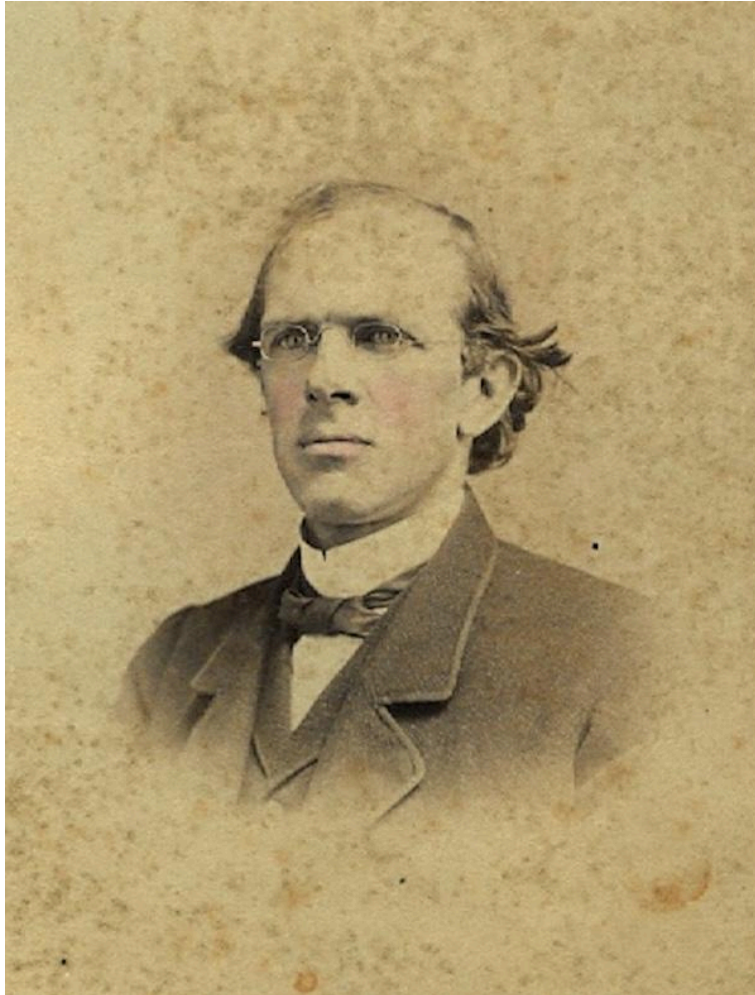


James Merrill Linn: Civil Wars Diary

November 1861-June 1862



This is the text of the diary Linn kept while he served as a captain in the 51st Pennsylvania Infantry Regiment under the command of Colonel John F. Hartranft.

During this section of Linn's diary he trained with the rest of his regiment in Washington, DC, then journeyed with General Ambrose Burnside's expedition down the eastern seaboard to North Carolina. He took part in the Battles of Roanoke Island, New Berne, and Camden.

The diary has been transcribed and encoded by groups of Bucknell students, faculty and staff starting in 2015.

Annapolis Maryland Camp Burnside November Friday 22, 1861

This is a bright fine day. We got up about seven, breakfast, Company drill, dinner, Regimental drill, Dress parade, supper brought us quickly through to evening. I went over to see our sick - Jerry Miller, Fogleman & Kelly in the Hospital. I sent them tea and toast. They looked wretched and the hospital arrangements are far from comfortable. Beside them lay Charly Trainer, weakened down with a severe hemorrhage, & not long for this world. He was with our Company in the three months service & was lately in Hassenplug's. He has been discharged the service. I went out in to town to inquire for Mr Monroe, but since he has moved away to take charge of a school at Frederick. His Brother Harry has now charge of the seminary. Col Hartranft's lady was here this evening. The Col. returned from Washington today.

Saturday 23

This morning when we got up it was raining and the camp was wet and dreary. I felt as if I was glad it rained to get relieved. But it cleared off about ten o'clock. There was regimental drill but as our muskets were freshly marked, I got excused, but we were out for dress parade & had a march in review. We had the pleasure of welcoming Seth [House?] back this afternoon, and this evening Beaver returned, bring in all that we expected of him, Geo. Shorkley is lieutenant of the guard today. We had an oyster pie for dinner, but we were hurried & didn't enjoy it.

Sunday 24.

The day was gloomy - sadly overcast - air windy & this evening it commenced snowing. We had preaching by our Chaplain. "Rebellion is as the sin of witch craft." the text. This afternoon Shorkley Beaver & I took a stroll through the navy yard, town & cemetery. Every thing has an air of decay.

The navy yard does not look like it did when I first saw it last spring. The old Battery looks natural enough. So the Cemetery. There are the graves of the Randalls, [?] & many old familiar names. As we came out of the cemetery we met an officer with a [squad?] of men from the cavalry Regiment going to dig a grave

November Sunday 24 1861.

This evening Tom Grier and I went to Presbyterian Church & came home through rain and snow. We saw several handsome ladies, one in particular. I got vaccinated yesterday, & this evening it itches considerable I have two slight scars on my arm, but they are very slight.

Tuesday December 3rd 1861

We moved our camp from St. John's College to about a mile & a half from Annapolis. We are now comfortably fixed with the only disadvantage of a scarcity of water - a very serious one by the way. Jeremiah Miller, one of our company died last night - about eleven o'clock of hemorage of the lungs. We had hardly expected it, though we were about getting his discharge. We had a grave dug in the soldiers burying ground near Annapolis. Our removal to-day prevented any discouraging effect, which might have been were it not for the excitement caused by it. We are brigaded as [?] in the Second brigade of the Coast Division. The day was bright and fine though somewhat cold. One of the tents caught fire & burned up a while ago. We have given one of our wall-tents to the servants, & have taken a common tent for our kitchen & Dick's quarters. We have a sheet iron cook stove & one also for our tent which makes it cosy and comfortable. I was officer of the day yesterday. We received news of the death of Will Cameron last Friday.

Wednesday 4th

We buried Jerry Miller to-day with the honors fo War. Shorkly & I went to the Legislature - they were swearing in the Speaker & Members of the House. Did not get out in time for Regimental drill.

Thursday 5th

Drilled all day. We raised a pole for a play at the Col's quarters.

Friday 6th

We were out bright & early this morning & just at sunrise there raised the flag the band playing & then we cheered it. A brother of Man one of the privates. Frank Porter & Lt Hart of the 2nd Phil cavalry were here today.

Saturday 7th

A bright fine day again. Nothing was done in camp but policing. The boys brought evergreens, dug trenches & now we have a most beautiful camp. I received a letter of introduction to Gov. Hicks from Gov. Curtin.

This evening I called, was agreeably rec'd & introduced to his daughter. He is a portly [fine?] looking man, gray headed & evidently jovial.

Sunday 8

We had company inspection, had the Col, Lt. Col, Chaplain & his brother to dinner. We had to buy an extra white plate yesterday. Dick [?] up a white table cloth - turkey & cranberry sauce, beefsteak tomatoes, pickles, pound cake & apples graced our board. Col. Bill asked for water, & Dick went out & recruited a half dozen big tins & that with the tin pitcher made him look like a tin pedler.

Tuesday 10th

Yesterday I was officer of the day & took occasion by the leisure it afforded me to fix up pay rolls &c. Last night I made the grand rounds, & the greenness of the sentinels was amusing. One fellow stuttered & when the sergt told him to say if the countersign is correct Advance grand rounds, he commenced with [The e - -?] it - it - oh shit - in his vexation he exclaimed. Today was very fine as to weather. We went out target firing for the first time this morning. Koser & Neyhart made the best shots - This evening Jeremiah Miller's brother came here. John Morris was acting adjutant at dress parade and did it well. The south wind is blowing & we will be apt to have rain soon. We have enjoyed a week of glorious weather. John Morris took tea with, but we had to borrow a candle from him to eat it by. Tom Grier says his balls weren't big enough, they went just the target.

Wednesday 11.

The morning was dark and lowering, & the forenoon passed with wind and rain. This afternoon cleared brightly, & though somewhat windy, it was beautiful I was notified that I was appointed Judge Advocate in a Court of Inquiry demanded by Lt Col Vignier de Monteil of the New York 53rd commonly known as the D'Epineuil Zoaves, on charges proffered against him by his Colonel D'Epineuil & Cap W.W. Armstrong of the same Regt. The charges are unofficer-like conduct, getting drunk & speaking disrespectfully of Col D'Epineuil - among the rest that he D'Epineuil had never seen service - never anything but a common sailor - also that he ate breakfast at the same table with his orderly. This Regiment dresses the same as the French imperial Zouaves - blue jacket trimmed with yellow, blue scarf around the waist, skyblue pants - bagging down to the knees - Tom Grier asked Camp Union near Annapolist Md. December 11 Wednesday continued 1861. one the other day whether he couldnt carry ten days rations int he seat of his pantaloons - white leggings. Tom took the notices of the Court of Inquiry over to D'Epineul - he saw his wife, a buxom french woman dressed in the full Zouave costume.

We have a little black pup belonging to some one in the Regiment. He is called General, and is very playful. During the solemnity of the Dress parade, he got after the heels of Lt. Morris, acting adjutant - then he treed the Colonel, and wound up with biting the heels of the Band, when they were beating off. The butler arrived this evening & began by distributing a piece of tobacco to the boys. There was a grand rush - for they

were nearly starved for it. It has caused great rejoicing, as they think it an end to their troubles, & especially as they were notified at dress parade that the paymaster would be along soon. Beaver went to town - to attend meeting I suppose.

Thursday 12

This was a bright fine day though cold. I put on my full uniform and went to the Navy Yard, and attended the Court of Inquiry. The Col Lionel Robert d'Epineuil, Lt. Col. [Esq?] Vigeur de' Monteil witnessed. Lt. Col. Maggi, Captain Cipriani Captain [blank] Major [Caritan?], Capt. [Willard?] Lt. [?], Capt. W.W. Armstrong - Board LtCols Bell, 51st Penn, Lt.Col. Potter 37th N.Y. & Lt. Col. Martin 11th Penn. Maggi was counsel for Lt. Col. Monteil. He is an Italian. We had an interpreter Lt. Col. Legendre. We sat until near three o'clock and adjourned. I came out in time for dress-parade. Col D'Epineuil invited me to tea. I went over to Mr Welsh, where he has his quarters, & spent the pleasantest kind of an evening. The major is a jolly fat man: the [Abbe?], Capt Cipriani Capt [Grifian?] We had music. The Col sang - Capt Cipriani & the Cl's wife - a french woman, who says her mother was English. They all speak English very well. I find what Tom told us about the Col's wife wearing Zouave uniform was a hoax - though I suspected it when I told it. I kept it up when I came home giving a full description of her. It was an eminently social evening. The lady sent for a little box - french particolored fancy box - and it was batted around - it had various colored confectionary - [?] eggs = lozenges: the Maj Cantel was a short clumsy man with a bald head and rat tail mustachios. He put me in mind of [the Maj?] in Capt [C Matley?].

Camp Union, Near Annapolis December 13 Friday. 1861.

This was a bright fine day, clear but cold. I went to the Court of Inquiry. The examination of Capt. Gilmore was concluded - then a sergt was examined and winding up with Maj. Cantel. Maggi was very impertinent & thought himself very cute. Maj. Legendre was calm & passive. Maj. Cantel with his dumpy figure and rat-tail mustache got excited when Maggi asked him whether he considered himself competent to judge of the capacity of the Lt.Col. When we adjourned the french and Italian had a vigorous onslaught of words. They stood up to each other in the position of a soldier, & blathered away, it was quite amusing. I got out in time to see the Division reviewed by Ge Foster - 8th Connecticut, 51st New York, 51st Pennsylvania, 53rd New York. D'Epineuil Zoauves. The Connecticut were a [spiraling?] looking [sett?] - about 500 - New York were another fine looking [sett?] But the 57th Pennsylvania was the finest of all - better looking men, finer marching and the only Regiment that went through the review in proper form. The D'Epineuil Zoauves looked well - but they had a comical looking Drum Major, with an immense bear skin hat, & a band that sounds like a dutch organ, & a drum corps which was simply ridiculous. Our regiment passed in fine style & passed once in review at double quick. The flat at the place where the Reviewing Officer stood was once carried by the 4th Connecticut at Bulls run, by Capt Fowler's Company, now in the 8th Connecticut. It has several bullet holes through it. An officer told me that it disappeared during the fight, & they afterwards found that the carrier had skulked and hid it in the fence corner. There were several ladies on the field - one particularly handsome. It is quite a treat to see ladies. Our camp looked very beautiful from the field of review. Tomorrow the Division is to be reviewed by Gen Burnside, consisting of the two brigades 10th Connecticut 22nd 23rd 27th Mass in the first Brigade. The twenty fourth Mass arrived at the Navy Yard this morning in the steamer Admiral.

Saturday 14.

We were out early at nine o'clock for the Division Review. We were reviewed by Gen Foster, Burnside no having arrived. The day was splendid, & there were eleven Regts of infantry, 21st, 22 23, 24,, 27 Mass 57th N.Y. [?] 11th Penna 8th & 11th Connecticut 33 NY D'Epineuil & the Ira Harris cavalry.

We got through by two o'clock. The performance of our Regiment was admirable.

Sunday 15

Another bright day. Company inspection, Regimental inspection and review, double quick with knapsacks. This evening Beaver Tom and I went to Presbyterian Church.

Monday 16.

Another fine day, thought somewhat cold and windy. I was at the Court of Inquiry. Adjourned at two. I went into the House of Delegates. Heard two speeches on some resolutions with regard to the partition of Maryland Delaware and Virginia. Cameron was fiercely denounced - and there was a secession speech denouncing Cameron Administration President and all - the Gentleman from St Mary's proclaimed the treason of Cameron. I did not go to dress parade. The news of the burning of Charlestown, and the demand of England for the restitution of [?] and [?] came on us. I believe if there is would be anything which could rouse a great enthusiasm in the north, even greater, it would be the prospect of a brush with England. The old hatred lingers. We would do it as readily as the [?] nation would pitch into it. Beaver and Little have went to town to visit the ladies.

Tuesday 17th

This is again another bright fine day. The court of inquiry was ordered to be held at Col. d'Epineuil's headquarters, at Mr. Welsh's. Col Bell and I walked over. It warm enough to have the window open - the air clear and bracing. The Col called his wife down to have some music. She was dressed in a dark brown dress faced with yellow, a red Zouave cap with yellow tassel. After the Court adjourned Col Bell and I started out and after we got down the lane, we saw the Maj coming with Mrs D'Epineuil, she dressed in full Zouave costume, which she told me belonged to one of the drummer boys. She said she was going with the expedition if Gen Burnside would permit - she thought if she dressed as a Zouave he would not object, as she would not be in the [road?] She said she did not know what she would do if she were not to go along, as she had no relative or friend out of Europe. I found a box from home, when I got back to quarters - shoes, turkeys, chickens, butter &c and an excellent photograph of Papa and Mother. George and I went to town this evening - found out nothing but that they were loading transports. 100 men are detailed from our Regiment for Patrol duty, & Lt Morris is detailed as the Lt of the Guards.

December 18 Wednesday. 19. 1861

Still fine weather. We went over to the Court of Inquiry, we adjourned from the House to the Col's headquarters. His tent is nicely fitted up. Has a writing desk like the one in my reading room. We examined witnesses for defence. The butler got us up a dinner of steaks - there were large and we incontinently each ate one. Rice and bread constituted the other parts of the feasts. The Col has a frame of wood put up around inside the wall tent, & in stead of tent pole has two forked stakes put up - this prevents the wind from affecting the tent. We sat until late at night. Col Martin spoke of the man that was shot for desertion at Washington - that the bullets did not go through him, though the detail that fired were but 6 paces from him. Col. Maggi explained it by saying that the bullets of rifles acquired their penetrating force only by passing through the air a certain distance - the wind - and they do not yet require that at six paces. Col Maggi & Col Monteil said that they never went through a campaign in which they did not lose their baggage - when different divisions marched on the same line - got mixed, crossed each other, and the baggage one lost never reached their destination. I can easily see how it would be, from what little I know. A division or even a brigade hardly ever knew what regiments composed another - especially one division never knew what Regiments composed another & baggage may be easily lost. I remember the night we went to Centreville, several divisions came up and crossed each other. Our division got in between the baggage train of the N.Y. [Fire?] Zouaves and their regiment - and their baggage train

got in between mine. I had charge of Gen Franklin's brigade train, and our division, & I had some trouble to find our brigade. Tom Grier and I started to walk to town: the 21st Mass is relieved of their charge of the railroad by the 11th Pennsylvania. The guards of the latter were all drunk and unfit for duty - no wonder with the example set by Col. Dick Coulter. We went into [Dunkers?] for oysters: the Editor Baily & Dr Jackson 11th Penna - were talking and drinking - Baily giving the Doctor an account of all the ills he suffered since he was a boy - especially that he had bad lungs & a cough and never was free from it until he was afflicted with a fistula during the last [?]. The Legislature was in session - they were just starting a vote on the resolution - Many of the members protested against the 6th some the 4th but voted aye for the sake of the message of the resolution. We returned about twelve o'clock finding Dick Coulter's men drunker than ever.

December 19th Thursday. 1861.

Another bright, fine day. We had another grand review by Gen Foster today. We formed on the parade about ten o'clock. It was long tedious and tiresome. Gov Hicks the Pres of the Senate and House on horseback - and some twenty or thirty indiscreet members who walked. They got very tired, and when they got to our regiment the 7th they hung their heads like tired dogs, & never looked up at us - one old fat fellow puffed and blowed - We made a calculation - that they walked 24 times across the field the length of the Regiment, and twice across along it, making a distance in the aggregate of three miles. I was a little [?] and our men were very tired standing there so long, - and did their marching rather carelessly - then having to march in review once in quick time and once a double quick - we were tired too - What must have been the State of the Legislature. Lt. Col. Potter N.Y. 51st came and took dinner with us and spent the afternoon, as also Lt. Col. Bell. We had a very pleasant time. He told us that Sec. Seward was a very hard drinker - that is he was always sober before dinner but after dinner drank a great deal. He said he took him home from dining at Lord John Russells, in England, in his carriage very boozy. He uses tobacco excessively too. I noticed at Washington at his levee that I thought he drank a good deal, but afterwards thought it was only because he was a high [color?] The Lt.Col. gave us a very comic description of a negro sermon preached in Annapolis. Are not Abana and Pharpar rivers of Damascus &c. I forgot the rest: but he went on to describe the leprosy - called it a noble disease - appeared to have some idea that it was a disease peculiar to noblemen. In giving a description of the scene at the house - He sent the servant in: the servant comes out. Massa is in de inner room and can't be seen - When he was in the river - he says he wallowed and dived and wallowed and dived - & when he had dived a number of times - his servant called and dive again Massa & he dived - When the prophet told him to go bathe in the Jordan seven times - then [?] bust out - Are not Abana & Pharpar. The Lt Col was at our dress parade, but we did most miserably. Pride will have a [?] George & Beaver have gone to town to [?] this evening.

Friday 20.

We went over to hold Court, and had just been seated when we got the order to prepare for review. We adjourned and I got back just as the Regiment was moving off. The review was by Gen Burnside at last. The New York Camp Union near Annapolis Md. December 20 Friday continued 1861 57th came in just in time on double quick. Burnside is a fine, sharp dark eyed looking man, and rode a beautiful horse. He has black hair whiskers along the side of the face. The review passed finely in the same order as the other days I spent the afternoon in looking of McClellan's bayonet exercise. This evening Gib and I went to town, called at Dr Claude, to see Miss Burton, but she was not at home. Going along the street we met a miserable looking white [man?], worse with whiskey, who was asking a negro wench to go home with. "I don't want company" "I can see myself home." We went into the National Hotel but recently opened. I remembered

the last time I was in here, sick and weak and miserable, I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr Monroe and his pretty little wife. Last Spring - I had been officer of the guard all night - attack with diarrhea - He took me there - put me in the nicest whitest bed so it seemed to me - I had not seen a bed for [three?] weeks - and told me to sleep until 2 o'clock when they dined - I had been in bed but an hour when he came and wakened me, saying that he was sorry to disturb me, but that orders to march had reached the Regiment. I had been sent for. I jumped and with a [larity?], at which he seemed surprised - & with a cup of tea I bid them good bye - my last look was at his pretty wife. I got a glimpse of them as the Regiment marched past. He has gone to Frederick where he has a female seminary in successful operation. He moved about two weeks before we came here.

Saturday 21st

A bright day, but much colder. This evening on dress parade I felt the cold strike across my feet considerably. We finished The testimony of the Court of Inquiry about one o'clock. Maggi in despite of his indignant protest of yesterday, [because?] Lt Col Monteil was put in close arrest, was back as counsel. We had Capt [Allabaugh?] and Capt Bell at our tent to tea this evening. Had roast chicken. Col Bell was in and told us that there were 19 transports lying in the bay. This looks favorable for our speedy departure. Gen Reno, a Pennsylvanian, is the Commander of our Brigade. Do we have 3 regulars of the finest reputation: Burnside, Foster and Reno - who was instructor of infantry tactics at West Point. Col. [Hartranft?] told us that he had received a letter from the paymaster stating he would be here to pay us off on Monday. Lt Col. Potter is a son of Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania, of the Episcopal Church.

December 22 Sunday 22. 1861.

Another fine day, though cold. Had company inspection at ten o'clock. Then we had orders to form our companies without arms and accoutrements & march to the parade ground, where we had a sermon by the Rev Mallory, our chaplain, "I am the way and the life" After dinner Beaver, Tom Grier and I went to town. We went by the wagon road to take a view of the camps though we commenced the adornment with ever greens and have the advantage of the situation the yankees have taken up the idea and have gone ahead of us. The 10th Connecticut have arches wreaths &c. The arch over the main street has an eagle with outspread wings worked in pine. The N. York 31st have an arch in which 1776 worked in pine as also flags, and other devices. We went down to the wharf and saw the river covered with vessels some one told us there were twenty four transports. some are large side wheel steamers - I noticed the New Hampshire New York . Most of the others are painted black. I suppose they would not afford as fair a mark for artillery as the white ones. As we came back up the railroad I noticed we saw a train bringing in the 7th Rhode Island Battery. The preparations are so great that it is supposed that it will be ten days before we will be able to start. Beaver staid in to attend church. Tom and I went into the yard of the Episcopal church where there are several old tombstones - rectangular tombs of white marble. By itself at the corner of the church is one [?] to the memory of Margaret Carroll, relict of Charles Carroll, daughter of Matthew Tilghman, born January 15, 1742, died March 14, 1818. Over by the side of the church, was that of Rebecca wife of Daniel Pulanney, daughter of Col. Walter Smith died March 18. 1737. aged 47 years. Enclosed in an iron railing were those of William Bladen died August 9. 1718. Benjamin Tasker Jun. late Secretary of Maryland died October 17. 1760 aged 39. Honourable Benjamin Tasker died 18. June 1768 aged 78, "which, tho of a constitution naturally weak and tender he attained through the efficiency of an exemplary temperance. At the time of his death he was President of the council a station he occupied 32 years. The offices of the agent and Receiver General & Judge of the prerogative court he successfully exercised." I observed the other day the chickens roosting on the branches of a low tree over the latter tomb, and Tom scraped away the piles of excrement in order to decipher the inscription. It has begun to rain this evening about nine o'clock.

December Monday 23. 1861.

We went to Lt Col Potters tent & heard Lt Col Maggi read Lt. Col. Vignier de Monteils defence. It rained nearly all last night & the greater part of the day. When I came back found the camp in somewhat of an excitement, owing to the paymaster having arrived. Maj Morill [and his?] assistant Mr Morton. As there were some errors we had ours to make over - or rather for them as they had made most of the mistakes.

Tuesday 24.

Our company was paid off to day. Shorkly rec'd some 84 dollars but Beaver & I got none, as they paid out to the 1st of November & we were not mustered in until the 16th of November. The first Lt receives pay from the time he was entitled who mustered in, but is when we had 41 men - although not actually mustered in. We got at this afternoon and made out pay rolls for Nov. & Dec - This evening Beaver Tom and I went into Annapolis. It was more lively than I ever saw it. We went to Episcopal service. The church is very beautiful inside, with arches, and stained windows, and the evergreen decorations were beautifully contrasted on the chaste white walls. The children sang a Christmas carol after the service.

Wednesday 25.

This was a bright fine day. Some of the companies went into town under charge of a commissioned officer. We had almost a rebellion because we declined doing it. It was very fortunate we didn't. They had a dreadful row in town - some hundred of our men getting drunk, and having a free fight in the centre opening behind the Episcopal church. [Gen. Reno?], I hear, was drunk, got knocked down twice and a tooth knocked out. The dress parade was slim owing to so many absences. The detail from our Regiment was happily relieved today and returned to camp. We presented each of our men with a pair of white gloves. They looked quite fine on dress parade. They appear to be satisfied that they did not get to town, especially when they saw that the Col. collected all the old barrels in camp, and made the drunk party should[er] them, and walk the [sing?]. Beaver & Shorkly went to town this evening.

Camp Union near Annapolis Md December Thursday 26 1861

We had Regimental inspection today - Col [Sweetzer?] [aid?] of McClellan inspected our arms - he caught us in a bad condition after our Christmas and hey day. We all received our new coats to day. Bill Schaffley from Lewisburg came into camp to-day, from Lewisburg. He [induced?] Frank Beale to resign his second lieutenancy. Sgt [?] I think will succeed him.

Friday 27.

Tom Grier & Lt. Beaver were detached for signal service to-day & reported themselves in town. Charley Schaffley, Lt in Company D, Capt Thoms. Chamberlain, 5th Reg Reserve came into camp this evening. He had a furlough for 48 hours from Washington and slipped off down here. Bill Schaffley and Frank Beale went to Washington this morning. The weather was cold and windy and drilling was disagreeable, beside that the men had lost considerable by the inaction of the past few days.

Saturday 28.

We had drill this morning - But Col [Hartranft?] & Bell happened to go away and we were ordered to drill the manual. It was exceedingly cold, so we had to double quick to keep warm. Unfortunately for me Gen Reno came on to the drill ground just as the other companies were gone, but I was still there, & he saw us go into the manual. I apologized by stating that we never got our muskets until the day we left Harrisburg, & we had to pay most attention to marching to keep up with the Regiment. He made the remark to Col Bell that we must drill more in the manual, & mentioned Co. H. I felt badly all day about it. He caught the Col & Lt Col as bad, absent from camp. He [inspected?]

Adjutant Bible dry. Bible is a fellow that don't know anything and knows too much. The Gen stood us up wonderfully. I went to town with John Morris this afternoon, who felt gay, because he had just been appointed aide du camp to Gen Reno. We took a look at the transport fleet - then took tea among at the City Hotel. T here we saw Gen Hatch a short red faced gray haired man.

Sunday 29.

We had company inspection - then Gen Reno came & the Col understood from him that we were to embark tomorrow at twelve o'clock. We were busy this afternoon [?] down our baggage. George & Gib went to church this evening. I staid at home and wrote some letters. We feel quite good in the prospect of marching, if only we were a little better drilled.

Camp Union near Annapolis Md. December 30. Monday 30. 1861.

We discovered today that we misunderstood the order; that it was that Commander of Regiments should hold themselves in readiness to march on twelve hours notice. So we spent the day as usual in drill. [On?] Saturday the Regiment rec'd new coats - & now look like soldiers, and make a fine appearance. Frank Beale returned from Washington, and bid us good bye. I sent my gold watch home with him, and bought his silver watch: paid him in full for it - \$20. Tom Grier has been detailed as clerk to the Asst adjutant Gen of Gen. Reno.

Tuesday 31st.

Still bright fine weather. We were mustered today. Nearly 700 men out or more perhaps - dressed in their best. We made a splendid appearance. They are drawn as in review, in open order - The rolls are called - each man comes to a support and as his name is called comes to a shoulder and then to an order. Every man must be accounted for whose name is on the rolls. We then had inspection and review - As we were marching in review Gen Reno & staff, Lt Morris on his gallant bay. Lt Reno, & Gen Park commander of the third brigade came in. They complimented our marching. Lt Reno told Beaver in town that company H marched finely, and were well drilled. Morris told us that they all said we did the finest drilling of any Regiment in the expedition, & they had been around to all the camps today. We had Regimental drill during the afternoon. We think we are still improving. During the muster this morning - it was warm and pleasant. The parade ground is large & level, and the slight frost melting made part of it greasy. The sun was bright and fine - the arms glistening in the sun, and a solemn stillness resting on the whole scene. Then came rushing across the field a big boar, his bristles sticking u and after him two n and two dogs; the boar grunted, the dogs barked, & the n made all sorts of noises. The hog, as usual with hogs, ran just the opposite way they wanted to drive him - indeed the plan of action, between the dogs the n and the hog, was so complicated, that it was impossible to tell which way they wanted to drive him - after a performance unequalled by any circus I have ever seen, they retired and the audience, the whole regiment was convulsed with laughter. [?] I had my likeness taken today. This evening we had our school of sergeants and corporals. I could not help thinking how differently we would all have spent it if we were at home. The Zouaves rebelled today and would come out on muster. & this camp was put in charge of two companies of the Connecticut Regiment. Thus endeth the year 1861. I cant remember how the last day of last year was spent, but I'm sure that I never dreamed of being in canvas walls, so far south as to have splendid weather. One of our men returned who had been to Union County on furlough. I now commenced on the other side of Baltimore & in Union County there was sleighing. Here it about like the pleasant days of [October?] I will now close this up and start anew - & send this home. Tom. Grier is not with us & we feel like as if we were waiting for him all the time.

Camp Union near Annapolis MD January 1862 Wednesday 1.

This was a warm fine day. We had [squall] and company drill, Regimental and dress parade and that took up the major portion of the day. I never [adu] a New Year day so pleasant and beautiful in weather. We drew new caps and distributed them. This evening it has become exceedingly windy - it blows like a gal around our tent up here on the hill, but we are safe enough yet. I don't know how it will be before morning. We have some funny characters in our company; so different and of all sorts and shades - such as it is said are required to make up a world. From the Captain to Dick Langly our servant, from [Wilter] the tallest man down to [Beur] the smallest, from [Newhart] the orderly to Campbel the 5th Sergt, from Allison the tallest corporal to John Dawson the shortest, we have grades and shades which make a wonderful

Monday January 6 1862

Yesterday, Sunday, we knew that we were to break camps and embark. We were busy making preparations: packing and fixing. About four o'clock the paymaster came. We had the [mall?] signed, and towards seven o'clock were paid. We had orders to cook three days provisions, but they did not draw provisions until late in the evening, and the men were nearly all night cooking. It commenced to snow a little on Saturday night, was cold and blustering during yesterday, sleeted during the night. It was hard work. Besides the wood gone wet, and the men had to go to the woods and get wood. Then we were busy bringing up packages for the men to send money home. This morning dawned a wintry scene - snow about two inches. [Our] beautiful camp was soon destroyed - It was wonderful what amount of truck gathered [?] housekeeping for six weeks. The men gathered boxes and barrels and made bonfires [?] I used was dispatched to town with the money packages amounting to some fifteen hundred dollars. The little ground moles that burrowed about our tent [?] had to [?] fare well - our shrubbery, [urch?] & I went to the Bonfires. About twelve o'clock the [eneral [beat?], and we marched, leaving only marks of where we had been. Lots of n[XXXX] around gathering the odd ends of crackers, old shoes & other things which necessity made us wasteful of. We marched through town, and at the centre at the church, Companies C, A, K & L separated, carrying with them the old [Fourth?] colors, now attend to 51st and so command of Lt Col Bell, marching to the city wharf to embark on the Scout. The rest of us went down into the Navy Yard, and after little delay we embarked on the Cossack steamer. This is a fine ocean steamer and the officers have the ladies cabin for quarters. Most of my company are in the state rooms. But the poor fellows left with the baggage have not come on board yet. The officers have no baggage and nothing to eat. We managed to get a poor cup of tea. The scene in town was awful. The shop keepers were set crazy and many in despair closed their stores. Everything was bought out. The Bakers were fairly demented. The Express office gave out and drove everybody away. All the troops here were paid off - everybody was saying - the 21st Mass got drunk. Every fellow that could get liquor got & how was a mystery to us. Sunday was an awful day in town. Stores closed - troops marching - everybody on the street. Tonight it is a beautiful scene on the water: we got aground and had to be towed off - [We?] drifted down the stream - It is a bleak wintry night - the waters dark - the river full of black hulled vessels, with their signal lights aloft. The ships full of men, the bands playing - the sound of the fiddle, the song and shout of the men. If we only had something to eat. The reporters for the press, six of them, occupy a table and state rooms - a table by themselves, with little slips of paper written [full?] - Then they had a meal - coffee and ham fried, which was particularly tan- talizing to us. We ate a full breakfast this morning, but a breakfast don't last all day. We have luxurious quarters down here, but after all one's comfort should very materially on the arrangements made for your stomach. My canteen full of water tastes delicious. Dick filled it for me at the spring just before we started. Our Brigade now consists of the 21st Mass 51st N.Y. 51st Penna 19th New Jersey 1240 strong 69th New York. Tom Grier goes with Gen Reno on the Northerner. As Seth could not get into the Express Office, Beaver gave my package of money to [steamer \$340?] of my own,

\$50 of [bandine?], \$40 [Seth's?] & \$30, in all. We fortunately carried our knapsacks with us, in which I have my portfolio, & writing material, cigars, and a blanket: so that we are comfortably better off [?] other officers. We managed to get 30 loaves of bread - so that we are not starved - but it would be a luxury to have our coffee hot, and that boiled ham that we have in the camp chest together with a morsel of butter.

On board Steamship Cossack Tuesday January 7 1862

I slept splendidly last night and we turned out about seven o'clock. We began to wonder where breakfast was to come from, when Lt Shorkley was appointed commissary for the officers, and under his energetic supervision we had breakfast dinner and supper. He and Beaver were out nearly all day laying in a stock of provisions. The ship Cossack was formerly the Eastern [?] and is now painted black - it was evidently painted white before. It is an ocean steamer I think used between Portland Maine & Boston or New York. It is about 300 feet long and sixty wide. The lady's cabin, the officers quarters, is about 30 or more feet long - has thirty berths, - Brussels carpet - dainty curtains - [secess?] - a washing place - large mirrors & otherwise like all those large steamboats. This was a bright fine day, and this evening the moon is shining over the waters - the ships and steamboats with their signal lights - the light house - the snow covered banks - make a lovely scene - Add to this the bands in every ship are playing - Ours is now playing Dixie - they played it first before the general was beaten - as we left our camping ground yesterday. I amused myself up on deck with my glass - then reading A message from the sea. The wind was pretty high this morning : it rocked our boat very slightly. I felt the dizziness without exactly knowing exactly what it was until I look out of the windows and saw the waves running pretty high. We have everything embarked and ready except our horses. Another Regiment came down from Washington, I think a Connecticut Regiment, so that all are now embarked. The British ship [Imolita?], 37 Armstrong guns, is lying off the light house. Her officers were in town - Capt Hancock - and they told their officers that they had been sent to bring away Lord Lyons, had not the difficulty been settled. The British ungenerous exaltation over what they call our back - out, will only serve to increase that American feeling for a fight, which will burst out in violence some of these days. We have now an immense army - soldiers training for fight, and they will need employment. I received two letters by this mornings mail, one from John and one from Laura. When I come to think of it, it seemed like yesterday that I received it. This day has been long and short. John Morris was in and told us, that Gen Reno, had been so heartily disgusted with the 21st Mass. for being generally drunk, that he threatened to remove his staff from the Northerner to our boat. Maj. Clark urged him to wait till this morning, when he said if it were no better he would do so. Morris looks as gay riding around in the little boats as he does on his bay. He is very popular and the men think if any thing can be done Morris will do it. I was just coming down stairs to hunt berths for some men, when I met the officers of the boat rushing up stairs. I went out to the side & saw the them lower the captain's gig in hot haste. I went out to the other side and heard the most agonizing scream of drowning men "I'm drowning" "let go my legs" &c I waited until the officers returned. They reported they had rescued four men, one clinging to the wheel and three on the surf boards. The side wheel steamer run over a boat of the [?], [?] it is said with 23 men nineteen of whom were saved. I was in harrowing suspense until I found out that it was not one of our boats. [?] returned with three of our men just after it happened. Part of the 8th Connecticut are on board the [?]. It was bright moonlight - we could see the men struggling in the water, and their screams were awful. I heard on firm manly voice raise above the din of the confusion, "Keep cool its all right" and at once it all seemed to subside. The side wheel boat has been considered the nuisance of these waters running in to every one. It must have been gross carelessness to have run into the boat on such a night as this.

Wednesday January 8.

There is a square rigged brig lying out near us, which was captured on New Year's day endeavouring to run the blockade off the mouth of James River. I just learned the distinction in ships. A schooner is a boat with 2 masts without yards. A square rigged brig has two masts and yards. A hermaphrodite brig has two masts, one with yards. A ship has three masts with yards. A bark three masts, two with yards. We learn this morning that the men in the boat last night, run over by the wheel[?] steamer, were all saved & doing well. They were of the 27th Mass. Those supposed to be lost were on shore & returned to the boat this morning. First serj [very?] hurt, on recommendation of the surgeon, need a furlough for sixty days, and has resigned his serjantry. This vessel is the former Eastern duty, now named the Cossack. She is 237 feet long and 30 feet [beam?].

It is really a beautiful sight on deck. There are some forty ships and steamers. The day is bright - the wind blowing brisk, waters sparkling in the sunlight. The Scout is just now 3 o'clock P.M. towed up - containing the balance of our Regiment. It is said we will start at four o'clock. The steamers have [this?] steam up. The first brigade is distinguished by a red flag. The second by a blue flag. The latter is ours with no 2 on it. The Scout is numbered [8?]. Everything looks brisk and lively. We have been hourly in expectation of moving. As it was growing dark, a boat came around our bow - I was walking on deck - Lt Morris voice sung out - "Cossack" "Aye Aye" I yelled. "Col Hartranft on board" "Yes sir" "Call him out". And the message was that the Captain should keep a good look out for three rockets - Then the first gun would be a signal for the first brigade to move: Two guns for the second. We have drill in the [manual?] on deck during the day. I received a letter from Annie and one from John. George rec'd his pistol and shoes from Philadelphia. He told me that there was a long crowd around the Express office, & happening to catch the Agents eye, he gave him the Freemason sign, and was waited on immediately. Otherwise he might have waited all the day. We spent most of the afternoon on deck, looking at the gay scene. My marine glass is a very useful [auxiliary?] in our pleasures, and we are as much pleased with it as any children with their toys. One of the notable characters among our Officers is Lt Blair. He is the man that things dress parade a humbug, and his own careless unofficer appearance indicates his tastes - the size of his shirt collar is a wonderful and straight out - pointed - like his black eyes - like his nose, like his disposition - sharp, pointed, cutting. He is extreme in all his views - expresses everything in a sharp way. He always turns up in any discussion; he dislikes adjutant, and hammers him unmercifully. The Adj is slow at repartee. Blair has been Lt of the Guard today and his oddities and eccentricities have appeared in a very prominent manner. He has demonstrated on Lloyds map that our ship the Cossack is to land at [Apalachicola?] and go up and take possession of the Railroad at [Tallahassee?] - Lt Col Bell is to [stand?] at Cedar Keys - Florida - [with?] the "Scout" and hold the road there - & then the United States holding [Formadina?] - then we had possession of Florida. Our steam is up & we will probably be off tonight.

Thursday January 9 1862. Steamship Cossack.

I was wakened this morning about 6 o'clock by the cry of a "man overboard." That cry is fearful enough at any time, but to be waked out of sleep, in the dark of the morning and hear it, and the cries of the drowning man, and that gulping noise he makes as he [be?] swept rapidly by the stern of the ship. However I was not startled. I got up however and tried to look out the window of Shorkly's berth. He was turned round and said there was no use of getting up, we must get used to these things. I went out to the back window and saw a number of little boats flying about. One husky voice - salty - I remember the first time I heard such a voice - the night we came down from Perrysville to Annapolis last spring when we were hailed by the Cumberland, and ordered to haul under his stern - I have noticed it since in all sailors - this husky voice called out "Keep the lad up" "Keep the lad up." Then again another just as husky cried out "I've got him" "Heave him up" "Put your arm around me, lad." Then I knew he was safe. In the army

when they speak to a man, they say "My man" [on sea?] "My lad." The three rockets went up about seven o'clock - then one gun fired - and the first brigade got under way. Then two guns and our brigade started about a quart past eight. We have two ships in two - 7 & 8 - 8 is the Scout with the balance of our Regiment. Gen Burnside in a small boat, eight or ten oarsmen, went shooting about from ship to ship - cheered by all of us as he passed. He had a common cavalry hat & [gum?] coat. The bands saluted as he passed, we waved our hats, the men cheered. On each ship as it started the band commenced playing Dixie. I have spent most of the morning out looking at the fleet. How proudly they plough their way. Our vessel seems the staunchest and fastest sailor. I recognized Lt. Col. Potter on one of the ships (3) waved my hat to him, he turned to his men, did something in dumb show - but we heard a cheer burst from them, and we cheered in return. We passed the English [Imolite?] off the Light House. England is rousing a terrible feeling in our hearts. There will be a great war some of these days. I can't keep it down in myself. The officers spoke of it with an ill-concealed glare, that it was an insult to have that lying there. The ill concealed exultation of the British and their mentioning with such satisfaction that there are so many French war vessels on our coast, is making up the [desired?] indignation in the breast of those most opposed to war, and least blood thirsty in feeling. [A?] five beels [at?] 2 o'clock afternoon passed Cove pt, Drum point and the mouth of the Pautuxet River. This evening at the request of Bently reporter for the Philadelphia Enquirer, I wrote out a list of our company with their residences, and took it up to his room. He introduced me to McDonald the reporter for the Commercial Advertiser. Captain Bennet, Captain of my Boat came in and told us to come out and see a beautiful sight. He took us to the stern of the ship, [and?] see the wake of the ship. The moon was not very bright, the waters like dark green glass - a wake as broad as the ship, as straight as an arrow, extending as far back as the ships we had in tow, boiling an foaming white - It was indeed beautiful. We went back to the Reporter's room. Bennet gave us a succinct history of his life - 22 years at sea - master of a ship at 18 years of age - Keeper of the Minot Ledge light house - saved by being accidentally away when it washed into the sea - where he lost all his charts, drawings - having been three times around the world - were peculiarly valuable to him: joined his fate with Mayor Wood of New York - Capt of the 5th ward police - went into the custom house - had his head cut off for his connection with Mayor Wood - and with difficulty, and owing to his personal acquaintance with Welles and Burnside and his position here. He was superintendent of the outfitting of this fleet at New York. He has a little boy ten years old perhaps, that cried to go along. Burnside happened to be by. The boy said he would carry cartridges and do many other things - Burnside told him to take him along and he would allow him [?] While we were standing on the Hurricane deck this evening the sky was mottled white and long streaks dark along the western sky. Bently came over the sailors Rhyme [A anackered sky and make waves high And mares tails, and covers the ships sails.?)

Friday January 10 1862.

The boat stopped last night about eleven o'clock on account of the density of the fog. This morning the fog was still very thick, could not see fifty paces ahead. About nine o'clock there were signs of clearing & the Captain ordered the engines to get up steam. We are still thirty miles from Hampton Roads. Some time after we started. We had dinner at half past 12 o'clock, and we went on deck. Soon we saw the masts of vessels looming through the fog. Then the red light boat, the [Kipowaps] Sewells point and fortress Monroe There were three men of war - the sailors manned the yards and cheered. We cheered in return. We soon recognized some of our acquaintances. The New York, New Brunswick. We dipped our flag as we came in. We anchored off the fortress toward Sewall's point. The [?] are a heap of rocks out to the left of us, with some stone walls, 2 stone houses, and some poles with ropes tretched. I saw but on cannon perched up pointing toward Sewalls point. It looked an acre or so in extent, and

is exactly like the summit of Mount Washington. Willoughby point was [?] on the red light boat. The day cleared, but it was still smoky - we looked with interest upon the places we had so often read about. We were all soon in the cabin preparing our letters to send home. I wrote one to Aunt Margery, one to the Chronicle and one to Annie. We went up after supper, but saw nothing but a gunboat out towards Sewalls point, used as a watch-boat. Lt Col Bell came on board and took tea with us. It was so foggy that we could see nothing until we entered Hampton Roads. Sewalls Point is a long low reach of sand, covered with woods. I could see a house and barn a mile perhaps from the point. We could not distinguish anything at all on the point, except that the sand appeared who reached up along the edge of the wood, but that may have been done by the action of the waves. The fleet here is not so imposing in appearance, as up at Annapolis - perhaps because the harbor is wider. Hassenflug, and John Smith, the Col's servant were the only ones that were sea-sick. Teh adjutant has a great time with his consolidated reports, and each Captain has to make one every time, to rectify mistakes &c. It is the great bore of all of us and especially the adjutant. Blair remarked that he expected that the adjutant, when he died, would take the form of a consolidated report.

Sunday 11.

This was a bright fine day. A lot of us got into a surf boat and went o shore. We first went to the Fortress. It is immense and the number of cannon surprised us. I think it is a mile and a half around the ramparts, and encloses 80 acres. In the inside are houses for officers and quarters, and trees - live oak. The 10th N. York Vols or National Zouaves are quartered in it. Their uniform light blue, with [pink Solfine trimming?] We saw the Union Gun down on the beach, 12 inch bore, and the Floyd lying beside it, not mounted. There are an immense number of guns, many of them ten inch, lying outside. 150 at least are mounted. Grass is grown over the piles of ball inside. From one side we saw Camp Hamilton, and the ruins of Hamilton - nothing but the stacks of chimnies standing up, like ghosts. We went to a store - a little store but got everything you asked for. I got some drawing paper. The grocery also furnished everything wanted at very advanced prices however. Capt. Cook, formerly of the old Fourth met us on the beach and came pver amd tppl dinner with us. I amused myself trying to sketch the [?] - but the vessel kept swinging around and I was so slow that I did not succeed & wound up my labors sketching a hermaphrodite brig lying near us. As the Adj. came in Blair says "There comes consolidated report." "Consolidated Bible" says Mallory. "Bound in calf" says Blair. The "Scout" and the Brig that we towed sailed somewhere this afternoon. Part of the fleet is gone. We have [to?] coal - 25 tons & take in water yet - 100 tons of coal last six days. Do we go up the Potomac? Up the James River? We have our bay Pilot on board yet. Captain says he won't know but his pilot will be changed. 1/2 past nine o'clock. P.M. Lt. Reno just came in, and gave orders to get upstream and start. It may be interesting, hereafter, to note our conjectures. Rodamel asserts that we will not go out of James River. Bently, the reporter, says we are going to Lynhaven Bay - behind Norfolk. Beaver asserts that we go to Savannah. The Col. said that we go to [Lece?]

Saturday January 11.

Ten o'clock P.M. anchor heaved and we start. The water in the roads smooth as glass but it heaves now that we are out in the bay. The Col, rec'd sealed orders, merely told us that we were going to sea. Blair gets the [?] but can't [fish?] it yet. The Col. says he will tell us our destination in the morning. The commissary says that there are no better [?] than we have. The chief engineer has been on this boat 8 years, [?] in the stormy coast between Portland and St. Johns that she was thoroughly overhauled at New York before coming to Annapolis - so that so far as good steamanship, good enginners and a staunch boat can carry us we will go safely. 12 o'clock, our bay pilot takes leave of us at the light ship, and we steam out into the [?]

Sunday Jan 12.

We got awake this morning, with [rocking?] boat, dense fog - many with sick stomachs. Some acknowledged it - others got quietly into their bunks and staid there. Beaver went to his bunk and was sick all day. The Col was struck suddenly after breakfast. Down in the hold and up on deck it was still worse. We stopped on account of the density of the fog and laid by until afternoon. We saw the Picket with Gen. Burnside on board. I felt a little reely after breakfast but an hour or two on deck settled, and this evening I feel splendid. This afternoon it cleared off, and I enjoyed the ride very much. We could see the low coast line to our right about two miles, strewn with the wrecks of ships. Toward five o'clock we came opposite Cape Hatteras, the wind blowing hard, and the sea very rough. There were several attacks of sickness - Beaver being out most of the afternoon, retires in intense disgust. We are now lying an and off Cape Hatteras waiting for a pilot. I was on the Hurricane deck at sunset - it was delightfully exhilarating - rising and falling with the waves - the spray breaking over the bow - the sunset was very beautiful the orange and saffire - the ashes of roses - the long low sand beach of Cape Hatteras, with its white shaft of Light House.

Blair was officer of the day today - and luxuriated in the full reign of a sound stomach. The adjutant was sick as well as the sentinels at guard-mounting - & Blair goes up and cooly tells them that no one should get sick without a written permit signed by the Colonel. The white sea birds followed in our wake a long while this afternoon on their untiring wing. We saw the Cossack as also the Steamship City of New York off Cape Hatteras. One of the Reporters told me that it was that ship, but I rather suppose it is one of the blockading flee. Along what is called Bald Beach, the wrecks of vessels are very numerous. One Schooner apparently lately wrecked, and what we took to be a tent pitched back of it. The ship is rolling heavily this evening, and it is said we will have to stay outside all night. Mr. Mallory told me this morning that they had heard in the Fortress yesterday afternoon the destination of the fleet - that the news came through directly from Norfolk - that we were to go to Hatteras Inlet, and our object was to blow up some locks of some canal, to prevent the egress of a Rebel expedition fitting out at Norfolk. It is said that there is a canal between Norfolk and Albemarle sound - I can't find anything on the maps I have with me, but I think there is what is called the dismal swamp canal. The Col's orders were to enter Hatteras Inlet and wait. It seems strange that we can keep the intelligence only from our own sailors. I was told by the World reporter that the notice of a traitor being found in the family of a distinguished military officer, was that of Adj. Gen. Thomas, and his daughter was the one implicated. This information must have come through some such source. Thomas is a Virginian by birth and residence and on the breaking out of the war sent his slaves to Kentucky. I was told also, by the same man, that on Friday night, one of the officers detailed on the signal corps, was arrested endeavouring to escape over to Sewalls point, in a small boat, having with him all the signals to be used in the expedition. I see by [?] map the dismal swamp canal marked.

Monday Jan 13.

When I woke up this morning the ship was pitching and rolling very much. Every one almost was sick. I went out to wash, and came back for a touch when it struck me about the pit of the stomach - I got outside & got well enough, until I came in to get breakfast - & had to rush out, and [put?] up all the bile in me. About ten we arrived opposite Hatteras inlet & in a half hour crossed the bar and anchored opposite Ft. Clark. I could not help laughing at the woe begone expression of the countenances for the last few days; John Smith, the Col's servant suffered particularly. Dick was sick too until we stopped inside the bar. Cap Snyder, Lt [Gaulen?], Beaver and several others were sick all the time. The Col. was also in best most of his time. I had a sort of tremulous fear of it, until last night, when though there was a good deal of high seas, I felt so well that I had given up all expectation of being sick. During the night there was a severe wind, and nearly every one on the boat was sick. I however slept through it all - toward

morning I wakened up by being nearly pitched out. I had no suspicion of my own fate until I got up. I found Dick rolling around the floor, and after the most ridiculous attempts falling over my trunk pitching in to Capt Shawl's bread basket with my head, and seeing Capt. Shawl immediately after make a motion as if he were going to [die?], and landing head foremost among a pile of trunks. I steadied myself with one arm around a post, and managed to get my stock on. I then went out to wash - & coming back was seized with a burning sensation in the pit of the stomach and commenced gaging: I rushed out, but it ended in gaging. I went out on the side of the stern and lay there watching the fleet. We were farthest out, just opposite Cape Hatteras. Between us and the shore was a white steamer, the Eastern Queen, the George Peabody, having the little propeller Picket in tow, and several other steamers following behind. They were in the worst of the rolling waves, and rolled and pitched wonderfully: we could see them roll down until the sides were covered. We could see Gen. Burnside standing on the Deck of the Picket, seemingly unaffected. The propellers rolled like logs. We soon stood in towards shore, and crossed the bow of the Peabody. A splendid steamship came up past us, the Spaulding - the little gunboat pilot came out, she hailed us, and asked our draft - 8 feet replied the Captain - "Too much sea to cross the Bar." Our paddles stopped, but the Spaulding & Picket made a dash. It was a splendid sight - The waves rolling and chasing each other until they broke in madness, dashing high the spray - the Spaulding went through, and we followed hard after her, getting in before the little Picket. I stood on the hurricane deck as we went through. Even our big boat pitched so that we had to hold fast. But just before this I had been down aft - Foster came out pale and dizzy looking - John Smith stuck his out of a little window - had colored in hue - each making desperate efforts to relieve the stomach. Foster recovered and proposed to go in to breakfast. I consented - went in - took a piece of ham - & was waiting for bread - when I was seized with an intense nausea - I started aft - fell over a trunk upset the Col's table, which went down with a tremendous clatter - & succeeded in getting out to relieve myself of considerable bile. Since then I have been perfectly well, except being weak from not having eaten anything. Four o'clock we had dinner and a hungrier set of men were never seen - Some had not eaten for two days. I feel most splendidly now. All have recovered & are in fine spirits. This is a dreadful windy place. We interested ourselves in watching the other ships come through the inlet. Very few of the sailing vessels have come through, owing to the head winds, and are riding outside. But nearly all the steamships have arrived, and the harbor looks lively. The point is a low beach of sand - Fort Clark near the point, with one or two [?] houses on it. The inlet is but a quarter of a mile wide and very dangerous. The book [prescribes?] that no one should go in without a pilot. When we reached Cape Hatteras last evening, we turned back and ran north until midnight & then turned passing the light house at the Cape about nine o'clock. The 48th Penn Reg, Col Nagle is on this place garrisoning Ft. Clark.

Tuesday January 14.

It blowed fearfully and those outside the bar last night must have had a severely rolling time last night. The little Picket, used by Burnside as his ship, is owned by her Captain, named Ives, who is a wealthy man, and offered his services and boat to the Government without pay and received a captain's commission. The [Steamship at?] New York is fast on the bar. The surf is so bad that the tugs can't get near it. And the captain won't allow a boat to go ashore. The Officers Mess is out of provisions. We have no meat & came down to the last scrapings this morning. There is a little fellow, nominally a servant of Capt Blair, as peculiar as Blair too, goes by the name of Bucktail. He is about 15 years old, with small turned up features, wears a belt with a bayonet & scabbard, large blouse and large pants. He is from Tyrone Father & Mother dead, all from Tyrone - got into camp at Harrisburg, in the employ of some of the serjts - & one night about ten o'clock came up to Blairs tent, saying that they had turned him out. He started with ten cents - [?] newspapers &c - Blair [?] him five dollars at Camp Union: because with his little

capital he had to go to town so often to replenish - He has paid that back - & has now some ten or 15 dollars. The other day he got [?] sea sick and some one told him to take a dose of salts. He came in and wanted Blair to get him a dose, & could hardly be persuaded to the contrary. I think his name of Bucktail came from his having some kind of an animals tail inned on to his hat. The wind has blown stormily all day. A little gun boat dragged her anchor and has come against us twice. We have just heard this evening that the Scout with other sailing vessels have come in. The steamship City of New York is still aground - they cut away her mast, and her smokepipe came down this afternoon. Of all desolate looking places this beach is the most desolate. Those that hold her must have a very disagreeable time. We are getting down to the originals in our officers mess. We have no soft bread. At noon we had pea soup and hard bread, and the adjutant fished up a little bunch of butter out of his [have?] sack and gave us a knife full. This evening we had hard bread, cooked rice and tea.

I remember of hearing Mother often remark that rice was such a tasteless thing when cooked without milk. This was evidently cooked with water. We had no butter. The hard bread is good - the tea is good the rice seasoned with salt, and sugar to make it gritty was good. I don't know what we are to have tomorrow. I see Commisary Shorkley in anxious consultation with the Quartermaster. We have seen the ships lying outside all day - but I hear that most of them have got in. We conjecture that the first attack will be on Roanoke Island. The surf ran so high that the Captain would not allow his boats to go ashore, so that we have not had any communication with any one.

Wednesday January 15.

It was foggy this morning. We could just see the "City of New York" laying out in the [?] A boat came in to our ship with five men - they had swamped two boats before they succeeded in getting off. The Captain lowered one of his boats, and he, the Mate, the Col and & Dr [Hossack?] started out. They arrived just in time to see a little boat belonging to [?] Schooner take off the remaining crew. Both boats came up to see us at the same time and Captain Bennet called to us to cheer the little white boat, that had rescued the crew, which we did with a hearty good will. The capt and mate went away again and shortly after, the Brig "Hope" swung against us, pushed in our wheel house, and kept digging at us until it had all the out side works on the [starberd?] side, at the stern crushed - opened out our cabin knocking to pieces Capt Bell's berth. Mine just escaped. While this was going on we saw Capt Bennet returning: I was standing at the side as the Captain came up. Hi sboat shot past the place for getting on. He scolded his crew remarking with a forcible ejaculation that he "wouldn't give a handful of cowdung for the whole of them" We got up steam, and the Brig was towed away, leaving our stern pretty well smashed on one side. The City of New York" was loaded with 70 cases muskets and rifeles, ammuniton, [hay?], shot and shell, and a great deal of Officers baggage. She is lying on her side one side stoved in - the poor fellows were on there for two days, and were clinging to her side when taken off. They had no sleep for two days, and were 15 & 1/2 feet, and why she should attempt to cross with such a sea is owing to the government pilot. In calm sea she might have made it as the channel is 17 feet. The sailors were pretty well whiskeyed when we came on board. The Captain's name was Nye and the sailors spoke highly of him. The Quarter master, Shorkley, Beaver, Jones and I got a boat, and with little [Cubby?], a dark rich colored boy, with long dark locks, such luscious red lips and black eyes, and another sailor boy, with a game eye, and big quid of tobacco in his cheek went over to the shore. We picked up some shells, saw Gen Williams and staff, and went into Fort Hatteras, which is built of sods, having barrels filled with sand for a foundation. There was a steam engine making fresh water, and a ten inch gun outside. Three or four wrecked schooners, masts and remains of many other wrecks on the shore. We had a gay time getting our boat off the beach - as the surf rolled heavily. This morning as we were standing on deck, we saw a boat run to shore, and they buried some poor sailor on the lonely beach. There will be nothing

to mark his grave - the waves will soon smooth down the little hillock of sand - He'll always have storms and winds and dashing waves over him. The ninth New York 48th Penna are on this beach. Company C. 1st [W.I.?] Artillery have [?] Hatteras. Fort Clark is just above. Camp Bull is the N.Y. regiment & five miles above Camp [blank] of the 48th. We hear that the New Hampshire Regt is to be landed & the 9th N.Y. to go with us. Just as I was getting into the boat I shook hands with Morris - the first I have seen him since we left Annapolis.

Capt. Neal as adj. gen. came on board this evening, and told us that Col. Allen of the 9th New Jersey and the surgeon of that Regiment were drowned. Their ship lay outside, and they came in on the yawl - and in returning were upset. Their bodies were recovered, and taken on board of the Highlander, a brig passing by. I saw their little boat dancing in the breakers, and afterwards saw the Highlander towed in, but I did not dream of the tragedy. I did not even observe that their bodies were lying on deck, as some of the rest did, and that they were rubbing there, and that their coats [?] up were those of officers. Just as they were taking the bodies below deck, one of our sailors said "pretty hard boys, but it can't be helped, drag 'em down." On the stern of one of the vessels which came in, a woman was sitting. One of our fellows in his ecstasy cried out, "that sight's worth a quarter, who shall I pay it to" turning round and plunging his hands into his pocket. The engineer of the City of New York, as he left the boat tore off the brass [?] in the engine room, and tied the colors around his neck.

Ship Cossack. Hatteras Inlet. Thursday January 16 1862.

The day was cold and rainy. One of Co D. James Conoway died last night of consumption. They lowered him into the surf boat, the band playing the dead march, and took him over to bury him on the lonely sand beach. The Col, Chaplain & Dr went along, but owing to the wind and tide they have not been able to return. The Cap was out in a boat, and had to be towed back by a steam tug. This is a dreadful stormy place. We loitered on deck this morning, the only thing of interest, to watch our carpenters repairing our breaches, and the [tide?] heaving out barrels, & beds & pieces of the wreck which it brought in last night. Dr Gibson Chaplain of the 45th & young Gregg came on board, & would not get off on account of the storm. They came from [Baltimore?] on a schooner, which turned in on account of the storm, on their way to join the 45th at Port Royal. I amused myself reading the army regulations and the Mill on the Floss. Lots of light reading has turned up from somewhere, and as we can't drill, nor go ashore, we are [?] down to it. Rations are severe. We had fried pork boiled potatoes hard bread & coffee for breakfast, boiled potatoes and soup for dinner - fried pork, boiled rice and tea for supper. Those that are fond of molasses relish it probably best - but it comes quite natural to me. We have settled in our own minds that we are going up to the Roanoke Island. When, we have not settled. Reports are so [covert?] and unfounded that I put no faith in them until I am completely assured.

Friday January 17. 1862.

We raised anchor to go beyond the swash or bulkhead - a sand-bar just beyond the inlet before you get into the Sound - but in getting down, we ran foul of the chain of the anchor of the Rocket - Then we did not move for fear it would take off our rudder. Then Haskell, - a man who was once in the common council of New York - no credit, says Capt Bennet, except that he got their enmity by being honest - he rendered signal service to the fleet at Port Royal, and on recommendation of Foster was appointed to have superintendence over the fleet - came over in the Phoenix, a black eyed, black mustachioed man, quick as a rat - he said everything appeared to be unlucky - None of the propellers but one could pass the swash; except steam tugs were to come, & not one here - can't lighten the ships nothing to do it with & the Phoenix was sinking. A little boat came along - "Mail on board [?]" Boat lowered and [Col cot] scuds away

returning very soon, holding up a bundle of letters as he hoves in sight. There was none for me however, or Beaver or Shorkly. Dr Gibson and Curtin got on board the Phoneix - don't know how the mean to manage their escape from Hatteras. The Col & Chaplain & party returned this morning. Wind and tide kept them. The Chaplain staid at Ft Hatteras with Capt Morris. Col & Dr went up to Camp Winfield, where the 48th is. Col went the rounds with Maj. Nagle. Most important they got butter ham beef tongue and other things of the [?], which arrived in time - We had Skoush thats the way its pronounced, a sort of pork pot pie - only crackers instead of dough, and [?] for dinner. The unusual luxury of butter made its appearance- so we had ham and beef tongue for tea. The "Scout" arrived to day at last. They were blown out into the gulf stream, carried down as far as Pt. Lookout - hadn't seen the sun for three days - were short of water - limited to a pint a day - though we had given them up - and by this time the battle had been fought. Every thing appears to [we expatiously] unlucky. We had a bad loss in the wreck of the "City of New York" - a schooner and gun boat sunk. To night it is raining like blazes - I expect before morning the wind will get up again, and some other craft get foul of us. The Louis [?] is evidently in a dangerous condition. While we were foul of the Rocket, some other steamer got aground in the channel of the swash so we are kept here. We were aground half the time to-day. Well I suppose that we will get out tomorrow. I only hope that tomorrow will be a sun-shiny day so that we can get the decks & hold cleaned. I am getting very anxious about that. We can't keep it clean somehow. I finished reading The Mill on the Floss. I'm getting used to storms, and look on wrecks with indifference. This is an abominable place. I never expect to have such comfortable quarters as I have now, but the hold and decks are a constant source of anxiety to me. Body lice, and infection of worse diseases may be well [?] But it was decided again that we wouldn't move tonight. So the Captain got to work to get his boat of himself. We got every man we could out - crowded them on the bow - then double quicked aft - then from side to side, but budge she wouldn't.

Saturday January 18.

Charles [Kleckner?], a Lieut in the 48th was on board yesterday. One of the funniest things that has occurred is Dick's [last?] merchantile transaction. He bought a box of cigars, 100, of the [cutter?] for five dollars, and went up stairs and commenced selling them out at 3 cents apiece. The [cutter?] went up after while and told him he was loosing 2 cents on every cigar. He was astounded, and sold at 6, then became disgusted, and sold at five. He [managed?] to get out with losing 25 cents, according to his own account. He paid that much for his experience and will probably not embark in any more. We parted our cable this morning in trying to get clear of a [bark?], and got aground, and spent most of the morning in trying to get loose. We are still aground. Reno said we must be over the [wash?] tomorrow morning , and this evening we are [onclad?] to get out, arms and accoustic [events?] on board some tugs who are to take us over Another [goon?] was sunk today, so we have lost two gunboats, a schooner or two - several ships are fast aground. Mr Carpenter reports for [?], was on board this morning. Also Capt. Potts of Reading or Pottsville. The day has been cold and windy. The sun came out this evening, but this is a dreary day [wast?]. I could not sleep any last night and this afternoon my bones ache all over. I hope I am not going to be sick, and that it is only temporary, from being confined on board so closely, and from want of exercise. see [ante?] for conclusion.

Sunday Jan 19.

It was very foggy during the forenoon - we were up early, had breakfast, and the two ferry boats, Patuxent, Pond Curlew came alongside. We all got out, with arms and equipments - our company getting on to the Patuxent. They were both fast to the Cossack, and worked and pushed and crashed each others sides at a desperate rate for a half hour. We began to fear that it would not move. While we were watching it listlessly, both

boats fell back & raised together, and lifted the Cossack right off - We held our breath awhile to be sure it was moving - we saw all the other ships must be moving or else our long-hoped release had come - she moved sure, and we gave three hearty cheers. A little regardless perhaps in the delirium of moving again, the stem of the Patuxent struck a hole in our stern; it was crowded with men - one was knocked off his feet and jumped into the light boat - another pitched after him - The extent of the damage, however, was in [trawing?] back of a musket, and breaking off the front teeth of one of our men Hugh McClure, but it was a very narrow escape. We dropped astern and then hauled up to a schooner & lashed fast. We watched them unloading the horses from the Peabody. It was anchored about 57 yards from shore - the horses pushed off the ship tumbling down 4 or 5 feet until they reached the water, & men in a boat lead them by a rope to shore - It seemed a cruel way of doing it, but was accomplished safely. They were trotted around on shore, until there was no danger of chill. The Capt of the Patuxent is named Bennet, a short red faced man. The three Ferry Boats Curlew, Pilot-boy were chartered at Philadelphia by the Government to go to Port Royal and put in here on account of [?] of weather, & Burnside put them in to service. He used to run the Keystone state. He said he had been on this coast 16 years, and never knew such a week of such weather as last week. About 11 o'clock we got back to our home in the Cossack. Our Captain Burnside, Reno & the Pilot were sounding the channel across the swash this afternoon. I spent the afternoon reading. Some men from the Pocahontas came in the evening. They were wrecked about 15 miles above Hatteras light-house. Their boiler gave out during the storm, anchored and dragged on shore - out of 120 horses save 17 - All the men were saved. The Pilot told me this evening that it is 52 miles to Roanoke Island - that any vessel that can cross teh swash would go up the Sound - but the rebels had taken up all the light Boats and buoys. The name swash is probably a contraction of sea-wash. We are anchored just inside the inlet, but before we can get into the sound there is the swash - a shoal of sand yet to cross. We have a sea-shell mania. Parties go out to the shore and collect shells - some are very beautiful - some are lucky dogs and find nice ones. Others come in with a batch of very common looking shells. They will be probably carried far Sunday January 19, 1862 or lost long before they get home - but they serve to fill the hour - the tedious monotonous hours. I find I have injured my eyes reading in this dark cabin - I long to get back to my canvass home. We had a New York Tribune today which states that the [John Trucks?] which had the Zouaves on board, put back to Fortress Monroe.

Monday 20.

This is a bright lovely morning - the first one we have had - it is like a summer day. We were loaded on to the Patuxent again, swung away from the Cossack. She ran up turned around, came down on the rate of 20 miles an hour, ploughed through the first bar, stopped, swung around aground again, Gen Reno was on the Patuxent, and as he saw the Cossack go through, fairly danced. But feelings slightly changed when she got [hard?] fast again. We went up to help the Scout out & with the help of the Pilot boy pulled her in to safer anchorage. Then we devilled around to [?] Captain Bennet of the Patuxent's expression, and were put on board the Cossack about half past twelve, in time for dinner. Bennet says he never saw such a tide - when its high tide its low water, low tide high water - he'd be devilled if it wasn't. Many of those on the Scout we had not seen since we embarked, and it was comical to hear the mutual greetings of the men. So here we lie, high & dry again. With how much truth I cannot say, but Morris says it was the intention of the Expedition to go to Yorktown. It is supposed that we will be embarked on schooners and taken up to Roanoke Island. It is very dreary and monotonous staying here, though this getting out and cruising around makes one feel better. I only fear sickness breaking out among our men. Necessarily the ship is getting very filthy. Half the ships are aground again, though this morning there a good many of them afloat. Lt. Col. Potter & Maj. Legendre of the N.Y. 51st came on to see us

this evening. We are still hard aground. I was up and with the Captain well it appears that the man divorced from a former wife on account of some improper conduct, and married a second time. This was made in favor of the second wife in order to prevent any difficulty that might arise, if the legality of the divorce was called in question.

Tuesday 21st

This was a still warmer day than yesterday. There was no winter in it. We were again put on to the Patuxent, and with [?] we movved off a considerable way into the channel but stuck just near were the Pioneer, which has part of the N.Y. 51st on was fast. The Union and a black little gun boat were at her and directly we saw her move - cheered her, and away she went into the channel, up into the Sound. She is in anyhow, and if we but get past this wave we will go in too. The little Patuxent tugs away, the Eagle comes to help us - but, it is now twelve o'clock, the water is low, but we are in best of spirits that this evening we will go over, or tomorrow at farthest. The schooner on which the signal corps sailed, has not been heard from yet. Beaver feels rather good that he got sailing with us. Some one that counted says that there are 110 vessels in here. We got back to the Cossack in time for dinner.

Wednesday 22

Last night about 8 o'clock, quite a little fleet came around us. Our old friend Patuxent, the Union and two other tugs. We were all em- barked on the Union. There was just room enough to stand between decks. 3 companies quartered in the upper & 3 in the lower packed in like [shad?] We dropped astern of the Cossack and anchored. There was a lively time among the sailors getting the tugs lashed to, it was dark, and the few lights [?] had seemed to make it darker yet. The channel which was yesterday [?] with barrels, and flags, [?] now various colored lights, red & white. Our men were in fine spirits during the first three or four hours. There was considerable singing, Campbell & Smith of our company, performing finely. Campbell has a peculiarly sweet voice, and his songs showed his temperament delicate, refined - above the courser passions and tastes - and they touched chords which were in every breast - Smith's was one about a miller, who about to die, had an old mill and three sons; and called them each in, at his deathbed to inquire how much toll they would take - & left it to the eldest, who would take three pecks or all. It was a quiet satire on millers. His other had a delicate touch of smut - the charge for a guinea, and the tailor's wife - the [?], some Butcher goes to Leicester to buy cattle - [?] the charms of some pretty country wench and gives her a guinea - when he comes to pay the bill he tells the Landlord that he gave the [?] maid a guinea & got no change - the Landlord calls the maid and she has to give up the guinea - a year afterwards the Butcher returns again, and she places a child 3 months old on his knee - with some [?] about the change for the guinea. The Tailor's wife has a frolic with a sailor, Tailor comes home suddenly, she puts him in a chest, sailor carries off off his [chest?] the tailor in it - it is so heavy he opens it - finds tailor & carries him off sea, They are evidently "auld country" songs, handed down among them - would [?] doubt have a trace of his descent, to look up how they got them North Snyder sung "The Jolly brown jug" & "Northhampton County Prison" The latter is [his?] trial, Reeder, Judge Jones & other local incidents. North has been three times in the Penetentiary. He is a singular character, and very wicked, vulgar, though he seems to have a good heart. So the time passed pleasantly - gradually they became quiet & sunk into disturbed slumber - [piled?] and mixed in an indiscriminate manner. [?] & I borrowed blankets of the men and lay down on the gangway outside. We were there an hour or two - I discovered symptoms of rain - & went down by the furnace - where I had just room enough to sit - by leaning [?] a little I dozed some - but my arms and legs got paralyzed - & could not change my position. Then it rained - a dozen or more who were outside came crowding in crawled over us, down into the fire place - then we dozed again - the rain ran in along the floor - I slipped off my blanket - found my overcoat and

[posterior?] all wet - the the [firemen?] had orders to get up steam - then the dozen men, with knapsacks guns & cartridge boxes, had to crawl back again over us. Capt Bell did some [funny?] swearing over it. Oh! it was a dreary uncomfortable night. On comparing notes I found that none of the officers or men had it any better than I had. About seven we steamed back to the Cossack now happily beyond the channel, safely in the sound. That is a satisfaction that makes up for all the discomfort of last night. Curtin came on board last night. He & Dr Gibson have been having pleasure excursions around ever since last Friday. One of the unpleasant things that occur on board is the food and water of the men. Yesterday the cooks went out to see the ship moving, and when they got back, the soup was [burned?] a half inch crust on the bottom - the men threw the stuff overboard. There had been detailed each day - the three got scared at the fury of the men & deserted the cook house, and it was impossible to find out who they were. Then Lt. Goulen was put in charge, & by evening coffee was made - When it is known that it takes two gallons of water a day - that it takes 3 barrels of water to make coffee once around - when it requires them to be cooking day and night, how easily things may be thrown into disorder, and once so it takes long to rectify - meanwhile 4 or 5 [?] men are suffering - growling - more [?] and irritable because they have nothing all day long to engage their attention. To-day they are out of water - they had coffee in the morning - but no water all day - a thirst is intolerable - I felt it last night during the long night - The wind was so high all day that we could not send any small boats for it, & had to depend on the tender mercies of a tug to come to relieve us. This evening it is blowing furiously. But we have depth of water & sea room, and have no fears. [Down] it was a constant source of anxiety - either aground or run into by other vessels, all the time - not safe anchorage for ten vessels & yet we had over a hundred - blowing a gale all the time - Bennet the Pilot said he had not seen such weather for [eighteen?] years.

Thursday January 23.

There came on a blow last night & continued fearfully until this evening. The waves were rolling high, and the weak stomachs got sick - and there were no vessels came across the swash. We have been out of water for two days, a boat started for some this morning in the storm - & this evening a tug came alongside & put water on board. This is about all that happened. The storm kept off all communication with us. We have a dead man - Geo Schaffer Co. [G?]. an old man, who had been in the war of 1812 - never had been sick - I saw his box - plain wooden [though] his name cut in and [tarred?] - [????] on it. The [?] them on the sand beach, nothing [?] [mask?] them with a prospect of their being strewn out or washed out. This evening the wind lulled - waves gone down, and stomachs righted.

Friday January 24.

Last night the storm burst down in fury and this forenoon it raged without intermission. This afternoon it cleared again, but the sound is still very rough. They took out the dead man and buried him on the Friday January 24. shore, with scarce room enough to do it. Those on shore said it was the fiercest storm we had here. The companies made presents to the seamen who went for water for them. I was made officer of the day and [?] myself considerably getting a code of regulations made - which I supplied will be effective for a few days, and then fall into disuse. It is the only objection I have here is that there is not the energy to carry out effective discipline and officers themselves somehow resist it. This now Friday - two days more it'll take to bring the vessels across the swash - & then we will have some active work, I hope.

Saturday Jan 25

The day was clear and cool - the waves ran high. We are beginning to recognize old comrades now across the swash. I saw the eagle beak of the Scout with my glass. The Northerner and Admiral are lying together not our the the bar. We were watching

some firing from the Hunchback. The burst of flame and smoke long before we heard the report - then the rushing noise - the explosion of the shell - a cloud like a mans hand - in the air 3 or 4 miles from the ship - [again?] long before the explosion heard. If one gun makes so much noise what will many make. I was officer of the guard yesterday - the [Lts?] did not work well - & was up all night - & felt delapidated most of the day - the brightness of the sun - the rolling glittering waves & sharp northern air made it unpleasant to be out - it blinded me - Reading so much in this dark saloon has affected my eyes somewhat. Last evening we had some warm bread, and this evening again - which though tough was sweet, and delicious with some butter that [Rodarmel?] [raked?] up somewhere & I paid 50 cents a pound for it. The bodies of those two men that died were lifted and taken up to the burying ground up at camp Winfield. I should have gone up there, but have neglected until now it is too late. Getting over and back has been no easy matter during the last three or four days - Some of our boats had to be brought back by the steam tugs. We got into a fine discussion as to card playing & chess & checkers - some contending that there was chance in checkers as in eucher. - one that cards was chance which resulted in some one producing a chess-board & checkers - & Shorkly Adjutant & Chaplain have indulged. Last night while going the rounds I found a card party in every rat hole in the ship. They appeared to have runners out, so as to give notice of my coming. It would sound like the scampering of rats when you go into a cellar with a light, just getting glimpses of their retreating forms. One place in the forecandle I would just see them going down a hole into the hold, and past going round a bale of hay. I drafted instructions and regulations, and I suppose everything will be back to the old state by the time my turn comes, & I'll have to take renewed curing, for getting up something new again.

Sunday Jan. 26.

This was such a bright bracing day - We had the long swell of the water, remaining effect of the late storm - The waves danced gaily in the bright sunshine - the wild geese and ducks sailed about in droves and the sea gulls gathered like snow flakes over the dark green water. In the fresh morning breeze came the Admiral over the sea - wash - Two of [Ward's?] 62 [?] [?] were brought from the wreck of teh gun boat Zouave and put on the [fore-part?] of our boat. After dinner, Mr [Glott?], Rodamel, Shorkley & I got into the first cutter and sailed over to the [Sutlers?] Schooner - the air was fresh enough to be bracing - the water rough enough to give a bounding, exhilarating motion to the boat. We went down along the channel, among the vessels so familiar to us, past the wrecked Zouave, under the bow of the Scout - I thought I had made her out among the vessels over in the sound - out into the farthest pockets, Sunday Jan 26. continued as the deep places of the harbor are called - the harbor is full of shoals and deep places - the deeps places are called pockets - It was near sunset when we left the Sutlers boat - we saw the Northerner gaily steaming into the sound, cheered, as she passed, by those already there. It really makes one feel good to see the difficulties at last overcome - there are now 12 or 13 transports across - but the sun sank, as we [?] under a light wind, back - leaving a horizon of orange and gold - gloriously resplendent. We got back to the Cossack in time for tea - refreshed very considerably by our trip. There is a brother of the [shoals?] gets the night-mare, almost every night, yells horribly and wakens up every one in the saloon. Markley remarked quietly that he wished he would ride that mare in the [daytime?] We coal tomorrow - I read a paper this evening - the Baltimore American of Jan 23. It says "all that has been heard from the Burnside expedition was a despatch from [?] Goldsboro that the town was full of people flying from Newbern: also something taken from one of the Southern papers - that one hundred of Burnside's fleet were seen on Pamlico sound - that probably they would attack simultaneously Roanoke Island and Newbern - that they were prepared for them in both places I think there are some thirty ships, transports and gun boats now in the sound the balance are out in the inlet yet. But we saw schooners come scudding in all sails set - [jibsail] - [staysail] -

[foresail] - [mainsail] - [main topsail] - fore-topsail] - I learned their names from Mitchel the sailor who steered our boat -

Monday January 27th

This morning was pure and delightful - the sound waters were calm and placid - all forenoon there was but the slightest ripple - We were on deck most of the morning watching the gunboats practicing with their guns. Lt Col Bell came over from the Scout - He told us that yesterday a small Rebel gunboat, bearing U.S. colors came into the inlet and lay within a hundred yards of the Scout. One of our gun-boats happening to go that way - she put up and off. That was real cute [They?] - much to be admired. Another part of the mail of the other day came in but no letters for me. Our life is so monotonous that slight things interest - & it is interesting to watch how at one time we gather in knots and how the conversation floats from one topic to another, & how the one group to another - Last night - Sunday - in the fore part of the evening [Gib?] & I talked of home and many things that happened in our early lives - Shorkley Charley [Kline?] & some other one got talking of Muncy, got around to [?town] Shirleysburg - Then at that town Capt Snyder floated in somehow - they got talking of stage coaches - that reminded the Capt of a story of [?] who got into a coach, with a woman with a baby - and [?] to put his hands in improper places - got his fingers daubed by mistaking the baby's posterior, for something else, exclaiming Coachman, stop this coach I am disgust - Then he told the story of a hair lipped fellow - which we recognized as the story of Chas McGregor & the cow - Blair floated in - Shorkley & I floated to bed - Blair wanted to know why we couldn't have roasted potatoes for breakfast & thought they might be roasted in the galleys of the men. Other officers opposed interfering in anyway with the cook house of the men, giving them a chance to growl - Interfere it won't interfere says Blair. "They don't use those roasting places Who cares if they do talk if we really don't interfere with them" but he [posts?] to ascertain. Capt [Shawl?] officer of the guard, said he wished he had known Blair was going out he would have slipped out and ordered the Guard to allow no one to enter. Re-enter Blair "The cooks say that they will roast potatoes if they are taken out at five o'clock in the morning John" to John Smith Col's servant & head Monday Jan 27 continued. manager. "John did you hear" Shorkley, commissary general for the officers mess, from his berth above. "There'll be no roasted potatoes for breakfast in the morning. John" Blair, high tenor, "I was not saying there would be Lt. Shorkley, only ascertaining whether potatoes would be roasted" Blair 'high mad', and picks a quarrel with the adjutant, which was very comical at the time, but has faded out of my memory. Morning. John sounds the gong - Shorkley rises first: finds that the dog "general" has [cacapufied?] in front of my [berth?] has been tramped around - & his stockings are daubed - flings them incontinently out - Mr Blair's light blue pants discovered lying on the floor - Blair informed of danger, examines - finds the light blues daubed - By the time all are up in that region & the General receives a liberal cursing and sundry threats. Meanwhile Capt. Shawl is dressings is annoyed by our remarks - General is caught by the neck and summarily ejected - conversation and [objurgation continues until breakfast. Shorkley passes some severe remark about dogs in general & the general in particular - Capt. Shawl unable to justify, [espouses?] the roast potatoes [aside?] and said he'd rather have roast potatoes than that tough biscuit But Blair ain't on that side now - he's adverse on the dog question. Blair comes to the second table - & the dog question absorbs his attention - the only sharp remark amid all the filth, was that the dog would have to die a soldier's death if caught again, & if he would have only staid on his own side ([id est?] the side the Shawl berth was on) "but a dog always hunts a clean place." Blair appears in dark blue. The roast potatoes appeared at dinner - It is remarked that Blair, usually very talkative wherever he is, is silent. Now we get an explanation of how so many of our towels have disappeared. Every one complains of having lost towels, one two or three. We thought some one must be laying in a stock - but we are told that during the days of the sickness, the General

was sick too - he wawsn't particular where he put his accounts [cast up?] - on the sofas, on the carpet, and elsewhere - most generally inconvenient for the rest of us - & the servant that cleaned them up generally seized on one of our towells, wiped it up & cast it into the sea - So it is with the general as with the rest of us - when once the general attention of the community is drawn to a criminal all faults, crimes and misfortunes are fished up. I tremble for the general if he commits any other bad deed. His faults are not his faults - but is rather his misfortune. There thats a dirty sheet - but one can't give a full description of our life without mentioning such incidents. Some two weeks ago I threw out my chewing tobacco - Thursday I quit smoking until I can get on

Tuesday 28.

Bright & pleasant. Morris on board this morning - he told us that all the missing Schooners were outside, the Col. [Satterlie?] among the number on which the signal corps embarked. Lt Reed of that corps came on board this evening. He said the fog that came on us in the Chesapeake, closed on them before they left Annapolis. The were anchored at Fortress Monroe during the storm - came opposite Hateras Inlet last Wednesday - the storm of Thursday drove them out to sea, and took them clear across the gulf stream - they got back last night. Rodarmel told me [Sam?] Wilson was a Lt in a Cavalry Company in Corman's Regiment. We had notice a mail would go out tomorrow morning, & every one [?] himself tonight preparing letters - many no doubt, the last that they will send. North Snyder, among the rest brings one in to he sent to that little [darling?] [duck?] he never expects to see again, & perhaps this is the last he says.

Wednesday Jan. 29. 1862

This was a delicious day. One felt like lying out on the sunny side of the deck & enjoying the [?] - the air was so pure - but they told me the barometer was sinking, & I have pains in my bones this evening. I was out on deck until ten o'clock just lazily enjoying myself. Then I looked over [Lossings?] pictorial history of the U.S. I think that is a most admirable book. About twelve a suspicious sail was in sight and a gun boat started in pursuit. We watched them as they sped away, until both faded from sight and the reach of our glasses. The gun boat returned toward sunset, but I have not learned the result. I only saw that she had nothing in tow. A coal schooner came along side, and they commenced putting on coal. The Pawtuxent came up with the four companies from the Scout, and crowded them on our boat. I understand that the Scout is to be brought across in the morning - she and the Rue - which has our camp equipage on board and to be taken in tow by our ship. I was on board the coal schooner - one of the [?] told me that along the Southern shore there are a great many dead bodies [in bodies?] washed out: lying along the Beach. Supposed to be those that were killed when Hateras was taken, buried at low tide and since washed out. He said he had heard that there were 240 killed. About sunset the Spaulding came across the swash - [?] every ship load - the band of the 24th Mass playing hail to the chief, and Dixie. We gave her a cheer as she let go her anchor among us. This was the ship that ran regular trips between Fortress Monroe, Hateras, Port Royal. She is a very fine steamer. Gen Burnside took her, made her his headquarters, substituted another steamer, I think the Eastern State. It was said that when she came across the swash, the expedition would sail. I got a "World" of the 22nd from the Sutters Schooner. There were some conjectures about our Expedition. Roanoke, Washington and New berne were mentioned as points of attack, and that 50,000 men had probably been sent from the army of the Potomac to strengthen these points. Clearly North Carolina will be the theatre of war very soon. To take Roanoke, occupy New bern, and hold it as a point at [?] to make way for an army to to go goldsoro - The army of the Potomac must then retrograde & when that is done their cause is done. Tom Grier and Harry House came on board this afternoon: both looking fat and hearty. They were both very sea-sick - Tom, as expected, made friends with every one, and has a button from each State Regiment sewed on his overcoat.

Thursday 30.

There came on a pretty severe blow during the forenoon, the wind blowing one way and the tide coming counter, made a rough sea - the waves were white capped, and the number of sea-gulls attracted by the floating waifs of food - the lowering sky made it a beautiful storm scene. We are all still crowded on board - something over a thousand souls - The ship is badly ventilated - dirty - hardly standing room and it stinks like a pig-pen. It makes me more and more uneasy everyday. A schooner came along side with water this evening. If the Scout would make his appearance. I had a long letter with [Cleat?] the Tribune Reporter. The substance of the information is that there are but two regular officers, outside the three Generals, among all the staff. Most of them are club men of New York, wealthy men - civilians - dont understand anything of military detail - not accustomed to any self-reliant exertion - and this accounts for the inefficient management, or rather execution of things. Besde that the tugs did not arrive until to-day. We are to go to Roanoke - the battle will be fought principally by gunboats - landed - expedition reorganized and boats reassigned. The New Brunswick makes her appearance across the swash, and the tugs arriving give us new hope of sailing soon. The chase yesterday turned out to have a steamer, schooner rigged. They were not able to overtake her.

Friday 31st

The wind blew pretty hard all day, and this evening set in with storm and rain. This morning we saw a little schooner standing in toward us, running hard before the stiff nor-wester, steered like a hog, the sailors said, badley steered. One of our gun boats ran out to her, she dropped sail and was towed in. it had on board 2 New Yorkers, 1 New Jersey man & one N. Carolinian - they had been impressed into a company. answered roll call last night, stationed at Middleton, Hyde County, just across the sound, & came in this morning. There were 800 stationed there - they said it was reported that there were ten thousand at Roanoke Island and that we had 30,000 We received our mail this afternoon about a bushel & a half. I rec'd 3 letters from John & Annie of the 7.14. 20. January.

Saturday February 1 1862.

The name of that little scr. that came in was John Benjamin Washington. It is between 20 & 30 feet long, and 8 or ten wide. The names of those on it were Trail Stubs, Peter Mc W. Davis, Thoms. Blay. Thomas Bulger, Lewis Longereau. Except Davis were all Northerners. They belonged to the Beaufort County Plow boys of the 7th Reg N.C. State Troops. Commanded by Maj. Hall, and were stationed at Middleton in Hyde Co, 25 miles S.W. from here. They were at roll call the previous evening, stole away along a creek got the schooner & steered N.E. Bulger says he belong to 3rd Artillery U.S.S. in service 10 years was sent as a spy by Maj Anderson in April, but was caught in attempting to get back to Ft Sumpter sent to Stone Inlet, after 2 months escaped to N.C. Where he was impressed - rations corn bread & pork - no tea or coffee - tea made from the[?] Tree whose leaves were worth \$9 per bushel - rec'd no pay - gov N.C. issued a proclamation & men were drafted, when he heard of the fleet that it was Maj. Hall made the reconaisance - came back ordered up two more companies - had them about 800 men & he could whip 4000 yankees with them. Last night it rained and we had a very disagreeable time on board. The ship had not been policed for several days, ever since the companies from the Scout came on board. The rain drove them in from the decks, & they were lying thick all over the boat - in the dirt and filth - every available foot was covered. Then to make things worse, the Surgeon, Capt Snyder, and several other officers having been off the boat and came back drunk, about one o'clock pulled the Reporter Bently out of bed, and they tramped all over the boat, through our cabin and among the men in the gangways. Capt Snyder very tight in the morning and the Surgeon evidently feeling stumpy & [steaming?] it. The Scout came along side about

ten o'clock and the four companies put on her & she dropped astern. Shorkly came to me and told me that Santo who has been sick several days had the small-pox, evidently, judging from symptoms, though the surgeons said it was chicken pox. I felt dreadfully for a little while - no sense of personal fear, as I do not feel afraid of it, but I felt sick at heart to think that had broken out among us. Crowded as we were, and lying here unable to move him it could not but spread rapidly. The thought of our regiment being prostrated with it was horrible. I went to Dr Noble however, and he assured me that it was chicken pox - and that the reason why it was so hard on him was he was thick and dark skinned. We now dine at four o'clock and have no supper. We relish our meals much more, as with three meals a day we had no time to get hungry. [Alcott?] told me that D'Epineuil raised his money by the sale of commissions - would kick up a fuss with some captain or other officer, kick him out and re-sell the commission. That Regiment has gone back to Fortress Monroe. The Lt Col Monteil is here some place. He had been ordered to rejoin his Regiment, & after it was order- ed back he was directed to stay here. He is, I believe, an experienced artillery officer. It cleared of beautifully this evening, but the barometer indicated a blow, the Captain told me.

Sunday Feb. 2. 1862.

The morning was bright but it kept up windy, and cold as any winter day. We had a sermon from Mr Malory about 3 o'clock and dined at five. We have been having only two meals for several days - breakfast at nine o'clock and dinner at four. The day was observed in the fleet. There was no work done, except this evening there were one or two schooners brought up. We had a chance to send letters to-day as we understand there is a mail to leave tomorrow. I wrote one letter to the Chronicle and one yesterday to John. Everything appears to be ready. I heard that Burnside said he would not move on a Friday or Sunday: on the first because of the superstition connected with it, on the latter because it was not right. There are 5 or so little tugs - very small - named, Lioness Champion, Tempest the smallest of all - and they look so bold and brave. rushing around.

Monday February 3. 1862

We thought we were to start today _ but it dragged through without any thing more than the simple inquiry whether we were ready. It began to rain during the forenoon, & kept up almost all the day. I was officer of the day, and altogether it has been an impatient day. Nothing at all happened except that a small boat came in, said to have had on board 19 contrabands, who escaped from above Roanoke — 5 women & a baby.

Tuesday February 4

This Morning early it drizzled, but then cleared cold cloudy . This afternoon sun came out, very windy, and [sitck] behind a bank of clouds. Capt Renaut promised a clear day for tomorrow. [Landsnun] prophesie a storm. It is said that the little boat had three rebel spies. They came near in the fog, the fog suddenly cleared away and they hadn't time to get off : that another boat had the contrabands. There was [Auff] dog, and it sat heavy on my stomach. The inconvenience of so many of us being here together is exemplified in many ways. One can regard the illness of a [news] of a small family with charity — but when there are thirty or forty, of varied and not all ways pleasant habits, some sick with different diseases, the consumption spreading around, those subject to sick headache puking around — pigs overloading their stomachs, and making themselves disagreeable — oh, for our canvas home and quiet gentlemanly mess. A day passes very quick. Breakfast a nine — a few hours reading brings dinner at four — we then go on deck to watch the sunset, or take a constitutional. The evenings seem the longest however. It seems a long while until nine o'clock . Morris came on board this evening with sailing orders — to got at 7 o'clock in the morning — but its terms and effect I did not learn further. Morris had been used to talking to Neill, who has caught cold and is very deaf, and he bellowed at us as if we were deaf.

Wednesday Feb 5

It was bright and clear this morning and cold, continued so all day. The first brigade got under way about eight o'clock, and the second Brigade about nine o'clock. The Northerner first, with three schooners in tow, George Peabody with two schooners, and next the Cossack, with the Scout in tow. We watched with interest the Commodore lead out past the point followed by the gun boats, and when it headed Northward we felt assured our destination was Roanoke Island. It was a beautiful sight to see the fleet steaming slowly up the sound, the waters sparkling in the brilliant sunshine. The air cold and clear. So they continued all day long, making scarcely more than three miles an hour. We dined at four o'clock and went on deck, as usual to watch the sunset. Stumpy point was in eight. A low range of trees marked the marshy shore to the left, and over it down back of us, the splendid arch that crowned the sun as he sank down, was as fine as any I ever saw. The red had not yet left the sky, before we came opposite Stumpy point. The American flag run up the foremast of the Patuxent, our anchor dropped, and we left the deck. Not before we saw the gunboats range themselves as usual out beyond us, our bulwark and safety. The Scout came floating up along side, our comrades of that ilk were gathered on the sides and shrouds, as we were gathered on the side next them, and a lively conversation ensued, Scout. "Bring back those hams you stole" Cossack. "Where are the hospital towels. Scout. You can sleep on the hurricane deck if you come over here." Cossack. "Where's the quartermaster's whiskey." Scout we can accommodate you in the dirty gangways, as you did us." Cossack you weren't fit to sleep any place else." & so it went on with banter and test. The allusions were to the fact that when the Scouters came on board here the other day and during their stay forty five dollars worth of ham, belonging to the officer of the Scouters was stolen as also beef tongue &c. And our hospital stores were broken open and fifteen towels taken, and a barrel of whiskey belonging to Uncle Sam. Tapped. Money was also stolen. We were unable to tell whose crew did it but in a bantering way each accused the other of it: Each alledging that there was no thieving in either vessel until they all got together on board the Cossack. Frank [Rizetdly], artist for the Lon Illust news, a correspondent of Lon Times, and Frank Leslie's artist are on board the Spaulding. I heard of Frank [Rizetdly] being at Centreville but did not see him. I should like to see him, because I commenced taking the Lon Illust News first at the beginning of the Italian war & he illustrated that and afterwards the Sicilians war

Thursday Feb 6

We moved farther up the Sound - very slowly - stopped about ten o'clock, and anchored about eleven. It began to rain became misty, and rained until evening, and then cleared off about six o'clock. When the anchor was let go, the boatswain gave a long whistle, and called down the hatchway "All hands splice the main brace" I watched & wondered what that meant, but was soon edified on seeing the grog served out all around. The other evening a boatswain came on board and now everything is done by the whistle. The whole batch of reporters left this evening. They evidently got the idea that their advantages were not so great here for obtaining information. They were as jealous of each other as tom-cats, and every day or two raised a row with the Captain because he, or they supposed he showed favour to one more than the other, & then they would have a convention - so that one wouldn't take advantage of the other. They were mad because they supposed the officers were corresponding for his dirty little country newspapers. Alcot, Ripley and Prawe asked the Capt. for a boat to go to the Spaulding - then all wanted to go. Capt. said but 3 could go at one time. When Alcot got over he sends a noteback to the Col. that it was with difficulty they were allowed to stay, and that they would have no sleeping accomodations. This was evidently to deter the Herald & Inquirer. But as the Col. was not interested, he did not impart the information and they all departed. Burnside will curse the day they were allowed to come along, and the sooner they are sent off the better. We Pennsylvanians needn't expect anything from them -

Even Alcot, not disposed toward us, seemed sort of mad because our Regiment was assigned the left of the Brigade. Roanoke Island is in sight of us - a little blue streak on the horizon. We can see a light house too. We can't tell what has been done today, further than that the troops of the Pioneer and Lancer have been put on other boats, and they, the boats, taken forward. They are gun boats and each have four guns.

Friday Feb 7

This morning it was clearer but rather cold. The gun boats has moved up into the Channel between Roanoke Island and the Tyrell shore. We kept moving up slowly too - the fleet passed a bend at the point of the island, and we could see them across the point of the shore. This took all the morning and we were eager spectators of the scene, until about half past eleven the gun boats opened on the batteries. Then commenced an awful cannonade. We watched the shells bursting in every direction, some high in mid air some low close to the ships, and our shells striking in every direction about the battery. A black smoke enveloped the battery - and the flames burst out - their barracks were on fire - twice they put them out and a third time they caught. We recognized the different boats - we especially admired a little sloop with one gun, which sailed like a duck up and down delivering her fire with emphasis. The Cossack ran up within perhaps four miles & we had a beautiful and uninterrupted view of the my crossed our bow full, and drawing behind her about 30 surf boats filled with men. They stood over to our right. Just before this the Patuxent passed up with Reno on board - we cheered him. I got up on the hog-frame and waved my hat to Tom Grier, whom I saw on the hurricane deck. When the boats had got off to the right they laid there - about five o'clock the signal for disembarking was given. The Scout had been lashed along side of the Cossack during the afternoon. Lt. Col Bell in attempting to cross from the Scout fell down between the boats. Fortunately the wheels were not going, and he climbed up the paddles and came out the door of the wheel house.

Our boats had already been lowered. The two surf boats were to be towed by the small ones. Then Capt Bennet & his little boy got into the small boat. The color guard, I noticed Peter Kozier, color corporal from our company among them, got into the boats and as many of Co. B. Capt Bell, as could got on board and put off. Co. A. Capt Bolton put off from the Scout. Soon Croatan Sound was full of little black specks moving toward the shore. I think there must have near five thousand men moved at once. There were a few houses standing on the shore, and we observed a company of rebels there but they ran as ours landed. We watched the first color planted on the shore and its black surrounding of men, then a second. It was now nearly dusk. The firing of the gunboats and battery had nearly ceased. One of the little black gunboats came near us - we observed his stern somewhat decomposed. On inquiring he said one of his steel guns burst and killed one man and wounded several others. We saw the Hunchback draw off with her and knocked out. The Delaware covered the landing of the troops and the other gun boats formed in a line toward shore between the battery and the place of landing. We went below - coffee hot and smoking, warm bread and ham on the table, we thought to have a stomach full before we went. But the Delaware ran along side, and we were ordered off immediately - had hardly time to pour the scalding fluid down. It was now night - the moon struggling with fitful effort through the dark banks of clouds. The 8 companies were put on board and we left the Cossack. When the steamer was about a hundred yards from shore, a boat at the stern disembarked part of Co H with myself and we made the shore. I formed them and sent Dave Brewer up ahead to pick out the way. It was very dark and the ground boggy, so that it shook under our feet. Brewer had gone but a few yards when he suddenly disappeared, & I saw him bobbing up on the other side of a ditch "look out Captain heres a well" We passed it safely, and got abreast the bow of the boat where I waited and formed the whole company with a few missing who turned up afterwards however. Then we had to travel through a swamp - a road had been formed of saplings but they were scattered and we often went

in over boot top. We got on to terra firma pretty soon, and met Beaver, who was acting as an aid to the Col. who piloted us up to our place in the Regiment. We stacked arms, placed sentinels over the stacks, I cautioned the men about an alarm, that they should rise and take their places behind the stacks, and await orders to take arms. Then they dispersed to hunt wood & bedding, cornstalks, brush &c. There was a house and some outbuildings and fences. These latter were soon demolished to make fire wood, & an apparently well fence clearing of about 8 acres was soon as open as any common. I got several split sticks & Shorkly & I lay down on them. He had a gum parachute & I a small gum blanket. Beaver had nothing but a blue overcoat, which we had all put on one of each before we started. We lay an hour or two. It began to rain. Beaver got off to the porch of a house and shivered under a canvass tent.

Saturday 8.

It rained incessantly all night and there was no sleep. We sat by a miserable little fire all night. Some times I dozed and dreamed of being in the comfortable cabin of of the Cossack, to wake with a start to find myself miserably cold and wet. So all passed the night. I don't know, but I think I suffered more than ever I did. Towards morning, perhaps between five and six, we all went over to the porch of the house, Shorkley, Beaver & I, and though it was crowded, I sat down & took a few winks of sleep. A few shots were fired, & every body ran. We got back to our company and found them quietly standing behind their stacks, ready to take arms. We took arms, dressed, & stood sometime, the alarm passed, I formed the men according to their numbers, we could not do it last night, divided them into platoons & sections, and we stood in the drizzling rain. The different regiments formed, some had lapped with us in the darkness of the night. There were perhaps two thousand men there. Our regiment came out with over 800 men, My company 73. The first Brigade started about seven o'clock. Reno, Burnside were about. Morris came across to us with a great big sword with a steel scabbard buckled on him. None of the officers had their horses. "You'll soon have orders to march are you ready". "Yes". We teased Morris about his big sword he could scarcely draw it & return it, it was so long. I saw Lt. Col Monteil cross the field to the house, the first time I had seen him since I sat as judge advocate

about up past seven we heard some shots and then a volley of musketry. Foster was driving in the pickets. Then bang went the artillery then musketry and so it kept up. We moved up - the head of our brigade had already entered the wood, and our reg. still standing in the clear, when the first wounded man was carried along - then another and another - it was the most trying thing we had to endure. But the officers were all cool and calm, and every command was given in a clear voice, & it seemed to keep the courage up. We passed up a narrow road through the wood, just wide as a wagon track, like our mountain roads, thickets of low pines and bushes. It was just like the roads up around Rengler's' old mill - Then it was thick with wounded men carried and limping past us. Double quick - came to a mud puddle we were dainty at the first & got around it, which broke us up a little, but the next one we dashed through. An occasional shell and bullet whistled, but we could see nothing but the regiment winding through the wood ahead - we turned off through the wood at a double quick, and got into another road - the battle we could hear, raged fiercely - every step we met wounded and dying and exhausted and some to whom we strongly suspected of being prematurely exhausted. An officer came and told me to send word to my Col. to send a company of skirmishers out to the right. I thought of aids & officers giving orders without authority, but still determined to obey orders, and sent up Sergt Etwine with the order - The Col afterwards told me that some company at the head, relieved him of that agreeing to deploy. We passed the hospital which was so near that several men who carried the wounded there were killed. Zing goes a shell over our heads, and a piece struck a man lying down to rest & killed him. We came to a halt - our regiment had turned to the left by order, but could not get through. My company was just at the point where we had turned from the road.

The Col sent word forward that he couldn't advance on the left. The Rhode Island regt came through the wood and passed by the head of my co. up the road. I stood with the Col on a log at the fork of the roads when a volley of musketry passed over our heads accompanied with a shell. We got down rather suddenly. Here the bullets sung unpleasantly near. Orders came for us to leave so much of our Regt. as had passed the fork of the road and turn of the rest to the right up the road - There, thinks I, I am to lead the column. Everything was so uncertain, did not know where the enemy were, musketry sounded all over - all around - it was wood and brush & nobody to be seen - we soon saw things however with more than the eye of faith. Co D Second company ahead of me was turned off leaving two companies and Lt. Col Bell in the thicket on the left - Double quick up, up we go - balls, shell flying somewhere - I saw Gen Reno at the corner of the wood - John Morris, then our brass field pieces, then all our other regiments lying flat down then an opening two or three hundred yards broad, then the battery of the enemy, the belching fire and smoke, the pail report of rattle of balls all around and above us- wanging into the trees - here we came into a swamp up to our knees in mud & deeper - a poor fellow lie all doubled up beside a felled pine tree, we tramp on over him - we were in front of the enemies battery, in full view, crossing to gain their right - the swamp was tangled so that the regiment halted and we lay down right in front of the battery. The swamp was just like pine swamp - I've been in both and this was worse. Up again to run the gauntlet. We lay there some ten or twenty minutes flat on the ground. We gained the right and went plunging through the swamp up to our waists. Beaver was standing on a stump collecting the different companies - I never saw more than a half dozen of my company. I was standing on a stump looking ahead, when I saw Shorkley about ten yards ahead plunging through calling co. H. It bewildered me to see him there, I wondered how the rear of my company could have got there. Billy Allison, Brewer, Sergt Campbell & Charles Merrill were with me generally and others who appeared and disappeared I rushed ahead and found that Shorkley had but two or three with him. He had cut across and got ahead of our colors - we still dispute how it happened, he alledging that I followed the Rhode Island colors. That couldn't be as the The Rhode Islanders were still further to our right. However Beaver appeared on a stump and he was calling to co. H away to the right to come over to the capt - We were certainly ahead of our colors, for they came up afterwards, part of our company having followed it. Here we halted and got collected. The Rhode Islanders on our right parallel. Here we heard a cheer. The back companies of our Regt were still in front of the battery, we all took it up and cheered when they told us our colors were planted on the enemy battery. Just before it however, we saw a man on a tree making signals. one from our regiment stepped out without orders. the man disappeared. Charles Merrill was with me though and he kept on talking in his usual quiet way. He said he had been in pine swamp, but this was worse. He had been hardly able to do any service since he has been here, but he was one of the most quiet cheerful soldiers I ever saw & he walked along waded rather, with his musket on his shoulder canteen and haversack just as if he were in the court room walking round the bar. We pushed on - the Rhode Island and ours got mixed. We came out on the right and the front of the battery Here we had to wade a pond up to our middle - but there was the battery. The right wing of our regt drawn up were marching on. We had to halt to form and it was near an hour before it put out and formed. By this time all the troops had left, and our battalion was ordered to remain at first to draw the guns, & then to stay in the battery. I chafed at this - However while forming I left the company to go to the battery. Here I met Mr Mallory & he shook hands congratulating our safe delivery. I remember saluting him just as we left our bivouac ground in the morning as we marched fast to go to the wood, and his face said "he might not see us again in life." We lost but two or three. I went on to the road on the left of the battery - just at the corner lay a dead man - and on the right just by the gun of the embrasure a handsome dark skinned man, black whiskers and mustache & hair I noticed his delicate hands and small feet - he lay on his back his eye staring wide

open, handsome even in his miserable surroundings - half imbedded in mud - hands blackened with powder - no uniform - had a pea jacket, and fine underclothes - with "Seldon" written on his undershirt and waistband of his drawers I learned afterward he was Lt. Seldon, son of Dr Seldon of Norfolk - that Col. Shaw cautioned him against exposing himself - "Damn them they can't hit me" he scarcely said it when he fell pierced through below the eye. At the centre gun lay a mule still in harness probably to draw off the gun - looked, very much, like as if it had its throat cut - but Col Jordan of the Rebels said it was killed by a mine-ball. Farther over lay a muscular man, with large red whiskers - a ball had struck him in the back of the head and his brain had oozed out into his hat until it was full. There were five or six dead men lay in the fort. A wall tent was pitched on the left. Two wounded rebel officers were laying there. Lt. Col. Patter who entered the fort from the left said that when a few of our men approached one of the them he cut at them with his sword, and on his asking him why, he did so, he said he had heard that we were ordered to give no quarter. If officers believed that, what should their men believe. We afterwards learned that they thought so, I had been told to by their officers. The most disagreeable thing was to see that the dead had been all robbed - pockets turned inside out - buttons cut off for relics. I was attracted to look at Seldon again, & found his name had been cut out in both places. I walked around through the swamp & dead bodies were lying scattered around through it. We had dragged one of the cannon some distance, when Burnside ordered them back, and the balance of our regiment were ordered to stay in the fort. Owing to the constant wet weather and exposure with no coffee or cooking utensils, all we had to eat was in our haversacks, Reno had ordered up whiskey. The officer in charge passed us, and wished Shawl to send a party in charge of a commissioned officer to bring some back to our men, as he would not deal it out until he reached head quarters Lt. Foster & I were sent with ten men & we followed up the grog for a couple of miles when we met Beaver Saturday 8th who was on with the advance, and had been sent back to order up the rest. I told him that we had been ordered to remain. He started back with us. We came to a crossroad, which he said was the road they went, but the officer in charge was perverse & went straight on - we followed him & Beaver left us. Up to the right was a house where Capt C. Jennings Wise lay mortally wounded with five wounds. A gentleman had picked up his gum blanket at the battle field & I saw his name on it. The road was strewn with knapsacks, and other things thrown away. I met Gen. Foster on horseback - "Well" says he "boys we have gained a great victory - they have just surrendered to me two or three thousand, and the island is ours." We threw up our caps and yelled. We came to a field - An old man and young man Islanders half drunk were explaining to us how they had been loyal men all the time. Then we travelled on - every one we met told us it was a couple of miles - We were dreadfully tired . We let the grog gang go, anxious to get some quarters as it was growing dark. Lost our road several times - at last after dark arrived in what seemed a little town, but was the enemy's barracks. I stumbled into Col Upton, Mass 25th and asked permission to sleep on the floor. I pulled off my boots. There was an inch of water in them & we had travelled 7 or 8 miles since we left the battle ground, & I was rather sore . It was a grateful thing to lie on the cabin floor. Col Russel of the 10th Conn was killed in the battle from concussion it is supposed of a passing cannon ball as there was no mark on him. One near him said he just doubled himself together and fell dead. We passed him on our way to the battle field. One of his men carrying him, crying called to us to give it to them, they had killed his Col. Capt Henry was killed too. He talked awhile complaining of pain in his stomach, but there was nothing, but a blue streak across his stomach. Lt. Col Monteil was also killed, he unnecessarily exposed himself, firing with his rifle in front of the battle, Frank Leslie's artist was in close, behind a stump.

Sunday 9th

I woke up this morning feeling as if I had been made for an old man eighty years old . My boots were scarcely dry, but fortunately the Chaplain of the 21st had found a can of lard and by a dint of greasing, and halling I got them on. I found outside quite a little town. Cabins nicely built in streets for the men & log houses for the officers in the order of a regular camp. I saw a great many of the rebel prisoners - among them the Richmond Light infantry blues, Capt Wise's company, which had so handsomely, entertained the New York 7th. They were fine aristocrat looking fellows in grey uniform like the Lewisburg greys. I found I was but two of three hundred yards from Reno's quarters through the wood. It was a handsomer set of barracks than the others - the houses built of boards - the chimneys outside of mud and sticks plastered with mud. I found Beaver in the Col's quarters & the Col told me I need not go back as he had ordered the other companies to come up. During the forenoon I went down to see the forts - there were three - one of eleven one of four, the other of ten - this last one was the one that was bombarded but it had not been materially injured at all. They had spiked the guns, cut the ropes, threw most of the ammunition into the swamp. They are beautiful works built of sod and sand - and heavily armed with thirty two pounders some rifled - they are very formidable, & well manned could not well be taken.

The batteries, numbering three, are very nicely constructed of sod and sand. The fort just below here on the beach was called, Huger, now Reno, eleven guns next Blanchard, now Park, four guns mounted and a place for a fifth, lying on the shore at the landing - the third on Pig point, Bartow, now Fort Foster. This latter was not injured any of account. There were two red guns - one or two disabled. The barracks inside were burned and a great many arms destroyed. Houses outside were perforated with shot & shell and we saw many lying far back of it. A great deal of powder had been thrown into the swamp, and are in case number of arms have been fished out of the swamps. On our way back, we met a party who had taken two prisoners. One a bright eyed fellow said he was from Craven County & that his company had worked the guns themselves. The fourth shot had disabled the gun, and one man killed & three wounded was all the casualties. Hassenplug found an old classmate of his when at Union College, Piot by name, from Murfreesboro' capt of a company. He knew John Blair Linn. They had long conversations of old times. He told us a great deal, which we did not altogether. I suppose they placed the same reliance on a great many of our statements. He said the army at Norfolk was 15.000 that was on the Island on Saturday during the battle, and was so hard pressed that he left his overcoat. We heard the explosion of the fortification on Nags head on Saturday evening, but took it for an evening gun from a nine inch shell gun. Beaver picked up a tract "for the times" published at Petersburg Va. He has also one he took out of the cap of one that was shot in the last skirmish just before the the surrender near this camp. Casting our burden on the Lord by Joseph Atkinson. "There is no class of men who excite a deeper interest in every loyal son of the south than our gallant soldiers & who have exposed them selves in defense of our honor our liberties & our lives" The Col sent for the rest of our battalion & our company arrived in the evening. They passed a most miserably wretched night, and said they felt very anxious about me. The barracks put up here will probably accommodate four regiments. There is every thing indicating an eye to comfort convenience and a permanent stay.

Monday 10

It commenced snowing, and on the whole was a very disagreeable day. This after noon or evening I started to go on board the Cossack, I went with Lt Blair, Brown & Conolly seamen, & a half dozen others. It rained and grew dark on us before our weary tramp of five or six miles through the sand ended at the Pig point battery. As the cook pointed out where our boat lay, visions of hot coffee and warm biscuit rose before me - decent coffee we had not since we left the Cossack - & that was nothing like Dick can make. Our vexation can be imagined faintly when we found the boat gone - we were five miles from our camp and it would take two hours to make it - it was snowing. We made

various attempts to get over - we started to get quarters. Our clothes were wet we had no blankets - We found a little house whose whole front had been knocked out with a shell - built a fire with about a half cord of wood at a time and got just inside the house. Oh, but it was miserable It was the longest night I had yet spent, of all the miserable nights I had spent since I left the Cossack. About eleven o'clock we were roused with the news brought there, to the headquarters, we were not aware they were in a shanty close by that the gunboats had run past the fortification at Elizabeth City, slap against the gunboats boarded them set fire to & burned five, the Jamy among the number, captured one, then turned their attention the fort, landed, spiked the guns, blew up the fortifications. The rebels set fire to the City, blew up the locks. The mayor of the City came off and surrendered to Capt Rowan, and requested him to assist in putting out the fire. Rowan said that he could not consent to land & if they saw fit to fire the City he could not help it - that he could not lie under the imputation of having fired it.

Tuesday 11

After spending a most miserable night I succeeded in getting on the Cossack it looked very lonely and desolate, and I could not even sleep. I returned after dinner with the baggage of our company- Capt Snyder of company G resigned on account of ill health. His lungs are seriously affected. Lt Henry, Capt Picot & Dr Worthington rebel officers took dinner with the Col. recently is of the regular rebel army fights with a will. Speaking of the Pilot that brought us up, Bony somebody - he said so earnestly Well if he can reconcile it with his conscience I'm satisfied. Worthington was the exaggerated southerner with long hair and very light mustach.

Wednesday 12

This was a delicious warm day. I was detailed to bring up the days provisions from the shore, about a mile. We had no transportation. Everything had to be carried Barrels rolled - we laid a board path for nearly a mile over by land. In the delicious air of the forenoon Jim Gibson George & I sat on a pile of rocks by the shore & watched rebel officers march on board the Pilot boy to be taken to the Spaulding.

our friends Worthington Picot & Kenney among the number. There were many fine gentlemanly looking men, of all sort shaped [hats?]. It is said that the officers of the Virginia Regt, when they started to come here, they for a fake had their baggage marked New York - intimating they were going to fight their way through - they go there in an unexpected way. A flag of truce came over from Nag's head and took the bodies of Capt [?] & Cole. Gen Burnside's quarters were crowded with Islanders taking the oath of allegiance. We got in to quarters along by our Company, accepting Capt Picot's wounded, and I suppose George's and mine were taken among them. If that is so I am well enough satisfied.

Friday 14.

Another delightful day. Our Regiment was on guard yesterday and we were up last night. I got a tub last night took a bath one of the Islanders had washed some clothes for us - and now I feel a new man. Beaver and I went over to see the site of Ft Raleigh. The [?] of a mound, but grown over with trees fifty or a hundred years old, are to be seen. it is in an overgrown thicket. [Jim?] a darky piloted us to it - He was ship launcher - that is helped to get off ships that were beached - He said the rebels told him that we would put him in [?] and take him to [?] and sell him. We passed the house of old [Dol?] - two rebels in uniform were brought up to see the old man before he died. Yesterday one of the barracks in which the rebel prisoners were, was taken for a hospital, & the prisoners were turned out, & had to lay out all night. It was a pity, but we were as bad for we have our men crowded in two small rooms. This evening an order came that each captain should take five prisoners into their quarters. It was an utter impossibility with me. Beaver & I talked with them last night a good deal. They are very ignorant -

& are something like our rivermen without their smartness. We got our mail last night. Rec,Âd three letters from John & one from Annie. Our boys were sitting around reading newspapers & the rebels stared at them. They look agape at us drilling. This afternoon Lt Col Bell took the regiment out along the beach. Saw an ancient mill, where there were still remains of corn lately ground. This with being on guard duty last night makes me undisposed to write.

Saturday 15.

It was rainy, drizzling all day. About ten o,Âclock we had regimental drill and marched down along the beach & visited all the batteries. At the lower one they were digging trenches, making bridges, drains &c, and putting up a telegraph up this way. We returned up the road about three o,Âclock hungry enough to eat a good dinner. Dick had ready [for us?] of roast potatoes, fried beef, coffee and butter & crackers. Yesterday up at [Does?] they showed us some fig trees - they resembled in appearance horse chestnut, not in leaf. Our cooks were ordered on board to cook three days provisions and have them ready by tomorrow evening. We understand that we are to go on some expedition and return here - our camp equipage is to come on shore.

Sunday 16th.

Rained, fizzled, and was generally unpleasant. We had company inspection and regimental, and service. Rodumel has quartered with us, & we live as comfortably as ever. Dick makes excellent tea and coffee, biscuit, and we have had butter and canned tomatoes this several days. Tomorrow, we we hear, we are to go on board the Cossack to go on some expedition, and are to return here. The New York 51st remains on the island. An arrangement has been made to exchange prisoners, and an oath has been to day administered to them not to [?] against the U.S. until duly exchanged. Morris told me they had a communication with Gen [?] stating that the Bull run prisoners would be exchanged first & then others as far as they go. One of the Louisianan,Âs formerly of New Jersey, told us that a wounded rebel was waited on by his brother in our army at one of the houses on the Island. As they passed up here, they found the North Carolinians here, who told them they should go up & fight, and after the defeat, they came back this way & found them cooking. They told them there was a devil of an army coming after them - they got so scared they ran around in a ring. An old negro gave a comical description - he said they ran down to the shore, some of them stripped off their clothes, and they were all bedassled.

Monday 17th

It rained furiously all morning. But quit toward noon. We were put in charge of the prisoners in our camp somewhere near five hundred, and ordered to get ready to go on board the Cossack as guard. About noon, the regiment formed to escort them down, but the Adjt had neglected to give us orders, and in the stress of time we had to get ready. Beaver was left to bring down the baggage - he got an old go-cart, but we marched off without him. We were all put on board the Dinkie, and taken to the Cossack - where we stowed them in the hold and between decks - Many were sick and very miserable - we put them in the ladies saloon - Little Connolly that spent the [snowy?] night with us is down with the smallpox. I was talking to some of the prisoners - one of them asked me with a seriousness that made me laugh, whether our government had not sold many of the slaves taken from their masters & that escaped to the Spaniards - that they had been so informed - also they had been told that on our march up to [?] that we had burned pillaged and destroyed - raped women - that many men had to stand by and see their wives and daughters raped before their eyes. They asked me whether they would not be allowed to go home before they would have to go into service again, and said they would like to get out of it. We feel that we are in rather disagreeable service, with the number of dirty filthy, sick men with all sorts of diseases, mumps, fever, chicken

pox &c - but have said that we are to do our duty, and leave the consequences in the hands in whom all things are. We took possession of one of the bridal chambers. Mr Mallory, Charles Mallory & Capt Snyder are on board, & we form a mess. Beaver & party got on board, in a surf boat with all our baggage last night which puts us in good trim. I little thought when I sailed on the Cossack that I would ever have charge of her.

Tuesday 18th

Our men were busy cleaning their arms and we put up racks amid ships. The [light?] & Capt Snyder went ashore. Kelly came back with him - having absent two days without leave I put him under arrest. Two surgeons, rebels were sent on board to attend to the sick. Of all miserable dirty squalid looking men, these prisoners are the worst - We turned them out on deck and counted them numbering 484. This evening we cleaned out the ladies cabin and made a hospital of it. [?] & mumps appear to be most prevalent. This evening the Dinky came along side with 50 or 60 wounded prisoners There was a rebel doctor, a very gentlemanly fellow, with them and he protested against putting them on board. I felt disinclined as we had enough to do. So the capt of the Dinky, Chambers, concluded not to put them on. The day was cold. A fleet with soldiers came up the channel - some said the D'Epineuil Zouves were along. I never wish to be put in charge of a prisonership. Though some are very intelligent the majority are helpless as they are ignorant. They all tell us that we have treated them very kindly. War is horrible. I first saw the pomp & circumstance - the battle field - the dead and wounded now the prison ship. I felt relieved when they took away the wounded - we had no bed pans - and they would have to evacuate as they lay - I could imagine what it would be by morning, from what I have already seen. I understand we are to go to Elizabeth City. My hope & wish is to get there soon. Tom Grier came on board to see us this evening. He looks very well.

Wednesday 19th

Clear. I went with Mr Carpenter, the mate down to the Picket, to inquire for the mail, but found she had been only to Hatteras, & brought none. Then we went to Gen Burnsides Head quarters on shore to inquire for coal - then up to Ft Reno to see our Quarter master about provisions & went up to camp to see our sick - they were in our old quarters but they had with chicken pox - two others we have in the hospital. When we came down to the beach a party had a little [bull?], like a two year old, but which a grey headed darky declared had been on the Island 6 years, & he was old then, hitched in a high cart, filled with boxes and barrels. He walked off with [is?] [mountain?] load with considerable care. We sent Bobst to shore, sick with the chicken pox. Shorkley & the Captain went over to Croatan island to the fortification that the rebels blew up, on the day of the surrender. It was made by putting in two canal boats end to end, and filling up outside with sod. A man said they had about a thousand darkies. He said also that they had drafted on in three on the Island & this was the day they were to come after them. We got some sweet potatoes and a bottle of milk. The sick are getting worse. The rebels had run a gun boat through which we had put some holes into the shore at Croatan Island, and there it sank. Our gun boats took away all the cannon burned the boats, adn took up the engine & boiler of the gun boat which were in good condition.

Thursday 20.

This was a delightful day - like ours of May. I went ashore with Captain Bennet. The prisoners were getting sick by the dozens, and the surgeons said they would die in piles if we remained long. It smells dreadfully down there, & the filth & dirt is indescribable. Although we have plenty of flour, there is no means of baking - our hard bread was done, & from the trouble in getting [food?] seemed as it was, I was afraid of a row, if the want of bread was added to the trouble. So we went up to Reno's quarters, and I gave him the history - He said we would start this afternoon which was good news - so

when we got to the beach we saw the flag at half mast, blue, & knew it to be recall of all hands to the ship. I had fortified myself however with an order to remove all my sick to the Peabody. We got to the Cossack in time for dinner, twelve o'clock anchor hewed immediately and we ran up to where the other vessels were anchored, just above the head of the Island, and along side the Peabody. I communicated my orders, but just then Gens Burnside & Reno came up in [Ship?] Price, and orders were given to sail, so we concluded to leave them on board. The day was bright and we went it gaily, the little tug Champion leading the way, next the Spaulding, Peabody, Admiral, Cassock, New York. The Spaulding was the officers and the Peabody the wounded and sick. About four o'clock we entered Pasquotonk river. The shores were marshy and lined with dark pines, with here and there an acre or two cleared, and a windmill. At one place six windmills were congregated and ten were in sight, so we neared Elizabeth City. There were plantations and some fine looking houses. The most beautiful sight were successive [?] or steppes of dark green pines, of different heights, thick and dark - as if they had been cleared and grown at different pines. The water was dark colored like tan bark, the shores winding, bluffed with groves of the tall yellow pine. We rounded a point and came in sight of the place, a shire, tall brick buildings, like mills, apparently just placed on shore among the tall pines. On the point was their fortification tenantless, & gunless, its magazine blown up, and near the shore wrecks of gun boats, one a propeller perhaps the [Jamy?], and one a side wheeler. The shore appeared close in here. The sunset was very beautiful - and the scene was sombre enough - those pines give it a dark severe look - perhaps in the summer it is brighter - but the most pleasant sensation was to see something of civilization again - a town however small. As we came near, & I saw the houses & farms on shore - Large fine looking houses, some with balconies all around - in the calm evening much like our summer, I thought more of home, and how I would live & alter things in our old house, than I have done since I left home. I was talking to one of the Surgeons - he said though he had been very enthusiastic for southern rights, he thought if he got off he wouldnt get in the army again.

Friday 21

It was bright & fine this morning. The Spaulding & Peabody were taken up first to unload - The New York and then the Cossack. There is twelve feet of water at the wharf and several fine brick warehouses, market houses and other fine buildings. We could see up one of the streets, which was narrow lined and arched with trees, & in the summer time must be very pretty. The different companies were called off, one at a time, and names called & checked. We met some of the officers Capt Picot Col Jordan & others. Their tone was changed, since they got on their sail out of reach of us - false fawning, in order to get well treated, apparently grateful - The 3rd Georgia Reg't was on duty & I understood from one of their Lts, that they were on duty along the canal, & some bitter conversation between them and our men ensued, until I ordered mine on board. The officers lie to their men without doubt. Capt. Picot said to his men as soon as he saw them "Boys I have good news for you - we have licked them on the Cumberland and taken 5000 prisoners. That 3rd Georgia Regt needs a dressing [bad?]. We all parted with bitterer feelings - the much more so that the ungrateful dogs gave us such an ill return for all the trouble & exertion we made to make them comfortable. In the forenoon while waiting for our turn I went with the Capt. on shore on to the ruins of the Propeller [Jamy?]. & where they had the battery - four guns lay there, but their carriages burned & their effectiveness destroyed. About four under sail and steam ran down the sound, & anchored at Roanoke Island about seven o'clock. It was piercing cold this evening. The officers on the Spaulding growled at their [fare?] but the Capt told them that they got better than they deserved. Friday 21. In the ruined battery were buried two men Fred. [Herman?], seamn & Thos O'Mara Co A. Rhode Island Vols, who fell Feb. [10?], 1862 for his beloved country, as it was inscribed on their head boards. The 3rd Georgian Reg. wore our blue overcoats, and they have been captured in the [?].

Saturday 22.

This morning after a splendid sleep - relieved from all anxiety, whilst raining very hard, I went off to shore and up to camp, where I was informed we were to come over: owing to having no quarters I got permission of Gen. Reno to stay on board until Monday morning. We got back in time for dinner. The Capt. was going over to Burnside's quarters, & as there was something said about fumigation, I concluded to go too. We took poor little Cuffy over to the Hospital to die perhaps - I heard the Capt brutally remark that he brought him over to the hospital because he hadn't pine enough to make a coffin for him. When I got there I heard Dr Church send an order to Gen Reno to have the 51st Regiment P.V. separated from the others. He told me to get my company off the Cossack as soon as I could. I sent word over to Shorkley to have them ready, and took the back road up to camp. I met the Col. & told him what I had heard, I went to camp, then to the beach, found the Brigade commissary got a little boat, rowed 5 or 10 miles, got to the Cossack just as the Company left in the surf-boats - I went back to get quarters as the quartermaster hadn't got our tents off as promised - I could not find any at Camp & got an order from Gen Reno to use the tents at Fort Park. So down we trudged all the way - & found the tents had no poles. However New Jersey boys turned in and pulled the tents over the cook house made coffee for us & treated us splendidly. Capt Chesney treated me like a prince & gave me a bed in his tent.

Sunday 23.

The Jersey-boys gave us our coffee this morning, & we came down and took poss. of a house & have been busy fixing up quarters. This evening after a dull cloudy day we had a glorious sunset - I have not seen many finer things than the look down over the Sound this evening.

Monday 24.

It was very windy here today. The sound was lashed into fury and beat with a roar on the beach. Dr Cutter & Dr Hoosack were here today. It appears that the cases we have had were [variola?]. We had one in the Cossack and four now in the hospital. One man is broken out. We appear to have been the only company in which it was any ways prevalent, and we have been ordered to stay here until it is eradicated.

Tuesday 25.

We sent Smith up to the hospital with the small pox. no other cases have developed. The day was very pleasant and we drilled steadily. Dick has a very bad cold and we are fearful that he is another case. There are others apparently having bad colds and pains in the back - Confound it, I expect it will prevent us from being along with the next expedition. In other respects it has blest us with good quarters. We went up to the [?] and got a couple of boxes & then to the [?] where we saw Tom Grier.

Wednesday 26.

It was pleasant this forenoon. We drilled all day. About noon we were put in possession of Ft Park. I did not remove from my present quarters in Meekin's house, but detailed a guard of 14 to the fort. This evening rain set in & it is dreary enough. We have another case of small pox probably - at least the symptoms of pain in the head and back like a bad cold, are very much like the other cases. Well we are in for it & a good time will have of it I expect. When danger is near it hasn't near the ugly appearance it has when afar off. I feel as easy about it as if I were at home. The only annoying thing is that it will prevent our going with the expedition. I have really spent a delightful time since I have been here, & the prospect of a rainy day, which perforce eased one from exertion is really delightful in contemplation.

Thursday 27.

Last night it stormed fearfully. It howled around our old barracks. This morning however it was clear and bright & cool. I went up to the Barracks - the first thing I saw was them carry several drunk Irishmen across to the guard house & the next thing the Stler tent with three guards, & and not allowed to sell anything. They had searched the tent & found some sherry Brandy. We bought flour at the Brigade Commissary for 3 cts per pd - surgar 10 cts & candles 25 - We [can?] pay anything at what the government pays. We returned in time for company drill. The boys drill admirably & if we only have a week or two more we will get along. This afternoon we drilled as skirmishers. The sunset was remarkably beautiful. Our house fronts on the shore about a hundred paces from it. The sound is about five miles wide & the further shore gives a deep blue [?] - Tonight it was saffron and scarlet before last gold and orange & blue. At dusk Beaver & I strolled up to the Fort. The boys had a fire in the old cook house & were sitting around its cheery blaze talking. These camp fires will long live in our memories to be talked about when we go home. I bid them good night & thought amid all discomforts, war has many pleasant cheery phases.

Friday Feb. 28.

Contrary to our expectation from the terrible storm last night it was a bright and beautiful day. Beaver & I started with our walking across the Island, & came to a little house, where a woman & two children sat by the fire. Everything was neat & clean and the floor nicely sanded. Can you do some washing. No I ain't able to wash for myself. She said she was a widow - that there were few women on this island that clean had died in two weeks: they just took a pain in the head and the eyes swelled, and they died in two or three days. We trudged back remarking that if we could have got our washing done we would not have thought [the?] way half as long. We went on up to camp - bought some butter at the sutler's for 45 cts per pd, & rice of the commissary 6 1/2. We returned, whose orders in our absence came to be ready to be mustered for pay. It was late in the afternoon when Lt Reno came, & this evening we had a game of ball - It has blown up quite cold.

Saturday March 1st 1862.

The morning was cold and clear - ice and a bleak wind blowing at all angles. Lt Shorkley and I intended to be off early, on a trip to the battle ground, but everything went wrong. As the wind was so variable, and the wooden chimney after burning half up, was found not to work, we adopted the expedient of cutting two pipe holes one out each side & changing around the stove as the wind changed. We had the pipe out the north side, but as it smoked, Dick changed it to the South side - it smoked worse - so it was changed again to the north - then again to the east - and again to the north where it was found to do best, but miserable at [best?]. This occupied an hour and were smoked and frozen nearly to death - once Shorkley broke the elbow - We have the Stove on a box of sand, and it is pretty hard to move around. Dick in his efforts overset a pan of slop water over the floor & began to swear - Beaver scolded - "Well between the smoking stove and oversetting that its enough to make any man swear." At last the stove took a slight notion to burn and the shad was frying briskly - I sat reading behind the stove - then was an exception - two pieces of fish flew out on the stove and floor - spattered me with hot fat & my book all over. There never in all our house keeping such extraordinary trouble nor were we all ever in such a bad humor. At last we got breakfast about nine o'clock. Shorkley got started - went down past Park pt fort, along the beach about two miles, when a [major?] met us: we followed some one's truck and bound he had been fooled just as we were - we followed his track clear around the swamp back to the beach & then tramped back to Gen Burnside's head quarters, crossed the camp of the 8th Conn & took down a crooked road, reached the main road, and after a walk of three or four miles the old battery - Ft Russel We observed the trees marked with bullets more than 3/4 of a mile back of it, and near it every tree was scarred and cut. The battery was

built in half moon shape, with three [?] very wide outside so as to give as wide a sweep as possible to the cannon. [?], where the 24 pdr Dahlgren was, swept the road - right in the centre. It was all cleared in front - & the road runs straight down about 1/4 of a mile and then bends to the right - & the wood is cleared so as that the road straight in front as also that of the bend. But right in front of the battery just where we crossed showed the most marks of bullets: two trees about 15-20 feet up were pierced through with cannon balls. The pine tree where we lay down was full of bullet holes. We then went down the familiar road, past where the field hospitals were, filled with groaning mangled men when we passed there last to the landing. The owner had come back - named Hayman, and it was at his landing instead of Ashby's where we landed. He said he was there until near sunset - that they did not expect us to land there but at Ashby's: that when he took his family across there the road was full of troops - Between the road leading to Ashby's & this place there is a deep creek, and probably the rebels were afraid of losing their artillery, or they would have attacked us there. This battery is but a half mile across & it could have been shelled by our gun boats had we known it. We walked down to where we landed and saw our broad swaths across the reedy shore - then went over to Ashby's. We saw the young man there - he said he had been drafted - had gone up the canal bridge - & his lot fell on him & they were to go home and stay until called. From this landing where they expected us to land, there is a road leading through a swamp [?] - when the rebels were posted with two of their pieces that night they thought the water too low to land at Haymans. The Ashbys raised a white flag - & the rebel officers threatened to take them up. We saw the graves of our dead, one com. off Lieut Goodwin, & one first Serjt [Jeremiah?] W Morse - [?] - 23rd Mass 27 in all - 1 unknown 2 prob N.Y. 51 1 57th Penna. We returned the same way: met Alcott - had supper flour cake.

Sunday March 2. 1862.

It rained and drizzled all day. The adjt came in this morning and told us to have three copies of our pay rolls made out again one o'clock. So we set to work & it took us all forenoon. John Morris was here to dinner, He told us we were to sail in a day or two - that the Generals had agreed to disobey instructions & not go to Newbern, We were to go some place where we would be landed, and have a march of 60 miles to be done in two days & strike a blow that had ten chances to one of success - that any general would take one in three. He also brought us the news that Nashville Memphis and Savannah had been occupied by our troops: that Gen [Wool?] was in Norfolk with his staff by invitation from rebel authorities - supposed that they [pushed?] to surrender to him so as to take the chances as prisoners of war - What this means I can not conceive. I occupied the afternoon writing to the Chronicle. So I suppose we will have to hustle out of this in a hurry tomorrow or next day. We had another abominable job with our stove this morning, trying it out the various holes, and not succeeding in getting our breakfast until nine oclock.

Monday 3.

This morning bright and clear again. We had another trouble with our stove and had to clean [out?] the pipe. We have come to the conclusion that stoves were not made for this part of the country. One day seeming this pitch pine wood clogs up the pipe with soot and tar. Wide mouthed chimnies are the only comforts, and in them we will not dare to build the fires too high or we will set fire to the chimney. But if they are behind in many things, in building chimnies they have succeeded admirably. We noticed this particularly in the wooden ones put up in the wooden barracks, built by the Georgians. Beaver and I had started up to camp, when we were met with the Col. with orders to pack up and get up to the upper fort as quick as possible. We had nothing for transportation except a small hand cart. We hauled everything to the [narrow?] [path?] this side of Ft. Park, making a half dozen trips - carried them over to the fort, then carried dragged,

and pulled all up along the beach, through the deep sand, up to the landing. It was a terrible job. It worried us very much. There we met the rest of the Regiment, & our baggage put on a boat to be taken to the schooner, which was to take it to the Cossack. But the Schooner went off without it and the boat had no oars. The Dinkey came & we piled the whole Regiment on it - our boat, which fortunately was in the same boat with the Surgeon's, which gave it a better chance was poled down & put on the Dinkey. We got safely landed on the the Cossack about four o'clock. We had scarce been on here an hour when Mr Walton came on with a large mail for us. I received letters from John of the 19th & 21st. In the latter he mentions the receipt of mine of the 11th, and the grand jubilee over the victory of Ft Donnelson. He enclosed a copy of the Times' correspondence describing the battle. It is grossly inaccurate, and as if written by one who had not been on the battlefield, but had picked up his intelligence from different mouths. Morris told me that Smith, the Times correspondent, was down there the other day with the [Gens?] & some of the Staff, when the conversation ran on the coolness of some artist sketching Gen Foster in the midst of the fire. Smith said he was standing right by him. Frank Reno said you lie, you weren't there - no one was near him." Smith was in to our quarters the other day, and he got some yarns from me that made him gulp. We all now have separate messes on board the Cossack. We have been told that we are going to Winton and from there to Weldon. We have taken none but our well men along - being ordered to have none but those who can stand a march of 60 miles in two days. New rifles, Enfield, are on board for eight companies of our Regiment.

Tuesday 4.

The day was bright and clear. The sunset was very beautiful. The rifles were distributed among our men. We sent Jim. Kelly off to shore, broken out with the small pox. Surgeon Hassack got drunk yesterday and has been laying in bed, sick, all day. Many of our men and officers are suffereing for want of medicine. It is an outrageous shame that such should be the case, as no doubt after the hardship undergone and the close quarters we had many would necessarily become sick. The Col. said he had seen as much of it as he would. Hassack would come down nearly everyday to our quarters to see our sick. He would forget all about them, what he prescribed and what their ailments were, and it was as much as we could do to get him to go and look at them. Several days he wasn't fit to do anything and some days would not come down at all. Then I've been told that Dr. Noble has got to drinking too, and was at least once very much intoxicated.

Wednesday 5.

The day was pleasnt, the water rough, however. This afternoon we had a threatened storm that didn't amount to much but it was magnificent to behold. The sunset was very fine too. In the open space between a bank of clouds that rested on the shore and those that covered the sun there was the richest [tracery?] in scarlet and vermillion, and above in the dark mess of clouds one open spot golden hued. Tuesday March 11th 1862 continued. The day passed without incident. I spent most of the day reading Lossing,Âôs pictorial field book, so far as it related to North Carolina. One cannot help thinking that if they [slaves?] the same spirit as they did in the days of the revolution it will be a difficult matter to conquer. But their cause is not just as it was then - North Carolina is not in heart as it was then. The men are as brave no doubt: but their enemy is not three thousand miles away. There is not [Chatham?] in the Federal Congress, or any portion of the people in the North that espouse their cause. Their social institution is false at bottom. Capt [Ricot?] remarked to us that there would not be such an universal resistance if it were not for the women. In the [Michdenburg?] District in the days of the revolution the young ladies formed an association agreeing not to receive the attentions of any young man who did not join the army in defense of their country's rights, [?] a man who would not fight for his country, would not be fit to be a protector of them. Perhaps the feeling arises from the stories of rapes & robberies told of our army - perhaps because

it is said we would arm their slave against them. They know well that their husbands and brothers make concubines of their slaves - that the slave if freed might wreak their vengeance on them. If I were a Southern woman my fears, if I honestly believed this of the northern design, would drive me to a desperation. A tug boat came along side telling us she has a mail for us - The last we had was about the 21st & 22nd of February. 17 days ago. That was the last newspaper news we received. This will [bring?] a little later. We appear more anxious to receive this than any other - perhaps in prospect of a battle near - and it will be the last time many of us will hear from home.

Wednesday March 12.

This was a delightful day, and nothing could be pleasanter than our journey from Hatteras to New berne? We [?] anchor at nine o'clock and steamed down the Sound, past [?] inlet, [?] island [Brant?] Island shoals, and felt some what anxious when we came to the place which indicated whether we went up the Pamlico or Neuse. The Pilot soon assured us that we were for New berne sure, but still it was disputed. About [?] o'clock we entered Neuse River and steamed slowly up, the Gunboats [nosing?] into every bank and [?] until at 1/2 past seven we anchored. [?] some three miles from Newberne. An exciting chase after two little sail boats by the Picket, she firing a shot across the bow of each. We saw her come up with them in tow after dark. We observed all along the shores fired kindled raising dense smoke, apparently signal fires to warn of our approach. The sun set in glorious splendor over the quiet waters. Our band played the national airs on deck in the quiet moonlight. Morris came on board with orders. He gave us another report we don't believe. That the Merrimac came out at Norfolk, sunk the Congress and Minnesota, played [?] [?] with the Cumberland, but the Little [?] stuck to her and disabled her so that she had to put back to Norfolk. Now will take a good nights rest and prepare for the battle tomorrow. I saw the adjt. write his resignation this evening. Ill health the cause - hemorrhage of the lungs. We feel that we will succeed tomorrow, but that it will be a hard fought battle. My hope is that Pennsylvania will not be disgraced.

Sunday March 24th 1862.

This morning Tom Grier and Chas. Kline came down from New Berne in a boat. They were with two officers who went down to visit the battle ground. But as they didn't come back at 1/2 past twelve we took the boat and went to New Berne. It is about a mile and a half or 2 miles by water. We landed by the Alice Price, and went to a three strong ware-house, washed yellow, looked like Tom's house at home. The rebels had used it for an ordinance room "No smoking" was painted on the door "Yankee devils" inside They did not suppose that we would see it. The room back used as an office was carpeted with cane, and nicely furnished - had a grate. Upstairs above, they had fitted up a nice room - carpet, bedsteads, mohair rocking chair, tables and chairs - fire place, with wood fire quite a library - which they had gathered from various houses in town. Even this gas fixture they had taken from some other house. This table had a fine tea set & everything a house keeper wanted furnished from the same source. I spent the afternoon & evening with them and it was too luxurious. I walked with Yerkes to the Cemetery. There is a wall and arched gateway around it, built of a singular sort of [shelly?] conglomeration - would be very handsome if finished. But it all bears the air of neglect. Founded many years ago 1801 I think, by Christ Church transferred to the City of New Berne 1834 - it had many old graves in it - We noticed that of the Gaston - Wm & Margaret. They had a singular way of putting a figure 1 before their figures, so that one tombstone which told of us of a sea Capt. that died on his passage from London to New Berne, in a certain latitude and longitude, was aged 134 years. Another was 156. - We began to think they had made voyages enough and it were time he would cease going to down to the sea, when we discovered that it must be either a _fashion_ they had or the oldest people lived here since the days of the flood. We were

pointed to a vault, which bore the marks of being pried open, from which it was said Gen Burnside recovered \$45,000. One iron doored vault was open & the coffins lay there exposed in a way that seemed awful to me. Sunday March 24. Continued We returned to the Gaston House & then went back to Tom's quarters. Tom & I started out to walk. Gen Burnside's Headquarters were in an elegant marble house, with a large well kept yard in front. The comical white guard tent pitched on the dark green grass, the two well dressed sentinels pacing up & down, the roses blooming in the yard, all made a striking picture. Near by was the lonely stacks of the chimneys of a whole half square burned down. Near by the Neuse river are several houses, and evidently stores burned. It looked odd to see a sign of "variety store" flaunting before a scene of desolation - It was curious to notice the vagaries that the fire caused in kegs of nails and other irons. The chimney stacks stood up, & one could not help picturing the bright cheerful parlors where those fire places and grates were, and beneath in the cellar lay the remains of the fire screen. We went up to the Car house & railroad depot. Cannon balls & shell lay all around & in the Passenger Depot were cartridge boxes [belts?], & [accountants?] of all kinds, shell of a new kind with a new kind with a brass [cork?], canister - a tin-case like a tomato can, filled with 54 canister balls. They had evidently just dropped everything and run. From the letters we have picked up, they never dreamed of having to leave, & yet the Richmond papers say New Berne is of no account. It is to us if not to them, though they must have esteemed it of some importance, from the amount of labour they have bestowed upon its defence. I concluded to stay all night and passed the evening cheerily by the bright fire place

Monday 25.

I went to the Jenny - the Curlew runs over every 15 minutes, just where the Bridge was burned. I was one minute too late. Just then Lt Shorkley & Lt Gaulen came up in a boat & as they told me there was nothing to be done in camp & as my luxurious quarters last night gave me a cold, I concluded to stay. I acted as guide, took them to see what remained of Gov. Lyon's palace, the Cemetery, Car house. Then we went into a French Bootmakers. Gaulen talked to him in his own tongue. Met Morris, who took us around to Gen Reno's quarters, a white house nicely furnished. While here a Chaplain told us a romantic story of Dr Cutter's daughter, Brigade surgeon of 2nd Brigade who died this morning, here of what they call the Roanoke fever. She had requested to be taken to Roanoke Island and buried beside a young man by the name of Plummer, whose real name was Lidd, and was with John Brown in Virginia, and who had been attacked by some disease of the stomach the night before. The battle of Roanoke and died the same night. We went from there & dined at the Gaston House. Corn bread, rice soup, roasted Irish potatoes & rice pudding was all [?], at the first class hotel. [And?] a morsel of wheat bread.

Tuesday 25.

I was unwell from my cold all day. It was a bright fine day however. Morris was down to see us, but I was so unwell, I did not enjoy anything. We received a mail from home. Letter from John from the 14 - to the 20th March. We also got papers containing the accounts of the battle of New Berne. Some of them are very absurd.

Wednesday 26.

I am still unwell with cold and passed part of the day between blankets. It commenced raining about ten o'clock and it was very pleasant to hear it patter on the tent cover. The Adjt was to town and brought us the news that New Orleans was taken and that there was a big cannonading at Island No 10. & that our fleet had to withdraw from want of ammunition. We had to make new pay rolls to day again. We expect pay pretty soon. Col. Hartranft, received news yesterday of the death of one of his children, and serious illness of others, received a furlough for 20 days & sailed in the New York. We

got some yeast powder & Dick baked us some elegant raised bread for supper. It was a really luxury to have it. Hassenplug & Erwine go home on furlough, or [recruiting?] service after pay day.

Thursday 27.

Still suffering from my cold. Discovered the cause. I have been accustomed to wearing top boots & heavy sky blue pants. Very foolishly on Saturday after our return I put on cloth pants, and shoes, & have been wearing them since, though it has been considerably colder. Never thought of it, until this morning & have reverted to my top boots again. This afternoon Beaver & I took a stroll down to Ft Ellis [8 Dupre?]. This fort here is Ft Lane, five guns. The next below is fort Ellis of nine guns - built of sand shows a terrific explosion. The field all around is full of shell & canister, scattered all around - pieces of the magazine hinges of the door - broken arches lying all around. Below this is Dixie. Its construction is peculiar. A heavy frame of logs, floored, covered and sided with planks - two rooms thus made for two rifled guns. Outside frames of [?] are made about the size of barrels and filled with sand, connected by bundles of [?] 20-30 feet long. These are built all around and over them making them bomb proof. We could see that the [?] were tied with ropes taken from the sunken schooners - where they were cut off the sails. Below This are frames where they made these bundles. One of these guns was dismounted and spiked. There was preparation for building another of a similar kind near it. They named that saucy thing very properly Dixie. The next one below of 13 guns is called Ft Thompson. We got back in time for dress parade. We pulled for some moss that grows on the trees here. It was the first thing I noticed when I landed at Slocum creek. It is of grayish color and looks like the beard of an old man tied fast to limb. It has that peculiarity that it don't creep along the limb, but hangs in a bunch as if tied to it. We had an elegant supper of fritters, bread, omelette, ham, fried potatoes &c. We move our camp up near Gen Reno's head quarters tomorrow. We have now two cases of [?] in our company Hartz and Dougherty - Captain Taylor is down with it too.

Friday 28.

This was a bright fine day - a languid summer day. Part of the Regiment moved to our new camp nearer to town, but still on this side of the Trent, near to where we bivouaced the first night. I was officer of the day, though I was so horase that I could not speak above my breath. Toward evening I think my cold is broken up some.

Saturday 29.

We moved up to day. We had been promised teams, but they didn't come, so we tugged away at a hand-cart & we were nearly done, some one had raised a row over in town, and five 4 horse teams came in the afternoon, & before evening we had all our luggage up. We have a motley collection of tents, some of the 21st Mass, Sibley, Wall, common tents, great lumbering tents of the rebels. We managed to get two nice wall-tents & I pitched them at right angles - then we got part of a sibley & made a portico in front - it looks [Swiss?] - One Dick has for his department. The other we eat & sleep in We have it all floored very nicely, & tonight feel as if we were at home again. It seems like our canvas home at Annapolis.

Sunday March 30. 1862.

It was dark and gloomy and rained most of the time. Tom. Grier came over and took dinner with us. [?] Kline & [?] were here too. Lt. Applegat, formerly 1st Srgt. of Co. M. 9th New Jersey was in to see us. The 2 lts of his [?] had resigned, & the day before the battle he had appeared as 2nd Lt, in the Battle. Capt. McChesney was wounded & he has been in command ever since. Capt. McChesney was wounded early in the fight. As some of his men were carrying him back he saw Capt Hayes of their Regiment a german company come retreating. He ordered him back. Andn as the Capt. didn't seem

disposed to obey, he drew his revolver on him, and the Capt. got behind a tree. Then McChesney ordered the men that carried him to lay him down, and charge bayonets on them. They did so & the Capt. led his company back, & they behaved very gallantly.

Monday. 31.

The morning was raw and chilly - such as we have in September. Then the sun came out about ten o'clock and was very hot until evening, when it became chilly. Whiskey has been ordered to be served to the men, an ounce in the morning I had determined to make application for a commission in the regular army, & got a recommendation from Lt. Col. Bell. I went over to Gen Reno. He and Gen Burnside both advised me to hold on to my rank here, as the army would be reorganized, and Captains would receive commissions to recruit companies: that I could not get a higher rank than 2nd Lieut & would have to rise from it. Morris & I rode out about a half mile, where Capt. Williamson was building a fort. This is large to contain 8 acres, an enclosed fort, & is about a half mile from the Trent. Another is to be built 3/4 of a mile further toward the Neuse, & about a half mile from it. We had dress parade this evening & Lt. Shorkley acted as adjutant, Bible being sick. Since last night, everything has moved with an unusual.

Tuesday April 1. 1862.

The day was hot, the sun making it so - but the air would at times feel chilly. I was quite unwell during the forenoon, weakened down by my cold and diarrhoea. After dinner owing to some startling rumors I was induced to [?] over to New Berne. The [?] was as still as death, but the quiet work going on amazing. Artillery was being hauled out back of town: the 57th N.Y. & 11th Conn. sent to work on the fort. Our pickets had been attacked last night one killed - one rebel killed & a deserter came in, who gave the information, that 5000 rebels were five miles this side of Kingston, and 25,000 in Kingston advancing this way, under command of Gen. Ransom, an old West Pointer, well known to our Generals, and said to be a man of considerable dash. April 1 continued. The [?] [?] was sent to Hatteras last night at twelve o'clock to hasten the reinforcements. The Admiral came in while I was over there, & we saw the Cossack go up afterwards I met Fitzpatrick, cor. of Herald, who gave me papers with the news of the Battle of Winchester. He said the 17. Mass. 103. N York, & 2 Maryland were there - & some batteries in all 3000. [Parke's?] Brigade with the companies New Jersey are at F Macon, so that we have of our old force, 25. 23. 27. 24. Mass 10th 11th Conn, 51st N.Y. 57. Penna. 21 Mass, & 4 companies 9th New Jersey, 6 of the 48th Penna, about 6000 effective men, & the reinforcements 3000, 9000 in all. It is wonderful how reduced the regiments are by sickness and death. Our regiment for instance, had but 450 men on dress parade - & say [200?] guard & other details makes us a little over 500 strong. I have nineteen sick in my own company. But prospects of a battle would call the sick out. It appeared to be a matter of anxiety to Gen Burnside that the troops were broken down so, and he attributed it partly to want of fresh beef & vegetables & he said that he had written to Washington urging beef to be sent. If the rebels wouldnt come for a week, they couldnt come past that fort. Col. Bell says his orders are that if he hears heavy firing to form and march to the Ferry. Lt Bell that was with Capt. McRae in the battle with the Texans and New Mexico was his brother.

April 2 Tuesday

Bright and warm. We were ordered out somewhere about nine or ten o'clock to go down & receive the 2nd Maryland & marched to the river, & lay there until near one o'clock, when Gen. Reno reviewed us, & told us to go back to camp. After dress-parade we got orders to move on to the other side of the river in the morning. We have [?] 4 regts 103 & 13 New York, 2nd Maryland & 17 Mass. We feel some regret that we leave our camp, now that we just got cleverly fixed. It is probable that the rebels have not more than 15,000 men at Kingston, & if they give us a few days they cant faze us. Chas.

Merrill & Warner were promoted to the Corporals to day and Aaron Smith to the vacant Serjeantry.

Wednesday 3.

It was very warm to day. I was officer of the day. We struck tents about noon and having procured a large flat boat, the tents were first loaded on it & poled up the river. The Regiment then marched off with knapsacks. All the rest of the baggage was carried to the shore. Such a miscellaneous lot of stuff I never beheld, not in the most active of April 1st, The flat returned about eight o'clock in the evening, & we loaded all but the Hospital & Commisary stores. We got up to the landing somewhere about twelve o'clock at night. The night was starlit, & it was a pleasant trip up, the wind and tide being in our favor.

Thursday 4th

Early this morning we unloaded the baggage, and got it on shore about a quarter of a mile from camp. The camp is at the west end of the town. The first Brigade being all here except the 21st Mass & 2nd Maryland, just in rear of the fort that is in process of erection. It is a large one [?] near eight acres. The western Bastions are nearly completed Cannon are planted all along in the rear of it and in front of our camps. Gen Reno was here to see us this morning. The place is high & dry - but no doubt the sand will prove a nuisance. About here the land is well cultivated, but the fences go down like [?] as each regiment comes in to encamp. Most of the day was spent in getting up our stores. It is pleasant to be here in a civilized place again. We received orders showing that the army is now divided into divisions two Brigades in our Regiment. We do not know how we are brigaded, but hope Col. Hastraup will have command of one Brigade. The difficulty rests in the fact that the date of his muster is junior to any other Colonel. It is absence now, too, may operate against him. Shorkley and I took a stroll down town. It must be beautiful in the summer. Splendid trees over arching every treet, the quaint old houses, giving one a feeling of satisfaction you do not experience, which seems a [word?], in fact, when you go into the handsome newly built northern towns. Peach trees are loaded with blossoms. Vegetation has commenced, and the buds on the trees are bursting.

Sunday April 6th

Yesterday and the day before we did little else than fix up our camp. We had a short Regimental drill in the afternoon. Our men have forgotten some but the ground was very rough. In the afternoon we were blessed with the arrival of a very large mail from home. I received three letters from John & 2 from Annie & one from Laura. The last one is dated March 31st, so that it came through in five days. Both last evening this evening, Lt. Col. Bell and I took a stroll through the quiet old town. The streets are lined with high arching trees, and the leaves are just budding. There are many fine houses, but the beauty of them is in the large grounds around them and the shrubbery. Roses are blooming, & the lilac & locust are out. The multiforce is crowded. It must be a charming place, and one could not help thinking of the pleasant social times they must have had in times past. There is wealth and leisure. Where Capt Ritchie has his quarters, was the office and rooms of a bachelor Lawyer, built in a cross shape, & the Col tells me has every luxury of library office, bed room, dining[?] bath &c. It was said that at his parties, he always refused to drink wine, & kept up the impression that he was temperate. His servant, whom Capt Ritchie has with him, on the Capt's observing a number of bottles in a closet marked "[haregonic?]" that he would at times drink a bottle of it, April 6. continued. and lie for a day or two, perfectly besotted. He was in that condition when the attack was made on Newbern, & had to be carried away. We had company inspection in the forenoon. Tom. Grier came and took dinner with us. The day was delightful, & we went up to the platforms & one of the curtains is partially

completed. I suppose that the alarms & fuss last week was caused by a Dr Thompson of the First Brigade, making a false alarm. Morris said he had bought about 70 bales of cotton of an old fellow out in the country, and after he had paid the money, some rebel cavalry came down and burnt it. An order was read on dress parade last night, sending the doctor to report at Washington with the recommendation to the Secretary of War to dismiss him from service - that soldiers lost enough rest & sleep not to be annoyed by false alarms and that all alarmists would be dealt summarily with. We formed under arms and marched into the Presbyterian church, where Mr Mallory preached. We heard also a part of the grand concert given by the 24th Mass Band, Gilmore's in front of Gen. Burnside's headquarters. After we got back we found all our men from Roanoke Island had got back except Murphy & Adam Henry, how have [?] fever. We look very red & some few will be marked. Poor Jim Kelly died on the 27th of March - he was delirious for 8 days and swore like a trooper until he died. It was owing to his impudence stripping stark naked - he was so selfruled they could not get him to take any care of himself. His side on which he lay was completely rotten - in fact he was one mass of corruption. I am glad the rest have gotten over it so happily. We have yet two cases on the other side of the River. We heard, through Gen Burnside's spies, who have just returned from Suffolk, that Gen. [Hendleman?] had taken Yorktown with 180 pieces of cannon. Our friends in the North appear to have been uneasy about us, for fear that we would get caught in a trap. Gen. Burnside has been kept thoroughly informed of everything that has taken place. His spies are everywhere, & he has a very finely organized system. Many are New York detectives. Six of them were on board the Cossack, & it was a long time before we knew who they were. They appeared and disappeared - where we never saw. One I remember did not come on board for a long time, when the morning we left Hatteras to come here, he suddenly turned up. You would take him for a Jersey huckster rather than a detective. We were on board a week with them when we had the prisoners. We kept the prisoners below except at certain hours, when the detectives would stay in their rooms. April 6 continued. It is wonderful that a change the appointment of Corporal has made on Charles Merrill. He is dressed very neatly and his hair and beard nicely trimmed, and appears to feel for the first time in his life that he has some responsibility. He does his work carefully and intelligently, & take a great interest in it.

Monday 7.

It was bright fine summer morning but commenced raining about twelve o'clock, & rained until evening. We had regimental roll call, & company drill. I spent most of the day in writing letters to John & Louisa & one to Jim Kelly's wife. This evening Beaver and I [shot?] down town. It was very desolate. The [sandy evil?] drinks in the rain as fast as it falls. It looked odd to see the rain come pouring down, & sort of melt away like snow.

Tuesday 8.

The day was dark and murky in the morning but it cleared towards noon and was hot during the afternoon. We had company & Regimental drill & dress parade. Rec'd a mail from home - two letters from John to the 2nd April. We had our pay rolls signed and will probably be paid tomorrow morning.

Wednesday 9.

It rained all night and most of the day, & tonight it has set in with rain again. Paymaster Maj. Sherman came here and paid off the Regiment in three hours. It was very surprising to see how large the companies turned out. I looked at Capt. Blairs company of ninety five men - I have not seen so large a company since I left Harrisburg.

Sunday 13.

On Thursday morning I went with Lt Morris on board the [Vidette?] with 3 companies of the New York 51st to go up the Trent to Pollocksville. Everything seemed against the

expedition. I felt badly, and as if I had no business to go along, though I had the Gen. & Lt Cols' permission. Took breakfast with Morris and went down to the river. The Ocean Wave took us to the Vidette - The New Yorkers were mysterious [?] they were on a serious expedition. I suppose their reporter was along - I know Mr Schell was along - & when we ran through the draw of the bridge and knocked one half of it down, he made a fine sketch of it. We had no surgeon - I went to Gen Reno - he sent me to Dr Cutter - he to the Surgeon of the 2nd Maryland, but as they were across the river, we concluded not to go after him, as we had a Dr from Pollockville on board, when [Baron?] Eggglestein of N.Y. 3rd had taken up, whilst visiting a patient, with another man named [Baras?] a merchant up there, bound hand & foot & sent him down as a spy. We ran aground a mile up above the bridge & put them ashore to foot their way up. We lay all night then came down, got two tugs and pulled her off. So ended the Expedition. Saturday I was officer of the day. While standing out by the road, a horse came along with a coffin, followed by a buggy with a little boy. It was going out of town. Another buggy came in with two ladies, and when they saw the hearse, they set up the most piercing screams - they beckoned to me to aid them in getting a pass to follow the body out. They were the mother & aunt of the boy 16 years old, who had come to town & died suddenly of congestion of brain. I suppose he was a rebel soldier, but I did not press inquiry. Today I went with Tom Grier down over the battle ground. We took pleasure in having out the big [pine?] trees. We found a ram-rod whose end had been bent by a bullet, and near it a bullet that fitted the indentation on the rod - evidently the same bullet that hit it. The trees showed wild shooting on both sides. The horses had been buried in the trench & a very disagreeable odor prevailed. We heard the news that a battle had been fought at Corinth and after two days hard fighting, the rebels defeated, Gen Albert Sidney Johnston killed, & Beauregard an arm taken off. The loss on both sides great. This battle I feared most of all. It is the last struggle for the Mississippi valley.

Monday. 14.

I have been exceedingly unwell - had to leave the drill this afternoon. I got some medicine, went out to dress parade & it had a bad effect on me. My head is giddy, bones ache, burning fever. but I hope I'll be better soon. We have the news of the Battle of Corinth confirmed.

Tuesday 15.

I have been under the weather and staid in my tent all day. This morning I felt pretty bright but towards evening the head-ache came again & this evening I consulted the Doctor again, who gave me a prescription with directions to take it tomorrow if I could sleep to night. My appetite is extraordinary good. Gen Reno with 3 regts from here 21st Mass, 51st N.Y. & 48 Penn go to Roanoke tomorrow where they take on 3 regts & go some place else. Though the news of the defeat at Corinth is here, yet our Generals think this is the most critical point of the War. The senseless cry against McClellan is creating alarm, Burnside, Reno, Parke & Foster say that they will resign the day they hear that McClellan is removed.

[out of numbers - this page and next taken from scans] We had one man killed, Hoffman of Hassenplug's company and some wounded. He had his whole stomach knocked out with a [?] of shell. I struggled on foot - by foot. What most made me feel badly was that I should become exhausted just at such a critical time. But many were like Officers & men. We at last came to a road: the regiment was sent in to the left. I sat down & lay down - I thought would die. Alcott came along and put a flask of whisky to my lips and a few swallows revived me. We staid there, sending in all the stragglers. Col Bell sent for the 21st Mass & they came up in good order - They had stopped and rested. I had a large party of stragglers & started in with them the direction the rest had gone. I met Gen. Reno. He told me to keep down toward the left. He appeared to be mad

about something. I went to the road & then in. Lt Shorkley came out & lead the Mass 21 & lead them into position to the right of us. By the time I got into a big oak tree, I saw [?]] [w.k.?] streaming back, asked where his company was - said some were in there - I found there was no company [?] in battle - a serjt & corporal all that was known to exist & they with Blair. By this time my stragglers had fizzled out wonderfully - I had but two or three of my own men. I came on to my own men [lost?] there a few shots were fired, & some one cried out don't fire, they are our men. Capt Blair shouted to our color bearer to raise their colors high. We soon found out who they were - The infernalist shower of bullets came in on us that I ever witnessed. Two of my men fell, Lunig shot in the jaw, & Buskirk in the arm. But he game them [peper?] back. The colors were a good mark to fire at & I ordered them lowered. The 9th N. York made a charge - came out in beautiful order - but the distance was great and they were exhausted - the rebels played into them with canister & ball - so the [?] over the [?] onto us. I thought the rebels were charging us, & gave my men orders to fix bayonets. I soon saw the red hats however. It did not make our men even quiver - They stood steadily firing. Directly we moved to the right, down along the fence - when the order was given to charge - down went the fence, over we went pell mell our flag ahead. Brouse of Hassenplug's company fell shot through the head. I had just reached a ditch, when I felt a sharp pain in my side & sickness deathly - fell and was unconscious for a little while - but recovered & staggered on, supported by some of my men. I am yet unable to say whether it was a faint or something struck me. I can't find any mark. The rebels left. But we were unable to pursue, being too much exhausted. We formed & I had the roll call, & found four men wounded - some missing - [Luning?], Buskirk McCormack, & [Vandine.] [next] On Board Guide Thursday April 17. 1862 Yesterday we got orders about noon to go on board the "Guide" with six days provision. In two hours we were on our march. Leaving all the sick we have seven hundred solid men with us. We marched through New Bern, past Gen Burnside's & Reno's headquarters - The streets of the town are sandy like a sea-shore - the day was very hot - & though equipped for light marching it was very hard on us. We went to the wharf at the Railroad Depot, on the [Neuse?], & the Pilot-Boy took us One wing at a time, down to the Guide lying below Town. The Guide is a very fine boat 32 feet longer than the Cossack - & [?] [state?] [fines?]. We are quartered very comfortable, though the men are very much crowded, and between decks it is very hot. Capt Shawl as usual drunk as a fool - I was reading at the table when he came up, took the light and made a drunken endeavour to light his pipe. My first im- pression was that the wind had blown it out. As I looked up he had his pipe upside down, swaying to & fro until he scorched his nose. "Don't you like it you can lump it" he said. I now register this now, that [twere?] I have excused his impertinence, because he was drunk, but here after, I will go upon the rule of law as to drunkenness, that is - every man is supposed to know the consequences of his own [?]. He commenced talking about getting killed - that we were to have a battle on this expedition. I shall never vary my belief in his innate cowardice. The only time he kept sober was when he led us away from Centreville. He was drunk when we landed at Roanoke, he was drunk at the battle. He was drunk at Slocum's creek & presented a most contemptible aspect - having fallen in the mud. The hair mattress was too warm for me to sleep on, in the close state room, having slept in the open air for a month. Toward morning it became cooler & I slept. I have today been better than I have been for sometime. I have been bothered with pain in the back, head and back of the neck & stomach - I was not alarmed though they were symptoms of small-pox. But to-day my both hands broke out with red-spots & pimples. There we are thinks I - only regretting that I was not back to New Berne, and the length of time it would put me off duty. However after looking at it suspiciously all day, I found they turned out to be watering pimples - Bless my soul - was ever man known to rejoice that he had caught the Itch - [?] it was - & no small-pox -

We left New Berne about six o'clock. We looked with interest, at Slocum's creek - but I spent most of the day on the confessions of Love queen. We passed Ocracoke

inlet about 11 o'clock, passed a steamer, Port Royal, and 7 schooners - Hatteras inlet somewhat after one, and got aground between 4 & 5 miles or so this side of Roanoke Island, just the place where the Guide got aground when we first went up. The Massasoit came down about dusk & took our men off to lighten the boat. The Cossack passed us taking the sick and wounded north. There is something singular about this expedition. The N.Y. 51, Mass. 21. 48 Penna were ordered to go on it. Lt. Col. Bell & some of our officers were sitting on the Gen-Court Martial, & Capt. Mitchel 51 N.Y. & other officers had just got excused, to go on the expedition, & they were twitting Lt Col. Bell on his noting left behind, when the order came countermanding the orders of other Regiments and our one substituted. The officers of the other Regiments are as mad as forty. An inspection of marching return showed that our Regiment has as many effective men as the other three together. Gen. Reno & Burnside are to join us. Co. E. Capt Hassenplug's Company had to go without a commissioned officer. Foster is evidently consumed & it will go hard with him if he gets home. He may attribute it all to his own work - dissipation especially at Harrisburg. When our Regiment came on board, one of the the hands asked where we were from - said that we were the quietest men he ever saw - It took but a half of hour before every man was quiet in his bunk - every other Regiment he said, in a half hour would have the ship upside down in a half hour. The Capt asked the Col. to make proper arrangements for order. The Col said he shouldn't trouble about that - "Thats what the Cols of other regiments said & we always had a row." The Capt [bail] expressed himself agreeably surprised. He is a young man, highly educated, literary - mode sailor and though very young has been master for nine years. We are happily off now, but Friday 18th This was a bright fine day. We ran up toward the head of the Island and got aground. We were better off on the Ocean Wave. and with the assistance of the tug Champion, the Guide got through and anchored above the light house. The Northerner came up with the 21st Mass and anchored near us. About 3 o'clock the Picket, Phoenix, Massasoit, Ocean Wave and Pilot Boy came along with hooks. They were the 6th N.H. 9 & 89 N.Y, 21 Mass. We were to wait until the Phil. came along She came with a flat and guns on, and about five o'clock got under way across the Sound. The wind blew strongly and it was very rough making some sea-sick. We understand that we are to land at Elizabeth City, march up to Grape Mills destroy the locks & come down the left Bank- root out some batteries. Its said our friends the 3rd Georgia & Louisiana Tigers are here - and that Gen Wise was seen in EC yesterday

The weather was warm but the wind makes it cool this evening. Eight o'clock aground again. It would be very mortifying if we were left behind - especially would the jealous party for whom we were substituted would twit us. I have been unwell most of the day. But this evening I am pretty well. If the march is 25 miles it will go tough with me.

Saturday 18

We lay after getting off until near three o'clock when the Picket came down after us, and they found the mouth of the Pasquotank and proceeded. The Light house had been burned down so that our pilot, not a good one at best, could not find it. About five o'clock we reached the landing place, a sort of bend or pocket just below Elizabeth City. The three regiments had reached here about 2 o'clock and had gone on. Our gun boats were lying here in force. The light boats took us off and ran as near shore as they could, then the small boats took us as near as they could, and we waded the rest of it. Very few but got in over the knees. After pulling off our boots and wringing our stockings we formed. We had been divided into two brigades - first of 3 regts. 9th N.Y. 89. N.Y. & 6 N.H. and second Brigade 51st Penna & 21 Mass. About seven o'clock we got under way. Two 4 horse wagons, with our combustibles and two pieces of cannon under Col. Howard ahead. The 21 Mass in the rear. We marched on some two miles and reached Curituck Court House. It was built of brick - there was a low jail, & several houses around. We then marched on, through a beautiful country, well cultivated, nice houses, and over a

nice clay road, which it was a pleasure to go over. After going about five miles we came to a hand board which said 8 miles to the river bridge, we turned into another road and halted. Suddenly the Maj of 21st came along, and the cry was to arms - we formed - but it was discovered that the first brigade had lost their way and went about ten miles around. We then proceeded, our brigade in advance. From twelve o'clock until towards one, we were marching very steadily, our men were dropping with fatigue, Morris rode along. I stopped & told him our men were dropping out by scores - I was most miserably exhausted. I could scarcely move my legs. I had eaten nothing for two days, & had a raging fever last night. We had observed a dense heavy smoke ahead, across the road extending over a considerable area of ground. We supposed it was a bridge burning. Morris had scarcely passed, when a cannon opened, and a six pound ball struck in a ploughed field about two hundred yards to our left, & rolled and bounded on past. Immediately a discharge of canister followed. We halted. Got over into the field to our right and formed in line of battle. The cannonade was kept up, the canister striking in front and the round balls in front, and some went over our heads. We could see them quite plainly. But we could not see where they came from on account of the smoke. In crossing into the field, there was some confusion, and I ran after stragglers to get them into ranks. I had no assistance, as Shorkley was adjutant & Beaver was aid to Lt Col Bell. We moved on into the woods and turned to the left. Here I was so completely exhausted that I begged Col Bell to give me Lt Beaver as I could not proceed. He told Beaver to take command, and I should stay as his aid until I recovered. We moved on through the woods. More than half of our men lay down completely exhausted & worn out. The rebels kept our range and the round ball & canister were crashing all around us.

We had one man killed, Hoffman of Hassenplug's company and some wounded. He had his whole stomach knocked out with a piece of shell. I struggled on foot by foot. What most made me feel badly was that I should become exhausted just at such a critical time. But many were like officers & men. We at last came to a road: the regiment was sent in to the left. I sat down & lay down - I thought would die. Arnold came along and put a flask of whiskey to my lips and a few swallows

revived me. We staid there, sending in all the stragglers. Col Bell sent for the 21st Mass - & they came up in good order - they had stopped and rested. I had a large party of stragglers & started in with them the direction the rest had gone. I met Gen Reno. He told me to keep down toward the left. He appeared to be mad about something. I went to the road & then in. Lt Shorkley came out & head the Mass 21 & lead them into position to the right of us. By the time I got into a big oak tree. I saw Michael Shires co. K. streaking back, asked where his company was - said some were in there - I found there was no company K in battle - a sergt & corporal all that was known to exist & they with Blair. By this time my stragglers had fizzled out wonderfully - I had but two or three of my own men. I came on to my own men just then a few shots were fired, & some one cried out don't fire, they are our men. So Capt Blair shouted to our color bearer to raise their colors high. We soon found out who they were - the infernalist shower of bullets came in on us that I ever witnessed. Two of my men fell, Lanig, shot in the jaw & Buskirk in the arm. But we gave them pepper back. The colors were a good mark to fire at & I ordered them lowered. The 9th N. York made a charge - come out in beautiful order - but the distance was great and they were exhausted - the rebels played into them with canister & ball - So they came over the fence onto us. I thought the rebels were charging us, & gave my men orders to fix bayonets. I soon saw the red hats however. It did not make our men quiver, - they stood steadily firing. Directly we moved to the right, down along the fence - when the order was given to charge - Down went the fence, over we went pell-mell our flag ahead. Brouse of Hassenplug's company fell shot through the head. I had just reached a ditch, when I felt a sharp pain in my side, & sickness deathly - fell and was unconscious for a little while - but recovered & staggered on, supported by some of my men. I am yet unable to say whether it was a faint or something struck me. I can't find any mark. The rebels left. But we were unable to pursue, being too much

exhausted. We formed & I had the roll call, & found four men, wounded - some missing - Lanig, Buskirk, McCormick, & Vandine.

Saturday 18.

We stacked arms & and then got a drink of water. Several houses standing here had been burned, and the fences making dense smoke clear across the rebel's position so that we never saw the smoke of their cannon or musketry, until we got up very close. Our regiment was then moved to the right towards where we had been in the fight & stacked arms in the open field. It began to rain very fiercely, and I went around to see the rebel positions. There were deep ditches along the road used as drains all through this country, which they used as rifle pits, having in front a worn fence partly thrown down & high enough to get them cover. The road along which we advanced was very thickly strewn with rails so that we could not make a charge over it. After making coffee, we were marched to the cover of the wood along the fence where we had fought them, stacked arms and prepared to bivouac for the night. I went down to see our wounded. I came first to the hospital of the Zouaves, where I saw three of their dead lying outside - I was afraid to uncover their faces for fear that I would see Lanig. I went to half-mile further to our hospital. The rebels had played fiercely on our hospital, after the red flag was up round ball & shell. The ground was all ploughed up. They must've seen the fight, for glasses were found by a man in Co. E at the place where their cannon were stationed. Lanig was shot in the jaw - jaw bone broken & tongue cut off & the ball lodged somewhere inside could not be found. Buskirk had a flesh wound through the upper part of me arm. McCormick wounded in the leg, via buckshot apparently, but no hole could be found in pants or drawers. Buskirk asked me to write to his father. Lt Lanig to his wife. He could not talk & could only

make some signs. Here Sergt Shuck Co. E came down to carry up Hoffman. Hoffman's brother was along - poor fellow - he took it very hard. I returned to our bivouac ground about nightfall. Beaver had got a gate, and we had a fire - made some coffee, & after discussing the day and especially the incompetency of Major Shawl & the cowardice of Capt. Shawl, we turned over to sleep, expecting to be called early, & that tomorrow we would have a sharp work. I have not slept any for in about a half hour, nine o'clock. Lt. Col. Bell called us all up - the officers & told us we should get our men ready to march in an hour back to Elizabeth City, that are safety depended on our doing it that night - the Gen Reno had reliable information that large reinforcements have been sent for and would be there before morning - the Mass Pickets could hear them coming already - each company butted arms stocked and dismissed; that arrangements had been made to take all the wounded that could be carried with safety, & the rest would have to be left to fall into the hands of the rebels, that the surgeons had cast lots, & the lot fallen on Dr. Warren 21st Mass to stay - Unless the march was made in perfect silence, we would be attacked by their cavalry, which we had seen in the distance & supposed to be 1500 - so we went, & wakend all our men. Explained to them all we deemed necessary to prevent them from imagining more. We had them load such of their pieces as were not, & the caps taken off. Then Beaver came in & told me the 21st had formed & we were to form immediately. So we got out into the field - It was very dark. The Regiment formed in perfect silence. I cautioned my men that there was no occasion to be alarmed & if anything took place they should stay quietly in ranks until they got orders. That any man that allowed his piece to be discharged, Gen. Reno would shoot & if I found that any one had lost his piece in the morning I would have him punished by the severest punishment. The first Brigade moved first, then our Regt, Mass 21 in rear - then two pieces of artillery - then our axe men, who had orders to destroy the bridges after they had passed - & if cavalry came on they were to open out on each side - Col. Howard giving them time - and the artillery would play on them. We moved out onto the road. The first mile was very slow taking an hour or more - then we went faster - and such a march I can give but the faintest description. The roads which

were good in the morning, owing to the rain, had become exceedingly bad. It was so dark that you would scarcely see the dark forms of the men in front of you. We were all excessively fatigued by what we had gone through previously. I was particularly unfit for it. But we stuck to it - to the color all the way through - it rained a great part of the time. In the morning, deep chalk holes cut in the road had been filled with wood in corduroy style, & these were scattered and ricked around, so that the passage over them was rather precarious. Men fell down, & sank in the mud - stragglers dropped out exhausted - some threw away their rifles though not many. When we reach the courthouse the glands of my legs swelled & it was agony to stand still. It was near four o'clock. Stragglers came up & joined us. Then I learned to my sorrow, that three of our wounded were left behind. It was agony to me for a while, though I know it could not be helped. In fact all the wounded of our Regt had been left & of the other regiments except the dirty scoundrels the Hawkins Zouaves. The surgeon of that Regiment was the medical director of the expedition & he had loaded up only his own men. The Mass 21 had discovered the trick, & got five of theirs along by getting a cart & horse. We were very much chagrined. We left there & got to the River Bank about five o'clock. Here we were very agreeably surprised to see Irvin of Hassenplug's company, who had been wounded in the arm join us. When he found the army had decamped, he knew when Col. Hawkins horse which had been wounded was tied went for it, & rode through - swimming creeks - all the bridges had been broken down. We were glad of it. He said poor Buskirk urged him not to go. We had to wade 54 out to a plank arrangement taken on the Pilot Boy & put on board the Guide. Fortunately had dry socks in my haversack. Dick got me warm water, & some officers kindly gave me liniment which I rubbed it on my leg - But I could not walk - only hop around. We got some breakfast & went to bed. Yesterday is like a bad dream - I can't remember much about it - I was so used up - slept most of the time - & sat around the stove - & we fought everything over, & traveled it again and again so that I feel perplexed about it. I know it was Sunday the 19 just one year since I left home to enter the army.

Monday 21st

we got out the ground outside the lighthouse above the Roanoke Island, & to day about 12 o'clock a tug & the Massasoit came & Took us off. One of our boats brought Stitser, accompany E who had been wounded & left, who told us that about 30 of their wounded & stragglers had left the battlefield at 8 o'clock next morning & came through - that McCormick had come through with them, but had gone on to some other boat. Buskirk & Lanig were unable to move. As we have nothing to do but fight and march this thing over and over again, the sound of being rough & raining fiercely, we have anchored at dark. I think that I will fill up the incidents of the time which I have omitted. We landed in a corn field near Elizabeth City. Some one remarked that was always our luck, but it was not always our luck to have as bright and sunny a day as we have now. The man that lived here had a great number of beehives. They were all robbed when we came back. The retreat could not but be disorderly to some extent, & stragglers had a fair opportunity to leave & plunder. At one place along the road a woman came out & waved a US flag, each company as it came up cheered her. Peter Koser our color corporal, was sick, and Chas Merrill took his place. He stuck to the colors from our landing until we came back to it. I often saw him stagger with fatigue but he stuck to it - through thick and thin - mud & mire - oh it was delightful to me to see him - cool and collected, as if he were walking in the bar. While the other boys were talking of how much they had fired, he quietly remarked to me "Captain I considered it my duty not fire at all," I told him that was right. He showed his courage & coolness and not firing as the color guard never fire - but must be always loaded as I felt the greatest itching to pick up a rifle & had therre not been the most stringent order against officers using any arms, I'm afraid I would have run at it. Beaver told me he had the same feeling, & could hardly refrain from relieving some of the dead of their cartridge box & rifle. Lt Shorkley,

who is acting adjutant displayed the most consummate skill & courage in conducting the regiment into their place, and afterwards he took the 21 Mass into their position. Our men praise Lt Beaver very much. He had the company in, & I arrived just before the firing commenced: just in time, I was most heartily glad of it, as I was in the battle and in the charge & only fainted when the enemy had fled.

I send this acct to you. You must keep it strictly confidential. Gen Reno has sent the flag of truce requesting the rebels to release on parole our wounded, as that was his way we did at New Berne, & it will no doubt be done. I have been doubting the propriety of the letter to Warden, I wish you wouldn't publish it unless the account's published in the Tribune. I am afraid that it is not right. He might publish the list of killed & wounded & leave the rest until he sees whether other papers published. I don't wish to be compromised. McCormick our wounded corporal got safe to camp.

Saturday May 10 1862.

This was another lovely day. The weather has been so delightful for the last week, that one does not feel like doing more than he can help - but let life float. We stuck all our tents to air them dry on the ground. We had our tents condemned the other day, and received Sibley tents this afternoon, but not in time to put them up. This forenoon Lt Beaver and I went to see our sick this forenoon. Smith is recovering slowly, & I think Bensinger & [Fike] are too. They are in the Regimental Hospital. Down at the Academy are Knode in the lower ward, Santo, Snyder & Harding in the upper, Knode told us he was so glad we had come to see them. I told him I had been down but couldn't find him. I told him I had seen Harding the other day "Why wasn't Harding killed where they attacked us here?" "No," I said. "Well he lay here just as if he were dead" He evidently was not yet able to separate the real from the dream, and who knows how many fierce and bloody battles he had fought in his deliriousness and how much he suffered in them. Harding, was flushed, but sensible, though the Doctor told us not to talk to him much. My former friend, who mistook thunder for artillery was very talkative, & The Dr would not allow us to talk to him. The "Gaston House" is painted out and "Union House" painted in. Stetson of the Astor House is to keep it. As we passed there Capt Neil recognized, his clerk as one who had been clerk or treasurer of some New York club & found dishonest. He said he would rob him. This afternoon, Charles Mallory and I went across toward the Neuse. Between this & there is a half Moon and Star fort in process of erection, nearly completed. I suppose we will move north west in a week or ten days. This evening we were ordered to send all our sick down to the hospital who would not be able to march in four or five days. I should think the fortifications will be completed in that time.

Wednesday 14

The morning was lowering, and this afternoon we had a furious thunderstorm. We had news yesterday of the battles of West Point and Williamsburg, and this afternoon received mail & papers. I had a letter from John of the 7th by which time they had just received letters from us. Col Emory's Brigade with the 2nd Maryland went off on some expedition to day. Gen. Burnside returned yesterday, and there was a review of the Cavalry Regiment Col. Wine - it is a splendid regiment. Yesterday we were over looking at two sections of light artillery firing at a target. The other field resembled Camden, and the firing resembled it most, only we were behind instead of in front. They were firing at targets from Fort Totten with 32 pdrs. Thunder what a noise & it called up New Bern - when the 24 & 32 pdrs from the water batteries put in their occasional clamor, above the din and noise of the smaller fry.

Thursday. 15. May.

This morning the sky was lowering, Beaver and I went down town and bought papers and magazines. We were very lazy, & wondered what we would do if we got marching

orders. After dinner Lt Col Bell came over to our tent & said "Boys get ready - we are to march at half past two o'clock" We were in a stir - two days provisions that came in wagons. Well that was a relief, but Beaver had just bought a half bushel of clams, and we would have to go without a chance at them. They would spoil before we got back. About two we saw the cavalry Regt. approaching and we all went down to the road to see it. They had had an affair with the rebels 5 miles this side of Trenton in which they had two men killed 6 wounded, a 1 Lieut, & 6 men missing. It commenced raining, and we heard the drummers call, and as we looked at the mortar had the cavalry had much of the roads we thought of our march with a rueful visage. An aid rode up shortly afterward with the word "orders countermanded." We felt rejoiced and feasted on clams at supper. A section of artillery passed and I heard one of our men say "There been at something more than [?] - don't you see the wheel hanging on behind" and that raised a shout of laughter.

Friday 16.

Sam Markley returned from Beaufort. He was sent down by the Col to buy ponies. The mares of the ponies are left run on the meadows. When with foal the mares are penned up, until the colt is able to run when it is branded and left run. Sam was a week too soon. All the country there out about the 20th & drive them into pens - there are two pennings as they are called. The north and south - the former 25 miles & the latter ten miles from Beaufort - immediately succeeding one another. The people were doubtful whether there would be any, being afraid our officers would come & take them away. Sam asked their price - they said they had been sold for 15-25 dols - but this year might get one For \$45 = 50. Sam told them if they commenced that game they might be sure our officers would come & take them -- if \$15 they would sooner pay it than not.

Saturday 17.

So far as I can hear of the affair in the last few days, Col Emory with the cavalry, a section of artillery & infantry were sent up toward Trenton. The Maryland Reg't up to Pollockville - object to beg some cavalry. Emory returned after a slight skirmish. The 22nd Maryland was hemmed in at Pollockville. Morris was sent up with cavalry & extricated them got back - & was sent out again - after them they not returning - Friday night & Reno [came easy] set out with the 21st Mass - met them returning. Morris rode near 100 miles in 24 hours, without get out of saddle almost - the last few miles he had to dismount & get into a wagon. It cleared off, after raining all night until 7 o'clock this morning.

Sunday 18.

Very hot, and I am officer of the day. Christy & Stewart had a fight & I put a hand on Christy. A most singular thing has happened in the disappearance of Phillips. He was at roll call last night took his rifle into his tent & that was the last we have seen of him. In the last two or 3 days he has been very quiet - scarcely speaking to any one - in fact ever since the battle of Camden.

Monday 19th

It was very warm during the day, and the evening we had a severe shower. I sent a scouting party to hunt up Phillips. Just after they left word came to us that he was in the guard house of the 10th Conn. about 4 miles from here, on our outposts evidently deranged. He had been put in the guard house the day before and released. During the night he was captured again & I believe knocked down by the sentry. He said that we were going to shoot him, and he wanted to get in to the rebel lines. We sent an ambulance after him & brought him back. The Dr. has had a blister on the back of his neck. We have got into a pretty difficulty. It appears that Shorkley wrote to his brother stating that he was glad Lt Kelly wasn't along at Camden, for he might have been

discredited & his brother was impudent enough to show it and Stenner wrote demanding an explanation. Shorkley took the bull by the horns, and acknowledged he did write it & would stick to it. There was no Co K in the battle - some few of the company were there. Then to cap it the Chronicle has been rifling my private letters or journal and says the only mention of Co K was that Capt Linn saw Michael Shires on the field - evidently meaning to show that the Co was there, but they in connection with the other, interpret that I mean to say nobody but Shires of that company was there. It annoys me exceedingly that our folks should be so impudent as to exhibit it. I warned them frequently about it and now they have got me in to a miserable scrape. Shorkley wrote his brother that he would confine his correspondence to brief matters. I'll confine mine to my health.

Wednesday 21

The weather is so hot, and camp life so monotonous that it requires the doggedness of a John Quincy Adams to write a journal. The only incident today was the fly of Dick's tent catching fire. Beaver and I were sitting under the awning between the two when some one gave the yell - "your tent's on fire." Beaver seized the wash basin & commenced flinging water from a tub with which we threw slop water - He wasn't particularly careful as to where he threw it, and as I had got around with a tin pitcher, not another tub, he gave me a few dabs - I did not notice it until after I sat down, the fire out and the narrow escape discussed, when an abominable smell greeted me - Beaver very truly compared it to the smell of a bread and milk poultice which had been three days on an old sore. In the evening we went down town. We stopped near a house when we heard a childish voice accompanying the piano with Dixie. The lady of the house came out and sat on a porch and kept up a talk with the sentry. We overheard her say that they would never give up - that their folks have no navy - when we got away from the sea-board there would be more desperate work. Well said. We all know that both at Roanoke & here our gun boats were of no service except to cover our landing

Thursday May 22. 1862.

It was exceedingly hot, but rendered pleasant by a going air. We drilled as usual in skirmish, by company. There was a review of artillery on the other side of the river - There was a very brilliant staff and field officer there. Tom Grier up to see us this afternoon. Brobst & some others were sent to Beaufort this afternoon. There seems to be a growing impression that we will have no more fighting in this state, & if what our town paper says is true, we will have the state in the Union before long. However we have to do as the Spaniards do "learn to labor & to wait."

Saturday 24.

The morning was dark and lowering. This afternoon Beaver and I started for town, met Morris who brought us back in his buggy, but a heavy rain came on - we went afterwards between cloud bursting. The rain continued at intervals during the night. We went down again this evening. The steamer Burnside is expected in today, but has not arrived we expect a large mail by her, as the Fortress Monroe mails were sent back to New York.

Monday 26.

It has been a succession of rainy days. We have a nice cosy time in doors, but cant help thinking of McClellan's army: it must be dreadful in that low swampy country. Lt Beaver and I strolled around town after morning drill. We saw two of Em French's whores & several from the crow-nest. Shorkley's & my visit to those celebrated places is unrecorded, but not unremembered. I never had such fun as the crow-nest afforded. There are three ladies that live down in a house with a porch in front that Beaver and I take occasion to pass every day - they are the only ladies we have seen in town. On Saturday, we met a Pollock from Reading, cousin of John's wife - a corporal in one of the 4 companies of

the 48th, which had been left at Hatteras, and came on here the other day. I met him in Philadelphia when Morris & I were there, and little dreamed of meeting him here. I might have seen him at Hatteras had I taken the trouble to go to Merifield but I did not know he was there.

Tuesday 27.

This was a warm day with pleasant air stirring. The Jersey Blue arrived last night from Hatteras with mails and Gov. Stanley. The Cossack came from Washington N.C. with about 400 released prisoners. They are from all the states, some 54 Pennsylvanians. 2 were here, who had been captured about the 1st of July near Martinsburg. They had been taken to Richmond, and during the winter were one in New Orleans and the other in Tuscaloosa. In New Orleans they were closely imprisoned from Parish prison - 4 mo. & 2 days had seen no ground. In Tuscaloosa they had it easier. They were then taken to Salisbury, N.C. where there are several thousand. They said they saw Col. Corcoran there. None of the officers were exchanged. They were all to be sent to Washington N.C. Capt. Pollack whom I met the other day, received a commission as second Lt. in his company. But as he was only a corp. & promoted over the head of the orderly, it appears the Lt. Col. has kept the commission and refused to give it to him. We had one of the most furious rains last night we ever had. Everything was flooded.

Wednesday 28.

Warm, very warm. We received orders to move our camp across the Trent. The whole 22nd Division is to be encamped across there. We were nicely fixed here, but 2 months is a long time to have a fixed home here. We regret that we won't have our quiet strolls into town, & the prospect of wood ticks, mosquitos & gnats is not agreeable. We received news from Beaufort that on last Thursday night Phillips had disappeared again and could not be found. He left his shoes in his room, & got up a 12 oclock in the night in in the bath room. They suppose he is drowned but I am inclined to think he has wandered off again & may turn up.

Thursday 29.

A bright pleasant day. We got a mail, small one, & papers to the 25th. We heard through rebel sources that Banks was defeated & 4000 prisoners taken. We see by the papers that Col. Kenly with the 1st Maryland was defeated, & I judged that Banks was in a precarious condition. The Reg't moved by companies, and 6 companies were moved, so that we stay here tonight yet. Adj't. Bible returned this evening.

He looks well. He gives us glowing acct of the refutation of the 51st - He tells a good story on old Brower of Norristown who speaking of the sword Jones sent home, "Just to think I never thought there was much in him and he had to kill the men to take it." & some other one remarked that in after years he would regret having killed a fellow creature." Rec'd a letter from John with the news that May Husburgh had eloped with Lineweaver. It is hard because some of the members of M H's church at Lebanon are involved in it, and it will never be pleasant to remain there - It is an outrage because she is only 17 and he 35 years old. Stolen to from our house. John is particularly indignant on that account. The minister who married them, they are determined to prosecute, & wish for conspiracy. Tom Grier said that Gov. Stanley has commenced his reign by suppressing Colyers night schools, and the [d---] are in terror because It is reported that he said they would all be remanded to their masters. One said he would put a knife in his gut before he would go back to his Massa. This is all right. It takes all old Abes Wisdom to counteract the rascally radicalism of such men as Phelps and Hunter, who are, by the way, among the best Generals in the service. The 17 Mass returned from picket duty. I understand that the whole of the 1st Division are to be encamped here.

Friday 30.

The day was very warm. We took down our tents & packed, "waiting for the wagon" when about 9 o'clock the wagon master came, and told us he had orders from Quartermaster Hall not to haul any more over the road until it was repaired, and that he would furnish transportation to the river, and on the other side of the river. If my tents hadn't been down I wouldn't have budged - we asked "what then - is there a boat", well his instructions didn't go any further. Some peoples was mad, and an indefinite amount of hard swearing done. We expected this from Hall, but yet we couldn't restrain our indignation. Our Quartermaster starts off with the wagon-master to see about a boat. Directly the teams came, & we of course thought there was a boat - loaded up - Beaver went with the teams - I started with the company by the road. It must be 5 miles - we crossed the Trent by the Bridge, part of which we knocked down when we went through the draw with the Vidette, and up the left Bank of the Trent. Within a mile or perhaps less, a deep creek joins the Trent, then runs along it up, with perhaps 500 yards of land between, covered with grass like Timothy, then makes a bend like a horseshoe & comes back again - across the neck it is but a few hundred yards, but the peninsula contains several hundred acres - on the peninsula is our camp: covered with grass & shaded with pines - the banks covered with luxuriant foliage of pines and trees & flowers [drawing of camp on river]

The stately cypress, made venerable by the gray-beards of Spanish moss - The creek is very deep. Oh it is a lovely place. But we waited long and wearily. The others have their tents pitched, and our prospect seemed to be to roost on the trees or spread on the grass. Just at dusk and we saw a big flat come floating up. Polled with long poles - we had a great time unloading - everybody cross - sharpers looking out for boards - men quarreling over their piles - for boards are considered the luxuries of the camp. The tents were hastily pitched in the dark, & we all took a good sleep.

Saturday 31.

We were roused early to get ready to march to town to the review of our division. We went as far as the 48th Camp at the Bridge, when it was raining furiously - we got word that the review was postponed until four o'clock. The rest trudged back and I went to town with Capt. Mitchell. He is a highly cultivated and talented man, & I spent a very agreeable day. We went to see Lt. Van Buren Military Sec of Gov Stanley. Stanley is a medium sized man with sandy gray hair, thin & not very prepossessing in his looks. I returned with the Capt to 51 N.Y. Camp, & met the Reg't in the afternoon when the review took place. Hot and tiresome. I met Capt. McChesney who was wounded and just returned - it appears that May 31. continued Capt. Mitchell had met Capt McChesney just after the battle, had rendered him some assistance and given him a drink of whiskey out of his flask. They had not met since - so we talked the whole battle over again and I think gleaned more of it from this intelligent talk than I knew of it before - & could understand, because we were but a few hundred yards behind them. Then they found mutual acquaintances in New Jersey. We were reviewed by the Gov, Burnside and a very brilliant staff. There was no show, but everything looked uncommonly substantial and in good fighting order. Oh, what a hot march home - everybody hot & tired - out of humor, and swearing enough to take out hats off.

Sunday June 1.

We had a sermon from Mr. Mallory in a grove of pines and we lounged through the day - it was excessively hot - we put up the tent sides and counted take every breath of air. The pleasant places have their annoyances - wood ticks abound - a reddish brown bug, about the size of a bed bug, which plugs its nipper into the flesh and cant be pulled out, you have to cut them off, leaving the nipper stuck in. there are alligators in the creek and these cypress swamps. Whew, what a nice time we'll have.

Monday June 2.

The pay master came this morning and we were mostly engaged in receiving the green-backs and fixing up the tents. I hear that Phillips was taken up by the pickets of the New Jersey 9, but could not hear anything further of him.

Tuesday 3.

We went to town. We have a boat and boats crew, and it is a pleasant ride down. We were fortunate in going today, by being enabled to see the review of the 1st division. It was really splendid, the pioneers had leather or linen aprons - the long train of artillery, the savage, devilish looking marine battery, drawn by sailors & the cavalry.

Made a spectacle such as I have never yet witnessed. In display it far exceeded ours. they are all Yankee regiments - Massachusetts. This then you know, they call us the fighting division

Wednesday 4th.

It rained and stormed fiercely all day. We were to have a brigade drill, but it was of course postponed

Tuesday 5th.

Dark and lowering with some rain. I went to town having some business and anxious to have news, but had to return without hearing any. We did hear that Washington N.C. was burned, and that they commenced fighting at Richmond, but had to cease on account of the rain.

Thursday 7th.

Yesterday it was raining, and about 10 o'clock I received an order to be at New Bern at 12 o'clock to sit on a board of survey of foreign stores. I got a dug-out of Grossoner & took two of my men to row, - the oars light & the blocks broken off - waves running high, and wind blowing strong southwest - we had a hard time getting down half of the way, we ran to shore and poled. Lt Wright & Goodridge 57 N.Y. were the other two. The latter was away North. We looked at the rotten hay & oats and adjutants today. Lt. Morris was substituted. The schooner had been chartered by the gov. of Dibble at New York - he slipped in private stores, & 40 bales of hay were left on deck. She sprung a leak off Hatteras & was near sinking - both hay inside & outside was damaged. We reported; however, that Dibble who had put the store in & smuggled them into a port not open ought to be held liable at least for the 40 bales outside - for though they would have been damaged even if put in there, he ought to have put them inside & it was a question whether by displacing the forage with other smuggled goods would not make him liable for the whole. He is such a mean old curse, he ought to be caught up. It rained this evening and I had to walk up. This morning as we were going down the guards of the H com. discharged their pieces, & the minces with an angry [hing] came into the water all around us. Though we know what it was, it was a scared and mad party. Worse scared than in battle, & we have then many a hearty imprecation. Dick was so scared he was going to jump into the Creek. We got a mail from the North with news of the battle of Hanover Court house and oak grove, & evacuation of Corinth. Rec'd a letter from John after the 28th of June.

Sunday 8th

I was officer of the day as usual on Sunday. It rained during the night and was cool and pleasant today. Morris was here this afternoon. He told us that Gen. Burnside had gone to Norfolk yesterday, by the way of the Dismal swamp canal. Several of our gun boats have gone through and back. We had an elegant dinner — roast pork — boiled ham tomatoes, potatoes &c.

Monday 9th

The day was dark and lowering, and in the evening set in rain and rained all the night. We had a brigade drill this afternoon at 4 o'clock down near the 21 Mass camp. The 1st brigade were drilling there too, and Gen Reno was looking on & reviewed us afterwards. Just after dinner Lynch Hassenplug & I went over to a plantation across the creek for honey & mutton. It was fun to see the [n----] destroying the "guns" — a bunch of bees got in their wool. This plantation is immense and poverty stricken. We got a large mail.

Tuesday 10th

Having rained all night, we had no drill— until afternoon we had Regimental drill. Santo and Bobst returned from Beaufort. They say that Phillips has not yet been found. They had heard a report of a man found floating without shoes and stockings, answering to his description and then again they heard that he had been taken on by the 9th New Jersey Pickets — but nothing definite. Capt Mitchell & Capt Simms 51st New York were here to see me today.

Wednesday 11th

This was a pl read a paper of the 6th.. There was nothing doing at all. Dined as the Union aeasant day. I went to town with Smith McCormick and Cozer. I met Tom Grier & read a paper of the 6th.. There was nothing doing at all. Dined as the Union & got back to camp for dress parade. I saw Dr Cutter and told him how our men were used in regard to rations at Beaufort. He intimated he had no control & that the party that were in there were at fault. I believe I will raise a row to Gen. Reno.

Thursday 12.

This morning I went down to the 48th Penna, to take their affidavits on their claims for back pay. I walked down & back - about 4 miles in all — I dined with the Major — but they never so much as said "Thank You." They never asked me whether I charged fees, or anything about it — never expressed any regret for my long walk in the broiling sun — it sort of astounded me. Afterwards they Wed June 12 1862. *[Note: Linn gives the wrong day of the week for the continuation of June 12 and June 13]* treated me very cordially - but it was essentially dutch. Shorkley got quite indignant at it. While there I saw the first Locomotive come up from Beaufort, and cross over the new bridge. We all cheered it as it passed. At 3 o'clock we marched to the 51st Camp to Brigade drill. Ferrero is a fine drill officer. Gen Foster and staff, with Gen [Wauaman] Adj. Gen of Rhode Island - who comes, I hear, to present the sword voted to Gen. Burnside, by the Legislature of Rhode Island - and we had an impromptu review. In riding from the right to the front Gen Foster put his horse to his speed & the little militia General was well put to - he looked as much scared as Gilpon & his pants crawled up to his crotch - & he had to get off to have them pulled down. It goes easy to drill by brigade but the awkwardness of it at first shows the necessity of men being drilled in masses. Gov. Stanley with Lt. Van Heusen rode into camp this evening just as we returned, adn appeared pleased with this quiet beauty. Last night Beaver and I staid up until one o'clock to see the Eclipse. We watched it until the moon was wholly eclipsed & then retired. It is a hard matter to stay up late. It goes hard with me. Lt Beaver is officer of the guard, and has to be up this evening or tonight. Shorkley has gone to town to a meeting of Masons. I have made the beds & spent the evening alone, as Dick has skedaddled too. The moon is full and our camp is lovely.

Friday 13.

it was very warm toward noon, but in the afternoon breeze sprang up, as it generally does. This for noon we commenced drilling in the bayonet exercise - This afternoon we had regimental, just after dress parade we were greeted with a mail — I rec'd one letter of John of June 6th. Though it gets excessively hot at noon, I think that we will always have a breeze in the afternoon. I took off my leather collar & commenced wearing paper collars — I think from that I caught a cold settled in my throat, which annoys me very

much. I haven't felt anything like it since our march to Camden. It is singular how easy one catches cold in this climate. I never was bothered so in inclement Pennsylvania. The warmer the climate the thicker the stockings is the old Travelers rule. The mosquitoes bother us at night considerably now.

June 21. Saturday 1862.

It was a warm pleasant day. Lt Col Joshua K Sigfried 48 P. came here to make his affidavit for back pay a very pleasant gentlemanly man. There are many good things happen in camp that need the surroundings to fully appreciate. Bachenheimer is a little fellow in my company, they call him a Jew - he is a printer by trade, and corresponded for a Scranton paper. His bravery is rather doubtful as in our battles he always got tired and lagged. He is the butt of his mess & they torment him about his correspondence especially - and about sketching his various scenes - which is especially pointed because he was never present. Today, some of his men came into his tent and said, "Bachenheimer made one mistake in his sketch of the review and sword presentation. Bachy, as they call him, said nothing, but one of course asked What it was - Why he has sketched Gen Burnside with hair on his head. Gen Burnside is bald. We all have our hair cut very short, and some show very considerable baldness, as my own for instance, And the saying is, that one has his hair cut like Gen Burnside. George Arnold leader of our Band is full of fun. His imitation of the Irish is rich. He wears his mustache, about the size of a calfs tail, and makes a very odd appearance. He said he wore whiskers in Norristown. An old fellow then, who loved to get off a good theory on others but didn't on himself met him one day, says he George - get shaved - why - oh you're a good looking man but you look ridiculous you ought to have a clean face like me - come I'll pay for a shave - well come along says George - And as they were going along George asked him why he disliked his whiskers - Why, says the old fellow, you look so much like as if you had swallowed a jackass, and left the tail stick out. Well, says George, do you know what your clean shaved face looks like, No, what? Why you look as if you had swallowed a tail and left the jackass stick out. The old man stopped - thought while - Well I'll treat George.

Sunday 22

The day was exceedingly hot from about ten o'clock until 2 when the breeze sprang up.

Lt. George Shall returned today. Yesterday and today we were in receipt of large mails, my letters from John running from the 6 to the 19th We have papers also of the 19th. Co A had a special Inspection - \$5 to be given to one who had arms and accoutrements in the best condition: This was the Springfield rifles. They were most admirably gotten up.

Monday 23.

We had Brigade drill this afternoon. It was pleasant - Col. Ferrero had the bands play at intervals of rest & once all the bands joined in playing Hail Columbia. Morris was here this evening and told me he thought we could get a leave of absence next week.

Wednesday 24.

I went to New Bern this morning with Lt. Kelly to get him a leave of absence. We went to Gen. Reno who told us that in the present state of affairs he had concluded to give no leaves of absence or furloughs that if affairs at Richmond turned out as they expected, in about two weeks they intended to give leaves of absence to one or perhaps two officers of each company. As I was going down town I met an officer of the 48th who said the his field and staff wished to make some affidavits before me: I said I would meet them at any time between that and four o'clock at the Gaston House. He fixed twelve. About that time he came in a buggy with an invitation to dine with the Col. I refused to go and he then said they would come up to our camp tomorrow. They've got to come to me after this. Just after this there leapt of a schooner Moses B Something,

came to me to make an affidavit to his log. He had been sent by Capt. Biggs out to our camp. I told him that I was as only Com. for Pennsylvania - but as if was for the Government to pay on - & I'm the only civil personage in North Carolina I suppose it will answer. When I refused fees he appeared to be astonished, but I told him that so long as I was in the pay of the United States, I did not June 24. 1862 cont. consider it right to make money off [torn] ... Em French's whore-house has blown off [torn] ... There were a lot of officers there - she [torn] blackguarding them out of the windows [torn] calling them damned Yankee sons of bitches & came out onto the porch with a revolver - Fired three shots rapidly, shooting a handsome young officer who was standing quietly in the middle of the street, in the abdomen. The soldiers were gathering and about gutting the house and preparing to hang Em French on the tree, when Robert Marshall Col Kurtz arrived - arresting four whores - handsome girls - Marching them down the middle of the street to the jail, and toting the dozen officers off as witnesses. Fred Eweine said this: he is one of those fellows that is always about when anything was going on. John Kenedy & Jim. Gibson are such characters. To be shot by a whore - the officers that were inside - one standing on the porch with her - it's very disgraceful. Col. Kurtz in his wrath let out some forcible expressions about the way the house had been upheld. I met Sgt. Grassmine. He is a sort of detective in town. He told me he caught too small boatloads of salt going across the Neuse into the rebels lines. It rained this evening. I talked to the old [d----] who said he was 104 years old. He looks very ancient. His hair is not grizzled much, but his toe nails & finger nails are scaly. I asked him whether he remembered the duel between Haight and Stanley - he said he did well - the first fire Stanley was shot in the sleeve of his coat, and it came out his shoulder. The second Stanley shot straight through the breast. Haight then wanted them to raise him up to fire a third time, but the second refused. He said the time was fixed and people went down from his county - 16 miles from New Bern to see the battle. He could not tell me where it took place. He said on this place his son [?] [?] & it was bought by Jim Niley who afterwards fell in a duel with some one I have forgotten who. He [torn] Jack Stanley fell dead in the court House of Raleigh as he was taking some oath. He always said he was going to swear to a lie. He was a short old bachelor Jack Stanley was - he never was nobody after that - he told him often that he was no man after that- he had often ferried Jack Stanley over the river to go to Trenton to court. He evidently meant that he was struck with paralysis - as he speaks of talking to him afterwards - as was the fact

Wednesday 25.

It was a fine pleasant day. The morning we spent at bayonet exercise - this afternoon Regimental drill. Col Nagle was here to make his affidavit for pay - he is an essential dutchman though fine looking and said to be a fine drill master. He has a queer high toned voice with a squawk to it- he pronounces rather oddly - speaking of some thing he said it was his "Karculation". Capt Pollock was here - now a first Lieutenant - the commission Lt Col. Sigfried sent back was returned and the Capt and 1st Lieutenant resigning 3 days after he received a commission as 1st Lieutenant. Lt. Col. Sigfried refused to assign him to duty, but Col. Nagele took it in hand and assigned him. He talked of resigning, but I advised him not do it. There is a feeling because he as a corporal was promoted over the heads of sergeants. Vandine was announced as 1st sergeant & Billy Allison as sergeant - corporal not filled.

Thursday 26

A pleasant day - air stirring. We had Brigade drill but as I was officer of the day I did not go. I was busy too preparing applications for our officers for backpay. Been reading Mackenzie's life of Dr Magin. He reminds me very much of Dr Elder at Philadelphia except the doctor is not near so learned.

Friday June 27. 1862.

This was a fine day – hot however in the middle of it – yet giving us a breeze. Bayonet exercise as usual; and this afternoon, Regimental skirmish drill: deployed by wings, I was senior captain of the left wing and in command of it. We drilled by the bugle - then Captain Bell gave us a splendid explanation of skirmish drill with bayonet exercise. The artillery were practicing at target and we were amused with the bursting of shells. Beaver and Sharkley went to town. We got a mail that came by way of Norfolk. Old stuff, but some papers are as late as the 24th. We get our letters by way of New York. Rec'd a paper published by [?] & Hause?] at Mifflinburg

Saturday 28.

A cloudy day of rain this afternoon. Lt. Foster Co. E returned from home - brought me a letter from John. He came on the Cossack which brought us a large mail. I had a letter from Em Hayes and one from [?] & Hummel acknowledging his receipt of the \$60 we sent for the purpose of getting the body of Lanig home. Old Christ the sutler was very particular in weighing some cheese for John Miller this evening. Miller told him he was as particular as old [Pehoch?]. How's that. Why he would brush the flies' feet when they came out the sugar box for fear they'd waste it. Charley Shriner, after whom the "Shriner guards" Co. E are called sent them a demi john of whisky, & this evening, Co. E feels good on this glass of grog. There seems to be preparations for a march. We are ordered to report our effective men for a sharp march - the reliant ones number 578, though I could report bare 30 rank & file. We were ordered to have 60 rounds of ammunition each. I think it is merely precautionary. We have papers to the 25th, but they are bare of the news we wait for though they tell us of victory at White River & its sad accident on the Mound City. Did not we know that the rebels lie so, we would fear a repulse at James Island. No. 6. We have sent all our sick to the hospital.

Sunday 29.th June.

It was warm and we had a shower this evening. About noon the Col. sent for the Commanders of Companies and read our orders - to be ready at 8 hours notice to march. 60 rounds of cartridge & 30,000 in the wagons - 3 days provisions in haversacks - 4 on wagons the latter only to be coffee, hard bread, and salt. To take none but those are capable of doing and rapid marching: tents to be left standing - guards to be of convalescents, who are to strike tents, and have them taken to town, to be put upon a schooner to be designated. This about the substance - only officers are not to be allowed any transportation. They may have one packhorse to regiment, but it is to be considered private property though allowed to go along in the train. 4 camp kettles & 4 mess pans allowed to a company & 3 wagons to a Regiment. This looks like a mysterious raid somewhere, and we have spent the day in various discussions - we know about as much about it as we always did - is probably a diversion in favor of McClellan. We had a sermon this evening by Mr. Mallory he standing before his tent and we seated on the grass. I noticed an unusually large attendance, which probably the prospects of a march effected. It put me in mind of Isaac Beck, one of my company, as he told the story himself, at the battle of Camden, in the midst of it, bullets raining all around, he pulled out his handkerchief to wipe the sweat off his face, & jerked some cards out, which fell on the ground. He looked at them awhile and thought it would be a bad thing if he were shot, and was found with the cards in his jacket, & he was going to throw them away - when the thoughts struck him he had just paid the Sutler 50 cts for them & he thought he would risk it a while yet anyhow - so he picked up those that fell on the ground. He told it in a funny dutch way. I remember at Roanoke we were among the last regiments that moved up, and the road was scattered full of cards. Billy Allison remarked that we're getting conscientious - This was as we were going into the battle. I sort of hate this very rapid march, this hot weather - but as I have stood others pretty severe I know I can go through it. We were mustered as of tomorrow by the Col. Capt. Blair's company has been sent for - their baggage arrived this evening.

Monday 30

We spent the day in preparation and target shooting. We had a man David Clark, North Co transferred to us from the 22nd Md. We have a common [?] from Peter Schmidt, one of our company - who came out on bayonet Drill - Darn it if Reno understand!