Dec. 1, 1864. 

Sunday. Thursday, 17th day out.

Today we get into the pine wood barrens. The tall pines have no low branches to obstruct vision, and the view through the forest is extensive & peculiar. There is scarcely any brush or grass. The ground is covered with brown fallen pine leaves, artillery & wagon wheels have probably gone through these leaves, & a woodpecker has pecked or a harelquin has bounded as in the night, or in a large empty room.

The murmur of the pines pleasant at first becomes monotonous & mournful in a short time. Marching is easy anywhere but forage & good water is scarce. We hear that the 2nd Div. 15th A.C. has a fight near Millen. Go today.

Dec. 2. 

Friday. 18th day out.

We are near Millen. Go. Spend nearly all day getting across a brook. Millen is 175 miles from Atlanta. This is our 18th day out. We have marched an average of about 250 miles by the extreme roads & to our camp. The swamp is known as a dead creek. The 17th Corps are in Millen.

Dec. 3. Saturday. 19th day out.

Cross the Ogeechee river today & stand on guard while the 12th Brig.

Cross up the track of the Georgia Central R.R. - Our wing must have marched down the right bank of the Big Ogeechee river from nearly 40 miles before noon. Crossed the left wing of the 15th Brigade of the 1st Corps about 40 miles above Augusta with a lot of wagons. Our march has also been good. No sick or wounded men. The 17th Corps is in Millen. The 16th Corps is 10 miles north of Millen. The 18th Corps is 10 miles north of Buckhead. The 15th Corps is seven miles from the side of the river.

Dec. 4. Wednesday. 

Sunday, 20th day out.

Today we recross the river & lay in camp. We are out of the pine barrens now & in a better country. The weather is much delightful - there have been spots enough to relive the Simmonials. No day the sun is so hot we are glad to lay in the shade of the magnificent live oak trees & among hereabouts. The famous Southern Moss begins to appear.
Dec. 5, 1864. Monday, 21st day out.
To-day resume march down the S. fork of the river.

Dec. 6. Tuesday, 22nd day out.
Lay-in camp all day, & take the opportunity to wash our clothes.

Dec. 7. Wednesday, 23rd day out.
Continue in Camp. Hear Cannons firing ahead. March out some miles.

Dec. 8. Thursday, 24th day out.
Cross the Ogeechee river today. March 12 miles, & camp on the banks of the Ogeechee Canal. The country is low & sandy here. Our rations of coffee & hard tack are nearly exhausted. Coffee + hard tack, with occasionally soap & salt, is all we have had from "Uncle Sam" for 3 weeks.

Foragers have kept us supplied with pork, chickens, & sweet potatoes. We have organized a non-commissioned staff officer mess composed of: Tom. H. Robinson — Serjt. Chofer — Smith — Minter — A. M. Sergt. Ordnance Sergt. — myself — S. P. Stewart. We get our "mess chow," which is only a candle-box carried in the Colonel's wagon. We have a first-class negro forager who is our cook. This cook manages always to get possession of a mule, & load him down with catables by night. We have various epistles at night, there some groans & outbursts from our cook to satisfy them. "Baked Potatoes" + sweet Potatoes & Roast Pig being frequent dishes. During the March I have been allowed a horse.
Dec. 9, 1864. FRIDAY, 25th day.

March on a little distance this morning I halt. There is some movement in front like preparation for skirmish. Presently the regiment moves up, again into line - there are a few scattering shots from skirmishers in front. In this shade we move slowly on through the woods for nearly 6 miles. Then the enemy is found posted on some little height across a swampy place. On a ridge of ground a 13 pound Parrott gun.

Another skirmish this Brigade charges takes the old gun, holding also the ridge of ground the embankment the rebels had thrown up.

By this time the Div. comes up so we all move on together. The Confederates fall back to the inner Ogeechee. We have a stand of R. R. A train of cars evidently not suspecting our presence is seen approaching a bridge over the Ogeechee. An Artillery gun trains a gun on the engine & the exploring shell causes the Engineer to stop his train. The 1st Ill. s.s. then rush upon the train & capture it, getting several Confederate officers. The train is burned & more destroy. 

Dec. 10. SATURDAY, 26th day.

Today we move to the right about 6 miles to Kings Bridge at the junction of the Camanchee river with the Ogeechee. Here the regiment is ordered out to fire at some batteries across the river. The men are obliged to make out into a swampy part of the battery. The tide comes in from the south & the men are not

...
Dec. 12, 1864. MONDAY, 28th day out.

The entire army appears to be forming in lines. We are at Savannah, the objective of the campaign, but have not captured the city yet. Rations are scarce. Caisson of the 9th Missouri for camp. Paroles is pounded out on logs —

Dec. 13. TUESDAY, 29th day out.

Lying in camp on the rice plantation. Hear that the 2nd Div. of our corps is to charge Ft. McAllister today. I ride out toward the fort a mile or so. Our camp is about 3 miles from it. The intervening space is a vast, level rice field, & the view to the fort unobstructed, except a few trees where a live oak tree stands. Witness the preparations for the charge. Men formed in line of columns by regiments, I should judge. The fort lies silent again, its flag flying out above it. About 2 p.m.,

The Movement Begins — The guns of the fort rattle a smoke

There is a sharp cracking of musketry for some 15 or 20 minutes, then out of the smoke rises a cheer, not a yell — the fort is taken.

Dec. 14. WEDNESDAY, 30th day out.

Left our camp about noon today, marched some 5 miles at Allison plantation, 9 miles from Savannah.

rejoined our Div. from which we had been separated while at the plantation. The regiment is sent out to the front & deployed as skirmishers — firing a few shots at the enemy's pickets.

There is a wide rice swamp in front, & the rebels have their rifle pits in the rising ground & mounds opposite. Our men have to make out some distance into this swamp to get within firing range. Our camp is in need of a fire —
Move up to Savannah—Dec. 14, 1864—Wednesday.

Rations are decidedly scarce. & forage for horses unattainable. In the rice, grounds there are stacks of unthreshed rice. Men go out at peril of life to get bundles of this straw to bring into camp. The rice is pounded out on logs & cooked to eat, while the straw is fed to the horses. Hear that Artillery Roses have already died from the effects of the "brand" of the rice straw on their stomachs. The regt has come skirmishing today, & there is quite an Artillery Duel in the pm.

Headquarters Thomas in Nashville on the 13th. Continuing the Battle on the 14th was most disastrous, Battery got fired, 2000 left a mineed army, which now took the field again.

Our lines on the left sound as if they were closing up. Rations are All gone. No more coffee, no horse tackle, no soap, nor salt. Race roots & bark have to suffice for food.

Dec. 17, 1864—Saturday, 33rd day.

To day the rebels open a furious bombardment upon our caudes but do us very little damage. Only these gunning things. Keep one uneasy. I have kept my old horse up by hook & crook, but he looks thin & gaunt. In the pm I rode out around to a ramp where one could get out to some rice stacks with some hope of ever getting back. Succeeded in getting back the rebel fire & securing two large bundles of rice. We took care to cut the heads all off. & then fed the straw to our horses with safety. We have burned holes in stumps to make mortars of & in these ground out our rice. Then boil rice in without sugar or salt.

Letters from the North came in today. Yesterday. We expect rations soon.
Dec. 18, 1864. Sunday. 34th day out.
Wrote letters home. Start skirmish fire. Rebel bullets whiz into camp sometimes.

Dec. 19. Monday. 35th day out
Building breastworks today. It looks like a storm. Heavy firing all day & night.

Dec. 20. Tuesday. 36th day out
Heavy firing all day & up to 10 at night. - Rations have "arrived" & are plentiful.

Dec. 21. Wednesday. 37th day out, re-enter Savannah.

All hands are ordered out today for a grand change upon the enemy's lines. We do not relish the trip through that deep swamp. A U.S. battery has been pushed out on a road just west of the swamp. Barrels are filled with sand, rolled out on the road at night, then crouched in behind the barrels. When at the place, the barrels are "exploded." To a rude breastwork is begun. Then come sacks of sand, thy thy there is a protection there from musket shot. Great galloons also are made in the woods, pointed out to points in the swamp, anchored & filled slowly with dirt. Thy thy a battery can get out work. The guns in the Johnnie Reb, with great success. Of course they work back on us some.

These guns open early in the morning, but elicit little reply from the enemy. About 10 or 11 AM, the movement forward begins. But it is soon apparent that the rebel works have been abandoned. Sam. Robinson the sergeant-major & myself went out around on horseback to where we knew there was a good road.
across the swamp & directly to the city. Then m'got to the head of a column of troops was coming up out - but we managed to slip by a galleopon on ice as fast as we could. I wore a light rubber coat with a long cape - so no one knew who m'were - 'till having on also a sort of cape. We got in ahead of all our troops as far as we could. We're ahead of us but scattered over the deserted rebel lines and in battery, just as kept harland the down road there in the road, road. On we rode past the fair smooth box 32 first standing city. The houses all had a ranch twenty. People were putting out flags, trees peered from windows - as portion of the city. Storms were up appearance, a no destruction the city, it was beautiful in the streets. We rode to the The river - a little way up river, about Savannah, as it seemed to us, but not firing her guns. Toward evening the thrus a few shells into the city, but some batteries came up, & from her up stream. We rode and some more & saw columns of our troops coming in with flags moving, & drums beating - seeing we might be suspected & arrested we began to hunt for our regt. officer, found him naked in a grove on the edge of the city.
sphere, pure water, lovely scenery and refined resident population.

Marietta was before the war a favorite resort of the Southern aristocracy and it is a favorite resort to-day with those who would spend a season between the Northwest and the farther South. The city is surrounded by good roads for driving; is in the vicinity of the mountain trout streams of the Blue Ridge; near the Georgia marble quarries, and on every side are localities famous for their connection with the Atlanta campaign of the war between the States. The principal hotel is the Kennesaw House, and there are several good boarding-houses.

SAVANNAH, one of the handsomest of American cities, occupies a bluff on the south bank of the Savannah River, eighteen miles from its mouth. It is 102 miles from Macon and 132 miles from Augusta, via the Central Railroad of Georgia. With a population of 45,000, it is the first naval-stores port in the world and is conspicuous for the exportation of cotton, rice and lumber. Throughout the city is ever the sweet breath of the forest given by beautiful old trees that shade the broad streets and together with the carpeting of grass make delightful the many public squares. Forsyth Park is a larger and more pretentious place of resort, and Bonaventure Cemetery is renowned for its solemn and surpassing beauty. There are magnificent public edifices and noble private residences are surrounded with flower gardens which bloom throughout the year. Healthfully located within the influence of the current of the Gulf Stream, the climate of Savannah is genial and even, mild in winter and without intense heat in summer. From the date of its first settlement by General Oglethorpe in 1733, the history of this city is closely connected with all that is remarkable in the history of the Nation. Repulsed in 1775, the British succeeded in capturing it in 1778. In the attempt of the French and Americans to regain possession the next year, Count Pulaski lost his life. In November, 1779, Savannah suffered the loss of about one million dollars by fire, and in January, 1826, it was devastated by another conflagration which damaged it to the extent of four millions of dollars.
across the swamp & directly to the city. Then I got to the head of
a column of troops was coming up & but we managed to slip by
gallipede on ice as fast as we could. I wore a light rubber coat
with a long cape. So no one knew who we were - some having on also
a sort of cape. We got in ahead of all our troops so far as we could
see - officers & company were well ahead of us - but scattered
into groups of two or three. So we joined the deserted tribes &
saw their cannon & ammunition chests & battery, just as left hurriedly
the night before. Wagons loaded & broken down more than there in the road.
Blankets & more strongly through the woods. We rode past the
old revolutionary forts with their green smooth box 32's standing
in them - roughly came into the city. The houses all had a
shut-up look - but from many French Austrian British & some
American flags were flying, from others people were putting out flags.
A few doors opened as we passed & faces peered from windows.
We kept on down into the business portion of the city & stores were
closed, but there was no broken up appearance, & no destruction. War had scarcely touched the city & it was a beautiful
place with its little parks & in the streets. We rode to the
customhouse & looked off upon the river - a little way up stream
lay a rebel gunboat steaming up. As it seemed to us, but not firing
her guns. Toward evening the ships a few shells into the city but
some batteries came up & from her up stream - We rode around
some more & saw columns of our troops coming in with
flags moving & drums beating - seeing me might be suspec-
ted & arrested I began to hunt for our flag generally thought
of as being on the edge of the city.
PLAN OF SECOND BARRACKS

A HOUSE ON BULL STREET, SAVANNAH

For almost half its distance, this street runs through beautiful parks.

RESIDENCE OF MAYOR MELDRIM, SAVANNAH, GA.—HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN IN 1865.
PLAN OF SECOND STORY OF BARRACKS, from Memory.

RESIDENCE OF MAYOR MELDRIM, SAVANNAH, GA.—HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN IN 1865.
Dec. 22, 1864. THURSDAY.

Last night there was some artillery firing— & a battle in front of Savannah.

This forenoon the regiment is ordered into the city. We are assigned to the old Barracks on Bull st. The Barracks are of stone & brick, & occupy a square. The main entrance is on Bull st. This side is built very handsomely of stone & contains the officers' apartments. The entrance is by three archways—one for teams, one for horses, the other for pedestrians, opening out of the gate into Bull st.

The Confederates built another ironclad, the Georgia, which turned out a miserable failure, but the Savannah, which was of the same general character as the Merrimac, proved to be a fairly formidable battleship. She took part in the defense of Savannah by shelling the Union camp near the river, and after the city had surrendered she fired her last shots at the troops who were occupying Fort Jackson, scattering her colors to the last. She was then taken over to the South Carolina shore, and a slow match put to her magazine. A little after 10 o'clock she blew up with a tremendous explosion. All the other vessels, either afloat or in dock, were burned.

Dec. 23. MONDAY—FRIDAY.

Visit the city, it is a beautiful place. See Pulaski's Monument, also Gen'l Greens'. Not a thing is disturbed here. Visit the Arsenal, & Dockyards. Here as much as possible has been burned & destroyed. See some large naval torpedos.
THURSDAY.

Dec. 22. 1864

Last night there was some artillery firing at Savannah, which shook us all up. It was the gunboat, abandoned.

This forenoon the regiment is ordered into the city. We are assigned to the old U.S. Barracks on Bull St. The street of the city for our quarters. We are not far from the “Gree” Mansion, occupied by Gen. Sherman and Mrs. The barracks are of stone and brick, and occupy a square. The main entrance is on Bull St. This side is built very handsomely of stone; it contains the officers' apartments. The entrance is by three archways—one for trucks, ride horses, the other two for pedestrians. On the side street facing right as one starts looking out of the gate into Bull St are the A.M.'s other offices, the apartments for non-com. Staff, &c., further on the Horse Dispensary, Ordnance rooms, store, &c., at the end the Kitchen-Bake oven.

Across the foot of the other side runs the barracks of brick, two story high, with side balconies, entirely above. The barracks at second story, below an equally fine long piazza.

There is a fine parade ground, mile lighted at night. In all our quarters gas & city water. The men had anything like this before during our soldiering. Some propose to join the Regulars at once. We think this is altogether too good to last.

The division encamped on the east side of the city inside earthworks and left nothing on river, right on St. Thomas River.

FRIDAY.

Dec. 23.

Visit the city, I think it a beautiful place. See Pulaski's Monument. Also Gen'l. Green's. Not a thing is disturbed here. Visit the Arsenal & Dock Yards. Here as much as possible has been burned & destroyed. See some large naval torpedoes.
Dec. 24, 1864.

The city begins to have an ordinary appearance. The hotels are open - the gas lights in the streets are lighted at night - stores open - delivery teams run - boats & buggies steam down the river. For Savannah, there is very little of the bitterness of war, at least in appearance. The Savannah Herald is regularly issued - though the printing & editing is done by Yankee soldiers.

Dec. 25th.

SUNDAY - CHRISTMAS

But very quiet here. We get up an extra dinner, have a little jobification in the Barracks. I attend the Presbyterian church in Savannah.

Dec. 26th.

MONDAY

Sutlers have found a way to get down here with Northern goods. Buy me a dozen paper collars for 75 cents & fix myself up in good style. We are quite away in our fashionable barracks, appear in very black shoes, very bright buttons.

Dec. 27th.

TUESDAY

We find our provost duty very light & agreeable. It is merely 7th U.S. guard -

Q.M. Stores - at Monument & Halsey St. All our buttons are lined during the March, are sent North by

Dec. 28th.

WEDNESDAY

We can get milk regularly - Oysters in the ship.

Dec. 29th.

THURSDAY.

Arrive myself in my very best, attend the Stone Presbyterian Church last Sunday.
Dec. 24, 1864.  Saturday.

The city resumes its ordinary appearance. The hotels are open. The gas lighted in the streets at night. Stores open. Delivery teams run. Boats &tugs steam up & down the river. For Savannah there is very little of the bitterness of war, at least in appearance. The Savannah Herald is regularly issued, though the printing & editing is done by Yankee soldiers. The weather is delightful. There are frosts at night, but no actual snowfall.


But very quiet here. We get up an extradinner, there a little job decoration in the barracks. I went to the Presbyterian Church in town.


Sutters have found a way to get down here with Northern goods. Buy me a dozen paper collars for 75 cts., & fix myself up in good style. We are quite dandy in our fashionable barracks, I appear with very black shoes, very bright buttons.

Dec. 27th.  Tuesday.

We find our provost duty very light & agreeable. It is mostly half-suns guard. At 7 A.M., 1st At Monuments, Hotels &c. All our sick & wounded accumulated during the March, are sent North by steamer.

Dec. 28th.  Wednesday.

We can get milk regularly. & Oysters in the shell are cheap by the bushel.

Dec. 29th.  Thursday.

Array myself in my very best. I attend the Stone Prog last Sunday Christmas.
DEC. 30, 1864. FRIDAY.

Tom. Robinson, the Sergeant Major, I have quarters together, & we discuss the prospect of the war closing soon, what we will do when it's over. Have captured some Black Books in the Barracks, which I have promised with care.

Dec. 31st. SATURDAY.

The weather is delightful. There are sports at night, but we seldom wear our overcoats during the day. The parks at the intersections of streets with Bull St. are green, & children are often at play in them afternoons.

Barrack discipline is strictly enforced. No enlisted man can pass out of the gate without a permit. The non-com. staff are excepted so that we pass in & out at pleasure. Every afternoon there is a full drum parade in the tip of the style, & we are quite proud of our appearance & drill.

Many of our sick around now will rejoin us from the North. Also quite a lot of recruits. And we assure ourselves looking thus, our saying- That man must stand up to march- he is too round-shouldered or thin- or too gay & confident. H-H- but this man will go through it- because he takes it all quietly & sensibly.

Gen Sherman calls the march to the sea, a change of truce for his army. From an interior city, Atlanta, to a sea port city, Savannah, he terminated the movement as complete Jan. 9, 1864, from Nov 12, 1864, to Jan. 9, 1865, or 37 days. In all, 64,000 men of the U.S. forces marched through the Carolinas 10 days. The Right Wing, 15th & 17th Corps, 60,728 men. The Left Wing, 14th & 20th Corps, 60,728 men. The Cavalry, 1 Corps, 6,928 men. Total 456,142 men.

31,000 Bales of Cotton were captured here & turned over to the U.S. for the U.S. Army. Four times over by grand total claims.

T.T. 1868.
January 1
First 1865
Sunday.

New Year's Day.


Friday 1865

In our fine barracks, doing stylish city provost guard duty.

On the 7th witnessed the review by Sherman.

Saturday 1865

Jan. 14. 1865

Relieved from provost guard duty; orders to rejoin our Div. in the suburbs of the city to be ready to march in 5 days.

Sunday 1865

Jan. 15.

Getting ready to march. The reg't is encamped in some open fields a mile or so out of the city with the Brigade.

The 17th corps occupied Port Royal G.C. today.

A drunken row in camp last night is called the battle of stillwater.

Monday 1865

Jan. 16.

Tuesday 1865

Jan. 17.
JAN. 18, 1865. **WEDNESDAY**

Heavy rains set in. We are moving to move. Gen. Halleck has ordered Pemberton to charge with the 4th Div. of the 19th Corps.

JAN. 19. **FRIDAY.**

Raining very hard. We leave camp. We move this morning, a march through out of the main part of the city, a little to the north, & cross the Savannah River on a pontoon bridge. Arrived on the opposite side, we find after going a short distance that all before us is low, flat, almost entirely flooded with water. We hear that the 19th Div. crossed here yesterday, & on beyond have lost some of their teams in the water.

**SATURDAY.** After scuttling about in mud, rain & water, we are about faced, marched back in front, back through the city to our old camp. Where we made up for the night.

Learn that the 19th A.C. Gen. Sheridan came in by transports from the East today. It was only one Div. of the 19th Corps. which came in to hold the city. General orders for the Carolina March given out to-day.

Jan. 20th. 21st. 22nd. 23rd. 24th. 25th. 26th. 27th. 28th. 29th. 30th. **JANUARY.** In our camp. Rain, mud. No discomfort awaiting to March any day.

On the 21st Gen. Sherman said the entire headquarters staff was to leave for Savannah to the beach of the Connecticutt, arriving on the 23rd. The Confederates made the last attack on the city.

JAN. 28. **SATURDAY.**

A great fire broke out in the cellar of a cotton warehouse last night. Some say it was incendiary. By midnight the Arsenal & 8 blocks were burned before it was checked. Firebricks tolled mournfully all night. Many soldiers & women were killed at the Arsenal by exploding shells, & several negroes & many horses were burned to death. Their charred remains lay on the streets. We marched at 11 A.M. today, passed the ruins of the fire. We went X. E. 2 M. on our banks, lined with cotton.
SAVANNAH to Hickory Hill.
Jan. 28th to Feb. 7th 1865.
Formation of Sherman's Army in Carolina Campaign

Right Wing

15th A.C.

18th A.C.

720 officers
14,638 men

11th A.C.

466 officers
11,220 men

Left Wing

14th A.C.

20th A.C.

H. W. Slocom, Cmd.

7th A.C.

T. H. Morgan, Cmd.

J. T. Davis, Gen.

A. S. Williams, Gen.

60,079 men

63 guns

2,580 wagons

600 ambulances

Infantry 53,993
Cavalry 4,438
Artillery 1,718

Cavalry

Artillery

Strength 60,079 men

With Terry, 10th A.C., 10,000 men on sea coast
With Schenley, 23rd A.C., 2,100 men coming to coast

420 miles Savannah to S. Berne.
February 2nd, 1865

THURSDAY.

Lying in our smoky camp at Sisters Ferry on the Savannah River.

Feb. 3rd, FRIDAY.

In our smoky camp. No tents; mind you, except "Dog" guns. Blankets.

Feb. 4th, SATURDAY.

Just at dark this evening, we cross the Savannah river to the East bank.

A rough bridge has been constructed, which with a few punt boats in the
deepest part makes a very good passage. At the men come to the
South Carolina shore, they quit the broad of the chief dinner
in the Confederate, with unearthly groans, yells, grunts, barks
and calls. This goes on all night as the troops cross the land. We
move on a few miles & camp in the deepest white fog
I ever imagined comes in.

Due moved down right into a smoke
camp fire, never seeing it. A large fire only produced a dull red
appearance a few steps off, like hot iron. The voices of men
standing near you & talking. Each musician was most ghostly.

Feb. 5th, SUNDAY.

More out quite late today. Cross 3 miles of the roughest corduroy in
a swamp. Procured a better horse to ride. The other
3 divisions of our Corps crossed the
bridge to-day. We have not caught up with them yet.

Feb. 6th, MONDAY.

Under way early today. "Straddling the wagon train" which makes
the men march as they can in the woods, while the wagons
on the road. This very tedious marching. Woods closest male, land sparsely
and 40 day's rations & shoes of our Corps are not (Sunday) Savannah, etc.
Map of Georgia and the Carolinas in 1865.
FEB. 7, 1865. TUESDAY.

Today we cross the **Black Swamp**. Corduroy road building all the way. Country flooded in the water. Heavy rains are frequent. Our feet are wet almost all the time. The men at every halt, where possible, get some fire knots burning. Remove their shoes and socks, & dry out as much as they can, & move on. Even if not dry, wringing out the socks, knocking off the mud, & getting a bit of warmth on the feet does one good.quires once a light sprig start on the main muddy way, the shoes are now invariably made to come up outside the pants like a boat leg. The pants are kept cleaner for camp & sleeping that night in this way, while the shoes and socks can be removed, washed & dried almost any where.

The building of corduroy roads is reduced to a system. The pioneer corps, with negro as men go with the advance brigade & cut down all the small straight pines on the way, on both sides of the road, for a couple of roads, or more as the road may require.

Then a regiment comes up, halts, stacks arms, & picking up these cut logs sticks place them across the road, forming the corduroy bed. The other regiments of the brigade in advance pass on until the rear rank of that brigade comes up. When it stacks arms & goes to work. While the first regiment retakes its arms, falls in as a rear rank to the Brigade march column. Meanwhile the right now in front having arrived at a suitable place, stack its arms, form a new place, & so it goes on. All day - Thus as the teams come up, & the men, the Din with them. They bind
March through South Carolina. Feb. 1865

a road built to go on. It is found that where there are no bridges
a pioneer corps of 800 men - & a Brigade of 5 regiments can easily
build good corduroy as fast as a wagon train can travel.
The Brigades of the Div. take turns in corduroying - & in
being "rear guard" which is the front of the 5th - the Division
also alternate. So that generally speaking - one corduroy day
is about all a Brigade gets on an ordinary March.

Arrive at Hickory Hill after crossing the Black Armuck.
where the advance had quite a severe fight yesterday. This was
the skirmish of the Gunsmout 5th. Div. & Co. on the 13th.

We pass on a short distance & camp.
Some scouts stole my revolver from the wagon box of the
Car. wagon last night.

Feb. 8. 1865. Wednesday.

We are in the overflow of the Salkehatchee River.

Feb. 9. Thursday.

To-day we cross the Whippy swamp, 8 miles wide, high water.

Men made up to Arm pits in the cold water. The bottom however is firm yellow-white sand.

On the edge of this swamp there had been a little grove there. We found some leaves of the day before - like this.

Nov. 6. 1864. John Hirthlee

To 1 lb. of Feb. 80.00
To 2 lbs. corn meal 80.00
To 1 gallon Whiskey 3.00

Nov. 10. 1864. James Blount

To 1 gallon Whiskey 6.00
To 10 lbs. beans 75.00

Dec. 1. 1864. Samuel Stacy

To 1 gallon Whiskey 6.00
To 1 pound flour 40.00
To 2 lbs. of Feb. 80.00

Dec. 3. Jerry Male

To 1 gallon Whiskey 12.00
To 2 lbs. beans 3.00
To 1 lb. of Feb. 15. 50.00
FEB. 10 1865 FRIDAY.

After crossing Whipsy Swamp we got upon higher ground. To day we have comparatively good roads. The weather is quite cool. There is a flurry of snow lasting about an hour & a half today. The entire army gathering in the neighborhood of Blackwill on the Augusta Charleston or S.C.R.R. We are not yet up with our corps.

FEB. 11 SATURDAY.

Our rations are getting low, & the "Bummers" are now out again in all their glory foraging for us. The country grows better as we advance east-west. Our regiment has the advance today & we jog along in the road once more sightseeing. Since leaving Savannah we have seen no trees but pines & to-day on a little ridge of ground we see one solitary stucked Oak Tree, which the "boys" greet with cheers. Cross little Salkehatchee River. To day we reach our own corps & prepare to cross the Edisto River with them.

FEB. 12 SUNDAY.

Have the rear today. But the roads have become good & the rear is not so bad. We are getting into the Uplands. A while pine of the yellow variety predominates & we see many other kinds of trees. Cross Edisto River near Branchville.

FEB. 13 MONDAY.

Pass near Orange Grove. But this is not so bad in these open pines. Pass dental turpentine factories in the wood where there are 50 or 60 Bbls. of resin. Tar & Turpentine to ret-fire to me have a roaring blaze. What smoke - thus black so unjustice. Pass through ances of pine trees cut as is to come.
Since the war improved methods of collecting the pine self have added 13,000,000 ac ft. to the forest
industry, principally in N. Carolina. Savannah, Ga., is the great shipping point.

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

Continued sale of the leather, and of the

SUNDAY

FRIED.

[Handwritten notes and comments throughout the page.]
The pine sap. Tall young gum trees are selected about 3 feet from the ground. The tree is chopped into 20 as to form a cup in the tree. Above this cup the bark is ground up so that the sap exudes, collects, runs down into the cup. Hardened there into something like gum, which is scooped out, taken to the turpentine factories, the products are turpentine, tar, and rosin. Many of these factories have not been run since 1868. The trees are loaded with the white gum. Touch a match to this gum & it flashes out into flame. Roaring up the tree, fiercely emitting vast volumes of densely black smoke. The men are fond of touching the trees of 88-9 in some places, where thousands of these trees are burning. With an immense camo of smoke overhanging the spectacle is wonderful. A at night one cannot imagine the peculiarity of it.

At one place so many trees are burning, so close to the road it seemed impossible to get the ammunition trains through. Everybody & everything was black with the falling smoke. Orders were finally issued to stop setting fire to the trees; but the boys said they were going to burn South Carolina out, forests, mines & all. Indeed it did look so with regard to houses & homes. For I believe not one was left unburned on our route. The attempt was made to save some homes—But suddenly they would be ablaze. Now no one seemed to know.

Sherman standing by the roaring volcano of a burning turpentine factory offered a discharge to any one who would ride through the smoke. Green not a bud on a field.
FEB. 14. 1865. TUESDAY.

Have the coveted advance of our Div. today. Hear Canoovilas-ning not far ahead. Geo. Sherman & Logan with staff- now use riding rapidly a head. Genl. Sherman & Logan with staff. The cavalry came from Woods Div. of our Corps, which forms a parallel position on the other bank of the Little Congaree. Shell ed it out, joined the bridges & passed over.

FEB. 15. WEDNESDAY.

We have to take the rear today, a lay in camp while the 1st & 2nd Div. of our Corps pass us. Presently they begin to skirmish with now & then a cannon shot. A advance slowly. Winfield in our place, but up a little closer as supports. There are heavy rains today, the mud is bottomless. Toward night the enemy returns inside of Columbia. The fighting to day was intense. Woods skirmish line some Rebel Cavalry.

FEB. 16. THURSDAY.

To day we have the center, & move out about 10 A.M. The day is bright after the rain. We soon emerge from the woods into our immense open plains, with Columbia by & on the side hills. Magnificently in view. We can see into the streets easily. There is a line of breastworks around the city. Not very large or extensive, & only about half a mile out as it seems.

Our Army is in motion over the plain- from a slight eminence to which I have ridden- it is the finest most complete Military view I have ever had. It is an ideal view here in reality. Long columns of infantry are on the march over several roads centering in toward one point.
The umbrellas are flashed from their guns. Tricaps and accoutrements. The movement looks more like a crawling than like a step. The men are mostly in columns of fours. The impression is that of gigantic bluish flashes and flashes of musketry. Then there are batteries of artillery crawling along. The smoke reflected from sabers from the brass guns. Here and there a string of cavalry trot along their road. Immense white smoke, cloud wagon trains crawl on our every possible road. Thro' them across are galloping officers officers. Shape flutter. Beyond all are the smoke plumes of the skirmish line at the motionless shores of the city of Columbia.

But here comes the advance of our rear. We must fall into our place behind and on. We march up close to the rebel line, along it near the skirmishers for a mile or so, finally halt on quite a hill near a bridge on the Congaree.

The 17th A.C. we leave got near here yesterday. The end of the bridge next to Columbia was burned. But this end was intact. After dark we marched on about 2 miles, crossed the Saluda on pontoons. We then march on some distance further and finally get into camp on the banks of the Broad river near its junction with the Saluda to form the Congaree.

During the night of the 16th the 7th Div. of our Corps threw a pontoon bridge across the Broad river to cross the Congaree. About 9, move a brigade over to cross the Park. About 10, move a brigade over to cross the railroad. About 11, the Jasper of Columbia sent a message that he wished to surrender the city. Col. Stone with his staff met into the city to receive the surrender.
Confederate Veteran.

By the stand of one member of the court-martial, Colonel Bowman, the boy's life was saved, but he was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor.

Some time after the war young McCue's family and Colonel Bowman interested General Grant in the case, and John McCue was pardoned. While in prison McCue was set to work making nails. The knowledge he learned there stood him in good stead; for later he entered the nail business and was connected with a large nail manufacturing company at Iron Gate, Va. At the time of his death he was engaged in engineering work in Canada.

TESTIMONY ABOUT BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

BY CAPT. A. R. ELMORE, GAINESVILLE, FLA., A LIEUTENANT OF FIRST SOUTH CAROLINA REGULARS, C. S. A.

What state is based upon my own observation, for I was at Columbia, S.C., temporarily attached to Gen. Wade Hampton's staff as aide-de-camp, with rank of second lieutenant, first South Carolina Regulars, C. S. A. This regiment had occupied and defended Fort Sumter up to the evacuation of Charleston. I was on furlough in Columbia at the time, and being cut off and unable to reach my regiment by reason of the occupation of Orangeburg and the consequent possession of the South Carolina Railroad by Sherman's army, was given by General Hampton a temporary position on his staff. On the morning of February 17 I was with General Hampton and the rest of his staff on Arsenal Hill, in the northwestern part of the city of Columbia, and not far from Young's Hill, by the river, watching the Federals on the other side, who were preparing to place one of their pontoon bridges. This was perhaps about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning. The firing had about ceased, with the exception of scattering musketery, for our rear guard was being driven across the actually burning bridges—one across the Congaree River at the foot of Bridge Street (now Gervais), and the other two or three miles above, where the Saluda comes into Broad River, making the Congaree. The lower bridge was called Congaree bridge, and the upper one Saluda bridge.

General Hampton gave no orders, nor did he make any details of men to burn cotton. About ten or eleven o'clock, the last of our troops having crossed the river and the bridges either burned or burning, General Hampton ordered me to ride rapidly to Maj. George Melton, in charge of his wagon train at the Big Lake plantation, owned by Mrs. John Singleton, eleven miles below Columbia, on the Congaree River, and to order him, under my guidance, to conduct the train by a Bank movement via the Singleton ice pond to Dent's Mill, on the Camden road, due east of and five miles from Columbia, and thence in a northwesterly direction and join him on the Winniboro road at — by the Charlotte and Columbia Railroad, sixteen miles north of Columbia. All of this order was successfully accomplished, and the creek bridge at Dent's Mill was burned.

From my starting point in the extreme northwestern part of the city my course lay to the southeast and passed through the entire length and breadth of the city. Elmwood Avenue was at that time the only business street in the city. At the intersection of Elmwood Avenue with Main Street were situated the cotton warehouses of O'Neal and of Keenan and others. All of the cotton business being transacted in this part of the city, it was called “Cotton Town.” The other cotton warehouses in the city were those of Daniel Crawford and John Caldwell, on Bridge (now Gervais) Street, near the Charleston and Columbia depot, a mile from the State house, and on the same street (Gervais), about halfway between there and the Congaree bridge. Cotton Town was in the extreme northern part of the city and in a section comparatively thinly built up. Had the fire started there, it could easily have been controlled. The warehouses of Crawford and Caldwell, near the Charleston depot, being in the extreme western portion of the city, were comparatively isolated from it by a large pine grove near the depot, on the south side of Gervais Street, and by open ground on the north side. Fire from these warehouses could not have well reached the city proper. These details as to situation are necessary in order to understand what follows.

With the order from General Hampton, I rode straight on Elmwood Avenue to Main Street, going east, and turned into Main, south. One warehouse—O'Neal's, I think—was on the northwest corner of Main Street and Elmwood Avenue, and Cotton Town was immediately on my left. I would swear that there was no cotton burning there. I traveled along Main Street, South, the whole length of it, and not a cotton bale did I see. At the State capital I turned east into Gervais Street and passed out of the city on my mission and saw no cotton or fire anywhere. I quote here from Maj. George Ward Nichols's book (he being aide-de-camp to General Sherman), "The Story of the Great March; The Diary of a Staff Officer," page 164 (February 17): "I began to-day's record early in the evening, and while writing I noticed an unusual glare in the sky and heard a sound of running to and fro in the street with the loud talk of servants that the horses must be removed to a safer place. Running out, I found to my surprise and real sorrow that the central part of the city, including the main business street, was in flames, while the wind, which had been blowing a hurricane all day, was driving the sparks and cinders in heavy masses over the eastern portion of the city, where the finest residences are situated. These buildings, all wooden, were quickly ignited by the flying sparks. In half an hour the conflagration was raging in every direction." Mark you, Major Nichols says that the fire in the central part of the city was in flames, while the wind, which had not been blowing a hurricane all day, was driving the sparks and cinders in heavy masses over the eastern portion of the city, where the finest residences are situated. These buildings, all wooden, were quickly ignited by the flying sparks. In half an hour the conflagration was raging in every direction. This is absolutely true. Fire started "in every direction," but it started from the inside—not the outside—of those handsome residences; and it was set by the concerted action of Sherman's men, and not by "sparks and cinders," and it was fanned into an avalanche of destruction by the heavy gale of wind which had been blowing hard all day.

As proof that Sherman's soldiers did it, let me quote Dr. R. W. Gibbes, at that time about sixty years of age and one of the most distinguished men of the State; a man who had traveled much, and collected many valuable souvenir, coins, etc. He says that when he entered the house, one of the handsomest in the city, saying they intended to burn it, he begged them to allow him to save his collection of souvenirs. They deliberately pocketed his valuable coins and applied the torch to his curiosities. His experience was similar to that of many others.

Again quoting from Major Nichols's book, page 166: "Various causes are assigned to explain the origin of the fire. I am quite sure that it originated in sparks flying from the hundreds of bales of cotton which the Rebels had placed along the middle of Main Street and fired as they left the city." I have already proved above that this is untrue by the evidence of my own eyes and that there was no cotton on Main Street.
Besides, anybody with common sense would know that cotton, in the bale, smolders but never "sparkles" or creates "cinders."

Again, on page 166, Major Nichols says: "There were fires, however, which must have been started independent of the escaped prisoners, two hundred in number, set these fires in a spirit of revenge, and adds: "Again it is said that the soldiers who first entered the town, intoxicated with success and having a liberal supply of hard liquor, in an insanity of exultation set fire to unoccupied houses." Here we have the whole thing in a nutshell, only add that "occupied" and "unoccupied" residences were treated alike. The diary of a staff officer on Sherman's staff proves by his own writing that the fires were set by their drunken soldiers "in an insanity of exultation," and Major Nichols' own words, "in a half hour the conflagration was raging in every direction."—started everywhere by the concerted action and a distinct understanding of Sherman's soldiers, to whom, by comparison, the Goths and Vandals of ancient history were angels.

My fellow townsman, Col. John W. Tench, indorses every word I have written. He, like myself, was "on the spot," being a major on the staff of Gen. William D. Martin, of Mississippi, who was commanding a division of Wheeler's cavalry. He was among the last to cross Congaree bridge, and passed immediately by the South Carolina Railroad depot and the cotton warehouses in that quarter. He states emphatically that there was no burning cotton to be seen anywhere.

On the morning after the burning of the city, February 18, General Hampton having headquarters at — on the Charlotte and Columbia Railroad, was, with his staff, going along the road to Killians Creek, four miles nearer to the city. We met two scouts with a Yankee prisoner. General Hampton stopped them, and the following conversation, which is additional evidence that Sherman burned Columbia, took place between General Hampton and the prisoner. This conversation is indubitably impressed upon my mind. General Hampton asked: "To what command do you belong?" The prisoner answered: "To Kilpatrick's Cavalry." Then he asked again, "What did you do to Columbia?" to which the prisoner replied, "We burned it up, sir." General Hampton's almost verbatim reply was, "Well, sir, I have every reason to believe that you have told me the truth, for we saw the whole heavens lit up; but I always verify before I act, and if I find you have told the truth, I will shoot every man of you I catch."

Dismissing the scouts and prisoner, we proceeded on our way toward the firing line on Killians Creek, as the firing had become incessant. The statement of this prisoner, "We burnt it up," is true evidence that Sherman "did burn it." After riding perhaps half a mile General Hampton stopped and ordered me to ride back and get some additional information from the prisoner. I galloped back, overtaking the scouts at a branch which crossed the road, and was in speaking distance, but not anticipating the tragedy which followed, saw one of the scouts (now dead himself), without a word of warning and before I could speak, send a bullet crushing through the poor fellow's brain. Returning to General Hampton, I found him on the firing line talking to Gen. M. C. Butler and made my report, to which he made no reply.

FLAG OF THE THIRTIETH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

BY A. P. ADAMSON, SECRETARY REUNION ASSOCIATION.

The Reunion Association of the Thirtieth Georgia Regiment desires to learn of its old battle flag which was captured at Nashville December 16, 1864. At that time the 30th Geor-

Arlington Confederate Monument:

Treasurer's Report for Month Ending December 31, 1919.

Mrs. John T. Tench, Director for Florida, $7.50
Mrs. J. J. Crawford, Director for New York, $5.00
Mrs. J. B. Spell, Director for Missouri, $2.50
Mrs. R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1245, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo., $1.00
Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, $5.00

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, $5.00
Contributed by Manassas Chapter, No. 175, U. D. C., Manassas, Va., $1; Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Richmond, Va., 50 cents, $1; Richmond Chapter, No. 158, U. D. C., Richmond, Va., $2; cash from source not named, 50 cents.

United Daughters of the Confederacy, $25.
Total for month, $25.20.
Balance on hand December 1, 1911, $2,376.20.
Total to be accounted for, $25,000.20.
To Sir Moses Ezekiel, sculptor, Rome, Italy, third person on account, as per contract, $5,000.
Balance on hand January 1, 1912, $16,093.20.

Wallace Street.

Wallace Street.
Quite a sharp skirmish in the woods just in front of us opened up early this morning, but died away by 9 A.M.

We were ordered forward, & crossed the Broad river about 11 miles from the bridge on pontoons. We marched on up into the city. It appears to be quite a handsome city. But everything is shut up, & there is a look of brokenness & litter everywhere. Scions of half crazed negroes are at every street corner. Crowds of "poor whites" unfit for military service the sidewalks. A half drunk to full drunk constitutes seemingly phenomenally thick. We were marched through the main street of the city, as it appeared. All along the center of this street for over a quarter of a mile bales of cotton were piled in many places three bales were burning slowly. Some it looked as if the rebels had piled this cotton here & set fire to it intending to burn the city. Still we were not the first soldiers in a for anglers knew the fires might have been set by 순식. Something high was blazing, a great mass of cotton were flying like snowballs everywhere through the air. We marched on through the city - out of it one mile on the S.E. side where we formed line of battle & lamed.

The Military Occupation of Columbia was & Gen. Sherman's Remnants of Gen. Sherman's Army, the same which opposed the passage of the Edisto river.
Crossing large open fields in front of COLUMBIA
Feb. 16th. 1865.
COLUMBIA, the capital of South Carolina, by the Richmond & Danville Railroad, is eighty-four miles from Augusta, 273 miles from Atlanta and 163 miles from Asheville. It stands upon granite bluffs where the Broad and Saluda Rivers unite to form the Congaree, and but a few miles from the picturesque falls of the latter river. Columbia retains much of the beauty for which it was famous before the war. The streets are from 100 to 150 feet in width and shaded by three rows of trees. Many of the private residences are surrounded by large flower gardens, which are at their loveliest in the early spring, giving the air the perfume of roses, magnolias and the sweet olive. From the city driveways lead through pine forests that are brightened with the luxuriant growth of the yellow jessamine and the Cherokee rose. Columbia is the seat of the University of South Carolina and other State institutions, and it possesses extensive industrial and manufacturing interests, which the completion of the Columbia Canal will largely increase. Its population is about 15,000, and the principal hotels are Wright's Hotel, the Grand Central and the Hotel Jerome.

SATURDAY, Hardee evacuated Charleston this day & joined Johnston at Florence S.C. ordered the troops to guard the city. We could hear the racket in the city. We could hear the shots all day.跑步 of the troops through the streets. Horses and cattle driven out of our houses. The city is in a state of near consternation. The troops are quartered in the city. There is a large number of native liquors available stores with an intoxicating effect on these the crowds of all kinds, soldiers, blacks, negroes & prostitutes, become more drunken than usual. The city is on fire in several places & great clouds of smoke float up off. Shots are frequently heard during the day.

Our Brigade is ordered to clear up & destroy the Columbia & Wilmington R.R. which must do for 20 miles. Making a hard days work of it.

The explosions were caused by the destruction of the State Arsenal arms which had large quantities of gunpowder in it.

The explosion was in the direction of smoke in the sky over them. The pines for miles around were demolished. The explosion caused upon what remainder. With one man out of it. In the A.M. arrived as a lonely place. Negroes showed up. With one man out of it.
of 1866. But notwithstanding these frequent periods of indescribable trial the city is attractive to-day. There remain buildings erected in the olden time with columns and broad porches side by side with structures of modern styles, and the dauntless energy of her citizens bears fruit in prosperity that has returned to her industries and commerce. Charleston is one of the chief ports for the shipment of cotton, rice and naval stores and it is famous for the fertilizers manufactured from the beds in its vicinity of muri and phosphate. The population of Charleston is 35,000 and its location is on the peninsula between Ashley and Cooper Rivers, which here unite to form Charleston Harbor, an estuary whose entrance to the sea seven miles from the city is guarded on the north by Fort Moultrie, on the south by Fort Sumter. The points in and in the vicinity of Charleston that are noteworthy for their intrinsic interest or historic association cannot be enumerated in a narrow compass. St. Michael's Church, with its old, sweet chimes; St. Philip's, with the grave of John C. Calhoun; Magnolia Cemetery, that contains tombstones dating back to 1676; the old planters'...
SATURDAY.  Feb. 18, 1865.

Clear & bright.

Last night there was a great racket in the city. We could hear the noise of mobs as it seemed, but paid little attention to it.

To day we learn that a general plundering of the shops through the city, with the troops quartered in the city, aided by the arraums of negroes & prostitutes. The city had a large amount of native liquor, stores with drunken soldiers & negroes & prostitutes, became mere drunkards.

The city is on fire in several places & great clouds of smoke float up & off. Shots are frequently heard as much yelling. Our brigade is ordered to tear up & destroy the Columbia & Wilmington R. R., which we do for 20 miles, making a hard days work of it.

SUNDAY.  Feb. 19.

Last night we heard heavy explosions in the direction of Columbia. We heard masses of smoke in the sky over the city. The presses for a Union Convocation, Monday morning, was destroyed.

Some enterprising bummers came upon Trade Newton (said by) beautiful country residence, burned it. With one or two others I had ridden out to it in the A.M. at 4 o'clock in the grounds. It was a lovely place. Negroes were there in their quarters. We thought the house although deserted, would escape. But the Bummers were too enterprising, & the beautiful house went to ashes.

FEB. 20, 1863.

MONDAY.

To-day our teams came up with 1200 men. They marched on 20 miles over a very poor country. No farms, no winter forage. December.

Having completed our task learning to make white soap, I'm going on to the country to inspect our corps and on to Milledgeville.

FEB. 21.

Marched over desolate sand hills & through some oaks. It is difficult to find good water enough to drink. One of our mess got a 8.5% bale of the best quality tobacco at Columbia & we call it Home.

The 1st Corps at Milledgeville. We pose a little to the south. I think.

FEB. 22.

WEDNESDAY.

Hand-book of the South.

restfulness, of tranquil content. The permanent population of Aiken is about 2500. Its hotels are the Highland Park, Aiken and Clarendon, and there are many boarding-houses.

Camden. The long-leaved pine trees whose resinous breath is the invalid's balm and cordial are nowhere more perfect than in the forests surrounding this delightful old town. Camden was settled in 1750 and was the scene of many bitter fights during the revolution, one of which was marked by the death of Baron DeKalb, from the effects of his eleven wounds. During the proscription that followed the civil war it sank almost into oblivion in so far as the outer world was concerned and it is only during the past year or two that its fame as a most pleasant and healthful place of winter sojourn has gone beyond the confines of Carolina. Visitors speak in terms of sincerest praise of the sunny sky; of the pure, cool spring water; of the atmosphere that, always dry and balmy and permeated with the balsamic odors of the pines, is never so warm as to be debilitating; and is never tinged with penetrating cold. The streets are lined with gardens of charming flowers and there are many houses of old colonial structure that give pleasure to the eye of him who saunters past their latticed windows as well as comfort to their inhabitants. The population of Camden is 3500. It is situated in the center of the sand-hill region on a well-drained plain above the Wateree River, that, navigable to this point, together with the Wateree Canal, furnishes excellent water-power. There are stores, schools, churches and an opera house. The Hobkirk Inn receives the unqualified commendation of every guest who secures entertainment within its walls and there are other hotels and boarding-houses. Camden is via the South Carolina Railway, 144 miles from Charleston, 157 miles from Augusta and 62 miles from Columbia.

Charleston was described by Josiah Quincy in 1773 as presenting a beautiful and magnificent appearance by reason of the grandeur and splendor of its buildings, decorations, equipages, commerce and shipping. Since that time it has suffered the depression that followed the war of the Revolution, the ravages of
FEB. 20. 1865. MONDAY.

Today our teams came up with 150 rations - March on for 20 miles over a very poor country - no farms, no water, no forage. 12 o'clock.

Having completed our task, began to pack up. 7.30 M. set out across country to join our corps and on to Minnibo, where we stayed.

FEB. 21.

Marched over desolate sand hills, through some oak trees. It is difficult to find good water enough to drink. Of course, got 5 1/2 bales of the best quality tobacco to Boss. At Columbia, so we can smoke.

FEB. 22. WEDNESDAY.

A few may reflect that this is Washington's Birthday. The country is too poor, all our energies are bent on getting through it as before we start.

FEB. 23. THURSDAY.

To-day we cross the WATeree river on pontoons.

FEB. 24. FRIDAY.

Camped in heavy timber near Camden of Revolutionary fame. Rainy. Four companies went around the town to burn the depot and Rebel commissary stores - several tons of rice plundered also. 4th bale of tobacco was brought me by Capt. Boyd to take care of. I wore this down the remainder of the march, as up to the time at Washington.
Marched on 8 miles today - poor country. The rest of our corps, 3 div., are on roads north of 94.

In advance, cross a large swamp. The men made moist deep for two miles, & have a skirmish with some cavalry on the other side. This cavalry is said to be from Lee's Army.

Stay in camp near our skirmish ground on the march, for enemy's corps. Badges are furnished us - every man from general down is to wear one. The 15 A.C. Badge is a cartridge box with the words Forty Rounds above it on a ground - Red for 1st Div. Blue for the 2nd Div. White for the 3rd Div. & Yellow for the 4th Div. We belonging to the 4th Div. soon appeared with our yellow badges. The colors were the same for all the corps. But the devices differed. The 14th A.C. Badge was an arrow. The 14th A.C. had an acorn. The 20th a star.

Having been the extreme advance crossing this swamp, we now have to take our turn in the rear. But the trains are so slow in getting through the swamp that we lay in camp all day.
Grave of Gen.
Francis Marion

As seen March 5, 1865, at
Cheraw, S.C.