

Dec. 12,
1864.
Feb. 4, 1865
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Edwin Emery,
Sergt. Co. F, 11th Maine Vols.

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Edwin Emery,
Sanford,
Maine.

1864.

South Boston, Mass.,
Monday, Dec. 12, 1864.

After remaining at home and in the vicinity nearly six months, suffering much from my wound in thigh, yet enjoying the privilege of being with my friends, I packed my knapsack this morning, bade my folks "good-bye", and started for the front via the Hospital. During my stay at home, I had been commissioned as 2^d Lieut. in Co. A, but could not be mustered; had also been married, and left my wife at her father's residence in Brunswick. My feelings on leaving home were far different from what they were

on first entering the service.
Then I was only a "sub". Now
I have a commission. Then
the comforts of home and dear
friends to be left occupied
my thoughts. Now thinking less
of home comforts, but more of
Louisa and home, I leave them
with but few regrets for any
thing or anyone else except
them. Then I wandered.
Now my aims, thoughts and
purposes assume a definite
form, and I try to live for
the happiness of one alone,
as well as for the honor and
glory of Him to whom I have
consecrated my life.

Mr. Fairfield accompanied
me to Wells Depot. It was a
cold sleigh-ride, and would
have been quite dangerous,

had Mr. Eaton's horse not
been kind and well-trained.
Whenever he entered the crust
the sleigh hit his heels, and
hurried him along rapidly.
As usual we waited long for
the train, but came it ~~did~~,
and I soon was on my way
to Boston. Nothing of interest
occurred. I was not talka-
tive, for my mind was en-
gaged in thought. Met
George at the Depot. Took
the Horse cars for this place.
Found Uncle Noyes' folks
all well. George and Now-
ell called over to see me this
evening. Delivered George
a hundred dollars sent by
father to him. Made a few
purchases tonight. A clear
cold day. Somewhat windy.

Jersey City.
Tuesday, Dec. 13.

Left Uncle Noys' about quarter of eight. Was impatient to start after my friends at home had been left. Allie took me to the Sanitary rooms where I got an order for a Military Ticket through to Washington. At 8 1/2 o'clock the cars started. Could but notice the beautiful residences in the suburbs of the city, and in the adjoining towns. The Express train moving along with lightning speed soon whisked us through Worcester, Springfield, and along the Connecticut. The sign "Agawam Foundry" carried my mind through Fr. Holland's Bay Path, and brought before

me those actors on the stage of life in the older time. Reading the "Atlantic Monthly" on the road. Occasionally stopped to view the settlements and villages through which the train passed. The frequent school-houses, and many church spires pointing heavenward revealed whence the New England people receive their intellectual attainments and firm religious belief. All along were signs of peace, prosperity and refinement. The advertisement of Drake's Plantation Bitters, and those characters of secret import everywhere greeted the eye. If advertising brings success, then Drake has a "Sure Thing ten years after 1866."

Heartford, New Haven,
Bridgeport, and Norwalk
all passed we reached
New York at 5 o'clock P.M.,
having been $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours on the
road - 236 miles, or $27\frac{3}{4}$
miles an hour including
stoppage. Once or twice
we moved at almost a
frightful rate of speed.
Found less snow as we
nearly N. Y. than there was
in Mass. Studley's Express
took us through the city to
the Ferry. From this place
we are to start at $7\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock.
As we came through the city
could but notice the rich
display of goods, and the
amount of provisions for
sale, exhibited and advertised
under queer signs. Many

were French, German and
Irish, showing the heteroge-
neous population of the
metropolis of America. Had
I been accustomed to punning
I should have indulged in
it when I saw the sign
"Brown's Baby Binders",
for I was aware that there
were other Browns, Baby Binders,
whose reputation as such
would not be injured by
any or all innovations.
If I remember rightly there
are more persons named
Brown than any other single
name, Smith and Jones
being exceptions.

Quite cold today - This
afternoon signs of a storm.
Anniversary of the battle of
Fredericksburg Dec. 13, 1862.

Ward 2, Finley Hospital,
Washington, D. C.,

Wednesday, Dec. 14.

Left Jersey City a few minutes before eight last night. Had a tiresome journey of it, before I reached this city. Had several short naps on the route. Have little or no recollection of Philadelphia or Baltimore, and was asleep when the cars reached this city. At Notre-de-Grace first saw signs of military rule and power in this country. As we were crossing the ferry, the cars were boarded by a guard, and our furloughs were examined. Heard the storm that had been threatening burst upon us.

Arriving at the depot about half past six, I took a hack for this place, and got here about 7. - only 22½ hours from Boston.

The boys were just beginning to rise. Found only about half a dozen here that I knew. Skelton is here, having lain on his back seven months. I felt like a stranger in a strange land, and until I got somewhat settled, I felt homesick. Carried my furlough to the office, and was admitted to this ward. Assigned to bed 26. Wrote to Louie and Ellen. Estimated my expenses coming here, and found them \$21.41.

Hospital fare different from "extra diet", or home fare. Bread, apple-sauce, hash, tea, and coffee not quite equal to home made food. Reading my chapters this P.M. Judging from appearances should think there is little or no religion among the inmates of this ward. Hear much profanity and vulgarity. My wife men so defile themselves? I will try not to countenance anything of the kind by word or look, and God give me help so to do.

Raining this morning. Cleared off during the day. Beautiful moonlight evening this.

Thursday, Dec. 15.

Commenced praying in this Hospital after I retired last night. God will hear my prayers when offered in the true spirit of reverence and devotion, as will when I am lying on my back and praying as when on my bended knee. And thus I pray. Were I to do otherwise the impious ones would try to trouble me, and perhaps would gain no good. I do not fear to pray before them, when duty calls, nor to show that I love our Saviour. First duties of the morning, making up my bed, getting ready for breakfast, eating, and afterwards

reading & prayer. Surgeon's
call at 9 o'clock - Writing
in my journal - Steward
& Hill took a specimen of my
hand-writing to see whether
I should answer for a
clerk. Hope I may have
something to do. Writing
to George. Reading report
of Sanitary Commission in
reference to treatment of
our folks by the rebels while
in prison. Such a course
of treatment ought to receive
the just censure and con-
demnation of the whole
civilized world! Historians
will not fail to record it
to show future generations
how great a price is paid
for the priceless privilege of
liberty and government.

We talk of the sufferings of
Valley Forge, and the heroism
of those heroes who lived in
the "times that tried men's
souls". But they are nothing
in comparison with what
our men have suffered in
loathsome prisons. God
reward the perpetrators of
such crimes according to
their deeds! (2^d Timothy 4, 14.)
Spent the evening in con-
versation with wounded
men. Interested in Rumney,
3^d Maryland, a native of
Biddeford, but a citizen of
Mass. Left leg gone above
the knee. Invitations to go
to meeting this evening, but
could not on account of the
darkness. Am glad to learn
that there are prayer-meetings

in the Chapel several times
a week - Shall attend
when I can.

Overcast today Quite
cold.

Friday, Dec. 16, 1864.

Enjoyed an excellent
night's rest. Writing to
Elmira and Capt. Perry.
Reading some of the Ara-
bian Nights' Entertainments.
Visited the Library, and
took out one of Beecher's
works. Getting information
from some of the boys in
regard to the Sanitary and
Christian Commission for
one of our Maine papers.
Hoar talked with two or three.
All agree in regard to the
good done by both of these
Agencies.

This evening became inter-
ested in McComas, Sergt. of
a Mich. Regt. A Marylander
by birth, he espoused the
Union cause before he was
nineteen, and for two years
has fought for our Country.
He has lost a leg, below his
knee. So engaged were we
in talking about the South,
and the North, and the pe-
culiarities of both, that I totter
sounded before we were a-
ware that it was so late.

Overcast yesterday, so I
write this

Saturday evening, Dec. 17.

Warm and overcast today,
so that our little quantity of
snow and ice are running
away very rapidly.

Cheering news from the

the ward. Reading some of
Bucher's Star Papers. Like
them better than any of his
articles that I have read
except his "Lectures to Young
Men." They discover a noble
mind, show him to be a
pure-hearted man, and
a whole-souled Christian.
Attended church at the Chap-
el at three o'clock. Sermon
(written) by the Chaplain, Rev.
Mr. Mincheste. Text, Acts 27,
31. "Paul said to the centurion,
and to the soldiers, Except these
abide in the ship, ye cannot
be saved! from which he
produced a very fair discourse
upon God's sovereignty and
man's free will. Proving that
God is a sovereign, and car-
ries on his government ac-

ording to his own plan, he
attempted to show how man
is a free agent in doing as
he does. Rejecting the doctrine
of fatality he show by common
illustrations that man acts in
secular business as though
he disbelieved it. Acting oth-
erwise, he is considered a
lunatic. His definition of a
decree, or the decrees of God.
A plan, so constituting and
circumstancing the world,
i.e., constituting the world
under such circumstances,
that certain events, and none
other, will infallibly take
place. At first I did not
think it hardly a suitable sub-
ject for such an audience, but
before he closed his discourse
I considered it appropriate.

Tuesday, Dec. 20.

Heard wind, and hail or rain last night after I retired. This morning the ground was frozen hard. Clear but cold today. Reading and writing. Almost expected a letter from Louisa today. Shall expect one certainly tomorrow, and shall be very much disappointed if it does not come. Have noticed as during other days before, two men just above me playing cards. They play hour after hour, sitting in the same places, and never have any hard feeling. Their good feeling and fair play have a strong influence in favor of sick and wounded soldier's indulging in a simple game of cards. Notice many smoking. They smoke at all times, by day

and night, except when they are eating and sleeping. Some get up in the night to smoke.

Attended a funeral this afternoon. Some private or corporal was buried. Escorted to the sentinel's post, and then the ambulance conveyed the remains to the cemetery. Some one said the soldiers are now buried across the river on Lee's farm. For one I prefer to be buried at my native place, if I die in a Hospital. Should I be killed, I expect to be buried on the field.

Excellent prayer-meeting this evening. Signed Articles of Faith. Imitation to take charge of the next meeting Thursday evening.

George's birth day, I believe,

evening that yesterday was George's
birth-day, but think I was mis-
taken. Today is, I am certain.
But whichever it may be, as
its anniversary comes around
I think of the brother next to me
in age. So always I think of
all my brothers and sisters.

Am now going to write a
short letter to Linnæ in answer
to a little one that her mother
wrote for her.

As I write this this evening
two are reading by the light of our
Kerosene, two are playing check-
ers, and one beside myself is
writing. The Frenchman is writ-
ing a letter in the ornamental.
In other parts of the ward various
pursuits are followed - weath-
er-making, card-playing, talking
et cetera, &c. and so forth.

Thursday, Dec. 22.

Letter from George this morn-
ing in which he informs me of the
marriage of Capt. Cyrus Emery, and
of his starting with his wife for
this city. I shall not be able to
meet him at the Ebbitt House, but
have written him a letter asking
him to come up to see me. Still
disappointed in not hearing from
Louise. Not hearing from Ellen
makes me think she is not
sick. Picture peddler in here
selling pictures this afternoon. Pur-
chased a "Bird's eye" view of this Hos-
pital for Louise. Finished writ-
ing for Wardmaster. Got him a
good looking book. Weather hung
up along the sides of our ward.
This extra trimming is for Christmas.
Great preparations are being made
for it. We are to have a Christmas

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Dinner on the "Bill of Fare" on our dining-room door says. Here are the articles as they are mentioned on the bill - Roast Poultry, (stuffed), roast mutton, roast beef, oyster soup, sweet potatoes, cold slaw, bread and butter, crackers, ginger nuts, mince pie, raisins, almonds, celery, cheese, apples, and pickles - Then comes that modern invention, often used by me, but not frequently by the majority of the soldiers, "Tooth Picks". If we can have all these, there will be a variety, and a contrast between that and our every-day dinner.

Meeting this evening good with the reception of the singing. I carried through the Doxology almost all alone. I took charge of the meeting, reading Matthew ~~XXIII~~

26-46, and making remarks thereon.

This selection read for the example of our Saviour, and the injunction therein contained - He taught us to pray, and set us an example, and enjoined upon us to watch. His method of gaining his disciples' attention, and giving them instruction, was using natural illustrations, and teaching by parables.

The verses suited to us, soldiers. We understand our duty when in front of the enemy, to watch and be on our guard. It is the Christian's duty to watch - every one's duty to watch - Satan with his forces is our enemy - We are to watch against him - be on our guard.

In case the enemy approaches we are to give the alarm. The Christian must ward him off, and pray.

He is commanded to have on the whole armor. He has recourse to prayer.

If a sentinel neglects his duty, and falls asleep, his crime is punished with death. If a Christian neglects his duty, and his soul becomes prayerless, he is asleep. And the just judgment for such guilty slumber, is everlasting death. (A comparison borrowed from a tract recently read.)

In conclusion I exhorted all to watch and pray.

Clear cold day this. Much like our own northern winter.

Friday, Dec. 23.

Very cold night last night. Ice commenced forming in the bathing tub. Dreaming of rich food last night, as I have done

for several nights lately. I can hardly call it the gnawings of hunger that makes one dream so much of food, but it must be owing to the fact that my victuals now form a strong contrast with what I have had the past six months.

Reading aloud. Thought of the principle advanced in Acoustics that sound never dies. And perhaps some healthy, moral or religious sentence, that I read, may float through space for long years, and at length strike on some ear, and bring conviction home to some sinner's heart. For sometimes men arouse from their lethargy, and look around them, with the feeling that they have been spoken to, and interpreting the voice they heard as the voice of God, have obeyed it, and be-

come changed men. Then I thought of the oaths uttered. How full the air with terribly awful, and shockingly-profane oaths! One here, & - of the 14th Conn., says he would not use the words he utters, before his mother on any condition. And yet he swears continually.

A short time ago, someone, I believe it was Louis's grand-mother, said to me that Beecher once commenced a sermon with this sentence, "It is damned hot." In his "Star Papers, or Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects" he says in answer to the story that he began a sermon by the startling impropriety of the sentence, "It is damned hot"; "We took the pains to give this the most unequivocal contradiction, declaring it to be

a lie out of the whole cloth, without the vestige or shadow of foundation of any kind whatsoever." This is found in "Total Depravity." In two articles, "Prayer Meetings" and "Where Christians Meet", I noticed the same paragraphs, or two or three nearly the same. Finished Beecher's book with a better opinion of him than we had before. Changed books at the Library.

Conversed with two little darkies this forenoon. Both say they came from Virginia - run away from their owners. One says his mistress was always quarreling, didn't keep him well &c. Could but notice how glad they were to act and work for themselves - this was observed when one told me he got money and bought

his clothes.

Examination of Convalescents
for the front or V. R. C. Several
will be ordered off shortly.

A letter from Ellen came very
acceptably. News from Louisa yet.
Can see why I have not heard
from her. My letter could not
have reached her before Monday,
or, if she received it Sunday, she
thought she would not write that
day. I hardly think she is sick.
In Ellen's letter came one from Peirce
and one from Lucy Palmer. In the
latter I am informed that Mrs.
Horatio Thompson of Belfast, is
dead. She was one of my
friends of whom I thought very
much. When in Belfast I took
dinner at her father's. She was the
same pleasant well-tempered
woman that she was when I

first met her - changed only in
one respect, she had become a
mother, and experienced a mother's
joy. Sad as was this death,
there is cause of joy, for her hus-
band has been born again.

Flags and pictures put up
with wreaths this afternoon. Pro-
fanity as prevalent as ever.

Remarks have been made
frequently that have caused me
to think how some of these men
act. They seem wholly given up
to their animal passions, and
are constantly thinking of intrigues
with women. Many, and mar-
ried men, too, think they can do
as they please here. So they go into
the city, and associate with lewd
women, and contract loathsome
diseases. Are they men or are
they devils? Does not echo say, 'devils'?

Fair but cool day - Writing to Hillis
and Louisa this evening.

Saturday, Dec. 24.

Playing chess with "Corp". The
mail coming in, and I not
receiving any letter from Louisa, I
was very much disappointed. Im-
mediately I went to the Sutter's and
got some stamps, and finished
my letter to Louisa. After dinner
I wrote a little description of this
Hospital. Went through Wards
"3" and "1" to see how well they
are trimmed up. They look
well. There is too much in "3" to
suit my taste for so low a room.
Either is prettier than ours. Read-
ing a little. This evening feeling
decidedly blue. Have not been
so homesick since I left home.
Played chess and back gammon

with the "Corp", and drove the
"blues" away - Now I am feel-
ing pretty well, though anxious
about Louisa. Am not going
to be so certain about receiving
a letter tomorrow. Fireworks
at Dr. Pancoast's this evening -
celebrating Christmas.

Wrote a note to Sumner
inviting him to call on me.
Overcast this morning, and
warm. Cleared off beautifully
this afternoon.

Sunday Dec. 25.

Christmas.

Bugle sounded about 10
last night, an hour later than
usual. Noise enough until then.
This morning two letters, one from
Louisa, the other from Ed. Smith.
They did me much good. L.

is well, but very lonesome. I
am somewhat relieved now, &
know she is not sick. Ed
invites me to his wedding next
Thursday evening, but I shall
not be able to attend. Inspect
iron this forenoon. All the doctors
went through the several wards.
Excellent Christmas dinner.

Nearly the whole bill of fare
was served up. The room we
waited was too long for comfort.
A certain 'goneness' was experie-
ced, which was removed in a
short time at the second table.
Reading most of the time after
dinner. Have heard much
noise today. Guns have been
fired all day in the city. The
people make more of Christmas
than we do in New England
of Thanksgiving. They make a

holiday of the anniversary of
our Saviour's birth. And it
seems to make no difference
to many that Christmas and
the anniversary of our Saviour's
resurrection come the same.
This desecration of the Sabbath
is shamefully wicked. Even
here in this ward some have
played Checkers. - And now
many are playing and laugh-
ing, as though it was week-
day evening. Have had
serious thoughts of going be-
fore the board to see what
they would do with me. If I
cannot go into the field I care
not about staying here long.
And if I could labor, and
was sure of a good situation, I
would try to get my discharge.
No meeting today. Fine day this.

8-30 P.M. just returned from meeting. Had an excellent meeting. Theme, Christ's love, and near relation to us, our brother. Several ladies in. Also a little boy. It did me good to see him, I see so many soldiers, even though he had on the blue. Some joined our Christian Union tonight. I joined it our week ago. Its object is to unite us professors of religion and strengthen us. There was a meeting today. Not hearing the Church call, I supposed there was no meeting. Am feeling well tonight, much better than I have felt since yesterday morning. Letters received, good dinner furnished by friends unknown, and meeting, have had a good influence.

Overcast this evening. Storming slightly, I should say, unless I am deceived by the noise. 9 o'clock P.M.

Monday Dec. 26.

Writing to Grogg this morning. Had occasion at noon to tell a waiter in the dining room, that I should come to dinner when I got ready. A little authority raises some men higher than a Brigadier General. Writing to Butler today. Had my foot examined by the Dr. today. Expect to go before the Board tomorrow. Several started for their regiments today. The troubled with rheumatism was hardly fit to start. Had he been as lame from wounds would not have gone. Overcast, and somewhat rainy today.

Tuesday Dec. 27.

After taps last evening, there was a most disgraceful row and fight in this ward. Several came back from the city drunk. A Corporal who has been on "special diet" came in so drunk that others had to get him to bed. Adams, an attendant, did not know what he was about. He lost his bottle, and cut up gun caps trying to find it. Evans, who pretends to be lame, came walking in without limping. Hor and Dan McGuire got fighting. The officer of the day came in, and after a long time quiet was restored. Several drank from Dan's bottle. Had the Wardmaster been present they would have been taken before they had commenced fighting, to the guard

house. Every one present could but see the demoralizing effects of liquor. This morning Dan's ear is done up, and Tom's face is decidedly scarred. Two were taken up before the board this morning, one of whom was sent to the front, another to the F. R. C. -

I went before the board. They could see no trouble with my foot, and concluded to send me to the F. R. C. If I can be mustered there as 2^d Lieut. I will not object. If not, I want to go to the front, or receive my discharge.

Letter from Capt. Cyrus this morning. My letter reached the Ebbitt House about one hour after he left for his quarters at Point Lookout, Md.

Playing dominos considerably this afternoon. Attended meeting at the Chapel this evening. Our Chapel is used for everything, Lyceum, meetings, singing-school, and theatricals (negro concerts,) like a soldier's tent or a house in new regions, whose single room answers for parlor, kitchen, bedroom & all. Wrote to Col. West requesting him to order me to the front. Also wrote to Br. Her-son. I am going to do my best to get to the regiment, or, if I must be transferred to the V.R.C, alias I.C, is Inspected and condemned, to obtain the same rank as that to which I have been promoted.

Foggy today. Snow disappearing rapidly. Travelling muddy.

Wednesday, Dec. 28.

Heard the rain pouring down good long before I rose this morning. It carried off what little snow the fog of yesterday did not eat up. The sun came out pleasantly before noon, but the weather is not fully settled.

Playing dominos and back-gammon a good part of the day. Writing somewhat for the Wardmaster.

Received no mail today. Cannot see why Louise does not send me a "Northern Monthly" or a paper. Shall look for a letter tomorrow, and shall write her one this evening. I have much time to write, and many little things to tell her, and I love to write her, that she may hear from me often.

Letter written to Louise. When the Doctor came in tonight he was very fatherly. Sometimes he is witty, sometimes queer. The other morning he said my lameness was an organic defect, and I would be lame always. The examining board could see no reason why I was lame, and thought a simple flesh wound could not make my foot sore - a flesh wound in the thigh. So there is the difference. Every physician who has examined my foot and leg says the nerve is injured, and sees why I am lame. This board thinks, perhaps, that I am playing it, there are so many who do. I know I am lame, and am anxious to be fit for duty. They may put me into the V. R. C. I shall

try to be reconciled to it, though I prefer the front. In either case I want my rank as 2^d Lieut. I am conceited enough to believe I merit it, and that I earned it by my good conduct in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania. Had I been a coward I never should have been wounded as I was, nor would men in our regiment have borne the testimony they have, of my courage and bravery. When I go into the V. R. C. I shall try hard to be mustered as 2^d Lieut. - Now, 7 o'clock P. M., raining quite hard.

Thursday, Dec. 29.

Reading a very little, playing dominoes, and back-gammon, and loafing generally today.

Have found it hard work to keep warm, it cleared off so cold after the rain. Frank returned from furlough, and was admitted into this Hospital. No mail today. Begin to think I shall have to find fault with Louise if she is not more punctual. My foot has felt better than usual today - Am hopeful when it feels well.

Have noticed that I am about the only one that remove his hat when entering the dining-room. I do it not merely to obey order, but that I may not appear, or become, wholly ungentlemanly. A dining-room here should be respected as much as any. Meeting tonight to which I am going as soon as the church-call is sounded.

On my way to meeting thought whether it was my duty, lame as I am, to go out in the dark as I do. Think it better for me to go out even at the risk of hurting myself, than to remain here. Canfield took the lead. Ours are somewhat methodistical meetings, several kneeling, and praying in turn. The Chaplain lets us have our meeting a week without his presence. One object is, perhaps, to allow us to have a meeting in which we can speak freely, not fearing to rise before our comrades, when we might be diffident before him. I spoke of our love to Grou, and his love to us. Our meeting was very good, though somewhat short.

Several vaccinated here today. Others have been before on account of Small Pox in ward 4.

Friday, Dec. 30.

Last night just before we retired, the Chaplain came in and had devotional exercises. His prayer was very beautiful and appropriate. Reading & playing back-gammon. Papers from Louis were very acceptable, and engaged my attention, until I read all of them, and nearly everything in all of them. Put on my extra shoe today. It is rather snug-fitting, but hope it will be all right in a few days.

While playing back-gammon with Chase, could but notice how excited he got, and how profane he was when I was getting the better of him. Sometimes I wondered whether I ought to play with one who

became so excited. Studying out enigma this evening. It was a long one, and the answer is a ruse from "Florence Percy's Forest Birds".

"I watch not now the gentle autumn rain;
I hear no more its soft monotonous song;
But silently upon my window-pane,
The frost is painting pictures all night long."

Very pretty and appropriate for this December weather, when the frost with artistic skill performs his work of picture-painting on the glass.

Clear cold day this, but overcast just before sunset. One day more, and "Adieu" to 1864.

Sergt. Canfield transferred to N. H. I shall miss him very much. He is a good Christian soldier. After marching west and south with the 9th Corps, he entered Virginia, to return to his

home in the "Old Granite State", bearing that "tall-tale thing, an empty sleeve."

Saturday, Dec. 31.

Awakened at 5½ o'clock this morning to prepare to be mustered at an early hour. Dr. Hancock, Surgeon in Charge, mustered us before breakfast. A slight fall of snow during the night, covering the ground about two inches. Evans, one of the 'fighters', was allowed to get up and dress this morning. He has lain abed since his drunken row Monday night. Reading a little, writing for the Wardmaster, and playing dominoes a little today. Snowing somewhat. Curcask tonight. Ablution and change of clothing this evening.

and shall receive my reward, which I could never receive at home. Important year to me, for this been. Twice brought near death, but saved! - Later in the year married. Happy result of a lengthy courtship! A very happy event in my life! My father's life forsaken, and my true manhood begun! A great advance in life! Greater by far, than my advance in military life, by my promotion to a 2^d Lieutenant. In all these, God has been with me, and my thanks ascend to Him my Strength, Preserver, and Redeemer. To Him be honor, glory, and praise, forever, Amen. And now, farewell, old year! Ever to be remembered at those by us who have received so many blessings in this year, 1864.

Sunday January 1, 1865.

Hail! "Happy New Year!"
With joy and gladness we
welcome thee! To us be thou
a "Happy Year!" And may our
life be made better, holier, purer,
by living in this year! Return
thou to us, peace, prosperity and
happiness, by bringing this year
a close! May thousands now a
way from friends be returned
to them to live with gladness of
heart, and nobleness of purpose!
May new resolutions be made, &
carried into practice, that we &
others may be made more truly
manly thereby! Such are our
desires as we hail thee "New
Year". A higher holier wish is
that Christ may come, and
dwell in our hearts, and in

fluence our every action.

We have viewed the past,
and with pleasure mingled with
sorrow have taken a retrospective
glance over the year just gone.
We would not look into the fu-
ture, but this morning when
all looks so bright, we would pre-
dict the close of this fearful
conflict, this terrible struggle for
nationality and true liberty, before
this year shall have been num-
bered with the past. We
are resolved to do better, and live
more righteously, during the year
before us, than we did last year.
By the beautiful words of our own
Longfellow - from our Alma Mater -
our motto, and may high
aspirations fill our heart, and
lead us to act well our part -
"There all the honor lies".

"Trust no Future howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God abroad."

Those other words of Paul
Flimning in Hyperion would
encourage us.

"Look not mournfully into the
Past. It comes not back again.
Wisely improve the Present. For it
is thine!"

This morning we find our-
self in good health - suffering
only with a bad cold, and a
little lame. After being unable to
use my foot for six months, and
using it about six weeks, I find
it growing strong, and permit
me to wear my shoe thereon.

Reading paper this forenoon
Pleased with letters from Willie,
and Miss Lynn. She sent me her

photograph which came very un-
expectedly, and acceptably. Another
excellent dinner. To make sure
of some turkey like others I was
in a hurry. Have to look out
for self, though I prefer to act
like a civilized being, to appear-
ing perfectly hoggy. Our dinner
was superior to Christmas din-
ner.

Detailed by Dr. Parcast to do
duty at the office. Reported, but
got excused to attend church.

Read a very good sermon of
which I took the following notes.
Text, Isaiah V. 4. "What could have
been done more to my vineyard,
that I have not done in it?
Wherefore, when I looked that it
should bring forth grapes, brought
it forth wild grapes?"

Our attention was called to two

things, namely, The ample means furnished to lead men to God, and the abuse with which they have been treated by sinners. One of the means, truth. The Bible teaches it - the Bible now in nearly every one's hand, which once cost \$500. Scientific researches develop it. Power of truth due to the circumstances. We read passages in the Bible now, that used to seem lifeless, with pleasure. This means not used, but abused by the impenitent. Instead of grapes, it brought forth wild grapes. It is neglected. Religious instruction freely, variously, and copiously furnished here. Explanation of the result, the sinner will not be led to repentance.

Another means. God has furnished ample motives - "The wages of sin is death." The sinner is in-

ited to virtue, urged to fear God, and to come to Christ. Urged to break off sin. Pleasure, to use another's words, is, "Like snow-flakes falling on a river, a moment white, then gone forever!" Account of patient given, who had been a church-member, but died a deeply-guilty sinner. These motives increased to the utmost - just as much as sternity is longer than time, happiness better than misery.

Other influences - but all abused. Everyone has one or more kind friend - a mother or father, sister or brother, who remembers him at the Throne of Grace. Letter from wife to husband spoken of. Marked by kind words - words of ancestress. Calls various. Providence takes one away. The Chaplain mentioned that he wrote down some resolution of men on death-bed, as

was thought, from which bed they rose, and his conclusion was, that death-bed repentances are of little worth - Conscience given to point us in the straight and narrow way. Amidst and above all their influences, the Holy Spirit is given. Grieve not the Spirit.

Remark 1. Improbability that a sinner, who has abused the mercy of God, will ever repent. He may, but means and motives absurd, what else can be used?

2. Guilt is increased, the power less.

3. Remains in impenitence.

4. Sinner's probation comes to an end.

5. God may have determined not to bring some to repentance.

Solemn facts for New Year's day
Sad to reject the Gospel.

Writing to Prescott. Attended prayer meeting, which was excellent. Several expressed a desire to serve God, and many signified their determination to do better this year than they did the last.

Fair day this, but cold.

Monday Jan. 2.

Reported at the Office and performed duty. Think I shall like my situation, provided the clerks like me. Artus from Louisa and Dr. Henson. L's letter was good, and contained her photograph, which pleased me much. Dr. wants me at the front. His letter to Dr. Paracoast will help me. He recommended me pretty highly, and I saw the letter. Elliott came in pretty tight, late last night. A sorry job for him. Another fair, but cold day.

Tuesday Jan. 3.

Lay awake a long time last night thinking over the affairs of the day. On duty in the office. Dr. Hancock gave me permission to return to the regiment, so I am satisfied, and shall start in two weeks. Then I shall be much better & can get along easier. In the absence of the Chaplain was called upon to officiate at a funeral of a soldier. Did so, reading a few verses in the 136th Psalm, remarking on this dispensation of Providence & urging the few present to trust in Christ. After which I offered a prayer, as best I could, knowing nothing about the soldier, nor even his name. It was a sad duty, but

such as is common among men engaged in war. Writing to father, Dr. Hanson, Butler and Saraya this evening.

Overcast today, and snowing tonight. Every other day almost, a storm.

Wednesday Jan. 4.

At work in the office today. This evening writing to Ed. Smith, Louie, and Butler. Found out by Pay Roll today, that I was mustered through mistake, for only two months pay. Shall try to get the whole before I start for the front. - Fair today, though somewhat windy part of the time. It resembles one of our blustering days in Maine. Now in the office, and it is half past ten.

Thursday Jan. 5.

Heard by way of Frink this morning that Capt. Hobbs, (Mel. lington,) and Corp. Gammow were killed a short time ago while on picket. Hobbs rose from 2^d Sgt. to Capt. within a year, was a good officer, and is a loss to the Regt. Gammow was one of the most vulgar men that ever I saw. Got a certificate that I have not been paid since April 30, and a pass, and then started for the city. Walked to Seventh St., took the horse car, and got out at Pennsylvania Avenue. Here I was completely turned round, but got righted soon. Started for my Paymaster's, but got beyond his office, and, finding myself near the Treasury Building, I concluded to call upon

Sumner Kimball. Passed the President's Mansion, and entered the C^o's Auditor's Office. Had a good social chat with Sumner, and Kennistow. S. gave me a good gold-pen. Came back to my Paymaster's, but could not get the money until the regimental rolls came in, and he was ordered to pay off. As Kennistow and I walked along Pa. Avenue, near 13th St., he remarked that probably 5000 abandoned women lived within a quarter of a mile of where we were standing. A sad and deplorable instance of the depravity of mankind. Got ration money to the amount \$7.00 - only commutation for 28 days - two less than furlough, - one here the day I started, the other in Boston, just for lying

down a few minutes in the Sanitary Rooms. After running round a little, and making a few purchases, which showed me that prices are high here, I took the horse-car, and came towards Finley. Arrived here about four, an hour earlier than my pass. During my walk called into the Express Office of Adams, & Co, to see if my box arrived there. It had not. Having had a little trouble in finding my Paymaster, for future reference I write down here, the residence or address of several upon whom I wish to call, and the place of business of some with whom I may have business.

G. B. Kennistown, 2⁵/₁₁ Auditor's Office.
Residence, 231 8⁷/₁₁ St. near N.

S. J. Kimball, 2⁵/₁₁ Auditor's Office.
Residence, M St. between 8⁷/₁₁ & 9⁷/₁₁

Sts, 2⁴/₁₁ down from 9⁷/₁₁, north side of
9⁷/₁₁.

Wm. P. Titcomb, 180 Pa. Avenue, between
14⁷/₁₁ & 18 Sts. Residence 348 N. Y. Av.
between 9⁷/₁₁ & 10⁷/₁₁ Sts.

Adams Express Co. 514 Pa. Avenue.
Jay Cooker & Co., 15⁷/₁₁ St. opp. Trice. Build.

A beautiful day this - Fine and cool travelling this morning, but warm and somewhat muddy when I came back this afternoon. Walked three miles probably. Used a cane part of the time.

Writing to Butler tonight. Finished the letter commenced last evening. In it I give some account of the show in our Ward, and my remembrance of those who died last summer, before I went home.

(Office of Paymaster King,
223 Pennsylvania Avenue.)

Friday January 6.

Writing a very little in the office this morning, and then out of employ the rest of the day. Wrote to Pierce. Also started another letter for Buttes. Find myself a little stiff today, but can see that my foot is improving quite rapidly. Raining nearly all day. Our snow is fast disappearing, and "slosh" will be the platform upon which we take our stand. Have not heard from George lately, and mistrust he "has been, and gone, and done that" - got married.

Saturday Jan. 7.

Employed in the office today. Had enough to do. Sitting so long, and reading so much, makes me tired. Letter from

very pleasant call and was much pleased therewith. While out of the ward Kinniston & wife came up to see me. Not finding me they went to church. After it was over I found them and enjoyed their call very much. Am much pleased with Mrs. K. Shall accept their invitations to call on all of them. Writing to George this evening, and attending prayer meeting. Think there is a little interest here now. Would that we might have an outpouring of God's spirit, and rich blessings from Heaven!

A most beautiful evening this. The moon is shining brightly, and it is almost as clear as day. I wish I could be with Louise now. It would be pleasant to hear the thoughts she has not language to express on paper.

Monday Jan. 9.

In the office, but having no writing to do today. Got general pass. Had my hair cut. Our new ward doctor, has a new style for making up our beds. Think it will look well but will not be quite so convenient. It is enough, it seems to me, to make the beds up well, so they will lie easy, and look neatly, as beds do at home. That's my style.

Unexpected letter from Louisa today. She begins to find my word true. Do not like to have her mourn so much because we are separated. It can do no good, and does not cheer me any. Have written to her and Charley Noyes.

Purchased some tobacco

tonight for boys in the office. The first I ever bought I believe.

Overcast today. Quite mild weather for January, which renders the travelling soft.

Tuesday Jan. 10.

Nothing special to do in the office today. Papers from Louisa entertained me part of the time. Writing to Butler a few facts in regard to the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. Have just finished a letter to father. This has been a rainy and unpleasant day. It was pouring down hard when I arose, but held up during the forenoon. Now quite foggy, (8 o'clock, P.M.) Our Steward gets his long-looked-for furlough today.

Wednesday Jan. 11.

The strong wind blowing before I awoke, apprised me that there was a change in the weather. And I found it so. It was very cold, but during the day it became quite pleasant. Writing a little in the office this forenoon. Then I visited the dining-room, canteen and bakery, and got a few items of interest. Plates set in the dining room 369. Loaves of bread used daily 275. Coffee and tea used, of each 60 gallons. The loaves are 2 lb. loaves. Over 400 dine in the dining-room on this side. Some 700 or 800 loaves of bread are baked daily. These barrels of flour are kneaded at a time by hand, too. Two large ovens,

8ft. by 10ft. are used. Hop, malt, and potato yeast is used. Pans holding 12, and 18 loaves are used. About 130 are on "Special Diet".

This afternoon went down to the city with Moore & Jorgensen. Could not get my back pay on account of the scarcity of "greenbacks". Visited the Smithsonian Institution, almost invariably incorrectly called "Institute". A splendid collection in Natural History specimens and curiosities, but not equal to my expectation. Was pretty tired walking so far without a cane.

Writing to Louise tonight. Although I write only Monday evening, I cannot let my stated evening pass without sending her a few lines.

A beautiful, moon-light night.

Thursday, Jan. 12.

After retiring last night I lay and thought of Louise and a few things occurring since our marriage. Tears filled my eyes, and I would have given a great deal to have seen her.

Nothing to do in the office.

This afternoon Moore and I went up to the Soldiers' Cemetery. The weather was beautiful, the road lay through a fine region, and so our walk was pleasant, with the exception of the mud. On our way passed one entrance to the Soldiers' Home - a most beautiful entrance, the building being so covered with ivygreen that I could not tell whether the building was wood, brick or stone. On the right saw "Fort Brunker Hill" one of the series of earth-works defend-

ing this city. Ascended a high hill from which we got a good view of the forts. From this some half a dozen can be seen wholly or in part. They are admirably situated for the defence of our Capital. The rebels, however, might have taken them last summer, entered and destroyed Washington. They were filled, or defended rather by small forces. Large requisitions were made upon the hospitals, and many went to the forts and took up arms. - Near the Cemetery are the Soldiers' Home and a summer residence of President Lincoln.

The Cemetery is an irregular plot of ground enclosed with a fence some five feet in height, white-washed. Near the entrance a flag-staff is raised from the top of which floated the Stars and Stripes.

Also a neat little house, used
for an office, I presume. Over
the entrance are these words
cut, and surrounded with ever-
green;

"Here sleep the patriot dead."

The ground is very neat
and every thing is plain and sim-
ple. There is a principal walk
through, and narrow ones between
every two rows of graves. The sol-
diers lie side by side, and every
grave is kept with care. At the
head of every grave is a plain
white head-board of wood, upon
which is painted the name of
the deceased soldier, with his rank,
company, regiment, date of death,
and number of the grave. They
were soldiers from all parts of the
Union, and among them were
the graves of many rebels, thus

showing that there is no dis-
tinction after death, but for as
well as friend is buried with
respect and care. I could but
notice those head-boards upon
which "Unknown" or "Unknown
Soldier" is painted. Beneath them
lie buried those who died before
they reached the hospital, or
were so low when they arrived
that they could not tell who they
were. All lie with heads to-
wards the North. As I sat in
one of the five summu-houses,
I could but think as I looked
over the graves, how true was
my remark as I entered, "the
majority of these soldiers are bur-
ied better than they would be at
their own homes." And so I be-
lieve, and if our Northern friends
could see this resting place of the

dead, they would be willing for them to rest where a grateful republic has provided them a beautiful, and fitting place of repose. There are a few marble stones, perhaps fifty, here and there among them, erected by comrades as tributes of respect, or by dear friends as the final tokens of love and affection. One small monument, only, is seen.

The enclosure is nearly filled. None have been buried there since May 13, 1864. There are 5576 graves. Over 2000 bodies have been removed by friends.

On our way back were overtaken by a gentleman who kindly took us into his double-seated carriage, and brought us here. His was a splendid team, and we had an excellent ride. My two

mile walk tired me somewhat, though not as much as our city walk yesterday.

Funeral procession passed here. The deceased was buried by the Odd-Fellows.

No meeting tonight. The Chapel is being enlarged.

As I hear the sound of the bugle in the distance, I think of the front, and the pleasant associations of camp-life last winter, come up before me. I return to "the pines", and our "new camp" on the farm of Mr. Bennett. Many of the braves there now sleep beneath the sod, while others are recovering from wounds. A few remain at the front. Sometimes my inactivity here makes me discontented, and feel that I ought to be improving, growing. This

life, however, is developing me
as any other cannot, and I
will not complain.

Eight months ago today, I
lay wounded on the battle-field!
One half of my time in the ser-
vice spent at the rear!

Pleasant day this. Beautiful
moon-light evening.

On one of the marble stones
in the Cemetery, the first one I
looked at, I saw the name of
Wiston Burgess, of Maine, who
died in Aug. 1861, Aged 21 yrs. 6 mos.
"A loyal citizen, and faithful
soldier who gave his all, himself
to his country." An appropri-
ate inscription for a martyr in
this, our glorious cause! - Other
inscriptions were good, but this be-
ing a Maine soldier I noticed it so-
pecially. Forgot to write this before.

Friday January 13.

Indulged in a couple games
of dominos last evening before
retiring. This is a beautiful
morning - clear, mild, pleasant
as many spring mornings in the
north. Have written to Elvira
just now - 10 o'clock A.M. Letters
from Louise and Prescott. My two
dollars reached L. all right. She is
feeling very badly because I am going
to the front so soon. Prescott sent me
the key to my valise forwarded last
Wednesday.

After receiving mail, went down
to the city. First, we, Jones & myself,
went to the Capitol. In what I
regarded as the "Rotunda," saw
several most excellent pictures. They
represented incidents and occurrences
in American History, worthy the pen
of the Historian or the studio of the Artist.

There were the Landing of Colum-
bus, the Discovery of the Mississippi
by De Soto, the Baptism of Pocahontas,
the Signing of the Declaration of In-
dependence, the Surrender of Ben-
goyne, the Surrender of Cornwallis,
the Embarkation of the Pilgrims, and
Washington Resigning his Commission.
There were also several pieces of stat-
uary, the most remarkable of which,
and the most natural piece I ever
saw, was the Dying Preumesel. There
lay the Indian Warrior, his eyes
closed, his lips slightly parted, the
bullet-hole in the forehead, the ex-
pression of the countenance, and
the true Indian features, all indi-
cate that life is fast departing &
death is sure of his victim. Then
we entered the gallery of the 'House',
and there saw the opening of the
session, and the manner of doing

business. At twelve o'clock precisely
the Chaplain opened the session with a
prayer, remembering the Pres-
ident, and the soldiers in his sup-
plication. Immediately the Speaker,
Colfax, called the House to order and
amid much noise and commotion,
the Clerk read the proceedings of
yesterday. He has a fine voice,
and reads so as to be heard any-
where in the House, noisy as it is.
"He is a perfect Stentor". Business
was hurried through rapidly. A
member would rise with a bill or a
petition, a messenger would run
with it to the Clerk, the Speaker
would put and declare the vote,
almost as quick as I can write
it. One petition attracted my attention;
that of Pennsylvania Soldiers in ref-
erence to rations, they having had
short allowance the past season.

Speaker Colfax is a capable officer, understanding apparently the rules and regulations of the House, and active in getting through with the business before the House.

On leaving the House, and going to the stairs, we stopped to look at a splendid picture, "Westward Emigration," that is over the stairs. The emigrants are represented as moving over a mountain range, beyond which appears the West, light, glowing, beautiful. Two of the train have ascended a towering rock and carried the glorious "Stars & Stripes" with them. And this reminds me that the only decoration over the Speaker's desk is the glorious emblem of our nationality. On each side a painting, Washington and another man, whom I was unable to recognize.

Then we proceeded to the

Senate, whose presiding officer, Vice President Hamlin, we first saw as we entered the gallery opposite his chair. The Senators were older than the Representatives, and business was not hurried through at all. We recognized Senators Morrill and Hale, and heard several speak, among whom was one from Iowa, New York, and New Jersey. We could but contrast the calm, deliberative manner of Hamlin, with the active, fiery, and rapid movements of Colfax. The Senate was still in comparison with the House. On descending the stairs noticed the beautiful painting, "The Storming of Chapultepec." The bronze work attracts much attention, but I saw but little beauty therein not having any description thereof. When the legislative bodies are in session

our colors float over the two wings. Was deeply impressed with the magnificence of the structure, as we passed through the lighted walks, beneath the lofty dome, and into the richly ornamented halls.

Leaving the Capitol we went to the Express Office. My valise had not arrived. Thence to the Market where dinner was purchased. Then we visited the Patent Office. Here we saw many, very many, curiosities, and, if ever I got tired of seeing anything, it was looking at the thousands of models. There are about 175 or 200 cases filled with them, and they embrace nearly every thing under the sun. I could but think "man has sought out many inventions." It is useless to try to enumerate the articles I saw. Our week is

not enough for me to spend among those models. I could but think how man has labored to save labor, and how many hours of toil, and doubt, and perplexity, have been spent in improving labor-saving machinery.

Among the real curiosities are specimens of foreign manufacture, presents to the President from foreign nations, medals, clothes worn by Washington, articles and furniture used by him, his Commission as Commander-in-Chief of our Army, the Declaration of Independence &c., all of which are worth looking at for hours. In fine this is the establishment in the city which I recommend all to visit, and the like of which I never saw before. Contributed twenty-five cents to the

Washington Monument for Louise.
She shall help perpetuate the mem-
ory of him, whom we all revere.

Called at the 2^d Auditor's Office
to see Seaman. After a few minutes
in the office walked with him to-
wards his home. Afterwards called
on Kenniston. Spent a pleasant
evening at his home. Learned
of the marriage of my old friend,
Miss M. C. Small. Arrived at
the office a little past eight, well
pleased with my day's work, and
tired enough, having walked nearly
or quite four miles.

Finished my letter to Elmina.
Was too tired to do anything else. A
most beautiful day.

Am now anxious for my
valise to come so that I can go
where I can get mustered, and
where my duty calls me, I believe.

Saturday, Jan. 14.

Had a sweet night's rest, and
rose feeling considerably refreshed.
Finished reading my Testament
through, the second time since entering
the service. Now read a chapter
every morning. As I write, 11 o'clock
A. M., the wind is blowing furiously
over the hill, and creeps in coldly
through the many cracks and cran-
nies in the walls of the office, and
the floor.

In my account of visiting
the Capitol yesterday, forgot to say
that our "Westward Emigration" was
that sentence full of truth uttered by
Bishop Berkeley,

"Westward the course of empire
takes its way."

The truth of this is continually
demonstrated in the settlement of our
territories, and advance of civilization.

Blocking out a letter for Butler.
Writing to George and Louisa.

Very strong wind all day.
Clear and cold. Letter from
George this morning.

Sunday Jan. 15.

Nothing to do in the office
this morning. No letters or papers.
Visited Mr. & Mrs. Kimball. Had
a very pleasant time, remaining
at their home all day and din-
ing with them. Returned to the
Hospital about six. Attended
meeting this evening. Had a
good meeting, and there was a
large number present. Our
Sundays here seem but little
like the Sabbath. Too much
business and sport are carried
on. This is the day of the week.

A nice warm day for Jan.
Pleasant overhead and good travelling.

Monday Jan. 16.

Letter from Dr. Kerson this
morning was very acceptable. It
gave me much pleasure to know
that my position is ready for me.
Went to the city, but my valise had
not arrived. Am disappointed, but
hope it will be here tomorrow. Cal-
led at the Maine Agency to get a
few articles for Dr. H. Saw one of our
17th boys, and learned some few things
about the regiment. Called on Sum-
ner. Had a pleasant walk with
my friend Moore. Have written a
long letter to Butler today. A short
one to Louisa, and one to Prescott.

A fine day this, only a little
cold and windy. Present of gloves
from Moore very acceptable. Call
from Briggs Emery unexpected, but
nevertheless pleasant. His folks and
Uncle Noye's folks are all well.

Owing to hurry in writing the events of the day I forgot to mention some of importance.

During my journey down to the city visited the "White House". The East Room is a splendid one, and is the most elegant room I ever saw. The furniture, however, is poor and shabby. The green room is neat but small. Up stairs could but notice that articles in one room were shamefully defaced. The door-keeper told us that it was the President's custom to go to the War Department about 8 o'clock in the morning, 7 in the afternoon & 10 or 11 in the evening.

Public buildings dressed in mourning in account of the death of Hon. Edward Everett! Business suspended in some departments.

"Soldier's Rest," Tuesday Jan. 17.

Came to the city and got my valise. Carried it to the Hospital and packed it. Got ready for the post. Rode down in Ambulance. Received two months pay of Maj. Eaton. Came here, and then got a pass to go out to purchase sword, belt & rucksack. Purchased them for \$25. At Mr. State Agency got a box which was sent from Belfast last June. Part of the articles sent had kept well. Very thankful for all presents. God bless those dear friends! - Called on Charles Emery. Pleasant evening with him and his chums. Am now here to remain all night. Expect a hard bed - boards. Quite pleasant today. A little snow-squall this forenoon.

It was just eight months ago today that I arrived at Finley. Tuesday May 17, and Tuesday Jan. 17, days long to be remembered by me!

Wednesday Jan. 18.

On board the Charlotte Vandubilt.

After resting as comfortably as one could, who has been accustomed to a straw bed, on a hard floor, with only an overcoat under and over him, and a pair of shoes for a pillow, I rose and washed myself as well as I could in No. 1 Barrels. After waiting a long while until the squad of convalescents left, I was let out, and allowed to go where I pleased in the city, a pass having been given me to take me to the front in the Mail Transport.

Went to the Maine State Agency and wrote a letter to Louier. Took care about one for the boat lying at the foot of sixth street. After having pass duly stamped went on board the Charlotte Vandubilt, and accommodated myself with a seat, and resting place among the officers. We moved about three. There was much ice in the stream, but hard work of the engine moved the boat through it. At Alexandria we took some Convalescents aboard, and nearly 100 deserters. The former were treated nicely as badly as we were when I came on, and I could but contrast my present condition with that. How free to go where I pleased, then under guard, with conscripts and other substitutes. The deserters were

a rough-looking and poorly-clad set of fellows, for many or some of whom hanging awaits. A sad end of human existence but justly the punishment of such criminals! We passed Mount Vernon about five, but as I did not go out to see it as we passed, I had none of those feelings once experienced when I first sailed up the Potomac. There was considerable ice between Fort Washington and Bill's Plain Landing. From this latter place I was taken when wounded to Washington. Between 8 & 9 this evening passed Cedar Key Shoals. A very fine day, but very cold on the water. The confirmation of the surrender or rather capture of Fort Fisher fills us all with joy, and gives us hope that the end draws nigh.

Patrick's Station, near Petersburg.
Thursday Jan. 19.

A hard night's rest. Worse than at No. 1 Barracks. Lay on the floor part of the time, and slept in a chair part of the time, and got awake the next, on account of being unable to get a state room. As "misery loves company" was rejoicing (of course) that many were in the same predicament with myself. Point Lookout passed about 12 o'clock. After ploughing through the waters of the Chesapeake, we reached Fortress Monroe at 8 in the morning. As we rounded Starbuck Head saw the hulk of the Congress and the masts of the Florida. Entering the James we slowly sailed up the muddy waters of its zigzag course. As we neared the site of Jamestown

I was surprised and disappointed. There are a few soldiers huts, a few ruins, and the remains of one or two earth-works, on the northern bank of the stream. One thing attracted my attention, and that was a brick monument marking the spot where Pocahontas saved the life of Capt. Smith, or was married to Mr. Rolfe. As the Captain said, it was where "Pocahontas married Capt. Smith." Unless I am greatly mistaken such a historical fact never existed, nor does exist. Why under the sun the English selected so barren and lonely-looking place for a permanent settlement, I cannot see. There is not the least attraction for such, that I could see from the deck of the boat.

As we came up, passed Wilson's and Harrison's Landings, - places of note during the present war. As all journeys must have an end, ours came to an end, - as far as one by water is concerned. We reached City Point, our base of supplies, about three, and there we had to wait until five. Then we took passage in the Mail Train on the U. S. M. R. R., built along in rear of our line of breast-works. We moved very slowly and had to stop a long while at every station, which by the way are named after our Generals, Hancock's, Meade's, Perki's, Warren's, Patrick's &c. The road is rough, up hill and down. At one place the engine just drew us up the ascending grade. We could see some of our works, and one or twice we saw the flash of the in-

emy's guns, as they discharged
threw. At length, after a three
hours ride, reached this station,
and immediately found Dr. Her-
son's quarters. He and others
whom I saw were glad to see
me. Called to see Lt. Parcoast,
under whom I expect to serve
as Brig. Amb. Officer. Found Capt.
Perry there. Had a pleasant
call, though was sorry to see them
drink. I refused, as I hope I
may always do, while in the
army. Found Warren in
the Hospital. He is the same
old six-pence. "Well, Well, well!"

A fine day this. Quite pleasant
for my advent into the Army of
the Potomac after an eight months'
absence. I feel much better here
than I did at the rear, in "Finley".
May God bless and preserve me!

Hospital 3^d Div. 2^d Corps,
Jan. 20, Friday.

A large part of the night
passed before I got asleep. Got
before I rose. After fixing up,
took a ride over to the 17th which
is in the rear. Several of us rode
over together. All appeared glad to
see me. A great change was ob-
served in our glorious 17th. The
companies are small, and our
Company, "F," has only about 10 of
the old men present for duty.
Nobbs gone! Gammon gone! War-
ren wounded; Charles promoted;
(Emery promoted too!) Fickett dis-
charged; and Dyer wounded. Sev-
eral were killed, and others dis-
charged. Met Gen. West. He
was very affable. He commands
our 1st Brigade. Dined with
our Lt. Col. Hobson.

After receiving two certificates from Dr. Colman and Col. Holton, I rode over to Div. H.S. Drs. and was mustered in as 2^d Lt. of Co. A, for the unexpired term of the regiment, thus lessening my term of service thirteen months. Capt. Peck, A. C. M., mustered me in. And now it will be my duty to sustain our government as I see have, and at all times I hope to do my duty faithfully.

Saw the 17th out drilling. No more the 17th of last winter! Our pals sad to see how changed it is from that splendid regt. that could not be surpassed last winter in the Corps. Unexpectedly met Pinsky. He returned only a short time ago.

Looking around my (to be) Ambulance Train. It is gener-

ally calculated that I am to be detailed and an order for it has gone up to H.S. Drs. - As yet here had hardly time to get an idea of our position here. Writing to Louise this evening, giving her the pleasing intelligence that my term of service has been shortened today. Beautiful day this. Very pleasant for the season, mild and lovely - Am pained to learn that Col. Moore, formerly Major, was killed at Fort Fisher. A brave officer, a great loss!

H.S. Drs. 3^d Div. 2^d Corps
Field Hospital, Saturday
January 21, 1865.

Awoke this morning at an early hour, and found it raining "night smart". Arose at an hour not so early, eight o'clock finding me in my bed on a stretcher.

It poured down hard all day, and I was glad to have good shelter under my friend Heron's roof. Could but pity the soldiers whose condition is worse than mine, and whose circumstances render it necessary for them to be exposed in this inclement weather.

Writing to Louise, and Ellen. Sent my Commission and Sergeant's Warrant to Louise. Wrote also to Frank. This evening indulged in several games of chess in which I was beaten "michly". Papers and note from Bill cheered me. Not so much, however, as a short letter from my darling wife.

Have been interested in "Ed" the Dr's darky. He is a bright boy, but is hard to teach. I tried to teach him some of his letters today, but he made slow progress. Some of his

sayings are worthy of repetition.

Sunday, Jan. 22.

Reading papers this morning. Complete abstinence. Visit to the 17th. very pleasant. It is quite gratifying to think so many are glad to see me back, and greet me so cordially. On my return met Col. Hobson and others here. The objectionable part of their call was the liquor-drinking. This habit fastened upon them is ruinous and will give them cause of regret one of these days. Capt. P. refused to drink on this, his birth-day. A letter to Col. Hobson from Maj. Matthews informs him of the Major's recapture, and reports the Maj. suffering for want of food and clothes. Hope he will be exchanged or paroled soon. He has suffered much.

Writing in answer to letters received
in my box from Belfast.

Foggy and overcast all day.

No Sunday to this, if one may
be allowed to judge from appear-
ances in the several camps. All
is noise, work, sport.

Monday Jan. 23.

Another rainy day. The
Heavens have opened and a
copious supply of rain has
fallen. The earth has readily
drank it in, though much
now remains in hollows and
low places on the surface. A
great sufficiency of mud is
found any- and every-where.
Remained with the Dr. until
three or four o'clock, writing to
friends in Belfast, and play-
ing chess with Dr. H.

Called upon Lt. Pancost
and learned what are my
duties as Brig.-Amb. Officer, if
I am detailed as such. Had
a very pleasant time with him
and Capt. Gore. One great fault
with them is, they are too fond of a
social glass. I hope I may be
able to resist all temptations, and
go out of the service a strictly
temperance man - Almost all
the officers drink - a lamentable
fact.

Playing chess this evening.
Several games during the evening.

Tuesday Jan. 24.

Heard considerably heavy
firing last evening and during
the night. The Dr.'s darkey, Ed.
says it was dem gun-balls; bat-
teries make no such noise as that.

Took a short ride over to the sixth Corps to see Packard and Hoyde. Very pleasant call on Packard, from whom I received congratulations on my recent marriage. To him I could only give the advice, "go and do likewise". Col. Hoyde now commanding a brigade, was out so I did not see him. On my return rode along our line, and had a fair view of our breast-works, and redoubts. As should be, advantage is taken of the nature of the territory, or in common talk, "lay of the land", and abatis difficult to pass through is built all along in front. When I arrived to Lt. Hancock's quarters, learned that my detail had come, and I was ordered to report to Capt. Pelton, Corps Ambulance Office.

Reported this afternoon. At Corps. Hd. Qrs. learned that the rebs attempted to descend the river to reach our base of supplies, but were pretty effectually "used up". Their names were rendered useless or severely injured by our gun-boats. Rode to the regiment. Received the thanks of Srgt. Morton for naming him as my successor. I hope the old men will not feel so hard towards me as they become more and more acquainted with me. From what I hear, they do not doubt my courage, and speak highly of me as a color-bearer. Saw my old color for the first time since May. 13. It is completely torn to shreds, or riddled with bullets. Both colors are do now, having been baptized in blood during the memorable campaign of 1864.

Purchased gauntlets of outter, for which I run in debt to the extent of \$4.50.

At brigade dress-parade saw Gen. West and staff. The Gen's voice sounded as clear and natural as I ever heard it when he was in command of our regiment. Many of our glorious gallant 17th are on his staff. One of our 3^d Mr. Lieut. spoke very highly of the treatment he has received from our men. He says, he could ask no better treatment.

At Brigade Hd. Qrs. saw a splendid saddle, bridle &c. purchased by the officers of our regiment, to be presented to Gen. West, as a testimonial of their esteem and regard for him as a true soldier, strict disciplinarian, and brave commander. The Quartermas-

ters of the army present a splendid watch and magnificent Album to Quartermaster Patchell to night. Those who have seen them pronounce them the most beautiful and splendid of anything of the kind they ever saw.

Gen. DuRoi's returned today. This sends Gen. West away from our Brigade.

Playing chess, and writing to Louisa. A letter from her was very acceptable, and interesting.

A most beautiful day, this. But towards night the weather changed, and this evening it is very cold and windy.

Address of our Major recorded for future reference.

Charles P. Mattocks, Major 17th Maine Infantry, Prisoner of war, Danville, Va., via, Richmond, Va. (Half a sheet.)

Wednesday Jan. 25.

Hb. Drs. Ambulance Train.

Firing heard again during the night in the direction of Dutch Gap Canal. Those gun-boats have superior pieces for "noise-making"; and destructive effect upon whatever comes within range of them. The report of the big guns is distinctly heard here, and yet they must be twelve or fifteen miles distant.

Reported to Lt. Pancost this morning, and took command of my Brigade Train. Commenced to mess with the Lt. & Capt. Gray of Co. F, has care of my horse. My horse is a fine little sorrel, quite spirited, and an easy rider. I drew him yesterday. Met Dr. Everts today. He is Division Surgeon. Drew my allowance of

paper, envelopes &c. for this quarter. for which I receipted to Lt. Pancost.

Am now just settled in my new quarters, and begin to feel at home. A guest, however well acquainted, cannot feel as he does in his own house, humble though it may be. Capt. Gorr, 57 Co. Vt. Vols. is my tent-mate.

Writing to Moore at "Finley".
Playing Chess with Dr. Herson.
A clear, cold day this.

Date of Muster-in. Jan. 20, 1865.

" " Detail " 23, "

Reported to Lt. Pancost, " 25, "

Commenced Messing with
Ambulance Officers, Jan 25, 1865.

These items are set down for future reference in case I need refer to any, or all of them.

Thursday Jan. 26.

Gladly received a letter from Louie this morning. One of my letters from "Finley" had not been received, and I am suspicious that two letters put in the office the day I left there, never went for from the Post Office. We are now going to number our letters, and then we shall know whether or not all are received.

Ruling my Memorandum book, and writing off the names of men in my command. There are nearly 60 men. It seems odd for me to have charge of this brigade train, and I can hardly realize that some of these men are to do the work. I am accustomed to do. I hope I may not be too severe with them, but want to be strict enough for the good of

the service and benefit of the train. This leads me to think how efficient the blacks are as servants. They make excellent servants, and seem to anticipate every want of those upon whom they wait. I have noticed it in case of "Ed." and "Burnside".

The sound of train just in reminds me of other and peaceful scenes, localities and conditions. We seem, however, to be at peace here, everything remains so quiet.

Packard called on me today. From him learned that a Lieut. in his regt. has seen Finger and Shell, our classmates. The former was wounded at Fisher's Hill. He is a Major, and Shell is a Colonel in North Carolina regiments.

Chess-playing with the Dr.
this evening. Medical Depart-
ment is nowhere now. A very
cold day. This evening is one
of those cold wintry ones, when
myriads of stars twinkle, and
very one in the celestial constel-
lations seems to have received
new light, and joyfully sheds
it upon this terrestrial sphere.

Friday Jan. 27.

Visited Regt. Got copy of my
detail. Also a picture of Eddie Pau-
ker. My Capt. Fauncel, returned
last evening. Did not find Col.
Starbird, or Adams at home. S.
is on a leave, and Adams on
fatigue. Writing to Louise. Play-
ing Chess with Dr. H. this evening.
Waiting home. Have not re-
ceived a letter from there since

I returned from Washington. Do
not understand the reason of it.
Am disappointed. Capt. Perry's
leave came from H. Q. 20. tonight.
He and Lt. Hancock are flying
first rate. They anticipate a
good time, and fine visit.
Another very cold day.
Overcast this evening.

Saturday, Jan. 28.

Making out weekly report
of my command. Commenced
reading "Villette". The wind be-
ing unfavorable, our chimney
was decidedly smoky. Such a
chimney and a scolding wife
must be very annoying. I
have had experience with the
former, but none with the lat-
ter. The former drives me from
my house, and I think I

should yield to the pressure of the latter, and allow her ample scope for giving vent to her feelings.

Playing Chess at the Doctor's.
Quickly beaten by Chaplain Porter.

The other Officers of this Div. considerably intoxicated this P.M. Capt. G. was once put under arrest for using disrespectful language to his superior officer. The Surg. of his regiment was in fact the Officer ordering his arrest. They were enemies. But this afternoon they settled up their trouble, by the use of whiskey. Whiskey caused the trouble, and was used for settling it. The end does not justify the means used to accomplish it. The fact that our Ambulance Officers were so drunk that they had to lie

down affords me one reason why I should never drink. Two other instances since I came back, or left home, have afforded me strong argument against the use of intoxicating liquor. The case of Mc Guire & Evans, and that of Elliott at the Hospital. It is sad to contemplate the bad effects of its use. It was a sad sight for me to see those whom I respect otherwise, so far gone! My refusal to drink may make enemies for me, but I never shall drink to make friends. I have yet to learn the manliness therein, and the cowardice in refusing to drink. God grant me strength to resist every evil influence!

A cold day. The wind blowing quite furiously. New moon tonight.

Sunday Jan. 29.

St. Pancrast, Capt. Perry, Cooney, Houghton & Lt & Lm. Remick left for home this morning. Won't they make a jolly crew, and have a spree? Whiskey will be poured down freely, or I know not the men. My position here gives me more opportunities to see how prevalent is the use of liquor, than I ever had before. Our regiment has 8 or 10 officers that never use liquor. Other regiments have none.

Inspection ordered this morning. Am now waiting for the hour to come, for me first to use the sword. 11½ o'clock A.M. Inspection over. The Capt. well pleased with the appearance of camp, clothing, men and 'chebangi'. I did my duty very well, I think.

Am well pleased with my men. They appear to be well-disposed, and I suppose they have reason for being so. Some are afraid of being sent to their regiments, if they do not behave properly.

Men, however brave they may be in a battle, prefer generally to keep away from the bullets. Some, a very few however, love to fight as one loves to do anything. This Corps is considered safer in time of battle than any body of soldiers liable to be called into action. And, yst it is dangerous, for there is danger, wherever bullets fly or shells burst. And an Ambulance Train cannot always be out of reach of deadly missiles. None I can perform duty, but cannot in line, on account of my lameness.

Called over to see Hoyde this P.M. Found him in Command of a brigade. Saw the "Press Parast" of the 1st Mr. V. V. Un-expectedly met Fogg with whom I attended school ten years ago, and whom I have not seen since. Was much surprised, and well pleased to see the argumentative doubtless. He has the same characteristics he had during my early acquaintances with him. He it was, who saw Fingar, a wounded prisoner at Fisher's Hill. Met Packard and Lt. Col. Fletcher — The inquiries of Fogg brought up pleasant reminiscences of our school days, and brought to mind the friends who attended the Academy with us. Several

have passed away, among whom I may mention my own dear sister Fannie. Three years ago today I saw her die. Tonight I stand by her bedside, and hear her last audible whisper, "Edwin," and see her ours no more. But I cannot ask to have her return, nor would I, for this earth is too dreary for one who has tasted the joys of heaven. I can only hope to meet her in Heaven! Changes have been wrought during these three years, and new relations established. I am changed in this, that I do not feel her loss as I did, but not changed in my desire to meet the dear one in her celestial abode — Very pleasant this evening. Windy during the day.

Monday Jan. 30.

Complete ablation this morning. Rode up to Brigade H. S. Dr., and to the 17th. Could but notice how friendly one Capt. is, who wishes me to do him a favor. I may be wrong, but I can but say, not a fig for such friendship! — My discharge from Co. F came today. Washburn, too, was discharged. The boon and boon has left. Peace be with him! A good man in battle, but unfit for a Commissioned officer.

Reading "Villette". Too Frenchy, though I am getting interested in it. One new idea gained from it, that in regard to the soul's leaving the body, when the person possesses it is in a swoon. Cheering along our line this evening. A beautiful afternoon, mild, and pleasant.

Tuesday Jan. 31.

Reported to Gen. Dr. Probi- and this morning. Stopped at the regiment a short time and heard the recent promotions in our regt. Where I now am there is no chance for promotion, and did I merit such, I could not get it while away from the regt. My lameness, too, forbids my hoping for any advance. To many my position is better than a Captaincy.

Rode over to the 6th Corps to see Manning, but saw him not. At home on a leave. Rode in sight of our pickets. The rebels are only a short distance beyond. Writing to Louise. Sent her two dollars. Handed White five towards my Mess. bill. A pleasant call from Duncan.

Reading Villetta this mild and lovely afternoon, and evening. Just before I got through it order came for us to be ready to move at any hour. The men were aroused, it was after ten, and ordered to pack up. They are now getting ready for a move. I am already packed up, and shall now lie down to rest hoping not to be disturbed before morning.

There are various reports as usual, and many surmises. I have no idea what is up. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Reports come here that Vice President Stephens, and other distinguished men of the Confederacy came within our lines, and were furnished with transportation to Washington.

Wednesday, Feb. 1
Was not disturbed last night by the order, "Be ready to move at 4 o'clock" or any other particular hour. An order to be ready to move in any emergency still exists, and we live in an anxious suspense, waiting, expecting, hoping, yet dreading, fearing almost, but ready for any emergency. It is this suspense that is to be most dreaded, and is akin, though less terrible, to the anxiety experienced just before going into battle.

I have been active, listless, and I might say with considerable truth, too, lazy. The weather has been delightful, and so mild and pleasant that one can hardly realize that he lives in the midst of winter.

Six letters and a paper today.
The spell is broken, and at last
I have heard from home. Nine
days it took for the friendly
home missive to come here.
Loring has written. He is a Major
or now. Louis's brother writes
cheerfully, though a short leave
of absence would please him.
Ed. Smith enjoys married life,
and is happy with his wife.
Her was ordained the 11th of last
month. These friendly letters give
me good cheer.

Rode over to see Col. Hydr.
I learned from him that they are
ordered to be in readiness to move.
The sick of all the army have
been sent to City Point. A raid
is contemplated, or the rebs
are making a demonstration
at some particular point.

The report in regard to Stephens
is confirmed today. There is a
mission of Peace we expect. Such
we want, but not until the
rebs are conquered. I want
no mincing of this matter,
but a straight forward, earnest,
honorable peace, founded on
justice and humanity, and se-
curing for us a permanency of
our government never again to
be assailed by domestic foes, or
traitors. And, if assailed or in-
sulted by foreign powers, so strong
and independent, that it will
not bear it with impunity.
While we fight, we would have
the rebs know we desire peace,
but make no compromise there-
for. They must seek it, only by
submission, and a willingness to
abide by the Constitution, and Laws.

Reading "Bulldog" today. Have
been pleasantly entertained with it,
considering the restlessness I have.

In looking back over the pages
of this journal, see the name
"Smithsonian Institution", which
reminds me that it was burned
only a few days ago. A great
and irreparable loss. Such collect-
ions, and curiosities cannot be
replaced. Once gone, gone for-
ever!

We have heard more music
today than usual. From every
quarter almost music has float-
ed on the still air to our ear,
and this evening, clear, beauti-
ful, moonlight, sweet music
has been discoursed around us,
cheering, inspiring, stirring the
delicate feelings of our nature.
(Just now a harsher sound greeted my ear.)

Thursday, Feb. 2.

Still here, and order to
be ready to move at short
notice not countenanced.
Last night the sick and lame
were sent from the Hospitals,
and today the Ambulances have
been furnished with their full
supply of hard-bread, - both of
these facts indicate some more.
All is anxiety amid suspense,
but many think there is no
more in contemplation, but
that this is occasioned by a
little scarc, or too much whiskey.
This latter conclusion is too often
true as many can testify, who
have endured hard marches
and suffered much, when there
was little need of it. We need
temperate, and reliable men at
all times in this struggle.

Finished "Rutledge" today, and can only say it is one of those well-planned and well-recited novels of the "Love, blood and thunder kind", and of course sensational terminating in a marriage difficulties had been overcome, doubt removed, and a general understanding arrived at, by the Hero + Heroine of the story. The "Sword and Gown" just commenced bids fair to be superior and more instructive than either of the two read before, and mentioned on preceding pages.

Letters from Ellen and Ellen today. My first "home letter" in answer to my letter written here. A few items of interest, Sanford gossip, talking about neighbors, were very acceptable, and would have taken me over to the Dr's, had

it not been so late. I promise myself and the Dr. a hearty laugh over some of the news.

At the regiment today heard reports as usual when under "marching orders". Met Surgeon Sturgis, who, today, has been mustered in as Surgeon of the 2^d U. S. S. I. He has risen from a private to Surgeon, Major in rank, within fifteen months.

Firing heard along the line today. There was so little of it, that it was scarcely noticed.

A most beautiful day this. No chilling winds, no howling storm, no pelting rain, no clouds fraught with tempests, have come upon us. But the air has been soft and mild, the weather pleasant, the heavens clear, and the sun shining brightly, this winter day.

Friday, Feb. 3.

Reading in my tent nearly all of this overcast, misty & rainy day. Finished "Sword and Gown", and am pleased with it. Cannot, however, understand why the novel should be called by the name it bears. It is of a better sort, and higher tone than the majority of novels, and the "Author" shows throughout that he has read extensively, and has knowledge, I might say, intimate acquaintance, of the current literary works of our choice and popular authors. The closing scene reminded me of Owen Meredith's Lucile, in this that the true heroines of both, as Sisters of Mercy, met those from whom they had parted, after a sad and as they supposed, final farewell,

in the hospitals of the Crimea. This one meets the lover, and hears almost his last words, after that terrible and renowned charge of the "Light Brigade", the noble "Six Hundred".

Says the writer, "not to women alone, but to all beautiful, wild creatures, the ancient aphorism applies; the harder they are to discipline, the better they love their tames." I could but think of remarks made by peace men when I read it, for they deny the principle herein stated, and say union can never be attained by fighting. We believe it can, and for that reason, while we desire peace, we are for fighting the thing out, and taming these wild rebellious men, so that the severe discipline of war may

make them love us. Again we thought how docile the Democratic party had become, and how they loved their southern tarsers, and would do any- and everything for them, were dismember the Union. Today we rejoice to learn that the Constitutional amendment abolishing Slavery, and removing the curse from our land, forever, has passed the House, and now only awaits the action of the states to become a part of our Constitution. God be praised, for what war has done in respect to this!

One other sentiment of the author, we adopt. "In any religion, whether true or false, the fanatic is happier, if not wiser, than the infidel; if you cannot replace it with a better, it is cruel to shake the foundation of the simplest creed." We adv-

ocate the Christian religion, for it is the best one with which to replace all other creeds.

Commenced another book by the same author. Playing dominos this evening. Second B.S broken up. Surg. Sturgis will get mustered out, and become a citizen soon. An unlooked for event.

Saturday, Feb. 4. 1865

A most beautiful day. This morning the sun shone out clear and bright, and the air was so mild that it seemed very much like Spring. The climate here in winter is delightful, and almost persuades me to come here to settle, if I get out of the service safe. Very pleasant call from the Chaplain - Also from Adams of the Mass. 16th -

Received a cheerful letter
from Louisa, which put me
in good spirits. Answered it,
and wrote to Dr. Moody, and Ellen.

Ball from Fogg of the 1st
Mr. W. V. Rodd with him out
along the lines, through the
1st & 2^d Divisions, to our Regt.
Called at H. S. Drs. of the 1st Me.
H. A. We have new colors
at our regt. The one I car-
ried is pretty well used up.
Had a pleasant ride, and re-
turned to camp to learn that
part of my command is to
go out on a raid, or reconnis-
sance, tomorrow. Orders now
are for us to move at six
o'clock, out on the Vaughn
road towards Hatchers Run.

Lt. Light reported today for
Amb. of 3^d Brig. With me tonight.