

ALLEN (A. C.) DIARY

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ALLEN, A. C.

Diary of Incidents and Events
That Transpired During My
Sourjourn in Central America

1857-1875

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1st Lieutenant, Company B, 1st Battalion Rifles, a volunteer
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A. Harris.
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Allen
A. C. Allen
1st Lieut. Co. B. 1st Batt Rifles
San Juan River
Central America
Nicaraguan Army

DIARY

of

Incidents & Events

That Transpired During

My Voyage In

Central America

Thursday Jan 1st 1857. Page 1

I left my home in New Orleans La, at five o'clock on the evening of the 28th Dec, just four days ago; on the Steam Ship Texas; bound as a volunteer, for the sunny land of Nicaragua. With Glorious anticipations; and aspirations, that knew no bounds. As the last spire, of good old New Orleans, faded from my sight; I mentally resolved; to leave my bones in other lands; or, return honorably; to my home; and many friends; I have in it. Not having a single friend; and but one acquaintance on board the vessel; you may know that my time passed dullly enough at first. When after a long fit of meditation I arose from the deck; to seek quarters for the night. I saw around me as I passed through, a dense crowd of ugly looking strangers; but my thoughts were busy with but Alms.

Dan

I expected the position of "Lieut,"
 consequently, I sought quarters, in
 the Cabin; After some trouble
 and delay, I managed to get
 a Cabin ticket. When I arrived
 at my sleeping place, I found
 two rough looking Customers,
 had been already appointed
 there. The fact is; these Company
 in my estimation, didn't seem
 as though it would improve any
 one's morals; so I concluded to
 watch them narrowly; for my
 own information. As they seemed
 pretty well fixed up, (as the
 saying is) one of them proposed
 a game of Poker to me, as soon
 as I came in. I remarked that
 I did not play Poker, and he
 would have to excuse me. He insisted
 upon a small game, merely
 for amusement. I refused pro-
 duely; and lounged down on
 my bunk, to wait for them
 to go to bed. After several
 ineffectual attempts, to draw me
 into conversation they concluded

to retire. After which, I did the same. I lanned this much from them. No take of nothing but my hat and coat. I put them under my head, loose my pistol belt, a little and go to bed &c. The fog became so dense, that the vessel was compelled to drop anchor, and lay to all night. Consequently, we did not get far from New Orleans, the first evening. The next morning the 29th we again started on down the river. We arrived at the Balize in the evening, where we sent some despatches ashore. And as it was still quite foggy we again lay to all night. Morning of the 31st we crossed the bar, at 3 o'clock A.M. and bid farewell to ~~our~~ ^{the} sea soil. And there were many on that vessel that bid their last and eternal farewells to the land of our nativity. This day was passed in disposing of the men and dividing them off into Companies. I was appointed by Major Robert Ellis the Commanding

Saw

officer as 1st Lieut of Co. B.
Commanded by Captⁿ R. A
Harris. I felt proud of that
Company; that evening when they
were first assembled for roll call.
for without exaggeration; it was
the largest Company aboard the
vessel; And a more athletic
and determined set of fellows
it would be hard to find.
I made up my mind; to
let my conduct be such, as
to gain their good will and
esteem, as well as their respect;
What is to the best of my ability.
The next day 3rd Dec, I passed
in giving the men (our Co) some
idea of Drilling, the manual
of arms &c. They were consider-
able trouble at first, but I
soon had the pleasure of
seeing them go at it with
spirit & pleasure; with the
determination of learning,
we did not do much
practising to day; as most
all the men; are beginning to

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Daw

get sea sick.

Thursday, May 7th 1857

I have been appointed to day, as officer of the band, under Captain Bentley, officer of the day. No presence order & I am the result. As he is altogether ignorant as to his duty, I have assumed all authority, and he comes to me for orders, instead of me going to him. No day is the 7th time I have appeared in my official capacity, and I have succeeded admirably; except a slight difficulty with Lieutenant Odom of Co. C. who took into his head to get drunk, for the purpose of celebrating New Year. No day, about noon we passed Cape San Antonio, the south western portion of the Isthmus of Cuba. It had a beautiful appearance from the sea, and made me wish for the time to come when that beautiful production of nature would be

Saw

named by the Glorious Stars & Stripes.

Friday 2nd

I had quite a lively time of it last night, first by being ordered by Col. Mancosa to arrest Capt. Haight & Lieut. Veger for making a disturbance; which I was about to do; when he changed his mind, and excused them on condition that they would conduct themselves properly. And about one o'clock I was patrolling the deck hunting for the Sergeant of the Guard; when I espied a fellow sitting in the bow of the vessel, and I hailed him. He gave me no answer and I hailed him several times to know if he was the sergeant of the guard. He replied no in a manner, that did not suit me at all; so I asked him the reason why he did not answer me at first; His reply was that he did not feel like it.

B then asked him if he knew
who he was talking to. He said
that he did not, and he did not
care either. So B came to the
conclusion, that B would track him
who I was; and at the same time
punish him for his disrespect
to an officer of the Great Norwegian
Army. As the serjeants of the Guard
could not be found, I went and woke
up my own serjeant, (old Burrows)
and ordered him to collar my
friend, in the bay; and put him
under arrest. Whereupon, Burrows
took him by the collar, and dragged
him out. The fellow then made
known to me that he was the
watchman of the vessel. As it
was beyond my authority to take
him off his duty, I rebuked him,
but watchman or not, I was bent
on punishing him. A party of
the sailors belonging to the vessel
had gathered around by this time,
and became very impudent to me;
being of an impulsive nature, I
drew my fine shooter, and walked

in among the crowd; and
 remarked that the first man who
 opened his mouth. "D'ye Law his
 brains out. You Can but save life
 there was a dead Col. Fortunately
 for them (and I suppose also for
myself) they kept pretty quiet.
 Not being satisfied, I went down
 in the Cabin, woke up Col B.A.
 Mancos, Major Robt Ellis, & Agt Scott;
 and reported to them, what had
 occurred and demanded that the
 sailor should be punished. They
 all came on deck, and called the
 fellow out, to talk to him. He
 replied to them as impudently,
 as he did to me. (for he had
 all his sports around him) He said
 they had nothing to do with him,
 and he did not care a damn. I made
 some remarks and he called me a
liar," I sprang upon him, as
 quick as lightning, I tried to
 shoot him, but my pistol not
 being cocked, caused a delay, for
 my sports to take it away from
 me. I would have then killed

him for the insult, & with my knife
 officers, restrained me by main force,
 and promised to furnish him, secretly,
 "himself," which I am afraid they
 have not power to do. Had interesting
 incident, ended, my new year, and
 first day's duty in the Gibraltar
 army. No day I have had the
 exquisite felicity, of being pointed
 at, by every sailor & Cabin boy, on
 the vessel; and I occasionally, "have
 them whispering with one another,"
 "Whine he goes," "What's him," "He tried
 to shoot Pat," "I reckon he wants
 to practice before he gets out there
 H. L. I do not notice them, and they
 manage to give me a wide berth
 whenever I go. Ye give the devil
 his due; He (Pat Egan) was the
 pluckiest, Irishman, ever I saw.
 Though I think, as I have not
 been able to get close to him to
 day, that he is hardly likely to
 come about me any more. The
 Captain of the ship has promised to
 discharge him. I have slept late to
 day from the fatigue of yesterday.

Jan

Saturday 3rd

I have passed this day at card playing (for amusement) having about deck, smoking, drilling the Company St. Mary of our men who left New Orleans, while drunk, are getting sober now, and are looking the picture of melancholy to perfection. They just now commenced to think of the consequences of their hastings. But it is now too late. There are many of them now sick; and they are laying, crawled together, all over the deck some spewing, groaning, grunting, Cussing, & snorting. Some looking sad and despondent; and others laughing at the rest. Taking all together they put me in mind of a drove of cattle herded together in a pen. The poor fellows are confined to the storage, & forward deck; with its dirty ^{all} & poor accommodations. The officers like in the Cabin; and some are under a canvas covering; on the

Daw

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aft, deck. I have not been sea sick, as yet, and I hope I will not. My provision is so new to me, that I am well entertained at every thing I see. It am just getting to like it fast rate. In fact, I think, it agrees with me.

Sunday 4th

We are expecting to get to Geylann to day. Consequently, every one is all anxiety & expectation. For our Filabusters are expecting a lively time as soon as we land. I may as well state that our party, number two hundred & fifty, rank & file. About six o'clock this morning, we passed two small islands, on the Coast of Picoragua. They are quite small. Covered with green undergrowth, uninhabited I believe, and are called Great Corn & Little Corn. So called. Geylann is in sight. Together with several British Men of War. The news has just come aboard, that all the Boats on the Lake & River, together,

with Forts San Carlos, Castillo & Serapiqui; have been by the preaching of that infernal traitor, Spencer, an Agent of Vanderbilt &c. I have seen taking by the enemy, abruptly cutting off all communications, with Genl Wm Walker; up in the interior of Nicaragua. And furthermore, "What there is at this time on, of the Steamers; with, a party of the enemy aboard, now lying in the harbor of Greytown.

5 1/4 o'clock - It has been decided by the Commanding Officers to make, an attempt, with the small boats of the Yucas; to board & take that steamer from the enemy. Of all the excitement, about our little job; this boat all I ever saw, not a gun had been distributed to the men up to this time. And the way the men went to breaking open gun boxes & ammunition chests, without the least sort of order, was a caution. Every one was giving orders; and every thing was in a most beautiful confusion.

Finally, amidst the noise & confusion
we heard the order, for. Get ready, and
form, in the Cabin; preparatory to
making an attack on the Steamer;
Company B. & C. As Company B.
was the one I was attached to, and
being ordered by Capt. Harris, to see
to arming, & getting the men ready,
I had my hands full. As there
was no one, to Command order,
to the excited folks; who were, grabbing
up; and loading guns every where, I
assumed, the responsibility of, dis-
tributing, Arms & Ammunition myself.
We were soon ready, "that is," every
one of my Company had guns,
some, a pocket full of Ammunition
others a hat full; Cartridge boxes
huckled on them in every manner
and form, that can be imagined;
Some fellows had their boxes
huckled around their necks, others
around their legs, some around
their waists, and some again were
carrying them in their hands. In
this manner my Company, with
me at their head; Soldier's feet,

an (and I may as well say, I
 was the only man on the ship
 that did ^{not} have one) ^{and} drawn
 sword, filed into the Cabin in
 single file; amidst the hallowing
 of men; the screaming & screeching
 of women, & forty officers giving
 orders at the same time. The
 other Company came in and
 formed opposite me, and there
 we stood, looking at one another,
 every one asking questions of
 one another; which no one could
 answer. Some of the soldiers
 looking with curiosity, and inquisition
 glanced at their guns; (for many
 of them had never seen a gun)
 others asking information, about
which end of the cartridge, was
 put in the gun first &c. It
 is impossible for my feeble
 pen to give any thing like
 and adequate description, of the
ferious confusion, that reigned
 on that eventful occasion. We stood
 there some fifteen or twenty minutes
 awaiting orders. They came at last."

It was to dismiss the men. For the
 bird had shown. Yes! while we were
 getting ready; the Enemy, had been
 busy getting up straw; which they
 succeeded in doing; and bidding us
 a hasty adieu; even before we got within
 musket shot of them. They are gone
 on up the river; where it will be
 our business to follow them; and
 to take them off the river, with
 a surprise made of their own sides.
 7 o'clock P.M. I am ordered to take six
 of my men; in one of the ships
 boats; under the guidance; of a
 little shaw-tiggered, butt, headed,
 sandy haired, red eyed, individual
 who has just come aboard; and who
 they call Comodore De Brist. We
 follow our Greaser friends; up
 the river; watch their movements
 and if they land; and it
 is in any way possible, to
 attack, and take the steamer;
 with a reinforcement; that is
 to come on after me.

Monday 5th

After having received orders last evening, to go up the river, I was immediately seated in the stern of a light gall boat, the immortal Comedore at the oar, and six stout hearted lusty fellows, at the oars. The current of the Iau being pretty fast, we did not go up in a hurry; but, as we went, slow & sure, determined to immortalize ourselves if we only got half a chance. The night was gloriously dark and a beautiful shower falling (every drop felt like a lump of ice) we were hailed, every fifty yards or so till we reached the harbor, by British men of war's men. I found my friend the Comedore, an invaluable assistant, both in answering the hail, and managing the rudder. For I knew nothing of the river, and this was my first experience in warfare.

After clearing the harbor, we prepared our rifles, and proceeded on up with more caution; taking advantage of every bend & turn in the river. After going up several miles, we espied our enemies, landed and busily taking in wood at a wood pile. We approached to within a short distance; of them; and concealed ourselves; along, slope preparatory to attacking them when our reinforcement should arrive. We waited & waited; and we waited so long, that our enemies again took leaf of us. It would have been wiser than folly; for us with eight men, to have attempted, anything against sixty or seventy of them; under the circumstances. And as our reinforcement did not come, we were necessitated to return without accomplishing anything. I heard after my return, (which was about 3 o'clock this morning) that, a Company, under several officers in boats, had started to reinforce

me, but owing to the manage-
ment of the officers, the men
became confused, and having no
sort of unity or regularity, among
them, they were unable to stem
the current. Consequently, after
many unsuccessful attempts, and
a good deal of swearing, and
blaming among the officers, they
gave it up; and we lost a steamer.
No day has been passed in landing
the men, and munitions, on Punta
Arenas. A long sandy point,
running for several miles
between the Coribbean sea and
the harbor of Creystown. On which
lives old Scott, the Agt of Harris
& Morgan's line of Steamers. As
the old scoundrel professed a
neutrality, and had the British
guns, to protect him; He would
not let us land; nor his
place; so we were compelled to
go up about a mile, over the
swamps, and make preparations for
camping; in an old marsh. It
has been raining all day; and

Dear M

I am told it rains continually for
 six months in the year. Night
 having eat nothing all day, and
 being as hungry as wolves, we
 have just had the refuse, of
 the Steamer 'Yves', table, (I threw
 promiscuously into an old barrel)
 I shall eat in scanty proportions
 for our supper. An old ham bone
 fell to my share with a crack.
 Ye night, is my first night
 in this expedition of sleeping on
 the ground. And as it is raining
 and I am freezing wet, I expect
 to have an exquisite time of it.
 I understand we will be compelled
 to remain on this beautiful, and
romantic, spot, until we can
 either, manufacture, steal, or
 capture a Steam boat. And
 as they are a scarce commodity
 in this neighborhood, I guess
 it, will be a sweet little, time
 before we get off. This place looks
 gloomy, every body looks gloomy,
 and I feel very unromantic.

Tuesday 6th

The forenoon of this day has been passed in trying to make camp houses. We have had a lively time of it, each Company, vying with the other, as to which would have the best. Our materials, are nothing but what grows spontaneously, all around us. And having all kinds of architects among us, each Company is building according to their own separate plans. Our manner, has been to drive two rows of upright forks in the ground one row a little lower than the other, to make a kind of slant to turn the rain. After which we lay long poles in the forks, and recross them, with other poles laid close together, and tie with bark when our roof is ready for being covered, with the only materials we have, which is bushes, weeds, grass &c. That will do very well to shelter

us from the sun; but a fool can see, that it will only serve, to catch the rain; and pour it in, beautiful & cooling streams; on the four levels inside. There is a line of trunks & valises, perhaps it stretched across the upper end of it; to divide the officers, apart from the men. I have just had a little cheering made in front of my quarters, for drilling the Company on. I say that I am seeing to all this; because my Captain, leaves every thing to me. Now—

Having assembled my Company; (there is no discipline here) for the 1st time, to drill, we were interrupted, by all the Sam fools, of the party; who thought it their business, to crowd around; and laugh at what they did not understand. I soon taught them that our desire, was to learn, and not to make laughing stocks of ourselves. After drilling about an hour and a half, with the pleasure of

seeing the men, improving fast, and taking a real interest in their new duties, we dismissed. Hereafter, I intend to drill the men twice a day, morning and evening, whenever my duties will allow me. This evening I took one of the boys, and strolled out to see if I could not kidnap one of old Scott's goats, that I have seen grazing around. But old Scott, seems to have been anticipating something of the kind; for he has had them all fenced up. So I have been unsuccessful, in my first foraging expedition. Night.

It is raining, and the water, is pouring through the roof of our house, in delightful & refreshing streams. And as the best thing we can do, we are lying, with all the old wet coats & blankets, rolled around us, we can find, draw up, shivering, listening to one another, Cuss & Grunt, Grinning & hearing it.

with not a dry gun in camp
uncertain at what moment, the enemy
may pounce on us; and commence
a general slaughter. And positively asserting
that all our baggage, trunks &c
are getting gloriously soaked. One
thing is certain, "I must have very
pleasant dreams to night."

Wednesday 7th

I passed the
morning, in writing some letters,
& drilling the Company. From our
present quarters, Greytown, is in sight
about three miles off, across the
Bay, or Harbor. I have just received
permission from Major Ellis, to
go in Company, with Capt. Budge
& Lieut Taylor, on a visit to Greytown
this evening. We left our camp, in
a little old Barge (Cannon) about
two o'clock, this evening; and after
a somewhat fatiguing pull of
an hour, we landed, at one
of the several little wharves, at
the gloriously beautiful, and romantic

village of Graptown. We were
 greeted on landing, by a motley
 crowd of California passengers,
 (who were waiting for a vessel) at
 few woolly heads, spraddled, too
 Panama negroes; of both genders.
 And a few, Copper Colored, men,
 & women, of low stature. Straight
 Black hair; eyes like a coal of fire;
 broad flat-topped hats on; all smoking
 Cigaritas. I had sorter rigged myself
 up, for I wanted to make an
impression; on my new fellow
Citizens. Having on a Brass Coat, with
blue buttons; standing collar; Cape
ultra militair; pants in my boots,
 my best frunks, (my fine shooter &
 Arkansas tooth pick) in my belt,
 You may just imagine, I felt like
 Julius Caesar; after having crossed
 the Rubicon. After having made
 the bungee fast, we sauntered leisurely
 off to take a survey of the village,
 and its inhabitants. Going along
 some distance, we espied a palmetto-
 covered, shanty, bearing the distinguished
 appellation of the, Saint Nicholas,

right over the door. Supper; it to
be a distant branch, of the Saint
Nicholas, of New York; and being friendly
disposed towards the latter; we came
to the conclusion; to walk in and
see what we could do for them
in the way of patronage. Arriving
inside, we discovered; several dark
skinned individuals, with very curly
hair; barefoot, and pants rolled up;
engaged in a seemingly very entertaining
game; at a kind of table, which looks
to me like billiards. All puffing
their cigars, as if they were smoking
for a bit. Several more were lounging
around; and another individual
standing behind a kind of bar
who rolled his eyes at us; in a
manner; which said very plainly
that our custom was not wanted. Not
being remarkable, for our timidity,
we approached this gentleman; and
requested him in our mildest tones,
to favor us with; with a Brandy
cock tail. While he was engaged in
the delightful occupation of mixing
our drinks; it was impossible

for us not, to indulge our Yankee
 propensities; for prying around
 and asking questions. After we drank
 and having paid 25 Cents a glass; for
 it, we concluded to prevent our
 walk rather disgusted; at the inaccessibility
 of our St. Nicholas friends; who did
 not seem to be at all communicative.
 I was rather, struck, at the variety
 of trades, embraced by the next
 Shanty we entered. It seemed that
 this gentleman; could accommodate, us
 to anything; from a dose of Calomel,
 a Yard of Calico, a frying pan,
 to a pint of whiskey. We declined
 purchasing anything; except, some
 cigars; which we went about
 puffing; with very satisfactory
feelings. It did not take us a
 great while, to go all over Graytown,
 so we passed the evening; first in
 an saloon; and then another,
 looking at the sights. Towards dark
 and, after sundry Cock tails; our
 friend Taylor, became very merry,
 and at the same time; inclined
 to exercise his combative propensities.

And Captain Bentley, (who was religiously
 & I think somewhat timidly, evasive)
 became very much alarmed, for fear
 we would get into a difficulty. And I
 find a discouraging Taylor. And
 Yickled to death, at his actions, and
 Bentley's confusion. Taylor, walked
 about, flourished his revolver, and
 screamed out in Indian words, what
 he could whip any man, in Creighton.
 Presently, he saw a Comanche man, come
 riding along, on a little goatish
 looking horse; and Taylor, broke after
 him; (to the horror of Capt. Bentley)
 with a regular Comanche yell, saying,
 I am going to have a ride. The
 fellow put spurs to his Coat, and rode
 off full gallop; Taylor, yelling after
 him, and I after Taylor; to bring
 him back. After a good deal of
 fun we at last got ready to start
 back to Camp. In walking through
 the place at night, we found that
 the small portion of the town
 pass their evenings, in sitting out in
 front of their respective doors
 smoking Cigars & Cigarettes. And the

men; adjourn, to the St Nicholas,
 or some similar, place; to drink
whisky. I saw many marks of
 the Cyclops bombardment, several
 years ago; in many old Palmetto
 covered shanties of the town. Greytown
 has about two or three dozen old
 houses, or shanties; only one or two
 of them, having a shingle roof;
 and one of them, belong to Col
 Kinsley, it stands away off by
 itself. It has two or three hundred
 inhabitants, of every color from
 white, to black. And I can only
 compare it; to Mrs Ross' Negro Quarter
 in Barrataria; a short distance from
 New Orleans. Weyler amused himself
 during our return trying to turn
 over the boat. Poor Bentley was in
 an awful state of mind; and
 swore that if he got back to Camp
safe; he would never go out again
 as long as he lived. Well we arrived
 safe at last about 9 o'clock P.M.
 When I learn that I was detailed
 as officer of Guard to night.

Thursday 8th

This day has been passed
 first drilling Company, reading etc.
 And in the evening I again visited
 Greystown, in Company with two
 gentlemen, by the names of Sample from
 Ga, and Alexander, from Mo. My two
 friends came out for the purpose of
 traveling through Central America,
 for amusement, and to speculate, but as
 the river is closed and they being unable
 to carry out their intentions, propose
 joining my Company as volunteers.
 We went over to Greystown for the
 purpose of purchasing some necessaries
 We took dinner over there in one
 of the hotels; passed time quite
 pleasantly; and in returning to camp
 we boarded the Steamer Yemas, (which
 is to leave in the morning) where
 I wrote a letter to my friend
 J. C. Coakley in New Orleans. After
 which I returned to camp. It is
 raining again; and we are just as
 uncomfortable as men can be. Many
 of the men are commencing to get sick
 of Chills & fevers. Something must be done

Daw

for procuring better quarters or
 we will do so, here, in no time.
 our rations (a day) at this time is
 about two ounces of fat Bacon &
 two Crackers, for each man. We
 will soon starve at this rate.
 I am thinking strongly, of boiling
 one of my boots, tomorrow, for
 dinner.

Friday 9th

Morning

Old Scott, has at last been pro-
 vided on by Col Saw Lockridge, and
 others. (Col S has assumed supreme
 Command of us, as senior officer
 on the river, by Gen ~~Stark~~
 orders) So allow us to move
 our quarters down under an old
 wood shed, which is a perfect
 palace to us in our present
 Circumstances. We had to ask
 permission of the British, even
 before we could occupy the wood
 shed. Might seem, to be right
 with them. But never mind, I

W. H. Saw M.

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hope yet to see the day when
I can meet them, on equal grounds
They look upon us, only as Pirates
and outlaws.

Now - We are at last
safely quartered in the Wood Shed,
each Company; having a small
portion of it, smoked out, for their
use. A long row of wood piled
up on two sides, to act as benches,
with a leaky roof over us, made
of Palm leaves. But nevertheless,
we feel first rate. The men have
dubbed our old quarters, "Camp Mizery,"
our first death occurred to day.
A young German, died this evening
in short convulsions, from eating
some sort of poisonous fruit. We
have deposited his body, under a
little old palm tree, on the
sandy Punta Arenas. Sample &
myself, with permission to stop
the Piquet Guard, went about
a half a mile up the Point,
and had a fine dinner, at an
old Dutchman's, who lives here,
and cultivates plantains &c. Our dinner

(To us) was superb, Consisting of
 boiled rice, Boiled bananas, Ginger
bread & Landan porter. But his
Chorges were, awful. We return
 to camp, I drill the Company,
 and it is night. When Captain
Bentley, (of Crestawin fame) is now
 amusing himself, squaking, as
 an old Cracked Flageolet, to the
horror of the whole Camp.

Saturday 19th

After drilling the
 men this morning, I took
 sample, and dodged; the
sentinel, and again went, and
 sat dinner at our dutchman's.
 On returning, the sentinel,
caught us. We were just
 about getting into a sweet
 little difficulty, when Major
Ellis, came, to the rescue. He
 made, them, pass me, and he
 gave me a fatherly lecture,
 about leaving camp, without
 permission.

Stealing Pistols, knives &c. seems to be quite the rage, in Camp now. You can scarcely turn around, without seeing some unfortunate, devil, swearing, blushing and weeping, eternal vengeance, against the man who stole his pistol. Some fellow took a fancy to mine the other night; and as I had almost as soon lost my neck, as you can bet light; there was no little, noise made about it. After promising; to blow the top of the head, off of any man, I caught with it, I assembled my whole Company; gave them, a description and number of it. Told them to inspect every pistol they saw, and then offered a reward to the whole Camp, for whoever would find it. I quit them; thinking the man who had it, was in rather a delicate position. This morning; when I woke up I felt something hard under the edge of my blanket; and turning it over, I said Behold! There was my identical pistol.

Sunday 11th

This day has been
 passed by me, drilling the
 Company, playing cards, lounging
 around &c. It has been raining
 all day. We are getting used
 to it now. Consequently, we don't
 mind it. Cooking out in the rain
 is the worst thing in the world
 to me. We have procured a
 little old shut row, full of
 a boat, that had been thrown
away; and we have dragged it
 down to old Scott's workshop
 and he and his men, are at work
 patching it up, trying to put
 an engine in it, and an old
 wheel on the stern. We are waiting
 for him to finish it so, that we
 can proceed on up the country. It
 is impossible to go by land, on
 account of the lagoons, that
 completely surround us, and the
 almost impenetrability of the
 mountainous woods & ravines beyond
 the lagoons. And it is not reason-
 -able to suppose, that our Grocer & Currier

will come down here and give us a boat,
or give us any chance to take our
flight.

Capt. Harris, Joseph Williams
and all trying to persuade me of
the impropriety of sleeping with my
boots on (We all sleep together) They
say "I kick awful," and that they
will not let me sleep with them
if I don't consent to take of my
boots. Mr. Campman it by me
sleeping on the outside next to
Alexander; and he insists on having
a stick of wood between us. It has
rained every night since we arrived here.
rained all day

The British officers amuse themselves
by pulling about, in small boats,
close to our camp; and occasionally
come right in among us, without
noticing our sentinels, at all; walk
about, through our camp, watching
every thing that is going on; firing about
and look at us, as if we were
a set of wild animals; and Char
out without speaking to any body,
half the time.

Monday 12th

I am officer of the Guard, to day under Capt^{re} Berrington. I had a slight difficulty, this morning with a great giant of a fellow; by the name of Haunegan, who seemd very desirous of impressing me with the certainty of his power, of chawing me right up in a minute. I managed him beautifully, though; without having recourse to violent means. The fellow was drunk consequently I merely arrested him; and kept him in the guard house all day. Capt^{re} Berrington; had a slight difficulty, with one of the sentinels (a fellow belonging to our Company by the name of Morgan) who for being reprimanded; for something by the Capt^{re}; threw down his gun; and broke for the beach as hard as he could; craw into the water up to his waist; and hallooed lustily; for the British to protect him. We soon

took him out, tied him, and put him under arrest, for punishment. Nothing else worthy of note has transpired, to day. Night —

We had an alarm about midnight, caused by the Pequot gun in charge of Sergeant Randolph (Co B) having fired two shots. The firing was done, at two of our own men, who were trying to sneak past the sentinels, to go out to buy liquor. Neither of them were hurt, but miserably frightened. They will be punished for disobedience of orders. As this was our first alarm, there was considerable excitement & confusion, in getting the men under arms.

Tuesday 3rd

I have passed nearly all of this day, in sleeping; as I was very tired from yesterday's duty. Drill Company in the evenings. There are several more of the officers, commencing, to drill their Companies. now.

Wednesday 14th.

I have passed this day; drilling, and inspecting the Company, strolling around Camp &c. Col Lockidge has managed to get the Little Cannon from the Hammer Texas; and an other little thing; from somewhere else. They are six pounders, & hehins, and some of our men are busy manufacturing; some wooden wheels, & to mount them on. Others are engaged in, fixing up all kinds of ammunition, for them. Consisting of old bottles filled with pieces of iron, balls shrap, nails &c; and tin pots filled with the same. And wrought iron balls, made with hammers. we have already had, so many men detached from each Company to form an Artillery Company under Lieut Gale. Our men, are now made to keep their arms in good order. We inspect them once a day. From present ap-
-pearances; our Enemy, is likely to

have a lively time of it, when
we meet them. We frequently hear
from Genl Walker, but, there are
so many reports, and no one knows
where they came from, and always
in Genl Walker's favor, that I
am inclined to think they are
manufactured to order. My Company
are improving rapidly. A great
many are becoming greatly
discouraged, and dissatisfied at this
manner of living, and are
sneaking off to Creyptown, at every
chance, to wait for another Steamer
to try and get back home. The
imagination pictures this mode
of life, very different, from
the strict reality. I myself
am considerably disappointed, but
as I am sure now, I intend
to stick to it, and do the best
I can. I have one consolation, that
is, I feel like, I can stand it as
long as any one else, and I bear
my part cheerfully, as long as
I have Company; now, that I
have started, the horror, is not the kind.

Thursday 15th

Last night at about 12 o'clock, reports came in, that, it was strangely supposed, that a large body of the enemy were, then moving down on us. There, was considerable confusion in getting the men under arms; as the alarm, was very sudden & unexpected. Companies B & F, were, marched out from camp about a mile to meet them, were here stopped several hours in the hardest kind of a rain (Dortkas Julets) and marched back, to camp, (after having become satisfied, that it was a false alarm) as wet as draine rats, and nearly frozen. Every officer in camp; with only Lieuts & one or two Captains, as exceptions, who were in camp at the time, of the alarm, were drunk.

I have passed this morning, Company. At 12 o'clock we had a Battalion drill; inspection of arms. At which time, the Rules & Regulations of the Nicaraguan

Prang were read, to the men. This evening
our Artillery force, dragged their two
little Pieces, and on the Caribbean
beach, for that purpose of experiment-
ing, with their new ammunition.

An only barrel, was set up, at a
distance of about, two hundred yards
and one of our soaked bottles, directed
at it, several times, without, any
material effect. We then discarded
Bottles, as useless, for our purpose.
Our next trial was with, the tin pots,
(soaked) we succeeded somewhat better
and came to the conclusion, that they
would do, with a little improvement
to them, by wrapping them with rope.
Our next experiment, was to try our
hemp made, wrought iron, Cannon balls.
They went it beautiful, and with a
beautiful singing noise too, knocking
the barrel into, splinters, ripping up
the ground like a plough, hannoy
in and out until, it would become
spent. They suited us to a T. While
we were engaged trying our pieces,
a British officer, was walking
on the beach about a mile

above us and hid from us
 by a little clump of bushes, when
 he saw our Cannon ball came
 sipping along the track, throwing
 the sand & shells in every direction.
 He stopped and looked one moment,
 (like an old saw when you set
 the dogs on him) and then turned his
 face to the woods, and saw as if
the devil was after him. Night;

I went with a reconnoitering party
 under Lieut Roman & Capt. Thomson
 some miles up the river, they
 had returned twice, that night
 being unable to stem the current
 of the San Juan. I had asked
 Col Lockridge to allow me to go,
 and I would take a rifle &
 pull an oar, but he would not
 let me, until they returned, the
 second time; he then let me go;
 We went up as far as we
 could to; the last trip, and
 returned near morning. No adventure
 the work, like to have killed me.

Friday 16th

I passed this morning drilling the Company. We are acknowledging the best drilled Company on the river. There have been considerable alterations made, by discharging of some of the officers, and the ranks, the charges against them being incompetent to command. And finally, their men with the rest of the Company. ^{1st} Lieut Colman of Co. E, has been appointed ^{2^d} Lieut of our Co. He acted right badly at first, and the men, dislike him very much, but we are getting on first rate now. Lieut Colman is trying to redeem himself.

This evening, I again received permission, and in company with Samples, went up and had dinner with our friend the Dutchman. After we had taken our fill of good Santans boiled rice &c, we amused ourselves by teasing our landlord. He did not seem at all pleased with our familiarity, but suffered it, because he was afraid we would leave Dustan.

Saturday 17th

At 12 o'clock A.M.
 To day, we were visitd by some
 British officers bringing an order
 to us, from their Admiral stating
 that we must assemble every
 man, we had for the purpose
 of having an article of their
own, read to us. Being the
weather stormy, we were obliged
 to submit. After all the men
 were assembled, the British officers
 then went up and saw the
 ranks, reading an article to
 them, the purport of which,
 was as follows.

If there are any
 of Great Britains subjects among
 you, "step out," Or subjects of
 any nations, who wish to have
 the Nicaraguan Cause, "step out,"
 And we will not only give you
protection, but we will furnish
you means, of returning home.
 And hereafter, any of you, who
 become tired of the Cause, you

To us, and we will protect and
furnish you means of returning
to your Home.

About thirteen cowards,
despicable, scoundrels, farther Carriage
had all vozd out until they saw
the reality of war consisting of
British, Dutch, and Frenchman, step
out, and claim their protection.
Some of them naturalized citizens
of the United States, who had been
getting their bread in our land
for years back. These fellows
stepped out as English Subjects.
But thank Heaven, they did not
get one American. Of course
we had fellows, who were courting
and as soon as they became tired,
or afraid to stay longer, they
deserted, or joined the British at
every opportunity. One what was
up on top of an old Boys
(sitting in the river) talking to the
British, in a stump stump, like
a farther. He railed against the
injustice of the act, and the audacity

of the British in interfering with us. He reminded them of Law. They would sell their hats to us, if we stood on equal grounds; but as we were a small & poorly equipped party, he knew that as we were ^{not} recognized by the U.S., it would be impossible, for the British to resist the temptation of displaying their valor, and at the same time, avenging themselves on us for many old grudges, they bore against the stars & stripes. He also reminded them of Bunker Hill, Red Bank, and many other things that are past, and he spoke of the future, in a manner that made their cheeks redder, although, they tried to appear stolidly indifferent. He said he expected yet to live to avenge himself for their audacity, by meeting them on equal grounds.

While the gun was raining at them from the top of the barge, some of our boys were

Amusing themselves; by making
speeches each one, on his own hook,
Every one tending to very fatherly
advice to the Britons. And others, were
amusing themselves; by snorting at,
 kicking & thumping, & railing those
cowardly scamps, that had deserted
us. The British officers had to go
with them to their respective quarters
to get their duds; to keep our men
from chawing them completely up.
As they started into my quarters
to get the luggage of several who
had left my company, I cautioned
my men to watch them all for
they would steal the first thing they
got their hands on. One of them
had the impudence to tell me
he would not steal; and one of the
officers said "I would not permit
such insolence, and put his hand on
his sword; But before he could
begin to draw it, I had my revolver
cocked in his face, and told him to
help himself. Col. Lockridge, Major
Ellis & several succeeded in divorcing
me; and made an apology to them

for my conduct. They said I was
 nothing but a boy and rather
 impulsive; and asked him to
 excuse me. I would not have
 done it to have saved England
 from sinking. He had ~~the~~
~~power~~ and ~~power~~ to have
 hung me up at the yard or
 if he had chosen but he
graciously excused me. I asked
 him no difference.

I passed this
 morning in drilling Company.

Sunday 18th

Last night I was
 taken suddenly very sick with
 Orange Colic from something I
 eat yesterday I supposed. I soon
 thought I was going to die, but
 a mustard plaster procured by
 "Sergeant Drayton," relieved me
 after some time. I have missed
 the kind attentions of the good ones
 at home more than ever since
 I left. Thanks to heaven I am
 well enough to day to drill.

Monday 19th

I am detailed as officer of the Guard to day. The day was passed pleasantly enough every thing being quiet; but the night is as dark as pitch; raining very hard; and the breakers running knee deep, foaming and roaring over the beach where some of our sentinels are; and I am obliged to trudge along stumbling and falling, feeling about in the dark; and my cheeks & hands round of visits all night. The wind blowing so hard; that every time a wave recedes, leaving the sands, beach, dry for an instant the wet sand is blown in such clouds; that it feels like small shot when they strike you in the face. It is absolutely horrible to stand or fall about in the dark, and have your eyes, nose, mouth & hair covered with sand, and it running down your back; it is far preferable to me to be stuck up for a Company of Mini muskets, to practice at.

And another great danger is of
 not being able to hear, (for the noise)
 the sentinels hail; and not answering,
 he would be likely to shoot at
 a fellow. Or I am likely to run
 suddenly up on some fool and
 frighten him so; that he would shoot
 me without halting. But it is to
 be hoped that all will yet be
 well.

Tuesday 20th

Well my disagreeable
 night is over and I have washed
 and sorted got some of the sand
 out of my hair & eyes, so I will
 turn in, and try to get some rest.
 "Capitⁿ Harris" has just left Camp
 "He says for a deer hunt," but
 I know there is no deer on
 Punta Arenas, But we will see
 what he kills.

Evening - I
 have rested finely; and I feel first
 rate. I now feel Capable of doing
 justice to some American, that is
 before me; and which Capitⁿ Harris

says he killed. But he took particular
 care to skin & cut it up in small pieces,
 before bringing it to camp; and as he
only brought it carefully concealed, in
 a bag; and taste and try thing
considered, "I am inclined to think
 it is one of old Scott's Pigs. But
 at any rate; I have eat my share
 of it, and can truly say, it was
splendid."

Samples presents me with
 a blue flannel shirt to day, and
 one of the Artillery men, by the
 name of Clark; and who was detached
 from my Company, is engaged in
 sewing pockets in it for me at
 this time.

Our little steamer is
 nearly ready for us. We expect to
 start up the river in a few days.

W. H. M.

Wednesday 21st

I drill Company this morning, At 3 o'clock this evening we had another Battalion drill, Our parade ground is the Beach, where every step a person takes, you sink in sand up to your ankles. So you can imagine what a pleasant time we have, Exercising for two hours.

This evening we again tried our Artillery, and succeeded finely. Ye hear, the beautiful humming sound of our home made balls, and the whistle of our Cartridges, makes our manly feel kind of hostile; it sorter gets my inferior blood up.

This evening I started on a reconnoitering expedition, and returned about midnight, no adventures.

Al.
Thursday 22nd

We had quite an amuse-
-ing scene in Camp this morning
by one of our men trying to desert.
The circumstances are these. Col Lockridge
has a small bungi; which he purchased
a few days ago; for the purpose of
traveling over to Greystown, or on business
any where. As it is the only one
we have whenever he comes to
Camp in it, he forbids any one
from even getting into it. This morning
as his boat was made fast to a little
whorfe, we have, and a party of our
men standing about on the whorfe,
a fellow's hat blew overboard in the
harbor. A Yankee looking individual
sprang into Col Lockridge's boat, in
sight of the whole Camp, and
started off to get the hat, as the
wind was blowing pretty hard
the hat continued to drift slowly
outward. Our friend in the bungi, struck
out for the hat, and seemed to be
making desperate efforts to recover
it, but all the time he was digging
round & round the hat, and it drifting

out. He was suspected for an instant, but what his object was solely to recover the hat, but he quietly understood us all, for after drifting out about one hundred yards, he turned the bow of his Craft towards an English Man of War that was lying about a mile & a half out in the harbor, and he struck out like the old nick. Every one was so confounded at the impudence of the thing, that it was several minutes, before a word was spoken. Col L who had seen the fellow all the time, then commured, and the way he did curse & fame about his boat was a caution. There was an old skiff lying close by, nearly half full of water & six men in it. I soon had it, hoisted and hauled for six stout fellows to pump in, I had him in a moment & Col Lockridge too. I turned her bow towards him, and ordered the men to jerk her up. We were in a little

step than no time; after him like a
lot of blood hounds, giving an Indian
more hoops occasionally, to score him
to death, if we did not catch him.
every now and then he would look
behind for an instant, and turn and
redouble his efforts. But in spite
of it all we gained on him, and
caught him by his coat, and pulled
him off the saddle, that the English
threw out to him. After jerking
him down in our boat, he remarked
very sincerely, that he had done the
best he could under the circumstances.
One of the men remarked to him
"Yes," you have done some fall pulling
and no mistake. Says he, "I guess
you could not have acted any better,
than I did, for I could not survive
the boat around to save my life.
I was only coming over here to
wait for some of you to come after
me." The very impudence of his
excuse, made Col. Lockridge laugh.
He pretended to be very sincere
and became offended, at them for
saying he was going to desert.

We carried him back to Camp amidst the shouting of the men who, as soon as they heard his voice just scramed. He said that he would like to see ^{any of} them do any better, and tried to prove philosophically, that it was impossible for him to turn the boat around.

We all had quite a jolly laugh at his trap, failure, & reasoning and Wilmot, laughed as loud as any of the rest. We turned him loose without punishment; as his is Death; and it will not badly on the minds of the men; and cause many more desertions. And as the British would hardly permit us to carry out that sentence here. As he belongs to my Company I have ordered the rest of the boys to show him, and treat him as if he was disgraced; until by his actions he prove that he was sorry, and had reformed himself. Then I told him, that he should be reinstated in the good opinion of the Company.

Evening

We have just launched our little steamer named her the Rescue and I was one of the crew; who took the first little trip for the purpose of trying her. She runs pretty well; and I think we may succeed in getting some Wanders with her. We have received orders to prepare everything to embark tomorrow morning. I am appointed officer of the Guard again to night. I do not think it is exactly fair to put me on again, for it has only been two nights since I was on before. And if anything to night seems as if will be as disagreeable as my last was. But I must obey orders, particularly when they deliver them with flattering remarks &c. It is expected as this will be our last night on the point; many of the men were anxious to leave; and every thing considered, our sentinels are doubled.

S. 8

Dan

Friday 23rd

Last night was one of the most unpleasant I have ever passed. My duty as officer of the gun, placed me in a position, to appreciate fully, all the glory of felling, in the fullest sense of the term. But thank heaven it is over at last, I am as wet as a drowned rat. My whole physical man, aches, from exercise last evening. And my clothes, eyes, hair, I might say my whole body is, a complete mass (all that is visible of me) of wet saw, which blew in perfect showers, all over Shab. Punta Arenas, all last night. I gave a poetic description, a few pages back of one of these stormy nights, and sometimes experience there, so I will only say, that the last, greatly exceeds the first. And I do continually, say, "Heaven deliver me from another such." Yes, I had rather see, the

Gummett, through a thousand Castanions than; he again failed; for as long a time, in the same position, that I was last night. I think, It will take me a week at least, to get the sand out of my eyes, hair and ears.

This morning at 7 o'clock we left Punta Arenas; towing, and a d launch, or Barge, and several Bungaloes, of a large size. Our whole force numbering about two hundred men including, about fifty, from N.Y. who came out a few days ago, under Genl. What. We are now (7 1/2 o'clock) just opposite Camp Miseraj, and going along slowly. 11 o'clock A.M. We have arrived at the mouth of a small river, running, into the San Juan; and about six or eight miles above Greytown; called the San Juanita. Col. Lockridge, (who has supreme command) and the other officers, have decided, to leave the Barge & Bungaloes, anchored here, and take, a small force of men of the Rescue; and go up and reconnoiter, the San Juanita. Several provisions

any further, up the San Juan.
 I and left on the Barge. I
 have just received permission, to
 take a small canoe, and one man
 and go ashore. To pass time, and
 to do a little scouting, on our
 own hook.

Night.

I returned, from
 my scout to day, in a very
 short time, as I did not see
 much fur, in passing about,
 through the Chaparral, and my
 Curiosity, was soon satisfied, with
 that part of Nicaragua. The
 Steamer has just returned, and
 reports every thing all right on
 the Coast, as far as the San Juanita
 is navigable. We have concluded
 to remain here, all night, and
 proceed on up in the morning.
 It is extremely unpleasant, to us
 to pass the night this way, as there
 is hardly room for us to stand
 up, not to speaking of laying
 down, and it is raining, and the
 water is pouring through the

old rotten roofs of our crafts, in a thousand different streams. And we are rather "Lunatics," But, I suppose as we have started, we must grin and bear it, and fight hard, for the good things we are promised when we get up in the Country. We left our sick men, behind on Punta Arenas.

Saturday 24th

Some how or another we managed to get through, last night, and here we are at 7 o'clock, again proceeding up the river. We are getting along quite slowly, as the current of the river is very swift, and the little Rescué, is grunting & wheezing under a thundering load. We again threw out the anchor, about two miles from where we started from this morning. For the purpose of letting the Rescué and party reconnoitre the river, some distance above us. I am ordered by Col Lockridge to take one man and a Burpo and return to the mouth of the Sudavinta

and remain there all day, and
stop, or give communication, of
any Boats, or men, that may
pass that way.

10 o'clock A.M.

Wilkins of
Patchez; of Capt. Kingwell's (C.)
and myself, are now at the
mouth of the river, in a good
Commanding position, where we
can see the approach of anything
from either of the rivers, and
not be seen ourselves. It has been
raining all the morning; and looks
fair to continue all day. We have
each a pretty good over coat,
which turns rain pretty well,
and with them we manage to
keep our rifles, pistols & the upper
parts of our bodies dry. We
have to bail our boat out
every half hour or so, from
the rain. There are several
enormous alligators, lying around
us, and I am very tempted
to try the quality of my
Mississippi Rifle and one of them

But it would not do to make
 the slightest noise, for we might
 loose either a prisoner or so, or
 our lives by it, Consequently my
 friends, (the Aleators) are perfectly
 secure from May half since Ball
 Night.

Well it is about
 time, to start for the Launch.
 We have had the pleasure of, taking
 two Bumpies, with five prisoners.
 Two Dutchmen & three Tarraca negroes.
 They pretend to be going to
 Greytown, for the purpose of
 selling fruit. But they may be
 spies, so I'll take them, with
 me to be overhauled by Col Sam
 Lockridge & others. We arrived safe
 at the Launch, in good time, and
 eat a slice of raw fat Bacon
 & one Cracker for our supper, after
 leaving eat but two Crackers all day.
 The steamer has not returned.

Sunday 25th

Some short time after we returned last night, we were considerably alarmed by a "great roaring noise," a kind of hammering, snapping, as if trees were being cut down, falling &c. And as our steamer had not returned we felt quite uneasy. This noise proceeded from the right shore, and seemed to be right at us almost. For awhile we thought it was a large body of the enemy, moving down on us. Many of our men said they had heard talking from the shore. We were anchored, in the middle of the river, (which, at this place is about a quarter of a mile wide) without the power of moving. So we just prepared for the worst, and waited ⁱⁿ breathless silence, at the them awful noise, for the issue. It was one of the darkest nights I have ever known, and I think, from the nervousness & occasional whispering among the men, that many thought it was the last night we would

over pass. The current was running, like
a mill stream. About the hour of
10 o'clock, as near as I can guess, I
heard a dull, plunge in the water,
near the bow of the launch, and
a moment afterwards, the cry of, man
overboard. At the time, I was lying
in a small canoe, that was hoisted
up in the stern of the launch. I
jumped up, shoved my boat into the
water, snatched a paddle from a man
and started off in the dark, to save
him if possible. I heard him come
up, some distance below, make a
few splurges, and an attempt, to rise
and then came a dreadful silence. As
I could not see an inch before my
nose, I could only, pull as near
the place where I had heard him
as I could guess, and listen for him
to rise again. All this time, I was
going down stream, at an aweful
rate; I heard him again, and this
time, he only made, a kind of splurge
and I heard no more. I called, "where
are you" all the time, but no answer
came. I continued to pull, to the

place where I had last seen him,
 and was drifting on down, about
 to give him up, when something
 came up, right under the boat.
 I reached under, and shone
 enough, there he was. I grabbed
 him by the hair, and raised his
 head above water. As my boat
 was extremely small, and the least-
 possible necessary to turn it over,
 I had to be very careful about
 lifting him in. So I raised his
 head, and held him off a little to
 give him a talking to before,
proceeding away further. But
 the moment, he felt the boat, he
 grabbed, right hold of it, and
 dipped her, half full of water.
 He seemed to be perfectly sensible
 as well, as speechless. I managed by
 balancing him, to finally get him
 in, and stretched out, in the bottom
 of the boat. I then commenced to
 think about, getting back to the
 launch, which, as near, as I could
 judge, was about, a mile, above
 us. I took my seat, and pulled

for, the shore, I then found out, what
the great noise was. The river had
taken, a very sudden rise, and was
rumbling, roaring, & carrying all
dead trees & limbs, snapping, and
leaping at an awful rate, through
the woods. I pulled until I had
nearly killed myself; and I found
it absolutely impossible for me to
make any trackway. I then caught
hold of the palm trees, (which
overhang this bank for miles along
and are so thick, it is almost
impossible to get to the shore through
them) and tried to pull up by them,
but they cut my hands, so, that
I was compelled to let go. As I
was only going backwards, all the
time, here, I concluded to try the
other side of the river; I drifted
considerable in crossing; but I
made, the other shore, at last, and
caught hold of some grass, to hold
on and rest awhile. I found this
side was nothing but a kind
of marshy prairie, with grass
growing all along the river.

I was as near, being sworn out, as I have ever been, in my life; and I concluded if feasible, to wake up, my man and make him help, me if he was not stone dead. He had already begun to show signs of returning animation; and as near as I could calculate, had thrown up several gallons of water.

I asked him if he felt able to work; or assist me in the least in returning. He returned a kind of grumble for an answer; and not being in the best humor in the world, I gave him, a pretty lively slap on his rear, with my paddle, and told him to get up; and try, and help me; He got up; threw up more water; and seemed to be perfectly senseless, for he did not understand, (or would not) a single thing I told him; So as this, was no time for trifling I gave him another dose of my paddle, to see if I could not

bring him to his senses. I finally got him so, that he understood, how to catch hold of the prop, and pull along, while I worked at the paddle. (I had but one paddle in the boat) In this way, stopping to rest occasionally, we finally reached the launch, I as near dead as he was; For I had worked myself nearly to death. When I saw him this morning, he was regaling himself with a cracker; I asked him how he felt, and remarked that I thought he had swallowed enough water to last him a month. He replied, "Oh yes Gent, if you will come so soon," I never eat no more cracker. (He was a dutchman) That was the only acknowledgement, he made me. The, Compliments, of the men and officers, well repaid me for the act, not, speaking of my own Caution.

The steamer returned this morning, after having left nearly all the bays at, a distance about eight miles, this side the Fort Serapiqui. Which is in possession of

of the enemy. 10 o'clock, the
 balance of us, with the
 launch, are now proceeding on
 up the river, being towed by
 the steamer.

5 o'clock P.M.

We have just arrived at the
 Ranch, which is situated, right
 on the river, in a good, and
 commanding position. We took
 the residents, one man, and woman
 prisoners; only to keep them
 from giving any information,
 in regard to us, or our movements
 to the Costa Ricans, at the above
 Fort. On coming up the river,
 to day, I have been sent out
 several times, to fetch in, a barge,
 loaded with fruits, whose owners,
 deserted them, at sight of the
 Filibusters. I have just been
 told by Col Lockridge that I
 must, consider myself detached
 from my Company, to take
 command of all scouting, &
 foraging parties. Lieut. Howell
 acting in my place, temporarily.

I am very much pleased at the exchange, if I can only get some of my own boys, with me. Capt. Scott, fell overboard this morning coming up the river, and passed clear through between the launch, and the steamer, and a young man, by the name of Robinson, who was sitting in a Pungo, away behind, caught him, as he rose, and saved his life.

I just saw Col. Frank Anderson, shot through the shoulder, accidentally, by a private named Devine, who was mounting guard at the time. Devine was bucked & gagged, to await punishment, but, as the wound, is not very serious, and it being an accident, Col. Anderson has pardoned him. Young Wilkins, was bucked, ^{this evening} with his sergeant, for refusing to go on duty. He being the first one bucked, in this expedition. Now, that, we are away from the British, and the men have no chance to desert, things will be pretty strict

Monday 26th

Our new Quarters
has been named Fort-Anderson, in
honor of Col. Frank P. Anderson. Our
men, have completely stripped the
Mountain patch, and killed and eat
nearly all the chickens, belonging
to the natives who we found here.
But a quite a number of Grouse
retreat from this Ranch, to the
woods, on our appearance, it is
not much to be wondered at.
Of every thing, is confiscated by
the Fella-busters. Captain Slight,
with his personal Companion, is
now digging, trenches, and throwing
up breast-works around our
new Fort. And the balance of
our Companies, are occupied erecting
temporary huts to sleep in, and
to partially shelter them from
the rain. The weather is very
disagreeable, raining all the time,
and the men, are working in
mud nearly knee deep. The
river here is about, a half
mile wide. And our old Launch

Dan

75

is anchored opposite the Fort, nearly
to the other side of the river, for
the purpose of stopping every Craft,
that attempts, to pass, to Cut off
Communication of the Enemy above us,
with Greattown &c. I am in Command
I have, one four pounder, with the
Artilleryman, to manage it, sixteen
rifles, several Buoys, and men, to pull
them. We also have the sick aboard,
with two physicians. I have sentinels
posting the deck all the time. Our
Laurel leaks a little, but, still, at
present, we are, a little better off
than those on shore. I have one
part of the Laurel, put aside for
the sick, and every thing is now
arranged to my satisfaction. I
am sorry, that, it is absolutely
necessary, to have the sick aboard
with us, for I hate very much, to see
so much suffering, and I am
sure it discourages the rest of the
men. Our meals are cooked on shore,
and I send two men in a Barge, for
them every time. My old Companion
B. Continues to improve my meals.

And my man of all work,
 (Mr. Hudson, of Nashville. You may
 know) after them for me. My
 dinner, to day was rather
 sumptuous, in comparison, to my
 general fare; It consisted of
 fried bananas, boiled bacon, rice
 soup & crackers. High living
 for a Fiddler. Capt. Harris
 is afraid I will get the goat.

Monday 29th

Our little Steamer
 left us early this morning to
 return to Greytown, to bring
 up provisions &c. We expect
 her back, to night, as the
 distance is only thirty miles.
 This day has been passed, in
 getting every thing regulated, &c. &c.
 Some of the men, got permission
 and went a hunting. They
 killed some squirrels, some fowls
 which they call wild turkeys,
 & Quakers. It has put me in
 an awful humor to go to, and
 the first chance I get, I am off,

Jaw

95

on a Hunt to. Many of our men
have been greatly disappointed, in their
anticipation, in coming out here, and
are becoming more & more discouraged
every day. And the consequence, is
that, desertions, occur, very frequently
with us. They all try, to get, to
Greystown, for there, they, are
protected & sent, off by the British.

Wednesday 28th

The Rescue
returned, from Greystown late last
night. The boys, who went, on
her, say, that, they saw many
of our deserters, there, waiting, to
be sent, home, by the English.
Our steamer, with Companies, B &
F, and one piece of Artillery, went
up, to reconnoiter, Fort Sraguque
to day. They approached the Fort,
within several, hundred yards
before they were discovered, on
account of a bed in the river.
A great, many, of the enemy
were, washing clothes, in the
river, some bathing & swimming

arrived; But as soon, as they
 caught, a glimpse, of our Steamer
 the alarm spread like, wild fire
 and they way, they got out, of
 that, water, and got over, and
 through, those Barracades," was
 a caution. They forgot about
 about, every thing, but, saving
 their Bacon, it, seems," For it,
 was, several. minutes, before, the
 steamer, was fired on. Genl
 Wheat & Col Lockridge; gave them
 several; loads, of Canister &
 round shot, killing & wounding
 a few of them; and dropped
 down, the river, without, a scratch.
 The shots, from, the Fort, fell
 all, around, but, none struck
 our little Steamer. She then
 returned; to Fort Anderson.

40 day while I
 was ashore, sat up dinner; with
 some of the officers; a large
 raft of drift, wood, ran, against
 the Launch; and broke her anchor;
 and was carrying it men and all.

down the river; at an awful rate. The men set up, a hallowing for help from shore, like a set of clam fools; instead, of trying to help themselves. I was eating dinner at the time; and had to leave, right, in the middle of it. I jumped into, my Bunge; and soon overtook them. The moment, I stepped, aboard, Dr Chorlton, came to meet, me saying, "Gent! I am glad you are come, When turning to the crowd, said, "I don't care a damn; if the drifts, to be - it, now." I soon had, all, the cooking pots, tin pans, iron rods; and every heavy article, I could lay my hands on made fast, together, fastened, on to the anchor, Chain, and Hircow, overboard. She dragged, a little, further; and stopped altogether, about, a mile and a half, below the Fort. The officers at the Fort, were, all gathered, on the bank; watching and laughing, at the, way, the men hallow'd; some of, them finally, got, into, a Bunge, to come

and help us, but the Assault,
of it, was that, the Current,
carried them, below us, and they
could not get back, until, we
threw out, a line to them.
So we indulged in a Saucy
at their expense. So, there
we all stayed, together until
the steamer, came, and towed, us
back, and manchered, us, in our
old Quarters. Yesterday, evening
I sent, two, men ashore, for
a load, of mud, to, make
a fine place, on our, Saucy.
As they were returning, they
capsized, and no doubt, would
have been drawn, but, they
were rescued, by Captain Chansey
(of the steamer), and myself,
who, pulled, another, bongo, out-
fortunately, in time, to save
them. Old Dr Wharston, bothers
me, nearly to death; for, he
wants to go ashore, about forty
times a day, and never, will go
back; I will set, in the
bongo, if I do nothing, but

set there and look at him. He
says, he feels perfectly safe if I
am with him.

Evening -

I have
just had a complete cleaning
up; of the Launch, and every thing
is in the best order. I have it washed
down, every day; I have had the
satisfaction, of having Col Tickridge
to approve of every thing I have
done. I am getting an amazingly
I am frequently visited by the
officers, on shore, and I am frequently
over, there, to dinner with some
of them. (Unpaid)

Low dressed - - - - - \$ 300

~~To my washerwoman, - 100~~
~~To Mrs. Burns - - - - - 75~~

Walter R. was three imprisoned
in the Lower Beauchamp tower
and the White tower, were
his prison houses; but his
twelve long years of imprisonment
were passed in the Bloody tower

Lucie J. Frank,

Dory

Thursday 29th and and

Our steamer has made another
trip to Greenland for provisions,
which is kept in an old warehouse
owned by old Scott. She brings
back plenty of news, (by way of
Aspenswall) of the various success
of Genl Walker & H. I am still
under the impression that the
news is manufactured, for effect.
I took breakfast with Capt
Harris at his Quarters on shore.
It consisted of ripe Bananas &
Plantains, Fried Potatoes, (a species
of wild potatoes) boiled, Fried ham
Coffee &c, which I eat with
no little relish. We do not
know what moment we shall
be attacked, by, or attack the
enemy. We had another alarm
last night, which turned out to
be a false one. I have passed the
day, partly on shore, and partly on
the launch, looking around, and
taking it easy.

Friday

Frank-L. +

Friday 30th

Lucie & Allev.

This morning I was ordered by Col Lockridge to take a Bumbo (Capt Thompson ^{now comes with me now} for a guide, and one man, and proceed along the river, in the direction of Fort-Scripps. I, and reconnoitre, as far as practicable. I proceeded up, to within about three or four hundred yards of the Fort, were fired on by the Picquett, from shore, when Capt Thompson deemed it advisable to return. Their balls did us no further damage; than, sprinkle us, with a little water, as they pass. I stopped at a ranch on the river, as we returned; and were hospitably entertained by a dark senora; with, dried venison, Bananas & Pinola (a kind of drink, manufactured from burnt corn) (It is Cooling and quite pleasant, to the taste). While several dark brown; Savage looking fellows, threw, unaimed stones, at us, from the top of a pile of wood, where, one was stretched; and several Hamocks

living around the place.
They are very uncommunicative
and only answer in monosyl-
-ables, when addressed. They take
good care however to not be
impertinent. I have found
my Cannon, experience, to
be a great advantage to me.

Saturday 3rd 17th

I went on a
hunting expedition this morning
and as Col Lockridge, is the only
officer, who has any authority over
me; and he being out of camp;
I went on my own authority
without asking permission of any
one. I had separate from my
party; and had killed two monkeys
and several squirrels; and was very
busy; shooting as fast, as I could
load. (The squirrels were as thick as
peas, in a spot) when these come
two fellows, just as hard as they
could sife, through the woods;
to tell me, to go instantly to
camp: that Col L, wanted me

The fact was he had come while
I was out, and from what the
men said I judged he was in
a pretty tall fashion, on account
of me being gone. I retraced my
steps to the Camp with an very
pleasant feeling, not knowing
what punishment, was in store
for me. By the time I arrived at
Camp Col L, had order Cooked
down and had gone into his Tent
to await my arrival; He had order
that I should be notified to report
to him as soon as I came. The
Compassionate manner in which
the men looked at me, when I
came in, in no wise tended, to
allay my uneasiness. I had
no excuse to offer; and I made
up my mind, to face the
music, and try and smother
things over. I walked into his
Tent, with a bunch of squirrels
in my hand; and remarked in
a kind of jocular way, "Col?
I have a few bunch of squirrels
for your dinner;" He looked at

one very sternly, for some time
without speaking, until I thought
it time to say something else.
So, says I, "Yes sir, they are very
fat," look at them Col, and I put
them up before him. He didn't
appear to notice them, but I
saw, the sterns, enter having
his face, and I felt encouraged.
Says he, "Who gave you permission
to leave Camp Par? Nobody sir"
You were not here, and there
being no one else here for me to
ask, I thought I would go
a short distance in the woods
and kill some squirrels for your
dinner, (I was after them squirrels
for a menu card, and expected to
get back, before the Col) came
Aint they in splendid order
Col? He just smiled perceptibly,
and remarked "I'll excuse you
this time, but the next time such
a breach of orders occur, you
will be an example made. How
will you have these squirrels
Cooked Col? Damn, these squirrels

sir, go to your quarters, (with a broad grin, lifting up his stern features) and hold yourself in readiness for orders.

It is needless to say, these squires, were browed, and despatched, to the Col's Quarters, at dinner time, with the Compliments of Gent Allen.

There have been considerable alteration to Regt, in some of the Companies, by disposing of many of their officers. One Captain has been reduced to a Lieutenant and five Lieutenants have been reduced to the ranks. The Charges are incompetency to Command. Leaving only three or four Captains & as many Lieutenants, who still retain their original positions. It seems very hard, that men, who have taken such pains to raise Companies, should be treated in this way now, when they have no power to help themselves. But still in military law, it is just, in some

of these cases. All the Tients, reported
to me, on board the launch for
 duty. To save their feelings, I
suppose, by giving them light-
duties to Commence with.

Yesterday was the first
day that has been, that it did
not rain, since we have been
in the Country. Nicaragua is truly
a great Country, in some things.

Danvers his ship, committed
here he wrote his political & d
discovered and commenced
the former history of the
land. He was at Cere, he
surrendered, but again committed
to the Power about two months
before his execution at Westminster.
As he tried the scaffold he
gently touched the axe and
padded, "This is a sharp medicine
but it will cure all diseases."
The very headsmen shrunk
from the heading, one so illustrious
and brave, until the unquenching

February 7th 1857
Sunday, 13
about 10 o'clock one of my sentries
hail'd a bunge, supposed to contain
a number of our Grazer foes; who
seem'd to be endeavouring to pass
us, towards Greytown. Not receiving
an answer, he fired, and they
not coming to for that, I order'd
out my Bunge, jump'd in, with
three men & rifles & gave chase.
I follow'd them several miles,
but, it being very dark, and
they having the start of me,
they manage to escape.

1618.
Orders have been order'd
to day about noon, by a note
from Head Quarters, to deliver up
my Command in the Parade to
Lieut Col of the Artillery; stating
that my services are required
more on shore than they are
on the Parade. I propos'd three
Cheers for Lieut Col after a few
words to the boys. And after
having received the same,

mark of respect, I left with
many invitations to return, and
proofs of their limited Hospitality
whenever I could make it
convenient.

Evening

I have just
returned, from a reconnoitering
& foraging expedition, from
the neighborhood of Fort-Jerapique.
I took a very good prize
a large Bunch laden with, arms
ammunition, Boots, shoes, clothes
cigars, cooking utensils, &c. &c.
I took also three bottles of
french brandy, several boxes of
sardines & 90^c cents in very
good coins. All of the latter
I managed to stow away
in my men's pockets, for
private use well. Knowing
that if I didn't, (somebody
else, whose right, was not
as good as mine) would. We
took the bunch without fighting,
as, our enemy (double our number)
saw, we were bound to have

it- anyhow, Conclude, that- the best way for them to do was to run her ashore, and leave it and save their own Bacon.

When we returned to Camp, towing our prize, (I felt like George Washington after Cornwallis surrendered to him) The whole Camp Officers and all, all gathered on the bluff, and saluted us with three Cheers. The prize put down to my credit.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the property mentioned in the same, and a testimonial of the same, are now in the hands of the proper authorities, and are being taken care of. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. B. [Signature]

Annie Boleyn said just before
her execution, "that Henry VIII.
had raised her from a gentlewoman
to a marchioness, and from a
marchioness to Queen of France,
and as he could raise her no
higher on earth, he was going
to make her an angel in heaven."

Lucie, the Miller,

May the 11th

Feb. 16th 1877

1875.

(I came over here); Jefferson Texas.

"Life is a pendulum oscillating
between a smile and a tear."

"Westward the course of empire takes ^{away} its
The first four acts already past, ^{days}
A fifth shall close the drama with the
Time's noblest offspring is the last."
J. Berkeley.