

A comrade dies; makes a coffin December 11-13, 1862

11th [December 1862] –

Night cold. Morning same, cloudy. B. brisk. The company property was turned over to me formally to-day. I drew some clothing and issued part of it to the men. Was up in town once or twice.

Two officers were here inspecting horses, and other property. Some of it was condemned.

Day cool, pleasant, cloudy. B. brisk.

12th –

Night cool, damp. Morning same, cloudy. B. brisk. One of our boys, Corp'l Wm. H. Thompson, died this morning of Chronic Diarrhea. He was brought in from Hartsville last night, having been left behind in hospital when we moved from that place.

I called upon the Ordnance Officer of the Brigade and made arrangements for turning over a box of musket ammunition that had been issued to our company by mistake. I took it to him about three this afternoon.

After dark I was called upon to assist in making a rough box to encase the coffin of our deceased friend, Thompson. I went to shop but soon found that I had to do the work myself. The man who was to help me had all he could do to make a coffin for one for one of the wounded of Beaver Creek, who died, of his wounds, a day or two ago.

Day damp and cloudy, not very unpleasant. B. fair.

13th –

Night cool. Some rain. Morning same, cloudy. B. fair.

Worked all night at considerable disadvantage owing to the openness of the shop, and the wind. I finished the job about four, just as my last bit of candle became exhausted. I went to my tent, lay down and snoozed till breakfast was ready. When the box was brought out it was found to be little too short. I lengthened it, and the coffin, with the corpse in it, was then put in and it was nailed up. A team was pressed for the purpose, and both bodies were sent to Rolla, to be sent to their friends at home, if possible.

On my return to camp I went to work on a property account containing receipts and issue. I got through with the clothing account, so far as my receipts and issues are concerned.

Day cloudy, wet. Rained all afternoon, completely flooding our tent, and wetting its contents. B. brisk.