

Diary of a Tar Heel Soldier: Lesson 13 (B)

February 4, 1863

This morning, at 4 o'clock, we were waked up by the pleasant sound of long roll. We were ordered to get ready to march. It is very cold, snow nine inches deep. We laid in Goldsboro until noon, expecting to get cars to take us away, but were then told we would have to march to Kinston. We took up our line of march at 3 in the evening and halted at dark. It is truly awful. The snow is very deep and as cold as thunder. We marched eight miles without resting. We then fixed our bed in the snow and stole fodder for a bed and rails to make fire. We took snow, put it in our kettles, and made coffee. When I say coffee, I mean Confederate coffee - parched corn - that is our coffee. Ate our corn bread and bacon and retired to our couches and slept as good if not better than Abe Lincoln.

February 5, 1863

Resumed our promenade at 7 this morning, and for a change it is raining hard. Therefore the snow is melting. Consequently, the roads are nice and soft. Halted at 3 this evening - still raining. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible - made a good fire to dry ourselves by, but the worst of it is we have no rations, and the wagons are behind. We went to sleep in our wet clothing, with a cup of coffee as our supper. It rained and snowed all night.