

*E. H. Bassett—In the Artillery*

Must write a letter to mother and have her tell Dad to see that the Bonds are issued. I enclose my certificate of muster for that purpose. I almost forgot about it. Kingston is one of the oldest towns in the state, and was once the Capitol. A few Yanks are keeping stores in town, and appear to be doing well. April 26th we are encamped in the woods, 150 miles above Chattanooga, on the Tennessee river. Plenty to eat here and very little work. The people here are mostly Union, and when the war broke out, the men were forced to go across the mountains to Kentucky. Many joined the Union army there. The boys are very sad about President Lincoln being murdered. They would shoot any one who would rejoice over it.

I was out to a dance last eve. There was seven ladies there in all. Some good looking Gals, but they all chew snuff and smoke tobacco. They know nothing about danceing except an old fashioned jig reel. Our way of danceing amazed them. We had a very good time.

April 8th. We got fixed up in our camp a little and I issued our rations. Encamped in the woods about ten miles above Kingston. We have had four days of rain, but it has cleared up now. The weather is quite warm. There was heavy Cannonadeing to be heard in the direction of Chattanooga. We hear that Lee, Johnston and Longstreet have surrendered to Gen. Grant. Apr. 16th. I rode down to Kingston on a mule. A pleasant day and a nice ride. Reached there about noon. Took a walk up beyond the town, and went thru an old Churchyard. Rumor is that the President has been assassinated. This is just rumor tho.

On the 17th I took my mule and rode up to the mouth of the Emory River and back. Stopped at southern mans home by the name of Centree and looked around his yard. Had a chat with his daughter, who seemed to be a fine Gal, except that she was strong pro-Southern. She thought the Confederate cause was right and that slavery should be perpetuated for the benefit of the Negro. In the P.M. we crossed the Clinch River and called on a good Union man by the name of Clark. He has a fine place, as it is with every place that I have seen in Tennessee. Everything is about fifty years behind the times. They seem to think that if they get ten or twelve bushels of corn or wheat per acre, they are doing well.

I went up town in the eve and found that the rumor we had