

will come by & bye. Do you remember in "Never too Late to Mend," where all hands fire off their revolvers every night to be sure that they are in good order? We have the same scene here every morning, - only on a smaller scale. I can hear pistol shots from every boat along the river, & it seems something like the 4th of July, - only more so.

Wednesday afternoon I went up to see Cousin Calli Casson. I took dinner with them, & got acquainted with a new cousin - Emma Casson.

She seems to be a bright-little girl, but she is older than I thought for.

I want you to send your letters to Aunt Kate's care - "434 D. Street. Washington"

I find all other directions are too uncertain, & I shall be sure to receive them if sent there

On Board Steamer "Achilles"
A. S. Washington D.C.
Mch. 21st 1862.

My Dear Mother

Another cold rainy day finds us still here, with - as far as I can see, no more prospect of moving than we had a week ago. Not quite so much in fact for then we were expecting to be off every hour, & now we merely hope. They do seem to want a head here most awfully - after the barges, (which I told you the other day we were to tow down the river,) had been loaded, some one found out that they were not seaworthy, & so they set to work again and transferred all the cargo to the steamer Maryland - leaving us nothing but the ponton in charge. I hear that they have sent up for more barges, but whether it is so or not I don't know. We draw too much

water to be kept at work up here, where the channel is not wider than B-way, so I think we shall be ordered to Alexandria shortly & make our last move from that place. All on board are well and only anxious to get off. The little room Capt. Kennesey had fitted up before leaving N. Y. is a perfect blessing. No one goes in there except the Capt. Pilot & myself, & occasionally some friends who come on board to see us. It is a nice quiet place to write letters, read & loaf, when one gets tired of staying on deck.

I am writing this morning up in the Pilot-house, where I can see everything going on around me & yet keep out of the rain. The wind has got round to the nor-west so I hope it will clear by noon. Our fresh provisions are about out, & we have to fall back on salt-pork & beans but they seem to agree with me pretty

well so far, for I am quite well & only anxious, with the rest, to be off & at work. I hope this is the last spell of cold weather we shall have, for I didn't expect to have January down here. Yesterday it was very severe, & all hands kept on board.

Coming up from Alexandria on Sunday last we started with the steambot James Guy. Our pilot had been talking about ~~the~~ speed of the "J. G." & how easily she could beat us, etc. but although she tried all she could, we passed her with but ten pounds of steam, as if she had been lying still. The "A. D. Martin" has just been alongside in his boat, the "Cecil," and has ordered off all the boats lying here except the *Townley* & *Achilles*.

They are to go down to Alexandria & take on board Gen. Franklin's Division & start for Fort Mifflin tomorrow this afternoon. Our turn

Don't laugh at my giving you a new direction every time I write, for our orders & movements vary with the wind. If any letters come to the house for me forward them to the same address & I shall be sure to get them. When we leave W. it will be much easier for me to send a messenger for them, by any of the boats coming up, than to change my direction so often.

We have not seen anything yet of the "May Queen", "Illinois", or "South America". I hear that they are reported lost, but I hope it is not so. Almost every other boat that I ever heard of, either is or has been here. It is very pleasant knowing so many of the captains as I do, for we hear a good deal on board of the other boats as to what is going on in other parts of the river. As I told father in my second letter we lost all our water

while coming up the river. We have filled the casks since however & now have to use the Potomac water altogether. It is rather muddy but with that drawback, not at all bad. As far as I can hear most of the boats which we supplied find the casks good & sweet. I have not had a chance to hear from all, but at least I have heard no complaints.

What are you doing about the "Society," - has it given up the quest for want of funds, or did you succeed in getting a fresh supply?

The Capt. sends his respects to Father & wishes to be remembered to Mrs. Martin & Mead.

My love to all at home -
Your loving son
Appleton.