

The War Years

heard the way before was true. President Lincoln and Secretary Seward had been murdered. Every one that I saw seemed sad. There is great excitement on the streets. On Tuesday, the 18th I left about eight A.M. I followed the London road about seven miles, and then turned out into the country. After traveling about three miles, I was in the Mountains. It was about as rough a road as I cared to travel on. However, I made out to get thru and reached Camp about two P.M.

April 19th 1865. Clear and pleasant. I helped finish up the Lieutenants shanty and built me a bunk. Still nice weather the next day. I took a walk down the river in the P.M. On the 21st we finished hauling for the raft. We are going to float a raft of logs down to the dam. Lieut. Daniels came up from Kingston with eight days rations, the balance for April. Lieut. Husay went down to Kingston. I enjoy looking the country over, so I roamed down river about four miles. April 24th was cold. The Lieutenant came back from Kingston about noon, and brought a lot of mail for Company L. I received four letters, the first I have received since I enlisted. We sent a raft of 175 logs down to the Dam.

April 26th was pleasant. Lieut. Hussay went over to London, and the next day he started for Chattanooga. The next day I rode down to Kingston on a mule. Weather very nice. I got a lot of mail for the boys. On the 28th we received sixteen days rations for the boys, and delivered them out in the afternoon. Went out to a country dance in the evening, but as the weather was bad and rainy we put it off after a few changes, and went home.

Sat. the 29th. Rain in the A.M. Received orders to stop work, and the prospect is that we will go down to Chattanooga soon. The Lieutenant returned in the A.M. and started to Kingston.

We sent out in the eve to a dance at the same place we were before. There were a few ladies present, but they know nothing about dancing anything but a sorta jig reel, where all pitched in and shuffled as hard as they could, until they were tired out. We danced a few cotillions and finally learned the Gals so they could go thru one on a trot. I was considerably amused with the Tennessee style, and I think that I learned something. We wound up with a cotillion, at their request, and bade them goodnight. I tells her I like that Tennessee powerful well, yes I like the traveler, Tennessee Traveler, that they called 'Lazy Gal' down thar.