

Saturday April 2 1881

Talk about your "Sunny South"--I almost froze in bed last night and had to get up and put my pants on to keep warm.

While the wind seemed to fairly lift the old house off the palmetto blocks which serve as its foundation, this morning the wind is as cold as it should be at this season in Ohio and has not gone down enough to justify trying to work up high so I let two men who live in Port Royal go home. Keep Erricksen at work and put two coons to cleaning up. Mr. Doughty goes to Beaufort. Got a letter and some papers from home. There has been no mail come to the island since Tuesday, nor left, on account of the rough weather. After supper went out to cabin of a colored family to attend what they call a shout. The house was about ten by twenty and divided into two rooms. Into one of these there was packed by nine o'clock about thirty men, women and children. Some of these commenced singing, stamping and clapping their hands and then a number of them formed a ring and began a sort of shuffling, seesawing dance around the room, keeping time with the hands, feet and head. The exercise seemed to be hard for some of them were sweating like steers, and imagine the flavor. It beat anything I had ever experienced. Came home at 11 o'clock, but some of the boys stayed till day light and then left the moaks pounding away.

Sunday April 3, 1881

Had to go to Port Royal this morning for some oil and also to tell a couple of men who work for us and live there not to come over for a few days. Drove to Fullers Landing--got a boatman to row us over. Came back in the afternoon to have an early supper and then to bed.

Monday April 4, 1881

This morning the rain was coming down in torrents, but by noon it had cleared up but set in to blow so that we could not work much. The night was quite cold and I shivered like the proverbial dog on ice.

Tuesday April 5 1881

This morning is clear, cold and bright. We set to work with a small force and got a fair days work done putting up six columns of the third series. Made the acquaintance of Mr. Sisson the lighthouse keeper from Hilton Head and after a short conversation learnt that he was an old comrade in arms of mine, being a former member of the 157th N. York regiment, which was brigaded with us in the army of the Potomac. He has been in government employ in this section most all the time since the war and was at one time clerk of the carpetbag senate at Columbia.

Thursday April 7 1881

Last night we were visited by another heavy thunder and rainstorm and the forenoon was so wet we could not work, but in the afternoon it cleared up nicely and we completed our third series.

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