A ride in an Army Wagon.
Dec. 1862

When we returned from the Goldsboro Expedition, we bivouacked the last night out at Deep Gully. The wagon-train was to keep on to New Berne and some of the Co. F boys aided by a friendly officer preempted one of the wagons for the trip. Among them were Luis F. Emilio, John P. Tilton and the writer. Others I forget. We sat upon a pile of muskets on the bottom of that springless wagon. The canvas cover formed an immense funnel through which the cold December wind went rushing, chilling us to the very marrow. We had abandoned our blankets during the march and had only our overcoats to protect us from the cold night air. There was

some effort to be merry when we started but gradually the effort subsided and we shrank into our coats with collars turned up and capes wrapped about our heads in the vain endeavor to keep warm. The ride was made in almost absolute silence as far as we were concerned. We reached New Berne between 10 and 11 o’clock, separating at Craven St. Tilton & I went to the Quartermaster’s on Johnston St. where we had a hearty welcome from the Qrm’s clerks. They gave us a good bed for the night and a hearty breakfast the next morning, which as it was Sunday consisted of baked beans and brown bread. The troops returned Sunday and that night

found us back in Camp Pendleton on the other side of the French river. A rest of a few days put us in shape for another jaunt.

H. E. Valentine.