

Sept. 8,  
1863,  
Jan. 8,  
1864  
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Edwin Emery,  
17<sup>th</sup> Maine Regt.

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1863.

Portland, Tuesday, Sept. 8, 1863.

Examined today by Dr. Jewell, as a substitute for Frank A. Hill, Bridgford. Made arrangements with Hill, and returned home.

Portland, Wednesday, Sept. 9.  
Sworn into the service of the United States, and let go at liberty. Went to Brunswick.

Marble Island, Thursday, Sept. 10.  
Came to Portland, was clothed with a soldier's garb, furnished with knapsack &c. and put under guard in City Penitentiary. Have had a hard day doing nothing. Companions, gamblers and rogues.

Sergeants would go out with me if I would give them anything from one dollar to five. Did not go out till we were marched down to the wharf between five or six corporals and sergeants. Did not admit my close confinement all day, nor my prison like treatment marching down the streets of Portland. The Steamer Koster took ten of us to Mackie's Island, four miles from the city where the Conscripts were encamped. After proper inspection was sent to my quarters, Ward 6. no. 4 from the water. My "chums"

Quimby, True, Marrett, and Whalin, of whom all but True had seen service. Did not feel pleased when in prison, but liked the Camp as well as I expected. Bread & Coffee for Supper.  
Mackie's Island Friday, Sept. 11.  
Slept very well for the first time on the ground. Found mother's comforter an excellent article for use. Reville 5. Breakfast. 6. Pork, Potatoes, coffee, Bread. A day of loafing. Found opportunity for reading my testament and prayer. My chums having no objection I had prayer last night just before retiring. Am learning the demoralisation of camp

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life. Gambling, stealing, card playing, swearing and obscenity are prevalent. Lost my diploma this morn, and was advised to steal one to pay for it. Perhaps I shall have to steal, but it shall be my last resort. Wrote two letters, one home, and one to B-. Marched to Paymaster's and received one hundred dollars, my state bounty. Then ordered on board the *Wester*, which took us to Portland. There we took the *Lewiston* for Long Island. Boston Harbor. There were ninety of us - perhaps ninety-two - as two escaped or were concealed on board the boat before we arrived at our place of destination. Our quarters were be-

tween decks in which we were placed more like animals than men. We fared no better, if so well, than our neighbors, some sheep. The officers in command of us were Capt. Illsley of the 15<sup>th</sup> and Lieut. Green of the 17<sup>th</sup>. I left Mackie's Island with pleasure because I wished to be where I could have something to do. My day at the Island and my claims will not soon be forgotten.

Long Island, Saturday, Sept. 12.  
Slept pretty soundly on the floor last night rolled up in my blanket, with my knapsack for a pillow. One of my mother's feather beds would have been softer, and more agreeable;

but the soldier, or would-be soldier expects no such luxury. The sea was somewhat rough, and several were sick, but I was not much. I took the precaution to stretch myself out flat towards the bow, at an early hour, and thus saved a night of sea-sickness. - We were sent from Mackie's Island without rations, and received nothing until we reached Long Island. Some one was in fault in not seeing that we were furnished with proper food before we left. For my part I am glad I had nothing, but many needed and wanted food. The gulling principle I observed. One little fellow let another have between sixty and seventy dollars to keep till morning,

but did not get it before he left the boat. Such stealing is common, and is enough to make any man distrust nearly all mankind. But, thank God, there are a few, who are the salt of the earth, whose precept and example agree, and are consistent with true morality and pure Christianity.

About five this morning we were taken on board the Bellingham, and brought to this Island. After due inspection and long waiting, we were taken to our quarters along side of the first detachment. My first ration here was two hard bread, and one coffee. Came in to tent with Temple. Took my first lessons in drilling, and

doing guard-duty. The former I think I shall like, and in it I desire to be a proficient. Guard-duty I consider too tedious for comfort, but every duty I mean to do, for if I have my life and health continued, I desire to wear the straps and bars, for I believe I am as fitted to command as many of our officers.

Our duties here are not very onerous. At five is reveille. At six breakfast, after which our tent must be cleaned, and our blankets folded. From ten till half past eleven, drill. At twelve, dinner. From three till half past four drill again. At six, supper. At nine taps at which all lights must be put out.

Sunday, Sept. 13.

On guard during the night and this morning. There is something akin to solitude experienced when pacing forward and back over a beat during the quiet hours of the night. It is not solitude for others are on guard with you, and others are sleeping near. But the latter hear you not, while it is not allowed to converse with any while on guard. Although my legs were weary with my continual pacing, my shoulders becoming sore with the weight of the musket, my eyelids heavy ~~on~~ account of sleeplessness, my thoughts were busy, my home



and friends not forgotten.

Near my tent was a tent of New-Yorkers, roughs, whose songs and stories during my first hours on guard were not exhausted. This morning my guard duty was between 7 & 9.

It was something uncommon for me to perform any duty of the kind on the Sabbath, but I did it without conscientious scruples, for all such duties must be performed in camp. Aside from the routine of the day I have written one letter, and read my testament. I mean to keep up devotional exercises and daily reading the Scriptures. My testament furnishes many passages to elevate the thoughts, and draw the soul nearer to

God. There is the greatest need of holy and heavenly influence to counteract the baneful influence of the camp.

Today there has been the same conduct exhibited as yesterday, swearing, trading, sporting and gambling being prevalent. It is uncommon not to hear an oath every minute, and some time the most profane. It almost seems that the vilest of the vile have congregated here, some of whom care nothing for the Sabbath, while others do not know that it is Sunday. One fellow came to our tent, and wanted us to take a ticket in a watch lottery. He asked him to wait till tomorrow, but it made no difference to him, he had as

liep have a lottery Sunday as any day. This evening after supper we struck up "Come Holy Spirit" which sounded sweet and pleasant, though wanting in harmony. I was reminded of prayer meetings in my father's house in which Lieberman struck up that same tune. Days long ago came fluting by, and happier Sabbaths spent among civilized beings.

Extra supper tonight. Garland's brother brought him some cakes & pie, which tasted better than salt junk and hard bread. Though these are good for soldiers, perhaps, I prefer a greater variety. I stick pretty closely, however, to soldier's fare.

Monday, Sept. 14.

Election in Maine. The Maine boys are anxious to have it go right. We want the copperheads whipped by Union men at home, just as we hope to whip the rebels in the South.

Willie's birth-day. It was my first thought when I awoke this morning. Had butter and pie today, not furnished by Uncle Sam, but purchased by us in this tent.

Sent home eighty dollars by Express. Wrote mother the second letter I ever wrote her.

Tuesday, Sept. 15.

Temple and I have been surveying the Island this morning, and getting statistics. There are

about 1450 men encamped here under command of Gen. Devins. About 770 are Conscripts and substitutes. From Maine 193, N. H. 174, Vt. 200, and Mass. 150. Negroes 54, mostly from Mass. The rest about 680 are guard. Of these Co. A. 81 men and Co. C. 70, are Conscripts, Co. B, 150 men are officers detailed from old regiments to take charge of Conscripts, and Cos. 7, 8, & 9, 132, 130, 116 men respectively are Heavy Artillery, half vols. half old soldiers. The health of all is good generally. The negroes are encamped near the water at a distance from the rest of us. The sergeant in charge told us they are intelligent, apt, and

orderly. All write their own letters. I noticed several of them were pitching coppers, and others playing cards.

Those who attempted to escape Sunday night were from Vermont. Two of them were drowned, and the other two have been taken.

Election news is glorious. The Pine Tree State still maintains her position, is true to the Union, and worthy of her motto "Dirigo". Copperheads at home are beaten and we can only hope that traitors elsewhere may be whipped as completely and gloriously.

Letter from Gings gladly received. He failed to get a pass to the Island. So failed I in my attempt to get him a pass from Gen. Devins. No go for substitutes.

The Captain has disciplined several today. Punishment has been inflicted by having offenders stand on a barrel in front of the Captain's head-quarters.

Wednesday, Sept. 16.

Election news most cheering. Union majority not far from 16,000. Copperheads are buried so deep that they will not rise for a long time. May they never rise unless they can do better! Writters a letter for the "Union and Journal" today. Telegraph put up across this island. It extends from Boston to Fort Warren through Fort Independence. A good idea to help catch or detect "skedaddlers". A very hot day this. Uncomfortable for drilling.

Thursday, Sept. 17.

Nothing unusual today. Two men, however, used a little roughly by the Capt. & Lieut. They must learn their duty and do it. Capt. Savage came to camp today. Was glad to see a familiar face.

Friday, Sept. 18.

Out doing patrol duty last night. The Capt. was fearful some might try to skedaddle. There was an unsuccessful attempt on part of some of the New Yorkers. One was found with the Corporal's equipments on. Sent to the guard house. Two loud women stopped in Ward one, tent 4. Struck tents this morning about eight, preparatory to going South. Had a very windy time all day. Dirt, dust and paper

flies strangely over the hill.  
Hardly saw the need of striking  
tents so early, and their being ob-  
liged to remain out in the wind  
so long, but think it was best  
on the whole. Our Maine de-  
tachment went on board the  
Forest City first about one o'clock.  
We were sent to the lower deck  
much to our displeasure and  
discomfort. But the innocent  
sometimes suffer with the guilty,  
and we make no complaint.  
There were four detachments;  
Maine, N. H., Vt., & Mass. un-  
der command of Lt. Jackson  
of the 3<sup>d</sup>. N. H., and guarded by  
a squad of guards from Long Is-  
land, numbering about 50. The  
Maine boys are for the 11<sup>th</sup>. Mass.  
the N. H. for the 10<sup>th</sup>. N. H., the Vt.,

for the 4<sup>th</sup>. Vt., and the Mass. for  
the 12<sup>th</sup>. Mass. Soon after we  
boarded the Steamer quite a dis-  
turbance was made by boys  
under the influence of whiskey.  
Capt. Perry was attacked, and  
had to draw his revolver. One  
or two were tied up on the upper  
deck. We lay here at anchor  
all day on account of the strong  
wind prevailing. The smoke-  
tobacco smoke - and close con-  
finement of our quarters were  
very disagreeable. They made  
some of the boys quarrel and  
swear considerably. It was thought  
we might be treated like men. Some  
deserve no better treatment than ex-  
trary and ugly brutes, and we did  
not feel badly when they were  
dealt harshly with. Gould was

put under arrest for selling  
whisky. Some went as high as  
\$12 per pint. O, cursed love  
of gold, what will you not com-  
pel mortal breasts to do! "The  
love of money is the root of all evil."  
Although we had poor accom-  
modations on the boat, we left  
Long Island with gladness. Our  
destination was "Dixie" and thither  
we wished to hasten, though it  
may be to death and the grave.  
God only knows. In Him we  
put our trust. To Him we  
pray daily that we may be  
allowed to return to our own dear  
home in health and safety.

This spirit of discontentment  
is ever manifested by men. They  
wish every thing destined for them  
to happen shortly, though death is

dreaded. Many of our boys, how-  
ever, did not seem to care for any-  
thing, neither God, nor man.

On board the Forest City,

Saturday, Sept. 19.

Set sail about five this morning.  
About nine was sea-sick, and  
for the first time "threw up" on  
board the boat. Took my bunk-  
not a berth - and there lay till  
three. My first day out sight of land.  
Saw Cape Cod as we passed. All  
sand. At night anchored off  
Martha's Vineyard. Quite a safe  
harbor. Several ships were there.  
The fog was so dense that the  
Capt. thought it best not to go on.  
Another row today. One Sullivan  
of the N. H. detachment tied up for  
striking officers. After remaining at  
anchor a short time started again.

On board the Forest City,  
Sunday, Sept. 20.

About five this morning  
passed New York City. Saw no  
signs of it for two reasons, we  
were asleep, and, had we not  
been, it was too far away to be  
seen. We had a rough night  
of it. The wind blew, the sea  
ran high, part of the time it  
rained, the boat rocked, and  
groaned as though in distress.  
We thought it a bad time to  
be out, when the equinoctial  
gale was prevailing. About  
six o'clock part of our bunks  
went down, much to the terror  
of some of our detachments.  
They ran up stairs thinking  
the old boat was going to pieces.  
A few of us mistrusted what the

matter was, for we noticed last  
night, that some of the ports had  
sprung off. We expected to go down  
all together. Somewhat sick a-  
gain this morning. Lay on my  
bunk nearly all day. Could  
scarcely collect my thoughts on  
account of the noise and con-  
fusion around me. But did  
somewhat. Thought of home, of  
friends, the privileges left be-  
hind, and the pleasures of life  
among civilized beings. I know  
how my folks would feel to see  
me in such a situation, but  
the more I thought of my sit-  
uation, my companions and my  
surroundings, the more I re-  
joiced that I had entered this  
army. I feel that there is great  
need of god and honest men in it.

All day there were profanity,  
obscenity, gambling, and every  
thing evil going on. To-night  
found a Christian on board,  
Billings. Had a good social  
chat with him. He was the  
second one I have found. One  
last night, named White. A  
good, honest, humble fellow, but  
weak and ignorant, not able to  
read or write. When he first  
told me that he was a professor  
of religion, I rolled over near him,  
and shook his hand for I felt  
I had found a brother. One  
thing I miss; it is the Christian  
influence of home. This is my  
greatest sacrifice. Passed several  
places along the coast that were  
spoken of by others, though I did  
not see the places.

During the day could but think  
that God would be only just,  
should he destroy our ship, and  
send every one of us to the  
bottoms during the night, because  
his Holy Day had been so desec-  
rated, so profaned. But I  
prayed "Our Father" to have mer-  
cy, and, for the sake of the few  
righteous present, to preserve us,  
and bring us out of the gale  
in safety and health. I re-  
membered that Abraham made  
intercession for Sodom, and he  
promised to preserve it for the  
sake of ten righteous, if they  
could be found therein. And  
I had faith to believe he would  
spare all for the sake of a few  
of his followers on board the  
Forest City.



On board the Forest City.

Monday, Sept. 21.

God protected us, and preserved our lives during the rough night. It was our hardest night. How the boat rocked, and rolled, and creaked!! I had but little fear of going to the bottom, though I was afraid our bunks would go down. The morning broke upon us bright and beautiful. The sun shone pleasantly, the weather was mild, and the ocean was calm.

All sails were furled. During the night they had been up, and we had been moving rapidly. We were nearing Fortress Monroe, and we hoped to lose some of our roughest boys, the N. H. detachment. After dinner we came in sight of the Fortress

Anchoring near it a short time we then proceeded up Hampton Roads towards Portsmouth, Va. This was the most pleasant part of our sail. We saw Sewall's Point, a low sandy piece of land covered partially with small pines; Brammy Island, where were fortifications of the rebels some time ago; Newport News, near which was a federal gun-boat; the scene of the conflict between the Merrimac and Monitor; and on our return Hampton, burnt by the rebels so totally that only one building, Customs House I should think, was left standing. Also the Rip Raps, were disorderly and disobedient soldiers are sent to help build a fort, near Fortress Monroe.

There is nothing very remarkable in the appearance of these places, and they have been brought into note by the actions of the war near them. Portsmouth and Norfolk were the first Southern places containing many inhabitants that we saw. They have a beautiful appearance. Norfolk presented a feature that we never saw in Northern cities. Several fine residences were built near the water, and around them was every appearance of neatness. They were embowered in trees extending very near the water's edge, through which run pleasant walks. At Portsmouth we saw the Hospital, an elegant looking edifice, containing the sick

and wounded of some of our regiments stationed near there. Here we left the N. H. detachment. Col. Jackson also left us. I looked around to see if I could observe James Hodgdon, now one of the first sergeants of the A. H. 13<sup>th</sup>. I could but notice the southern method of driving teams of four or six horses, or mules rather. The driver sits on the high pole horse and guides the rest by a single rein, and his words. A few negroes were on the wharf, looking with wonder, surprise and some with pleasure at the Northern soldiers come to fight for the government, the Constitution, Liberty, Law and Order. Alas! a few only seemed to exhibit the feeling that they came for this purpose!

Alexandria, Va. Sept. 22, 1863.  
Leaving Fortress Monroe last night  
when we stopped a short time  
to leave some baggage, and where  
were exhibited traits of negro  
character, (the yelling, shouting,  
and noise of our men making  
them appear worse than the  
negroes,) we sailed up the  
Chesapeake, and this morning  
entered the Potomac. A  
head tide and wind retard-  
ed us, and our progress was  
slow. For many miles there  
were no signs of life, nothing  
but the broad river, and its banks,  
and the vast acres of land  
stretching out on both banks,  
covered with wood, to be seen.  
The further up we sailed the  
better it appeared. Vessels were

seen, houses were seen along the  
river, but no villages greeted our  
eyes. A short time after dinner  
we passed Mount Vernon, the birth-  
place, the home, the burial place  
of George Washington. It is on a  
slight rise of ground. We caught  
a glimpse of the buildings, but  
they were so surrounded with  
trees that we saw but little of  
them. A few miles above was  
Fort Washington. Reaching Al-  
exandria we found quarters in  
the "Soldier's Relief" or "Rest". There  
were quite a number of women  
and girls selling pies, cakes, &c.,  
and most gladly did we patronize  
these poor Whites of the South. I  
was hungry and a ten sh. pie was  
about enough to satisfy my appetite  
until supper. We were guarded by

soldiers from N. Y. & Penn. regts. and a iron set they were too. One brought in whiskey which set the 'old boys' to work among some of our detachment. The guard rushed in to prevent a row, all were ordered to take their quarters and the guards commanded to keep all in their places. if they could not one way, do it another. We understood that to mean give them cold lead or steel. But it was not more than an hour before a dozen were up and gambling. We needed a Capt. Perry to preserve order. Many of us wished him there. He told the Lieut. that whiskey had been brought in, and we needed a guard. Before landing we saw the Capitol at a distance. It looks like the

engravings we have seen of it. Our first view of Alexandria was not very favorable. The buildings were old and dilapidated, the people appeared to suffer from poverty, the negroes were common.

Camp of the 17<sup>th</sup> Maine Regt.  
near Culpepper, Va. Wednesday, Sept. 23  
Having spent a night with little sleep and suffering with the cold of a night in the Old Dominion, I arose prepared for breakfast, received my musket, Enfield rifled musket, and marched half a mile to the depot. My first impressions of Alexandria were not removed by a more extended view of the city. I regard it as a dirty, ill-looking, mean city. There is but little Union sentiment there, but the Provost Marshal keeps things right. Our boys

treated the negroes with the same contempt manifested on previous occasions. The negroes, however, acted manly, and exhibited more gentlemanly manners than they. They looked not in return, swore not, but carried on their countenances a look of dejection that showed that they felt their degraded position, inferiority to the Caucasian race, and harsh treatment. But by their actions they showed themselves true men, and by their looks that within them was a soul. Could a being from some far distant planet have passed judgment upon the two classes, I think preference must have been given to the blacks. They were gentlemen—but alas! they were black! God

had created them with a skin less fair than ours, and for this they have been condemned. We pray the time may come when true worth, real merit, and honest endeavor to do right, may be the standard according to which all men, white and black, may be judged!

Uncle Sam's depot is fenced in with stakes driven into the ground one would judge, and sharpened at the top. They are about ten feet high, so they make quite a formidable fence. At least this was our impression, though we could not leave the ranks to examine the fence. This is the grand head of supplies for Uncle Sam's vast army of the Potomac. There were cars and cross tracks in abundance.

We mounted car loads of pressed hay, and were soon moving through Va. We saw many of Uncle Sam's negroes at work on the road, and on wood nearby. They were well clothed in blue, like the rest of us boys. There were various hues, some being nearly white, and others as black as any of Apie's sons. Their ivory shone brightly in the sun - contrasting strangely with their stony looks. Some of the poor women, half-union, half-ness, being one or the other according as the union or ness forces occupy the territory, sold us peas, and boys brought out peaches, which were freely purchased. I purchased two peas, one of which I gave to my companion, a Dutchman, guarding us.

We saw many signs of war, and as we moved along became more fully aware of the gigantic scale on which this war is waged. We crossed Bull Run, a narrow, muddy stream, in color resembling coffee after milk has been placed in it. It was not more than 25 or 30 ft. wide, known only for a few miles around, until the disastrous battle of "Bull Run". We saw not the battle ground, it being distant from the rail-road some two miles. At Manassas Plains we saw the earth works thrown up by the rebels, and the fortified position they held. Manassas Junction was also passed, - a mere junction, with no buildings.

The rebels' winter quarters one year ago last winter were passed. They were built mostly of wood and turf a la Sibley tent, or Esquimaux huts. Gen. Howard's Head-Quarters were pointed out to me by my companion the Dutcher man, who said Howard made good temperance speeches North, and would not let them i.e. soldiers of the 11<sup>th</sup> corps, have their ration of whiskey, which they did not like. The glorious "Star Spangled Banner" floated over his quarters casting its shadow over the sacred soil of "old Virginia". We crossed the Rappahannock, or at least, one of its branches. It was nowhere near so wide as we supposed, and had the appearance of being very shoal. Of course could not tell.

The signs of war were soldiers on guard all along the road, out whither, dead horses strown here and there, fortifications thrown up in the shape of earth works and forts, and fields devastated. We saw no signs of "Yankee" industry, no school houses, but one church, no houses having the appearance of neatness and comfort, with one or two exceptions. All or nearly all the roads seemed to have been made since the war for the accommodation of the army, as a thoroughfare for conveying provisions to the Army. There might have been signs of "Yankee" industry before the war, but I doubt it. I noticed one decent establishment. We reached Culpepper, spelled

Camp also, about two. This is a very fair looking village, and at the present time filled with soldiers. I noticed two churches and a Court House here. We stopped here, and took up our line of march, about two miles and a half, for this place, the encampment of the 19<sup>th</sup> Maine. It was a hard march for us raw recruits, and we were glad enough to get here. The 19<sup>th</sup> boys received us with pleasure, and treated us like men. There were no insulting remarks, no "how are your conscripts", and but little laughter at our greenness. After a long delay we were told to pitch our tents. Temple, White & I pitched our together. Before it was done, Colman

Hospital Steward made his appearance, and was recognized by us. With him we went to find Dr. Heron. Right glad was I to see him, and a pleasant time I had. Supper at his quarters, of liver, beef, and butter, and gingerbread, was relished by me, for I had eaten only a pie since morning. While in his tent who should appear but my old teacher, W. G. Lord. We were mutually surprised and rejoiced. A fair nice day, though somewhat windy on the cars.

Thursday, Sept. 24.

Conscripts allotted to the several companies. I had my choice and took Co. F, Capt. Perry. Morrell of the 20<sup>th</sup> came over to see me. Had a nice time for half an hour or so. Pitched tent with



Auguste and Leavitt, both en-  
scripts from Hroostok. Received  
eight days' rations. It made  
me feel blue to receive them, es-  
pecially the pork. Two letters  
from Louiss and a talk with  
Dr. H. made me feel better. Dr.  
Manson, and Lieut. Stevens of  
the 5<sup>th</sup> were over here today.  
All have been surprised to see  
me here, but glad. Com-  
menced to perform duty to-  
day. And now I am fairly  
in the army, I pray God to  
watch over and protect me. I  
hope to be kept from tempta-  
tion. Many say I must learn  
to smoke, steal, swear, and  
drink, but I would never have  
entered this army if I had thought  
I had got to do any such thing.

May God aid me in my en-  
deavor to do right. We have  
warm days here, but cold  
nights. There is considerable  
dew. No rain yet. We have  
slept pretty comfortably, but some-  
times have been a little cold.

Friday, Sept. 25.

Duties as usual. Squad  
drill and company drill.  
Received Springfield musket to-  
night, for it may be Saturday  
night, this is written Tuesday, Sept.  
29.) Visited Maine 5<sup>th</sup> Saw Rev.  
J. R. Adams, Chaplain, Dr. Man-  
son & Lieut. Stevens. A letter to-  
night from Ed. Smith, as usual  
my daily talk with the Dr. Do  
not know what I should do  
were it not for him. He is  
my principal friend here. A

letter from Ed. Smith today. My letters are a source of comfort to me. Wrote home today.

Saturday, Sept. 26.

Received our cartridges this morning. Forty rounds were given us. Re-built our abode this morning. We went over near a house on the hill, and confiscated some chestnut rails. Also cut down some small pines for a floor. It was hard work to lug them a half a mile, but it had to be done. I do not believe in stealing, but I believe it the privilege of a conquering army to take the property of all enemies. I never have believed it right for our folks to guard the property of real scoundrels.

We have a comfortable tent now.

Sunday, Sept. 27.

A fine Sabbath morning this. It was our hope that our duties would be light today, and that we could have part of a day, at least, for reflection. But it was not so. On the contrary we had more than usual to do. This morning clean up our guns, and prepare for division inspection and review. At nine with knapsacks, canteens, haversacks, equipments and guns, we march half a mile or so for review. It was nearly three hours before we returned, and tired enough were we. Gen. Birney and staff reviewed us, and Col. Dr. Tribland inspected us. Gen.

Birney is our division commander, Col. Dr. Frobrand, acting Brig. Gen. command brigade. Our Lieut. Col. Merrill is commanding our regiment. Gen. B. is a good looking officer, about 40 yrs. of age, light complexion, with light chin whiskers. Col. Dr. Frobrand is a Frenchman, gray headed somewhat, and a fine officer. Neither Gen. B., nor Col. Dr. F., was dressed in a showy manner. My position is private Co. F, 17<sup>th</sup> Maine Regt, 3<sup>d</sup> Brigade, 1<sup>st</sup> Division, 3<sup>d</sup> Corps. The corps was formerly Sickles', now French's. The **Corps** is distinguished by a diamond patch on the hat. The divisions by red, white and blue, the first being a red patch, the second white, the

third blue. Our brigade by a triangular flag bordered with blue, having a red diamond in the centre. The regiment by number, and the Co. by letters. Have not as yet learned all the corps' and division's marks. One regiment on review I noticed particularly, Louises. Their uniform was red pants, and caps, blue jackets, and a white border on their caps. The whole regiment was no larger than a full company. A woman dressed in Louise uniform accompanied them.

As soon as we came to our tents I had to go on guard. Had not time to drink my coffee. While on guard was thinking about writing to Louise. But could

not leave the guard-house. Consequently had to come to my tent, get paper and ink, and go down back of a tent to write. On the whole spent my day far differently than I wished. For one I cannot see the need of so much parade on Sunday. It seems to me a company inspection is enough for Sunday, but all orders must be obeyed.

Monday, Sept. 28.

Passed the night well last night, doing duty. Nothing to do, except for myself. Have been writing today. At two o'clock ordered out for inspection. Thought we had got to march. Many reports are afloat but we know not what to believe. Lettice tonight from

Ellen & Prescott. Papers from Butler. Fine day. Our days are delightful for Sept, but our nights are cold, and heavy dews fall. A walk with the Dr. after supper. He has promised to look out for me if sick or wounded. It is a consolation to know there is some one to look out for me. Felt a little blue this afternoon, when I saw men shooting cattle, and thought that we had got to be led out to face muskets. Lettice, papers and the Dr. cheered me.

Tuesday, Sept. 29.

When going to the spring noticed a newly-made grave, and drawing near, read on the wooden head board, Died Sept. 27, 1863, Henry A. Hoffman, Aged 30, 124<sup>th</sup> Regt Co. C. N. Y. P. - Poor fellow! dying as

he did among friends, perhaps,  
but away from loud ones at  
home. He gave his life for his  
country, and, though not on the  
field of battle, he suffered as  
many a patriot has done.

One was buried from this camp  
at sunset tonight. Barbour, Capt.  
of Gorham. It made me feel  
badly to see his corpse carried  
to the grave. A salute was fired  
over it, and his company re-  
turned, the musicians playing  
a quick tune. So some of us  
our soldiers must go. If I am  
one, may I be prepared.

Have found two or three pro-  
fessors of religion here. Noble of  
this Co., and Hobbs of Co. A, and  
one other. Among the conscripts,  
White, Billings, and Bartlett.

It rejoices me to have a few  
with whom I can converse on  
religious subjects. The Dr. and  
Coleman are also professors,  
and there is one other officer  
here. We have no chaplain,  
an officer needed very much,  
and consequently there are no re-  
ligious services. I read my tes-  
tament daily, and have prayer  
vocally at night, though neither  
of my chums is pious. I am  
cheerful & contented most of the  
time. - A little lame today. Have  
washed my "corporosity" today and  
changed clothes, the first time  
since leaving home. Confiscated  
more rebel nails today. Still  
fine weather. Breef today, tough  
but substantial. Letter from  
Elmira. These friendly, sisterly.

affectionate little missives cheer  
me among my unusual society.

Wednesday, Sept. 30.

The last day of the month. Over  
twenty days since I left home.  
Were it not for this journal or  
care on my part I should miss  
Sunday, and forget the day.  
Time slips away quickly.

Attended funeral of a new  
recruit of the 4<sup>th</sup> Maine this  
afternoon. Heard the first  
prayer I have heard since  
I came from Portland. It  
was a sad scene to witness,  
but there was one consolation,  
the young man had a brother  
with him, and a greater con-  
solation he expressed a hope  
in Christ before his death. These  
are now laid side by side.

Thursday, Oct. 1.

Marching orders counter-  
manded. Our eight day's rations to  
be eaten. Inspection this fore-  
noon. No drill, no dress parade  
this afternoon. The Col. and other  
officers drunk. One of the lam-  
entable things in the army.  
It is no wonder we suffer de-  
feat. Whiskey and incompe-  
tent officers have ruined thous-  
ands of our brave soldiers, and  
lost for us many a battle.  
When will men learn wisdom?  
Feeling a little blue this evening went  
out making calls. At the Dr's learned  
that some 30 bottles & 3 gallons of ale had  
been used by officers today. Reports  
make the whole affair most disgusting  
and disgraceful. Shall not object if  
Major West is appointed Colonel.

Friday, Oct. 2.

Rained a little during the night. Once I woke up, and at first thought I was at home in my attic chamber, so much did my tent resemble the roof of our house. It was a momentary pleasure, saddened by the obtuse thought that it could not be, and the stern reality confronting me, that I was in camp in "Old Virginia." It has rained hard today. I have lain, and read, and listened to the rain pouring down and just tiring on our tent. Hoare kept comfortable and dry. I fried pork, onions, and potatoes this morning, and they all went good. One thing is certain, unlike many of our company, I washed my face and hands before I commenced to cook.

This afternoon the wind shifted and the rain blew directly into our tent. A blanket pinned up kept us dry and warm.

Saturday, Oct. 3.

It cleared off most beautifully last night. At three the moon and stars were shining brightly. Going guard duty today. Being a supernumerary had nothing to do but remain at the guard house. Wrote two letters. One to Ellen with a lead pencil. Called to see the Dr. tonight. Got some doughnuts.

Sunday, Oct. 4.

Relieved from guard last night so to go out on review today, I suppose. We were reviewed by Gen. French, over on the hill near the house of a semi-neech.

There were some 8,000 reviewed, and a splendid sight it was, too. The Gen. and his staff galloped gaily over the field; the bands filled the air with lovely and martial music; banners, all red, white and blue, floated beautifully over us; thousands of strong, brave, young men marched with soldierly tread in review; and thousands of bright, bristling bayonets, and glistening muskets, flashed and glittered in the clear rays of a Southern morning sun.

As I saw one brigade pass in review, two thoughts saddened the otherwise delightful pleasure. One was, it was Sunday - God's holy day - and I see no need of such a parade.

The other was, hundreds and over thousands of those brave young men - the hope of our country - will certainly fall in this Southern clime, stricken down by disease, or pierced by the bullets of our Southern brethren.

Employed the time this afternoon in writing to my friends. A news-letter from home cheered me tonight. A paper also. A short walk with Hobbs. Took tea with the Br. - Find him not very smart. Has a bad cold. - My health is good. Have only a pain in my legs occasionally, caused by sleeping so near the ground. My life are somewhat sore. Have had a most beautiful day.



Monday, Oct. 5.

There was quite a drunk last night. One in our Company, and one below here disturbed my slumbers. Whiskey is a great bane in the army, and a fearful demoralizer in Camp. Nearly every day some case of drunkenness occurs. - This morning part of the sixth corps left. A part left not long ago. Last week the 11<sup>th</sup> & 12<sup>th</sup> left, it is reported, for what a voyage. We are drawn up here in line of battle with a second line to support the first. The 6<sup>th</sup> Corps occupies the right, the 3<sup>rd</sup>, ours, comes next, the 5<sup>th</sup> next, and then the 1<sup>st</sup> protecting some food. Pleasant's cavalry corps are in front, supported by the 2<sup>nd</sup> Corps.

All these are fighting corps. This corps hopes Gen. Sickles will take command soon. Gen. French is an arrogant, and repulsive officer. He is a regular "brandy blossom" or a "two gallon whiskey keg". He is bald-headed, and red-faced, smooth-shaven, with the exception of a heavy moustache. As he uncovered his head yesterday when he rode by, I thought he looked very much like Gen. Butler's picture. As I write this, it is quite cool, though the sun is struggling through the small, numerous clouds, that spot the heavenly dome. While drilling this afternoon the Bugle sounded "pack up, pack up!" Immediately all was alive. We

packed up, struck tents and were moving in less than an hour. We moved north about half a mile, and pitched our tents in the woods near the turnpike. To-night cooked my own coffee. Felt well tonight, whether, because I had given part of my soft bread to a fellow soldier, or because we had got new quarters, or because I had the proud satisfaction of knowing that I can rely upon myself I cannot say.

New camp, about half a mile from the former, Tuesday, Oct. 6. Had rather a rough bed of boards last night, and in consequence did not sleep very well. Put up a good tent. Labored hard, but felt well, though tired. - For supper, coffee, apple-sauce and three hard bread

Concluded to try a march for supper. - Out of action.

Wednesday, Oct. 7.

Soon after retiring last night, all hands were ordered to be ready to fall in with arms and equipments at any moment. Stuart's Cavalry are reported within three miles of us. Quite an excitement was created. I could have slept had it not been for the noise and talk. Sometimes my heart would beat quick and high. The 40<sup>th</sup> N. Y. I. sent out to support the pickets, came in this morning. Hogs confiscated. Should have fared slim had it not been for the Dr's potatoes and crackers. Letter from George. At home sick.

Thursday, Oct. 3.

Raining this morning. It commenced to rain last evening soon after supper. Enough to shut now. Rations dealt out yesterday. We are supposed to have four days' rations on hand now. "Be ready to move at a moment's notice," is the order.

Afternoon. "Be ready to move at a moment's notice" is still the order. Several of Co. F, detailed as scouts. Things look suspicious. At four o'clock drawn up in line of battle with the expectation of seeing a deserter shot. Remarks appropriate to the solemn and serious occasion were made by Col. Merrill and then we marched. Arriving at the place of execution, all were

silent and still. No man appeared to desire to see a comrade shot, however much he might deserve it. For one I did not care to see a federal soldier fall, the first one in this war. I went to the ground with sad feelings. My heart beat quick. But when the order was read, it appeared that the soldier, Charles L. Rowe, Co. G, 1<sup>st</sup> U. S. Sharpshooters was to be dishonorably discharged. He was then drummed out of the army. He did not care at all apparently, though he must have had some feelings of remorse. It would have been better, perhaps, had he been tied up half a day. A fair afternoon. Letter from Louise. Tea at the Pic.

Our camp named Camp Binney  
in honor of our division Gen.  
We have a pleasant encampment,  
in a grove of chestnuts and pines,  
with water and wood near  
and convenient.

Friday, Oct. 9.

Parade dress this afternoon.  
Put us new men, in park, and  
some old ones under the Ser-  
geant-Major. He could do  
nothing with us. I would  
like to be drilled by a man  
of life and energy. No wood-  
en morn suits my taste.  
New clothes tonight.

Temporary camp, near Culpeper  
pen, Saturday Oct. 10.

Extra rations came in during  
the night. So we have quite a  
load to carry. Five day's rations.

etc., blouse & overcoat. Com-  
menced a letter to Miss Godding, but  
had written only a page & a half, when  
the bugle sounded "pack up", and  
we were off. Left at half past eleven,  
and marched about three miles  
to get one from camp. About ten  
drew up in line of battle. Heard  
several guns at a distance, but  
could not tell whether federal or  
rebel. Had no more fears than  
when in camp. Pioneers sent out  
to destroy bridges & obstruct the  
road. Extemporized camp tonight.  
Spring-bed. Warm marching,  
but rained after we halted. Breakfast  
now. Tent with Noble.

Had talk this morning with  
little secret girl, would not tell  
her age. The family is very  
poor. Like most we have seen.

Temporary camp "this side" of  
the Rappahannock, Sunday, Oct. 11.

Left our encampment early  
this morning, after a comfortable  
night's rest. Marched at a quick  
rate a short distance and then  
halted for the ambulance corps,  
and ammunition train and pon-  
toon wagons to pass. Take all of them  
together and they made a long  
row. Our division covered the re-  
treat. We passed through fields, across  
ravines, and over rough places. We  
halted quite often, though we stopped  
only a short time in a place. Ab-  
out eleven we halted on the side  
of a hill near a corn field, with  
a house in front of us. Rebels be-  
ing reported on our left (as we were  
marching by the right flank) our brig-  
ade flag immediately went to the

front, a battery was planted on a  
hill and we were drawn up in  
line of battle. We had a good po-  
sition in the open field. Our skir-  
mishers fired several times, but we  
saw no rebels. Two were taken prisoners.  
We afterward learned that there were  
two rebel regiments there. We felt per-  
fectly easy, and not excited. We pray-  
ed to God to protect us; so he we in  
every hour of danger. It was half-  
past eleven when we were drawn  
up in line of battle. About twelve  
we marched again. Our knapsacks  
hung heavily, and we embraced ev-  
ery opportunity given us for rest.  
Between two and three, or about three  
we rested on side of a hill. While  
there cavalry were seen at a distance  
marching over the road, and infantry  
following. Pretty soon cannon were

heard, and a brisk firing was kept up. It appeared afterward that Stuart's Cavalry had formed in line of battle in Kilpatrick's front to prevent his retreat. But Kilpatrick was too much for him, and shipped him. One Maine Cavalry were in the skirmish. During the fight our division commenced moving, but halted in a piece of woods in the road - waiting a short time to learn something about the action, we then marched out and drew up in line of battle pointing towards the west. At our right was a good looking prairie thickly surrounded with trees. The houses that we saw for the most part were poor. There was but little growing. No signs of life and industry. Soil a red clay. The roads in some places muddy. Saw a growth of pine, and oak.

Persecution quite plenty in some localities. About dark passed by a fine looking barn, the only barn I had seen. Others being apologies. Just after we passed it built up fire. The place was fired in many places. About eight descended a very rough hill, and then crossed the Hazel River, Run, or Creek, on the pontoon bridge. Pulled on towards the Rappahannock. Slow moving. For a mile before we reached it marched through the woods - a dark and gloomy place, saw here and there, where fires were burning. Had to find this stream. Where we crossed it was fifty or sixty feet wide and shallow. I took off boots and stockings, rolled up pants and drawers and waded in. The water was cold, the stones hurt my feet, but I screamed not so many did. Though it was the hardest work

I have done since I left home, I scarcely thought of the heavy knapsack on my back. The water was up to my knees, and a very little above. - One fellow carried five over, on his back, at a dollar a head. Walked in the mud a long distance before I put my stockings & boots on. - As I moved along the fire in the edge of the woods where soldiers were bivouaced burnt briskly, and sent out an invitation to us to come and get warm. I did so, and then hastened to catch up with my company that had got ahead. I moved on with a light and quick step. Found our regiment encamped on a hill in the woods. It was nearly twelve o'clock. We had marched from 12 to 15 miles, probably 12. The numerous fires were cheering.

Camp near the Rappahanock,  
Monday, Oct. 12, 1863.

Slept very comfortably last night though a little cold. Had no tent. Moved nearer the river. Went out foraging this forenoon. A field of corn of two or three acres was wholly stripped. I succeeded in getting six or eight ears that were not very good, but I eat them with a relish. Heavy cannonading heard this afternoon. Letter from George tonight.

Greenwich, Tuesday, Oct. 13.

Broke up camp with little noise this morning, and commenced marching. Traveled along at a quick rate for a long distance. Country for the most part well wooded. Crossed quite an extensive level field, where there had been a corpse view.

As we were moving up a hill at an early hour were ordered to load at will, in order to be ready for any emergency, I suppose. While halting went and told the Dr. to look out for me in case anything should happen. Was willing, I believe, to trust myself in God's hand. I felt anxious, but not fearful. Near noon were on the road towards Warrenton Junction. Halted a short time just before noon, and here I had time to read a chapter in my testament. Find time occasionally to read and meditate. There are but few with whom I can converse with any pleasure. I miss society much. My tent mate Noble, I find a very good companion. Drew up in line of

battle between one and two, on a hill at or near Auburn. The 40<sup>th</sup> N. Y. regiment was drawn up in front near a grave-yard - the only one I remember of seeing thus far in Virginia. We remained here some time, but could not "scare up" a fight. Leaving this place between three and four, we marched at a very quick rate up a long, hard hill. I think there was ascending ground for a quarter of a mile. Then crossing a small "run", we were ascending again, when the booming of cannon ahead greeted our ears. "Close up", "close up lively", were our orders, and the "double quick" followed. New men as well as old were on hand. As we neared the scene of action, teams, horses, and servants were hastening to the rear.



just before we filed to the left into the field, "Anna", the daughter of a Michigan regiment, encouraged us onward with a "give them some boys". We were drawn up in line of battle after a little misunderstanding of orders, on account of which our company became divided. After lying down a few moments we were ordered to fix bayonets, and move forward, over the field, up the hill, and down into the woods across a run in water, and there rested. No rebels were in sight, and shortly after cheers signified that our soldiers were victorious. One of our company, Knapp, was wounded in the arm. Bullets whizzed around us, but I heard them not, so intent was I see-

ing our men fire, and charge over the hill. I was unconscious of danger, and had no more fears than I should in my father's house. I thought I had not been under fire because I saw no rebels, and fire no musket. One thing is certain my heavy load seemed light. Several of our men were wounded. I saw only one dead soldier. As we passed up the hill our company marched over his body. I passed within six feet of his corpse. He was shot in the head, and lay with his knapsack on, as he wore it on the march. I saw one dead rebel in the woods. Our men were burying him near a tree. It appeared that the enemy had selected a good position to attack

the front of our column. Sharpshooters were posted behind a hill in the woods, supported by cavalry, and one or more pieces of artillery. Our troops filed to the left into a field and had to charge over the hill. One of our batteries, and our brigade were under fire. Our brigade is composed of the U.S. Sharpshooters 1<sup>st</sup> regt. the 40<sup>th</sup> & 110<sup>th</sup> N.Y. the 3<sup>rd</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup> Michigan and 17<sup>th</sup> Maine. Our loss was slight, but if the enemy had had a large force we should have had quite a brush. The enemy lost six killed, and several horses taken. Upon the whole it was quite a smart little skirmish. After the fight we hurried onward ten miles or more, and halted at this place.

We marched 20 or 22 miles today, through a country well wooded for many miles, but in many places considerably devastated. A fine day. As soon as we halted we commenced to destroy a pick-fence on the opposite side of the road.

Continued Wednesday Oct. 14  
"Sheddaded" from Greenwich this morning before I took much breakfast. A hard-bread and little apple-sauces being all I eat. Greenwich is a pretty little place situated on a level tract of territory. The houses were neat and tidy-looking. They were British property principally, the owners, I presume, having taken the oath of allegiance to the British crown. It was hot marching, and many fell out. We drew up in line of

battle on a hill. Had I not thought the enemy might be awaiting us, I might have halted, so tired was I. I never felt so much like falling out. Forded a creek. Crossed the battle-field of Bull Run, and also the stream itself. Saw but few signs of battle, save our column, as it moved onward & wound its long length through the serpentine way. Forded Bull Run about one. Learned from the Major, that Centreville was our destination, and that Lee was marching on us in three columns as we were retreating. Came within sight of Centreville about two, but were over an hour getting arranged for camping. Camped on the

side of a hill from which most of the wood had been cut. It was a rough place, but we were glad to rest anywhere. I willingly sat "nose-park" and hard tack. I was so tired that I would take a mouthful, and lie down to rest. Centreville looked at a distance like a smart village. We could tell nothing about it. Around it on the hills were thrown up earth-works - a strong protection - strongly defended by our troops. Came 15 miles today. A fair day.

During the afternoon heavy cannonading was heard, apparently near Bull Run. It appeared that our rear was attacked, but our troops were victorious. They took 5 pieces of artillery, and several hundred prisoners.

Camp near Fairfax Station.  
Thursday, Oct. 15.

From Centreville here today, about 10 miles. It rained part of the time. Having no rubber I got considerably wet. The camps at Fairfax Station are convenient, and large. Many of the tents are "Sibley" stockaded. We are now on the left flank, Centreville being the front. Earth works are thrown up in front of us. It is a commanding position. Gen. Sickles came in today. The several brigades drew up in regimental lines on both sides of the road, and cheered him as he rode in a carriage between them. The darkness prevented my seeing how he looked. The boys cheered him lustily.

Green tomatoes, and nuts found today relished well. Am stiff and sore. My heel has been galled marching, so there is a place three quarters of an inch in diameter with the skin off. I have endured this march as well as I expected. My "knump" has been heavy. I have carried my gun & equipments, canteen, haversack, knapsack and eight days rations of hard tack. Am all equipped with the exception of rubber. My load weighs 50 lbs, I think. Have been in my place when we have drawn up, or gone into camp, except when we crossed the Rappahannock. Then I stepped to dry my feet, and had to hurry to catch up with the regt. Once I fell behind the brigade.

In Camp, Friday, Oct. 16.

Rested today. Wrote two letters that my friends need not be anxious about me. Raining today. Heavy shower just before we retired.

Today have witnessed a scene such as I never did before. Henry C. Beardsley, 5<sup>th</sup> Michigan, was shot for desertion. We were drawn up on an undulating, open piece of land near the woods, south west from our camp, in double lines, forming three sides of a rectangle. The prisoner marched between the lines, as they faced each other. First came the Captain bearing charge of the execution, then the Zenare Band play-

ing the Dead March of Saul, then a sergeant with twelve men detailed to do the shooting, and six others. Behind these four carrying the rough coffin, immediately in the rear of which was the prisoner handcuffed, on either side of whom was a guard. At his right was a Chaplain. Then came a rear guard, two files of 20 men, I should think.

The prisoner was a low, animal looking, doggedly-appearing man of 30, perhaps, 5 ft. 8 or 10 in. in height. He held his head down as he passed us. After he had passed round, he was seated on his coffin near the open end of the rectangle. While the order was being read, the Chaplain prayed with the prisoner. Then the

bandage was tied over his eyes, the order, "make ready; and fire," was given, twelve pieces were levelled at him, and he fell. Eleven bullets pierced him, one piece having been loaded with a blank cartridge. I afterwards learned that he deserted about a year ago, had two wives living, with one of whom he had been living only a few weeks previous to his arrest, the other could not live with him. He was good for nothing to himself, to his company, to the army, to the world. He must have been in a perfect hell of torment while following his coffin to his grave, and seeing where he was to lie. What were his feelings, he and God only know.

I would not have been in his place for all the world. I would endure hardships, would suffer even death itself for the right, - but, O God, help me to resist all temptations that I may never be led to do anything to bring disgrace or reproach upon myself or friends!

Saturday, Oct. 17.

Fine day. Inspection. Noble went out today & bought some bread and milk. It went good. The bread was excellent, the nicest and lightest I have seen since I left Maine. Whiskey ration dealt out tonight. Did not take mine. Cannot believe it right to have it in the army. Hope I may never learn to take it. Tea at the Dr's. Tired, very -

The Major in command today, our Col. Merrill having been ordered to report as Provost Marshal at the Station. Our Major, West, is a military man, and the only one in the regiment fit to command it. Our Lieut. Col. formerly in command knows but little about military, and, I judge, is cowardly. There has been trouble between him and the Major. The Major has been commissioned Colonel, but not yet mustered. When he gets in command we hope to have a better regiment.

News from Ohio & Penn. most cheering, the former giving 125000 Union majority, & the latter giving nearly 40000. Tallandigham is nowhere. Copperheads are dead.

In Camp, Sunday, Oct. 18.

Ordered to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Countermanded towards night. Wrote today. Had a mail to-night, the first since Monday night on the Rappahannock. Received two letters & four papers. Cheered me. A beautiful day. We are having very fine & pleasant weather for the season.

Camp, near Bristol Station,  
Monday, Oct. 19.

Up and off early this morning. Moved westerly and southerly over a very hilly section. Crossed the rail-road at Union Mills. Then crossed Bull Run on a rail-road

bridge. Halted at the fortifications at Manassas junction. Before I got there went out to get water, and fell back. Had the hardest work I have had to get up with the regiment. My heel was very sore, I was lame, my hump was heavy, it was hot, and I had a mind to lie down and not try. But resting & getting refreshed I was encouraged to move on. Noticed free-stones at Manassas junction. The country through which we have passed better than many other sections. Soil red clay. Halted here about half past two. Are within sight of Bristol Station, by which we passed on our way to Culpeper. Our tents are on the southerly slope of a hill near a brook.

A little cannonading heard today. The rebels are reported to have been here this morning. Why we retreated as we did & are now advancing is a mystery to the unacquainted with military movements. Many of our privates would instruct our commanders, would have no retreats, no forced marches, but would sweep Virginia from north to south, and drive the enemy from the face of the earth! I hope Gen. Meade has not been foiled, but understands himself and his military movements.

Windy this morning. Raining also after we commenced to march cleared off, and is now a most beautiful moonlight evening. A little chilly. My throat has been somewhat sore today.



Traveled 12 or 15 miles today.

Camp near Greenwich

Tuesday, Oct. 20.

Reveille about three. Began march-  
ing at six. The outdoor work  
done when the company commenced  
to double quick. Had some ones.  
Forded a stream that took the  
brig to the middle. I rode over  
in the Dr.'s horse. crossed the  
rail-road where the rails & sleepers  
had been torn up by the rebels.  
Rebel graves a short distance from  
where we halted. Forded another  
stream. Attempted to ride over with  
the Dr. With one foot in the stirrup  
rode over. Having missed the road  
had to find the stream again. Got  
a ride over in an ambulance.  
Kept but little with the company.

Passed over the same road we did  
last Tuesday & Wednesday. At  
Greenwich noticed the finest es-  
tablishment I have seen in Virgin-  
ia. Cannot see why we were hur-  
ried to. The manner in which  
we are marched is unwise, in-  
human, and barbarous. They  
even drive us like pack-  
mules. Lose the finest camp  
we have had. An open smooth  
field, rails & water convenient for  
use. Foggy this morning. Fair and  
hot the rest of the day. Traveled  
15 miles today. Seem to be moving  
towards the Rappahannock. Spelled  
with 2 n's also.

Camp near Cottrell's Station

Wednesday, Oct. 21.

Reveille at four. Commenced march-

ing about half past eight. Turned  
over the same road by which we  
retreated. Left our skirmish ground  
at our right. Passed through a pine  
grove. It was really a beautiful  
sight to look through and see the  
beautiful green in many places un-  
common thus far on our march.  
Fell out. Very tired. Not half of the  
men came into camp together. For  
one I cannot see why we were hur-  
ried so when no point could be  
gained by so doing. Do not wish to  
find fault. Feet sore. Marched  
about eight miles. We are here to  
protect the men repairing the rail-  
road. It is completely destroyed.  
Our camp is situated very pleasantly,  
but the ground is damp, and  
in wet weather will be bad. Am  
in good health.

Camp Thursday Oct. 22.

On guard today. Felt very  
tired and disgusted. Hun-  
gry. Longed for anything, but  
hard bread and pork, es-  
pecially an egg partly cooked.  
Mother's cupboard thought of.  
Ordered several things from  
home among which were some  
doughnuts. A little overcast.  
Maj. West mustered in Colonel.  
In Camp, Friday Oct. 23.

Went home on guard last  
night. Moon shone beautifully, &  
part of the time the Tonawanda  
played several lively tunes. Got  
a good fire. Slept today. Am  
recruiting. Noble detailed today.  
Overcast. Raining tonight. Miller L.

Camp, Saturday, Oct. 24.

Rainy & cold today. Remained in my tent nearly all day resting. Slept considerably, but suffered with the cold. Nature abhors a vacuum, so my stomach abhors pork & hard-bread. As I lay this afternoon thinking of home, had an intense longing for some of mother's steaming brown bread, such as she will set on the table tonight. Letter from L. tonight.

Camp, Sunday, Oct. 25.

Inspection today. Clear and cold. Hungry still. Have learned to make "chow". Can eat pork in this way very well. Wanted some

of mother's Indian pudding this morning. Somehow I long for what I think the folks are going to have at home. Have written to George. Am in very good health and spirits. Sore heel is getting well. Prospect of a snow during the night. A fine, beautiful moonlight evening. Was though cold & chilly.

Camp Monday, Oct. 26.

Very cold today. Commenced drilling again. This afternoon skirmished. The peculiar meaning (among definitions) is killed lice. Every body gets them on the march. I found many. Hair cut &c. Sort of a "clearing up" time with me. Beautiful moonlight evening.

New Camp, near Battell's Station  
Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1863.

Last night after enjoying a walk and social chat with the Dr. and calling upon our Lieut. Richards, I returned to my quarters with the intention of having a good night's rest. My intention was of no account, for about ten the bugle said "pack up," and we were waked. We marched over to this camp by the pleasant moonlight, through woods & mud, and, drawing up in line, lay down for the night. Gen. French probably feared a rebel raid, or was drunk - perhaps sober is his uncommon condition. We are near the "Jersey settlements", a small vil-

lage, so called, on account of being settled by "jerseymen" (Ner.) It is a commanding position on a ridge, at the foot of which is an extensive plain over which the enemy must come to drive us unless it flank us. Wrote to Sawyer & Ed. Smith today. Con-  
-mending heard during the forenoon while we were on the hill just above our present situation. This afternoon pitched our tent down on the side of the hill in front of the woods near the brook. A very fine day. Got a little cold last night, otherwise, am in good health and spirits. Relish my food. Have enough hard bread, pork, and coffee, but other eatables would not be objectionable.

In Camp, Wednesday, Oct. 28.

Detailed for guard last evening, and have been on duty today. During the night enjoyed the camp fires instead of walking my beat. Very cold last night. Water froze in my tent. Rations today. Never saw the boys so eager for them as they were tonight. Beavers killed today of which every thing was eaten except the hide, and offal - even the lights and tripe were used. Great scarcity of tobaccos in camp. Men even give up their rations for it. Order read on dress parade prohibiting gambling and obscenity in camp. This is a step in the right direction, one which every honorable man ought to uphold. It is reported that Gen.

French ordered us back to our old camp last night, and again this morning, but Gen. Birney objected. There was no need of our coming here, I believe, but now we are here, I want to stay, so much better is the ground than the cold, damp ground of our old camp. Fine day though cold. A little overcast tonight.

New camp, Oct. 29. Thursday.

Moved back into the woods early this morning, and pitched our tents. Go in with Tuck & Farr, Pratt & Frink having been detailed today to work on the rail-road. Noble has been off a week. Shall be glad when he gets back. Am more and more disgusted with members of our company that see.

They are a set of ignoramuses, a few excepted.

We have a fine camping ground. The men have pitched tents on a ridge in the woods, fronting the east, our rear towards the railroad. Line Officers in our rear, field in the rear of them, and on a knoll in the extreme rear is the hospital. This is a beautiful growth, water and wood are convenient, and upon the whole it is the best ground we have had for an encampment. Reports come today that we are to remain here on the left flank some time, but of course we can not tell. Officers and men hope to abrogate. - A fine day, notwithstanding the appearance of rain last night. Afternoon cool. Am writing at the G's. Have had a

good chat with him. I miss social very much. Think as much of that now as I did of vituals last week when I longed for something besides hard bread & pork. Now for my quarters to retire after toasting my feet.

Camp between Warrenton  
and Bialton Station, Friday Oct. 30.

Notwithstanding our good situation and encampment we were aroused by reveille at 5 o'clock & notified that we must pack up to move at seven. We did, and hurriedly they moved us. We passed to Battell's Station, and thence along the rail-road past the junction to this place. We marched seven miles, I should think, without stopping over three minutes.

In all we came eight miles - about two of which we passed over the other night by moonlight. This is a poor place for a camp, water and wood at a great distance, and much of them both poor. A vast number are assembled here in close proximity, in an open undulating field. Overcast today.

In Camp, Saturday, Oct. 31.

Rainy this morning. Mother's birth-day. It came into my mind when bringing water early in the morning during the rain. It cleared off beautifully in the afternoon, but a little windy. Washed my own clothes in coruddy water. Detailed for guard. - Have a bad cold.

Camp, Sunday Nov. 1.  
Very windy & cold last night while on guard. In my tent nice and warm. Have written mother today. Lived well today. Smoked hog, beef, chicken, liver, hard-bread, butter & coffee, and tonight a piece of brown bread & ham. A good letter from George this morning. Is rejoiced that he has started on the Christian journey. - Fair day this. Good health and spirits. At the Do's this evening - Found a Sergeant, Gorkins, who is a Christian, tonight. Was glad to see such a one, and hope to meet him more. In spite of having a prayer meeting. It would be good, if we could have one some evening this week. It's influence would be good on us persons - might quicken us, give us vitality, strengthen us.

Camp, Monday, Nov. 2.

Drill today. Was vexed sup-  
posing that those that came  
off last night were excused.  
Waiting somewhat - Fine day.

Camp, Tuesday, Nov. 3.

Moved our tents up over the  
hill a few rods. Have a more  
convenient place in case of  
rain. Fair today.

Wednesday, Nov. 4.

Company drill this morning  
and battalions this afternoon.  
Our Lieut. Bartels drilled us in  
skirmishing as he did yesterday.  
Col. Mot put us over a course

this afternoon. It was thorough  
and long. Noble brought me  
some soft bread today, and I have  
lived. Toast tonight. Called to  
see the Hospital Steward this eve-  
ning. A long talk. Onions and  
crackers for luncheon. - No letters  
from Maine for some time. Have  
been disappointed. Furnished  
Butter with two columns today.  
Reports of an advance. Also re-  
ports of drills to be resumed to-  
morrow. Fine and warm day.

Thursday, Nov. 5.

Presents by Capt. Mallocks  
from Miss Bacon and Miss  
Cartier of Portland this morning.  
Night Cap and Muttle Case. Both  
very acceptable and convenient.



Shall acknowledge receipt of them  
by letter at my earliest opportunity.  
Battalion drill again today. This  
afternoon Brigade drill. Capt. M.  
acting Lieut. Col. - Merrill be-  
ing under arrest. A Bible from  
the Capt. Shall keep it and read  
it, for it is the word of life.

Pleasant but windy. - Our friend  
Timple would have been promoted  
Sergeant today, had he done  
well on our march. The Capt.  
says I am all right. Am  
willing to bide my time, and  
do my duty faithfully. Brig-  
ade drill away at a distance.  
Three letters and two papers  
tonight. One from home, one  
from L. one from Miss Dodson.  
Glad to hear from them. All  
did me good. Good talk

with the En. and Lieut. M.

Friday Nov. 6.

This morning the Lieut.  
found a little fault with one  
of our cartridges. The first time  
he has found fault with one.  
Battalion drill. Marched out  
to have brigade drill this P.M.  
but did not owing to the high  
wind. Cold and windy today.  
Merrill was over here this forenoon.  
Dunnell this afternoon. Also Col. Ber-  
berlain. Just saw him, but not to  
speak with him. Glad to see  
Merrill. Not particular in re-  
gard to Dunnell. Wrote to L.  
today. Got but little chance to  
write our drill and clean up so much

Camp on the battle-field.  
Near Kelly's Ford, Saturday, Nov. 7.

Dadus came last night for us to be ready to move at day-break. Hard bread was dealt out, & packed up, and between nine & ten went after water, so scarce is it that we got it best by night. Up at three. Dressed up on our dress-parade ground about sunrise commenced to march soon after in a direction a little south of East. We are in the 2<sup>d</sup> brigade today, with the 3<sup>d</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Maine, 86<sup>th</sup> N. Y., & 49<sup>th</sup> Penn. regiments, Col. Walker of the 4<sup>th</sup> Commanding, Gen. Birney commands the Corps now.

We travelled rapidly till nearly nine, halted, and I had just time to get some coffee. It did me good for I needed something to strengthen me on the march. During the forenoon passed a house with glass blinds neat-looking, though it was dirty around it. Halted a little after twelve near the pontoon train. No fire being allowed, sat a shirk of soft bread and butter. Then up, past a brick house on our left in the edge of the woods, down over a long hill double quick, on to an open field beyond which our forces are engaged with the rebels, who will dispute our passage of the Rappahannock.

We drew up behind the hill,  
and halted. Our batteries con-  
tinued to give the rebels  
some. Several wounded were  
carried to our rear. Poor fellows!  
I pitied them but dared  
not think very much of  
their situation. Moved up  
the hill and heard our boys  
cheering across the river.  
Came the double quick up the  
hill, when I was not fit to do  
so, but at such a time I will  
not be backward. I am  
determined to do my duty as  
faithfully as possible. When  
moving towards the river saw  
about 200 prisoners taken by  
our boys. They were poorly  
dressed, only a few carried  
knapsacks, a few had

good overcoats. They were very  
young - mostly from the 30<sup>th</sup> N.Y.  
regiment. They were glad to get  
with us they said. One man  
thanked God that had got  
into the land of liberty. Ford-  
ed the river, the pontoons not  
having come up. They were  
thrown across below. The river  
was 80 or 100 ft. wide, where we  
crossed, though there was a  
small island over which we  
passed. The water was above  
our knees in some places, &  
cold. The rebels had a rifle  
pit on this side, but the  
cross fire of one of our batteries  
killed them, and the charge of our  
boys could not be withstood. We  
drew up a short distance from  
the river, and lay down.

A few bullets whizzed over our heads, some pretty near. For the first time I heard shells whizzing through the air. Have had no fears, the sound of cannon and musketry not disturbing me. For a while had no fire, but just as night built up fires and got somewhat dry. Hoell blistered. Marched over a dry road, and dusty, some 12 miles. Did not fall out at all. Cool and windy today. Nothing can compensate for my hardships and sufferings, aches and pains, except the firm establishment of the true principles of right, justice and humanity. Night-  
tear by rail-light. Excellent.

Camp near Brandy Station.  
Sunday, Nov. 8.

Blanket got fire in the night. Burnt it considerably. Revell at-  
tacked. Moved shortly after sunrise in a westerly direction. Road rough and rough. Passed rebel's intended winter quarters on our right. Saw our own brigade today, Col. Fr. Trobrand commanding. Drew up on a hill about eleven. Troops all around us. A fine sight to see the columns and lines moving firmly and steadily in the distance on the plain in our front. About half past one moved forward. Near the rail-road came in with other corps. A big sight to see several corps advancing near each other.

Dusty and dry today. Halted on side of a hill, and sat down in the road to rest. It was useless to try to find grass near by to sit on. Drove up in the woods on the eastern side of the railroad close to the station. This like most of the stations has only a few houses. There are only three I believe. In one are stores that the rebels left not being able to take them so speedily, were they driven out. The rail-road and telegraph from the Rappahannock were left entire. Several camps are near here, 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>d</sup>, 3<sup>d</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup>, and Heintzelman's, the 22<sup>d</sup> I believe. We marched 6 or 8 ms. an easy day's work. Halted here about four. Cool and windy. A little rain in the forenoon.

Reilly's Ford that we left this morning contained several houses and a store. A mill also, I think has been in operation on the river. Several shot hit these buildings, the chimney of one of which was battered up well.

Stewed a ration of beans to night. They cost all they are worth, and I hope tomorrow morning to find them worth all they cost.

Commenced writing home this morning. These hours of the Sabbath so wisely oftentimes, can not be better improved. Reading, writing and meditating ought to occupy our time, but today it has seemed less like Sunday than any day I ever spent, and I have done but little thinking.

New Camp near Brandy Station.  
Monday, Nov. 9.

Visited Eaton at the camp of the 16<sup>th</sup> Maine. Surprised him very much, not knowing that I was a substitute. Hunt was over here today. Enjoyed our first meeting since we graduated at Capt. Matlock's tent. Got first snow this afternoon. Pitched our tent. Just before dark moved across the railroad, and encamped. Cold today.

New Camp near Brandy Station.  
Tuesday, Nov. 10.

Slept in the cold air last night, and suffered more with the cold than I have at all

before. The white appearance of the mountains indicating that snow had fallen on them presented an appearance of coldness. We were reminded of the White Mts. of our own New England. As we looked around this morning, there appeared to be quite a number of houses scattered near the station, some of them looking well, though perhaps I might remark "tis distance lends enchantment to the view"; a sentiment true in regard to many houses in Virginia. Took camp, and pitched tents again in a pine growth, where the rebels had commenced their winter quarters. Found a Sabre, my first trophy. Very cold today. Have a bad cold, and besides am troubled somewhat with the diarrhea. Hope to be better soon.

On picket, in front of John  
Minor Bolt's house, near Brandy Sta-  
tion, Wednesday, Nov. 11.

Came out here on picket  
this forenoon. About 100 under  
Capt. Perry and Lieuts. Bartels &  
Noyes were detailed from our regt.  
Our post is about 30 rods in front  
of Hon. J. M. Bolt's residence. As soon  
as we reached it, curiosity drew me  
up to the house. It is a fine-looking  
mansion, the best with one exception,  
that I have seen in Virginia. It is  
built of wood, is two stories high, painted  
white, with green blinds, verandah and  
piazzas extending across the front end,  
between the eaves and supported by  
four pillars. In the rear are small  
houses for slaves, a blacksmith shop,  
cabinet shop too, I believe, and a car-

riage house. The yard looked neg-  
lected, as it must be under the present  
circumstances. I saw one or two ladies  
within. One at a window, neatly dressed,  
intelligent-looking, but appearing sad  
and sorrowful. Across the township  
are barns, granary, straw-stacks &c.

Saw one old white-headed negroe, nigh  
on to a hundred he reckoned. Saw another  
slave, with straight black hair, dark-  
complexioned, resembling the Caucasians  
more than the Negro race, whom I did  
not take to be a slave. He gave me  
some information about the plantation.  
Said Bolt purchased it about a year  
ago for \$104,000. It contains 2000 acres.  
Mr. B. has quite a stock of sheep, horses  
and cattle, though the rebels took  
much of it, he being a staunch Union  
man. Saw him today. He is quite a  
fine looking gentleman of about sixty.

of medium height, and somewhat portly. Water good and convenient at the pump, rails plenty, though we are not allowed to use them. The slave John furnished me my first hoe-cake steaming hot from the hoe. Its ingredients, corn-meal, water and salt. Windy and cold today.

On picket, Thursday, Nov. 12.

John furnished me with a canteen of milk and another hoe-cake this morning. As I received them from him at the corner of the straw-stacks I could but think of what I have heard and read about tampering with slaves. Even driven like hogs. Rode and guided by a chain. Peculiar names, Tom, Logan, Jim, and Jack. Picket line moved. We went a round about way of two or three miles to get three quarters of a mile from our line. Are now on the reserve

encamped in the woods, half or three quarters of a mile in the rear of Bolt's house. Fine day, though windy during the forenoon.

In camp near Brandy Station,  
Friday, Nov. 13.

Breakfast at Mr. Woods' this morning. The first time I have sat down in a house to a meal since I left Fortton. Paid 50 cts. for a breakfast of beef, corn-cake and butter, coffee and milk. Got two-cake of slarkey. He was free. His wife a slave. The negroes prefer to be free, but them seem very well contented with their condition. To them ignorance is bliss. Came into camp about noon. Letter from Ellen & Prescott did me good. Skirmished this afternoon. Found lice one third the size of a kernel of rice. How they mob fashionable, I should not say a word about the animals.



lice on clothes, and worms in bread  
will answer to go together. This eve-  
ning went up and had a long talk  
with the Dr. Warm day this.

Capt. Matlocks with a detail of a-  
bout fifty men from this regiment has  
gone to Warrenton Junction to escort the  
Paymaster here. While on picket some  
of our men were detailed to help put  
up J. M. Bolls' fence destroyed by the  
rebels.

Camp De Trobriand, Saturday Nov. 14.

Enjoyed a thorough ablution  
this morning though cold. This af-  
ternoon on fatigue duty. It grieved  
me more than any thing I have  
had to do since I came into the  
army. I hardly regard it as my  
place to lug dirt and perform a  
menial servid. But Uncle Sam's

boys must work, so I have to go in  
when it comes my turn. Order on  
dress parade read naming this  
camp De Trobriand in honor of the  
brave and daring Col. command-  
ing the 2<sup>d</sup> or "Iron Brigade". Com-  
plimentary orders read, in which  
the Col. commanding the 2<sup>d</sup> brigade,  
De Trobriand, was honorably mentioned.  
Articles and prisoners taken at  
Rappahannock Station, and Kelly's  
Ford last Saturday as follows; viz:  
At the former 2 redoubts, 4 cannon  
8 stands of arms, 2000 small arms,  
1600 prisoners, and one bridge chain  
and at the latter 400 prisoners.  
Showery this afternoon. This evening  
quite a heavy shower, with heavy  
peals of thunder, and vivid flashes  
of lightning. No mail tonight  
on account of the shower. I suppose

Camp De Trobriand, Sunday, Nov. 15.

Enjoyed a good night's rest. Did not get wet. Heavy cannonading heard in front this morning. Very rainy. Details for guard. Blearing up. I had to be at the "cock". Permitted to write in Stewart's tent. The day seemed nothing like the Sabbath. Had no home to myself in my tent, hardly any chance for meditation, and, if I did, my thoughts would wander from subject to subject occupying little time on any particular one. Pay master here today. Our Co. not paid off on account of some mistake or mismanagement of officers. Letters this morning containing stamps which I disposed of as though it was not Sunday. Think little or nothing of transacting business on the Sabbath so much it is the all other days. Overcast much of the

day. Under orders not to leave camp only to get water.

Camp De Trobriand, Monday, Nov. 16.

No rain during the night so I got along without getting wet. The horse of the night dragged their weary length along, while I thought of home, and the happiness enjoyed in those northern households, in comparison with the hardships that we endure in this southern climate. For them we endure these and more, not, neither complain, for we entered the service voluntarily, and expect, and are willing to suffer. Somehow I enjoy this life. There is much of romantic interest connected therewith that pleases me - a picturesque in the scenes through which we pass that is oftentimes delightful. We read of patriarchs, prophets, shepherds, dwelling in tents in the olden time - of Bedouins wandering over the desert

pitching their tents - of the Aborigines of this country dwelling in wigwams and wandering from place to place - and picture to ourselves these scenes. Not less romantic is the soldier's life. When he rises he knows not where he shall lay his head at night, or when he lies down he is uncertain at what hour he will be called to leave his home, to

"Fold his tent like the Arab,

And quietly steal away."

He may be called to advance against the enemy, to retreat before an overwhelming host, to suffer, and perchance to die. He may lie down in the open air with the canopy of Heaven as his "shell", in wet or cold, or may rest in the "forest prison" beneath pines whose branches are covered with mosses, or oak whose

sturdy branches have withstood the storms of many winters and gained strength thereby. But when encamped in so beautiful a grove as this, in so delightful weather, it is a charming sight to look in upon the scene. Regular streets, comfortable quarters, nestling as it were beneath the shade of towering trees - all activity, all life, by day, - by night, camp fires burning brightly, lighting up the forest, and casting various shadows through the woods. All these have an air of romance, and brighter the gloomier pictures that may be drawn when in more sorrowful moods.

On guard till one. Review this forenoon. Overcast somewhat today. Letter and paper tonight. Louisa has lost her brother Horace. He died of diphtheria. With her I mourn with her 2 sympathise, know

ing what it is to lose a near friend.  
Of that dear sister I am reminded by  
letters from friends of the home circle.  
Ellen and George both speak of the ap-  
proaching Thanksgiving, and the last  
one our family spent together two years  
ago. Last year George was away - this year  
he and I will not be there. But we  
shall be remembered, and a prayer  
will ascend to God's throne in our be-  
half. And shall we forget our home  
that day? God forbid! Rather let us  
think of that loved circle, and pray  
that every member of it may become a  
child of God, that, we an unbroken  
family, a golden circle, may dwell  
with God forever.

Called to see Lieut. Richards  
this evening at his request. Temple  
paid me the second five dollars he  
owed me. Spoke with him and the Dr.

Camp DeRobland, Tuesday Nov. 17.

Engaged in writing today. Had  
a call from Dr. H. and Lieut Stevens.  
A pleasant chat. Also a call from  
Chaplain Adams of the Maine 5<sup>th</sup>.  
Wish we could have a Chaplain like  
him. Understand we are to have a  
Unitarian Chaplain. - Mr. A. informs  
me that I have been appointed Sergeant  
today. Somehow I don't want a Ser-  
geant's position at present, and then  
again I do. However I take what is  
given me. If I am appointed, it is  
unknown to me only as I learn it  
from Mr. A. "Time will tell" as our  
old friend Rives used to say.

Received my Sergeant's warrant  
tonight from the hand of Lieut. Richards,  
after hearing it announced on dress  
parade that I was appointed. My  
warrant dates from Nov. 1, 1862.

The old men do not like it, nor can I blame them, but they ought not to find fault with me, for I am not to blame for receiving any appointment bettering my condition, provided I can perform the duty that must necessarily come with it. Had chance to express myself to Sergeant Hobbs, since which I have felt better. Shall endeavor to do my duty in every respect, and ask not whether it is popular with the boys or not.

The sun rose bright and clear this morning, and shortly after passed into a cloud - at home a sure sign of rain. It rained a very little about sunrise, since which it has been changeable weather, now fair, now overcast and cloudy. - Hope to keep above the envy manifested by ignorances.

Camp De Trobriand, Wednesday, 18th.

Beautiful day this. Warm and summer-like. Finished letter to Butler today. My position gives me a little spare time. Performed my first duty as left guide. Got along with a few mistakes. The boys yet talk about my promotion. Let them blow, I pay no attention to them. Some of those that talk the most are my inferiors and I know it. One corporal in particular says too much altogether. We should remember that I am above him. Felt somewhat pleased last night to have the Dr. ask me for a paragraph of my letter printed in the "Union", relating to an order of the Colonel's. He asked at the Col's request. - Any quantity of care at the Station today. The noise of the hoarse-sounding whistle was curious.

Camp De Trobriand, Thursday, Nov. 19.

Skirmish drill this morning, and battalion drill (skirmish) this afternoon. Call from Dr. Manson today. Noble came up for a few hours. The first of the company to congratulate me on my promotion. Firing heard just now, 7 o'clock P.M.

Rumors of a move. Fine day this again. Lovely evening. The moon shines brightly, the air is mild, and everything is pleasant in this beautiful camp among the pines.

Long walk and conversation with the  
Camp De Trobriand, Friday, Nov. 20.

Brigade inspection and drill. Fine day. Very pleasant and warm. This evening it is somewhat overcast. Soft breeze tonight.

Camp De Trobriand, Saturday, Nov. 21.

Fixed up tent. Commenced to rain early in the forenoon, and continued nearly all day. Wrote all I could. Noble returned. Glad to have him back.

Camp De Trobriand, Sunday, Nov. 22.

Very fine day, it having cleared off in the night. Sergiants of the Guard for the first time. Made several blunders, but got through well upon the whole. Wrote Ellen who returns home this week. Letters from home and Ed Smith. Papers also. Most beautiful moon-light evening, calm, pleasant, delightful. Such a Sabbath evening at home would be holy, but here it seems un-holy.

Elmira's birth-day. Thought of it this morning. Still desiring to remain a soldier in this grand army, I think of home, and would joyfully meet the loved circle this week at Thanksgiving around the family board.

Monday Nov. 23. Camp De Trobriand.

Last night our brave and respected Brigade Commander, Col. De Trobriand reported, "relieved of his command." This is much to me sorrow, for he was a fine military man. Busy around camp. Suttler camp up. Six apples eaten. Fine day though somewhat chilly. Our friend the Steward, Colman, mustered as Asst. Surgeon today. His commission came last week. A worthy young man meriting the promotion so long due him.

Camp De Trobriand, Tuesday Nov. 24

Recalls about four to give us time to get ready to move at several according to orders. Orders countermanded for 48 hours on account of rain and mud, & pressure. Writing letters, and doing everything in general. Good time at the fire tonight. Sumowad to drink. Rev. Mr. Southworth of Paris visited the Regt. today. It gave me pleasure to visit and converse with him a short time. Many conjectures as regards to where we are going. Some say to the front across the Rapidan. Others that ours is a flank movement towards Fredericksburg. But none know except those in command & I saw say. Was perfectly ready to go this morning though did not like the rain. It cleared off before noon, but was somewhat cloudy

Camp St. Robert Wednesday 1825

Bright and fine but cool today.  
Lays seems doing little or nothing  
not very well.

In the Rapidan near German  
or Germania Ford Thursday, Nov. 26  
Germania Court 3

sick during the night and  
but soon much with the camp  
picked up this morning and had  
buried in the lumber and. The  
whole army commenced to move  
As we rode along over rough places  
through woods in mud and  
everywhere except on pleasant  
places it was anything but a  
pleasure. It was cold, the days  
was far from accommodating, and  
I was sick enough to get up

all the horses and carriages must  
be in motion along the ground  
and next night giving me a new  
kind of military movement. Some  
times we would go up to the hubs  
in mud and then over rough  
places passing me three inches or  
more from my seat. It was very  
jerk. I thought of my home  
and a strange one it was. My  
bed was a little better, just  
the best luck and from pills I  
had no thought to that and  
could at home and their situation  
though I would like to be with them  
at home and home and to learn  
of the army for the sake  
of my health. My prayer was  
that I should see my dear  
family and my dear health and  
safety. Cold clear and a really  
but in weather; Rode 8 or 10 miles



Democrat near Harrison Springs (?)  
Sunday, Nov. 27. On battle field.

The Ambulances of the 2<sup>d</sup> Brigade  
having been ordered to the front  
some of us had to foot it. I left  
our ungenerous, ungentlemanly  
and ungodly driver with pleasure  
for I preferred walking to riding  
with him. My companion, Gray,  
of Co. F and I bivouacked in the  
edge of a piece of woods. Slept  
very comfortably. For one I cannot  
understand why the sick are sent  
out of the ambulances every night.  
If there is any place for comfort,  
it seems to me they ought to have it.  
Drivers and waiters ought to look  
out for the comfort of all under  
their charge but they are sadly  
negligent. This will account

for my leaving our driver with  
pleasure. I crossed the Rapidan  
on the Pontoons, walking slowly up  
over a very steep hill. My legs  
were weak, but I wanted to be  
with my company - the proper  
place for every soldier. This hill  
commanded the opposite side  
of the river, and had the rebels been  
posted there we could not have  
crossed. A short distance from  
the river, and parallel with it, ex-  
tended a long range of rifle pits.  
I walked along the plank road un-  
til I reached the road turning towards  
the right. All the forenoon I moved  
slowly along resting whenever I felt  
like it. One of my companions, a  
New Yorker, was in no hurry seem-  
ing to dread being with his regiment.  
Near a mill I stopped to converse

with a Southerner. He said they are sick of the war. Their sufferings are great. Provisions are scarce and high. Meal from 28 to 312 per bush. I could not get a thing to eat at his house. About two o'clock I should think caught up with the regiment. I hurried to do so, because they had gone to the front, and firing had been going on there nearly all day. Was the subject of many remarks as I passed through the 6<sup>th</sup> Corps. Our regiment crossed the river at Jacob's or Jacques Mills, above where I crossed.

Resting a few minutes we advanced a short distance and then halted in an open field near a house. Presently orders were given to form in line of battle. We marched into a piece of woods in which

the 3<sup>d</sup> division had engaged the enemy. Drawn up we lay down and waited. "Forward" again, and we lay down once more. Through the thick woods and underbrush whizzed the bullets, back through our line came the wounded, and cowards in front of us rode officers directing the movements, while a continual sound of musketry was heard coming from both lines. It sounded to me, comparing large with small things, like the continual noise made by corn when popping good. I was perfectly cool, and not fearful, but as the time approached when we were to go in, my heart beat quick and strong. Capt. Thompson of Co. K remarked to me that it was a time when men ought to pray, if ever. I

told him we needed snow, praying  
men in the army, and to myself  
prayed as is my custom for God's  
protection. Forward once more,  
and we moved to the front, lay  
down, and commenced firing.  
For half an hour, some say an hour,  
we fired away and were then relieved.  
I did not wish to fire until I saw  
the greybacks, but Lieut. Bartels told  
me to keep up a fire and I went  
in, firing however only 17 rounds,  
while others put 30 or 40. I had  
no fear while firing. I was doing my  
duty, and maintained my position.  
Once the rebels came very near  
flanking us on the right, and  
we fell back, but moved forward  
again. Our regiment suffered very  
much especially the right wing.  
Our loss over 50 in killed, wounded

and missing. Capt. Sawyer was mor-  
tally wounded, Lieut. Thorne killed,  
and Lieut. Fred Sawyer wounded.  
My friend Temple was wounded  
in the leg above the knee. Our  
company did well. Only one was  
wounded, Morton. After the  
battle we were exposed to a little  
shelling. One shell burst in near  
that a piece of bark was thrown  
upon me as I lay on my back.  
At dark we moved from the  
woods into a cornfield, kindled  
up fire and cooked our coffee.  
Felt very well, though fatigued.  
The battle was on the farm of  
Harrison Paine, or Payne, and  
is called the battle of Orange or  
Locust Grove. Both names  
have been given. Very fair and  
beautiful day this.

Prismac in the Wilderness, Sat-  
urday Nov. 28 -

Our loss was severe yesterday,  
but I think we had the better of  
the enemy for we occupied the  
battle ground.

Slept comfortably on rails last  
night. Without this soft mud  
would have been easy.

Left early this morning, came  
into the pin field near the river  
and then hastened away. We  
came the double quick a long  
distance through the bushes  
at the side of the road in com-  
pany with our battery. It was a  
hard march but was done up in  
shape. Going up a hill I fell  
flat, but hurt me only a little.  
Relieved a regiment of the 3<sup>d</sup> division

an officer of which called me to be  
a 'cuss', meaning that he was an  
officer of the night stamp. Rained  
hard part of the forenoon and af-  
ternoon. Mud enough. Slept much  
of the time today but tonight  
am feeling better. Marched six  
or eight miles today.

Prismac in the Wilderness  
Sunday Nov. 29.

Changed position this morning  
and halted near a narrow run in  
front of the enemy's works. Ration  
died out. Prospect of having half  
rations. Very cold today. One little  
incident occurred today. A soldier  
dropped some wasted corn near the  
run which I picked up and eat  
with pleasure and eagerness so much  
do I relish a change. Wrote a

letter to father today. A change expected but it did not occur. Was very much afraid that our folks would commence the attack and get defeated.

Bivouac in the open field.  
Monday Nov. 30

Changed position this morning and drew up behind a hill in support of batteries posted on top. About eight cannonading commenced but a few guns only were fired. One shell past very near the fire around which we were seated. It made some scattering. Gen. Hunt and French were along the line and surveyed the enemy's position. They occupied it, the rebels, a range of hills extending in an arc of a circle

for a long distance, some mile and a half in front of us. We might have charged across the plain and across, and taken the rifle pits and redoubts but it would have been done at a great sacrifice of life. Priest wants to move up on the hill. Rains brought very cold and windy, as we sat in the open field and waited for orders to move to fight, to make ourselves as comfortable as possible.

Bivouac in the woods.  
Tuesday Dec. 1.

Moved into the woods early this morning. Good fine part of the day. Roast meat relished well today. Civilized people would have been surprised to have seen us eat. Rebels distinctly seen today. Cold and winter-like but fair.

Two incidents today. A little flour  
left at the foot of a tree by the rebels  
was eagerly scraped up by me. A  
cabbage leaf was relished. Not because  
I was hungry but a change is ex-  
ceedingly desirable.

Bivouac in the woods near  
House in open field, Wednesday Dec. 2.

Last night about 8 o'clock  
left our bivouac, and "hurried". Our  
force had been going to the rear all  
day, and we were left as rear guard.  
Coming into an open field we were  
obliged to halt an hour in the cold  
much to our discomfort. Snow  
burnt. After moving through the  
woods we came to a good hard road  
upon which we double quicked it  
our best. I was not able to run  
and consequently I took my time

The moon shone brightly, the  
road was excellent, and in retreat  
no time could be lost. All night  
we travelled scarcely resting. As we  
passed one or two corps inquiries  
were made who we were, and  
very opportunely one of our boys said  
"Briney's Cavalry". We do in fact  
travel like cavalry, though not  
mounted. For the most part the  
road was plank, built at great  
expense. I should think I got thru  
through the woods and one half  
was hard soil, the other fine plank.  
One little corner we passed called  
variously, The Stockhouse, Parker's store  
and Parker's corner. We thought  
our destiny was Frederickburg and  
we gladly hurried along. But our  
hopes were blasted, as we filed  
to the left, and then filed again

in the same direction. But we were only making for Gruljoppu Mine or Ely's Ford, at which we crossed the Rapidan just before sunrise this morning, and a very looking set we were - very looking because tired, having travelled very nearly 20 miles. Some of our men fell asleep marching. We scarcely had a rest during the night. As we halted near the house burnt, I looked up to the clear sky above with its myriads of bright shining stars, I could but think how different the scenes in Heaven and on Earth. The one all peace, and joy, looking down upon the other all toil and strife, bloodshed and death. Slept a short time after breakfast then moved a few rods and halted and got dinner. Cannonading at

a distance. About three marched again, and came out near the house where the Ambulance stopped at five the day I rode in one. Proceeding beyond it we were passed by a lot of scotch prisoners, and then were allowed rest in the woods as soon to get supper. After which we had privilege to lie down and rest 3 hours. Did so, but was so cold that I had to get up to warm myself. Marched some 5 or 6 miles. Very fine day this. Out of the Wilderness very opportune this morning.  
Camp De Robiano, Thursday  
December 3.

Left the woods about 12 last night, and travelled into camp. Part of the road was excellent, but the last portion was muddy. We came a round about way making the

distance home 10 or 12 miles which I regarded not more than 8. Some times the mud was 6, 8 or 10 in deep, and for a long distance through the woods in the dark we had to get through it. I believe I never longed so much for daylight to appear, as I did this morning before reaching Brandy Station. Approaching the Camp the Beacon light near the Commissary's tent on the hill sent out a cheering light, and seemed to welcome us home again. How joyfully we came to our old quarters, just as though returning home. But a different appearance we presented, coming straggling in one by one, tired, and dirty, wearied and sore. One would hardly have supposed

we were the same men that left this camp so hale and strong one short week ago. And as I went around the woods I could but thank God that He had so strengthened me, and given me life and health. The day was spent in cleaning up, skinning, and in having an inspection. Rations dealt out. Many were short on it for hard lack on the march. I had a great plenty, and gave some away. Very fine day this again.

Camp De Robians Friday  
Dec. 4.

Last night pack up saved about nine, and we were kept up till 12, when the order to move was countermanded.



Sergeant of the guard again today. Six letters and five papers received. Our first mail since leaving this camp. Cool today.

Bermac near Camp De Indian

Saturday Dec 5

But little sleep last night. My fourth night without rest full and refreshing. First brigade occupied our camp before we left. Had quite a dispute over the timber and tent stuff. Before the matter was fairly settled we were put under marching orders. Joined the reg't after a skirmish. The recent march made me as lonely as possible. Escaped seeing a 3<sup>d</sup> Maine deserter shot yesterday by being on guard. Somewhat overcast today.

In Camp Sunday Dec. 6

Tied up tent this morning. Inspection this afternoon. Fine day but cool.

Monday Dec. 7.

Today given us to fire up in. Did mend ing much of the day. Box from home. Things came well with the exception of the apples. Some of them spoiled. I distributed many "doughnuts" and cookies among the boys. Had one good meal. No one at home has any idea how much home made food gratifies the hungry soldier. The very idea that my box of "goodies" came from loved ones at home give me great pleasure, and fills my heart with gladness. The Dr's box came too, and so my long looked for boots have come. The boys pronounce them and my dried apples tip-top. The boots beat anything of the kind I have seen. Fair day.

Tuesday Dec. 8.

Another day for firing up. Excellent plan. Pleasant days but cool nights.

Met our Chaplain Rev. Mr. Loring  
last night. Also this morning. Am  
glad he has come, for we need  
some spiritual instructor, and  
adviser. Hope he will stand it,  
and be of much service here.

Wednesday, Dec. 9.

Drill this forenoon. Alone today  
Mollikaw and Noble on picket. Sleepy  
today, on account of change of diet.  
Very windy this afternoon. Cool also  
and uncomfortable without any fire  
wood as it is it is quite muddy. My  
journal is up the first time since we  
broke camp previous to our "fall campaign".

Thursday, Dec. 10.

Usual duties around camp.  
Cold, clear, pleasant day.

Friday, Dec. 11.

No drill. Have been sleepy  
and lazy. Written to George.

Overcast, rainy, cold today. Very  
uncomfortable most of the time.

Saturday, Dec. 12.

Very fair this morning, but  
at an early hour it clouded up  
and commenced raining. Rained  
hard part of the time. Noble &  
I went on a "wild geese chase"  
after boards. Felt sleepy and  
drowsy all the afternoon &  
evening. Wrote to Ellen.

Sunday, Dec. 13.

Anniversary of fight at Fred-  
ericksburg. Rain came through  
our shelter, and wet us consid-  
erably during the night. One  
of the pleasures of camp life.  
Overcast this morning. Rainbow.  
Thunder also. Hear how of prom-  
ise, and his voice of threatening,  
on his holy Sabbath day. P. 11

should teach us to love and reverence Him - the one, because it is a bow of promise, a faithful pledge, a sure token, a sign from God that this world shall never be deluged again - the other, because it shows his power, and reveals to us somewhat the noise that accompanied the giving of the Commandments amid the thunderings of Sinai. -

Wrote to Elmira this forenoon. Inspection at one. This Sabbath inspections are very much out of place, it seems to me, and can easily be avoided, by being omitted. Divine services for the first time since I joined the regt. Mr. Lovering made a very few appropriate remarks on a verse in Exodus, exhorting us all to

be faithful soldiers of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. As he read selections from the Scriptures, prayer, and spoke feelings of a peculiar nature came over me. I could scarcely refrain from tears. Why it was I can hardly determine in my own mind, unless it was the power of association that carried me back to those days a few months ago, when the voice of one of God's servants fell pleasantly on my listening ear. I could not desire to be at home, but there was a "melancholy pleasure" akin to homesickness, to my pen few indescribable. I think our Chaplain is a fine man, and, if his health will permit, will do us much good. We need a Christian's in-

fluence and example - his words  
of exhortation and prayer. - Very  
warm during the afternoon. An  
dress-parade in frock-coats.  
An uncommon day for this sea-  
son of the year. Long call at  
the Drs. this evening. Hor puts  
in an application for leave of  
absence according to order read  
tonight.

{ Winter Quarters }  
Monday, Dec. 14.

It rained again during the  
night, wetting us a little. A  
most splendid rainbow this  
morning, - a complete arch  
with all, or the primary colors,  
very clear and distinct. Quite  
a high wind and a little rain.  
Cooked beef this forenoon. This  
afternoon commenced our tent  
for winter. I go in with the

other sergants. Very warm today.  
A summer day, beautiful, clear,  
charming. - Let dress-parade  
order read from Hd. Quarters of  
the Army of the Potomac,  
that no business unless ab-  
solutely necessary is to be trans-  
acted on Sunday. An excellent  
order, and well worthy the praise  
of all good men. God bless Genl  
Meade! May this be an  
Army of the Lord, - then we  
can go on to victory. It  
came up cool this evening,  
and at this hour, 8 1/2 o'clock,  
the wind is blowing chilly,  
and winter-like. Our cold  
evenings of Autumn in our  
own Northern home are very  
similar to this December  
evening in Va. -

Tuesday, Dec. 15.

Worked on our tent today. Got the body up. Very fine day.

Wednesday, Dec. 16.

Continued to work on our tent. Got it so as to move in to it tonight. Purchased boards of Mr. Woods. Cold and chilly foreboding storm. Medicine of the Ev. last night and this morning operated well.

Thursday, Dec. 17

Rained during the night. Water run into our tent considerably. Fixed up our things as best we could. Wrote to Louisa. This evening while writing it blew and rained hard, but did not wet at. It has been rainy and overcast all day. Had prayer as usual

last night before retiring. My tent mates are irreligious and profane, but express no opposition to my having prayer in the tent. It was a cross, but I took it up, and trust new strength has been given me. May my way of duty ever be clear, and may I have power to follow as I am guided by God's spirit.

Friday, Dec. 18.

Rain last night troubled us not. Made preparations for inspection at 2 1/2 o'clock today. Overcast today. A very beautiful sunset tonight. Ancient or Modern Painters can in no way equal the splendor of Nature's beauty when she adorns herself in her most brilliant, and I attract eye colors. Not much accom-

plished today. Tent no nearer  
done than in the morning. Dirty,  
and loosey, too, as one needs expect  
such weather as this. Mud plenty.  
Luisillas reported to have torn up  
several miles of railroad, and  
burnt a bridge last night or today.

Saturday, Dec. 19.

Went over to Mr. Wood's this morn-  
ing and purchased a dollar's worth  
of boards for our bunks. Made  
them, and arranged our tent  
somewhat. Sergeant Kobbs  
learned of his appointment as  
2<sup>d</sup> Lieut. in Co. H, today. He  
was taken by surprise. He is a  
good Sergeant, and I hope will  
prove an efficient officer. Saw  
but very cold today.

Sunday, Dec. 20.

Inspection. The Cd. told me

my gun ought to be burnished,  
the spots of rust show plainly.  
I do not like to be spoken to  
so, but I guess his remark will  
be for my interest. My success  
depends somewhat on the way  
I take care of my gun, equip-  
ments, clothes &c. Yesterday  
Capt. Mallocks learned of his  
appointment as Major Capt.  
Robson is thus placed in a  
quicker position, since he ranks  
Capt. M. as Capt., and was a  
strong one in favor of having  
Major West appointed Colonel.  
Cold night last night, and  
we have had a cold day of it  
today. The wind blows fresh  
and raw, and strikes through  
our clothing, as we go out into  
it. A winter day.

No services today on account of the cold. Helped Lieut. Richards make out pay roll. He deemed it very necessary and so I could not refuse. He is desirous of making same next pay day.

Monday, Dec. 21.

George's birth-day. Twenty-two. Have thought of him several times during the day. On brigade guard. Had nothing special to do, but remain near the guard house in the cold. This evening called on the Dr. and the Major. Had some pop-corn. A long talk with Maj. M. Overcast and cold all day. Enough to freeze a fellow almost, to wash in the cold brook. The Moon came out bright tonight and we had a beautiful cool evening. Sergeant Warner

left here this morning for home on a furlough of fifteen days. No letters tonight. Wonder why somebody doesn't write.

Tuesday, Dec. 22.

Cleaned my mustet this forenoon. Took it all apart for the first time. It was a job. Wrote to Prescott & received a letter from him while writing. Hobbs received his Commission tonight. Quite pleasant this morning, but overcast this afternoon. There are appearances of rain or snow. This evening had quite a talk with Sergeant Hobbs and Corporal Charles on promotion. We have spoken freely on my receiving my Sergeant's warrant when I knew but little military, or was ignorant, comparatively. They blame me not, but think the Col. does not go according to merit.

Many of the 5<sup>th</sup> & 8<sup>th</sup> Mich. boys have  
re-enlisted, and also of the 40<sup>th</sup> N.Y.,  
and are going home. There is some  
sajiring tonight among them. Col.  
Egan, or Eagin, our Brigade Com-  
mander, goes with them to N.Y.  
Brigade's flag raised last night. It  
floats gaily in the fresh cool  
breeze.

Wednesday, Dec. 23.

Snowing slightly this morning  
when we arose. Washed my clothes  
and loiled them today. Grand  
review by Gen. Meade. The Gen.  
rode a dark bay, and was ac-  
companied by a large body guard.  
He is a fine looking Gen. having  
the appearance of a man of  
foultought and military skill.  
He looks more like a Gen. than any  
one I have yet seen. He wore

spectacles, his hair and whiskers  
were somewhat gray, his coun-  
tenance was stern, yrt indicating  
that care and anxiety were wearing  
upon him. He was not richly  
dressed, nor was his horse cap-  
arisoned in better style than some  
horses rode by members of his staff.  
Called on the Dr. this evening. Wrote  
two letters. It cleared off this  
forenoon and the rest of the day  
was fine and beautiful, but some-  
what cool.

Thursday, Dec. 24.

Washed and fixed up as at home  
sometimes. Wrote to Ed. Smith. Visited  
S. Maine to see Dr. Colman.  
Wrote Miss Lister acknowledging  
the receipt of her present - night  
cap. Fair and cold. Most splendid  
moonlight evening.



Friday, Dec. 25.

Today is Christmas, the anniversary of the advent of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The day has seemed more like the Sabbath than any day I have spent in the army. Of course work has been done, but we have had no inspections or review, and divine services have been held. This morning Hobbs and I went over to Belle's woods, from which the guard has been taken, and "backed" some wood into camp. At dinner time our mail, due at night, came in, and I received a letter from Miss Godding containing a Christmas present in shape of a Photograph of Mr. Larnabee of Gardiner. It was kind

and thoughtful in Miss G. to send that letter with the expectation that it would reach me on Christmas. Such acts or deeds of kindness render our friends dearer to us than costly gifts, or gold. It afforded me much pleasure to think of the contents of the letter, and to know that friends in the North were thinking of us, soldiers, in the field. How many prayers ascend today in our behalf from the loving and loyal hearts of our many dear friends in our northern homes as they bow with reverence around the family altars consecrated to our God and Father!! And shall we forget to pray for them and ask God's blessing to rest upon all they do? From the front

necessaries of our heart: our fervent  
prayers ascend to God that all  
of them may be blessed, and  
especially, that his spirit may  
be present and abide with them.  
Divine services at two. Rev. Mr.  
Loring addressed us, calling  
our attention to the 2<sup>d</sup> chap. of  
Luke, 11<sup>th</sup> verse. The importance  
of certain days in man's life re-  
marked about. Long existence of  
great principles referred to. Custom  
of the Druids related. Warm fire.  
Exhortations to us to kindle new  
fires on our heart's altars this  
day. A very appropriate exhorta-  
tion. Mr. L. is a very good speak-  
er, and thus far has showed  
our admirable frater in his  
discourses. They are brief and  
pointed. No unnecessary words

are used. We admire such dis-  
courses when we have to stand  
in the open air and listen to  
them. It is a treat to hear  
a good man utter words of truth  
and wisdom so seldom have we  
heard them during the past  
three months. Dress parade  
at which Maj. Matlocks first  
made his appearance in place  
of our Col. Perhaps more correctly  
I should say he first appeared at  
divine services, for then he had  
command of the regiment. Our  
Col. is Corps officer of the day  
I believe. Visited Dr. Colman  
at the 3<sup>d</sup> Maine, and enjoyed  
a happy Christmas Eve with  
him. Called on Dr. Herons.  
Eat two pies at Chaplin's. Fine  
and pleasant this morning. Overcast this P.M.

Col. West was division officer of the day instead of Corps officer. Had quite a time with an ebriated man on horseback, who had lost his way. He offered me some whiskey. Took none, of course.

Saturday, Dec. 26

Fair today. Overcast this afternoon. Sprinkling a little this evening. Finished my letter to Miss G. Call from Morrill. Called on Dr. H. and found him quite sick. My usual evening meal, pie, eaten at Choplin's. Better than usual.

Picket Reserve Sunday, Dec. 27.

This morning made preparations for inspection, but just before got fully ready it commenced to rain, and then I was among the detailed to perform picket duty. Re-inspection of my visiting list.

W. W. Morrill at Rappahannock Station was up. There were 150 of our regt sent out this morning. We had a wet, muddy time walking in the rain. We halted in a piece of woods near a brick house in our right. After resting several minutes we put along. Passed Mr. Rivison Rixey's house on the left, and in the woods beyond a brick church where we saw our Cavalry on our retreat from Culpeper Oct. 11. Here one of the Zouaves was waiting to escort us to the picket line, as our right was to relieve the Sharpshooters on the left of the Zouaves. Passed the house, in front of which we halted just before drawing up in line of battle in the open field. About half past one reached our first post, having been three hours on the road and travelled 6 or 7 long hard miles.

Serg. Hoobbs, acting Lieut. and my-  
self fortunate enough to get on the  
reserve, immediately in the rear of  
the second post on the right. Lieut.  
Green & Graffam had to go farther  
along. Our line extends in a crook-  
ed, zigzag direction between the pits  
called "Mud pits", leading to El Do-  
rado, and the Sperryville pits lead-  
ing from Culppeper past our old camp  
at Culppeper, full three miles, ac-  
cording to all accounts. On this  
line we have 13 posts, so that  
our boys on the left have a long  
distance beyond the reserve to go.  
Found good fire and plenty of wood.  
They were needed to dry our wet clothes.  
We shortly made quarters to keep us  
from the rain somewhat. There were  
23 of us in all on the reserve. It rained  
all day. A wet time for outdoor  
work.

Picket Reserve. Monday, Dec. 28.

Slept part of the night well, but  
had to visit the fires often. Occa-  
sionally the rain dripped down upon  
my head while lying in our  
bank of poles under our rubbers.  
Kept one relief of six up all night.  
Some preferred to sit up by the fires  
to lying down in wet clothes. Rain-  
ing hard "by spells", all the forenoon.  
It cleared up somewhat after dinner,  
and I went out scouting. Called  
at Mr. Bolen's. Found him a smooth  
union man - too ready to favor our  
soldiers, and agree with us. Agreed  
to furnish me some supper. Called on  
to Mr. Thomas's. It was his  
house in front of which we drew  
up in line of battle, Oct. 11. Secured  
a good dinner for 50 cts. Boiled cabbage  
and pork, roast chick, corn cake, butter,  
pickles, cucumbers and onions, and molasses.

Such a dinner here is well worth all it costs. Found Mrs. L. an out and out Southerner. Mr. S. joins the Confederacy, but pretends to be Union. He is under age, but exempt for some reason. Saw a young negro, the mother of three children, one of which was a pretty curly-headed, white, American-featured girl of four or five yrs. of age. The influence is obvious. The too common practice of selling persons of white and negro descent into slavery is abominable and renders the accursed traffic one of the most barbarous of the age. The "ye sah" of one darky disabled me of the thought that he was a guard. As I was returning called at Mr. B's and got the coffee prepared for me. Eat a little beef, soft bread, and black-berry preserve. Something uncommon in me to eat two meals at once, and one

immediately after the other. Ordered to hold the picket-line at all hazards. No Cavalry in front, so it is reported. Clear sky along the northern horizon just as night.

Picket Reserve, Tuesday, Dec. 29.

It cleared up this forenoon, and was very pleasant. Went up the line this forenoon. Found the posts very far apart, and the line crooked enough to be military. Purchased 8 eggs at the Adams House for 25 cts. Tom's fried made me a good meal on my return to the reserve. Just as dark, returned to the Adams House and got supper. Cabbage, corn, pork, corn-cake, hard-bread, parsnips, butter and coffee. Found the family "sacsh". The old man, the terrier, is naturally despondent, and seems somewhat melancholy. He is a sincere man - a Christian, but deluded. He asked the blessing before we sat down

the only blessing I have heard (or believe)  
asked since I left my own dear  
home. We agreed in this that, differ  
as we might in regard to other things,  
we must be united in regard to our  
belief in God. The "Hard Shells" pre-  
dominate in this section. Other socie-  
ties are found, viz. Baptists, Presbyte-  
rians, Episcopalians &c. Sulpisier  
Co. numbered from 6 to 7 thousand  
inhabitants, previous to the war.  
At his house, he formerly had about  
30 paupers, but now he has only  
14 - His daughter is deceit all  
over. Thinks every man will fight  
till he is dead. She is willing to  
suffer. Found it dark to pick my  
way back to my quarters. French  
cavalry reported in front today. Our  
Cavalry moved out the turnpikes yes-  
terday. A very beautiful and spring  
like day this.

In Camp, Wednesday, Dec. 30.  
Did not turn in till after twelve  
last night. Slept well. Cleaned up  
somewhat before breakfast though  
had cleaned up my gun before. Af-  
ter breakfast gave away what hard-  
tack I had left. Many of our boys  
got out of actions yesterday. Mine  
lasted well. Relieved at half past  
twelve. Corporal Long and I  
came in together. Called at Mr  
Roben's, but got no cabbage - two  
S. Shortes getting ahead of us. Rest-  
ed at Widow - is beyond the brick  
church. Saw the only young man  
I have seen in the South. All are  
old men that I find at home, the  
young ones having taken up arms.  
This young man pretended to be  
sick - I believe he is a guerilla.  
Saw a negro near Mr. Rivers's place,  
101 was there last Christmas. An

intelligent old darkey. He wishes to live long enough to see all his children, five of which he has, free. His reply to a remark of mine was quite apt, and witty. In conversation I remarked "why not you favor the smut, your massa does?" He and me are two colors. He quickly and aptly replied. During his life he had been used well part of the time but had not always. Sent across by Mrs Bradfords, of whom I have heard so much lately. She is sick. Her husband is a prisoner somewhere North. One of the darkeys said she did not use them well once, but does better now. War will make change in the condition of the negro. God be praised! Saw one regular "hoggin' nigger". Reached camp at four o'clock, having been three hours coming from Mr. Arlenshoe

through the mud. Hungry enough. Two papers and our letter waiting my arrival. Expected none. Don't see why I don't hear from home. - Call from Cousin George Jones, who arrived last night. Had a good chat with him. Glad he has arrived. Called to see the Dr. Found him quite sick. Wrote a little for Lieut. Richards in regard to the movements of our Co. the past two months. One of the most beautiful days for this season I ever saw. Clear, warm, and spring-like - a May-day in December.

Thursday, Dec 31, 1863.

Commenced raining this morning. Have been mustered today. Hope to get some pay shortly so as not to be dependent on others for the wherewithal, with which to buy provisions. Filled up my journal for my absence. Now some till this rainy day M.

Called up to see the sick Surgeon  
this afternoon. Wrote her father for  
him. Writing this evening.

At this closing day of the year  
have thought of other similar days.  
Five years ago I was at home watching  
with my sick sister Fannie in doubt  
and fear and hope. One year ago I  
was teaching at Gardiner. Had just  
recovered from an attack of diphtheria.  
Now in the Army - in danger, per-  
haps. The past has been an event-  
ful year crowded with hope and  
joy, with doubt and fears, with  
vain longings and earnest prayers,  
good resolutions, some broken, perhaps.  
Amid all these I have been blessed,  
and tonight would thank God that  
he has kept me, and given me  
strength for every duty. God be praised  
for all his mercies - They could not  
be numbered.

Friday, January 11th.

Last night after we retired  
heard reports of muskets or cannon  
towards our left. They were heard  
at intervals during the night though  
they did not keep me awake, nor  
give me any apprehension of danger.  
Rumors are various. One is that our  
forces were attacked. Another, that  
some of the boys were celebrating.  
A third, that part of the 6th Corps  
broke camp and moved towards  
the rear. None very satisfactory.  
Fine weather this forenoon. Bachel  
wood alone. Mud deep. Posts come  
up to time. This afternoon sat with  
Dr. H. in his tent to keep him com-  
pany. I think he is sicker than  
he is willing to acknowledge. Weather  
changed to very cold this P. M.  
Went fresh and raw from the  
mountain walk and sat down



This evening exceedingly cold. Our tent hardly comfortable. Our Chimney has smoked strangely to day. Several accidents have happened to our cooking. Amid all these I have not lost my command of myself, and allowed my temper to run away with me. This New Year has opened with favorable conditions, and under very favorable auspices. As we begin our prayer to God is, that he will preserve our life and health, will give us strength for every duty, will influence us by his spirit, and make us devotedly his. We renew our vows to him, we consecrate our life to him and our country. God first - country next - friends next, each in his place. Note to Mr. Palmer. Letter from Mrs. B. informing me of Magg's marriage.

Saturday Jan. 2.

Awful cold this morning. Serg. Hobbs ordered to report as acting Lieut. Co. 16. and consequently I am acting 1<sup>st</sup> Sergeant. First duty made several mistakes. Shall be careful in future. Must have my learning. Things have not gone to suit me - now they do not go to suit others. I cannot seem to change matters nor help these things. Envy is bad. Our Dinner. Yours dinner today. Sweet potatoes Onions, soft-bread, butter, apple-sauce, pork and coffee and a huge dinner it was. Taken at the gentle hour 3. Have remained at home nearly all of the evening. No mail from home or Grover tonight. Cannot understand why they do not write. Cold tonight though the weather has moderated.

Sunday, Jan. 3.

Inspection, divine services, and dress-parade. Mr. Lovveng whorted us to consecrate ourselves to God on this first Sabbath of the year. A fitting season, an excellent opportunity to form new resolutions, and carry them into effect. Made several awful blunders on dress-parade. My officers seem to care nothing about admonishing me, and so I have to act in my ignorance. The boys laugh at me but they hurt me not. I cannot blame them much. The time will come, I hope, when they cannot laugh at my mistakes. A fine day. Clear, and pleasant. A little snow cast tonight. A letter from home had a very good effect on me. My box starts tomorrow.

Monday, Jan. 4.

A fine snow-storm today. About two inches fell. It reminded me of Maine, and the scenes at home during one of our northern winter days. Went out over Bolls' wood yesterday so that we are short on it for fuel. Writing several letters today.

Tuesday, Jan. 5.

Morning duties as usual. Stewed beans, using green pine for fuel. A poor fire. Scorched them a little, much to my dissatisfaction. Had I been in the habit of swearing, terrible words have been the oaths, judging from what others do. Several arrested in Bolls' woods. Made a letter for Dr. Ho. to his father. Made several calls. Fine day. Hobbs moved. No letters. What? Am I forgotten?

Wednesday, Jan. 6.

Slept a little cold last night.

No wood to get without running the risk of being arrested by the guards, or going a long distance. Warren returned this afternoon. Big stories to tell. Her should have been here last night. Was fearful I should have to report him absent without leave. Writing letters today. Very fair day.

Thursday, Jan. 7.

A bitter cold morning. Turned out at six. Experienced the unpleasant sensation of cold, that such weather gives. Rail found. No snow and from Bott's. Warren's last order not yet turned up. Inspections commenced this morning. They are to be daily. Regular military musical calls, not led. Most commands the brigade, and Major Mallock the regiment.

The Dr. about the same as he has been for several days. No letters yet. How much disappointed as the mail arrives and no mail comes for us. Commenced snowing tonight.

Friday, Jan. 8, 1864

A couple of inches of snow fell during the night. A few flakes were falling this morning. At present, 11/2 o'clock, the sun is shining very brightly and it is beautiful out in the clear, invigorating air. Under foot it is uncomfortable, the snow being so cold, like snow generally. Writing a letter during this afternoon, but had so many little things to bother me that I did not finish it. Some came today. None for me. Had Sera Holt's tent this evening. Thought of holding a meeting, but so much disturbance prevented.

This closes four months in  
Uncle Sam's service, and as I  
close this volume, I can but look  
back over the time to see what  
has been accomplished. Nothing  
apparently, though we hope some  
injury has been done to the rebels.  
We have done some hard marching,  
have changed camp some 25 or  
30 times, have been engaged in one  
battle, and have been under fire  
three times besides. Auburn  
Mills, not Hill as I have it else-  
where, Wylie's Ford, Orange Grove  
and Mine Run. In all these  
God has protected me, and today  
I would return Him all thanks  
for his wonderful kindness. My  
prayer is, that He may ever be  
over me, watching me with a  
father's care, and guiding me aright.