

A. C. Allen  
1<sup>st</sup> Lieut Co. B 1<sup>st</sup> Batt Rifles  
San Juan River  
Central America  
Nicaraguan Army

DIARY  
of  
Incidents & Events  
That Transpired During  
My Sourjourne [sic] In  
Central America

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I left my home in New Orleans La. at five o'clock in the evening of the 28<sup>th</sup> Dec, just four days ago; on the steam ship Texas, bound as a volunteer for the sunny land of Nicaragua with glorious anticipations; and aspurations [sic] that knew no bounds. As the last spire, of good old New Orleans, faded from my sight, I mentally resolved to have my bones in other lands or return honerably [sic] to my home and many friends I have in it. Not having a single friend, and but one acquaintance on board that vessel, you may know that my time passed dully enough at first. When after along fit of meditation I arose [sic] from the deck, to seek quarters for the night, I can assure you as I pushed through a dense crowd of ugly looking strangers, that my thoughts were any thing [sic] but pleasant.

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I expected the position of Lieut, consequently, I sought quarters in the Cabbin [sic]. After some trouble and delay, I managed to get a Cabbin ticket. When I arrived at my sleeping place, I found two rough looking customers had been already appointed there. The fact is; their [sic] 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 seem pretty well posted 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 positively; 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 learned this much from them. To take of nothing but my hat and coat, put them under my head, loose my pistol belt a little and go to bed so. 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 29<sup>th</sup> 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 30<sup>th</sup> we crossed the bar, at 5 o'clock A.M.; and bid farewell to ~~American~~ US soil. And there were many on that vessel that bid their last and eternal farewell to the land of our nativity. This day was passed in disposing of the men and dividing them off into Companies. I was apointed [sic] by Major Robbert Ellis,<sup>1</sup> the commanding

Officer as 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut of Co. B commanded by Capt'n R. A. Harris.<sup>2</sup> 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 [sic] 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; that is to the best of my ability. The next day 31<sup>st</sup> Dec, I passed in giving the men (our Co) some idea of drilling, the manuel [sic] of arms &c &c. They were considerable 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 practicing to day; as nearly all the men are beginning to

get sea sick.

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I have been apointed [sic] to day, as officer of the Gaurd [sic], under Capt'n Bentley,<sup>3</sup> officer of the day, to presume order &c &c on the vessel. 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. To day is the 1<sup>st</sup> time I have apearred [sic] in my official capacity and I have succeeded admirably; except a slight difficulty with Lieut Coleman of Co. C who took into his head to get drunk for the purpose of celebrating New Year. To day about noon we passed Cape San Antonio; the south western portion of the isle of Cuba. It had a beautiful apearance [sic] from the sea and made me wish for the time to come where that beautiful and productive isle would be

owned by the Glorious Star & Stripes.

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<sup>1</sup> Robert H. Ellis.

<sup>2</sup> Robert A. Harris, born in Florida, during the Civil War was a captain in Company A, First Louisiana Battalion, CSA.

<sup>3</sup> E. S. Bentley, Mississippi farmer.



I had quite a lively time of it last night, first by being ordered by Col Mancasas<sup>4</sup> to arrest Capt'n Sleight & Lieut Volger<sup>5</sup> for making a disturbance; which I was about to do, when he change 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 [sic], 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 [sic]. He replied [sic] 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.

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I then asked him if he knew who he was talking to. He said that he did not and he did not care either. So I came to the conclusion that I would teach him who I was; and at the same time punish him for his disrespect to an officer of the Great Nicaraguan Army. As the sergeant of the Guard [sic] could not be found, I went and woke up my own Sergeant (Old Burrows) and ordered him to collar my friend in the bow, and put him under arrest. Mureupan 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 released him, but watchman or not, I was bent on punishing him. A part 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 five shooter and walked

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In among the crowd and remarked that the first man who opened his mouth; I'd blow his brains out. You can bet your life there was a dead calm. Fortunately for them (and I suppose also for myself) they kept pretty quiet. Not being satisfied, I went down in the Cabbin [sic], woke up Col Mancasas, Major Robt Ellis, & Agt [Joseph N.] 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 [sic] to them as impudently as he did to me (for he had all his sporty arround [sic] him). He said they had nothing to do with him and he did not care a damn. I made some remark 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 party to take it away from me. I would have then killed

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him for the insult with my knife had not my officers restrained me by main fource [sic] and promised to punish him severely themselves; which I am affraid [sic] they have not power to do. That interesting incident ended my new year and first day's duty in the Filibuster army. To day I have had the exquisite felicity of being pointed at by every sailor & Cabbin [sic] boy on the vessel and I occasionally [sic] here [sic] them whispering with one another, "there he goes!"; "That's him; "He tried to shoot Pat," I reckon he wants to practice before he gets out there &c &c. I do not notice them and they manage to give me a wide bearth [sic] wherever I go. To give the devil his due; He (Pat Esqr) was the pluckiest ireishman [sic] 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 anymore. The Captain of the ship has promised to discharge him. I have slept late to day from the fatigue of yesterday.

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<sup>4</sup> Col. Frank P. Mancousos, born in Florida of Hispanic origin.

<sup>5</sup> A German who died in the explosion of the steamer J. N. Scott.

Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup>

I have passed this day at card playing (for amusement) lounging about deck, smoking, drilling the company &c &c. Many 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 commence to think of the consequences of their hastiness. But it is now too late. There are many of them sea sick and they are laying, crowed [sic] together, all over the deck some spewing, groaning, grunting, cussin & snorting. Some looking sad and dispirited and others laughing at the rest. Taking all together they spout me in mind of a drove of cattle hearded [sic] together in a pen. The poor privates are confined to the steorage [sic] & forward deck, with its dirty smell & poor accomodations [sic]. We officers live in the cabbins [sic] and promenade under a canvass covering in the

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

Sunday 4<sup>th</sup>

We are expecting to get to Greytown to day consequently, every one is all anxiety & expectation. For we Filabusters [sic] 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 Nicaragua. They are quite small covered with green undergrowth, uninhabited I believe, and are called Great Corn & Little Corn. 5 o'clock P.M. Greytown 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 treachery of that infernal traitor, [Sylvanus M.] Spencer an Agt of Vanderbilt & Co., have been taken by the enemy. Thereby cutting off all communication, with Genl Wm Walker, up in the interior of Nicaragua. And further more; that there is at this time one of the steamers with a party of the enemy aboard [sic], now lying in the harbor of Greytown. 5 ¼ o'clock—it has been decided by the commanding officers to make an attempt with the small boats of the Texas to board & take that steamer from the enemy. Of all the excitement about one little job, this beat all I ever saw, not a gun had been distributed to the men up to this time. On the way the men went to breaking open gun boxes and amunition [sic] 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 cabbins [sic] preperetory [sic] to making an attack on the Steamer, Companies B & E. As company B was the one I was attached to and being ordered by Capt'n [Robert] 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 fools, who were, grabbing up and loading guns every where, I assumed the responsibility of distributing arms & ammunition myself. We were soon ready, "that is," every one of my Company had guns some, a pocket full of amunition [sic] others a hat full. Cartridge boxes buckled on them in every manner and form, that can be imagined.

Some fellows had their boxes buckled arround [sic] their necks, others around their legs, some arround [sic] their waists, and some again were carrying them in their hands. In this manner my Company, with me at their head, soldier coat

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on (and I may as well say, I was the only man on the ship that did have one on) and drawn sword, & filed into the Cabbin [sic] in single file, midst 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 inquisitive glances 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 &c. It is imposible [sic] for my feeble gun to give anything like and adequate description of the glorious confusion that reigned on that eventful ocation [sic]. We stood there some fifteen or twenty minutes awaiting orders. They came at last.

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It was to dismiss the men. For the bird had flown. Yes, while we were getting ready, the enemy had been busy getting up steam, which they succeeded [sic] in doing and bidding us a hasty adeau [sic], 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 whip them off the river, with whips made of their own hides. 7 o'clock P.M. I am ordered to take six of my men, in one of the ships boats, under the guidance [sic] of a little bow-legged, bulitt [sic] headed, sandy haired, red eyed, individual who has just come aboard, and who they call Comodore De Brisit [Julius De Brissot], and follow our Greazer [sic] friends on 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.

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Monday 5<sup>th</sup>

After having received orders last evening to go up the river, I was soon seated in the stearn [sic] of a light yawl boat the imortal [sic] Comodore at the rudder and six stout hearted lusty fellows at the oars. The current of the San Juan being pretty fast, we did not go up in a hurry, but up we we [sic] went, slow & sure determined to immortalize [sic] 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 cleared the harbor by British Men of War's men. I found my friend the Comodore an invaluable assistant, both in answering the hails and managing the rudders. For I new [sic] nothing of the river and this was my first experience in warfare.

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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 Enemy, landed and busily taking on wood at a wood pile. We approached to within a short distance of them and concealed ourselves along shore prepetory [sic] to attacking them when our reinforcement should arrive. We waited & waited and we waited so long that our enemy again took leif [sic] of us. It would have been wourse [sic] 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 necesiated [sic] to return without accomplishing anything. I learned after my return (which was about 5 o'clock this morning] that a Company under several officers in boats, had started to reinforce

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me, but owing to the management of the officers, the men became confused, and having no sort of unity or regularity among them, they were unable to steer the current. Consequently, after many unsuccessful [sic] attempts, and a good deal of swearing and blowing among the officers, they gave it up and we lost a steamer. To day has been passed in landing the men and munitions on Punta Arenas. A long sandy point, running for several miles between the Carribbean [sic] sea and the harbor of Greytown on which lives old [Joseph N.] 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 near his place, so we were compelled to go up about a mile near the woods and make preperations [sic] for camping in an old marsh. It has been raining all day and

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I am told it rains continuously for six months in the year. Night—having eat nothing all day and being as hungry as wolves we have just had the refuse [sic] of the Steamer Texas's table (thrown promiscuously into an old barrel) dealt out in scanty proportions for our supper. An old ham bone fell to my share with a cracker. To night, is my first night in this expedition of sleeping on the ground. And as it is raining and I am ringing 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 gather, manufacture, steal, or capture a steam boat. And as they are a scare 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.

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Tuesday 6<sup>th</sup>

The forenoon of this day has been passed in trying to make camp houses. We have had a lively time of it; each company vieing [sic] 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 architecs [sic] among us, each Company is building according to their own seperate [sic] 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 [sic] them with other poles layed [sic] 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 &c. That will do very well to shelter

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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 poor devils inside. There is a line of trunks & valises, carpetbags &c stretch across the upper end of it to divide the officers part from the mens [sic]. I have just had a little clearing 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. Noon—

Having assembled my company (there is no discipline here) for the 1<sup>st</sup> time to drill we were interrupted by all the dam [sic] 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

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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 penned up. So I have been unsuccessful [sic] 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 laying [sic] with all the old wet coats & blankets rolled around [sic] us we can find, drawed up, shivering, listening to one another, cuss & grunt, grinning and bearing it.

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With not a dry gun in camp uncertain at what moment the enemy may pounce on up; and commence a general slaughter. And positively sustain that all our luggage, trunks &c are getting gloriously soaked. One thing is certain [sic]; I won't have very pleasant dreams to night.

Wednesday 7<sup>th</sup>

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 [Robert] Ellis to go in Company with Captn Bentley & Lieut Taylor<sup>6</sup> on a visit to Greytown this evening. We left our camp in a little old Bungo (cannoeu) [sic] about two o'clock this evening and after a somewhat fatiguing full of an hour, we landed at one of the several little wharves at the gloriously beautiful and romantic

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village of Greytown. We were greeted on landing, by a motley crowd of California passengers, (who were waiting for a vessel), a few wooley [sic] headed, spraddled toed Jamaica negroes, of both genders, and a fiew [sic] copper colored men & women, of low stature, straight black hair, eyes like a coal of fire, broad palmetto hats on; all smoking cigaritas [sic]. 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 a la militair, pants in my boots, my best friends (my five shooter & Arkansas tooth pick<sup>7</sup>) in my belt, you may just imagine, I felt like Julius Ceazar [sic] after having crossed the Rubicon. After having made the bungo fast, we sauntered leasurely [sic] 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

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<sup>6</sup> Marshall Taylor, after being wounded in Nicaragua, returned to his native Lafayette, Indiana, ill with malaria, where he died in 1879.

<sup>7</sup> A double-edged steel-bladed dagger.

right over the door. Supposing 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 [sic] hair, barefooted and pants rolled up, engaged in a seemingly very entertaining game, at a kind of table, which looked to one like billiards. All puffing their cigars, as if they were smoking for a bet. 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 terms to favor us with a Brandy Cocktail. While he was engaged in the delightful occupation of mixing our drinks, it was impossible [sic]

for us not to indulge our Yankee propensities, for prying around [sic] and asking questions. After we drank and having paid 25 cents a glass, for it, we concluded to prosecute our walk rather disgusted at the unsociability 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 accomodate [sic] us to anything from a dose of Calomel, a yard of Callico, 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 Greytown so we passed the evening, first in one salloon [sic], and then another, looking at the sights. Towards dark and after sundry cocktails, our friend Taylor became very merry, and at the same time, inclined to exercise his combative propensity

and Captain Bentley (who was religiously & I think somewhat timidly inclined) became very much alarmed, for for [sic] we would get into a difficulty. And I kind of encouraging [sic] Taylor, and tickled to death at his actions and Bentley's confusion. Taylor walked about, flourished his revolver, and screamed out in Indian yells, that he could whip any man in Greytown. Presently he saw a Jamaica man come riding along on a little goatish looking horse, and Taylor, broke after him (to the horror of Capt'n Bentley) with a regular Comanche yell, saying I am going to have a ride. The fellow put spurs to his goat and strode 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 learnt that the female portions of the town pass their evenings in sitting out in front of their respective doors smoking cigars & cigarettas [sic]. And the

men adjourn to the St. Nicolas or some similar place to drink whiskey. I saw many works of the [USS] Cyane's 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 single roof, and one of them belongs to Col [Henry L.] Kinney, it stands away off by itself. It has two or three hundred inhabitants or 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. Taylor 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. where I learn that I am detailed as officer of Gaurd [sic] to night.

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Thursday 8<sup>th</sup>

This day has been passed first drilling company, reading &c &c, and in the evening I again visited Greytown in company with two gentlemen by the names of Sample, from Ga, and Alexander,<sup>8</sup> from NO. 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 Greytown for the purpose of purchasing some necessities. We took dinner over there in one of the hotels, passed time quite pleasantly, and in returning to camp we boarded the steamer Texas (that is to leave in the morning) where I wrote a letter to my friend J. C. Castley<sup>9</sup> 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

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for procuring better quarters or we will all die, 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 strangely of boiling one of my boots tomorrow for dinner.

Friday 9<sup>th</sup>

Morning—Old Scott, has at last been prevailed on by Col Sam Lockridge and others (Col L has assumed supreme command of us, as senior officer on the river, by Genl Walker's orders) to allow us to move our quarters down under an old wood shed, which is a perfect pallace [sic] to us in our present circumstances. We had to ask permission of the British, even before we could occupy the wood shed. Might seems to be right with them. But never mind; I

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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.

Noon—we are at last safely quartered in the wood shed each company, having a small portion of it, worked out for themselves. A long row of wood piled [sic] up on two sides, to act as barricade 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" [sic]. Our first death occurred to day. A young German died this evening in hard 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 pass the Picquet Guard [sic], went about a half a mile up the Point, and had a fine dinner at an old duchman's [sic] who lives there and cultivates plantains &c. Our dinner

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<sup>8</sup> Thomas Alexander, was killed in the explosion of the steamer J. N. Scott.

<sup>9</sup> John C. Castley, born in Virginia in 1835.

(to us) was superb, consisting of boiled rice, boiled bananas, ginger bread & London porter. But his charges were awful. We return to camp, I drill the company, and it is night. When Captain Bentley (of Greytown fame) is now amusing himself, squeaking, on an old cracked Flageolet, to the horror of the whole camp.

Saturday 19<sup>th</sup>

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

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Stealing pistols, knives, &c seems to be quite the rage in camp now. You can scarcely turn around without hearing some unfortunate devil swearing, blowing, and vowing 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; you can bet high there was no little noise [sic] 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 there, thinking the man who had it, was in rather a delicate position. So this morning when I woke up I felt something hard under the edge of my blanket, and turning it over, "Lo and Behold" there was my identical pistol.

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Sunday 11<sup>th</sup>

This day has been passed by me drilling the company, playing cards, lounging around &c &c. It has been raining all day. We are getting use to it now. Consequently, we don't mind it. Cooking out in the rain is the easiest thing in the world to us. We have procured a little old sheet iron hull 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 reasonable to suppose that our Greaser enemies

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

Night—

Capt'n Harris, Sample, & Alexander are 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. We compromise 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.



The British officers amuse themselves by pulling about, in small boats close to our camp, and occationally [sic] came right in among us, without noticing our sentinels, at all, walk about, through our camp watching everything that is going on, fixes about and look at us as if we were a set of wild animals, and clear out without speaking to any body, half the time.

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Monday 12<sup>th</sup>

I am officer of the Guard [sic] to day under Captn [W. W.] Berrington.<sup>10</sup> I had a slight difficulty this morning with a great giant of a fellow; by the name of Hannegan, who seemed very desirous of impressing me with the certainty of his power, of chawing [sic] me right up in a minute. I managed him beautifully thought without having recourse to violent means. The fellow was drunk consequently I merely arrested him and kept him in the gaurd [sic] house all day. Captn Berrington had a slight difficulty with one of the sentinels (a fellow belonging to my Company by the name of Morgan) who for being reprimanded, for something by the Captn, threw down his gun, and broke for the beach as hard as he could ran into the water up to his waist and hollowed lustily, for the British to protect him. We soon

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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 Picquet [sic] guard 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 pass 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 13<sup>th</sup>

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

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Wednesday 14<sup>th</sup>

I have passed this day; drilling and inspecting the Company; strolling arround [sic] camp &c &c. Col Lockridge has managed to get the little cannon from the steamer Texas, and an other [sic] little thing from somewhere else. They are six pounders, I believe, and some of our men are busy manufacturing some wooden wheels, &c to mount them on. Others are engaged in firing up all kinds of amunition [sic], for them. Consisting of old bottles filled with pieces of iron, balls slugs, nails &c &c, and tin pots filled with the same, all rought [sic] iron, balls, made with hammers. We, have already had, so many men, detached from each Company to form an artillery [sic] Company under Lieut Gale. Our men, are now made to keep their arms in good order. We inspect them once a day. From present apearances [sic]; our enemy, is likely to

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<sup>10</sup> W. W. Barrington was injured in the explosion of the steamer J. N. Scott.

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 come from, and always in Genl Walker's favor; that I am enclined [sic] to think they are manufactured, to order. My company are improving rapidly. A great many, are becoming greatly discouraged and dissatisfied [sic] at this manner of living, and are sneaking off to Greytown, at every chance, to wait for another Steamer to try and get back home. The imaginative pictures this made of live [sic], very different, from the stern reality. I myself am, considerably disappointed, but as I am here 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; now, that I have started. The honor, is not the kind.

Thursday 15<sup>th</sup>

Last night at about 12 o'clock, reports came in, that, it was strongly 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 [sic] we stopped several hours, in the hardest kind of a rain (dark as pitch) and marched back to camp (after having become satisfied that it was a false alarm) as wet as drowned rats, and nearly frozen. Every officer in camp, with only Lieuts & one or two Captns, 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 [sic] drill, inspection of arms. At which time, the Rules & Regulations of the Nicaraguan

Army were read, to the men. This evening our artillery force, dragged their two little pieces, out on the Caribbean beach, for the purpose of experimenting with their new amunition [sic]. An empty [sic] barrel, was set up, at a distant of about, two hundred yards and one of our loaded bottles, discharged 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 (loaded) 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 home made rough [sic] iron cannon balls. They went it beautiful, and with a beautiful sining [sic] noise too, knocking the barrel into, splinters, ripping up the ground like a plough, bouncing 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 chunk of bushes, when he saw, our cannon ball come ripping along the beach, through the sand & shells in every direction. He stopped and looked one moment, (like an old sow when you set the dogs on her) and then turned his face to the woods, and ran as if the devil was after him. Night.

I went with a reconnoitering [sic] party under Lieut Homan<sup>11</sup> & Captn Thomson some miles up the river, they had returned twice, that night being unable to steer the current of the San Juan. I had asked Col Lockridge to allow me to go, and I would take a riffle [sic] & 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 wanted to, the last trip, and returned near morning. No adventure the work, like to have killed me.

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Friday 16<sup>th</sup>

I passed this morning drilling the Company. We are acknowledged the best drilled Company on the river. There have been considerable alterations made by disposing of some of the officers, in the Ranks, the charges against them being incompetency to command. And dividing their men with the rest of the companies. 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut Coalman [sic] of Co E has been appointed [sic] 2<sup>nd</sup> 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 [A. R.] Coleman 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 eaten our fill of fried plantains, boiled rice &c &c, we amused ourselves by deleving our lanlord [sic]. He did not seem at all pleased with our familiarity, but suffered it, because he was affraid [sic] he would loose [sic] custom.

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Saturday 17<sup>th</sup>

At 12 o'clock A.M. to day, we were visited 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 them. Being the weaker party, we were necesiated [sic] to submit. After all the men were assembled, the British officers then went up and down the ranks reading an article to them, the purpose of which, was as follows.

If there are any of Great Britain's subjects among you step out; or subjects of any nations, who wish to leave 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 come

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

About thirteen cowardly despicable, scoundrels (whose courage had all oozed out went [sic] they saw the reality of war) consisting of Ireish [sic], Dutch & one Frenchman, stepped [sic] out, and claimed 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 cowardly and as soon as they became tired or affraid [sic] to stay longer, they deserted, or joined the British at every oportunity [sic]. Genl Wheat<sup>12</sup> was up on top of an old Barge (laying in the river) talking to the british [sic], on a stump smack, like a father. He railed against the injustice of the act, and the audacity

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<sup>11</sup> Wake Holman, from Owen Co., Ky. A veteran of the Mexican War and the 1850 Lopez expedition.

<sup>12</sup> Chatham Roberdeau Wheat.

of the British in interfering with us. He reminded them of how they would doff 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, revenge themselves and us for many old grudges they had against the stars & stripes. He also reminded them of Bunker Hill, New Orleans; and many other times that are past; and he spoke of the future in a manner that made their cheeks redden; although, they tried to appear stoically [sic] indifferent. He said he expected yet to live to revenge himself for their audacity by meeting them on equal grounds.

While the Genl was railing at them from the top of the barge, some of our boys were

amusing themselves by making speeches [sic] 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 around [sic] 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 [sic] 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 he 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 disarming 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 fource [sic] and passion to have hung me up at the yard or not if he had chosen but he graciously excused me. I asked him no difference. I passed this morning in drilling company.

Sunday 18<sup>th</sup>

Last night I was taken suddenly very sick with cramp collic from something I eat [sic] yesterday I suppose. I really thought I was going to die, but a mustard plaster procured by Sergeant Drayton;<sup>13</sup> relieved me after some time. I then missed the kind attentions of the loved ones at home more than ever since I left. Thanks to heaven I am well enough to day to drill Co.

Monday 19<sup>th</sup>

I am detailed as officer of the Gaurd [sic] to day. The day was passed pleasantly enough every thing being quiet, but to 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 necesiated [sic] to trudge along stumbling and falling; feeling about in the dark, an my cheerless & lonely round of visits all

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<sup>13</sup> A. Drayton, from Charleston, S.C.

night. The wind blowing so hard, that every time a wave recedes [sic], leaving the sandy beach dry for an instant; the wet sand is blown in such clouds, that it feels like small shot when ~~they~~ it strikes you in the face. It is absolutely horrible [sic] 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 struck up for a company of mini muskets, to practice at.

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And another great danger is of not being able to hear (for the noise) the sentinel's hails; 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 hailing. But it is to be hoped that all will yet be well.

Tuesday 20<sup>th</sup>

Well my disagreeable night is over and I have washed and sorter [sic] got some of the sand out of my hair & eyes, so I will turn in and try to get some rest. Capt'n [Robert] 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 venison, that is before me, and which Capt'n Harris

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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 every thing considered; I am inclined to think it is one of old Scott's pigs. But at any rate, I have eat [sic] my share of it, and can truly say, it was splendid.

Samples presented 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.

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Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup>

I drilled Company this morning, at 3 o'clock this evening we had another Battallion [sic] drill, our parrade [sic] 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 [sic] finely. To hear the beautiful humming sound of our home made balls, and the whistle of our canister, makes our men feel kind o hostile; it sorter gets my injun [Indian] blood up.

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

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Thursday 22nd

We had quite an amusing scean [sic] in camp this morning by one of our men, trying to desert. The circumstances are these. Col Lockridge has a small bungo, which he purchased a few days ago, for the purpose of traveling over to Greytown, or on business any where. As it is the only one we have when

ever 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 wharfe [sic] we have, and a party of our men standing about on the wharfe, 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 bungo struck out for the hat, and seemed to be making desperate efforts to recover it, but all the time he was dodging round & round the hat, and it drifting

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out. No one suspected for an instant, but what his object was safely to recover the hat, but he quickly undeceived 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 laying about a mile & a half out in the harbor, and he struck out like the old nick.<sup>14</sup> 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 commenced, and the way he did curse & fume about his boat was a caution. There was an old skift [sic] laying close by nearly half full of water & six oars in it. I soon had it, loose and hallowed for six stout fellows to jump in, I had them 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

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less than no time after him like a lot of Blood hounds, giving an indian war hoop occasionally [sic], to scare 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 ladder, that the English threw out to him. After jerking him down in our boat, he remarked very insecently [sic], that he had done the best he could under the circumstances. One of the men remarked to him yes, "You have done some tall pulling and no mistake" says he, "I guess you could not have acted any better than I did for I could not turn the boat arround [sic] 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 innocent and became offended at them for saying he was going to desert.

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We carried him back to camp midst the shouting of the men who, as soon as they heard his excuse just screamed. 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 arround [sic]. We all had quite a jolly laugh at his trip, 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 act 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 shun him and treat him as if he was disgraced, until by his actions he proved that he was sorry, and had redeemed himself. Then I told him, that he should be reinstated in the good opinion of the Company.

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<sup>14</sup> The devil.

Evening

We have just launched our little steamer named her the Rescue and I was one of the few who took the first little trip for the purpose of trying her. She runs pretty well, and I think we may succeed [sic] in yet doing wonders with her. We have received orders, to prepare everything, to embark tomorrow morning. I am appointed [sic] 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 disastrous [sic] as my last was. But I must obey orders, particularly, when they deliver them with flattering remarks &c &c. It is expected as this will be our last night on the point, many of the men will endeavor to have; and every thing considered, our sentinels are doubled.

Friday 23<sup>rd</sup>

Last night was one of the most unpleasant I have ever passed. My duty as officer of the guard [sic] placed me in a position to appreciate [sic] fully all the glory of fillabustering [sic], in the fullest scene [sic] of the term. But thank heaven it is over at last; I am not as a drowned rat, my whole physical man, aches from my exercise last evening and my clothes, eyes, hair; I might say my whole body is a complete mess (all that is visible of me) of wet sand; which blew in perfect showers, all over bleak Punta Arenas, all last night. I gave, a partial description, a few pages back of one of those stormy night, we sometimes experience here; so I will only say, that the last greatly exceeded the first. And I do continuously say, "Heaven deliver me from weather such. For I had rather run the

Gauntlet though a thousand Costa Ricans than, be again placed, 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 old Launch, or Barge, and several Bungos of a large size. Our whole force [sic] numbering about two hundred men including about fifty from N.Y. who came out a few days ago, under Gen'l Wheat. We are now (7 ½ o'clock) just opposite [sic] Camp Mizery [sic]; 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 [Juanillo]. Col Lockridge (who has supreme command) and the other officers, have decided to leave the Barge & Bungoes anchored here, and take, a small force [sic] of men of the Rescue, and go up and reconnoiter the San Juanita before proceeding

any further up the San Juan. I am 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 my own hook.

Night.

I returned, from my scout to day, in a very short time, as I did not see much fun in walking about through the Chaparal, and my curiosity was soon satisfied with that part of Nicaragua. The steamer has just returned and report every thing all right on the Goose as far as the San Juanita is navigable [sic]. 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 [sic] through the

old rotten roofs of our crafts, in a thousand different streams. And we are rather hungry; 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 24<sup>th</sup>

Some how or another we managed to get through, last night, and here we are at 7 o'clock, again proceeding on up the river. We are getting along quite slowly, as, the current of the river is very swift, and the little Rescue, is grunting & wheazing [sic], 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 Rescue, and party, reconoitre [sic] the river, same distance above us. I am ordered by Col Lockridge to take one man and a Bungo and return to the mouth of the San Juanita

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<sup>15</sup> of Natchez & (of Capt'n Kingwells<sup>16</sup> Co) and myself, are now at the mouth of the river, in a good commanding position, where we can see the approach of anything from eather [sic] of the rivers, and not be seen ourselves. It has been raining all the morning, and bids 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 alegators [sic], laying arround [sic] us, and I am sorely tempted to try the quality of my Mississippi Rifle on one of them

But it would not do to make the slightest noise, for we might loose eather [sic] a prisoner or so, or our lives by it, consequently, my friends (the alegators) [sic] are perfectly secure from my half ounce ball.

Night.

Well it is about time, to start for the Launch. We have had the pleasure of, taking two Bungoes, with five prisoners two Dutchmen & three Jamaca [sic] 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 [sic] a slice of raw fat Bacon & our cracker for our suppers, after having eat [sic] but two crackers all day. The steamer has not returned.

Sunday 25<sup>th</sup>

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<sup>15</sup> William Henry Wilkins (Aug. 23, 1840-May 3, 1882), interred in Natchez City Cemetery.

<sup>16</sup> John W. Kingswell, from Kentucky. Had served in Nicaragua in 1856 and returned on the Texas in Jan. 1857.



Some short time after we returned last night, we were considerably alarmed by a great roaring noise; akin of hamering [sic], snapping [sic], as if trees were being cut down; falling, &c &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 and listened 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 & ocational [sic] whispering among the men; that many thought it was the last night we would

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ever pass. The current was running like a mill sluice. 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 laying on a small canoe [sic], that, was hauled 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 is possible. I heard him come up, some distance below, make a fine splurges and an attempt to scream 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 awful rate; I heard him again, and this time, he only made a kind of splunge [sic] and I heard no more. I hallowed, "where are you" all the time, but no answer came. I continued to pull to the

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place where I had last heard him and was drifting on down, about to give him up, when something came up, right under the boat. I reached under, and shure [sic] enough, there he was. I grabbed his head above water. As my boat was extremely small, and the least jostle 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 any 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 senseless as well as speechless. I managed by ballancing [sic] 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 can judge, was about a mile above us. I took my seat, and pulled

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for the shore, I then found out, what the great noise was. The river, has taken, a very sudden rise, and was running roaring & carrying old dead trees & limbs, snapping, and passing at an awful rate, through the woods. I pulled until I had nearly killed myself, and I found it absolutely impossible for one to make any headway. I then caught hold of the broken trees (which overhang this bank for miles along and are so thick; it is almost imposible [sic] 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 told 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 worn out, as I have ever been, in my life, and I concluded if possible [sic], 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 [sic]; 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 scenceless [sic]; for he did not understand (or would not) a single thing I told him. So as this was no time for trifeling [sic] I gave him another dose of my paddle to see if I could not

bring him to his senses [sic]. I finally got him so, that, he understood, how to catch hold of the grass, and pull along while I worked at the paddle (I had but one paddle in the boat). On this way, stopping to rest, occasionally [sic], 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 regaleing [sic] 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 Lieut, if you no come so soon; I never eats no more cracker. (He was a Dutchman) That was the only acknowledgement he made me. They complements of the men and officers, well repaid me for the act, not, speaking of my own contience [sic].

The steamer returned this morning, after having left nearly all the boys at a ranch about eight miles, this side. The Fort Serapiqui, which is in posession [sic] of

of [sic] the enemy. 10 o'clock, the ballance [sic] 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 away information, in regard to us, or our movements to the Costa Ricans, at the above Fort. In coming up the river to day, I have been sent out several times, to fetch in a bungo loaded with fruits, whose owners deserted them, at sight of the Fillabusters [sic]. 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. Agt 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 Bungo, away behind, caught him, as he rose, and saved his life.

I just saw Col Frank Anderson, shot, through the shoulder, accidentally [sic], by a private named Devine who was mounting gaurd [sic] at the time. Devine was bucked & gaged [sic] 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 seargeant [sic] 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.

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Monday, 26<sup>th</sup>

Our new quarters has been named Fort Anderson, in honor of Col Frank Anderson. Our men, have completely stripped the plantain patch, and killed and eat [sic] nearly all the chickens, belonging to the natives who we found here. But as quite a number of Greazers retreated from this Ranch, to the woods, on our apearance [sic], it is not much to be wondered at, if everything is confiscated by the Fillabusters [sic]. Capt'n Sleight, with his german Company, is now digging trenches, and throwing up breastworks arround [sic] our new fort. And the ballance [sic] of our companies, are occupied erecting temporary huts to sleep in, and to partially shelter them from the rain. The weather is very disagreeable [sic], 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

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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 Greytown &c &c. I am in command & have one four pounder with the artillerymen, to manage it, sixteen rifles, several Bungoes, and men, to pull them. We also have the sick aboard [sic] with two phisitians [sic]. I have sentinels pacing the deck all the time. Our Launch leaks a little, but, still, at present, we are, a little better off than those on shore. I have one part, of the Launch, portioned of [sic] 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 [sic] with us, for I hate very much, to see so much suffering, and I am sure it discouraged, the rest of the men. Our meals are cooked on shore, and I send two men in a Bungo, for them every time. My old Company B continues to prepare my meals.

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and my man of all work, (Mr Hudson, of Nashville, Tennessee) [sic] goes after them for me. My dinner, to day was rather sumtuous, [sic] in comparison, to my general fare. It consisted of fried banannas [sic], boiled bacon, rice, soup, & crackers. High living for a Fillabuster [sic]. Capt'n Harris is affraid [sic] I will get the gout.

Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup>

Our little steamer left us early this morning to return to Greytown to bring up provision &c &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 & gueanes [sic]. It has put me in an awful humor to go to, and the first chance I get, I am off,

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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 Greytown, for there, they are protected & sent off by the British.

Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup>

The Rescue returned, from Greytown 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 [sic], went up, to reconnoiter [sic] Fort Serapique to day. They approached the Fort within several, hundred yards before they were discovered, on account of a bend in the river. A great many of the enemy were, washing clothes, in the river, some bathing & swimming

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around, but as soon as they caught a glimpse of our steamer the alarm spread like, wild fire and the way they got out of that water and got over and through those Barracades [sic], was a caution. They forgot about ~~about~~ every thing but saving their Bacon, it seemed; 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.

To day while I was ashore, eating 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

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down the river, at, an awful rate. The men set up, a hallowing for help from shore, like, a set of darn 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 Bungo, and soon overtook them. The moment, I stepped aboard [sic], Dr [F. E.] Charlton came to meet me saying Lieut, I am glad you are come, then turning to the crowd, said, "I don't care a dam if she drifts to h—ll [hell], 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 thrown 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 hallowed, some of them finally got into a Bungo to come

Page 78            Jan

and help us but the amount 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 laugh at their expense. So, there, we all stayed, together until the steamer, came and towed us back, and reanchored [sic] us in our old quarters. Yesterday, evening I sent two men ashore, for a load of mud, to make a fire place, on our Launch. As they were returning; they capsized and no doubt, would have been drowned, but, they were rescued, by Captn Charley (of the steamer) and myself, who pulled another bungo out fortunately, in time to save them. Old Dr. Charlton bothers me, nearly to death, for he wants to go ashore, about forty times a day, and never will go unless I will sit in the bungo; if I do nothing, but

Jan                    Page 79

sit 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 everything is in tip top order. I have it washed down, every day. I have had the satisfaction of having Col Lockridge to approve of every thing I have done. I am getting on famously. I am frequently visited by the officers on shore, and I am frequently over, there, to dinner with some of them.

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Thursday 29<sup>th</sup>

Our steamer has made another trip to Greytown for provision which is kept in an old warehouse owned by old Scott. She brings back plenty of news (by way of Aspenwall) of the various successes of Genl Walker &c &c. I am still under the impression that the news is manufactured, for effect. I took breakfast with Captn Harris at his quarters on shore. It consisted of ripe Banannas [sic] & Plantains fried, Hikikis (a species of wild potatoe) boiled, fried ham, coffee &c &c, of 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.

Jan      Page 81

Friday 30<sup>th</sup>

This morning I was ordered by Col Lockridge to take a Bungo, Captn Thompson for a guide none came for me now, and one man, and proceed along the river in the direction of Fort Serapiqui, and reconnoitre [sic], 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 Captn Thompson deemed it advisable to return their balls did us no further damage than sprinkle us with a little water as they passed. I stopped at a ranch on the river, as we returned and were hospitably entertained by a dark senora, with dried venison, Banannas [sic] & Pinolu (a kind of drink manufactured from burned corn) (It is cooling and quite pleasant to the taste). While several dark browed, savage looking fellows threw unwelcome glances at us. From the top of a pile of wood, where one was stretched, and several hammocks [sic]

Jan      Page 82

swung around the place. They are very uncommunicative and only answer in monosyllables when adressed [sic]. They take good care however, to not be impertinent. I have found my cannon experience to be a great advantage to me.

Saturday 31<sup>st</sup>

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 authority without asking permission of any one. I had separated 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 pot) when here came two fellows, just as hard as they could rip 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 passion on account of me being gone. I retraced my steps to the camp with my very pleasant feelings; not knowing what punishment was in store for me. By the time I arrived at Camp Col L. had gone into his quarters to await my arrival. He had ordered 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 [sic]. I had no excuse to offer, and I made up my mind to face the music, and try and smooth things over. I walked into his quarters with a bunch of squirrels in my hand, and remarked in a kind of jocularly [sic] way, "Col? I have a fine bunch of squirrels for your dinner," He looked at

me 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 held them up before him. He didn't appear to notice them; But I saw the sternness [sic] sorter leaving his face; and I felt encouraged. Says he, "Who gave you permission to leave Camp Sir? 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. C. Allen Esqr, and expected to get back, before the Col) ~~can~~ "Ain't 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, there will be an example made." "How will you have these squirrels cooked, Col?" "Dam, [sic] those squirrels

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

It is needless to say, "Those squirrels were broiled and despatched to the Col's Quarters at dinner time, with the complements of Lieut Allen.

There have been considerable alteration to day, in some of the Companies, by disposing of many of their officers. One Captn has been reduced to a Lieutcy and five Lieuts have been reduced to the ranks. The charges are incompetancy [sic] to command. Leaving only three or four Captains & as many Lieuts, 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 the[y] have no power to help themselves. But still in military law, it is first, in some

of these cases. All the Lieuts, 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, scince [sic] we have been in the country. Nicaragua is truly a great country, in some things.

February 1<sup>st</sup> 1857  
Sunday

Last night about 10 o'clock one of my sentinels hailed a bungo, supposed to contain a number of our Greazer foes; who seemed to be endeavoring to pass us towards Greytown. Not receiving an answer, He fired, and they not coming to for that, I ordered out my Bungo, jumped in, with three men & rifles & gave chase. I followed them several miles, but, it being very dark, and they having the start of me, they managed to escape.

I have been ordered to day about noon, by a note from Head Quarters to deliver up my Command on the Launch to Lieut Gale of the artillery; stating that my services are required more on shore than they are on the Launch. I proposed three cheers for Lieut Gale after a few words to the boys, and after leaving received the same

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mark of respect, I left, with many invitations to return, and partak [sic] 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 Serapiqui. I took a very good prize, a long Bungo laden with arms, amunition [sic], Boots, shoes, clothes, cigars, cooking utensils, &c &c &c. I took also three bottles of French brandy, several boxes of sardines & 90 cents in very queer 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 bungo without fighting as, our enemy (double our number) saw, we were bound to have

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it anyhow, concluded 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. 1<sup>st</sup> prize just down to my credit.



ALLEN (A. C.) DIARY

82

ALLEN, A. C.

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

1857-1875



AUTHOR: Allen, A. C.  
TITLE: Allen, A. C., papers, 1857-1904, 1857.  
DESCRIPTION: 2 v.  
NOTES: Arranged chronologically.  
Cite as: A. C. Allen Papers, 1857, 1875, 1904, Barker Texas  
History Center, University of Texas at Austin.  
Photostats.  
1st Lieutenant, Company B, 1st Battalion Rifles, a volunteer  
company raised in and around New Orleans by Captain Robert  
A. Harris.  
Summary: Diary and undated reminiscence of William Walker's  
Nicaraguan expedition (1856-1857).  
SUBJECTS: Allen, A. C.  
Walker, William, 1824-1860.  
Nicaragua--History--Filibuster War, 1855-1860  
OCLC NUMBER: 20058809  
LOCATION: 2A131.



*Exch*  
A. C. Allen

1<sup>st</sup> Lieut Co B 1<sup>st</sup> Batt Rifles

San Juan River

Central America

Nicaraguan Army



# DIARY

of

*Incidents & Events*

*That Transpired During*

*My Sojourn In*

*Central America*



Thursday Jan 1<sup>st</sup> 1857

Page 1

I left my home in New Orleans La, at five o'clock on the evening of the 28<sup>th</sup> 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 chiefly in aught at. first. When after a long fit of meditation I arose from the deck; to seek quarters for the night. I saw none save as I passed through, a dense crowd of ugly looking strangers; that my thoughts were any thing but pleasant.



I expected the position of "Sent,"  
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, their 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 posted 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 learned this much from them. To take off nothing but my hat and coat. Put them under my head, loose my pistol belt, a little and go to bed so. The fog became so dense, that the vessel was compelled to drop anchor, and lay to all night. Consequently, we did not get from New Orleans, the first evening. The next morning the 29<sup>th</sup> 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 31<sup>st</sup> we crossed the bar, at 3 o'clock A.M. and bid farewell to ~~And~~ <sup>the</sup> 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 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut of Co. B.  
Commanded by Capt. 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;  
that is to the best of my ability.  
The next day 3<sup>rd</sup> 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  
practicing to day; as most  
all the men are beginning to



5

San

get sea sick.

Thursday, May 1<sup>st</sup> 1857

I have been appointed to day, as officer of the band, under Captain Bentley, officer of the day. No presence order & etc. on the part. 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 1<sup>st</sup> time I have appeared in my official capacity, and I have succeeded admirably; except a slight difficulty with Lieutenant 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 introduction to the world would be



Saw

named by the Glorious Stars & Stripes.

Friday 2<sup>nd</sup>

I had quite a lively time of it last night, first by being ordered by Col Mancosa to arrest Capt<sup>n</sup> Haight & Lieut Voger 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.



I then asked him if he knew  
who he was talking to. He said  
that he did not, and he did not  
care either. So I came to the  
conclusion, that I would teach him  
who I was; and at the same time  
punish him for his disrespect  
to an officer of the Great Moroccan  
Army. As the serjeant 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 impatient 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. Bde. Law his  
 brains out. You can but your life  
 there was a dead volume. 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 remark 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



Sum 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 fought  
at by every sailor & cabin boy on  
the vessel; and I occasionally, have  
them whispering with one another,  
"Where he goes?" "What's him?" "He tried  
to shoot Pat," "I reckon he wants  
to practice before he goes out there  
H. & L. I do not notice them, and they  
manage to gain me a wide berth  
whenever I go. To give the devil  
his due, the (Pat Ego) 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.



San

Saturday 3<sup>d</sup>

I have passed this day at card playing (for amusement) having about deck, smoking, drilling the Company. Many 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 hastiness. 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 distressed; 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 <sup>all</sup> ~~un~~ accommodations. The officers like in the Cabin; and ~~framed~~ under a canvas covering, on the



Dan

11

apt, 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 eat. I am just  
getting to like it fast rate. In  
fact, I think, it agrees with me.

Sunday 4<sup>th</sup>

We are expecting to get  
to Greytown to day. Consequently, every  
one is all anxiety & expectation. For  
our Filapusters 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 Nicaragua. They are quite  
small. Covered with green undergrowth,  
uninhabited I believe, and are called  
Great Corn & Little Corn. So called, I  
suppose, because Greytown 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 &  
 Serapizui; have been by the preaching  
 of that infernal traitor, Spencer, and  
 Agent of Vanderbilt &c., "I have been  
 taking by the enemy. Wherby  
 cutting off all communications,  
 with Genl Wm Walker, up in the  
 interior of Nicaragua. And further-  
 more, "What there is at this time  
 one, 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 Texas; to board  
 & take, that steamer from the enemy.  
 Of all the excitement, about one  
 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;  
Companies B. & C. As Company B.  
was the one I was attached to, and  
being ordered by Captain 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  
buckled on them in every manner  
and form, that can be imagined;  
Some fellows had their boxes  
buckled 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 <sup>not</sup> have one) <sup>and</sup> 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  
 glances 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. &c. It  
 is impossible for my feeble  
 pen to give any thing like  
 and adequate description, of the  
serious 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 man. For the  
kind had shown. Yes! while we were  
getting ready; the Enemy, had been  
busy getting up steam; 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  
retrieve them off the river, with  
retriefs 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-legged, lubber, headed,  
sandy haired, red eyed, individual  
who has just come aboard; and who  
they call Comodore De Brist. And  
follow our Greaser friends; on 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 5<sup>th</sup>

After having, received orders last evening, to go up the river, I was immediately seated in the stern of a light galley boat, the immortal Comedore at the molder, and six stout hearted, lusty fellows, at the oars. The Current of the Sanduan 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 cleared 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  
engaged 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 hurriedly taking our wood at a  
wood pile. We approached to within  
a short distance; of them; and  
concealed ourselves; along, slightly  
preparatory to attacking them  
when our reinforcement should  
arrive. We waited & waited; and  
we waited so long, that our  
enemies again took heed 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 wasted in landing  
the men, and munitions, on Punta  
Arenas. A long sandy point,  
running for several miles  
between the Caribbean sea and  
the harbor of Greytown. 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 morass. It  
has been raining all day, and



Dear M

19

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 Yvra's table, (thrust  
foramously into an old barrel)  
brought out 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  
ghawny, every body looks ghawny,  
and I feel very uncomfortable.



Tuesday 6<sup>th</sup>

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. &c. That will do very well to shelter



no from the sun; but a fool can  
see; that it will only serve to ~~make~~  
the rain; and pour it in beautiful  
& cooling streams; on the poor devils  
inside! There is a line of bunks &  
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 1<sup>st</sup> time; to drill;  
we were interrupted, by all the  
sam fools; of the party; who  
thought it their business; to  
stand 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 forage-  
 -ing 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, Cups &  
 Grunts, 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 stating  
that all our baggage, trunks &c  
are getting gloriously soaked. One  
thing is certain, "I won't have any  
pleasant dreams to night."

Wednesday 7<sup>th</sup> 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. Baskin  
& 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



24      Sun  
village of Graptown. We were  
greeted on landing, by a motley  
crowd of California passengers,  
(who were waiting for a vessel) at  
our wrothy head, spraddled, too  
Pamaca 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  
white miter, spants in my boots,  
my best friends, (my fine shooter &  
Arkansas tooth pick) in my just belt,  
You may just imagine, I felt like  
Dubius Cazor, 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. Suppering; 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; bare feet, and pants rolled up;  
engaged in a seemingly very entertaining  
game, at a kind of table, which looked  
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 permeate our  
 walk rather disgusted; at the unaccessibility  
 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 Calumet,  
 a Yard of Calice, 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 religious,  
& I think somewhat timidly, excited)  
became very much alarmed, for fear  
we would get into a difficulty. And I  
kind o' encouraging Taylor. And  
Yickled to death, at his actions, and  
Bentley's. Confusion. Taylor, walked  
about, flourished his revolver, and  
screamed out in Indian yells; What  
he could whip any man, in Greenhorn.  
Presently, he saw a Sumaca 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 Goat, and stode  
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 female portion of the town  
pass their evenings, in sitting out in  
front of their respective doors  
smoking Cigars & Cigarettes. And the



men; adjourned 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. Georgetown  
 has about two or three dozen old  
 houses, or shanties; only one or two  
 of them having a shingle roof;  
 And one of them belongs 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 am detailed  
 as officer of Guard to night.



Thursday 8<sup>th</sup>

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 Texas, (that  
is to leave in the morning) where  
I wrote a letter to my friends.  
P. O. Postbox is 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 all die, 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 9<sup>th</sup>

Morning

Old Scott, has at last been pro-  
vided on by Col Sam Lockridge, and  
others. (Col L has assumed supreme  
Command of us, as senior officer  
on the river, ~~by~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~command~~  
orders) to 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. Night, seems to be right  
with them. But never mind. I



W. H. Saw M.

34

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

Now - We are at last  
safely quartered in the Wood Shed,  
each Company; having a small  
portion of it, marked out for them-  
selves. 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 Mizer."  
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 Bequest 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 sporter. But his  
Chorges were, awful. We return  
 to camp, I drill the Company,  
 and it is night. When Captain  
Bentley, (of Greystown farm) is now  
amusing himself; squaking; on  
 an old cracked Flageolet, to the  
horror of the whole camp.

Saturday 19<sup>th</sup>

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 street  
little difficultly, when Major  
Ellis, came, to the rescue. He  
 made, them, stop 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, blawing and waving, 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, "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 respect every pistol they saw, and then offered a reward to the whole Camp, for whoever would find it. I quit then; thinking the man who had it, was in rather a delicate position. So this morning, when I woke up, I felt something hard under the edge of my blanket, and turning it over, "Lo and Behold?" There was my identical Pistol.



Sunday 11<sup>th</sup>

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 Grogger enemies



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

Capt. Harris, Joseph Williams

are all trying to persuade me of  
the impropriety of sleeping with my  
boats 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  
boats. Mr. Campman it is 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 12<sup>th</sup>

I am officer of the Guard to day under Capt<sup>re</sup> Berrington. I had a slight difficulty, this morning with a great giant of a fellow; by the name of Haunegaw, who seemed 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<sup>re</sup> Berrington; had a slight difficulty, with one of the sentinels (a fellow belonging to our Company by the name of Morgan) who for being reprehended; for something by the Capt<sup>re</sup>; threw down his gun; and broke for the beach as hard as he could; crawled into the water up to his waist; and bellowed 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 Regt gain 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 misery 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 3<sup>rd</sup>

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



Wednesday 14<sup>th</sup>.

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, firing 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 Linn's Gate. 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 come 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 Greystown, 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 lover, is not the kind.



Thursday 15<sup>th</sup>

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 & D, were, marched out from Camp about a mile to meet them, were here stopped several hours in the hardest kind of a rain (Dorkas Jule) 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 Loade batteries, directed  
at it, several times, without, any  
material effect. We then discarded  
Batteries, as useless, for our purpose.  
Our next trial was with, the tin pots,  
(Loade) 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  
Range made, caught 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, hammering  
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 watching  
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 beach, 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. Thompson  
 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 next morning. No adventure.  
 The work, like to have killed me.



Friday 16<sup>th</sup>

I passed this morning drilling the Company. We are acknowledging the best drilled Company on the river. There have been considerable alterations made, by displacing of some of the officers, in the Ranks. The Charges against them being, incompetency to Command. And selecting, their men with the rest of the Company. <sup>1st</sup> Lieut Colman of Co. E, has been appointed 2<sup>nd</sup> 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 eaten our fill of fried Mantans boiled rice &c. &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 Rustan.



Saturday 17<sup>th</sup>

At 12 o'clock A.M.  
 To day, we were visited 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 them. Being the  
awake party, we were summoned  
 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 Britain's 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, may



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

About thirteen cowards,  
despicable, scoundrels, farther cowards  
had all vozd out until they saw  
the reality of war) consisting of  
British, Dutch & Frenchman, stepe  
out, and claimed 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 free,  
or afraid to stay longer, they  
deserted, or joined the British at  
every opportunity. And what was  
up on top of an old Boys  
(sitting in the river) talking to the  
British, in a stump speech, like  
a fool. He railed against the  
injustice of the act, and the audacity



of the British in interfering with us. He reminded them of how they would soff 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 <sup>not</sup> recognized by the M. S., it would be impossible, for the British to resist the temptation of displaying their valor, and at the same time revenge 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 stoically indifferent. He said he expected yet to live to revenge himself for their audacity, by meeting them on equal grounds.

While the Guel was sailing at them from the tip 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 snoring at,  
kicking & thumping, arraigned those  
Awordley 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 stalked 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  
simpleminded; and asked him to  
excuse me. I would not have  
threw it to him. I said I was  
from a ~~sir~~ ~~knave~~. He said ~~that~~ ~~they~~  
~~had~~ ~~and~~ ~~spared~~ ~~to~~ ~~have~~  
tied 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 18<sup>th</sup>

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 19<sup>th</sup>

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 cheerless &  
lonely round of visits all night. The  
wind blowing so hard; that every  
time a wave recedes, leaving the  
sandy beach dry for an instant  
the wet sand is blown in such  
clouds; that it feels like small  
shot when it strikes 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 musketeers, 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 foe and  
 frighten him so; that he would shoot  
 me without halting. But it is to  
 be hoped that all will yet be  
 well.

Tuesday 20<sup>th</sup>

Well my disagreeable  
 night is over and I have washed  
 and sorter got some of the sand  
 out of my hair & eyes, so I will  
 turn in, and try to get some rest.  
 "Capit<sup>n</sup> 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 Capit<sup>n</sup> 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 dress 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 Artillerymen, 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 24<sup>th</sup>

I drilled 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 Orthery, and succeeded finely. Ye hear, the beautiful humming sound of our home made balls, and the whistle of our Cartridges, makes air most full kind o' hostile; it sorter gets my infer blood up."

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



Thursdays 22<sup>nd</sup>

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 pile  
where we have, and a party of our  
men standing about on the wharf,  
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  
around. Our friend in the bungi, stuck  
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 mick. 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 commenced, 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, loose and hauled for six stout fellows to pump in, I had them 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 me him; after him. Like a  
lot of Blood Hounds, giving an Indian  
more hope 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 ladder, 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 fine pulling  
and no mistake. Says he, "I guess  
you could not have acted any better,  
than I did. For I could not turn  
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 screamed. He said that he would like to see <sup>any of</sup> 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 Whitmot, laughed as loud as any the rest. We turned him loose, without punishment; as this is Death; and it will not badly on the mind 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 follow them with flattering remarks &c. It is expected as this will be our last night on the point, many of the men will endeavor to leave; and every thing considered, our sentinels are doubled.



S. 8

Dan

Friday 23<sup>rd</sup>

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 fillicabustering, 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 over 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 that Punta Arenas, all last night. I gave, a poetic description, a few pages back of one of those 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 swim, 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  
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 (1 1/2 o'clock)  
just opposite Camp Mizeraj, 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 fun, in walking about,  
 through the Chaparral, and my  
 Curiosity, was soon satisfied, with  
 that part of Nicaragua. The  
 Steamer has just returned, and  
 report 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 flowing through the



old rotten roofs of our crafts; in a thousand different streams. And now we are rather "lunatic," 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 24<sup>th</sup>

Same Law or another we manage 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 Rescue, 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 Rescue and party reconnoitre the river, some distance above us. I am ordered by Col Lockridge to take one man and a Burro and return to the mouth of the Andacuta



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. Kingman (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 sorely 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  
lose either a prisoner or so, or  
our lives by it. Consequently our  
friends, (the Aleghons) 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 Samaca negroes.  
They pretend to be going to  
Greentown 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 arrive safe  
at the Launch, in good time, and  
eat a slice of raw fat Bacon  
& one Cracker for our supper, after  
having eat but two Crackers all day.  
The steamer has not returned.



Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup>

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 <sup>th.</sup>. 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 <sup>in listening</sup> in breathless silence, at the then 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 soap. 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 saddle 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 swim  
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 awful  
rate; I heard him again, and this  
time, he only made, a kind of splurge  
and I heard no more. I said, "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 jolt 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 any 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 senseless 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  
running, roaring & carrying all  
dead trees & limbs, snapping, and  
floating at an awful rate, through  
the woods. I pulled until I had  
nearly killed myself; and I found  
it absolutely impossible for one to  
make any headway. 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 plain, with grass  
growing all along the river.



I was as near, being worn 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 I feel; if you will come so soon," I never, ate 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 conscience.

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 Buoy, 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 Watkins, was bucked, <sup>this evening</sup> 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 26<sup>th</sup>

Our new Quarters  
has been named Fort-Andersen, in  
honor of Col. Frank P. Andersen. Our  
men, have completely stripped the  
Santian patch, and killed and eat  
nearly all the chickens, belonging  
to the natives who we found here.  
But a quite a number of Greys  
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 Fellabuckers. Captain Light,  
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



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 Greentown &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  
 pacing the deck all the time. Our  
 Launch leaks a little, but, still, at  
 present, we are, a little better off  
 than those on shore. I have one  
 part of the Launch, partitioned off 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, naval



And my man of all work,  
 (Mr. Hudson, of Nashville. Tennessee)  
 goes 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 Fillabuster. Capt. Harris  
 is afraid I will get the gout.

Thursday 29<sup>th</sup>

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,



Saw

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 Greytown, for there, they are protected & sent, off by the British.

Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup>

The Rescue returned, from Greytown 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 reconnoitre, Fort Sraguque today. 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 wildfire and they way, they got out of that water, and got over, and through, those Barricades," was a caution. They forgot about ~~about~~ everything but, saving their Bacon, it seemed," For it was, several minutes, before, the Steamer, was fired on. Genl Wheat & Col Licksidge; 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 run 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 Barge; 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  
 dam; if the drifts, to h-ll, 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 thrown, over-  
 board. The drags, 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, now, the  
 men hallowing; some of, them  
 finally, got, into, a Barge, to come



and help us, but the Assaunt,  
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 Sleigh  
at their expense. & then  
we all staid, 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, Launch".  
As they were returning, they  
capsized, and no doubt, would  
have been drawn, but, they  
were, rescued, by Captain Chanter  
(of the steamer), and myself,  
who, pulled, another, bongo, out-  
fortunately, in time, to save  
them. Old Dr Charlton, bothers  
me, nearly to death; for, he  
wants to go ashore, about forty  
times a day; and never, will go  
unless, 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 tip top 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 famously  
I am frequently visited by the  
officers, on shore, and I am frequently  
over, there, to dinner with some  
of them. (Unpaid)

Two dresses - - - \$ 3.00

To my washerwoman, - 1.00

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 & Frank,

Dory

Thursday 29th and and

Our steamer has made another  
trip to Greptown for provision,  
which is kept in an old warehouse  
owned by old Scott. She brings  
back plenty of news, (by way of  
Ashenswae) of the various sweeps  
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 Kikakes, (a species  
of mild 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







swamp 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 Canoe, experience, to  
be a great advantage to me.

Saturday 31<sup>st</sup>

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 some com-  
rads 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 ordered  
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 jocularly 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, sort of 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 long time, 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, please 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 browbeat, 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 Lieuts. have been reduced to the ranks. The Charges are incompetency to Command. Leaving only three or four Captains & as many Lieuts, 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 Priests, report  
to me, on board the launch for  
duties. 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.

1. P. 1.  
Darius his ship, committed  
here he wrote his political & dis-  
covered and commenced  
the former history of the  
state. He was at Cerezo  
Liberated, but again committed  
to the Power about two months  
before his execution at Managua.  
As he stood the scaffold he  
gently touched the axe and  
said, "This is a sharp medicine  
but it will cure all diseases."  
The very headsmen shrink  
from the heading one so illustrious  
and brave, until the unquenching



February 7<sup>th</sup> 1857  
Sunday. Last night  
about 10 o'clock one of my sentries  
hailed a barge, supposed to contain  
a number of our Grazer flocks; who  
seemed to be endeavouring to pass  
us, towards Greytown. Not receiving  
an answer, he fired, and they  
not coming to for that, I ordered  
out my Barge, jumped in, with  
three men & rifles & gave chase.  
I followed them several miles,  
but, it being very dark, and  
they having the start of me,  
they managed to escape.

Feb 18. 57  
Today I have been ordered  
to day about noon, by a note  
from Head Quarters, to deliver up  
my Commission, the General to  
Lieut Col of the Artillery; stating  
that my services are required  
more on shore than they are  
on the launch. I proposed three  
Cheers for Lieut Col after a fair-  
word 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-Sorel.  
I took a very good prize  
a large Bunge 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<sup>c</sup>. cents in very  
good coins. All of the latter  
I managed to stow away  
in my men's packs, for  
private use well. Knowing  
that if I didn't, (somebody  
else, whose right, was not  
as good as mine) would. We  
took the bunge without fighting  
as, our enemy (Charles de la Potherie)  
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. To prize put  
down to my credit.



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 11<sup>th</sup>

Feb. 16<sup>th</sup> 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 its way.  
The first four acts already past, day;  
A fifth shall close the drama with the  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."  
Berkeley.