



To my Friend

L Stone Hall

from

Irene Dungan

with best wishes for
future prosperity and happiness.

Wednesday Dec. 21st
Last night - was one the
will long be remembered by
those on picket for it was
very wet and cold.

The North wind blew very
strong - it rained hard
Still all are in good humor
now - Those who were
on picket felt the need of
of their being there and
same spirit it al induc
them to leave home
all its comforts from
them to cheerfulness
to diligence - They had
not far to look to at
the rebel fires. All far
off quietly and so a
has been to do
One man was
was wounded
the 18th

Thursday

I thought - 1 night of
last was as cold as it
get down here but last
night I suffered more
than I have this season

It reminds me of last
~~winter~~ night while in prison.

The boys got up and built
fires to warm by. I
froze out with the rest.

We were in line of battle
5 a.m., but did not

stay long it was so
cold. About 8 a.m. we

reached it and joined the 14th

Regt. We marched in line of
battle five miles drove the

bel pickets in and had
quite a skirmish with the

cavalry went out an
meeting to com

on that were too

Thurs. Dec.

another week has passed
quietly - nothing occurring
at day to break the routine
of camp life. Our mess
has put up a log cabin which
is just the thing for this
black, windy, sandy, dis-
agreeable & lonely Island.

But not gaining to leave
we are ordered to have ten
rations, 3 of them in oil
harver sacks - to take 2
rounds of cartridge, one
blanket & rubber - to lead
the other clothes packed
our knapsacks which
must be marked, and
left in the care of the
able to go
like doing
with the

was sent on
morning - The fort
was about two miles
the bay - We guarded
bridges - and allowed no
small boats to land or
pass without examina-
tion - There was an
upper bed near by to
which we helped ourselves
freely.

About 4 P.M. we were or-
dered in to embark with
the regiment - We went
board the Ala. about
dark, all wondering where
we were going - The general
informed us that we were
going to Mobile -

regiments left
at Morgan
and went a
Mississippi.

- and part by the
- The morning of the
" found us ~~at~~ in Pasco-
gould bay - We ^{passed} Ship Island.

It was very foggy - and
the only way the fleet kept
together was by whistling -

As the fog raised the
pretty little town - East Pasco-
gould came into view.

The whole day was passed
in trying to land - at
dark the landing was
effected by light draft.

Our Regt. went ashore
marched out to the fir-
mile Creek - We were
closely watched by them
but undisturbed by

Our gun boats. To
them I passed

The town was
A few women and

This morning we got
at 4 mod. Coff, and were
in line at 5. This reminded

us of old times, when
we were in Mo. & Ark.

The boys were all jubilant
but could not holla as

we used to for we were
many rebels and the

lack of order was neces-
sary - all feel well - the

fact that we are going
to do something - that

we are going to strike an-
other blow at the rebellion

makes every one cheery
hopeful - We are con-

fident of success. We have
a few pennys -

It is - In God
at ??

Good.

Dec. 20th

at Meadowville Jackson
Miss. On the 17th our
Regiment moved out one mile
in advance of the division
which is Camped on Frank
lin Creek - Col. Bruce is in
Command of the Front.

We Camped on Major
Good's premises (rebel) at first
There is a large steam
mill and about 18 million
feet of lumber here
going to him - A.M.
Dec lives here now

We have been so con-
stantly engaged that I
not posted my diary
a few days - We have
been on short
but some
Come -
we moved

across the road
the timber - after
sides obb fussing around
we pitched tents - but were
in line of battle several
times before all were
through. In the after
noon we skirmished with
enemy for 3 or 4 hours
and drove them into their
holes I guess they left only
one. - We know of their
having 4 pieces of artillery
& "Cav" and a battalion
infantry. Our regt. &
20th Wis. 50 Co's and
2 pieces artillery engaged
in - Our skirmishers
all the musketry firing
on side - the artillery
some.
was level
in arden

so we could see all
was going on - Saw
rebels form and advance
They yelled like indians when
they fired - but it will take
something more irresistible
than the yelling of traitors
to stop the advance of Free-
doms Army - We went be-
yond where we first saw
them and then returned
to camp expecting all
again before morning
all remained quiet.

Once more I will
to write but how long
I can write is uncer-
tain for we have al-
been in line of battle
several times
and twice we
on double
The pickets

fight with the
fairly the last time
which since I commenced
writing - even now
the sweat is on my ^{head} feet
caused by our chase."

Captain Gillett of the 20th
Wis. (Picket officer) charged
on the forage, captured
a horse and wounded the
rider and when I saw
him he was eating
"bel hard-tack". The
w. have been out to the
ridge 7 miles from here
is supposed the rebels are
entified beyond the ridge.
It is most night - and I
guess all will be quiet till
morning. It is growing
dark and rain just as it
has been here.
S. / 63. at Morgan's.

Friday Dec. 23^d

It is now evening; our march yesterday, and these cold nights, and short living the hardest of which is freezing out at night - conspire to make one feel stupid & owlish - Last evening

we built a good fireplace which adds materially to our comfort.

All the rations were issued this morning & I think there will be some hungry boys before we get more. All quiet to do.

There is some talk of our leaving tomorrow I hope we may for ~~it~~ feel the need of clothes, clean ones.

Our loss yesterday was 7 wounded all of whom bid fare to recover. (One died afterwards at Pascagoula Hospital.)

How soon we become
accustomed to any thing
Owe, I would have thought
our skirmish yesterday was
quite an affair but now
they seem hardly worth
mentioning. They have
become of almost every day
occurrence.

Saturday Dec. 24th
I have been on guard to
day — And though the po-
sition was a very com-
fortable one — My duty was
not pleasant for I was
guarding prisoners.
It reminds of the time that
I was a prisoner of war.
And the thought is not a
pleasant at all. The prisoners
consist of 4 men and 6
women — Mr. Dee and family
are going down line.

I spent most of the day in reading a book entitled Grace Truman or Love and Principle - it was a splendid work.

Christmas Sunday.

The book I have been reading yesterday and to day has had a very good influence on my mind - perhaps as good as those at home would have been - but I am sure my desire for good eatables we have been more fully gratified - but these are temporal and not so essential to the greater good of man as those blessings we receive from a full, close Communion with our heavenly Father. This I have had to day.

My feelings have been so wrought up in reviewing the blessings

and promises to me that
I found relief only in prayer
and tears. In this weak-
ness if it is I am on that
list And am not ashamed
to confess it. I long for
Christian society and privi-
leges - to be once more
where I can hear the gospel
preached and the Sabbath
observed as it should be.
to be where the grating
sounds of profanity will
not constantly fall on my
ears. I am sitting in
my dog tent on dog River
Mississippi - I have no change
of clothes and these that I
have worn 15 days are
very dirty and seem dis-
agreeable to me - Still before
~~the~~ I am not without
comfort - before me lies

The loved picture of my
Dear Wife - and the thought
that she is surrounded by home
blessings - that she is enjoying
this Christmas day makes me
happy - My prayer is that
I can spend next Christmas
with her. The contrast be-
tween this and last Christmas
is as great as it will be be-
tween this and next Christmas
if I live and enjoy all that
my fondest hopes anticipated.
Liberty is sweeter than roasting
Turkey."

Camp W Franklin Creek ^{26th}
five miles from Pascagoula
Dec. 26th 1864

The division moved back here
last night - started at 12 o'clock
It was very disagreeable
marching for it rained
some and was as muddy as

as I ever saw it.

We were in the rear of the
artillery which struck
fast every little while
waiting on it was
the worst part of the
trip. We averaged about
half an mile an hour —

Received letters from Rann's
and Abbie.

Dec. 27th 1864.

We have had most all kinds
of excitement to day.

We were elated by the good
news of Thomas' success &
triumphant victory over
Hood's invading army.
And Sherman's glorious
march across Georgia to
Savannah — His capture too
of Fort ~~Macon~~ McAllister —
I presume he is in Savannah
by this time.

Col. Bruce called the Regiment
around him and this was
also an order from Gen. J.
Granger stating that the de-
sired object of this expedition
had been attained - also Com-
plimenting the officers and
men of his command for their
good behavior whenever called
upon to meet the enemy.

Which has been almost a daily
occurrence - The Regiment gave
rousing cheers and a national
salute was fired - About this
time a mail came and I recd.
a letter from Worthing telling
me of his marriage to Miss Rose
Mills, but before I had time
to read it, or break the seal
even - fall in, was sounded
all through camp and in
less time than I am writing
this all were in line of battle.

Our Cavalry had a clash
with the Rebs - No one hurt,
I read the letter while in
line and a sharp firing
was going on.

It is now most night and all is
quiet.

Dec 28th 1864

Each company of each
Regiment are building
breast works - This is a little
after McClellan's Mon~~ter~~^{ner}
but it is well enough to be
on the safe side.

This Afternoon the Rebels at-
tacked our pickets who skir-
mished with them for 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
hours Col. Murray tried to
come in our rear but the
gun boats discovered him
and shelled him back -

No one was hurt on our
side - A singular incident.

Dec. 27th 1864

All has been quiet to day — I have written Lucy Oh, how much Comfort I take thinking of the pleasure we will take one year from now if all goes well.

We have finished our breast works — they will defend us from Musketry. It is Cool.

Dec. 30th " "

~~I~~ was detailed for picket to day and went out on the River road. Lieut. Wright was officer of the guard — It was muddy and wet under foot but the day passed away pleasantly.

The rebels have have not troubled us for two days — It is a mystery why we are staying here. It is not my business to worry about it.

Saturday Dec. 31st /64.

Came off picket about noon
found a letter from Gey
Containing her long looked
for picture - photograph -

I think so much of it.
I looked for a long time -
for it seemed natural

But now it is all right;
She has become a woman -
no longer my pet of sweet
sixteen. A few hours more
and A.D. 1864 will be forever
passed. In our ~~now~~
Nation what an eventful
year it has been -

What a record of battles.
It has been a sorry year
on the Confederacy.

This diary has been written
from notes taken while
in the field -

Good by 1864. P. B. Hall.

A Diary for January 1865.
Fort Gaines Ala.

Sunday Jan. 1st

~~Camp~~ At five miles Creek
Jackson Co. Miss.

Another New-Year has come round in the grand march of Time: We welcome it with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow; we Soldiers have it with joy because it is the last New-Year we have to face in the army under our present enlistment - and it is the prayer of all that in one year more none of us shall be needed to defend the old Stars & Stripes - that those who have been traitors shall return to their former allegiance - that the doleful sounds

War and its sad
effects shall not be heard
nor felt any more.

We feel sad when we think
of the noble and brave that
undoubtedly will fall in
the coming Campaign -

I feel like asking protection
from Him who is omni-
present & omniscient.

Indeed I have reason to
thankful for the blessings
of the last year - but
this is not my object, to
write an essay - Jan. 1st

We are a rough looking
crew now. How gladly
^{I would} exchange my dog tent

My dirty clothes, this smoke,
hard-lab - cow-belly &
Coffee for the comforts of home.
The comforting thought of being
there next New Year makes the

present endureably..

We remained at this camp until the 13th inst.

During this time the 20th Wisconsin was at the river rafting lumber and shingles

Our duty seemed ^{to be} to protect them - And every few days the fannies came up and presented us with their compliment in the consolidated form of bullets aimed at our ever watchful pickets which were ^{received} accepted without injury - and returned promptly and with the earnest desire that ^{they} might cure them of secession - + I think they did lay the fever if not for ever cure them of that ^{which} has been a curse to them and the nation. + Dungan came up on the 6th Jan

Jan. 13th 1865

The whole division moved within half a mile of East Pascagoula to day.

I was on camp guard and most sick too.

The march went hard with me though only five miles long. The roads were bad. Had to wade in water to my knees several times.

Bivouaced at dark - I was played out - but got my relief together and done my duty - each hour of that night seemed longer than than a day and night have before and since -

There was a striking contrast between my bed, feelings, and condition generally and 29 months ago that night.

They can tell what
happened then and when
we were - for then were we
united as husband & wife.

I thought of it as I lay
on my poncho, and though
I was so exhausted & stupid
that my mind was almost
dormant yet when thoughts
tho of those hours so freighted
with love, joy & contentment
flited across my mind, I forgot
for a spell my aches, my
Gemma, and the ~~sweet~~ re-
membrance of her kind
words and gentle love, with
the hope of again enjoying
the ^{same} instilled a patient cheerful
ness in my heart and made
me a better man and soldier
than I should have been
with out these bright
reminders.

remained here till
January, leaving between two
days. This is Military.

Our duty was light. We had
good quarters and plenty to
eat. Which is the chief desire
of a soldier.

Our knapsacks carry
up, and our sanitarium.

Potatoes, Onions, fruit, butter
& honey - this was private -
for Clay mess, from Clay
friends. They were the right
things - received at the right
time, and in right place -

Our clothes, and books, &
stationary were welcomed
for we were dirty & ragged
& the time passed slowly with-
out book or paper -

I done nothing but write
for several days - in an-
swer to letters received.

Our evenings were
very pleasantly and profitably
in reading Beecher's Sermons
and by recitations in history
Tenney and James Anderson
joined us and we had lively
times around our fire knot
fire - They will do to talk a-
bout in years to come.

For several days large de-
tails were made from our
regiment to launch a barge
that was washed ashore in
a storm about the 10th.

It was a hard, rough job.

Pascagoula like other places we
stop at filled up with refugees
black and white and before we
left was quite lively & homelike.

Dancing parties were almost
a nightly occurrence but of
such a character as have no
desire to indulge in.

men we left all loyal
to the Cause with us..

I was on duty at Col.
Bertram's Hd. quarters the day
we evacuated: which was
at Genl. Twiggs Summer
residence.

Thus ends the first
month in the first year
of A.D. 1865.

As you read please
correct what errors
you see I have not
patience to do it
now, Am tired of
the thing.

My Compliments
to Lucy

L. S. Wall.

Below

—A
SHORT
TERM in
a war pris-
on doesn't
improve one's
looks m u c h.
James Irve Dun-
gan of Co. C, Nine-
teenth Iowa Infantry
was captured in the civil
war Sept. 29, 1863 at Morgania,
La., and was exchanged, luckily,
the following year July 22. *B. At-
wood, Fairfield, photo.*



INTRODUCTION:

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The following pages have been prepared at the request of many of my regiment, and are sent out to the members of the Nineteenth Iowa Infantry, and their friends, as a plain simple narration of a few of those things we saw and did during three years service. If the style is rude and disconnected, or the language uncouth, let it be remembered that less than two months have been occupied in the preparation, fresh from rough camp life, and in the first excitement of reaching home.

TO THOSE AT HOME WHO PRAYED WHILE WE IN THE FIELD
BATTLE D
ARE THESE FEW PAGES
DEDICATED

by

J. Irvine Dungan

History of the NINETEENTH REGIMENT -

IOWA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

CHAPTER X A narrative of the escape from rebel prison at Shreveport, La. on the 23rd night of February, 1864, of John Cary, a member of the 94th Ills. Infantry, and Levi B. Cocklin and L. Stone Hall, of Co. C, 19th Iowa Infantry

When I had made up my mind that I had staid with the rebels and endured their cruel treatment long enough, I sought comrades, those whom I knew to be brave and resolute men, for I knew that such an acquisition was essentially necessary to success.

Two better men could not have been found in the service than were Cocklin and Cary. Cary was accustomed to frontier life, and could not be lost in any swamp or forest, when the sky was clear. Hence, in the organization of our party he was chosen guide. Cocklin and I were to procure food.

It was very necessary that our project should be kept secret, which was quite difficult; from the fact we had rations to get, clothes to make and mend; we were successful however, until a few hours before we left, when we began baking our corn didgers, our associates guessed our intentions, and were very kind, rendering us material aid by giving us their own rations.

At last all was ready and each hour seemed a day till we were on our way.

It was hard to leave those ~~brave~~ fellows who had shared in common with us every hardship and privation of our prison life, and who were as anxious as ourselves to return to our lines. Many more would have attempted to escape if they had had clothes and shoes. Many of them sent messages to their friends at home, which we gladly promised to deliver if successful.

Finally, the sun sank behind the forrest pines, and ere its last flickering ray of light ceased to play upon the western sky, we had taken leave of our comrades (and received many a God bless you) and were safely outside the guard line, and with a light heart and lighter step, we were rapidly widening the distance between us and our rebel guards.

It was half a mile more to the timber; when we had reached it we halted to put on our shoes; we had carried them in our hands to prevent any unnecessary noise. By this time the moon had risen, and stars shone soft and bright, and night's stillness was broken only by the zephyrs as they played through those grand old pines. When we were in high spirits at our successful beginning, and I think truly grateful to Him who had guided and guarded our steps. We decided to go south, and when it was necessary to change our course to the west. After a moment's rest we moved cautiously forward, determined to go slowly and surely; for hours we traveled undisturbed, avoiding every road and path that had been traveled lately. We were finally halted by an impassable swamp, and were obliged to retrace our steps for miles; this was not so elating as some things I might mention; we were prepared for such reverses, for we knew our road was a hard one to travel. A crossing place was finally found by wading. This was cooler too. We must have traveled twenty-five miles before we camped. O, how tired and sleepy we got; our five days rations bore heavily across our shoulders.

About three A.M. we stopped, made a bed of pine boughs and reposed upon it with gladder hearts than we had possessed for months. In a few minutes each of us was sleeping quietly, and when I awakened it was nearly mid-day, the sun shone brightly, the trees were peopled with many sweet songsters who seemed to congratulate us in our anticipations

and hapiness, really we felt happy. The air we breathed was pure - there were no rebels guards standing around with fixed bayonets, wathcing every motion, - neither were the sounds which greeted our ears those of threats and curses which we had been obliged to listen to so long. We did see not see hundreds of brave men half fed and half clothed, living, or rather enduring an existence almost hopeless in want and filth. The changewas perfect, the spell was sublime.

We kept quiet that day, neither moved about much nor spoke above a whisper, for we were near a residence. We were anxious to have night come so we could take up our line of march, for we dared not to expose ourselves through the day.

The two succeeding nights we got along finely, our path was in the rear of plantations leading to Manafield and Natchetoches. The fourth day from camp we ventured to travel some.

On the 28th, we were weather-bound, it became so cloudy we could not keep our course. We anticipated rain, and prepared for it as well as we could. We made a bed of leaves, over it stretched a blanket. For two nights and one day we laid in our nest of leaves during which time it rained constantly. Before the first morning water was running under us. It was impossible to better our condition, unless we went to a house - this we determined not to do. So for over twenty-four hours we laid in the wather, there not being a dry thread on us. It was impossible to better to do otherwise. Truly I believe we suffered more during that time than we would, had the weather been cold enough to freeze us to death.

On the morning of the 30th it stopped