

Record of Events
of 1862—

By J. M. Hawkins
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By W. M. Hawkins

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Saturday Jan. 25th 1862

I arose at 9 a.m. after a refreshing nights rest. The rain is falling steadily down, and the wind sighs drearily thro the climbing rose and the naked branches of the "Balm of Gilead" tree that are in front of the room where I sit, but my spirits this morning are far above zero. and I am happy despite the storm. Who would not be, seated in a pleasant room with the fire blazing away merrily in their home. I do not feel much like going out. it is something new to me to sit still amid all children's noise. to watch their merry gambols. There they go all together in a heap on the floor. Miller the largest, the would be soldier. Johnny, with his usually sober countenance now all over smiles. Sarah the little dark eyed, black-haired gipsie, with her ringing laugh. Ernest, the sober looking but mischief loving one with a laugh just jumping out of his black eyes, and bursting out at the corners of his mouth, as he meditates some new freak, and darling little Aimie with the yellow locks and dark blue eyes, the pride and pet of the household, as she comes with her red ripe lips pouting out
3 "as she says" with a hot kiss for Millie and a long story to tell of what had happened during my absence. Heaven bless her, she is joy and life of us all. After dinner I took a walk as far as friend Doc's, and had a chat over old times, for an hour or two when I came home and wrote a letter to Father at Camp Entriken after which I read the news, and passed away an hour very profitably till tea time. In the evening Sister Mary, Miller and myself rode down to Jersey City to purchase some necessaries for family use, the rain still falling, we reached home about 10 P.M.

Sunday Jan. 26th

Morning clear, and cold, the sidewalks are in a very slippery condition. I went to church this morning, the first this year, as churches were unknown in the wilds of Maryland. The Rev, J. A. Winner discoursed from the words "Serve God with fear! Rejoice with trembling." The sermon was not marked by any very profound remarks, but there was no lack of sincere piety. he introduced a very apt illustration, from the icy
4 conditions of the sidewalks. He remarked how careful every one seemed of their footsteps lest they should fall. He described the sinner standing in slippery places, standing high in worldly estimation, when all at once he falls down! down to the lowest depth of infamy. He closed with the scriptural injunction, "Let him that standeth, take heed, lest he fall." Which was all very appropriate.

I had the pleasure of hearing the chaplain of the 40th Mass. volunteers preach from the 31st Psalm and 3rd verse, "For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me and guide me." It was an excellent sermon, and was preached in nature's Temple. There was no roof, save the blue vaulted dome of heaven, there were no pews gorgeous in carving, and damask cushions. The earth was his pulpit and the dim

aisles of the woods gave back a melodious echo to the words divine. It was a calm day in December, a dim haze was spread over hill and dale. the sun shone down with all the warmth and vigor of May. The air was balmy, and wanted but the perfume of flowers, and the rustling of the low soft wind to be like Spring. The little birds carolled merrily, as they leapt from bough to bough (for it was in Maryland I heard and saw all this.) There was no other sound to break the stillness save the preacher's voice as he spoke the life giving words that fell like balm on the soldiers hearts. The exercises were very impressive. Oh! for the pen of a poet, that I might describe the feelings which took possession of my mind. They closed the meeting with the Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow", to the tune of Old Hundred; the band led off and all the congregation joined in; there was upwards of a thousand souls. And the music rose and fell, now dying away, the soft cadences ringing thro' the woods and now ascending up, a paeon of thanksgiving that swelled triumphantly up to Heaven's gates of pearl, as the song of rejoicing from a thousand hearts. And who shall say the recording angel did not write it in the book of remembrance. Do you? skeptic, scoffer. I cannot. May we so live, that when we put off this mortal habit, we shall put on immortality and, with golden harps in our hands, sing a new song to the Lamb that was slain for us. But I cannot say I had any such feelings on leaving the Simpson M.E. Church in Hudson. this was a finely worded sermon, to fine people. But the sermon at Camp Brightwood was plain homely words, to brave honest men. There was this distinction: The one sounded nicely to the ear, but the other appealed to all the finer sensibilities of man, in a word, to his heart; and as I left the granite temple of art, I mentally compared them together. I am free to confess I do not like the Rev. J. A. Winner's style of delivery. it is too abrupt, too many finely turned sentences, and at times an utter loss of ideas. very embarrassing to an audience. With these remarks I will change the subject. While at the door I met several of my old friends, Mrs. Davey whose husband is on the Potomac, Mrs. Branin, Palmer Copeland and last tho' not least Miss Franks, an intimate friend of my dear mother's, a fine young lady, a friend that I am proud to have the honor of calling so! There are a great many persons that are called friend, but in the hour of trial how few you have. Your fair weather friends I loath, despise; but commend me to one that in the hour of adversity clings to you, uttering sweet words of hope and comfort, cheering your drooping spirits, bidding you look to the one bright spot in your gloomy future. but alas how few of such characters you find in this hollow-hearted gorgon called society. Laugh! Society's all masked! But my thoughts have carried me away. let me see, I was standing at the church door. pretty thoughts these, for one to have on leaving church, but they will spring up despite the sacredness of the associations, and what better place could you have to moralize? let me ask. Well! Well. I'll cease. The sun is dispensing his rays, with unusual warmth. and his enticing manner has induced folks to come out, and the sleighs glide by with the bells jingling merrily. After dinner I sat down and wrote or rather undertook to write a letter to Lillie. When Chris, my old companion on the Potomac, came in and I had to lay it aside for a time to talk of old scenes and incidents connected with our stay at Camp Entriken. we whiled away the fleeting afternoon hours very pleasantly, and when he arose to take his leave, twas well nigh 4. of the clock. Truly, "time and tide wait for

no man." I have just finished the letter, and it is dark. After tea I walked as far as Doc's and there sat down to smoke a pipe of the fragrant weed and chat about nothing in particular; and every thing in general. I sat there an hour or two and then came home. This has not been as pleasant a Sabbath as I anticipated.

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Monday Jan. 27th

Morning fine. Sun shining brightly o'er meadow, hill, and streams. I sat reading extracts from the poets of the nineteenth century. Ralph Hoyt's "Snow", Joseph Rodman Drake's "Bronx", a beautiful pen picture indeed. Longfellow's "Excelsior", J. G. Whittier's "Maude Muller". Hear Drake, when he describes the poets dwelling:

"The breeze fresh springing from the lips of morn,
Kissing the leaves, and sighing so to lose 'em
The winding of the merry locust's horn,
The glad spring gushing from the rock's bare bosom."
"Dark cedar with loose mossy tresses,
White powdered dog trees, and stiff hollies flaunting
Gaudy as rustics in their May-day dresses,
Blue from purple leaves upstanding
A modest gaze, like eyes of a young maiden
Shining beneath dropp'd lids the evening of her wedding."
"Sweet sights, sweet sounds, all sights, all sounds excelling,
Oh! 'twas a vanishing spot formed for a poet's dwelling."

Who would not dwell in such a paradise of earthly beauty as here described.

After dinner I borrowed Johnnie's skates. called on friend Doc and he and I wended our way to "the Flats" to cut a few spread eagles where there was no one to laugh in case we made a slip, but found that we should have plenty of company. Well we put on our skates, made a dash,
9 and off we went very finely, as we thought, but was taken aback by overhearing the remark, "What skating." Folks may preach about the pleasures of the before mentioned art, and I admit it is very good pastime after you know how, but not to the greenhorn who makes his first attempt on a crowded lake. First you stand up and try to balance yourself. you make an attempt to "strike out". your feet strike out from under you, your arms shake wildly in the air and down you go. here's where the laugh comes in but you "don't see it", though others more fortunate than yourself can. And there's no pity for the learner. the art must be learned by the dint of falls, and hard knocks. Well after a time you get along pretty well, and then the straps pinch your favorite corn, and your poor head aches from the effects of your numerous falls, and you conclude that skating is not such fun after all, and ingloriously take your departure from the stage of action. or else stand the storm, as we did, and see yourself eclipsed by a little urchin just able to toddle. I'll venture to say that some of them were born with skates on their feet. They glide along over the smooth surface like a swallow skimming o'er the dimpled lake" as somebody
10 wrote. We squirmed, and wriggled, and dashed, and slipped and recovered ourselves for 2 or 3 hours, and then "incontinently sloped" for home, with numerous mementos of our recent exploits in the skating line in the shape of several large protuberances on our craniums. Moral:
"Greenhorns should never go skating."

Evening. the sun has just gone down behind the western hills and while I /sit/ the dim twilight is fast changing to night. there is no moon, but the the countless myriads glitter in the pale blue sky like jewels in an azure setting. I felt tired and somewhat sore from the afternoon's pleasure and concluded I would spend this evening at least at home. I went up to my room and took from their hiding place Lillie's old letters. Old! did I say? I was wrong they will never grow old. to me they are always new tho' I almost know them by heart I have read them so often. There is always something fresh about them, an indescribable charm, a nameless something which one feels while reading them, but cannot describe. and they are concise in their expressions which is something to boast of in these times when all is hypocrisy and deceit. They call up old scenes and old memories that have fled with the past, never to be recalled save in memory's waking hours.

Again arm in arm we stroll around the "Shaft". we wander by the little brook that babbles thro' the glen that lies just below the "Brown House on the hill side." we wander thro' the groves that shade its mossy banks and gather flowers and toss them in the shining waters that kiss the moss covered rocks at our feet and watch them float away till they are lost in the distance. Lillie! do you remember all this? even so the golden summer with all its joys have floated away on the hurrying rapids of time. but the memory will come back with the flowers, come back as fresh and pure as that little streamlet.

"But the dreams of youth, with youth will fade,
As the years go drifting on,
Thro' the silver light, and the solemn shade,
As all my dreams have gone."

But the recollection of them shall still cling to me even as the ivy clings to the ruin. It will be an oasis in the desert of life. And now with all these old memories crowding on my mind, I'll to sleep and dream of her who art never absent from my mind morn, noon, and night. where'er I may be, fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

Tuesday Jan. 28th

- 12 Morning cloudy and cold. looks like snow. Sat down to my old favorites and companions the books, and communed with them till noon. When the feathery flakes began to float down slowly at first but falling faster and faster till the air seemed so full of them that you could see nothing but snow. After dinner I walked up as far as Doc's, sat down, lit my meerschaum and took things comfortable. We had quite a conversation on the war and the boding topics of the day. And when I arose to go it was 5. o'clock. There is rather bad news this evening from the "Burnside Expedition". Rumors of the wreck of five of the vessels of the fleet. it is not positively true. I hope that it may prove false. May the ruler of all armies, The "God of battles" help our beloved country in this her hour of danger, give to our Commanders wisdom and discernment, inspire the officers with courage and fill the men with courage; that true courage which shrinks nor falters in the shock of battle, and may the result be successful in restoring peace and prosperity o'er all the land. 9 P.M. The snow has ceased but the leaden clouds still scud along and the wind howls mournfully thro' the trees that toss their giant branches in the air. "Tis just such a night

as the doomed spirits like to have, on which to sally forth on their errand of evil.

Wednesday Jan. 29th

- 13 Morning. The snow is falling again and as Ralph Hoyt says
"The drifts are hanging by the sill,
The eaves, the door;
The haystack has become a hill;
All covered o'er.
Now tiny snow-birds venture nigh
From copse and spray.
(Sweet strangers! with the wintry sky
To pass away!)
And gather crumbs in full supply,
For all the day. xxxx
xxAnd all the landscape rings again
With joy and mirth;

And now for a sleighing carnival if it holds out. There is nothing definite about the Burnside Expedition this morning. Afternoon. The snow has turned to rain, a fine drizzle that penetrates thro' the clothing very quickly and the snow is fast disappearing before its melting power, leaving the streets and sidewalks in a perfect pool of slush. Evening. I have just received a letter from Father headed Camp Entriken. they are still working and have not yet been paid.

- 14 The block house on the n. end of Ft. Alexander has given way owing to the pressure of the earth that was thrown against the back wall and upon the roof. they are all well except friend Lac Law, who was badly beaten by some soldiers just below Chain Bridge. poor Lac. I am sorry to hear of his misfortune. He is a fine, free, open hearted Yorkshireman. With a smile always upon his ruddy features. I can see him now with his steeple crowned hat, the old blue coat, and the skirts tucked in behind, one leg of his "don't mention 'em's" stuck in his boots, a stout stick in his fist, and the merry twinkle of his blue e'es as he is just about to sing the "Rat Catcher's Daughter" or some equally gifted song. Long life to you Lac.

Thursday Jan. 30th

Morning again. A heavy mist is still falling drearily, drearily. and the water drips from the soaked branches of the trees, trickles down the eaves, patter, patter, patter without ceasing.

- The papers give rather more satisfactory accounts of the Expedition this morning. There were three vessels wrecked. The steamer "City of New York", the cargo of which was a total loss, being rifles, ammunition, etc.; the transport "Pocohontas" laden with horses; and the gunboat Louare. fortunately there was no great loss of life, to what there might have been. Col. Allen of the 9th N.J.V., Surgeon Miller and another man name not known. But losing Col. Allen the regiment lost an
15 able commander, New Jersey an influential and good citizen, and his mourning family a kind husband and father.
"None knew him but to love him,

None named him but to praise."

Evening. Still raining. I have anxiously waited for a letter from Lillie for the past few days. Brother Thomas has complained of being unwell to day but I trust it will not be serious.

Friday Jan. 31st

"The blessed morn has come again;
The early gray
Taps at the slumberer's window pane,
And seems to say
Break, break, from the enchanter's chain,
Away, away!

The sun is shining pleasantly and the ice covered trees glisten like diamonds in the flashing light. Thomas seems worse this morning; he has caught a severe cold.

I bought a concertina this morning from a poor fellow that came along. it is a fine toned instrument and as I had to stay at home to day to meet the agent who collects the rent I have passed away the time in practising on it (the instrument, not the rent). Tho' as regards the
16 rent I do not see how he is going to get it. it is hard to get something from nothing. what little money we have we need for other purposes more important than rent. So Mr. Agent call again.

My funds are getting low, but as long as it lasts Mother is welcome to it. They shall never want while I am able to supply. I am happy to be of assistance to them in time of need. I should indeed be a thankless child if I neglected them now, when able to take care of myself! After the many years of care they have given me when unable to choose between good and evil. My lightest wish if consistent was granted, and tho' perhaps I did not enjoy the privileges my younger brothers have, yet in a measure I am the better for it. God keep my memory green.

Saturday Febry. 1st

Once more I see the morning light. The snow is falling again, thick, and fast. I took a walk up to my only place of resort in Hudson, i.e. Doc's. fussed around, went up into his cozy sitting; had a chat with pleasant, happy and lovable wife, saw the little baby "Lizzie, sole daughter of his house and heart", and came home fully impressed. That there is nothing as good as the Union and no such state as Matrimony except what? excepting no earthly state beside, and a strong desire to
17 enter the bo(u)nds if some fair damsel will only take pity on me. Afternoon. It is still snowing and now the sleighs are turning out from their places in the barns. here they come, sleighs of all imaginable descriptions. There goes a fancy shell cutter gorgeous in gilding, and the painter's best designs, a splendid Russian bear skin thrown over the occupants and the horse dances to the music of the bells as if he was conscious of the load of wealth he was drawing. Here comes another style of sleigh, a box fastened on two board runners and filled with straw, and -- laughing bright eyed maidens and jolly young men. There they go singing and laughing while the wind brings back the echo of their merry voices. Laugh while you may, young hearts. I almost envy

their happiness as I sit here and watch them glide swiftly by. But I have joys that they know not of. Evening. It is still snowing and the sleighs are flying furiously along despite the storm. happy, happy hearts, their cares are all forgotten in the present happiness; it is well.

18

Sunday February 2nd

The snow ceased falling some time in the night and the morning air is keen and frosty, but the sun is shining pleasantly.

Brother's disease has this morning showed itself in its true form, "Varioloid", consequently the rest of us have to keep ourselves within doors so that the disease shall not spread among the neighbors. I trust that his illness will not be serious.

The sleighing is splendid this morning and the sleighs freighted with youth and beauty glide by merrily, regardless of the commandment "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." I passed the morning hours in reading my old favorite the Mercury and writing; and the afternoon in somewhat the same manner.

This evening I have been reading that portion of Scripture contained in the book of Genesis, from the 39th Chapter to the end of the book, and which treats of the history of "Joseph and his brethen" and I felt very much impressed with the goodness of God, as shown in this, as well as other instances. I thought of the words of the poet. There's a Providence that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.

19

Monday February 3rd 1862

It is snowing again. the light feathery particles float down softly covering the branches and even the small twigs on the trees with a pure white robe that is stainless as an angel's, hiding everything, covering all in a snowy white. There has not been as great a depth of snow on the ground at once for a great many years in this vicinity and as a result the skating mania has, for the nonce, become a sleighing mania.

Brother seemed somewhat better this morning. I trust he will continue to improve. We received a letter from Father to-day. his health continues good; he has not yet been paid neither is there any prospect of payment.

How the sleighs glide by, freighted with youth and beauty, and as Edgar A. Poe sang,

"Hear the sledges with their bells---

Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells.

20 Yes indeedd, there's a whole volume of description contained in those three lines of poetry and so for the present we'll leave them to their enjoyment.

Tuesday Febr'y 4th

The day has been a fine one.

A great many sleighing parties are out enjoying themselves, very much if one may judge from appearances. I have just received a letter from Lillie and never was a letter more eagerly perused or more highly prized. This is the first letter since Jan. 10th and it has seemed almost an age, but 'tis better late than never. I cannot describe how much pleasure I derive from my correspondence with her. I can only say that I would not abandon it for untold wealth.

Friend Doc vaccinated me this evening at the request of Mother.

21 The moon shined brilliantly tonight and you hear no sound save the music of the bells, and the joyous laughter of the parties as they glide by in their sleighs. 11 P.M. I have just finished answering Lillie's letter, and now I think I'll throw myself in the arms of Morpheus.

Wednesday Febr'y 5th

The morning is fine. Old Sol dispenses his rays with unusual vigor for a February morning, and the snow is fast disappearing before their generous warmth.

Evening. Really, I am getting to be quite a home bird. I have not been away from home to-day. This morning I made some slight repairs to my Concertina, and this afternoon I have been playing Wuggins with my brother, who is tired of sitting all day doing nothing. He seems to be a great deal better this evening. my thoughts to night are somewhat prosy, and I do not think I will attempt to transcribe them to paper. I'll leave the diary and take up my concertina and pass away the time with music, such as it is.

22

Thursday Febr'y 6th

The morning is somewhat foggy. A fine penetrating mist is falling and the air is very raw and chilly. but indoors here it is very warm and cheerful, and the weather outside does not affect my spirits.

23 I have been reading "Passages of Eastern Travel", by an American, all the morning, and on the sportive wings of fancy I have been transported with him to far off "Thebes", whose mighty ruins have been visited by so many tourists. I have sailed with him upon the muddy bosom of the "Nile", have wandered thro' "Karnah" and Luxor and "Philae", places that it has been my ambition to visit since the days of my boyhood when I first read of them in "Dr. Dusbins Travels". and is it any wonder that after reading those thrilling "Passages" that imagination should lead me to lands whose sky seemed brighter, where the wind made sweet melody and breathed an unearthly fragrance as it sighed thro' the groves of palm and cedar, and over vast fields of flowers where the birds make sweet music all the day long; and where in the beautiful oriental night I lay and listen to the sweet music of the nightingale and the bulbul. and then fancy leads me to Bethlehem where the stars shine with an undimmed and brighter radiance than elsewhere, as they have shone for ages unchanged amid all the earthly changes; where heaven seems nearer, where the moon's pale silvery beams shine down so softly, shedding its silver light on the spot where the "infant Jesus" was born; where the

winds are ever singing "Glory to God on high, and on the earth, peace, goodwill toward men", and the stars take up the melody and bear it heavenward, where it is caught up by the white robed angels who surround the throne and who sing his praise unceasingly. Perhaps some-one will say I am a dreamer, well admitted. I see scenes of such deep, glorious, winning beauty sometimes in fancy flights that the memory of them will never be effaced; these the cares and troubles of an earthly nature can never wholly drive away; nor would I have them banished. Then laugh at my fancies if you will, 'tis naught to me.

Read this description of a sail on the glorious "Nile" if you wish to enjoy a pure picture of beauty. he says, "The day is one long dream of delight, the night a paradise of beauty." "The twilight always finds us on deck, and there we remain till midnight. There is enough to see in air, or sky, whether it be or be not moonlight. There are well cushioned sofas on deck, and here we lie on our backs and look up at the stars. We talk but little, and when we do speak it is mostly of the dear ones at home, of the pleasure they would have with us here---Never of the glorious past, the fallen grandeur of Egypt, the march of history, the trampling feet of time. Of all these we think - think - think - till thought becomes soul, and we are bodiless, and the moon and stars look down on a silent, verily a Phantom boat floating slowly along the river of Egypt surrounded by the princes and priests of Osirian days."

Who does not envy the traveller's "Dolce-far-niente". One fairly sees the country in his descriptions. they enter with him the tombs of the princes and mighty men of the dead and buried but not forgotten past! You gather curiosities and relics, you sail by the dreary wastes of sand, which border on the Nile, and again you take a moonlight stroll thro' some of the ancient ruins which cluster thickly round you. and again you travel over the country where the Israelites sojourned after their release from Egyptian bondage. and again you enter those grand old palaces, all deserted and desolate now, whose walls, once decorated with purple and gold, echoed to the tramp of the men-at-arms and to the music of the voices of the dark eyed princesses who once inhabited them. What a change now. it is the haunt of the "owl"; the bittern sends forth from their walls his mournful cry, and lizards and scorpions infest every nook and crevice, for "Babylon the mighty has fallen! and her people and her palaces are desolate." With feelings of sadness you read all these descriptions of the ruins of a once mighty people. And involuntarily you ask the question, What are they now? A degraded, wretched, filthy, ignorant race. The judgment of the Almighty One has been meted out to them. and with these thoughts occupying your mind, you close the book with a sigh of pity for their unenviable lot.

Evening. I have just returned from the Post Office. No letters.

The fog still envelops all the face of nature and the mist still continues to fall. the weather is extremely disagreeable. Brother Thomas still continues to improve.

We have had no stirring news of late from any portion of our army but hope to hear some soon.

Friday Febr'y 7th

The morning is fine. I have just laid down "Harper's Magazine" containing some extracts from "Andersons Lake Ngami" a very interesting work judging from that portion of it published in the magazine, but I did not enjoy it half as much as I did "Passages of Eastern Travel".

Our old friend, the house agent, called to see us this afternoon, but he went away as empty as he came. he granted us another weeks grace.
Moral, never borrow trouble.

I called in to see my friend Doc this evening and while there I met his handsome sister-in-law, Miss A. Pennington, and an old acquaintance of mine. I have not had the pleasure of meeting her since my return from Washington until this evening. She is the same lively, chatty, mischief-loving creature she always was, and she looks handsomer than ever. I spent the evening very agreeably in conversation with her and her sister. But I'd rather have an hour with Lillie than an hundred
28 with any other.

We have good news from our army in Tennessee to night, mingled with bad. Our forces captured "Ft. Henry" on the Tenn. River after a hard fight of an hour and twenty minutes. A shot from the rebel batteries struck the boiler of our gun boat Essex, which caused the boiler to explode killing 32 of our men and wounding a great many.

I also see by the paper that Senator Bright was expelled from his seat in the Senate for sympathy with the rebels.

"Should ever traitor rise in the land,
Cursed be his homestead, withered his land,
Shamed be his memory, scorn be his lot;
Exile his heritage, his name a blot."

Saturday Febr'y 8th

Morning cloudy. I spent the forenoon reveling among my favorite authors: the Travellers following the gallant "Porte Crayon" in his trip through Virginia, pausing at the "Natural Bridge" and again exploring the beautys of "Meyers Cave", and leaving him I follow an unknown traveller in his journeyings thro' the romantic valley of the
29 "Rhine" from there I follow Albert Smith in his triumphant ascent of "Mt. Blanc". and leaving him I follow the train of the gallant Fremont, in his famous "Rocky Mountain" expedition and again I am tracking the heroic Strain and his brave band of heroes as they toil on their dreary and I may say horrible march on the famous "Darien Exploring Expedition". What sufferings! what untold agony and horror must they have undergone as wearied, exhausted, starving, they laid them down to die amid the forest, deserted by their companions, who were forced by the pangs of hunger to leave them alone as they dropped behind, one by one. What must have been their feelings as they lay there, alone, far away from home and kindred, and all that was dear to them. As the thoughts came stealing over them that even in death there would be no rest for their exhausted, emaciated, bodies. That the vulture and the buzzard should revel on their remaining flesh. Oh! the very thought of

30 it all causes a cold shudder to run over me, and I'll turn to some more pleasant scene. I turn to another number and here I am at "Sunnyside" the home of "Dietrich Knickerbocker", or rather of the lamented "Washington Irving" with its quaint ivy mantled gables, its old fashioned porch overrun with honeysuckle and clematis, jessamine, and the scarlet trumpet creeper; with its lovely views of water and forests, its romantic dells and all its hallowed associations dear to every one that have ever read his works.

One could pass away a life time there, ever dreaming of the future which is yet unopened before them, pass the dreamy summer days in idleness, and revel in a paradise of bliss. But that stern monitor duty tells me to wake from my dreams and says,

"Be free in soul, be firm in heart
read all life's lessons right;
Nor look for roses in the snow
nor sunbeams in the night.
Up! up! to action armed with faith
and love and energy.
And then this world as beautiful,
as beautiful will be."

How quick thought is, with lightning speed on the wings of thought. you are transported to the frozen regions of "Iceland" and from thence to
31 far off "Palestine", from the regions of eternal snow to a land where the flowers bloom and the birds make sweet music all the year round, the land of the dom and date palm, by the "Cedars of Lebanon" and the silver brook "Keoron". but you desire to visit some other place and Presto! you are out in the far west, in our own dear land, on the rolling prairie, by the "Father of Water" and still longing for the far off, unattainable and dim. But I sometimes think of a land that is fairer than any of these. a land where there is no chilling frost, no bitter blast, where sin and sorrow are strangers, death cannot enter there but all is peace and joy and love.

"Oh land! Oh land! for all the broken hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed
Into the silent land."

And with these flights of fancy I leave my favorites for the present.

Evening. I have just returned from Doc's. The report of the loss on
32 our side at the capture of Ft. Henry in yesterday's paper was greatly exaggerated. there were only six men killed by the explosion, instead of 32. quite a diminution in numbers. And now I do not feel like writing any more to night. I'll leave my diary and take up my old friend the Mercury and see what it says this week.

Sunday Febr'y 9th

Sunrise from Bergen Hill. what a splendid sight as he rose from behind "Brooklyn Heights" and his first rays glance on the smooth waters of New York harbor. if it is so beautiful in winter, what must it be in

summer. What a fine description Mrs. Browning gives of morning.

"Day!

Faster and more fast

O'er night's brim. Day boils at last;

Boils pure gold o'er the cloud cup's brim,

Where spurting and suppress it lay--

For not a froth-flake touched the rim

Of yonder gap in the solid gray

Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;

But forth one wavelet, then another, curled

Fill the whole sunrise, not to be suppress

Rose, reddened, and its seething breast

Flickered in bound's, grew gold,

Then overflowed the world!"

33

What a magnificent description that is, to be sure, of a sunrise. And now his rays shine down serenely on the pure white snow from an almost cloudless sky. The bells in the spires of the different churches ring out clear and solemn and beautiful on the frosty air, and obedient to their call the people are wending their way to their respective places of worship.

How calm and peaceful nature seems this morning, clad in her snowy garb. Hushed is the turmoil and strife for the present. There are no noisy wagons laden with goods, no rattling omnibusses, no street vendors shouting as they hasten along with their wares, no screaming, hallo'ing of boys as they call their companions. No! all these sounds are hushed for it is the holy Sabbath. A day of rest. I have passed most of the day in reading. In the evening I went to church but did not like the sermon and came away unsatisfied. The stars shine beautiful; 'tis a splendid night.

34

Monday Febr'y 10th

Morning somewhat cloudy but the air is pleasant and not very cold.

I passed the morning hours in writing. In the afternoon I thought I would take a walk to Jersey City as my head aches and I did not feel very well. I went to the New Jersey R.R. Shop to see if I could get work but vainly. all the answer I received was a gruff "don't want any more hands". very consoling truly, and as I have met with several similar answers lately I felt somewhat disheartened. So I started for home again and by the time I arrived I was pretty tired and the walk instead of helping me, had only increased by head-ache and my eyes seemed as if they would burst from their sockets with pain. So I laid on the sofa for an hour or so when I felt a great deal better. in the evening I took a walk as far as the Post Office. No letters, came home again and spent the evening reading the "Ledger".

35

Tuesday Febr'y 11th

Morning fine. I have not been out this morning as I do not feel very well. I have caught a severe cold in some manner and I cannot account for it. I called in to see friend Doc, and while there an old acquaintance also in the medical line came in, Dr. G. W. Folson. I have

not seen him until to-day since my return from Washington. he did not answer my letter which I sent him while at Camp Entriken and I talked to him like a father about the evil effects of procrastination. we had quite a chat, and was surprised when our friend the clock "told the hour for retiring by striking 5. It does one good to meet an old friend, especially if you have not had the pleasure of seeing him for a long time. But Shakespeare asks, "What need we have of friends if we should never have need of them? They were the most needless creatures living should we ne'er have use for them; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that kept their sounds to themselves.

36

Wednesday Febr'y 12th

The morning was fine. I passed the forenoon in writing, and in fact the greater portion of the day. I do not feel as well to-day as I did yesterday. In the evening I thought I would go to church and hear the Rev. A. H. Mead lecture on his late "European Travels", but I felt too unwell so I absented myself. I spent an hour or so in friend Doc's, though, in conversation with his wife and sister.

I have to-day resolved to try and abstain from the use of tobacco, and I suppose the natural craving for the accustomed stimulant makes me feel somewhat worse than I would if I had kept on using it. But I am resolved to try and do without the weed if possible. Dear Lillie will be glad to hear that, I am certain, although she has never spoken on the subject. How I should like to see her to-night. it would do me more good than all the physician's remedies that were applied or could be applied. Good Night Lillie, dream of me.

37

Saturday March 1st 1862

It is more than two weeks since I made my last entrance in my diary and what great events have transpired since that time. I am just recovering from an attack of the small pox, and as yet I am very weak and nervous. but I am improving daily, thank the giver of all good. but it has seemed an age since I made my last entry. then it was February and now,

"The stormy March has come again
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That thro' the snowy valley flies.
Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month in praise of thee;
Yet though thy winds are wild and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me!
For in thy reign of blast and storm
Smiles many a long, bright sunny day,
When the chang'd winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.
The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storm the sullen threat:
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet."

38 What visions the very mention of March calls before "my mind's eye, Horatio". Visions of calm bright sunny days when nature is veiled in a soft dreamy haze. when the wind sighs gently through the leafless

branches of the trees. It is true the Frost-King has not abdicated his throne in favor of Spring; but still the grass just beginning to resume its natural green in sheltered spots, the buds just shaping and the little brook that has so long been silent but now babbles merrily; all proclaim the approach of spring.

Let us take a ramble through the "dim aisles" of the grand old woods. down to that silent glen just below. See here's a little nook just underneath this great rock where the sun's warm rays have driven away the snow, and nestling close to the rock, as if for greater protection, is a little group of flowers. the first of the season. are they not beautiful? with their milk white petals just shaded with a faint pink tinge and hiding amid the bright green leaves. I cannot name it but there is a charm about it, a fascination that is irresistible. I
39 cannot refrain from plucking them as mementos of this ramble. I'll carry them home and place them between the leaves of "D'au bigne".

There, what a flight of fancy that has been, to think how I've been roaming all thro' the woods and have not even left my chair. Well! well, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of, Horatio."

I received a letter from dear Lillie the day after I was taken sick Febry 13th, and I have read and re-read it until I have its contents by heart. I also had the pleasure last Saturday, of hearing from my whilom friend and companion Fisher, who is delving for copper, in Lake Superior, Michigan. the last letter I had from him was dated Sept. 1861. I have written to him several times since then, but til now have received no answer and I thought he had forgotten me. last July he and I were together in dear old , building grand "Chateaus de Espagne" and forming magnificent plans for the future, which then seemed so bright before us; but which fate, inexorable fate, dashed to the ground.
40 what happy days those were; we were then both deep in the mysteries of "Love's young Dream", and we little thought as we sat in the "Old Brown House" on the hill-side that the New Year would find us so widely separated but so it is. I wonder if we'll ever meet there again. stranger things have happened.

We have had stirring news of late from the south and west. Keep the ball moving messieurs, til the Stars and Stripes again

"In triumph wave,

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Sunday March 2nd

The sabbath has come again, "The rain has glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice. While the slant March sun pours o'er the earth a flood of light."

"Hail Sabbath! thee I hail the poor man's day;
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In all of nature's grand surroundings."

41 It is truly a beautiful morning. It is almost three weeks since I have
been out and this morning I am strongly tempted to venture out to
breathe the pure air and admire the beauty of nature in her garb of
snow. but on a second thought it would not be safe.

We were surprised this morning by a visit from "Joseph Aldridge", who
went with me to Washington and whom I left behind when I returned. he
arrived at home last night at a late hour; he looked very well. he
brought us a letter from Father who still remains there. Father was in
the enjoyment of good health. They had not received all their money
when Joseph left, but expected to get it in the course of a few days. I
have thought since my illness that I should have been better off if I
had stayed there too, and should not have been visited with disease; but
perhaps 'tis better as it is.

42 Last evening the N.J.R.R. and F. Co.'s engine, "Gov. Pennington", with a
passenger train, ran off the track at the west end of Bergen cut, the
engine ran against the rocks and was a total wreck. fortunately there was
no one hurt but one of the brakemen on the train. the wreck was not
cleared away up to a late hour this evening. The day has been a truly
beautiful one and is a fair illustration of a sunny March day.

The sun has set in a sea of splendor. but the huge banks of gorgeously
tinted clouds that line the western horizon, varying in color from a pale
shade to that of molten gold, from a faint gray tinge to that of a
dense black, the edges lined with silver and the entire absence of that
rosy color, indicate foul weather.

Monday March 3rd

Such a dreary morning. the rain keeps an incessant patter, patter that
is truly dismal.

The bright blue sky of yesterday is obscured by the dull leaden gray of
the clouds which hang over us and from which the rain falls unceasingly.
The wind sighs mournfully through the naked branches of the annuals and
the trumpet creeper at the end of the cottage.

43 It is too wet for the children to go out. Consequently they are amusing
themselves as best they can in the room, and if one may judge by their
noise, they are enjoying themselves hugely. Happy, Happy! days of
childhood, when one is free from care and sorrow. I am almost tempted
to exclaim, "Would I ever a boy again." and I sometimes wish when by
memory's aid "I take a retrospective glance over the stubble fields of
the past." (as my old friend, Capt. E. Smart of the Mass. 10th used to
say.) I sometimes wish that I could go over my younger days again so that
I could shape my course somewhat differently to what I have. But still
there are many pleasant recollections of my boyish days that I would not
lose, for I love to recall them when I feel anyway lonely. Yes, there
are "Tender morning visions of beauteousness" that will never be
forgotten. There are glimpses of my wildwood home amid the wilds of the
"Alleghenies", fond remembrances of my young companions. there was the
guide "Rob Taylor", the mischievous Will Hooper, the roguish Charley
Watkins, laughing Hen. Lilly, best of all sober Dick Hocking and a host
of them. and then there were the girls, companions of our rambles.

44 there was sweet Alice Rutter, laughing Eliza Hocking with the blue e's
and locks of gold. there was the ever lively "Rosie Dotay, with the
curling chestnut hair and whose soft liquid eyes we never could guess
the color of, sober "Emeline Homan" and last, but not least, was Amanda
Hooper (start not reader at the unromantic cognomen) with her black
hair all braided round her queenly head, and her roguish black eyes
dancing with merriment. Oh! I shall never forget you dear companions
of my boyhood, though we are scattered far and wide on life's stormy
sea. the recollection of those days shall

"Still lingering haunt the greenest spot;

In memory's waste"

What rambles we have had together through those grand old woods in
spring time in March.

"Along the quiet air,

Come and float calmly off the soft white clouds

Such as is seen in summer and the winds

Scarce stirred the branches, Lodg'd in sunny cliffs

When the cold breezes come not, blooms alone

The little wind flower whose just-opened eye

Is blue as the spring heaven it gazed at

Startling us ramblers in the naked groves

With unexpected beauty, for the time

Of blossoms and green leaves is yet far off.

45 and oft for her later in the year, when the trees had put on their robe
of green have I pulled the modest violets that hid their blushes neath
their leaves. "Keats" says somewhere "A thing of beauty is a joy
forever" and I agree with him. I would not forego the pleasure of
recalling those oldest memories for untold wealth. it is true they are
but childish pleasures but still I can appreciate them now when I have
grown to manhood and have seen more of life's trials and less of
pleasure. but memory bids me stop and asks what all this has to do with
to-day? did all this happen to-day! Ah! no, this happened years ago
but you have been at work and as nothing of importance occurred to-day I
could not help writing of old times.

"God pity us all,

Who vainly the dreams of youth recall

For of all sad words of tongue or pen

The saddest are these, 'It might have been!'

Ah! well! for us all some sweet hope lies

Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter angels may

46 Roll the stone from its grave away!"

But I must quit this talk of other days and write of the present.

Night has once more thrown her sable mantle o'er the earth and to quote
somebody "It is as dark as Embers." while the rain still continues to
fall and the wind sobs and wails as drearily as ever, thro' the trees.
but I am sitting in the cozy parlor and the little old-fashioned stove
shines out with a ruddy glow that speaks volumes in favor of the
"Anthracite" that burns within it. the lamp too beams forth brightly.
While Mother and Sister Mary sit by the little stand sewing, the little
ones are clustered round the stove, some asleep and all quiet and the
influence is so cheering that one cannot have gloomy thoughts when under
such influence; besides all this Brother Thomas bro't home the "Ledger"
at tea time and now I'll leave my diary and see how my brave hero and

heroine of "St. Regis Hall" are getting along and how "Christine" and the "Jealous Marchioness" arranged their little difficulties. So for the present, friend diary, Vale!

47

Tuesday March 4th

The morning is pretty clear, the rain ceased some time in the night. And the great masses of black clouds with their ragged edges drift slowly along the sky. And "Rude Boreas blustering railer" is blowing away merrily, flying round the house corners and down the chimney with a shriek every little while, just to remind us that he is here.

Brother Miller was taken sick sometime last night and this morning he has quite a fever and is at times delirious. I presume it is the "Varioloid" but I trust it will be but a slight attack.

We have good news from our army in the west. the rebels have evacuated Columbus, their so called "Gibraltar" and have retreated to an island forty-five miles below in the Mississippi. Columbus is a small place but was very strongly fortified, being surrounded by fortifications mounting over one hundred guns. some of them of very heavy caliber. Our cause prospers exceedingly.

48 We heard from Father indirectly this evening, through a letter to Mr. F. Aldridge who kindly sent the letter down for our perusal. Father was well and had not yet received his money but was waiting patiently.

The dull leaden gray of the sky to-night indicates falling weather. The wind plays pitifully through the trees, now howling fiercely and again dying away in a soft mournful wail that reminds one of the last moan of the dying. but

"There must be storms in winter time
As well as flowers in May."

And we must be satisfied.

Wednesday March 5th

What a change from yesterday.

"One silent night hath pass'd and lo!
How beautiful the earth is now."

And as "Thompson" poetically describes it

"Thro' the hush'd air the whiting shower descends
At first thin wavering til at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their robe of purest white."

"Tis brightness all save where the new snow melts
along the mazy current."

Hear Mary Howitt sing of winter

49

"Walk now amidst the forest trees,
Saidst thou that they were stripp'd and bare?
Each heavy bough is bending down
With snowy leaves and flowers the crown
Which winter regally doth wear
"Tis not--thy summer garden ne'er

Was lovelier with its birds and flowers,
Than is this silent place of snow,
With feathery branches drooping low,
Wreathing round thee, shadowy bowers!"

There, is not that a beautiful description of a snow storm even if it is in March.

This is my birthday. to-day I am twenty-two years old. my last birthday was passed amid the snow clad hills of Massachusetts. where will my next be passed. The Master of the Universe alone can decide. Well I cannot go out to-day so I'll spend it in writing and reveling among my favorites.

The day is growing old. the snow is still falling softly. Oh! so softly,

"Low the trees bow their hoary heads;
And ere the languid sun, faint from the west
Emits his evening ray, earth's universal face
Deep hid, and chill, is one wide dazzling waste
That buries wide the works of man."

- 50 The papers to-day report the death of Gen. Lander, a general of division on the Potomac.

"He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again."

Another gone to his last march. gone to give an account of the manner in which he fought the battle of life. gone to join the great army that are marshalled beyond Jordan.

"Warrior rest; thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of toil, and nights of waking."

Yes rest til the archangels trump shall sound the reveille that wakes you to Judgment. Truly, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. May he, and all of us be prepared. The news from Europe is very cheering. England renews thro' her ministers the assurance of her entire sympathy with the North and her determination not to interfere. the news from Paris is scarcely less encouraging.

- 51 The tax bill has made its appearance at last, or rather a portion of it, in the columns of the "New York Herald". Newspapers and Liquor are heavily taxed also Flour. a tax of fifteen cents per bbl. being laid upon the latter article.

Well let us have the tax levied. we may as well be taxed first and last as we shall have the war bills to foot eventually.

The snow has ceased to fall. the clouds have cleared away and the queen of night is sailing majestically thro' the silvery sea while the stars glimmer and shine as brilliantly and undimmed as they shone on "Bethlehem of Judea 1862 years ago as they guided the wise men of the East to where our Infant Redeemer was laid.

"Shine on. Oh! stars of love divine." shine on in thy undimmed radiance. and may our souls be as pure as the light you are shedding on

the snow-clad earth to-night.

One year ago to-night this time I was out on a sleighing excursion with two young ladies and my old friend Fisher. what a glorious time we had and to-night I am confined to the house with sickness.

52

Thursday March 6th

The morning is fine. The snow lies white and pure on tree and hedge, on roof and meadow.

The sun shines brightly down and the snow will soon disappear before his literally melting rays. How I should like to go out but my face is too tender as yet. besides I am not free from scars.

So I shall have to spend my days as usual in reading and scribbling in my journal. Evening. The day has been a beautiful one and the sun is just hiding behind a mass of clouds of gold and purple, of blue and crimson, of orange and silver. What a magnificent scene. Night. I have just returned from a short walk up street, the first time I have been out of the yard in three weeks and I feel very much strengthen'd. The air is keen and frosty and the moon shines brightly on the snow.

There is no important news to-day, nothing of interest except the arrival of Col. Corcoran of the New York 69th at Richmond, Va on his way home, and the various eulogies on Gen. Lander. No letter from Father as yet.

53

Friday March 7th 1862

The day has been a truly pleasant one and the snow and ice has fast disappeared before the sun's genial rays. a few more of such days and the snow will be gone.

This afternoon I have passed as usual in reading etc. Brother Miller keeps getting worse but we cannot look for anything else, as the disease must run its course.

The sun has sunk down behind the hills and one by one the little stars come peeping forth while high in the heaven

"The new moon swings"

as Eleanor Percy sings and the night is beautiful. I have just returned from a visit to friend Doc's; he showed me quite a collection of medical works some of them rare ones that he had given to him by two of the Engineers of the "Matanspa", one of the vessels belonging to the Beaufort expedition. they were taken from a Physician's office in Beaufort; there was one very old Latin work among the collection, printed in the year 1514; more than three centuries old. the style of printing was very curious and the letters were very oddly shaped. on the fly leaf was written the name in old English text of John Bamberg. whether he was the original owner of the work or not I cannot say. the last owner's name is Gibbs. it was probably an heirloom in the family. Strange feelings took possession of my mind as I gazed on this memento of a past generation. I wondered how many had derived information from its quaintly printed paper, how many times it had been consulted in

54

difficult cases, and how many lives had been saved by following its wise counsels, and these thoughts made the old, time stained volume seem almost sacred. they invested its old pages with a charm, at least to me, and I envied my friend, almost, for being the fortunate possessor. But time flew on apace, and the old monitor on the wall said 'twas time to go home. So the "Good nights" were repeated and I wended my way homeward, well pleased with my evening's visit.

Saturday March 8th

This day has been a repetition of yesterday and the street and (so called) sidewalks of Hudson are in a truly miserable condition.

55 This afternoon I thought I would take a walk around and see how every thing looked, but it was such disagreeable walking that I was forced to relinquish my original intention and content myself by calling into friend Doc's where I passed an hour or two.

We received a paper from some kind friends in England dated Febr'y 1st containing some criticisms on the war and finances, and it is truly surprising to see how ignorant they are of the actual condition of our country. And underneath all their hollow professions of sympathy lurks a hidden desire that our Union may be severed, and a hidden wish that the rebels may triumph. Out! on such sympathy I say. better for us if they would come out openly against us, and then we should know what we had to contend with. Evening. The sun has just set amid a sea of crimson, and twilight is fast approaching.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the night,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

56 But see! bright Thebus and all her starry train make their appearance flooding the whole earth with their silvery light. 11 P.M. A serenading party have just gone by singing and playing upon their instruments. O! it sound beautiful on the still night air. I love music. there is nothing pleases me as much as to hear good music and I cannot better describe the feeling that comes over me, the rapture, the extreme delight, than by quoting Milton.

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's moved
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wing
Of silence through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled!"

Can you give a better description of the power of music than that? I think not. Music never sounds sweeter than mid night's profound silence when all the busy hum of the toilers is hushed. Shakespeare says somewhere that the man that hath no music in his soul "Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils" and I agree with him.

57

Sunday March 9th

"The blessed morn has come again."

The consecrated day that the good Herbert celebrates in his exquisite verses:

"O day most calm most bright!
The fruit of this the next world's bud,
The endorsement of supreme delight
Writ by a friend and by his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay;
The week were dark but for thy light.
Thy torch doth show the way."

It must have been such a day as to-day is when he wrote those lines. The sun is shining in his majesty and brightness to-day, the same as he has done for untold ages. the sky is "deeply beautifully blue." save where those banks of light fluffy clouds lie or sail slowly along in their azure sea. And "Hark! now the sound of the old church bell

Stealing so sweetly o'er hill and dell
Never a sound more blessed and sweet
And the Sabbath, sweet Sabbath, gladly I greet."

How many there are who to-day are spending their Sabbaths in "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller ever yet returned." who last Sabbath joined the hymn of praise to Him who rules on high, in
58 an earthly temple. many very many, for Time in his rapid flight, is followed by the "Reaper Death" who spares neither young nor old.

May we so live that when he calls on us we may be prepared.

That is a beautiful sentiment of Herbert's when he says of the Sabbath,

"The other days and thou
Make up one man; whole face thou art
Knocking at heaven with thy brow;
The working days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there
Making the whole to stoop and bow
Till thy release appear.
The Sundays of man's life
Threaded together on Time's string
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King!
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife;
More plentiful than hope."

But I must drop this quoting or I'll fill my book. tis the calm and peaceful twilight hour. I have just closed a volume of the
59 "National Magazine", a monthly that has died a natural death for want of sustenance. and now I'll close my journal for the present by quoting a passage from Henry Rowe Schoolcraft on twilight.

x x x "Now tis the hour
When daylight melts and stars are few,
And west winds frame a drowsy time,
And all the charmed waters sleep.
Beneath a silvery moon."

The lines do full justice to the subject as it is a somewhat hackneyed one and one which few poets can improve upon. I have enjoyed myself very much indeed in perusing the columns of the National as I have met with many old friends there. when I say "old friends" I mean favorite authors whom I have read before. But good-night authors, Magazines,

and all, tis time to retire. And now
"Around the altar low we bend,
Devout in prayer;
As snows upon the roof descend
So may angels fair
Come down our household to defend
With gentle care."

60

Tuesday March 11th

This is a beautiful morning. The sun shines brightly and the air is soft and balmy, reminding one of an April day.

I did not make any entry in my journal yesterday as I had nothing of importance to write. We had quite a budget of news tho. An account of a naval engagement at Hampton Road, between the rebel iron clad steamer "Merrimac", the wooden steamers "Jamestown" and "Yorktown", and the Union vessels whose names follow: the frigates "Cumberland" and "Congress", the steam-ship "Minnesota", the Ericson floating iron-clad battery "Monitor", and the gun-boat "Mystic". The account is somewhat meager. It appears the rebel boat "Merrimac" and the other two vessels came down from Norfolk with the intention of trying to run the blockade, but found their way was closed by the old sailing vessel "Cumberland". The "Merrimac" ran into her, cutting her side open with her sharp prow. she then hauled off pound a broadside into the ill-fated vessel and ran into her again, literally laying her open. she immediately sank. The
61 "Merrimac" then attacked, and captured the "Congress" that was anchored a short distance off. she was totally unprepared for any resistance, as her crew had been discharged a few days before, and consequently fell an easy prey as she had only a few men on board. but the other Union vessels heard the firing and came to the assistance of the Cumberland and Congress. the iron-clad vessel the "Monitor" attacked the "Merrimac" and they fought side by side for six hours, when the Merrimac withdrew in a sinking condition. This is yesterday's account. we have good news from the "Lower Potomac". the rebels have had to abandon their batteries on "Cockpit Point", while on the right of the division of the "Army of the Potomac" we have the capture of "Leesburg". and as the Ledger says, "The Great Delusion is passing away," and the ultimate crushing of this Hydra-headed monster Rebellion is only a question of time. Yesterday was a disagreeable day. A fine drizzling rain falling constantly, but at night it cleared up.

To-day the news is important. as Richard says, "Victory has once more
62 perched upon our banners." Our forces are in possession of "Centreville", Manasses Junction and "Winchester" in Virginia also "Shipping Point". The rebels having evacuated them all. Then our forces have gained a signal victory in the West. Gen. Curtis having attacked the rebels under the notorious Ben. McCullough at "Pea Ridge" and totally defeated them killing McCullough. We have also news of the capture of "Brunswick" in Georgia, and Fernandina in Florida, as well as the capture of Wilton, N.C. by the troops under "Burnside". truly we can say
"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer."

What a glorious sunset scene we had this evening. a soft red streak lay

on the horizon, a stratum of gold above, and above that a flush of green light dying in the darkening blue of night.

Green is not often seen in the sky, neither at twilight, nor any other time. I do not remember seeing it but once before, and that was one evening in Jan. as Joseph Aldridge and myself were going to Camp Entri-
63 from the forts. This was in "Maryland"; probably not one person in a hundred ever saw clouds of that color in the sky. Coleridge is the only poet that speaks of it and is the first, to my knowledge. he mentions it in his ode entitled "Dejection".

"All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing at the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green."

There may be other poets who have mentioned it but I have never seen any allusion. tho' I do not mean to say that Coleridge stands alone in that respect by any means.

We have fine moonlight at night now. while I sit here writing, her pale beams glance in through the half-opened blinds on me as I turn my face to the window. I wrote to Lillie yesterday, and I told her that owing to my recent calamity I withdraw my proposition. but she will never know the effort it cost me to give her up! the long, long hours of mental anguish it caused me. but it is done! God knows I done it for the best, as I thought it would spare us both pain hereafter.

64

Thursday, March 13th

The day had been a pleasant one, notwithstanding Sol's refusal to gladden the earth with his presence.

I have just returned from a trip to New York, in company with Thomas. We had quite a walk, as we walked from the house to the ferry, a distance of two miles. and then we walked up Broadway as far as Prince St. just to see the sights. I always enjoy a walk on Broadway. there is so much to attract the eye and please the taste.

65

Here we are, just in front of an auction sales-room, where they are selling a collection of paintings consisting of a great many daubs, with a few really good paintings intermingled to attract attention. the first paintings that attract your eye are a series representing the voyage of life after "Cole". the paintings look very well, a little too highly colored, perhaps, but still they look very well. here is another dignified on the catalogue with the title of "The Snow-storm" and it is truly a gem. A long stretch of meadow, with the waves of old ocean dashing on the rocks on the extreme right of the picture. the snow is
65 falling in great flakes, and large masses of heavy black clouds are drifting along in the sky; while in the foreground in the centre is seen a horse attached to a sleigh, struggling thro' the heavy drifts that impede his way; while on the extreme left in the foreground are a small herd of goats, trying to shelter themselves from the pitiless fury of the driving storm, beneath a rude shed of poles, rails, and straw; while far in the distance on the rising background, you can just see a large comfortable house, almost buried in the snow. There were a great many very fine landscapes in the collection, I must say, but the "Snow-storm" pleased me most as being the most true to nature of any of them. After

looking at all the pictures that pleased my fancy, I passed out and sauntered slowly up the crowded thoroughfare. But it is almost impossible for me to pass along the rich show windows of the stores without pausing to admire the rich and beautiful articles of every description that are exhibited. and I find myself gazing thro' the glass
66 at some fine lithographs displayed. among them the "Destruction of Pompeii", a French piece. "Napoleon's first view of the valleys from the Summit of the Alps", also a French piece. "The Wreck", a truly terrible scene. and a splendid view of "Niagara Falls by Moonlight", besides a great many others, any of which I would like to call mine.

I love pictures. next to books there is nothing I derive more pleasure from than in looking over a fine collection of pictures of any description, that are well executed. As we crossed the river on our return home, the river and bay presented a truly splendid appearance. the wind had died away and the water was as smooth as a mirror, and the tall masts of the vessels were reflected in the depths, as if by magic. the river was filled with craft of all descriptions, from the Clipper-Ship with her lofty spars and her thousand ropes, down to the little tug-propeller, all gliding along with the silent tide for there was no wind. And as Byron beautifully remarks,

"They walked the waters, like a thing of life."

67 Poets and travellers may sing and write of the beauty of the Rhine, of the romantic scenery through Europe and the glowing East, of those famous ruins so much sung and written of. But I know of no finer scene than New York and its surrounding hills and valleys, the grand towers of "the city of Churches" looming up in the clear sunlight, its splendid harbor dotted over with shipping of all kinds, while far in the distance the mountains stand, in the dim blue ether. Take your stand, skeptic, on the "Palisades", the heights just behind Hoboken, on a calm clear day in May. just cast your eye over the country as far as you can see. See there, just opposite, that lovely stretch of meadow and woodland, hill and dale, dotted here and there with magnificent villas is Manhatten. Do you see that creek winding in and out thro' the trees? That is the "Spuyten-Duyvel" of old Dieterich Knickerbocker. Now turn your gaze farther down. there, do you see that lake, gleaming like molten silver,
68 thro the deep green of the trees that stand like sentinels around its borders? That is the famous "Lake" in the still more famous "Central Park", for we are looking on that "great institution" now. Here to the left is the "Observatory", a larger tower built on a high bluff which overlooks the "Reservoir". There to the right of the "Lake" is the "Terrace", but we are too distant to see all the beauties of the Park. so in this instance the remark, "Distance lends enchantment to the view." is wrong, for the Park requires close inspection to bring forth its hidden beauties. Well let your eye traverse the great wilderness of marble, brick, stone, iron, glass, and wood. y-clept ye grand city "New York". let your glance extend to Williamsburg, "Brooklyn" and Greenpoint, let it take in the heights of Brooklyn, of Revolutionary memory. let it sweep round till you take in "Castle Garden", Governor's Island, the Old Fort, the long extent of high land on "Long Island", away down to the Narrows across to "Staten Island" with its forest crowned hills dotted here and there with little villages, looking so small and white in the clear sunlight. there they lie as calm and peaceful as the
69 water which laves the beach at their feet. follow on and your eye lights once more on Jersey. you watch its stretch of ridge and muddy beach,

till you come to "Communipau" where the trees once more come down to kiss the water. and still you keep your eye moving. "Jersey City" comes next, nestling under "Bergen Hill" while crowning its steep is Hudson. that long, white, barn-like building is the "Arsenal", the head-quarters of Gen. Scott (during the war of 1812) while in this vicinity. and after looking at Hoboken, a city of gardens, with its fancy houses almost hidden in the mass of foliage which springs up all thro' the streets, you gaze on the "Elysian Fields", a great place of resort thro' the hot summer months. that fantastic castle of stone, that stands embowered in trees on the summit of that eminence, is the residence of E. Stevens Esq., the inventor and constructor of the famous Stevens Battery. Well, here we are at our starting point. nothing divides us from this scene of beauty but the Hudson's silvery water which winds away among the blue
70 hills as far away as the eye can reach, and stretches out below us to a great broad bay making one of the finest natural harbors in the world, completely land-locked. Did you ever gaze on a scene of greater beauty? Here you can see the movements of the great city while you are far away from the sound of the throbbing of its mighty pulse. far removed from its din and confusion. Vale!

I have just sent a letter to Father and as I am somewhat tired from my day's walking and writing I shall not write much more.

There was nothing transpired yesterday worthy of recording. the day was fine and warm and the night moonlight and pleasant. To night the moon's pale rays are hidden behind the dull, sodden gray of the clouds, and already the great drops begin to fall. We shall have plenty of rain before the morning.

Sunday March 16th

It rained all day yesterday, and most of the night last night, and the wind blew a perfect hurricane. but the violence of the storm abated
71 somewhat about 3 A.M. when it began to freeze and this morning everything as far as the eye can reach is glittering with pearls and diamonds. every little twig and branch, every shrub and tree, from the regular cone shaped evergreens to the majestic elms and the weeping willows, hang in graceful curves, bending and creaking beneath the weight of their splendid drapery. How I wish that it would remain all day, that my eyes for once might be "satisfied with seeing"!

But like the rainbow, it has vanished while I was admiring it. and instead of sparkling diamonds there is nothing left of all the once beautiful scene but the bare and leafless trees to remind me that I am still on terra firma. The sun, that just a few moments since gladdened us and lit up the scene with almost unearthly splendor with his cheering rays, has hidden behind yon dull leaden cloud, and the scene of brightness is changed to gloom.

On Friday afternoon I was gladdened by the arrival of a letter from
72 Adams but not from my Lillie, and I was rather disappointed. still I have heard from her through the kindness of the fair friend who wrote to me. Dear Lillie! may the Great Master of life aid and comfort her in this the hour of trial. I learn from friend Ada that she (Lillie) has recently lost a loved sister. "But she is not lost, but gone before."

"Then sweetly, gently sleep
Until the last great day,
When all 'neath the wave
And who lie in the grave
The summons must obey."

This accounts for Lillie's silence. I fear I have done her great injustice in my thoughts. have called her cold and indifferent when she was smoothing the pillow of her dying sister. May God forgive me for the sinfulness. I am afraid that I have grown somewhat exacting of late and I must plan a check on myself.

73 I answered friend Fisher's letter yesterday. I wrote him a good long letter, too, and sent him a plan of the fortifications on which I was working during my stay on the Potomac.

I have been engaged the greater portion of the last two days as well as to-day in reading the "Antiquities of the Jews" as related by the ancient historian, "Flavius Josephus", and have been very much interested in its perusal. I think it gives more particulars concerning the doings of the Jews, in some respects, than the bible. But what struck me as rather strange was the difference between the names of persons and places as written in the "Bible" and as written by Josephus. truly were they "God's chosen People", and we cannot help admiring the Lord's goodness as displayed to that wicked and rebellious nation. also his wisdom and power as shown in his protecting care extended over them in the midst of danger. And He is just as good to-day as he was then. His protection is extended toward and over us as well as that "peculiar people". Only we, in our hardness of heart, do not appreciate the manifold blessings that he is constantly bestowing upon us.

74

Wednesday March 19th

The day has been very fine. the air was rather keen and frosty in the early morning but long before noon the frosty feeling was entirely banished. the weather has been fine both on Monday and yesterday. By the by, I saw a fine sight about 8 o'clock on Monday night, just as the red moon showed her full round face above the horizon. there was a large, black cloud, the edges tinged with gold, that bore a distant resemblance to a huge eagle with out-spreading wings, hovering o'er and actually holding the moon in his beak. there was not another cloud to dim the deep blue of the sky, and the countless myriads of stars twinkled and glittered and shone down on the harbor of New York with its hundreds of vessels all lying so still on its peaceful waters. the scene was truly beautiful. But the eagle! some might say it was all a dream. well perhaps it was. I have been greatly given to dreaming and paying frequent visits to "Fancy's Isle" when I see beautiful scenes of fairy like splendor. in the words of the gifted "Amelia Watson",

75

"I've a beautiful home in dreamland
A radiant sunny home
Where storm clouds never gather and tempests never come.
Fanned by the breath of summer
Shaded by lofty trees
Cheered by the brook's low murmur, and the work-song of the bees
There is music like that of Heaven
Falling ever upon the air.

And flowers that never wither, bend in silent beauty then."
"There are birds of rainbow plumage, of sweetly wilding song
Glancing gayly in the sunshine as the summer rays glide on,
There are fountains of crystal water swelling brightly evermore
And an angel in spotted raiment, sitteth beside the door,
And when my feet are weary of Reality's rough way
When my heart would bow and listen to what its voices say
I enter the rose-wreathed portal of that fairy Dreamland Home
And list to the earnest voices that are ever whispering "Come!"
And I answer to their call, and go to visit it and Oh! what rare
pleasures I enjoy.

"For with God and self communing
I grow stronger, more brave and true,
My heart is more willing to suffer
My hands more willing to do.
And back to the dust of labor I turn with thanksgiving and song,
Rememb'ring now is the seedtime of work for the harvest to come."
76 So you see a visit to dream-land is not without its good effects after
all.

The most of Monday and yesterday I spent in making pencil copies of
engravings, one entitled "The Old Mill", and the other "Plymouth Bay as
seen by the Pilgrims". I did not get along very fast but I think they
are not bad specimens from the hand of a beginner.

To-day I have been trying my hand at gardening, though it can hardly be
called by that name either. still it appertains to it. I trimmed and
fastened the large climbing rose "that blossoms o'er the door", and fixed
the gate, and straitened the fence a-n-d let me see, that's all except
making away with an extraordinary amount of dinner. but that does not
belong to the gardener's trade, I believe. well that is about all except
reading the news of Burnside's victory at Newbern, N.C. and a walk as
far as Doc's, and a pleasant chat with is wife, and a pleasant time with
his and her baby, and that is Omega.

The walk home was very dark; the moon is lagging and on the wane.

77

Sunday March 23rd

It is three days since I made an entry in my journal, and yet the time
has passed away so rapidly that it seems but yesterday. Well I shall
have to mention them in to-day's record. Thursday and Friday were fine
days, but notwithstanding the fine state of the weather. the soi-devant
city is in a very fine state of muddiness, if I may coin a word, and I
have consequently taken my position in-doors. The news of the past few
days has not been very important, if I may except the siege of "Island
No. 10" in the Mississippi, and the details of the great battle at
"Pea-Ridge".

I see by the "Herald" of Friday that Doc's father-in-law, "Wm.
Pennington", has been caught a second time attempting to run the blockade
at New Orleans. He was captured last autumn and his schooner, the "Joseph
H. Foons", and another, the "Ezilda", both of which he owned a share
in, were confiscated and he was imprisoned in "Fort Layfayette". but
thro' the influence of some friends he was released, only to go over the

same routine. He deserved to suffer, this time.

78 Yesterday we were visited by a splendid specimen of an old-fashioned snow storm, or rather an attempt at imitation. but it ceased about noon and forthwith began to undo the work of the morning and succeeded so far as making the streets a regular pool of slush was concerned. The sun shone out beautifully about 2 o'clock and in an hour's time the most of the snow had vanished.

We have been looking anxiously for a letter from Father. it was a week yesterday since we heard from him.

I finished last night a pencil sketch for my Mother of a familiar scene of earlier days, and that is a view of the "Juniata River" and the adjacent scenery in the neighborhood of Huntingdon, Pa. What visions and reminiscences of my early days were recalled by that simple sketch. what excursions taken by the M.E. Sunday School to the dear old "Cottage" with its splendid orchard and the cool spring that bubbles out from under the rock on the hillside. what plays and games were carried on 'neath the shade of the old "Buttonballs" by the river side. How oft has Old
79 "Broad-Top" echoed back the music of our childish voices as we sang "My Country 'tis of Thee" or the good old Sunday School tune, "There is a Happy Land". Oh! the recollection of those happy, happy days of my childhood. What a soothing influence they have. The trials and cares of the present are forgotten in the memories of the "Long Ago". And to go back to those scenes where I spent the happiest years of my somewhat checkered life. I am with a party of my old playmates and we are bound to "Simpsons Bottoms", a long narrow stretch of woodland that lay along "Stone Creek", a romantic little stream that empties into the Juniata just below Huntingdon. Often have those old Sycamore, Elm, Maple, and Black Walnut trees been witness to our boyish sports, and the gray and moss grown rocks of the Hill (and who has not heard of the hill) echoed to our joyous laughter as we bathed in the clear stream in summer. or later in the season when the trees had donned their gorgeous robes of red, yellow and gold, we gathered rich stores of nuts. or mayhap we
80 collected a variety of the many tinted leaves for to decorate our pet books. there was the scarlet maple leaf, the pale yellow leaf of the butternut, the mingled crimson and gold of the "Brave Old Oak" intermingled mayhap with a few leaves of the bright green "deer tongued laurel"; and some of the moss that lived on the trunks of our old friends, the trees. and then we must crown the "bouquet" with a bunch of bright red "Sumac" berries with a few leaves which are almost white and our "omnium gatherum" is complete.

It was here, too, in these waters that I so nearly lost my life, when but a small boy. these old trees witnessed my struggles with the watery element to whose superior strength I was forced to succumb. but A Merciful God spared me, and here I am thro' His mercy sixteen years afterward, chronicling it, as one of the remarkable preservations I have had. To describe my feelings after I had ceased struggling with the current, is almost impossible, but while in the humor I will try: After the first horrible sensation of suffocation, as the water rushed in my mouth, ears, and nostrils, it was heavenly. Earth receded from my view,
81 in the words of "Elizabeth Lloyd".

"I seemed to stand

Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been"

"In a purer clime"

"Waves of thought

Rolled in upon my spirit. Strains sublime

Burst over me unsought."

"Shapes of resplendent beauty round me thronged,

And from Angel lips I seemed to hear the flow

Of soft and holy song."

And to come back to dull prose, I saw scenes of such ravishing beauty, and strains of music so rapturous that my pen refuses to describe them. I could see my brother thro' the clear water (the stream was not deep) at times, running up and down the bank wringing his hands in despair at the sight of his brother drowning before his eyes, and he unable to help him. for he was two years younger than me, and I was but turned of six the March before. and the strangest part of all is I had no desire whatever to come out of the water. but fortunately or unfortunately (I could never decide which) the creek curved sharply to the East, and I was washed ashore by the swift current, and my clothes caught in the root of
82 a huge Elm that grew so close to the stream that the current had washed the soil from its roots, and my little brother spied me and ran to my assistance. but how long I had been in the water I could not say, but to me it seemed an age of bliss from which I was too soon recalled.

I have often thought since in hours of despondency that perhaps it would have been better had it pleased Providence to remove me then when I was comparatively free from sin. but He doeth all things well.

Of the dear old homestead that stood on the bank of the canal, with its splendid packet drawn by four dashing steeds, the large section boats, decorated with all the colors of the rainbow. the Iron horse had not penetrated as yet into our place. the old fashioned lumbering stage coach that always stopped in front of our door (the stable was just opposite). I have not space to write, but the old house, I must mention, with its old fashioned windows so high you could scarcely see out of them standing on a chair, the cellar where Mother used to bleach her
83 bonnets, the garret where were stored all the odds and ends, the barrels filled with old papers and other objects of interest, and the shed where Father kept his lumber. that is the spot; shall I ever forget it? I guess not as I carry a memento of the frolics held under its roof to-day in the shape of a scar on the back of my head caused by falling on the corner of one of the pieces of lumber afore mentioned. You see Maggie Tyhurst, who was our nurse, had erected a swing for us, and was swinging her little sister "Abbie" and myself when the rope broke, and down we came. Abbie was not hurt, but I was not so fortunate. Poor little girl! She fell from a swing not long afterward and killed herself. I mourned for her long; she was my little sweetheart, the companion of my younger days. How proud I was when my Mother allowed me to go home with her one fine moonlight evening. I think I grew about three inches that night. Oh! the memories. there was "Ellen Fairman" too, another of my lost loves. for I hold it better

"To have loved and lost

Then ne'er have loved at all."

I wonder where she is. perhaps married and the mother of an interesting family of four or five children. perhaps dead! How I should like to
84 see her once more. It is years since last we met, we may again.

stranger things have happened.

What happiness it would be to see all my old schoolmates who used to go to the Brick School House that stood on the hill back of the Methodist Church. I can see them all now, even to our revered Teacher, Mr. Massey, who died while we lived there. we all loved him; he was so kind. Then there was Wesley Black, who stood next to him in our estimation, who left teaching us to enter a nobler field of action, that was teaching the way to Heaven. then comes Mr. Miller of the Primary School, the idol of his scholars. there he sits, his spectacles pushed up on his broad and high forehead, his long curling fair hair dripping on his shoulders, his eyes beaming with kindness, and a smile just creeping over his benevolent features at some prank of the little ones. God bless him! wherever he is. And last comes Mr. Hall, who ruled with a rod of iron. As Goldsmith says,

"Full well the busy whispers circling round

Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned."

85 He was a man feared by all and loved by none. But I must banish these old memories else my book, instead of the thoughts and actions of the present, will be filled with visions of the past conjured up by "Memory". Ah! Memory! Memory! you play sad pranks with our hearts at times. How dead must be that heart that does not revive at the thought of old times. but memory jogs us at intervals in different ways. now it is an old tune long forgotten, again by the glimpses of a face that reminds you of some one you knew long ago. But suddenly all those old scenes were left behind. it was the old story, debtors failed to pay up and Father could not pay his creditors. consequently the inexorable law pounced upon his property, the fruit of years of toil, and we were homeless. since then we have been ramblers, now here, now there; we left Huntingdon. For who could bear to live there and see the place you had worked so hard to build, and render comfortable and adorn by every way that was in your power, appropriated by another. Human nature is weak and it was too much. Farewell, old place and old friends. we may never meet again on earth, but I trust we'll meet in heaven!

86

Thursday March 27th

I am growing rather neglectful of my diary of late, but one grows tired of writing the same stupid accounts of the weather day after day. It is only the old story, Monday fine, a repetition of Sunday. Tuesday ditto and Wednesday the same. but we ought to be glad of such fine weather. Monday Doc and I took a walk to Jersey City to see the sights. While we were in the city we met A. B. Seymour, the whilom contractor of Bergen Tunnel, with whom both us were intimately acquainted. we had quite a sociable chat with him. he remarked that he should need me in a few days, but for what purpose I could not find out. There is something in the wind; he is a pretty shrewd and far seeing man.

We read the news of the capture of "Beaufort, S.C." by Burnside, also the destruction of "Fort Macon", and the burning of the rebel "Steamer Nashville" by the rebels at or near Beaufort; after which we returned.

Mother received a letter from Father to-day; he is still working out there, is well, and that was about all he had to say.

87 Tuesday afternoon I received a letter from my own Lillie, in answer to my letter of March 11th in which I told her of my sickness and my intention to release her from the engagement if she wished. but she, dear girl! refused and said unless I desired to withdraw, she did not. I feel that I am far from being as perfect as she is, and can see clearer every day what a priceless treasure I have won. God grant that she may be as well pleased with me. I would not part with her for untold wealth. To me she is beyond all price. Every time I gaze upon her image I see there some new charm. every letter I receive bears upon it the stamp of her royal mind, as Shakespeare makes one of his heroes say in "The Winter's Tale",

"What e'er she does, Still betters what is done.

When she speaks I'd have her do it ever.

When she sings I'd have her buy and sell so, so give almo'

Pray so, and for the ordering of her affairs

To sing them too. And whate'er she does I wish

Nothing but that more still, still so, and own

No other function. Each her doing.

So singular in each particular

Crowned what she is doing in the present deeds

So that all her acts are queens."

88 If any one should hear me talk about her in this manner, they would no doubt say that I was extravagant in my praises of her. but I am not. I have studied her well and I am sure that a person gifted with as much affection for their parents as she is could not be otherwise than good. And the love of such a one would be invaluable! priceless! besides Natural Affection is allied to Love. her last letter to me is a proof of it, and I am so happy in being the possessor of this jewel that I would not exchange with the highest dignitary in the land. The poet says, truly,

"She that hath a heart of that fine frame

To pay this debt of love unto a sister

How will she love, when the rich golden shaft

Hath killed the flock of all affections else

That live in her! When liver, brain, and heart,

These sovereign thrones are all supplied, and

Her sweet perfections with one self king."

Dear Lillie! I could not describe the incalculable benefit I have derived from her influence which has ever been exercised over me for good.

"So wears she to me

So sways she level in my heart."

For man's fancies are naturally

"More giddy and unfirm

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn

Than women's are"

89 I answered her interesting letter yesterday (Wednesday). I spent most of the day reading from the poets, and writing. What would a person do if they were deprived of books? I should be lost. To have good books, and to be able to read them well, is a great privilege. They make us both wiser and better; they instruct us in our duty and teach us how to conduct ourselves, no matter what our station in life. They comfort us in our distresses and afflictions. They pass away our leisure hours pleasantly and usefully; and the amusement they afford is cheaper than almost any other. They are true friends, excellent counsellors, and agreeable companions; they never intrude themselves upon you when you do

not desire their company, and for these reasons, they are invaluable. So much for books. Now for Authors. I was reading some extracts from the poets, and I chanced upon a fragment entitled, "The results of Ambition", by Johnson, and I think the power of words could not be more fully illustrated than in the closing lines of the poem. it describes the great height to which the hero attained, and to what he aspired, and then sums up his career in the following lines,

"His fall was destined to a foreign strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand.
He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale!"

- 90 I have never read a more concise description of the results of ambition than those lines. they contain a world of meaning. again, as an instance of the power of a few words to express a great deal, there is "True Patriotism" by Sir Wm. Jones. He asks first,

"What constitutes a state?"

Then he goes on, mentions a great many things that might be supposed to constitute it, but do not; and then he says,

"No, men, high-minded men, x x x x x
Men who know their duties,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain
Prevent the long aimed blow
And crush the tyrant while they rent their chain,
These constitute a State."

An example exactly the opposite of this terse, concise form is the poem entitled, "Lord Byron", written by Robert Pollock, which is very prolix. Then again we have the opposite example in Fitz-Greene Halleck's "Marco Bozzario", in the closing lines of that splendid poem.

"We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!"

- 91 For Bozzario was a martyr to the cause of Freedom, and truly it is said of him that his "name shall never die". now it lives in song and story.

What woe! What anguish! What despair! is described in that same poem. Halleck writes in an extremely forcible style; indeed you can almost see the incidents as they transpire so powerful are the words. Read these lines if you can, without a feeling of horror creeping over you.

"Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke
And crowded cities wail its stroke.
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song and dance and wine,
And Thou art terrible!; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know or dream or fear
Of Agony are thine."

But for the picture of desolation, none, to my mind, equals those lines of L. Buchanan Read's where he says, of a deserted seaport,

"Softly she was lying
With her lips apart"

Her eyes closed in death, a gentle smile just hovering around her lips,
her long waving hair floating on the waters, all impressed me with an
95 indescribable feeling which one often feels but never can describe. But
the picture, I shall never forget it. that fair, sweet, innocent face
will haunt me while I live. There were several other very fine
engravings and lithographs in the window. There was "Tennyson's", "Maud
Miller", a beautiful girl; Longfellow's Evangeline, who sits

"With wild sad eyes
On the rocks by the surging sea.
And the stately ships go by
To their haven under the hill!"

I always feel sad when I see that sweet, sad face with the wistful eyes
always looking out on the wide, wide watery waste and seeming to murmur
the same sad song.

"Break, break, break
At the foot of the crags. Oh sea!
But the tender grace of a day that's dead
Will never come back to me."

Then there was two pictures, one called "Night and Morning", and the
other "Sunshine and Shadow". both fine specimens of art. There was also
an illustration of one of Shelley's poems: "The Past and Future", a
really beautiful engraving. But among so many fine pictures, one gets
96 bewildered and hardly knows which to choose. I turned from the window
and walked along until I arrived at the "Diamond Palace" of Ball, Black &
Co. There was some rebel curiosities on exhibition: a shell fired at
Ft. Donelson, several muskets, knives, etc. one of the conical balls
fired from the Merrimac in the late naval engagement looked rather nasty.
There was a painting on exhibition in the window entitled, "Done Gone".
the artist is M. Davis, a young man heretofore unknown to fame. I say
not before known but I am mistaken. he is the painter of another sketch
entitled the "Neglected Picture". I was not fortunate enough to see the
latter picture, but I was favored with a glimpse at a copy. It is a
portrait of Jeff Davis in an old broken frame, with the glass cracked, or
rather starred, right over his eye. the broken glass is so skillfully
represented in the painting that you would think it was real. Critics
speak very highly of his skill at delineating. "Done Gone" is rather
more complicated; I do not know whether I can give a plain description of
it. There is a tombstone cracked in two or three places in the center of
picture, with the inscription, "Hie Jacet Secesh". That flaunting rag,
the "Stars and Bars", all tattered and torn, is draped around it at the
97 foot of the stone. on the right is an old fashioned straw hat, such as
the farmers used to wear, of the beehive pattern, with the crown shoved
in and a folded paper sticking thro' the hole and the inscription written
on it, "Act of Secession". beside the old hat is an old pair of boots,
sadly the worse for wear. And an old grey coat that had no doubt seen
better days kept them company. there was a bayonet stuck in the ground
and the remnants of a candle, from which the flame had just died out, was
still smoking in the socket of the bayonet, the grease dropping down on
some cards: the ace of spades and the king of something else. the
latter card had the word, "Cotton", penciled on the margin. A broken
bowie knife, spotted with rust, a torn pamphlet with the title of the
"Pretty Milkmaid", and a letter from a girl to her lover, with the post
script exposed, completed sketch. and the person that owned these had

evidently, as the picture indicated, "Done Gone". The postscript of the letter was in this wise, "P.S. Dear Aleck, You must kill and scalp a yankee for your affectionate, Delilah"

- 98 Farther down the street in one of the windows was a sword taken from the body of O. Jennings Wide, at the taking of Roanoke Island. I strolled along watching the various physiognomys as they passed, expressing my private opinion on those whom I scrutinized, as I love to do, until I arrived at another store where my favorites, the pictures, was exhibited. There I saw a "Scene on the Delaware" that reminded me of other days when I, a careless, happy boy, had played on the very spot represented in the picture. What a flood of feeling came over me. I peopled the canvas with my old playmates and those I loved. I could see the old house we lived in in fancy. I was again on the back of my pony, "Nancy", skirting along the silvery waters and by those forest crowned hills. but too soon! Stern reality was in the ascendant, and I found myself standing in front of the window surrounded by a crowd of gazers. but few of them, I warrant, gazed on it with the same emotions of pleasure that I did. A very little thing suffices to call up all our past life. sometimes it is a picture, as in the present instance, again it is a simple song, then an
- 99 expression some loved one in the "Long Ago" used. and who has not felt the power of music as expressed in an old song. Perhaps it is "Home Sweet Home" and you are far away. then it is a simple song your old nurse used to sing for you? foolish to others, but inexpressibly dear to you on account of its associations. Dear indeed must be that man's feelings, who has never given way to his emotions at some period when Memory exercises her hallowing influence. There was another picture in the window that I thought would be dear to many at this time. I mean, "The Soldier's Dream of Home". A Soldier, exhausted with the day's march, or mayhap conflict, lies wrapped in profound slumber by the side of a fire, no covering over him but the sky, no couch but the ground, no pillow but his knapsack, and far above him in the clouds is a

"Tender vision of beauteous souls

He sees them walking in an air of glory"

And in the words of the poet,

- "To the house of my fathers that welcom'd me back
I flew, to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
100 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft
And well knew the strain that the corn reapers sung
When pledg'd we the wine cup and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part.
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er
And my wife sobbed aloud in the fulness of heart."

Many, many soldiers have "dreamed of home" for the last time, for they sleep that dreamer's sleep that knows no waking.

"The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
The shallow twittering from the straw built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

My thoughts took a mournful cast as I gazed on the picture, and the lines

that I have written here would rush unbidden on my mind, and do what I would I could not drive them off. and I continued to dwell on that subject until I was awakened from my reverie by the passage of a funeral. There was three hearses, each drawn by four horses and guarded by a company of soldiers; the procession was headed by a band of music. I
101 asked a bystander whose bodies were being borne to their final resting place, and was informed they were the bodies of "Col. John S. Slocum, Major Sullivan Ballow, and Captain Levi Tower", all of the Second Regiment R.I.V., who were killed at the battle of Bull Run, July 21st, 1861. They were buried by the rebels after the battle with their faces downward, as a mark of indignity, and their friends have been unable to recover them until the rebels evacuated the place.

Everything I saw to-day filled me with sadness. I waited till the cortege passed and then continued my walk down to Wall St.. and I went from there down Wall to Water, and down Water St. to Coenties Slip to see an old friend (W. A. Bow). I had quite a chat with him; he is doing well. we walked around a while and had a good time till the bells on Trinity Church striking four o'clock warned me to turn my wand'ring footsteps homeward. I bade him a reluctant Adieu, with a promise to see him again soon, and started for home. The wind has been increasing in violence since I crossed in the morning, and when I arrived at the Ferry it blew a perfect hurricane. the boat rocked considerable with the
102 swell, and it was a splendid sight to see the waves dash over the bows of the vessels as they ploughed thro' the angry waters. the waves ran pretty high for such a distance from the sea and the white capped swells, rising and falling, flashed in the sunlight like molten silver. I reached home about five o'clock P.M., pretty tired bodily but satisfied that I had enjoyed myself. and now I have just returned from Doc's, after spending a pleasant evening. was introduced to two young ladies, Misses Cornelia and Phoebe Dunn, who are both rather deficient in that commodity known among people as "Common Sense". and now I think I'll quit scribbling for the quote Shakespeare,

"The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve."

So good-night all. How I wish Lillie could have been with me. She would have enjoyed it so much. never mind, I'll tell her all about it and that will make up somewhat. Hi - ho - hum - I'm sleepy. Good Night Lillie.

103 Sunday March 30th

The day has been pleasant in more than one way. the sun has shed his warming, cheering beams with a generosity unusual to him of late. and the little winged messengers of Spring, the birds, have all day long made sweet music in the trees. All nature seems welcoming the approach of Spring and I am infected with the feeling also. I feel happy. I cannot say why, but still I have the feeling and I am content to have it without going into a deep research to find the vital cause.

I have just returned from Church. I think it is the second time I have visited a place of worship this year, but sickness is my excuse. Rev. J. O. Winner, the preacher in charge, preached his farewell sermon to the people of this place this evening. I sat and listened to his sermon attentively, and though he is not, nor was he ever, a favorite of mine, I will do him the justice to say he preached an excellent sermon. His text was taken from "The first Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, 16th

Chapter, 13th verse", "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like
104 men, be strong." He said he did not believe in preaching farewell
sermons, as it only made the parting seem the harder, and that he would
preach just as he would were it the middle of his term. His discourse
was more in the form of an exhortation, as the text itself indicates.
The reverend gentleman proceeded to lay down the course the church must
pursue to come up to the required standard. He also made several pointed
remarks about the delinquency of the members, their faults and
shortcomings, and of his own failings, and closed with an affecting
appeal to all in his hearing who were not members of the Methodist or
any other church. And his farewell was a simple "Farewell all, dear,
dear friends. I shall never forget you nor your kindly bearing, both the
members of the church and outsiders. I hope to meet you all again, if
not on this earth, in Heaven, where we shall never part again. Until
that time comes, 'Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men,
be strong.' Farewell all." and he closed with the Benediction which he
pronounced with a solemnity and impressiveness I never before heard. And
105 his simple farewell contained more real sorrow at parting than all the
finely worded valedictories that were ever delivered. at least I thought
so, and I must say I gave way to my feelings although as a preacher I
never admired him. still his last sermon created a diversion in his
favor from me and I felt that with all his failings we had lost a good
minister and a sincere devoted Christian. Friend Doc was induced to
go with me. he was no admirer of the preacher, either, but he came home
with the same impressions as myself. Was it owing to his talent as a
minister? or to the influence of the Holy Spirit in our sinful hearts?
was a question which I have been trying to answer as I walked homeward,
and I am as yet unable to answer it. sometimes I thought it was his
talent, then again the influence of the Holy Spirit, and again it was
both. I wish I could answer it satisfactorily and I pray that I may be
able before long. Well I'll to bed and think over it, as it is late.
Mother & Sister have just returned from Jersey City. They have been to
the York St. M.E. Church to hear Mr. Corbett's Farewell Sermon. they say
that the church was crowded to overflowing.

106 Yesterday (Saturday) I answered Father's letter received the day before.
He wanted to know whether I would come to Washington if he could get me a
situation. I told him I would as I could find nothing in this vicinity.
But I do not want to go if I can avoid it as it would separate me so far
from Lillie. I promised to go and see her about the first of the month
but sickness prevented me. now I have not the means to go without robbing
the family of necessities which, much as we should like to see each
other, neither Lillie nor myself approve of. and I hoped if I could get
work at or near home that I could go this summer. Dear Lillie. She is
never absent from my thoughts. I never gaze on a splendid scene of
nature's adorning but what I long for her presence to enjoy it with me.
not a pleasure I enjoy, but that the happiness would be doubled were she
by my side to share it. But it cannot be, so

"Be still fond heart, hush all thy wild, wild beating,
Rest, calmly rest,
Bow meekly, head, through all time's moments fleeting
To Fate's behest!"

This morning Doc and I took a trip to "Ye Great Citie". He called for me while I was at breakfast, so I hurried through with my exercise on the jaw-bone and put on my garments, and we drove off with that old well known hack y-clept "Shanks Mare", which though not a very fast animal is generally sure. and the old Proverb is "Fair and easy goes far in a day". and it is pretty correct, for it is not always those who start in the race at the smartest rate that win the goal. and so it is in the race through life, for it is a race. The Bible tells us that "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Ah no!

108 "Honor and Fame from no condition ride". and no matter how slow, how plodding the runner may be, if he starts in a proper spirit and bears the right end in view, and perseveres in his course, turning neither to the right nor to the left, nor heeding the scoffs and jeers of those who may for a short time triumph over him, if he runs on heedless of all these trials and heedless of the thousand dazzling temptations that the Arch enemy of Souls holds out on every hand, with God's blessing and favor he will win no matter how slow he may appear. But this does not appertain to our morning's trip, neither is there much of note concerning our trip to relate. we saw a French war steamer from "Vera Cruz", lying at anchor in the river. also the U.S. Steamer Cosmopolitan, both fine vessels. We came home by way of Hoboken, and I was surprised to see the alterations in that city since I last visited it. They are building a large depot close to the ferry for the Morris & Essex R.R. Co. we walked across to the Erie R.R. and passing Durbin's Rolling Mill I saw Frank McNichols, and old chum of mine. he runs the engine in the establishment. we talked with him for a few minutes but we were pretty well loaded. we had to move on. This morning I called to see a Mr. Reeves, foreman of a large boiler manufactory in N.Y., to see if he could give me a situation. he promised to do the best he could, and let me know in a few days.

The day has been pleasant, notwithstanding the stormy look of the clouds which all day long threatened us but did not perform, and now it has all cleared off.

109

Tuesday April 1st

"All Fools Day", as some folks see fit to call it, came in very pleasant and warm. To-day April is all smiles, and mayhap to-morrow she will delight us with tears. But she has come and I am glad.

"They say thou wert a loiterer, lovely child,
In days of 'Eld' thou art no lingerer now,
For soft I feel thy flow'r breath on my brow.
They say when nature called her children round
To portion them, thou wert astraying wild
Thro' wood and vale, by streamlet willow crowned"
And in truth they told no falsehood. and now I can sing with the poet,
"Sweet spring has come and once again,
O'er hill and plain
She lays her soft green carpet down
Where late the white and chilly snow
So loth to go
Leaked off and left the earth so brown."
But such days make one feel slothful and lazy. Doc and I made another trip to New York, and that is about all I have done. We had another

letter from Father last night; he was well. I expected one from dear L. but was disappointed.

110

Wednesday April 2nd

Yesterday proved to be what weather-wise persons style "a weather breeder". The bright blue sky and banks of fleecy clouds that lined the horizon have fled, and to-day we have in their place great masses of dull leaden gray and black clouds that scud swiftly along before the gale, which is blowing fiercely as if to remind us that blustering, stormy "March" was still lingering round. Doc and I, to kill time, started off with a "scap-net" and a tin pail, to catch some fish, lizards, etc. to stock an "Aquarium". we walked up the Erie R.R. west of Hudson, about four miles to a fresh water pond. and after an hour's hard work jumping over pools of water and across the stumps and branches, we found the pond. but it was another hour before we got anything alive in the net, and we were about to give up in despair. In a fit of desperation, I dragged the net through a mass of dank grass and weeds at one end of the pond, and when I hauled up I had---one "stickle back", one toad, two pollywogs, and any quantity of small bugs. Scap no. 2 by Doc was a
111 little better. caught two fine trout and three or four killies. S. no. 3 I tried my hand. Caught 3 trout, one turtle, one frog, one killie, and a pair of -- wet feet. gave up the experiment in favor of Doc. he tried again. caught 3 or 4 killies, and then we thought we had enough sport, and that it was time to move homeward. Started, the wind blowing "great guns" and right square in our faces. we found that we should have to pay for our sport, and dearly. reached Doc's about 5½ P.M., pretty well tired out.

No letter from dear L. yet. I wonder what she is doing now, and what she is thinking of. Perhaps of me and yet it is presumptuous in me to think that I am in her thoughts at all times. but I judge of her thoughts by my own, and whenever I do get thinking 'tis always of her. Good-night darling.

"Good Night! it is the heart's farewell,
It hath a music soft and deep,
A silver chord fond memories spell
Which haunts us even in our sleep."

112

Thursday April 3rd

Another smiling day. A dim, blue haze floats o'er the distant hills, and those cloud palaces one loves to see float dreamily along in the bright blue ether, and the little birds warble their joyous songs as they flit from bough to bough of the still brown and naked trees.

Met A.B. Seymour Esq. he was coming in the chance to see me when I met him at the gate. he informed me that J.P. Cummings wanted me to go to work for him. he did not say where. So I must go and see Cummings and find out what he wants.

It is a beautiful night. the new moon as yet is but like a crescent and does not give much light, but

"Calmly overhead
The stars like saints in glory meet,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds."
We do not have much news now from the seat of war. the "Anaconda" has not yet tightened his coils around J.D. & Co.

There must be something wrong in A. or else L. would have written to me; in this I am getting uneasy. I must write to her. would that I could see her to-night.

113

Friday April 4th

Went to Jersey City this morning; met A.B. Seymour. he directed me where to find Mr. Cummings in N.Y.

This afternoon went to N.Y. to see Mr. C. but was unable to find him. I left my address with R. Slimmson & Co., 58 Reade St., and I expect to hear from him in that way.

The day has been very pleasant, but it looks like rain to-night. No letter from dear L.

Saturday April 5th

The rain is falling very fast and the wind howls drearily around the corner of the house and through the branches of the willows in the Court house yard just opposite, and the naked branches sway mournfully to the weird music of the elements.

I received a letter from Father to-day and enclosed in it two cards from my old friend, F. Law Esq.; they were well.

This evening I received anote from Mr. C., requesting me to meet him at High Bridge N.Y. on Monday or Tuesday. 10 P.M. The storm has died away and the silvery moon and stars shine brightly in the heavens.

114

Sunday April 6th

A beautiful day. Met an old acquaintance whom I have not seen for two years at Doc's: J. H. McCarty, Metropolitan Police, dressed to kill as usual. hair dyed, whiskers a la Dundreary, goatee a la Forest, black suit clergyman style, and a tremendous amount of brass chain and brass in his face, kid gloved, perfumed, ad libitum et cetera. I think Jack is a greater fool than ever, but "Ex nihilo, nihil fit" to quote Latin.

This evening I attended the M.E. Church. There was a strange preacher in the pulpit whose name I was unable to learn. he delivered an excellent discourse from the 5th Chapter of Matthew and the 16th verse. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." He enlarged considerably on the various kinds of light which the Lord had given His creature, man, and then proceeded to say that a great many professed Christians were in the habit of hiding the light of God's love, which He had given them, from their
115 fellow men who were as yet walking in darkness. He then exhorted them to let their light shine, and wound up by telling the sinners (or those who were in the darkness) that they would not be excusable in the judgment day because they had received no light from Brother A. nor Sister B.

because God had given them the light of His Word "which should be as a lamp unto their feet." His last words were an affecting appeal to all the unconverted in his hearing to "flee from the wrath to come." I was very much pleased with his discourse.

116

December 14th 1864

Was drafted for the U.S.S. Pontoosuc after laying on the Rec'g Ship North Carolina at the Brooklyn Navy Yard from Aug. 29th. The Pontoosuc, under Lt. Com. Temple, is a double ender, having an inclined marine side lever engine, 8 ft. 9 in. stroke, 58 in. cylinder and of 500 horse power; built by the Portland Machine Co., Maine; carrying a battery of 4 9-inch Dahlgrens broadside guns, 2 100-pounder pivots & 6 40-pound brass howitzers. she has a crew of 180 men. Geo. J. Barry, Act'g. Chief Engn.; M. Sunstrom, 1st ass't.; E. Whitaker, 2nd ass't.; Messers Thomas & Brown, 3rd ass'ts. Weighed anchor & sailed from the Brooklyn N.Y. at 3 P.M. dropped anchor off Staten Island for the night.

Thursday Dec. 15th 1865 (*Aic*)

Weighed anchor at 3 P.M. and put to sea. Weather fine, very smooth sea, light wind. was put on as Water Tender of 3rd Division, rated as Coal Heaver.

Friday 16th

In the morning, sea very rough. very strong wind on starboard bow; sea washed the spar deck frequently. calmed down about noon. Evening. beautiful & moonlight; sea almost as smooth as glass excepting the heavy ground swell.

Saturday 17th

Arrived in Hampton Roads, Va., at 1 A.M. after a good run of 34 hours. anchored about a mile above Fortress Monroe. between that & the "Rip Raps", a very strong fortification is in course of construction, at the latter place foundations being under water. Fortress Monroe looked very beautiful as the sun arose and shed his earliest rays on the tree tops
117 and houses built on the Island. I should like to go on shore and visit it very much.

Tuesday Dec. 20th

Spread fires and weighed anchor at 9.30 A.M. started with boat in charge of Pilot, for sea dischg'd Pilot at 11.30 A.M. Stopping engines every half hour to take soundings. Afternoon. Sea getting very rough and wind increasing; ship rolling considerably. Began to feel a little sea sick at supper. felt worse; could not eat; drank my coffee; made a rush for spar deck. coffee exhibited great affinity for salt water by insisting on leaving my main hold where I had just stowed it away. tried to make it stay, but coffee was too much for me and came up main hatchway. felt better. tried to "get on my sea legs"; legs went from

under me, pitched over to starboard, bow foremost; next took a heavy roll to port, managed to get on my sea legs. Made a rush for fire room. felt better. stayed down there all night.

Wednesday 21st

Very strong wind and heavy sea running. Ship rolling so that we could hardly venture to walk. great seas breaking over our bows all the time. Set jib to keep her steady, and her head to the wind. Engine turning slowly so as to hold our own. Went on deck. Sea rolling mountains high. one moment we were up on the crest of a huge wave and the next we were going down! down! till it seemed as if the great waters would close over us. Ship rolling fearfully. At 12 M. a heavy sea carried away the forward part of the port wheel house, burst the bulk heads and came nearly drowning all hands in the fire room. Went on the berth deck to get dinner; a sight of it was enough. felt sick, then sicker, then sickest. at first thought I should die; at the latter end was afraid I
118 shouldn't. dragged myself on deck when a heavy sea struck on our port bow with such force as to shake our staunch craft from truck to keelson, like a tree shaken by the wind. the sea washed the spar deck from stem to stern, carrying away all the loose things. myself among the rest caught hold of an iron brace running up to the hurricane deck and brought up head to the wind. none the worse except a good soaking; on the contrary, felt better and the faint sickness left me. Oh, it was grand to see the foam-capped, seething mad mountains of water come rolling on as if to bury us, and the next instant our good little boat mounted them like a bird. Saw several vessels all laying head to wind, tossing on the giant waves like so many corks. Truly they that go down to the sea in ships do see the wonders of the Lord. Evening. Dared not go on the berth deck to sleep, so laid down on the floor of steam chimney room. the storm still continued, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane & the driving rain falling. Ship rolling so that we expected every minute to see her on her beam ends at every roll, dipping the spar deck full of water. But the little boat still held her own until the gale decreased. This was the tribute demanded by and paid to old "Hatteras".

Thursday Dec. 22nd 1864

The gale still continues though not so heavy, and we are able to make 4 or 5 knots per hour, and by sunset we had hove in sight of the blockading fleet of Wilmington. this then was our destination. we came to anchor in comparatively smooth water at 6 P.M., in among the rest of the fleet.
119 one of our boys couldn't help saying (as he lay on the deck heaving his insides out), when he heard the look out sing out Sail ho!, and on being told it was the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, "Wall, I wouldn't care so damned much if we was to go down cus the other vessels could pick us up." very logical.

Friday Dec. 23rd

Great preparations are being made to get the Pontoosuc in fighting trim. the topmasts have been lowered, all sail taken off; coal bags are placed on the spar deck over the boiler, to protect them from the enemy's shot, and everything portends fight.

Saturday Dec. 24th 64

Got underway at 7.40 A.M. steamed into position in line at 11 A.M. All hands called to quarters when we heard the heavy broadsides of the Ironsides. my place was in the engine room; had charge of the Port donkey engine. Rec'd permission to go on deck. saw a most magnificent sight. all the fleet engaged with the Forts on Federal Pt.; the enemy replying with great spirit and it was a pretty hot hole, shells flying in every direction. every time our battery fired, the vessel fairly reeled with the shock. we kept up fire until 6 P.M. when we received signal to steam out of action. anchored out of range. The Ironsides & Monitors kept up the fire all night.

Sunday Dec. 25th

At 11.55 we went into action again. sent some messengers of peace in the shape of 100 rd. shells from our rifled parrott's. Rec'd a 10 in. shell through our port side, through engine room, smashing things generally
120 very close to the after shell room. shell exploded in the starboard locker, setting fire to the ship stores. Got my engine to work on the fire, in 5 minutes put it out. Shell tore everything to pieces inside, but hurt no one. Vessel hit again disabling our rudder somewhat, but we still kept position. Gen'l. Butler's troops all on shore. continued firing all day. the enemy slackened fire toward night. at 6 P.M. we hauled out of range and anchored for the night. the Ironclads kept up the fire all night. Night beautiful. Moon & stars shining brightly. the vessels with their signal lights & numbers all set reminded me of New York by gaslight from the Palisades, the waves emitting a beautiful phosphorescent light as the little white capped swells broke on the crest or they struck against the ship's side.

Monday Dec. 26th

Passed a strange unnatural Christmas. instead of carrying "Peace & good will to all men" we were hurling the fearful missiles of death in the most awful form, upon brethren of the same blood and race. To-day is but a renewal of yesterday's operations. weather beautiful. can see where 5 blockade runners have met their fate on the barren surf tossed beach of Federal Pt.

Tuesday Dec. 27th

Fleet abandoned the assault on Ft. Fisher & the batteries. Butler's troops have re-embarked on the transports. Pontoosuc cruising for blockade runners.

121

Sunday, January 1st 1865

Cruising off the coast for blockade runners, but without success. fine weather, smooth seas, and light wind.

Jan. 3rd

At 6 P.M. spread fires and started for Beaufort, N.C., running all night.

Jan. 4th 1865

Arrived at Beaufort at 8.30 A.M. a very pretty place with its low range of hills crowned with evergreen pines, and the white houses of the village standing out in bold relief. Busy repairing damages by storm and during the engagement at Fort Fisher.

Thursday Jan. 12th

At 8 A.M. the fleet got under way for Wilmington once more, sailing in 3 lines. The day was beautiful, sea quite smooth, very little wind. it was a splendid sight. 60 vessels of war, exclusive of the transports, all steaming along thro' the bright blue waters. at dark we arrived at the old rendezvous of Dec. 25th and anchored. Well we knew what the morrow had in store for us.

Friday Jan. 13th

All hands to quarters at 7 A.M.. vessel moving ahead slow, steaming along shore to protect troops while landing. at 8 A.M. anchored near landing place of troops, sent off all our boats to assist in landing them. A heavy surf breaking on the beach. had to run hawsers ashore for surf boats to run in and out by. several boat loads were swamped while riding in with the immense rollers, but all hands took things cheerfully. Troops all landed by 3.30 P.M. when the fleet again opened
122 fire on the Fort, batteries, and woods in rear of our troops. But the enemy made no reply. Continued firing from our hurricane deck howitzer on port side all night, shelling the woods. a brilliant sight. Beautiful weather, warm, sunny and bright, very little sea. had the deep thunder of the guns, the shriek of shell, and the dull, unceasing, monotonous roar of the surf, as it beat on the barren waste of sand, to lull me to sleep to-night, while the moon and stars shed their silvery light on many a gallant heart who ne'er should see them shine again. All felt and knew that the morrow would see bloody work.

Song

Thou Art So Near and Yet So Far
(Du bist mir nah' und doch so fern)

I know an eye so softly bright, That glistens like a star of night,
My soul it draws with glances kind Lo heav'ns blue vault and then I find
Another star as pure and clear As that which mildly sparkles here
Beloved eye, beloved star, Thou art so near and yet so far. (Repeat)

That eye so soft as violets blue A treasure bears of morning dew
And when its light entranced I see, What joy, what pain possesses me.
A world where I would gladly dwell Is that bright orb I love so well.
Beloved eye, beloved star, Thou art so near and yet so far. (Repeat)

123 If closed at last that radiant eye should be,
No more the day will dawn for me

If night should dim its laughing light
Oh! then forever ever 'twill be night.
Those eyes that brightly softly shine
For me the sun and moon combine
Beloved eye, beloved star, Thou art so near and yet so far. (Repeat)

Ich kenn' ein Aug dab so mild und glänzend wie ein Sternenbild
Voll Huld auf mich herniedersieht und mich hinauf zum Himmel zieht.
Dort Prangt ein Stern, so hell und rein, wie jenes Auge Sonnenschein
Du liebes Aug du lieber Stern, "Du bist mir nah' und doch so fern." (Repeat)

Dies Aug' ist süß und veilchenblau, drin spiegelt sich der Tränen Tau.
Und wenn ich dieses Auge seh', erfüllt mich Lust, erfüllt mich Weh
Versenken möcht ich mich hinein und jener Augenapfel sein.
Du liebes Aug du lieber Stern, "Du bist mir nah' und doch so fern." (Repeat)

Doch schliebet einmal dieses Auge sich
Dann wird es nie mehr Tag für mich
Wenn jener Stern mir nicht mehr lacht
Dann ist es ewig ewig für mich Nacht
Denn diese beiden Sterne hold
Sind Mondenschein und Sonnengold
Du liebes Aug du lieber Stern,
Du bist mir nah' und doch so fern. (Repeat)

124

125

126

127 All hail the power of Abraham's name!
Let white folks prostrate fall!
Bring forth the colored gentleman
And make him lord of all.
Let white folks no more lift their heads
Nor dare the acts reprove
Of mighty Lincoln - Abraham First -
Who freed the race he loves
Let constitutions and the rights
Of states no more be known
For we have made the Sambo race
Superior to our own.
For this we've fought, for this we've prayed
The nation's life have given
Lord send the white folks all to hell,
The niggers all to heaven.
And God above, when done with earth,
Give to our beloved and chosen band
Of woolly heads - sweet scented crew -
A place at thy right hand.

Ibid

128

It Might Have Been

Oh! weary words - and weary heart that sighs them
Is there no rest within?
Must I forever wait - and say in anguish,

"It might have been?"

Go summer wind, drift o'er the sweet white clover;

Go brown bird, to your drowsy nest;

Float lazy clouds, across the far blue ether

Toward Heavenly Rest.

Creep on Oh! laggard time - I hate the moments;

My every heart-beat is an age of woe;

I'm faint with all the perfume and the beauty

That mocks me so.

Last night from out my life went all the brightness

That ever mortals dream;

Said one I love - her bright eyes drooping -

"It might have been."

When from my lips the golden chalice shattered

In myriad fragments at my feet

So all that makes life worth the living

Has lost its sweet -

Has turned at once from brightest day to darkness

Without one star between;

And I am grovelling here alone, repeating,

"It might have been."

129 "It might have been!" - Oh wine of life thus wasted;

Oh! idle years of idler sin -

Could I but call ye back I'd not be wailing,

"It might have been."

B. L. Enos

130

Friday Jan. 13th 1865

Fleet left Beaufort, N.C. at 8 A.M. yesterday for Wilmington, arrived at mouth of river at 6 P.M., dropped anchor outside bar. sea smooth and not much wind. a beautiful sight to see. 50 or 60 steam vessels all lying together. We have 15 or 20 transports containing about 15,000 soldiers under Gen'l. Terry. Evening clear. a beautiful sunset scene.

Saturday Jan. 14 1865

Spread fires and weighed anchor at 2 bells morning watch. our vessel got into position in line. the fleet opened fire on the batteries & Ft. Fisher at 3 bells $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, and kept up a continued and very rapid fire until noon. then the boats from vessel began to land more troops, and continued until they were all ashore. The "Monitors" & new "Ironsides" kept up a steady fire on the rebel works. the rebels replying very seldom. our vessel did not fire much but was within short range all day. Evening. our capt. has hauled in closer to the batteries and has opened all his battery of 9 inch "Dahlgrens" on the batteries.

Sunday Jan. 15th

A memorable day with us. Drum beat to quarters at 7 A.M., at which time the whole fleet opened fire at close range on Ft. Fisher, its mound and the 12 adjacent batteries. Kept it up until 3 P.M. when the Flag Ship signalled with her whistle to stop firing, to give our storming party of

2000 blue jackets, under Lt. Coms. Breese and Cushing, a chance to storm
131 Ft. Fisher. at 3 P.M. they made a dash on the forts. the rebels, who had
been very quiet all day making no reply to our boats' guns, now opened a
terrible fire of grape & canister on our boys who were close to the fort.
and the side of the mound & Fisher seemed to vomit flame & fire. our
boys could not stand it & fell back, and the fleet opened fire again,
silencing the enemy's guns. when our brave fellows made another gallant
attempt to carry the "mound" by the extreme point, when the enemy made a
sortie from the sally port and again repulsed them with a heavy loss on
our side. But while this was going on the eastern side, our land troops
made a charge on the western side and carried 5 batteries by storm, and
thus effected a lodgment. our shell-backs then fell back when the
gunboats again vomited forth a perfect storm of shot & shell on the part
still in the enemy's possession. and our soldiers drove them from battery
to battery till nightfall, when we had 9 in our hands. our boats and all
the wooden vessels hauled out, leaving the Monitors & the Ironsides to
battle with them. 2 Monitors burst their 11 inch guns & the Ironsides
had a shot into her dispensary, not doing much damage. We had 7 men and
1 officer severely wounded while storming the fort. 10 P.M. signal
rockets have been sent up, signifying that the entire line of earthworks
are ours, and our gallant boys have manned the yards and given 3 times 3
132 for the good news. But our hearts are saddened by the loss of 300 of
our brave mess mates, but we turn in to our dreaming sacks with better
spirits than before.

Monday 16th

Spread fires at 4 A.M. waiting for orders. the soldiers captured a
rebel schooner yesterday with 30 bbl flour and lots of ammunition.
12 M. orders from the Flag Ship to round the point by the forts and
proceed up the river toward Wilmington, removing all torpedoes &
obstructions in the channel. 3 P.M. hard aground on the bar opposite
Ft. Buchanan; remained there until 7 P.M. one of our negro soldiers set
fire to one of the captured magazines full of powder & ammunition & it
blew up, killing and wounding about 300 men. From all accounts we took
the enemy by surprise. they never dreaming we had any land force in
their rear. the consequence was we got all their ordnance & ordnance
stores. one mound contained 15 galvanic batteries with wires leading to
the torpedoes in the channel. we also captured in the $\frac{1}{2}$ moon battery a
magnificent Armstrong gun, mounted on a mahogany carriage, presented to
Jeff D. by Sir G. W. Armstrong Bart. also 1 Major Gen'l., 1 Brig.
Gen'l. & 1700 officers & men, who surrendered unconditionally. Fts.
Caswell & Buchanan are new earthworks of the first class, just
finished, and the enemy were surprised in the act of placing torpedoes on
the outside of the parapets. but they did not get time to finish the
133 good work, neither to spike their guns. In fact the victory was
complete, and good praise is due to all concerned.

Tuesday 17th

A beautiful clear day. some of our men went ashore to survey the scene
of the past 3 days' operations. They report our loss as small, about 300
killed and 500 wounded. The enemy's dead and wounded still lie in the
works uncared for, but they will receive all possible attention.

Evening. Our Launch started on an expedition to the "west paps"; fell in with a rebel transport filled with troops but had not force enough in the boat to attempt boarding, and could not surprise them as the night was too clear. returned at 10.30 P.M.

Wednesday 18th 1865

Weighed anchor at 8 A.M. and proceeded round the point of land on which the $\frac{1}{2}$ moon battery stands, and up the river toward Wilmington. dropped anchor opposite Ft. Buchanan. remained all day; all quiet. Rec'd a letter from Father to-day but none from home.

Thursday 19th 1865

Fires banked. weighed anchor and took over position in line ready to proceed up the river. Several explosions have taken place in Ft. Caswell, on the south bank of the river, but it is in our possession. Rec'd. letters from N.Y., one from dear L. which made my heart glad indeed; also rec'd. a paper from Father, dated Jan. 7th. all quiet. heard Sherman had left Savannah for some other rebel stronghold. 2 flags of truce on left bank of river. took a rough sketch of Ft. Fisher $\frac{1}{2}$ moon battery and the adjacent shore. Weather clear and warm; like spring.

Friday 20th 1865

A Duff-day, as we call it here. Morning wet and cold. Vessel lying in yesterday's position. About 11.30 some of our gunboats brought in the
134 rebel privateer "Chickamangua", and two blockade runners which they captured.

Friday February 3rd 1865

Got shore liberty to-day and visited the Batteries & Forts we captured from the enemy. Found plenty of sand, dirty soldiers, dismounted guns and pieces of shell. the ground inside and in rear of the forts was literally covered with the fragments of iron rain hurled on the enemy's works. I needed a glimpse of the scene of action to realize the awful storm of iron death that was hurled unceasingly upon them by the 11 & 14 in. guns from our fleet. Every gun on the north & N.E. faces of the fort was either dismounted or made otherwise useless. the bomb proofs, of which there was 22, were over 35 ft. in height. their guns were mounted mostly enbarbette, and were Brooks, Armstrong, Whitworth & the old fashioned sea coast guns of all calibers from 15 in. down to 3. also piles of ammunition of all descriptions, including torpedoes. The Armstrong gun is a very handsome piece of work. the gun having three bands or reinforces, all highly polished, and mounted on a mahogany carriage on which is this inscription: From W.G. Armstrong, Bart & Co.'s Works, Newcastle on Tyne. weight 15737 lbs., Prep 809 lbs., 150 Br. the chassis & carriage being something like our 100 rd. Parrott guns pivots. There was a short, heavy breech loading brass piece with 100
135 bbls. rifled for percussion balls about as large minie rifle balls, which I should think a very destructive piece of machinery at short range. our dead, of which there were not as many as first reported, are all buried in the vicinity in square lots, each grave having a neat head board with name of person, Co., Reg't. or Brig. inscribed on it. Gen'l.

Terry has a lot of rebels who have taken the Oath of Allegiance at work on Fort Fisher, turning the work so as to make it defensible on the land side, and also repairing the mound which was blown up the day after the fight. the point is generally very low, little vegetation, the earth being nothing but sand mixed with shells on which nothing will grow. the houses, of which there are a dozen or so, are used as military hd'qtrs. altogether I had a very interesting visit. brought off some shells, balls, Boca's root, etc. as mementos of the visit. The fort is an irregular earth work, no bastions, stockading outside the ditches. Parapets very steep and the bomb proofs standing nearly 20 ft. above the crest line. All well sodded and held inside by board revetting. altogether making a very formidable series of earthworks, all of no use as long as our boats are around.

Tuesday February 7th

On watch from 4 to 8 A.M. as Engineer in place of Mr. Whitaker, who is sick. found that during the night we had been run into by the U.S.S. Mackinaw. a severe storm of wind and rain set in during the night. wind N.E. and caused her to drift from her moorings. she started her engine
136 to take in the cable, in the darkness came bow on, right on our forward port quarter stove in our bulwarks, 2nd cutter, and bent the davit. At 7.20 we spread fires and started the engine back to get off from her. Through some mistake, as yet unaccounted for, the vessel went forward instead of back and ran into the Mackinaw about midships, as she had swung right across our bow with the wind and current. wind 7 knots. Mr. Sunstrom, who relieved me, started the engine and is held responsible for the accident and was put under arrest. They first rang 3 bells, we backed, 2 bells we stopped, 1 bell ahead slow, 2 bells furiously stopped, 3 bells ditto backed again & 2 bells to stop. The engine was moved according to the bells and the fault is among the deck officers & men.

Yesterday rec'd 3 letters, one from dear L. and 2 from male friends, which pleased me very much as I had waited a good while. they were dated Jan. 23rd & 25th.

Friday Feb. 10th

Received 4 letters from home yesterday, also 4 to-day, and 2 papers Waverly & Frank Leslie's from a kind friend.

Sunday 12th

Answered 4 letters. Weather very cold. Mr. Barry, Chief Engr., informed I was rated 2nd class fireman, to date from Feb. 1st, and promised to advance me one grade further as soon as possible. The Monitor and one gun boat kept up a steady fire on Fort Anderson just above, all day yesterday. The enemy replying at intervals without doing any damage.
137 our land forces and the enemy's were engaged quite sharply from 10 to 3, but with what results have not yet learned. We are engaged in building a sham Monitor, to run up the river and explode the torpedoes at present obstructing the channel. Night has set in extremely cold.

Monday Feb. 13th

Weather very cold. Nothing further about Saturday's work. Wrote 3 letters, one to Hite, one to Brother Thos., and one to I.B. Evening very cold. the Monitor is complete and under way to the Admiral's vessel. a very good imitation turret, prow and gun, all canvass and wood. looks very formidable going up the river, towed by two boats' crews.

Saturday Feb. 18th

At 9 A.M. got under way and advanced toward Fort Anderson. took up position 3rd in line and opened fire on the fort. kept up the shelling until 12 M. when we rec'd. signals from the Flag Ship to haul out and cease firing. we dropped down stream and had the galling pleasure of seeing other vessels hotly engaged, while we could not fire a shot. Our land forces making an attack from the south side, having advanced from the direction of Smithville. Evening. All's quiet save the occasional shots from the Monitor Montauk and the gun boat Shawmut.

Sunday Feb. 19th

Called all hands at 4 bells or 6 A.M. at A.M. got under way to take up a position closer to the fort and out of the way of the other vessels, when rec'd. signal from Flag Ship that the fort had surrendered during the night to our land forces. so the Pontoosuc steamed gallantly past the works and onward to Wilmington. These works have been built since the commencement of the rebellion and are well planned. Ft. Anderson is
138 an irregular earthwork mounting 47 guns, has a commanding position on the river front, but was easily taken by an attack in the rear. and with 200 men & guns, and a large amount of ammunition & small arms, is now in our hands. We steamed past the Fort Village & Lighthouse and was making good progress when we got aground and had to remain there until the tide turned, as it was ebb tide when we ran aground. The day has been beautiful indeed, just like spring. The scenery is rather monotonous on both sides, but at intervals we see glimpses of quiet landscapes, smiling and beautiful, as if war's desolating hand had never visited them until now. but the Johnnies are retreating to Wilmington, burning & destroying every thing they can, and as night comes on the very heavens are reddened with the lurid glow of the burning houses, forests and plantations, fired too by their own hand.

Monday Feb. 20th

Banked fires all the morning watch. still aground. Rec'd. a letter from home last night, also some papers. All well at home but Sarah. I hope she will improve. Noon. Spread fires, got up steam and tried to get ship off bar. succeeded and ran up the river to within 6 miles of Wilmington, where we found another earthwork mounting (as far as we can learn) & guns, also piles driven across the greater part of the river, a blockade runner with two red funnels blockading the only channel. The
139 advance guard, consisting of the Pontoosuc, Sassacus, double enders & the gunboat Huron, took up a position commanding the s. western face of the earthwork and at noon the Pontoosuc sent our compliments in the shape of a 100 lb. rifled shell that went on its message with a chuckle, chuckle that boded no good. but alas it fell short. the Fort (French) immediately sent two messengers, good line shots, one striking right over

our quarter deck, from whence our messenger started, and the other directly in front of the Sassacus. We replied from our 10 in. Dahlgren Banot 100 bbl. & 20 lb. rifles constantly, our shots generally doing good execution. the Sassacus also made some excellent shots. we were soon joined by the Mackinaw & 3 other vessels who joined in the awful chorus, which kept up without intermission until nightfall when our skipper ordered all the vessels to cease firing. we came very near being struck several times, but no one was hurt. Night calm and quiet is with us once again. the Fear is as smooth as glass, scarcely a ripple disturbing its placid surface. the moon's place is filled by the numerous fires which are burning on either side, while the spars of the vessels and the old, old trees on the river bank stand like sentries in bold relief against the red sky. We have just heard how we got Ft. Anderson so easy. The Admiral sent up the Quaker Monitor, made of an old scow, some sticks of wood and canvass painted black, which looked very like a yankee cheesebox. This decoy floated up with the tide, through the
140 piles which the enemy thought would certainly stop it, and anchored or ran ashore about a mile & half above the fort, which so frightened the chivalrous Johnnies that they at once evacuated leaving everything to us. 9 P.M. The night is very dark. we sent picket boats up the river and the enemy are firing on them. 9.15 one boat has returned with the news that the enemy have run a steamer down as far as the Fort and have just thrown a large quantity of torpedoes into the river, while the tide is ebbing. 10 P.M. Masters Mate Knox has picked up one containing about 50 lbs. powder, 2 percussion caps on it which will explode at the slightest touch. it is something like a nun buoy in shape. 10.30 one of the Shawmuts boats was bringing a large one along side when it burst, killing one man, wounding one officer severely, two men very dangerously and two more slightly. 11 P.M. our men stationed on the coit head have discovered one bearing directly down on our vessel, and we are awaiting momentarily to hear its awful roar, and already imagine ourselves flying through the air. My God! says the officer, fire at it men! drown it! or we are lost. they fire 7 or 8 shots! it strikes our torpedo net. Oh! what an agony of suspense for a second or two, although it seemed an hour. still no explosion. Thank Heaven! we are safe. sent a boat round to pick it up. found it drowned by the shots. The river is full of them. we have all available boats out looking for
141 them. 12 Midnight. Hear our boats have picked up 40, at which time my watch over. I turned into my hammock and slept until---

Tuesday Morning 21st Feb. 1865

Found all serene when I woke up at 6 A.M. another fine clear morning like that of yesterday. sent off a letter to Mother and to dear L. The Cap't. informed us that Charleston, S.C. had fallen, when all hands manned the yards and rigging and gave 3 hearty cheers for the good news. Afternoon. Fleet opened fire again on Fort French, the enemy replying with two guns. Kept up the firing until dark. have anchored the Quaker Monitor within close range of the Fort. No torpedoes to-night. A great fire is ensuing, and judging from appearances, it must be in the neighborhood of the city.

Wednesday Feb. 22nd

A beautiful day indeed. very warm.

By order of the Admiral, the fleet are in readiness to fire a salute in honor of Washington's birth-day. the guns are all shotted and the Johnnies will receive a perfect "feu d'enfer". 8 A.M. Ft. French is evacuated! News has been rec'd. that Gen'l. Schofield with 12000 men is in Wilmington and has cut the railroad communication between that place and Richmond! Glorious news! 12 M. Fired the salute minus the shells. The Flag Ship, followed by the Sassacus, Huron, Maumee, Patuxent, & Lackawanna, have started up the river. passed the Fort all right and are now out of sight. The Pontoosuc, Osceola, & Mackinaw are ordered to another station, and so, after participating in all the battles, we are not permitted to feast our eyes with a sight of the
142 coveted city, but must take an inglorious and reluctant departure. Oh Porter, Porter, how could you do so? drive us away from the haven we so much longed to see. Well! farewell Wilmington! thou city of our longings. thou art now numbered among the far off uncomeatable and dim. And ho! for the Chowan River, as that appears to be our next destination. Even as I write, the pine crowned hills are fast fading in the distance; we are gliding swiftly past beautiful plantations, groves of cedar, pine, fir and long stretches of rice swamps. and now Ft. Fisher looms up again against the clear sky, and we drop anchor just under her guns that frown on us from the deep mouthed embrasures. It appears that the Admiral fears the enemy will attempt to run out another new ram into Albemarle Sound, so we are sent to watch their movements.

Thursday 23rd

Still at anchor off Ft. Fisher. vessel got aground last night and injured her forward rudder. A large number of prisoners are being sent north. they were captured yesterday while trying to re-inforce Ft. French. Day cloudy. looks like rain. not much wind. sea smooth.

Sailed for Beaufort, N.C. arrived after a pleasant trip of 23 hours and anchored off Fort Macon, a large earthen and stone work mounting 23 guns. Burst one of the tubes in Port boiler, no serious damage. it is rumored
143 that we are going to the James River, Va., instead of Albemarle Sound. weather clear and cold.

Was promoted to 1st class Fireman March 1st, 65.

Monday, March 6th

Weighed anchor and at started for Fortress Monroe, in company with the Sassacus. when just crossing the bar, a dense fog that shut everything out from view, came on, so we dropped anchor and waited for clear weather again.

Tuesday March 7th

Weather clear fine breeze. weighed anchor once more to attempt the passage to Fortress Monroe. Had a very fair trip round Hatteras. ship rolled considerable. made the run in hours. Sassacus and our boat racing all the way. Pontoosuc made knots an hour with 30 lb. of

steam.

Wednesday March 8th

Arrived at the Rip Raps at 10 A.M. dropped anchor. Afternoon. 12 M. started up the James River. ran up 40 miles and stopped. 3½ hours trip. Passed Newport News. Iron clad steamer Roanoke 3 turrets lying at anchor. saw the gallant masts of the Pirate Florida standing way out of the water as monument of her audacity. dropped anchor for the night.

Thursday 9th

Weighed anchor and started again. Saw Whitehouse Landing, Harrison's landing, Gen'l. Meade's Hdqrs. arrived at City Point at 12 M. the scenery is very fine along the James, although I have seen finer. Gen'l. Grant's Hdqrs. looked very pretty nestling among the pines along the hill side. all is bustle and excitement and the great numbers of supply schooners, tugs, dispatch boats, army wagons, orderlies riding back and
144 forth made it seem almost like home. but we had not long to look on that fair scene, for the good Pilot hurried us on through the white winged vessels lying so still, past Turkey Bend where the river takes a turn and almost runs into itself again, past Bermuda Hundreds, and on until we came to Akins landing where we found the rest of the fleet waiting for us. passed the screw steamer Weybosset, laden with rebel prisoners going to be exchanged. Night soon came on and although the day had been fair, night brought with it a fine penetrating drizzling rain that made everything very uncomfortable. burst a tube in starboard boiler. no serious damage. the James River so far is very narrow, very crooked and very deep; the waters very muddy and the banks in places very steep. and again passing long stretches of swamp covered with an almost impenetrable growth of tangled forest and grass. any quantity of game, such as ducks, brants, coots, and geese.

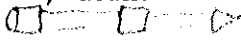
Friday 10th

A fine morning. the exchange of prisoners is going on, and I could not help but notice the contrast between the Rebels and our men. the Johnnies going ashore well fed, well clothed and plenty of food in bags, and our poor fellows coming on board, some of them reduced to skeletons, so weak they had to be carried on stretchers. starvation and cold has
145 done its work and a great many have come back under the old flag to die of the suffering and exposure in a southern prison. it made my heart ache to see them, and my blood boil with indignation against the worse than fiends who could use the prisoners, fallen into their hands in the tide of battle, in such a manner. Rec'd. a letter from Thomas and one from L. all I want is one from home.

Sunday March 12th, '65

Wrote to Bro. Thos. and dear L. A very fine day. Ensign Kain delivered a very eloquent discourse from these words, "Whoso' acknowledgeth Me before men, him will I acknowledge before my Father which is in Heaven" etc. Afternoon. Had a visit from Jas. Westcott & Thos. Kenyon of the U.S.S. Maumee. the latter person from Altoona, Pa.

Tuesday 14th

Evening. Michael Murphy, 1st Class Fireman, John O'Brien, 2nd C.F., and myself were sent up the river at 5 P.M. to await the orders of Chief Eng. Henderson. just at the gloaming one of his ass'ts., Mr. Cook, told us to follow him. we stepped ashore and proceeded up the river as far as the famous "Dutch Gap" or "Butler's Folly", which we crossed in a ferry boat propelled by a huge specimen of the Genus Africanus, alias a big nigger, who hauled us over by standing in the bow of the boat and hauling on a rope that had seen better days, until we reached the other shore. a fair
146 representative of Charon, rowing his passengers across the Styx, for truly we did not know whether we should ever return, for we were going to perform a dangerous service. Murphy was stationed on the upper bend of the river, just below the Gap, which did not meet my expectations. I found it a narrow canal, not more than 50 feet wide and 100 yds. long, cut thro' the bluff which is about 30 feet high, and cuts off about 7 miles of the river. the scenery is beautiful as seen from this point, for you can look over the country for miles, the James winding like a stream of molten silver through beautiful islands and smiling vales, dotted with the trees which hide many a black muzzle that has often dealt death and destruction among the brave fellows that worked in the canal. I was told that as many as 100 men have been killed here in one day, and the banks on either hand bear witness to the terrible accuracy of the rebel gunners' aim. but I am wandering. after stationing Murphy, we re-crossed the canal and pursued our course up the river about 2 miles. I was stationed here to look after 2 galvanic batteries which were to
147 explode no less than 10 torpedoes, 2 of which I assisted to lay down, each holding 500 lbs. powder and shaped like this diagram.  about 10 feet long and 15 in. in diameter, held under water 10 feet by mushroom anchors and ropes, round which the wire is coiled to shore. no rams made their appearance, however, and at 5 A.M. we were relieved. rec'd. a letter and paper from Mother, and answered it Wednesday, March 15th.

Saturday March 25th

A very pleasant day. The Fleet was graced by the presence of a numerous company of Ladies and Gentlemen from the north, who enjoyed themselves very much, apparently, in visiting the different vessels and sailing up the river toward Dutch Gap.

Sunday 26th

A beautiful day, indeed. President Lincoln, in company with Gen'l. Grant and other notables, made a flying visit to our fleet and the front. The President looked rather care worn and his features very stern, until the boys manned the rigging of every vessel in the fleet and doffed their caps to him as he passed, when his features relaxed their sternness somewhat and his face was lit up by a poor attempt at a smile as he acknowledged the "right royal salute". He did not visit any of the boats except the Admiral's and the Monadnock.

Tuesday March 28th

Another fine day. And the armies of Grant are once more on the move.

148 The main portion of army, which confronted Lee's hosts on the north bank of the James, are moving across to the south side. Gen'l. Sheridan and his cavalry arrived safe at this point on Sunday. We have also good news from Sherman. that he and Schofield have effected a junction and defeated Johnson. "All looks good".

Wednesday Mch. 29

Day very warm. Heavy firing in the direction of Petersburg all afternoon and evening. 8 P.M. Raining very hard. the sky lit up by the flash of the guns and the heavy, close air reverberates with the incessant roar of artillery and the sharp rattle of musketry. At 11 P.M. beat to surprise quarters, as the enemy were busy firing signals and rockets up the river. Took all hands by surprise. Oh then was hurryings to and fro, and mutterings of where's my don't-mention-ems, and get out my way you lubber. All was excitement and uproar, occasioned by the sudden call from soft and peaceful slumber to meet----we knew not what. All of which was increased by the yarn of some "galoot" or "Redneck" who said our picket boats and monitors were driven in and the rebel rams were coming down on us. A not improbable story as we knew our force on the James above was comparatively small and powerless. Add to this the darkness of the night, save when lit up by the far-off flash of
149 the red artillery, the steady roar of the guns, the dreary, dreary rain that poured steadily down as if the heavens were weeping o'er the fallen braves, the desolate hearts and homes, and seeking to wash out from Mother Earth's sweet green the dark red stain of parricidal blood which had all day, and was still mayhap flowing on its bosom. All this flashed on my mind as I drew on my clothes and lashed my hammock. In 5 minutes every man was at his post, the 11 in. Dahlgren, the 100 rd. Lanot, and the broadside guns all ready for action. but no enemy made their appearance and we soon learned it was a false alarm.

Thursday 30th

Still the heavens drench the earth with their tears and a heavy fog obscures all the land as if to veil the horrible scene of yesterday's fight from human view. the firing still continues, not so steadily as yesterday. Noon. Rumors from Col. Mulford's Hdqrs. have been circulated to the effect that we had won Petersburg, and Lee had sent word to Jeff D. to the effect that he would not be able to hold Richmond. God grant it may be true.

Saturday April 1st 1865

Day fine. Very heavy firing on the left all day. All hands in fire room, cleaning & scaling Starboard Boiler. finished at 6 P.M. when was
150 ordered to get up steam as soon as possible, as we were going up the river. Got under way at 10 P.M., ran up about 4 miles above Dutch Gap and anchored. Night very dark. At 12 Mid. General Quarters. The fleet numbering 13 vessels, 5 monitors & 8 wooden gunboats, opened fire on the water batteries. Kept up a steady fire with but few returns from the enemy, until 1 A.M. when we ceased. heavy musketry and artillery firing began on shore, and it was evident that our forces and those of the enemy were hard at work. It was a splendid sight to watch the shells as they sped on their firing way, and see them burst in the fortifications.

1.30 A.M. weighed anchor & dropped down stream, ran aground. ran afoul of the torpedo iron clad "Spuyten Duyvel". no damage done. The double ended Eustaw was less fortunate, as in the darkness she ran on to her also, entirely destroying one wheel. anchored at 2 A.M. in the old place off Aikens Landing.

Sunday April 2nd

A fine day. Rumors have been rec'd. that after we ceased firing last night, Sheridan attacked the enemy's lines near the Howlett* house battery and drove them in, capturing a great many prisoners, and succeeded in reaching the South Side R.R. and cutting it but with a heavy loss. at latest account he still held the position and was throwing up intrenchments. Noon. More rumors. The rebel pirate Semmes said he
151 would blow up the rams as soon as the fleet advanced up the river, and that is why we attacked them in the night. Nary blow up. This news was given by deserters from the rams. 4 P.M. Under way again. This time going down to City Point. Another division of troops are crossing to the south side of the James on the pontoon bridge just below. and now the draw is open and so we bid farewell to Aikens Landing and Dutch Gap. arrived at City Point and ran hard aground. Stern 1 foot out of water at 9 P.M. Very heavy firing in direction of Petersburg from 5 to 6 P.M. M.L. Sunstrom, 2nd Ass't. Engr., has just told us that we have captured 15000 prisoners, and says he is going into Petersburg in the morning at daylight.

Monday April 3rd

Another fine morning. all hands mustered aft when the skipper called for volunteers to go ashore to guard prisoners. took away about 120 from this, all we could spare. other ships sending the same. Rumors after they went ashore that the men who went ashore from other vessels last night were sent to take a battery and were repulsed 5 different times with heavy loss. 11 A.M. Glorious news. "All hands" called to cheer ship. RICHMOND IS OURS. Grant entered the city at 8 A.M. and is in hot pursuit of Lee's now demoralized army. The rebel rams were blown up before daylight this morning. Rec'd. a letter from Mother, also one from brother Miller, who is 3rd Regt. Co. K 40th N.J. 1st Brig. 1st Div. 6th Corps City Pt., Va.

152

Tuesday April 4th 1865

Another fine day. Nothing definite from Richmond, except rumors of the surrender of Lee's army and himself. M. Sunstrom was ashore and visited Petersburg, and says the lower part of the city is nearly destroyed by our shells. There was immense quantities of tobacco stored in almost every house, the owners refusing to destroy it when ordered. The rams of Semmes the pirate were blown up by him yesterday morning. that is another grand obstacle removed. Our boys returned on board this afternoon. they were guarding rebel prisoners. some of them have been speculating in rebel paper currency, buying it at the rate of 50 cts. greenbacks for 100 dols. . The president, Gen'l. Grant & Admiral Porter went up the river to Richmond this morning. Evening. rec'd. a lot of papers sent about the beginning of March. Wrote to F. and Th.

Wednesday April 5th 1865

Beautiful spring weather. news this morning that Lee is entrenched with 30,000 men at Brentsville and Grant is after him. no further particulars about the capture of Richmond. vessel moved up to Bermuda Hundreds for coal. Evening. One of our tug boats has just come down from Richmond with a half finished rebel ram in tow. The ram was nothing more than a hull, with a turret just started, no machinery of any kind in her except the screw shaft and screw. she had no armor on either.

153

Thursday April 6th 1865

Morning cloudy, looks like rain. busy coaling ship. at 11 a.M. spread fires and got under way for Hampton Roads. arr'ved at Fortress Monroe at 6 P.M. Two French and one English men of war lying between fortress & the Rip Raps. A beautiful moonlight night.

Friday Apl. 7th

Fine weather. rec'd. a letter from dear L. with her long looked for picture. Capt. of one of the French vessels paid us a visit this afternoon. Evening. Under sailing orders again, destination unknown. Supposed cruising after the "Red Jacket", one of our steamers captured by the enemy yesterday. Rec'd. news of the surrender of Gen. R. E. Lee and his entire army, numbering from 22, to 30,000 men.

Sunday Apl. 9th 1865

A beautiful day indeed. nothing new from Gen'l. Grant.

Saturday Apl. 15th

A dreary day. the wind sighs mournfully through the rigging and the rain falls incessantly. 10 A.M. Capt. rec'd. a message from Fortress Monroe that President Lincoln was assassinated yesterday evening in Washington. an awful calamity if true. God grant it may be false. The flags in the harbor are all at half mast, also on the Fortress. I fear it is too true. the rumor has cast a gloom on all hearts. the assassin is said to be one of the Mosty's guerillas. no mail to-day. Rec'd. news of the surrender of Mobile with 3500 men and all the guns.

154

Sunday Apl. 16th 1865

A fine day. the rumors of the assassination of the President are this morning confirmed. it is said the deed was done by J. Wilkes Booth, the actor, and that he also attempted the life of Sec. Seward and several other members of the cabinet. What an awful blow this is to think that he, the beloved of all the people, should be struck down by an accursed traitor, even while holding out the hand of friendship and forgiveness to them. Curse them all. nothing should be granted them now. they should be exterminated root and branch. Though they could not have done themselves a greater injury than to kill him for he was the best friend they had in all the Union. A gentleman from shore delivered an address to us this morning, appropriate to the occasion. and while talking, a

great many were affected to tears. My prayer is that the murderer may never know peace nor rest, neither here nor hereafter.

Monday Apl. 17th

Morning pleasant. Was ashore at the Fortress to-day. also visited Camp Hamilton, a rough looking place, nevertheless enjoyed it. Met a soldier named David Minich, who lives in Huntingdon, my former residence. had a very pleasant chat about old times and scenes. nothing further of the
155 assassination. all the buildings are draped in mourning and business generally suspended.

Tuesday Apl. 18th

Day beautiful. rumors that the murderer has been caught. rec'd. newspapers to-day from the North all filled with different accounts of the great tragedy which convulsed the nation and caused the bitterest feelings of hatred against the rebels, and a grand unity of mourning citizens of all classes determined to have justice for the direful deed. Our "Martyred President" is to be buried tomorrow, with ceremonies of the most imposing character.

Wednesday

A fine day. at 12 M. fired 21 minute guns as a salute to the honored remains of our late President. all the officers are in mourning.

Thursday Apl. 20th

News to-day of the capture of the dastard who attempted the life of Sec. Seward. it appears it done the Sec. good instead of harm. also full particulars of the surrender of Mobile, capture of Selma, Johnson about to surrender. but this glorious news is deeply shadowed in the death of our country's brightest jewel, he who has borne all the burden of the last four years while we were toiling thro' the painful pilgrimage of
156 war. he who has led us thro' storm and darkness has been removed just as we were nearing the haven of peace. like Moses of old, he could see the promised land from the worst of surmounted difficulties, but was not permitted to enter the Canaan of Liberty and a reunited and happy country. Andrew Johnson, Vice Presd't., has been sworn in as President, and I think the rebels will now get strict and impartial justice done them without fear or favor. His speech after the oath was an excellent one, foreshadowing in a small degree his future policy. May no assassin be permitted to shorten his days, and may peace and his attendant blessings soon be with us again.

Saturday Apl. 22nd 1865

A fine day. received 4 letters and 2 papers. all well at home. no intelligence of the whereabouts of Booth.

Sunday Apl. 23rd

Another pleasant day. April has given us more smiles than tears this year. Eve. rec'd. my Cartes de Visites from Camp Hamilton.

Monday Apl. 24th

Weighed anchor at 10 A.M. and put to sea. Cruising north easterly along the coast to overhaul all outward bound vessels for the assassin Booth and his accomplices. spoke a fishing smack inward bound. Evening anchored off Chincoteague Light. Day and evening fine. 1st cutter called away at night-fall. returned about 10 P.M. no news but plenty of
157 poultry, eggs & fish.

Tuesday Apl. 25th

Another fine day. returned toward "Cape Henry". met no vessels all morning. afternoon & evening cruised back and anchored near Delaware breakwater. 2nd cutter called away and returned laden down with oysters of the finest description, and abundance of a fish called Ellwife.

Wednesday 26th

Cruising toward Hampton Roads again. 10 A.M. fired a shot at a suspicious looking topsail schooner. proved to be a fishing smack. Evening. met and hailed a handsome little schooner, Pilot boat No. 4 Coquette of Baltimore. exchanged Pilots. came to anchor at 8 P.M.

Thursday Apl. 27th

Cruising up Chesapeake Bay. met the dispatch boat Ada. 2 P.M. fired a blank cartridge at a suspicious looking craft hugging the eastern shore and running before the wind, for her to heave too. no notice taken. fired a second shot across her bow when she hove too at once. Actg. Master Frisbie boarded her and after a close search failed to find any person on board who could be seized upon, as everything was O.K. 8 P.M. anchored on Pokomoke Bay.

Friday Apl. 28th

Started at 8 A.M. for Hampton Roads. 10 A.M. spoke the double ender
158 Osceola, bound on the same errand as ourselves. 11 A.M. spoke dispatch boat Ada. Arrived off Cape Henry at meridian. met picket boat who gave us orders to return after the Osceola, and told us news that gladdened our hearts. That Booth had been shot at Port Royal, S.C., and Johnson had surrendered. 12.30 started after the "Osceola". overhauled dispatch Ada, who agreed to communicate with the Osceola. so shaped our course once more for Hampton Roads. dropped anchor at 2 P.M. banked fires. Evening. a large mail; rec'd. a letter from I.B.

Saturday Apl. 29th

Wrote to Mother, Father and L. enclosed a carte to each.

Sunday 30th

Wrote to I.B. and B. day fine. heard an excellent sermon on the death of our late President. afternoon read Tennyson's poem of "Enoch Arden", a simple, yet touching story. reading Lady Audley's Secret by Miss M. E. Braddon, a fine story indeed. See by the papers it was Port Royal, Va. where Booth the assassin met his death at the hands of Sergt. Corbett. He died game. even when deserted by his accomplice "Harold", and the old barn on "Garrets farm" was burning about him, he stood in the midst of the flame, undaunted, with death facing him on every hand until a bullet from a pickett sped on its unnerving flight and brought him down. His
159 last words were, "Tell Mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was best." (and with his last breath) Useless! Useless! His body was taken to the Washington Navy Yard. And on the night of the 27th of April, a small row boat received the carcass of the murderer. two men were in it. they carried the body off into the darkness, and out of that darkness it will never return. In the darkness, like his great crime, may it remain forever impalpable, invisible, nondescript, condemned to that worse than damnation---annihilation.

The river bottom may ooze about it laden with great shot and drowning manacles. The earth may have opened to give it that silence and forgiveness which man will never give its memory. The fishes may swim around it or the daisies grow while above it, but we shall never know. Mysterious, incomprehensible, unattainable like the dim times thro' which we live and think upon as if we only dreamed them in perturbed fever, the assassin of a nation's head rests somewhere in the elements and that is all. but if the indignant seas or the profaned turf shall ever vomit this corpse from their recesses, and it receive humane or Christian burial from some who do not recognize it, let the last words those decaying lips ever uttered be carved above them with a dagger, to tell the history of a young and once promising life---USELESS! USELESS!

160

Thursday May 11th

A fine day. rec'd. 3 letters, 1 from , 1 from F. & one from Lillie. All well at home. Evening heavy thunder shower, wind blowing hard.

Friday May 12th

At 3 A.M. spread fires. at 5 got under way. wind blowing very hard. put to sea. anchored off Cape Henry at 7 A.M. relieved the side wheel steamer "Tristram Shandy" on the look out for the ram "Stonewall". Evening still blowing hard. lost our port anchor and 45 fathom of chain. ship rolling considerably.

Saturday 13th

2nd Cutter put off for Fortress Monroe with mail and men whose term of service had expired. 2nd Class Fireman A.F. Stubbs put in the brig in double irons yesterday, sentenced to confinement on bread & water for 5 days. time expires on Monday the 15th. Evening. 4 P.M. weighed anchor and started toward Hampton Roads to meet 2nd Cutter. met them half way between Ft. Monroe and Cape Henry light. No letters. Day fine; wind pretty free.

Sunday 14th

Morning fine. Mustered by Lieut. R. Wilson, now in command, Commdr. Temple having gone North on Leave of Absence. 12 M. Weighed anchor and started for Ft. Monroe, being relieved by the Tristram Shandy. arrived at the Rip Raps at 1.30, anchored. Commdr. Temple came on board. another mail; no letters. Evening. wrote to Mother & F. Ram Atlanta
161 6 guns lying at anchor just on our port . rumors that the Stonewall has started for Fenol again from Nassa, N.C.

Monday May 15th 1865

See by the Sunday Morning Chronicle of yesterday that the arch traitor and conspirator Jeff. Davis was captured by the 11th Mich. Cav., Col. Pritchard, near Macon, Georgia. also his private Sec. & several others. Trial of Surratt, Atzcrot and others for murder going on.

Friday May 19th

Rebel ram Stonewall now at Havana. Monitor Monadnock and several other vessels put to sea on Wednesday the 17th, and it is said they have sailed for the Gulf. it is to be hoped they may meet the pirate. Weather very warm.

Saturday

Day fine. A transport, William Clyde, with Jeff D. and his confederates on board and convoyed by the sloop of war "Tuscanova", came into the Roads this morning. rumored Jeff is to be confined in a cell in Fortress Monroe. 4 firemen dischg'd. F. Stubbs, I. Brown, E. Fratis & S. Wentworth, the two last going North on the Pequot.

Sunday May 21st 1865

Day cloudy with showers. U.S. Gunboat "Maumee" left the Roads this morning with a prisoner belonging to Jeff's staff or body guard. Afternoon. 6 men came on board from the Pequot.

Monday May 22nd

Morning fine. 1 P.M. Got under way for Washington, after receiving on
162 board as a prisoner Col. Harrison, Jeff Davis' private Secretary. Evening. Anchored in the mouth of the Potomac after a pleasant run. at 10 P.M. starboard outboard bearing heated very much so that we had to stop at one time to cool it off. Col. Harrison is a very fair looking man, about 5 ft. 9 in. in height. Dark eyes and hair, heavy brown mustache, face covered with a beard about 3 weeks growth, dressed very plainly and I might add, meanly in a single breasted coat of dark stuff, coarse grey "confed" cloth pants, black slouch hat, very wide rim of the style known as "Planter's". all of which had evidently seen better days. He had the liberty of the ship and conversed freely with officers and men, avoiding however any mention of the disastrous fate of the confederacy and the ignominious flight of Jeff and his associates.

Tuesday

Weighed anchor at 4 A.M. Passed Mount Vernon about 12.30 P.M. arrived at Washington Navy Yard about 2 P.M. and laid alongside the dock. Comdr. gone ashore with the prisoner under guard. Wrote to Thos. and sent letter ashore at 2.30 P.M.

Wednesday May 23rd

Morning fine. asked for liberty and was refused. Afternoon. watching for Father and brother. Saw part of the grand review from mast-head. Evening. considerably disappointed at the non-appearance of my Father
163 or brother. 1st Class Fireman Murphy & I worked all day repairing starboard outboard bearing. found oil holes filled with babbit metal. We start for Fortress Monroe tomorrow 10 A.M.

Thursday May 24th 1865

Day fine. 3 men deserted our vessel this morning by taking a boat from the S. Dumbarton, a "whilom" blockade runner beside which we lay. 12 M. Under way again for Fortress Monroe. Did not see Father or brother Thos. much disappointed thereat.

Friday May 25

Arrived at Fortress Monroe at 6 A.M., when we anchored. Rec'd. a letter from Mother. Day stormy with steady rain. Wind N.E. very disagreeable weather.

Wednesday May 31st

Day fine. cleaning and repairing Starboard boiler. Repaired Port boiler on the 29th. Rec'd a letter from dear L. which conveyed the sad intelligence that her brother Fred was dead. this news overwhelmed me, although I was not unprepared for it as he has been sick a long time.

Thursday June 1st

Comdr. Wm. G. Temple was detached from the Pontoosuc and took his leave of us to-day. He said when he first took command of the P. he felt rather doubtful as to the stuff his crew was made of, but the first fight at Wilmington assured him as to the metal, and he had recommended as many
164 as he could for a medal of honor. Lt. Frisbie assumed temporary command by order of Sec. Welles. Admiral Radford's vessel, the Malvern, returned to-day from Norfolk where she went on the 25 of May. Rec'd. a letter from Sister. wrote to dear L.

Saturday June 3rd

Morning pleasant. 12 M. "Up anchor" for Boston. finished repairs to Sewalls surface condenser. took off lower and center bonnets, examined rec'g. valves (3) and circulating valves (20), and found all right. air pump cylinder worn some, 2 bolts broken in condenser tube sheet. (Mem.) passed Cape Henry Light 3.30 P.M. Scurvy has broken out among us. 4 of the firemen and several of deck hands are pretty bad with it, all owing to want of vegetable diet and anti-scorbutics.

Sunday June 4th 1865

Morning very foggy. running slow all night. spoke Pilot boat no. 2 at 10 A.M. 12 M. passed Barnegat Light, 45 miles from Sandy Hook Light Ship. Port boiler leaking badly in no. 4 tube box. Afternoon clear and very warm; thermometer 115 in fire room. Evening. breeze freshening somewhat. passed Pilot boats off Sandy Hook at 7 P.M.

Monday June 5th

Morning foggy. from 1 A.M. slowed down engine and sounded fog whistle every few minutes. 4 A.M. fog lifting. spoke pilot boat and took on coast pilot. 6 A.M. wind freshening and on port beam sea heavy; ship rolling considerable. set fore sheet and jib. 9 A.M. wind
165 increasing rapidly with heavy cross sea. took in sail, running close to shore on port hand thro' Martha's Vineyard. passed U.S.S. Dawn. Dawn left Fortress Monroe 18 hours previous to us. Evening. 6 P.M. ship rolling heavily. Jib and foresheet set. passed Minot's Ledge light at 6.30. passed Forts Warren & Independence at 7 & 7.30 P.M. anchored at Boston Navy Yard at 8.30. Entrance to harbor difficult as channel is intricate. numerous buoys, bell, nun & can, numbered; also 4 lights. the bay is dotted with numerous small islands which, dressed in the green of spring, fringed with trees and dotted with charming villas, looked beautiful in the declining rays of the sun. as we entered while far away, in the distance the Bunker Hill monument reared its tall, grey shape vividly and grandly against the deep crimson of the western sky. numerous aspiring steeples pointing heavenward added to the quiet beauty of this present scene, which in the long-ago was the scene of the first grand struggle just begun. Boston and suburbs looked indeed beautiful and we are almost home again. Weather very cold. the changes in climate
166 between here and Fortress Monroe is very great. there the lightest clothing was too heavy and here the heaviest seemed all too light. Made run from Cape Henry to Boston 33 hours.

Boston Navy Yard. Tuesday June 6th

Called all hands at 4.30 P.M. a beautiful, clear morning. Last night's view of the city was rather dim, but in the clear, pure light of this splendid June morning it looks indeed splendid. The U.S. vessels now lying here are the Stern Frigate Wabash, blockade runner Gettysburg, screw gunboat Dawn, double ender Tacony, Guard ship frigate (sailing) Ohio, Pontoosuc, Daylight and two others. rec'd. mail forwarded from Fortress Monroe; none for me. Understand all one year's men, whose time expired previous to Dec. 31st 1865, are to be immediately discharged. glorious news indeed. 12 M. Paymaster Lyons rec'd orders to make out discharges at once.

Afternoon. hauled fires, blew down both boilers, all hands stripping ship. (Mem.) in entering harbor, left Ft. Warren on port hand and Ft. Independence also. the latter is a lunette bastioned work built of stone and earth in this shape. there is another earth work in course of construction on the Starboard hand as you enter which promises to be of a very formidable nature. Ft. Warren is built on one of the numerous Islands in the harbor. Evening clear, cool and pleasant.





Form No. 229.
22-751000-2,000.

Treasury Department,

OFFICE OF THE
AUDITOR FOR THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

58073-WHF October 7, 1904.

Respectfully returned
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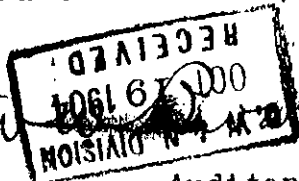
William M. Hawkins enlist-
ed August 29, 1864, serving
as follows to June 7, 1865,
when paid in full and dis-
charged.

NORTH CAROLINA

Landsman.....to Dec. 13/64.

PONTOOSUC

Landsman.....to Dec. 14/64 ✓
Coal Heaver... " Jan. 31/65 ✓
2-Cl. Fireman. " Feb. 28/65 ✓
1-Cl. Fireman. " Jun. 7/65 ✓



REK

Auditor.

Inv. Orig. #50997.
William M. Hawkins

William Metcalf Hawkins

born March 5, 1840 in England
died fall, 1918 in New York

married on December 18, 1867 in New York, NY
to Charlotte Ann Hathaway
born January 16, 1846 in New York, NY
died September 25, 1915 in New York, NY

daughter: Ethel May Hawkins
born July 1, 1870 in Seigfried, PA
died August 25, 1922 in Glen Ridge, NJ

married on May 25, 1892 in Winthrop, MA
to Charles Albert Comp
born February 9, 1868 in Pittsburgh, PA
died ~~2~~ Nov. 12, 1942 in San Gabriel, CA

daughters: Beatrice May Comp (Mackenzie)
Laura Gertrude Comp (McCroddan)
Ethel Grace Comp (Horner)
Marian Lucille Comp (Olsen)

Diary transcription by
Doris McCroddan Soulé
Sudbury, MA
November, 1987

