns and the garrison was ready to fight. No enemy appeared, however, and we returned to our positions. At about 4 o'clock p.m. a mulatto girl came down from a plantation above and stated that a large force of cavalry came there at about noon to see how many gun boats were at the fort, stating that they intended to attack us again at night. Relieved at sundown.

July 1, Reports of the enemy in great force (18,000). Expect an attack every hour. Trees nearly all removed in range of the fort. Bags of sand placed on the parapets leaving loop holes for guns and otherwise strengthening the fort.

July 5, Major Bullin shot by a drunken soldier by the name of Scot, who was sent to New Orleans, tried by a court marshal and hung.

July 7, This was the gloomest day to me I remember since the war begun. But it need not have been so, had I known the true condition of affairs. As I saw it then the situation was as follows. General Banks had been besieging Port Hudson about six weeks with no better
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prospect so far as I could see of taking it than when the siege first begun and so far as I knew Vicksburg was in about the same condition. Besides a large army from Texas and Arkansas had occupied all the territory in Western Louisiana and the Red river we had conquered, planted their batteries on the Mississippi river ten miles below cutting off communication with New Orleans and were besieging Fort Butler at Donaldson, threatening to cross the river and attack Banks in rear of Port Hudson. No wonder I felt blue. A steamboat came from Baton Rouge for the four companies of the First Louisiana and they were on board at 10 a.m. We had proceeded about six miles up the river, when we received a volley of musketry from the shore. There was a small six pound mountain Howitzer on the cabin deck with which we opened on them with shells, besides a lively play of musketry. A shell happened to burst inside a house where they had taken refuge and they were last seen fleeing to the cornfields in the rear. Off against, Plaquimine, an ocean steamer, the St.
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Mary passed and hailed us but we did not understand what she said. She was at Baton Rouge when we arrived. We asked them what they had tried to tell us and they replied "Vicksburg had fallen." Holo: this was a bright beam of light let in through the dark clouds of our hopes. The soldiers sent up cheer after cheer in the exuberance of their joy. But some felt that it was too good to be true. On arriving at Springfield Landing the news was confirmed. Staid here all night.

July 8, 1763, At 8 a.m., we were on the march for Port Hudson. Five miles on the way, an officer met us informing us that Port Hudson had surrendered and read an order from General Banks remanding us back to Donaldsonville. We cheered of course, but our joy was to full and deep to find vent in that way. We were now in sight of the frowning hights of Port Hudson. The stars and stripes were streaming from the flag pole in the fort. But all was silent. The gun boats and mortar fleet lay sleeping peacefully on the bosom of the broad river and all was silent
as a Sabbath morn. The Sallie Robinson came up and took us on board and her prow was turned down stream. Remaining over night at Baton Rouge at 2 p.m. the First Louisiana was again in Donaldsonville. A swarm of bees came across the river and pitched on the flag pole in the fort. Next day Augar's division of the nineteenth corps arrived from Port Hudson on transports. Our troops took formal possession of that place on the morning of the ninth.

July 11th, "All quiet on the Mississippi and its waters flow unvexed to the sea." Scouting by cavalry, no rebels to be seen. The Richmond, Commander Farragut's Flag ship, and three gun-boats came down.

July 12, whole army marched down the bayou, about four miles where they met the rebels in force. Lieutenant Koblin and myself were in command of the guard. Stationed the guard in a cornfield. Next morning the two forces had an artillery duel, and our forces fell back again under the protection of the guns of the fort. I never really understood the purpose or necessity of that

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movement. After the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson the control of the Mississippi river was forever lost to the enemy as they could never expect to gain another foothold on its banks with the whole United States Navy on its waters: so it was not a good or safe place for a hostile army to remain long near its shores. In a few days the rebel army went away to the Teche country in Western Louisiana and they never troubled that mighty highway again.

On July 29, 1863, the Louisiana was again ordered to garrison Fort Butler. The twenty-eighth Maine having served out its time was discharged. General Bank's army too vanished away, brigade after brigade until not a canvas could be seen in the vicinity, leaving us alone again in quiet possession of the country about Fort Butler. And thus ended one of the most important campaigns of the war.

August 24, 1863, Received an order from Colonel Fiske detailing myself and four others on recruiting service in New Orleans.
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August 31, Opened a recruiting office at No. 5 St. Charles street.

September 25, 1863, Received provisional commission from Major General Banks as Second Lieutenant Company C First Louisiana Volunteer Infantry (white) Date of Commission September 8, 1863, Number of Commission 544.

October 8, 1863, Mustered into service as Second Lieutenant by John Hamilton Second Lieutenant V. S. Infantry, Muster to take effect September 25, 1863.

December 2, relieved from recruiting service in New Orleans and rejoined regiment December 10. During the winter nothing of importance occurred, except building barracks for the men and making two outworks to strengthen the fort.

March 16, Received marching orders.
CHAPTER VI.

On to Shreveport.

March 26, 1864, At about noon of this day on board the steamboat Illinois we left our good old home at the fort in Donaldsonville and steamed up the broad Mississippi river for Alexandria, Louisiana. We had passed so many happy days in that old fort that it had come to seem very much like home to the First Louisiana and so far as I was concerned I did not leave it without some regrets: but war is war and I consoled myself by looking forward to the time when the victory would be gained and we could enjoy the fruits of it with the loved ones at home. Next day we passed Baton Rouge and Port Hudson entering the mouth of Red river at about noon. On the way up two men hailed us from the shore in the woods. We took them in and found they were deserters from the gun boats at Fort De Russey. Poor fellows, they could get
nothing to eat along that river but alligators: and I guess the hard tack and salt junk tasted good to them. They were turned over to the Essex when we arrived at the fort and what happened to them after that we never stopped to learn.

March 28, 1864, After tying up to the bank all night for fear of sharp shooters along the shore in the woods; we passed Fort De Russey at Snaggy Point. This fort had the honor of being taken twice by our gun boats: the first time by Commander Farragut before the siege of Port Hudson, about May 1, 1863 and a few days before this, Snaggy Point is at a sharp bend in the river which is very shallow in low water on account of sunken logs in the stream. It has special advantages as a location for a fort mainly from the fact that it commands a view of the river for a long distance above and below. It was here we had such an interesting time going up the river in July of 1860 when I was on my way to Texas. We were on a small stern wheel boat named the "News Boy" with a cargo of grain. We were two
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days getting round this point. They unloaded the grain into lighters and
snaked the boat over the logs by hitching to trees and winding the rope round
the capstan. I never dreamed of seeing a fort here at that time but strange
things happen in this world sometimes. Arrived at Alexandria at four p. m. and
encamped on the same ground we did the year before, on the Rapides Bayou.
The falls in the Red River at this place will not admit of navigation more than
six months in the year and the river had begun falling at this early date in March
so that the gun boats had difficulty in getting up over the falls and a noble
large transport loaded with army stores and general merchandise was already
hopelessly stranded on the rocks: so we had to witness the painful sight of her
going up in smoke and flame with all her valuable cargo. When I went up
that river in July of sixty alluded to before, there was hardly water enough going over these same falls to drive a saw mill, let alone floating all the United States Navy in the Western waters: and General Banks had it there at that time,
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all above the falls and as the sequel will show it cost us no little trouble to get the boats down again. We were here brigaded with the one hundred and fifty-ninth and ninetieth New York and the thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers, General Grover's Division.

April 11, 1864, Got marching orders and at four p. m. marched above the falls about two miles and went on board the steamboat "Shenango". At eight p. m., we were steaming up the river.

April 12, 1864, Passed the mouth of Caney river at daylight. In the afternoon we were hailed at a plantation by a man wanting to sell cotton. The bait was a good one and the prow of the boat was soon pointing to the shore and our erstwhile planter walked leisurely up the bluff and took a position under an old shed on the bank and stood waiting results. Meanwhile Col. Fiske, and the Captain of the boat stood in conversation on the hurricane deck and at the same time watching events. I could not read their thoughts but suddenly one of the wheels stopped and begun to back and if ever I saw a steamboat turn

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round that one made the quickest time within my recollection and it did not stop after it got round either but made good time until we were well out of range of that boat landing. The getting of the old planter out of harms way probably saved us from being all cut to pieces, as the bluff was twenty feet high with the levy ten feet on top of it, behind which the enemy was undoubtedly concealed so that there would have have been no show at all for us. The plan was well laid, if plan it was, but it did not work. At four p. m., we arrived at Grand Ecore. The First Louisiana and thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers landed on the left bank opposite the city. The Shinango got aground in trying to land and we were taken off by the "Ohio Bell".

April 13, 1864, We found Bank's whole army here having been badly defeated at Pleasant Hill, forty miles above on the ninth and tenth instant and had retreated back to this place with his whole army. The story of the battle so far as I could learn from those who participated in it, was as follows: The objective
point was Shrievsport on this river about sixty miles above. General Curtis from Arkansas and General Banks from New Orleans were both marching upon it intending to form a junction there. But Banks did not take the wiley rebel General Green into the account. With a strong force of Texas troops he stepped between the approaching armies first attacking Curtis and driving him back towards Arkansas and then turning upon Banks. South of Shrievsport is a dense forest through which the road passes. In this forest Green placed his troops disposing them in the form of the letter A with the apex towards the city where he planted a battery in the road. The Union cavalry was in the advance followed by the baggage train. As soon as the head of the column reached the battery they opened fire. The wings closed upon the baggage train, shot the mules and drivers, piling up the wagons in terrible confusion making the road utterly impassable, while the forest was so dense a rabbit could hardly crawl through; the enemy had it pretty much all his own way. The long baggage
train was all captured with its valuable stores besides most of the cavalry was either killed or captured. The remaining few that escaped fell back on the infantry support which was a day's march in the rear. Of course the enemy pursued them until they met the infantry and then it was their turn to retreat; which they did without stopping to fight long. The infantry pursued them about eight miles, but it was a useless chase as their commissary stores were all gone and they were compelled to retreat. They fell back to Grand Ecore and threw up entrenchments and this is where we found them.

April 14, 1864, Meanwhile Commodore Porter was in the river quite a number of miles above Pleasant Hill where the battle was fought with more than half of the United States Navy. General Banks got a dispatch through to him, stating that "he was defeated and on the retreat". This of course compelled Porter to retreat: as the absence of the army uncovered the river banks and let loose the whole rebel army upon him, West of the Mississippi
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river. That led him a lively dance all the way down until they arrived at Grand Écore. He states in his report that the rebel General Green in command "had his head shot off" in a raid on the gun boats and the management of the rebel army fell into the hands of "drunken Dick Taylor who was entirely incompetent to conduct it". Green deserved all he got, for in speaking of this incident J. T. Headly says in "Farragut and his Naval Commanders", that the rebels had made their attack in the most difficult part of the river where four or five of our vessels were fast in the mud and others along side of them trying to pull them off. The advance consisted of 3000 men commanded by General Green, their best general. He soon found that his men could not stand our fire: but he determined not to retreat, and forced his troops up to the edge of the banks where our gunboats fairly mowed them down. He finally got his head shot off, and nearly all his officers having been killed around him, the rest retreated in disorder, cut up as they fled.
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This was the victorious army that had defeated Banks the day before, and flushed with victory, had pounced on Porter. On this day I was detailed to take charge of a fatigue party to unload our affects off the Shinango. At twelve o'clock noon, we crossed the river and took our position in line in the piney woods at the breast works.

April 19, 1864, Finished breastworks all round from the river on the right to the same on the left.

April 21, 1864. Yesterday orders to be ready to move at an hours notice. At five p.m., we left Grand Ecore and marched all night until three a.m. of the next day when we encamped by the side of Caney river.

April 22, 1864, Officer of the guard. Marched again at 10 a.m. Cavalry skirmished all day. First Louisiana in advance of infantry. Cut a road through a wood. Expected a fight all day. Somehow I did not believe we would have a fight, but my captain, Felton, believed we would, and get badly whipped too. "I will tell you what I will do Captain", I said: "I will bet you ten cents,
and that is the extent of my pile, that the First Louisiana don't fire a gun until we get into Alexandria." He did not take the bet and I did not believe he had the money to cover it. Money was not very flush with any of us. It had been a good while since we were paid off. One of our men was killed today by a rebel. At six p. m. stacked arms and the men had stripped off their equipments and were preparing for supper when orders came to march immediately at double quick. There was a scramble to get into line and we went on a double quick about half a mile and halted in an open field. Slept on our arms that night. General Dick Taylor did not molest us and I had a good sound sleep.

April 23, 1864, On the march at six a. m. Rebels had crossed Caney river at the ford and taken possession of three high hills on the opposite bank, and planted a battery of six guns on the highest one, next to the ford, and our artillery were unable to dislodge them. So a force of infantry, one regiment of which was the First Louisiana, were ordered to move up the river, about two
miles, cross over and threaten their left flank and rear. After crossing we passed through a deep swamp. On the first hill we saw nothing of the enemy until we came to the foot, where there was a wide field. We found the enemy here in force. A regiment of Zouaves from New York city charged on them and they retreated up the second hill followed by the pursuing regiments. Between this hill and the third one next the ford there was a narrow field through which ran a stream of water crossed by a bridge. General Birge ordered a company of mounted infantry, belonging to the thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers commanded by Lieutenant Mesner to cross the bridge and ride through the field and then followed with the Second brigade marching by the flank; the First Louisiana on the right. A short distance beyond the bridge to the left was a shallow ravine. As soon as the First Louisiana was across and filed to the left, toward the ravine, the rebels opened a destructive fire of grape and musketry into Lieutenant Mesner's company, and the First Louisiana from the
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opposite hill. The company of mounted infantry was literally cut to pieces, and Lieutenant Mesner was pierced with three bullets, and died soon after. The First Louisiana fell back into the ravine. General Birge came riding back, hatless, and ordered the men to lie down in the ravine. Captain Felton and myself, did not obey orders: we wanted to see what was going on, and the writer of this came very near paying the penalty for his curiosity with his life. There was a small hickory sapling about as large as ones arm, standing about three feet in front of us. A bullet struck it, about breast high, penetrating it about half way through. I stood just in line and had it not been for that sapling these pages never would have been written. The Second and Third brigades were soon on the move, charging up the steep hill, but the birds had flown. A messenger came stating that the troops were crossing the ford, and we marched round the base of the hill to it, and encamped on the bank of the river. I have been told by those that were fighting by the ford, that they
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drove the enemy from the hill: but I always thought the Second and Third brigade, creeping around on their left flank, and threatening their line of retreat, had something to do with it: for their position above the ford and plain below, was so far above them that artillery must have been entirely ineffective, and musketry could not reach them: so that a flank movement was the only remedy as I believe. We lost one hundred and fifty in killed and wounded. The First Louisiana had six wounded, none killed.

April 24, 1864, At three o'clock in the morning heavy cannonading across the river in our rear. General J. M. Smith was covering our retreat, with ten thousand men of the sixteenth army corps, furnished by General Sherman, to assist in this campaign. The firing ceased at about eight a.m., the rebels attacking him, being defeated with heavy loss. By ten a.m. the army with all the train was across the river, except Smith's corps: and we were on the march again towards Alexandria: Our road for the next fifteen miles lay through the piney woods,
but it was accomplished without molesta-
tion, and by nine p.m. we emerged
into the opening on Red river. Four
miles further on, along the Rapides Bay-
ou, we halted for the night. Thousands
of negroes followed us from Caney river
bringing all their belongings with them:
some with beds in bundles on their
heads, and some with frying pans and
kettles and every conceivable thing you
could mention. These poor creatures
were of every shade of color from ebony
black to pure Caucasian white. Many
of the soldiers formed an acquaintance
with some one of these swarthy damsels
and they marched along side by side in
apparent entertaining conversation, thus
beguiling the tedium of the march. On
emerging from the piney woods, a won-
derful sight burst upon us. It seems the
cavalry and mounted infantry, in the ad-
advance, had not spared the torch, and the
country for miles around was a light
blaze, with camp fires and burning plan-
tations, I don’t think there was a build-
ing standing on the line of our march
four or five miles wide that was not
burned even with the ground.
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April 25, 1864, On the march again about noon: marched about twenty miles and arrived in Alexandria, about nine p. m. and camped on our old camping ground, in the rear of the town.

April 26, 1864, Smith's corps coming in all day. Rebels did not trouble him much, after the thrashing he gave them at Caney river.

April 27, 1864, Light skirmishing at the front.

April 28, 1864, Heavy skirmishing all day with cavalry, artillery and infantry. Afternoon preparations for a general engagement. Squadrons wheeling into line, and maneuvering at the front. At night the torch was again at work and soon the heavens were aglow with burning buildings. Firing ceased. Next day all was quiet. The enemy had felt our position, did not like it and withdrew. The notorious Quantrel, the bushwhacker was on the opposite side of the river so the Second brigade was ordered to cross and take positions to protect that part of the town. We encamped near a house in rear of Pineville. It was empty, and the soldiers re-
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garded it as lawful plunder, and raided it, as was their custom. It seemed to be an unwritten law that, if the family fled, it was evidence of guilt, and the property was theirs; but if they remained the property was respected and a guard was placed over it to protect it. In the case in question the house was occupied by a lady who had gone to a neighbor’s for a short time, but on returning and seeing what had been done she wept bitterly, and complained that she had been treated unfairly, and well she might, for it turned out that her husband was a union man, and had been hiding in the woods for several months to keep from being drafted into the rebel army, and she had been feeding him. It is needless to say she got her things back, and officers and soldiers chipped in and gave her a barrel of flour, and stocked her house well with provisions. And I might as well say that this was not an isolated case for we found many men, and women too, throughout the South faithful to their country and flag: ready to sacrifice property, and life too, if need be to protect them from that wicked rebellion. We
raised a company of mounted Mexicans, and put many recruits in the union armies.

April 30, 1864, First Louisiana moved a short distance to the left, on higher ground opposite the falls, into some negro's cabins. Meanwhile Porter came down the river with fifty gunboats, transports and other craft. One large transport the Eastport had run onto the logs and had to be blown up, but after hard fighting all the way he arrived with his fleet to the falls to find the water so low they were impassable. What was to be done? Banks' plan was to gather all the cotton and load it on transports, blow up the gunboats and retreat. This Porter would not do. Meanwhile the latter had sent a dispatch to Washington stating the condition of affairs and General Canby was sent out to relieve Banks with orders to stay with the army in Alexandria until the gunboats were relieved.
CHAPTER VII

Building the Dam at Alexandria.

Colonel T. Baley had had an interview with Porter previously, and assured him that the vessels could be got over the falls easily. These two men called on Banks and laid Bailey's plans before him and after consideration they were adopted and three thousand men and one hundred wagons were placed at Bailey's command with axes and the work begun. Buildings were pulled down, quarries were opened, flat boats built, the forests rang with the resounding axe and the shouts of men, the logs came down with great rapidity, and the forests became a human hive.

May 2, 1864, Crossed the river on a pontoon bridge. Dam above progressing finely. Commissaries would not issue rations to parties unless they were accompanied with a commissioned officer and while the dam was building we took turns in drawing rations and that was about all the duties we had to do ex-
cept to go on guard once a week; the cavalry scouts doing all the fighting. I called it a pretty soft snap. Bailey would have nobody but Michiganders on the dam.

May 3, 1864, On guard at pontoon bridge. An old lady and gentleman came up with a pass signed by Colonel Molineaux I examined it and passed it back to her. At the same time General Banks came up and said, "Lieutenant why are you passing so many people across here, they are letting the enemy know all we are doing and giving us a great deal of trouble." I saluted him and said, "General, my instructions were to pass everybody with passes signed by yourself and Colonel Molineaux," at the same time handing him the pass. "Well," he said, "I will tell Col. Molineaux not to pass so many people across this bridge." At that the old lady pointed to a nice looking young man standing there, dressed in a new United States uniform and said, "This is our son, he has just enlisted in the Union army and we are all on our way to New Orleans and want to cross the river to take a steamboat."
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We are afraid they will persecute us when you are gone, if we stay here.” "Oh, Ah, yes, I see” he said, “that is all right,” and passed on. It was not for me to reply, poor man, he had enough to make him petulant. I was at a loss to know, however, what I had to do with Colonel Molineaux's business. Worked on dam all night.

May 5, 1864, Heavy cannonading all night down the river. Ohio Belle reported captured and destroyed, with all lost, killed and taken prisoners. A raid on the lumber cutters for the dam, twenty killed and wounded. Considerable fighting all round the lines. Our position quite safe being in rear of a deep ravine with heavy timber felled all along our front.

May 6, and 7, 1864, Comparative quiet. May 8, 1864, Crossed Red river on the dam. Four gun boats below the dam, and two turreted monitors below the upper falls. Two of the coal barges filled with brick and sunk in the channel had broke away and swung around alongside of the passage and these four boats being
Gunboats Passing the Falls in Red River at Alexandria, as seen by the Author from the Pontoon Bridge Below
By permission of E. B. Treat & Co., Publishers of "Farragut and Our Naval Commanders."
Below the upper falls had run through the dam to safety.

May 9, 1864, Dam broke away and two ironclads run through. Two gunboats reported destroyed near Fort De Russey.

May 10, 1864, All quiet.
CHAPTER VIII

Fighting the Way to the Mississippi.

May 11, 1864, Nineteenth army corps moved eight miles down the river and then marched back four miles and encamped.

May 12, in camp all day.

May 13, 1864, Whole army marched down the river and encamped in an open field on its banks, First Louisiana on picket.

May 14, 1864, Heavy skirmishing most all day. Expected a big battle. Did not materialize. Gunboats all over the falls and came down with the transports. Enemy fired on them from the opposite side of the river. Gunboats shelled the woods. Halted ten miles above Fort De Russey where the rebels had destroyed one gunboat and two transports coming up the river. One of them was the John Warren. The mail was all torn up and scattered over the ground. Many rifle pits were dug in the levee.
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May 15, 1864, Sunday, On the march at 7 a.m. Left the river and passed through a forest five miles coming out on a plain or open prairie near Fort De-Russey. We found the rebels in force with several pieces of artillery. A large part of the army wheeled in position four lines deep. It was a beautiful sight all in open view. The rebels fired a few shells and retreated. Quamtrell's guerrillas on the opposite side of the river had a good time all day firing into our transports. A little beyond the town of Marksville the advance came up again with the enemy at about sundown. Our brigade was ordered to the front at double quick. We arrived within supporting distance of the cavalry and night coming on the firing ceased. We were soon supported by two or three other lines in our rear when we laid down on the prairie and slept on our arms all night.

May 16, 1864, In motion a little after sun rise. The enemy had fallen back during the night but after advancing two miles over fences and through fields the advance cavalry came upon them in full
force with about twenty pieces of artillery and seven thousand mounted infantry. They were in front of a little town called Mansura and just before you leave the prairie and enter an almost impenetrable Cypress swamp which stretches between it and bayou DeGlaze, and is passed by means of a plank road. Taylor had placed his forces across the entrance to this plank road and disputed its passage. As soon as our infantry were in supporting distance, the cavalry began to press their lines when they opened all their batteries at once. This of course discovered their position and several batteries of the nineteenth corps soon came into position and the ball was open. Four lines of battle were in rear of us, all in supporting distance, composed of the First and Third divisions of the nineteenth corps and the thirteenth. On the right General Smith came up with the sixteenth army corps formed in line continuous with ours; making them two miles long. The bellowing of cannon screaming and hissing of shot and shell, the bursting of bombs and the prancing horses of the
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wheeling squadrons created a scene of excitement I never before witnessed and never expect to witness again. Solid shot and shell literally rained all around us for about three hours. The country being level, afforded a clear view as far as the eye could reach until obscured by smoke. The scene was grand. Many of the enemy's shells did not burst at all and many burst in the air. Many amusing incidents happened, one of which I will relate. A shell struck the ground a few feet in front of our line and ricocheted (bounded) over our heads and struck the ground again directly under a surgeon's horse, standing there, with his rider and bounded again. The doctor leaned over one side to see what kind of a hole it made in the ground, started his horse along a step or two and sat in the saddle as though nothing had happened. Sometimes the shells would strike the ground and roll end over end a long distance. It looked as though one might put out his foot and stop them. I did not try the experiment. So long as they did 'not disturb me, I thought I might as well let them
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alone. At this stage of the battle General Grover, on a large heavy bay horse galloped out between the lines five or six hundred yards, turned in a circle, rode back to the twenty-sixth New York battery. He spoke to the commander, and they limbered up and actually flew to the front about six hundred yards and in less time than it takes to write this, unlimbered and commenced one of the most rapid fires I ever heard from a battery of four guns. I could see the shells burst directly in their faces. The enemy did not stand that long and retreated in a complete rout. I learned, however, afterwards that A. J. Smith with a heavy force was creeping round on their right flank so we cannot give the twenty-sixth New York Battery all the credit for that victory. In regard to the losses I never learned. They must have been considerable on the enemy’s side, but on ours I am sure they were not heavy. It was an artillery duel and the rebels proved to be such poor marksmen that not many casualties happened to us. When our friends, the rebels took such precipitate leave of us, we found oursel-
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ves in quiet possession of the plank road through the woods, of which we made good use, as soon as we could get into files of fours and marched to within eight miles of Simsport where we went into camp for the night, quite satisfied with our day's work.

May 17, 1864, That General Smith was a joker was conceded by everybody, our friends, the enemy, as well as the union army. When we were in Alexandria I was on guard at the pontoon bridge. An Irishman, stood at the end of the bridge, smoking a clay pipe. Smith returning from a scouting expedition at the head of his forces, rode up to the Irishman coolly took the pipe out of his mouth and put it in his own, and rode on smoking contentedly as though nothing had happened. The Irishman laughed heartily, well pleased with the joke. Many stories were reported of his pleasantries with the enemy while covering our retreat from Alexandria. At one time coming down the plank road he left a baggage wagon on the road and placed a company in ambush within easy range. The rebel
hangers on in the rear spied it and made for it on the gallop with a yell. At the proper time the ambush rose up and many saddles were emptied and riderless horses were seen cantering through the woods. The force was nearly all killed or taken prisoners. At two times cannon were left with similar results. Marched into Simsport about noon. The day was hot and the roads were dusty so that our clothes were saturated with mud as well as sweat. It was my practice, during the whole time I was in the army to bathe whenever an opportunity presented itself, and so here was a good one. The water in the rivers and ponds we had been passing were generally almost milk warm and I thought this would be, so without further ado I plunged in. "O my! Holy Moses, how cold it was!" I could hardly swim to shore. But I did, and got out too but I did not go in any more that day. The reason of the water being so cold was on account of the rise in the Mississippi river at this time of the year, called the Juue rise. It is caused by the melting snows in the Rocky mountains,
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at the head waters of the Missouri and in the Northern part of Minnesota, where the Mississippi rises, and it is a little strange, that water is nearly as cold when it reaches the Gulf of Mexico as it is when it leaves the snows of the Rocky mountains. When this mighty river is high it backs up the Red river and discharges its surplus waters through the Atchaffalaya Bayou into the Gulf of Mexico, so that bayou is really one of the mouths of the Mississippi. It was my turn to go on picket guard that night, so we crossed the bayou on a steamer and went up that stream about a mile and posted the pickets in the woods across the bottom where we fought mosquitos all night. It was a question which was the worse, the mosquitos or the rebels. I was not feeling very well from the effects of my bath, so after the guard was posted I hunted the dryest place I could find and laid down, but the conditions were not very favorable for a good night's rest. It did not however last forever.

May 18, 1864, Relieved in morning and returned to camp. First Louisiana
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crossed the bayou again and camped all night. Built a bridge by anchoring steam boats along side each other and laying on planks. It took twenty steamboats to reach across.

May 19, 1864, Rapid and heavy firing in the rear across the bayou so the First Louisiana marched back toward the landing, and found the whole army crossing on the bridge of steamboats. But the firing was occasioned by our rear guard. Smith was playing another joke similar to the army wagon joke previously related. General Dick Taylor had like the Turk, “been dreaming in his guarded tent of the hour” when the tail end of Banks army, “should bend their knees in suppliance to his power” when they crossed the Atchaffalaya Bayou. But it so happened their knees did not bend at all. The cunning Smith had foreseen what would happen, so he laid another ambush and when the army was nearly across Dick run into it and was terribly cut up. That was the last we saw of Dick Taylor or his army. The rebels had no means of crossing the Bayou, and they very well knew if they
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did they would be captured or driven back into it. Whole army marched fifteen miles towards the Mississippi river and encamped for the night.

May 20, 1864, Another march of ten or fifteen miles brought us to Morganza bend in the Mississippi.
CHAPTER IX

Cattle Hunting and Other Incidents.

I was not altogether sorry to see the "father of waters" for we had been marching and fighting a good part of the time ever since the twenty-sixth day of March, nearly two months, and I was glad to rest. Besides my bathing experience in the Achaffaloya bayou was no help to me, for I took such a cold I never spoke a loud word for four weeks, besides I was lame all over and every bone in my body ached. I would have gone to the hospital but there was none to go to. The next day I was detailed to take charge of one hundred and fifty men to unload commissary stores. The sixteenth and seventeenth army corps went up the river. The thirteenth corps, into the defences of New Orleans and the nineteenth remained at Morganza to defend the river. We had our encampment inside the levee. It made a pretty good breastwork. The nineteenth remained here until June 2, 1864 when the
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camp was moved about a mile down the river into a grove of cotton-wood trees.

June 4, 1864, Paymaster came round and paid off the First Louisiana. Sent letters home and money to have children's pictures taken. Nothing of importance occurred until June 19, except two reviews: One by General Canby on the eleventh and one by General Sickles on the thirteenth. Thirty-five regiments and seven batteries passed the reviewing officer. On the fifteenth accompanied Lieutenant James M. Gardner on board the boat. He had got his discharge. I felt very much depressed for in him I had a good friend.

June 19, 1864, Received marching orders yesterday and the Second Division went on board transports today. Saw nine rebels and captured two at Tunica bend.

June 21, 1864, Whole force landed at Fort Adams this morning. Cavalry scouts went out ten miles towards Woodville. Captured no rebels. At Fort Adams there is a mountain about five hundred feet high towering up like a sugar loaf. Up about forty yards

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from the base two indentures resembling the remains of old rifle pits are what are known as Fort Adams and Fort Washington. The former looks up the river and the latter down about thirty rods apart. I could not learn when they were built or what they were built for. My greatest desire was to stand on the top of that mountain and so Captain Pearson and myself undertook the job. The view from the summit amply repaid us for our labor. As far as the eye could reach to the North and South was the broad Mississippi fringed with the deep verdure of the cottonwood, while to the East stretching far into the interior was a succession of wooded hills full of grandeur and sublimity. To the front lying peacefully upon the broad bosom of the river were our beautiful steamers and a little to the right, with their camp fires blazing, was the human hive. It seemed strange that amid all the beauty and loveliness of nature around us that our errand there was to hunt and kill like wild beasts, our fellow men. Our musings were cut short by the muttering of
thunder out of a black cloud in the West and we must hasten down, and we were none too soon for we hardly reached the steamer before the rain drops began to patter around us, and as though wonders would never cease, as soon as the shower had passed a little, the sun came out and a rainbow appeared directly over the mountain completely enveloping it like an aureola, one end of the arc resting on Fort Adams, and the other on Fort Washington. The mountain looked like a picture framed by a rainbow. All the troops went aboard the transports, and at ten p.m. we landed in Morganza. Nothing of importance occurred while we were here. It was guard duty and review.

June 25, 1864, the troops were reviewed by General Reynolds. There were forty-three white Regiments, four colored, one dismounted cavalry, seven batteries of forty guns. The boys caught a cat fish. They said it weighed seventy-five pounds. It looked more like a slaughtered hog than a fish.

July 3, 1864, Received marching orders on the second and today went on
board the Moly Able bound for New Orleans. At eleven p. m. landed at Algiers opposite the city. On the Southwest of the city of New Orleans there are thousands of acres of salt marsh along the gulf coast. When the tide is in it is nearly covered with water. This makes a wonderful breeding ground for mosquitoes, and when the wind blows from that direction the city and Algiers is smitten as with a scourge. The scourge was on when we arrived at the latter place. If they are of any earthly use to mankind, nobody to my knowledge has ever been able to find out what it is. While we were in Algiers I went to the city twice. Got some pictures to send home and other neeeded things.

July 11, 1864, Left on two small transports for Donaldsonville. Arrived next day and camped on old drill ground. Meanwhile the vegetation had grown up tall and thick among the ruins so that sharp shooters could creep in and pick off the soldiers across the bayou at the Fort. So Colonel Fiske asked me if I would take the job of collecting tools

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and cut the weeds down. I told him I would. So I took an army wagon and enough soldiers so that my words would mean something. Most all the planters were hoeing their cotton and did not want to let their hoes go, but I told them they owed their protection to us. If the rebels got in they would strip them of everything of value. At all events I must have so many hoes. The general rule was to take one-half and leave half. So I would give him a receipt for so many scythes, etc. I breakfasted with a planter with quite a number of negroes. He was a violent Secesh as we called them. He did not want to let me have any. We argued at the breakfast table on politics. He was sure we would never conquer the South. I was sure we should. I got half his hoes and all his scythes. I expect the bayonets were more eloquent than my words. I got in all thirty-seven hoes and scythes. I had a new detail every day. It took about three days to clear the grounds within rifle range of the fort.

July 28, Ordered by Colonel Fiske across the river in command of a detach-
ment of the eighteenth Indiana Infantry veterans to guard the telegraph station.

August 5, 1864. Relieved Eighteenth Indiana, went home on the Iberville. Lieutenant Kerney and myself crossed the river early in the morning. Found Captain Felton sick. Took command of the company. The regiment had changed freight and got new tents. Next day had regimental inspection and some company property condemned. Two or three days after I was relieved from guarding the telegraph station across the river, a rebel gunboat came down the Mississippi, and hitching the telegraph wires just above the station to the stern of their boat pulled them off the poles for quite a long distance below. The commander at the station sent a dispatch to a gunboat over at the Fort undergoing some repairs, but they had no coal on board. A coal barge was in the river loaded with coal, so the commander moved down alongside and coaled up affirming with oaths that he would catch that boat before she reached the Gulf of Mexico or sink his own. It was in the night time when the

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rebels boat went down. She passed the Essex laying near Baton Rouge, our fort (Butler) with eight guns and a gunboat, two forts between us and New Orleans and two or three iron clads at the latter city and never got fired on once. After they passed New Orleans they saw a heavy Ironclad coming up the river with a transport lashed alongside. This showed them that the game was up, and they run her ashore, blew her up, and the crew escaped into the woods. The gunboat from Donaldsonville made good time, but when it came up with the prize, it was almost consumed to the water's edge.

August 8, 1864, Captain Felton being sick and myself in command of the company, of course I must take his place on guard duty as officer of the day. It was the first time I had worn my sash over my shoulder and of course I did not feel altogether insignificant.

September 1, 1864, Started for Morganza, followed by the left wing on the third. Arrived on the fourth.

October 2, 1864, Orders to embark tomorrow morning at 5 p.m. for Bayou
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Sara on board the transport Illinois. Arrived on the third. Marched two miles in rear of town at the forks of the Woodville and Port Hudson roads. The expedition consisted of the First Louisiana Infantry, One hundred sixty-first New York, Twenty-third Wisconsin, a squadron of the First Louisiana Cavalry, a New York Regiment of cavalry and two or three sections of artillery. Colonel Guppy of the twenty-third Wisconsin Infantry commanding. Captured several prisoners, outposts of rebel army at Jackson and Woodville. At night on picket guard two miles from camp.

October 4, 1864. Relieved at daylight. First Louisiana, two pieces of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry, took the Woodville road. Halted for dinner at a plantation owned by a Dr. Watkins. There were some pigs running at large about the place. As soon as the order, "break ranks" was given, it was as good as a circus to see the boys go for the pigs. Each pig would have four or five soldiers after him. One soldier would get up close enough to the pig to get his hands on him, when the animal would
slip away, and the soldier would go down and those behind go over him and the chase continue, but the pigs would be tired out in a short time and disappear. The Doctor and his family had run away. We marched about ten miles that day and encamped for the night.

October 5, 1864. At sunrise heard cannonading on the right, in the direction of the other detachment, when we commenced falling back, keeping as near in line with them as possible so as to protect their flank. We came to the forks of the roads near Bayou Sara, at about noon, and moved about one and a half miles out on the other road and met the retreating column, being hard pressed. They halted, and we formed in line of battle on an eminence commanding the road they had just passed. The enemy soon appeared, and our batteries opened on them, and the shells were seen exploding among them. They soon beat a hasty retreat. One of their caissons was blown up and they knocked a wheel off one of our guns. They then tried to flank us on the left. We fell back to a
more suitable position, shelled them awhile, and silenced their batteries, when we withdrew to our transports, marching through the city of Bayou Sara. They hung on our rear until they crossed the line prescribed by the marine, when one of our gunboats sent a 11-inch shell over in that direction. This drew out a flag of truce from the rebels. A citizen and a rebel major appeared, protesting against the shelling among the women and children. The reply was, "Keep your troops on the other side of the line agreed upon by former stipulations and the gunboats won't shell you." The transports then moved up the river, the band playing "Foot Balls." We were in Morganza at dark.

I could never get any satisfactory information in regard to the purpose of that expedition. It was simply a feint, as we had strict orders not to bring on an engagement, which would not have been the case if anything else had been intended. Stories have been reported that there was a large drove of cattle at Woodville from Texas, that had swam the river, and when we drew the forces
DIARY OF A SOLDIER

away that were guarding them, a force of Union troops came down the river and captured them. If it was so, I could never get any satisfactory account of it. Our losses were six killed and wounded.

October 10, 1864. Marching orders again, and at 4 p.m. we were steaming up the river. We had the First Louisiana Infantry, 161st New York Infantry, 23d Wisconsin, a squadron of First Louisiana Cavalry, and six pieces of artillery on board the transports Charleston and Illinois. Next day we landed on the right bank, a few miles above Fort Adams. I was detailed to command the picket guard. I stationed them in the edge of the forest, from the river above, across the Black River road. Next day, the 12th, the expedition marched ten miles into the woods towards Black River. The Colonel asked me if I would take command of the flanking column. I said yes. I had been on duty all night, and was pretty tired. The woods were thick and difficult to pass through. We marched in single file, five paces apart and five rods from the road. The marching column had a clean passage, and it gave us

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good work to keep up, but we did. About three miles in the woods we ran on to a large cattle pen, made of trees and brush. I suppose the Texans would call it a "correll." It was their practice to drive the cattle from the fort on Black river down into this correll, and when there were no gunboats in sight swim them across in the night. It appeared they had used it a long time. Six or seven miles further on we halted at a little clear pond of water in the woods, took a little lunch, rested a short time, and then started on the return, halting at a creek. Next day took transports and arrived at "Turkey Bend" at 7 p. m. Found the officers and men we left at Morganza on guard there, on a steamboat, with all our baggage, bound for White river, Arkansas.
CHAPTER X.

On Up the River and Return.

October 13, 1864. Arrived at Natchez, and landed there. I went up on the hill. A very pretty town. When the boat left they lashed a little steam tug along side, but they got it too far forward and run it down and smashed in the side. Two men and a negro woman were drowned.

October 15, 1864. Arrived at Vicksburg. We all went ashore to give the hands a chance to clean the boat. Myself and several others visited the town. Tried to get into one of the forts on the hill, but they would not let us in. The city showed many marks of the severe pounding it got during the little "onpleasantness" at the time General Grant was there. I saw many under-ground houses, some with two or three rooms. In one of them the carpet was left on the ground inside. I did not think they were any protection against mortars. But cannon balls could not reach them. At 7 p. m. we were on the way up the river.

October 16, 1864. It being Sunday,
we had a sermon by the chaplain of the 161st New York. Passed Napoleon, Ark., and ran past the "shute," landing at White river at 3 p.m. On the 18th went on board the "Bart Able" with the 161st New York and the 29th Illinois, bound for Memphis.

October 19, 1865. Passed Helena, Ark., and reached Memphis at 8 p.m. Staid all night on board the steamboat. Next day we went ashore and camped two miles in rear of the city, but at 5 p.m. took the steamer "Belle Memphis" with the 161st New York, and moved on up the river.

October 31, 1864. Quite cool today. Lost all my blankets and overcoat yesterday. Passed Island No. 10, and arrived at Columbus, Ky., at 11 p.m. At Cairo changed boats for Paduca, Ky., where we arrived at 8 p.m. Next day, Sunday, went on shore to cook rations but slept on board at night. On the 24th camped on the river bank—very muddy, rainy and cold. On the 28th was the officer of the guard at the bridge above the town.

November 1, 1864. Moved up on high
er ground, by the fort. On the 15th, finished my quarters—they were very good ones too. It was boarded up about four feet and the tent put over the top, and the soldiers built me a brick chimney. On the 17th we were ordered to Columbus, Ky., where we landed at dark. It was rainy and cold, and the men slept in an old cotton shed. Next day Col. Fisk seized the freight house at the depot. It was about 200 feet long and was stowed just as full of hard bread as it could be packed; so he had a good large force of men detailed to clear the house and myself to take charge of it. Our occupation was changed from killing men to killing rats. We soon discovered that some of the boxes had rat holes gnawed in them and the bread most all eaten out. By and by we began to see rats. There were two or three little rat terriers running around and they began to see them too. Then they caught two or three. That nearly set them wild, so that every box that was moved they stood ready for the rats. Other dogs came, so that we had ten or a dozen dogs before we got through: but as we proceeded the rats
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would retreat, so that by the time we got half way through they began to be pretty plentiful. The dogs would not eat them, but as fast as they would kill one they would snatch up another; then the boys would pile them up, and at the final wind up it became a circus. The dogs had all they could do. Of course we did not count them, but the number ran into the hundreds. As the men had slept the night before in wet clothes, I went to the quartermaster and told him I wanted some whiskey for the men; he told me to get what I wanted, and said there was a pail. I got a pail full, and had the men fall in, in one rank, and carried the pail along and told them to drink all they wanted. Some of them would fill their cup pretty full, but they were equal to the occasion. Then I marched them back to their quarters, and broke ranks before the medicine began to take effect. However, I did not see any one any the worse for it. Sheetiron ranges were put in for each company, and they had good comfortable quarters. Most of the officers found accommodations at the hotel.

November 26, 1864. On picket guard.
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Relieved at noon. Next day, the 27th, the regiment was paid off. During our stay in Columbus I visited the fort where the rebel General Forrest massacred the negro garrison a year before. I recognized it as the spot I visited in 1858, on my way South. The boat I was on at that time stopped at Columbus to take on wood and I went on shore. I noticed the high ground on the bluff above the town, and so, as was my wont, I must go up and see it. There was a fine view of the town, and the position commanded the river up and down for a long distance. I thought to myself it would be a good place to build a fort, but I did not dream there would be one there so soon, and that such a horrible tragedy would be enacted there.

November 28, 1864. Ordered, with the 161st New York, to Memphis, on steamer "Baltic." Accident to the rudder. Taken in tow by the "John Groesbeck." Arrived at 3 p.m. on the 30th. Encamped three miles east of the city, near the rebel breast-works. Lieut. Jones and myself made a pretty good tent out of some boards, with fly over the top, and

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bought a stove and put it in and made it quite comfortable. About December 13th, we had a heavy snow storm, with snow drifts in the company streets, and it was very cold, but it did not last long. There were many amusements in the city—a circus and theatre, so we passed the time very pleasantly.
CHAPTER XI.

Discharged at New Orleans. Home.

December 15, 1864. "Sic transit Gloria!" Got orders for good old Donaldsonville, La. As usual, I got my share of the dirty work. The regiment had been paid off, and many soldiers were in the city on passes when the order came, so the Colonel ordered me to take a posse of soldiers and go down to the city and get those out on passes on board "The Metropolitan," lying at the wharf; so I had a good time of it. Most every saloon had more or less drunken soldiers in it. I hailed a passing market wagon on the street, and told the driver I wanted him to take a load of soldiers down to the boat. "I can't do it: I have not got the time." "Yes," I said, "but you must." He looked at the shoulder straps I had on, and at the posse with me, and decided to go. We soon filled it, put a guard in, and sent them on, and I hailed another. I hailed three in all. When the roll was called they were all there;
so, at 5 p. m., the prow of the “Metropolitan” was headed down stream. Lieut. Jones and the negro boys looked after my luggage. We had to coal up two miles below. Got stuck in the mud once, besides having much foggy weather.

General Gilmore came aboard at Helena, Ark., and got off at White River Landing.

December 20, 1864. Arrived at Vicksburg, where we were transferred to the “Illinois.” Left at 10 next day, and arrived at Port Hudson on the 22d. Went ashore; but the place did not look much as it did during the siege—the works were narrowed up. I recognized the spot where the mortar battery stood, and where the gallant First Platoon of Co. E, First Louisiana, charged up the bluff of Thompson’s creek, and drove the rebels behind their breast-works, half an hour in advance of the rest of the line of skirmishers, on May 27, 1863. I saw the terrible Lady Davis that used to salute us every evening with her mighty shells that never exploded or hit anybody. It was a 10-inch gun, mounted en barbette in a bastion, on a pivot, so it commanded
DIARY OF A SOLDIER

the entire horizon. The soldiers got wonderful ideas of that gun. They said it was mounted on a platform car, and they had a track so as to run it down to the breast-works every night and fire it. We could distinguish the point where we charged on June 14th, when we got so horribly cut up. I wanted to go to these spots, but there was not time. Arrived at Donaldsonville at 9 p.m., and encamped on the old drill ground.

December 31, 1864. This day closes up a very eventful year in our history. Many graves had been made. Disease and the fortunes of war had done their work, and the ranks of the First Louisiana Infantry Volunteers were thinned to less than one half the original number. Still we went on, heedless of what the future might bring. No thought of the morrow. "Let the things of the morrow take care of themselves." Today nine companies moved into the barracks and Co. C moved into the fort just as we were one year ago. Col. Fisk in command of the Post.

June 11, 1865. Detailed to take command of a force to guard the telegraph
DIARY OF A SOLDIER

station across the river, opposite the fort. Relieved by a company of U. S. regulars under Lieut. Brown.

July 1, 1865. Ordered to New Orleans on board the "Silver Moon." Arrived next day.

July 12, 1865. Discharged on account of expiration of term of service. Got discharge papers made out, and regiment disbanded on the 17th. Got my pay on the 18th. Many of the officers did not have their accounts straight with Uncle Sam, and I never learned how it went with them.


FINIS.

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Officers of the Thirteenth Regiment.

Connecticut Infantry Volunteers
New Haven, Conn., March 17, 1862

FIELD AND STAFF.
Colonel—Henry W. Birge, of Norwich.
Major—Richard E. Holcomb, of East Granby.
Adjutant—William M. Grosvenor, of New Haven.
Quartermaster—Joseph B. Bromley, of Norwich.
Surgeon—Benjamin N. Commings, of New Britain.
Assistant Surgeon—George Clary, of Hartford.
State Surgeon—Nathaniel P. Fisher, of Norwich.
Chaplain—Rev. Chas C. Salter, of New Haven.

NON COMMISSIONED STAFF.
Sergeant Major—George W. Whittlesey, of Norwich.
Quartermaster Sergeant—Andrew T. Johnson, of Montville.
Com. Sergeant—G. Tracy.
Hospital Steward—William Bishop.
Drum Major—Joseph Hadley, of New London.

LINE OFFICERS.

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Total number, 969.
Officers of the First Louisiana Infantry.
In active service during the Siege of Port Hudson
FIELD AND STAFF
Killed in action June 14, 1863. William O. Fisk
of Massachusetts. Promoted to Colonel, June 15,
1863.
Major—Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio.
First Surgeon—Seth C. Gordon of Maine.
Second Assistant Surgeon—Richard H. Merve of Maine.
Chaplain—Samuel M. Kingston of Ireland.
Captains—William George of Denmark.
Frances Felton of Prussia, Alonzo W. Persons
of Massachusetts; Henry G. Ingham of Penn-
sylvania; Charles May of Saxony; George Shem-
enauer of Baden, Germany; George A. Mayne of
Vermont; James T. Jenner of England; John R.
Parsons of Massachusetts.
First Lieutenants—James T. Smith, of Ireland;
Thomas L. Scott of Massachusetts; Marcena C. S.
Gray of Maine; Martin V. B. Hill of Massachu-
setts; Rudolph Krause of Hanover; Henry T.
Carter of Maine.
Second Lieutenants—George M. Severy of Maine; Devereux E. Jones of Canada; George G.
Smith of Vermont; Charles S. Leonard of Massa-
chusetts; Adolph Carpenter of France; John
Kline of Germany; James M. Gardner of Scot-
land; Richard Byrne of Ireland; John Kearney of
Ireland; Michael H. Dunne of Ireland.
Commissioned Officers of Co C. First Louisi-
ana Regt Infty Vols.
Captain—Francis Felton.
First Lieutenant—Thomas L. Scott.
Second Lieutenant—George G. Smith.
Original Subscribers.

Officers of City and Town of Putnam, and County of Windham.

Franklin W. Perry, Mayor
Edgar M. Warner, Clerk of Superior Court.
F. F. Russell, Judge of City Court.
Eric H. Johnson, City Atty.
W. H. Longdon, Chief of Police.
C. M. Green, First Selectman.
E. G. Wright, Probate Judge.
F. E. Clark, Ex-Alderman-at-Large.
H. J. Thayer, Alderman.
J. D. Converse, Superintendent Children's Home.
F. D. Sargent, Pastor Second Congregational church.
S. K. Spalding, Treasurer of Town Deposit Fund.
Oscar Tourtellotte, Justice of the Peace.
Charles L. Torrey, Attorney at Law.
Charles E. Searles, Attorney at Law.
Frank G. Letters, Post Master.
A. W. Macdonald, Editor Putnam Patriot.
L. O. Williams, Publisher Putnam Patriot.


Number of Subscribers not included in the foregoing lists 55

Number of Officers etc. 19

Number of Representatives and Ex Representatives 13

Whole number 87
Testimonials.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I have read the Journal of Mr. George G. Smith, giving his experience as a soldier, in the late Civil War, with much interest, I cheerfully recommend its perusal to all who participated, in those stirring events, from 1861 to 1864 and feel assured that every one, especially his personal friends, will be interested in the narrative.

Very respectfully

FRANKLIN W. PERRY,

To Whom It May Concern:

I would state that I have read "Leaves from a Soldier's Diary," the experiences of George G. Smith, Esq., of Putnam, who was Lieutenant, in company C, 1st Regiment La. Vol. Inf., white. The story is intensely interesting; there is not a dull page in it. I cordially recommend it to any one interested in the history of the civil war.

With kindest regards,

EDGAR M. WARNER,
Clerk of the Superior Court of Windham County.
Putnam, August 7th, 1906.

September 7, 1906.

Dear Brother Smith: I have read with more than ordinary interest "Leaves from a Soldier's Diary." To me the story if story it can be called was fascinating from the fact that it was an actual abstract from the pencilings that you made while you were passing through those terrible experiences. To my mind that is one of the most valuable features of the work and in this respect will have a unique place in the many stories of the "Rebellion." I am very glad that you are to publish it for I feel that such descriptions of that great struggle are valuable additions to the history of our country and ought to be prized because of the personal element that enters into them. I shall be very glad to commend the book when published as a work both valuable and entertaining.

Very truly Yours,

REV. F. D. SARGENT,
Pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Putnam.
To Comrade George G. Smith:

Dear Sir:—I have read your "Leaves from A Soldier's Diary" and find it more than I had anticipated. I should say that it is a truthful history of the war in the Department of the Gulf as seen by yourself and a very interesting book.

C. M. Green,
Post Commander of Post No. 54, Dept of Conn. G. A. R.

Putnam, Conn., August 5, 1905.

This is to certify that after looking over the book, entitled, "Leaves From A Soldier's Diary" I have ordered same and recommend it to all as an honest statement.

 Truly Yours,
 Col. G. D. Hayes.
 Ex Post Commander Post No. 54, Dept. Conn. G. A. R.

August 5th, 1905.

To Whom It May Concern:

This certifies that I have subscribed for Comrade G. G. Smith's work on the Civil War and recommend it to all who are interested in that phase of our history.

Fraternally,
G. A. Hammond
Representative to the Legislature of the State of Conn., from Putnam and Ex Post Commander of Post No. 54 Dept. Conn., G. A. R.

Mr. George G. Smith, Putnam, Conn.,

It has been my pleasure to read the manuscript entitled, "Leaves from a Soldier's Diary" and I have found it intensely interesting from the opening chapter to the last. I congratulate you upon the work and sincerely hope it will meet with the success it merits.

Sincerely Yours,
Edward G. Wright,
Probate Judge of Putnam.

Putnam, Aug 12, 1905.
January 1, 1906.

To Whom It May Concern:
A worthy veteran has plainly told,
From the faded leaves of his diary old,
His many conflicts, on the battle fields;
And how the soldiers cooked their meals;
And stirring incidents, that are so true,
Are brought to light, with this in view,
That all good people far and near,
May know that freedom's cost was dear.

Examine, carefully, this worthy book.
Find place for it in some cosy nook
T'will bring you thoughts of friends so true,
Who gave their lives for our glorious blue,
Who left their homes at the country's call,
Leaving their hopes and joys and all,
The Union's honor then to save
And found their rest in a hero's grave.

Flora E. Cargill Tourtellotte.
Type Writer's Testimonial, Putnam, Conn.