

March 25,
May 4,
1865
(4)

Lieut. Edwin Emery,
Co. A, 17th Maine Infantry,
And Ambulance Officer,
2^d Brigade, 3^d Division, 2^d Corps.

Lt. Edwin Emery.
Sanford,
Maine.

1865.

In Park, near Div. Hd. Qrs.,
Saturday, March 25, 1865.

This third diary of mine since I left home, commences like the former ones, with a move. Unlike the first has been this move, for that was made in peaceful regions, but like the second, for it has been a warlike move.

At an early hour this morning, long before I was up, I heard firing to a distance on our right. Soon after I arose, and saw a little movement among the men, I had orders not to let the men leave camp. Soon after an order came to be in readiness to move. A circular informed us that our division was out skirmishing, and would make

reconnoissances during the day. On Lt. Pancost's return from Hd. Qrs. we were ordered to strike tents, hitch up, and be ready to pull right out of camp. We also learned that the rebels had broken our line near Meade's Station and captured Fort Steadman, but that they had been driven back, and the Fort re-captured. Was left in command, Lt. Pancost going to the front and taking our new Lt. who reported this morning, Lt. Painter of the 20th Ind. with him. When 12 ambulances were sent for it began to have the appearance of a fight. We could hear a little firing during the forenoon. In the afternoon about 2 o'clock, I was sent to take command of my men.

Riding to the 2^d and 3^d Brigades, I learned that part of ours had gone out skirmishing. After riding some distance, and crossing an open field within range of the rebel sharpshooters, I found them where they should be. On returning to the breast-works, in fact when about half way there, a charge was made by the enemy, and a heavy musketry firing was kept up some minutes. Seeing our brigade go in, I followed them and located the stretcher carriers. Near by just on the edge of the woods were Gns. Kumpheys, Mott and McAllister. Near them was Gm. Chamberlain whose brigade of the 5th Corps had been ordered up to support us after the attack had begun. Our folks had occupied the

enemy's picket posts, and a line of battle was formed near them. On our right was the 1st division of our corps, our division with part of the 3rd brig. in reserve, the 3rd brig. 1st div. 5th Corps in support, and our 2nd division, in what position I did not learn. There was more of the 5th Corps out, but I did not learn what division. The rebels attacked us but were driven back, and bravely repulsed as often as they charged. The 1st div. suffered severely, and so did our 3rd & 1st brigades.

I was left in command of the train, and saw to getting off the wounded. I think I got off all of ours, after which I took off several Johnnies. Among them was a wounded

Lt. Col. who was taken from the Watkins House. While seeing to loading the ambulances, I noticed a familiar countenance, and circumstances were such that I became acquainted with him, after his telling me he came from York, Me. I had met him before, and was pleased to meet Rev. Mr. Simpson, though the circumstances are sad, that caused us to meet in this distant state.

About eleven got off all the wounded, and shortly after lay down. In a few minutes was ordered to take the ambulances back within the lines for the troops were going back. Arrived here just before two, tired and sleepy. Have not been much exposed to day, and

have met with but our accident.
My horse stumbled and fell,
and threw me over his head
on to my knees, but did not
hurt me.

Good and overcast today.
Very like rain this evening.

In Camp, Patrick Station,
Sunday, March 26.

Four hours sleep sufficed me last night, and I rose and rode along the line early. After Lt. Parnecost came up to Ft. Qrs. I returned to old camp to breakfast. Then reported to Gen. Pierce. Visited the 17th Maine, and learned that our loss is slight. The ambulances having been taken back here, I reported here

and was relieved from duty. Learned that we took 3800 prisoners along the line, most of whom the 9th Corps took. Our loss not heavy. Our div. reported to have lost 125, and the 1st 400.

Packard made me a call this P.M. Had a pleasant call from him. Had tent put up. Am now comfortably settled in the old tent.

Windy this morning. Cool this evening.

Monday, March 27.

Was aroused at an early hour by the churning of the nets and the firing of the pickets, as the enemy made a charge. The firing in front

of the 6th Corps was heavy for several hours this morning.

Writing to Louisa in answer to her interesting letter received yesterday. Received photographs from Pierce - acknowledged receipt thereof.

Learned the loss in our division today. There were 14 officers, and 165 men, killed and wounded, and 119 reported missing. Nearly 300 in all. The paper tonight gives an account of our fight, and reports the loss of the 9th Corps 800.

Gen. Sheridan came up to Hancock's Station from City Point. A part of his command, or all, is here with him. We expect some news soon.

Some of my brigade are finding fault, because I appointed Snowman, orderly sergeant. A petition has been handed to Lt. Parcott, asking to have Sergt. Douglass reinstated. Am of the opinion that I have not done unjustly, and if I have erred it is in supposing Snowman the more capable Sergt. My idea is that it will be best for all now, to let the matter remain where it is, though I think I shall offer to do as Lt. P. thinks advisable.

Very cold this morning, but as the sun came up it became warmer, and has been a beautiful afternoon and evening.

Five months married.

Tuesday, March 28.

Rode up to the front this morning. At the 17th learned that some of our boys think of going south to accept positions in Colored Regiments. Charley Howard is Col. of one into which Lt. Howard, Capt. Cole & Lt. Mathes propose going. On returning learned that our train in part moves with the Corps tomorrow. We are now packed up ready for a move to the left, if we can judge from appearances. The 24th & 25th Corps, in part, are here, and Sheridan's Cavalry are on the move. It is reported that Gen. Warren moves at three, and we move at six.

Have reinstated songless today, deeming it best for the command, so to so.

The property of the 8th N. G. sutler was confiscated today, and much of it distributed to men at the Hospital. Got tobacco and cigars for the boys here in the train. The sutler must have learned a lesson of wisdom, expensive, too.

Finished the "Strange Story" In concluding, I could but feel that I had not gained much by reading it. The age of alchemy is past. We believe not in charms, and incantations.

A pleasant day this - Sultry part of the day, and a little overcast this afternoon.

Near Heater's Run,
Wednesday March 29.

Crossed at half past two, and prepared for a moon. Pulled out at four. Arriving at the Cumming House very early we had to wait a long time for the troops to get in line of march on the Vaughn Road towards the Run. First, the 2^d division, then 3^d, then 1st of our Corps, while artillery, cavalry and different trains, ammunition, ambulances, and supply, were scattered all along. The Cavalry of Sheridan and the 5th Corps moved off another road. The 24th Corps came in, and took our place this side of the Run. Our whole Corps got across the run, and no firing of any consequence was heard

during the whole day. About 9 Gen. Meade and staff passed us, and about 12, when passed near an old camp, Gen. Grant & staff rode by. Everything indicates a general advance on our part, and of course it will bring on a general engagement. Our men have been entrenching across the Run. It has been a wonder to me that there has been no fighting today.

The first shot fired this morning by their pickets killed Lieut. Patterson of the 7th Mich. whose body has just been carried by. It is now about 2.

Firing heard off in the direction of Dinwiddie C. H., but the only noise near us is that made by trains passing by over the corduroy.

Rode along the line tonight could but admire the beautiful scenery. On our side of the nice road lay an open field just growing green with the young spikes of grass springing forth, and on the other, a beautiful & luxuriant growth of pine. The air was warm, though it was not clear, and I enjoyed my first short ride across Keatchers Run. On our way out my attention was called to two or three contrabands coming in. They were pitiful-looking beings, but were nevertheless creatures of God's own love, mercy, and make, and worthy of a life of freedom.

The position of our force across the Run tonight is one 2nd div., 3rd div. (2nd brig. 3rd brig. 1st brig. in reserve,) 1st div., then

5th Corps and Cavalry.

It is reported that the 5th Corps had a heavy but short fight today, in which the acts were handsomely repulsed. The Cavalry is said to have cut loose from 5th Corps this morning, and struck out for Southside R. R. St. Leigh back tonight.

Near Gabney's Mill,

Thursday, March 30.

The night was rainy and when we arose this morning, we found our park overflowing with water. Was out to the front this morning, and then remained nearly all day riding in the rain through the mud. Passed through a rebel camp, & reached what is known as "Gabney's mill". There was a mill

in days gone by, but all the signs of it now and all that remains thereof, is a huge pile of sawdust near an old-fashioned engine. There has not been much fighting along our front. We have swung one left round, a right half wheel, the pivot being near the crossing of the road over the river, have suffered a little shelling and have had a few wounded.

A part of the 25th Corps, negroes, is near us, on our right. I welcome them to this army, and am glad to see them dressed in Uncle Sam's "blue", and prepared to fight for their freedom, and for a country that has misused and wronged the colored race deeply. I can raise no objection to their aid-

ing us in this fierce struggle.

Tonight it came off fair, but the weather is so deceptive, we can hardly predict the weather of tomorrow.

Hospital reestablished to day near the chimneys on the east or south west side of the River, in a growth of small pines.

The following description of the muddy travelling given by a correspondent of the New York Tribune is strictly true and I know it is so from personal observation and actual experience.

The writer announces that his endeavors to reach certain points along the line were "fruitless and abortive on account of the depth of mud." Then comes the description. "Now your horse goes wallowing through a miniature

sra of white, tenacious mud, with
drawing his foot with a loud
"cluck" only to sink knee-deep
a moment after. A gentle ap-
plication of the whip or spur,
his endeavors to extricate himself
are crowned with success, and
you begin to congratulate yourself
on finding a firmer footing, when
down plunges the legs of your
patient animal, who struggles
on only to find new sloughs;
you turn from the road and ride
among the pines, hoping to avoid
further subterranean explorations.
The ground is covered with dry
pine twigs and has a firm look,
but you soon lose all confidence
in appearance, and, if a philoso-
pher, resign yourself to your fate
and trust to your horse for your
extrication. Have you come up

to a gun drawn by ten horses,
who, whipped mercilessly by their
drivers, are plunging along, mud
in and snow out of the muddy
depths, towards the front, and a
short distance behind a caisson
is even sunk up to the hubs in mud,
and defying the efforts of the animals
to extricate it. A little further on
and an ambulance is discovered
in the same predicament, with
men with their shoulders to the
wheels vainly endeavoring to shove
the horses forward.

The only remedy for all
this is Corduroy roads, and
they are fast being built by
details from every brigade. Some
of them are so poor, that they
are dangerous to be travelled
over, especially in a dark night
by a horse addicted to stumbling.

Hospital near Gravelly Run,
near Quaker Road, Friday March 20

Raining this morning and
quiet along the line, so I kept
my bed till a late hour. Relieved
and sent back to Hospital which
was established yesterday half a
mile from Hatcher's Run. After
breakfast heard heavy firing
on the left. Letters from Louisa
and Ellen very pleasant to have
when far from the influences of
civilized life. Was glad to learn
that my money arrived safely,
and that Capt. Mason had been
to my home, and delivered the
packages I sent by him. He is
very thoughtful and kind.

Before I had got ready for
duty was sent out on the old
road towards the Boydton plank

road, and during the day assist-
ed in getting off our wounded.
The 3^d brigade suffered consid-
erably, and the 2^d lost a few on
the picket line.

Hospital changed this afternoon,
but not fully established until
late tonight. Rode to the "Bull
Pen". This is on the Boydton road
near the Quaker road where
Gen. Harcock got flanked last
October, and where our forces
were surrounded on three sides,
and barely escaped "bagging".
Here Maj. Mills of Gen. Hum-
phreys' staff was killed with a
solid shot today. Maj. Mat-
locks reported for duty today,
after nearly eleven months' ab-
sence, most of which was
spent in southern prisons, or
in caves and woods. Earn him

as I rode along the line this
P.M.

It cleared off this forenoon,
and has been fine weather this
afternoon though very muddy.

Near Quaker Road.
Saturday April 1.

Detailed this morning
to accompany train of 1st divi-
sion wounded to Humphreys
Station. Got there all right,
though it took a long while to
do it. Reported back at 4.
Learned on my return to
use my own judgment about
the train, and not to give
heed to one who has no com-
mand here.

It is reported that the 5th
Corps were repulsed yesterday,

which caused us to lose ground
on the right, but that the 5th
regained the ground they lost.
Sheridan, also, had a severe
fight near South Side Road.

There was quite a fight near
Hatchers Run in front of the
24th Corps, in which therebs
were repulsed. Just before
sundown heavy firing and
cannonading were heard on
our right and left.

We've felt a little blue
today. We've been afraid that
we are gaining nothing here, and
shall move back across the run.
Some Wood Quarter Wagons go-
ing back in that direction,
while on my way to the Station.

This has been a beautiful
day, and opens the month
very favorably.

Near Brydton Plank Road,
3½ miles from Petersburg.
Sunday, April 2.

Heavy firing commenced about ten last night, and Lt. Hancock thinking our division might have hot work, and my help be needed, caused me to be routed at 12½ o'clock, and sent me to the front. I was of some service in getting off the wounded of that early Sabbath morning charge. We run our ambulances half a mile down the plank road, and took off several wounded men of the first brigade. Just as we returned a heavy firing commenced directly in our front, and we were fortunate in getting on the Quaker road so timely.

All that morning until daylight the heaviest cannonading I ever heard was kept up, and it did my heart good to hear the continuous rolling of the thunder of those mortars and field pieces of large calibre on the right of our line. About 6½ o'clock I returned to park, breakfasted, and came back to the front. Just as I approached our reserve ambulances the rebels made a charge against us, with the object to break our line and gain undisputed possession of the plank road but were repulsed. At this time we received a dispatch that the 6th Corps had broken the rebel lines on our right, and had cut the telegraph, and that Sheridan with the 5th Corps was moving

up the White Oak road in rear of the enemy and driving the astonished Johnnies in confusion. The enemy was thus flanked, and our only fear was that the rebels would perceive the weakness of the left of our Corps, where only a picket line was left, and gain a temporary advantage over us. But they did not, and were glad to withdraw their forces, and give us possession of their strong works. As we entered them and rode into one of the redoubts on the left hand side of the road as we advanced, and viewed the commanding position we could but think how impossible it would have been to have carried these works by a direct assault. Two redoubts mounting four guns each commanded the whole

upward, right and left. Strong earth works connected them and extended to others on the right and left. There were four rows of abatis in the open field, which no single line of battle could have passed without complete annihilation. A dwelling house just outside of the rebels' line was burning. From this scene of destruction, and recent carnage, thunder, and death, I looked over the landscape around. I had a fine view and it was beautiful to look out upon the scenery. At a distance I saw an orchard in full bloom. One row of trees was white with blossoms, another red, and another white and red mingled together in beauty. Nature smiles with loveliness on this clear, holy Sabbath, and every heart in our

army thrilled with joy and gladness. Strangers congratulated one another, and spoke words of cheerful satisfaction and a bounding joy. Every countenance was lighted up with a smile. And well might this be. For we had struggled long and hard, and at last had achieved a glorious victory. The hour of fierce contention was over, and we were in the possession of the South Side Rail Road. As we moved our train up the "top ton plank" - more evidently and mud than plank - our works behind which we had dwelt in comparative safety, and the work of the enemy opposing and confronting us at every move, were visible, and the lofty towers from which our signal corps made

observations lifted its head high over them. Everywhere along the road the whites appeared in a poor condition, and said they were glad to see us "Yankees". I could hardly credit all their words though I believe they had good reasons to rejoice at the flight of their and the approach of our forces. I came in sight of Petersburg, and saw the spires of the churches of that city doomed to be ruled in a few days by the "Yanks" who have so long, so closely, so determinedly environed, and besieged it. The enemy resisted our forces as they approached, and have at last withdrawn within the inner defenses of the town. As I rode along the line was under shelling. I heard one solid shot or shell coming to

awards me, but I could not dodge it for I knew not how to do it, when I saw it not. I was under a "peculiar spell" for a few seconds until it struck the ground before coming as far as I was. Man hugged the ground closely, and sought protection for themselves and animals behind houses, banks, hills & wherever protection might be sought. Visited the Maine 8th, and saw several Sanford folks.

It was my pleasure to tell some negroes that they are free, and that they were no longer subject to their former masters. One old darkey told me about his having a regular wedding when married, but that his present master had never given him a holiday. He and his

wife were both religious people, but they had been compelled to work so on Sunday that they had never been to church for nine years. And this in sight of the spires of Peterburg, where they could have attended church and enjoyed their simple but noisy mode of worship!

The house near by has been almost "gilted" by our soldiers. They deem it no sin to appropriate for their own use any property belonging to secessionists or rebels in, or out of the Confederate army. Gen. A. P. Hill reported killed.

Oats in shears, corn blades, corn, cider, tobacco &c. have been taken and used. Our result of war.

A beautiful, but far from quiet Sabbath. Victory causes noise.

On River road, Monday April

Pulled out this morning about 7, and being delayed somewhat were obliged to follow the 6th Corps train. The officers thereof claimed the right of road, and getting it, we were thrown far in rear of our division. Now we moved slowly, then halted, then were delayed by some of the teams stuck fast in the mud. We crossed the S. S. R. at Sutherlands, and followed the enemy along the 'river road'. The rebels being unable to hold Petersburg and Richmond evacuated them during the night, after getting out of them whatever stores & munitions of war they could. We took possession of them this morning, and found them on fire in

several places. It would have been pleasant for us if our Corps could have gone into one of those cities, but the fighting is put upon us and some others, while favored ones, no better fighters, have the soft jobs reserved for them. It is a day of rejoicing for us, however, for we have the honor of helping beat the rebels, and securing those places so long held by the enemy. The loss of three strongholds must fall heavily on the Southern Confederacy, and almost shakes the tottering fabric of their structure from its rotten and corrupt foundation. Jeff has fled from his capital, his Congress has gone too, his Capital is in our hands, and Lee's routed forces are closely pursued by our victorious hosts! It is a

glorious day and worth all our sufferings, pains, hardships and inconveniences. — About dusk noticed three pieces left by the Johnnies in their haste to get out of our way.

St. Pancras was drunk tonight, and it left a greater responsibility on me than I desire with so little experience in the train on an active campaign.

Fine day but tedious travelling, and we keep it up well, for at a late hour we move with no signs of halting.

Heard tack, herring, tea constitute our food and drink today, for we have not been permitted to stop to have any cooking done so far in rear of our Corps have we been.

In Corn field, across valley
at Namoxine Co. Va.
Friday April 4.

O the consistency of Virginia mud! O the hard blows inflicted upon tired animals, the terrible oaths, the hard pulls, to move our ambulances a few miles over these roads! One unaccustomed to such travelling has no idea how terribly arduous are the muddy roads we travel. Last night we kept moving until 2 o'clock, and then halted and found our weary animals in the road, where the mud was from 6 to 12 inches deep. After scarcely an hour's rest, and poor as that, we started, only to halt until daylight in deeper mud, and more of it, than that of the previous halt.

And this has been another hard days travelling over rough roads, through mud, into the very country of our foes. We pressed them so closely that some of their wounded were picked up by our forces. Passed some mills, city, or cause roads. An ancient church stood near the road, and contained several bodies of unburied sets.

Fortunately for our animals and ourselves we parked early, and had chance to rest. I did not retire at once, but saw amputation of Johnson's leg. This was a hard case for he had lain 24 hours by the side of the road before we picked him up, and then was brought a long distance. He was 'right fixed' after he came out from under the influence of chloroform.

This has been a fine day, but is overcast tonight. Capt. Jones is with me. In our wagon of the 3^d brigade is a negro woman upon whom the boys have taken pity.

In open field near Rail Road
Wednesday, April 5.
(R. & D. C. near Gettysville.)

Routed at half past one and prepared to move. It was daylight before we started out, and then only to wait, wait, wait - no moving, no moving! With train no chance to eat, sleep or do anything. After a long delay we got the road and pulled ahead through a beautiful country, where the grass was growing green, the grain shooting forth, and the trees in full bloom, - pulled ahead so fast that some teams

played out and there came
very near it. Our train was
not very long for our ambulances
sent back with wounded as
Petersburg had not got up. It
was a hot, sunshiny day, and
started the sweat out of many
a man and beast. Gen. Kirk
coddled along in his carriage sick.

Incurved the displeasure of
Gen. McDougall of the 1st division,
by not moving the train out of
his way before an aid told me
that he ordered me to keep
more to the right. Dignity
there!! The eagles must have
recently soared to the stars! How
wonderfully a little honor will
affect some, raising them to the
third heavens!

Tobacco found in great quantities
and used or wasted, corn,

oats and corn blades used for
fodder, and hens, chickens, pigs &c.
for food. Rations short and boys
hungry. Buildings burnt along
the road. It is sad to see some
of them thus wantonly destroyed,
but we believe it right to burn any
mill or building which has been
and may be of service to the rebels.

We have never failed to see the
futility of putting a guard on every
piece of property of known rebels,
and it has never been our opinion
that the south should be made
to feel the force of the blow
we can inflict, by using their
property as well as fighting men.

About 2 o'clock near a run
in rear of our division. Saw Hydr.
Packard, Crown of my class, and
Fogg of Lexington notoriety.
Caught up with cavalry, and

parked in this open field near which are several hundred of Johnnies, prisoners. Our Cavalry has been doing a great work in harassing the enemy on his retreat, and taking prisoners.

Lights at a distance supposed to be those of the rebels - Breast-works are being thrown up. We seem to have got the rail road between the rebels and Burkeville junction, and thus we prevent their going to Danville, but compel them to move on towards Lynchburg. Every day we pass them closely, and give them no peace. The heavy blow struck at Petersburg is followed up by a series of blows more powerful than we ever gave the retreating foe before.

In open field, near the river running through the Valley of Destruction, Thursday, April 6.

Followed division this morning in great hurry lest we be cut off. Crossed the rail road between Richmond and Burkeville, and parked until the Cavalry had passed on towards our left. Report then sent us towards Amelia C. R. 7 miles distant, but we moved only a short distance before we drew up in line of battle, and then we started in hot haste for the enemy whose train was descried moving over the hills in the distance. Our division engaged the rear guard of the enemy who had selected commanding positions on the hills near the

Amelia Springs House. After crossing Flat Creek, and leaving the beautiful resort on our right, our division advanced driving the enemy before it. While ascending a steep hill Gen. Mott was wounded in the leg between the tibia and fibula, and I met him being carried back by our stretcher carriers, while I was on my way to report to Maj. Liver of his staff. Gen. De Trobriant at once assumed command and pushed on after the enemy. Reporting to Major Liver, and back to Lt. Pancost, I took a hasty lunch, and then hastened to the front again, passing on my way there the brick house on the eminence known as Amelia Springs House. Along the way saw wagons, caissons, ammunition,

and various munitions of war hastily abandoned by the enemy. At Featonsville we encountered the rebels, and dislodged them after a short and sanguinary charge. The 17th Maine lost about 25 men, among whom were Col. Hobson wounded, Lt. Usher mortally wounded, Lt. Forb severely wounded, and Lt. Sweeney slightly. Corporal Miller was killed, Corporal Burgess wounded, and Milliken mortally. Our hospital was established near Mrs. Vaughn's, or at Mr. Baughn's house, known as the "Bachelor's Rest," two or three miles in the rear, and it took a long while to get off our wounded in covered ambulances. Col. Hobson was in fine spirits, and seemed pleased with his wound. Poor Usher said "it is hard", as I spoke to

him and wished him good luck as he was carried to the Hospital on a stretcher. A wounded Captain on Gen. Gordon's staff preferred to say nothing in answer to my inquiries respecting the force the rebels had opposing us. In this he showed his good sense, for it was not advisable or consistent with his duty as an officer in the rebel army to confess any weakness, or divulge anything that would work to our advantage against his own army. A secesh woman got no satisfaction from me when she asked about my having a guard put on her house & property. I told her if she could see our wounded men, she would say nothing about a guard. I would have revenge, and make

acquisition for property, and blow wherever the enemy had been protected. Maj. Mattocks tells me that the rebels here would deliberately fire at our men from behind banks or any other protection until our forces were within ten feet of them, when they would graciously and willingly surrender. Can secessionists ask, or expect protection under such circumstances? Judging from the guns lying along the road many prisoners were captured here. It was my pleasure here as elsewhere to tell the negroes they are free. Furthermore I told them, if their former masters attempted to punish them, to knock them down.

After getting off our wounded & waiting until after sunset, moved onward four miles over the road

along which our forces had had a running fight with the enemy.

Picked up five ambulances full of wounded men, among whom was Capt. Sumner of the 17th - After packing went in search of division head quarters, but failed to find them. They were across the river, and the bridge was gone, my horse was nearly played out, and I dare not ford the stream under the circumstances. Here in what I have termed the "Valley of Destruction", saw a long train of wagons and ambulances captured by our Corps, said to be about 200. It is reported that 12000 prisoners besides many wagons, are the result of this day's work, and among them are 9 generals.

Overcast and raining this morning, but fair this afternoon.

We have passed over a hilly region today and this around us is of the same sort. We do not wonder that the rebs gave up their train, and cut loose as best they could.

Hospital near White House,
Friday, April 7.

(Two miles to the right of Farmeville.)

After resting in an ambulance as best I could, sitting up and sleeping, I received orders at 6 1/2 o'clock to move at 6. Consequently, not getting road was cut off by 35 Corps, and had to wait a long while near the captured rebel train. Their rough and home made wagons plainly show to what desperation they are driven. They fight in a manner worthy of a better cause. After some delay while in doubt about the right road, pulled on with our

five ambulances full of wounded men. It was hard for them for they had nothing to eat, and their wounds had not been dressed. The roads were hilly and rough, and some of the drivers were not so careful as they ought to have been with wounded men in their wagons. It was wet and muddy, little rest had been given them or their horses, and they were in just the condition to be careless & forgetful. Found the bridge across the Appomattox burnt, which compelled us to move along the river towards High Bridge where our force crossed. The banks of the river here are very steep, almost perpendicular. The current of the river is swifter than any southern stream I have crossed, and the region hereabouts is rocky and hilly. When our

2^d & 3^d division ambulances reached High Bridge it was raining hard, and we were ordered to load them as full as we could with wounded here and send them back to Bruns-ville Station. Col. Starbird of the 19th was among the wounded here at the Bridge, and at his request I intended to accompany him back. Lt. Hancock coming up with heavy wagons, said there was no need of an officer's going back, so I did not return with the Colonel. Our wounded had been left at the Vaughn House after sending back what could be sent in our ambulances. There were about 160 under charge of Dr. Sanderling. Gen. Smythe was wounded mortally near the Bridge. This bridge is built over the Appomattox, or a branch of it, has 21

span of 30 or 35 feet, from of which on the end towards Lynchburg was destroyed by the rebels, is about a hundred feet high, and was defended by two forts mounting 18 or 20 guns. I counted 18. The magazine of one guarded by Co. F was blown up when the rebels evacuated it last night or this morning. The South Side R.R. cross the river on this bridge. The piers and abutments are brick, and the whole structure of it is solid, workmanlike, and expensive.

Here I got some hard bread and coffee, the first I have had to eat with the exception of a single hard tack since yesterday noon. It was 2 o'clock when I sat. Capt. Cooney, Commissary 1st Regt. adv. begged a hard tack of me, and told me he had nothing

in his supply wagon to eat. A fine prospect ahead with no rations, our army far into the enemy's country, and the roads to the rear or back of supplies wonderfully soft and pliable. At the bridge learned of the death of Lt. Usher. Little thought I yesterday that one more would my eyes behold the manly form, the cheerful countenance, or ^{hear} the voice of Colley Usher! -

St. Pancost found some fault with me because I did not report to Cape Hd. Qrs. last night when I had not found the division. I could not see the price of some of his logic in reference to the use of the train to Gen. St. Julien's. What advantage could it be for him to know where five ambulances loaded with wounded men were parked? They could

not carry off many more wounded, and would be of no service in time of action. — I was sent by him to report to Gen. Leitch, which I did. But the Gen. expressed no desire to see Lt. Hancock, and had something of more importance on his mind at that hour than five ambulances sent back with wounded, or seven heavy wagons coming up. There was heavy skirmishing along the line across the road, and while attending to my duties at the front was under fire several times. Several bullets whizzed over my head, when reporting to Gen. Pierce. We had a few wounded, but the 1st division suffered most severely, as the 2^d did at High Bridge. I saw all of our wounded taken from the White House back to this

hospital, and then I returned myself. I begged supper of Jerry. Was tired and about plumped out. ~~Worse ditto.~~

Overcast and raining all day. We are now 1/2 or 2 miles to the right of Farmville.

In open field, on north side of Stage road, from Richmond to Lynchburg, Saturday, April 8.
(Near New Store.)

Excellent night's rest with Capt. Perry, and extra turkey breakfast of Chaplain Porter. This has been a beautiful day to advance but some parts of the road have been muddy, rough, rocky or hilly. This mail route on which we have travelled part of the day is no better than our roughest and most solitary highways, or byways in the North.

Lt. Painter sent back with small train of rebel ambulances containing wounded men. Some negroes came in yesterday full of rejoicing who were taken prisoners from the 9th Corps last summer, and have been to work on the fortifications of the rebels ever since. That is our way they treat our men when they are so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the rebels.

Found considerably strong earth works thrown up by the Johnnies when resisting our advance yesterday. Passed a church on our right, and left Farmville two miles to our left. Proposition and condition of our render sent in. Prisoners are to be released on parole until regularly exchanged, never to take

up arms against us till then. Not agreed to.

Genl. Hunt, chief of Artillery, Meade, and Grant and Staffs rode along about two. Could but observe the difference between Meade and Grant. The former who is somewhat sick, rides along in his Hb. Dr. Wagon, and requires the way cleared before him, while Genl. Grant picks his way along through bushes at the side of the road just like any common man.

Army Head Quarters at a white house just before we descended a steep hill. Again at white house opposite to which we parked a few moments. Saw several females looking at our faces and trains as we moved by.

A solitary bill on our right greeted our vision. It was covered

with pine. Compared by some
with Mt. Holyoke, Mass.

Our force are said to be in
this position: 2⁵/₁₅ & 5¹⁵/₁₅ Cops on
the right, 6¹⁵/₁₅, 24¹⁵/₁₅ & Cavalry on
the left. 9¹⁵/₁₅ & 25¹⁵/₁₅ doing guard
duty back to the rear. For one
I do not exactly understand the
locality of the army, but know
our front has been changed con-
siderably since we threw up a line
of works near Burkeville Junction.

Passed through a small place
called New Store this evening. It
has been honored with an Acad.
emy I judge from a book found
there. The Store here was well
stocked, but our soldiers could
not pass it without making
free use of anything therein that
they wanted. Here the supply
train passed us on the way to

the front with rations. We
halted and received about half
rations. I got supper of Chaplain
Poter. After a long delay, and not
resting our jaded animals, we
pulled on and travelled till 4.
All were tired, sleepy, and some-
what demoralized, and parked
most willingly.

In open field near Clover Hill
and Appomattox C.H. Sunday, April 9.

God be praised for the vic-
tory of today! Lee has at last
seen the hopelessness of his cause
and has accepted the terms first
offered to him when he asked of
Gen. Grant the conditions to be
granted in case of his surrender.
"Historic day! Long to be remem-
bered and celebrated by every true

and loyal man throughout the
length and breadth of our country.
Tonight we lie down with a heart
full of joy that we live to behold
the day that brings us victory,
and rejoice that we are a soldier
in this great army of the Potomac.

After some delay in getting out,
our train started. Lt. Leigh had
started towards Amelia Springs
to see about getting off our wound-
ed, Lt. Painter had not come up,
and I was left alone with Lt. Pan-
coast. He sent me forward to ac-
company the division. So after
reporting to Gen. Dr. Debriant, I
rode along with the staff of our
brigade. There were various
reports of flags of truce, but we
heard nothing that could be re-
lied on. About one the Corps held
us under orders that there was a

cessation of hostilities until two
while Gen. Lee and Grant were
holding a conference relative to
a surrender. As two o'clock ap-
proached many a heart beat
anxiously. The hour came. The
column commenced to move. It
halted, and another hour passed
and still another before we knew
the happy and important result
of the interview at Appomattox
C.H. four miles distant. Mean-
while a flag of truce came in,
on an ambulance containing
Commissioner Ould and others, be-
hind which was a Southern Ex-
press Wagon laden with baggage.
The bands commenced playing
and cheers filled the air. It was
the spontaneous outburst of an
army desirous of peace, and an-
nouncing for the end of this war to come.

I had dined at Gen. Pierce's
Hq. Lrs., and was there waiting
for some definite news, some
reliable or official report. None
came. Were we to be disappointed?
Were we to fight on and on
and see blood to be poured out
again before Lee surrendered?
Was not this delay only a strategy
a design of the rebel commander
to give him time to get his forces
in position, or away? Would the
bird escape where our hands were
almost upon him? Many were the
hopes and doubts arising and ming-
ling together in our own minds, as
we waited and watched every move-
ment along the road.

Crossing the road and wait-
ing near our train after our return
from the heat of the column, we
presently heard cheers of victory

along the line. Gen. Lee had
surrendered. Gen. Meade was
riding down the road with head
uncovered acknowledging the cheers
of the soldiers whose voices rang
out on this holy day, calm,
pleasant, lovely. Cheers after cheers
filled the air, and the voice of a
hundred guns mingled with the
noise of the multitude and told
us that the deed was consum-
mated. Those pieces so destructive
in battle now reversed fired no fer-
vently cartridges or charges to the rear.
It was a scene long to be remem-
bered. Men were frantic with joy,
throwing their caps high in the
air, and greeting one another with
heartily grasps and glowing faces.
And well they might. For they
had fought hard, and won a most
signal and triumphant victory.

All of us will be proud to say,
I was in the Army of the Potomac
and was present on Sunday
the 9th of April, 1865, when Gen.
Lee surrendered the rebel army
of Northern Virginia, to our brave,
persistent and redoubtable chieftain
Gen. U. S. Grant."

But while we rejoice today
we thought with tearful sadness
of those brave compatriots, whose lives
had been sacrificed in this great
contest for liberty. I was not in
vain that Merrill gave his life,
(it was all he had,) for his country!
And so with thousands of others we
might say, whose bones lie buried
within the limits of this state. Dulce
et decorum est pro patria mori.

And now on this beautiful
day of our risen Saviour we give
Thru thanks, O God, for such a

victory! May it lead on to
the day when we can truly say,
"Glory to God in the highest, peace
on earth, good will towards men!"

This fair day closed overcast
and cloudy. May this victory
not be overshadowed by a cloud!

Appomattox C. H. the place
of the surrender, is a small
place of 200 inhabitants, and is
about 25 miles from Lynchburg.

In open field 4 miles from
Appomattox C. H. Monday, April 9.

Raining this morning and
overcast all day, so our open
field is an open field of mud.

Terms of surrender known to-
day. All are liberated on parole
not to take up arms until reg-
ularly exchanged, and all officers

are allowed to retain their side
arms, and personal property.
I am provoked, and I think the
soldiers are disappointed, that
there is to be no surrender in
the presence of our army, that
has so long and fiercely fought
the forces of Gen. Lee. About
18000 men are surrendered and
during our campaign we have
taken before 30000. In all the
rebels must have lost 50 or 55
000, beside 5 or 10000 stragglers.
We received 170 pieces of artillery
from the surrendered army.

Several Johnnies came in
from their army to beg rations
of us. We gave them hard tack.
Yes, men of South Carolina and
Georgia received hard tack from
the mudsills of the north, from
Lincoln's hirelings, from the

insolent, rapacious Yankees!
What condescension! Ah, they
were glad to get anything to eat
from us, whatever they may
have said against us. And
they know, too, that they would
not go back empty-handed, if
we could spare any food at all.
If all were like an ignorant
rampant Georgian who came to
our park yesterday, never a bite
would they receive, even if it would
prevent their starving. There are
brands beyond which men can
not go with impunity. There are
words that our soldiers will not
hear and pass them by uncon-
tented. But a parcel prisoner can
say what any other person can-
not, for no true union soldier
would injure such a one, but
would bear a great deal of insolence.

This is the first leisure day
I have had for nearly two weeks,
and I devote its hours writing
to my darling wife. No word from
her for two weeks! No letter to her
for two weeks! When this village
cannot conjecture, we are so far
from mail communication.

We move towards Burksville
tomorrow. When there hope to
have better communication and
transportation. Our rations and
forage are scant, men's shoes
and clothing are worn out, and
all are dirty. We need to be
just under the healthy influence
of swamp and water, make a change
in our clothing, and then come
forth cleaner if not better men,
feeling as though we had done
our duty, and are worthy the
laurels of the victors.

Near New Store, Tuesday April 11.

The small settlement of several
houses and a store, through
which we passed last Saturday
evening, was announced this
morning as our destination today.
Knowing this we had some idea
where we would "unhitch and un-
harness" at night. It was doubt-
ful whether we could make this
place very early, or not, when we
had to wait until after 12 to pull
out, two hours later than we were
ordered to be in readiness to move.
Made 12 good miles today over a
rough, muddy road. Horses and
mules "played out" frequently. It
was hard, as it has often been, to
refer to take men into our am-
bulance at nearly all times fully
loaded. Many a man sick, lame,

tired out, had to be told to get along, as best he could, for we had not transportation for as many as received passes from their regimental surgeons. All our ambulances with two or three exceptions had come up, and were filled.

It has been a wet, disagreeable day, and were we moving under any other circumstances, we should think it almost impossible to get along. We are returning, but not retreating, and we have only a small guard to protect us in any emergency, not much larger than would be needed in some sections said to be loyal. We have used up Lee's army, and our boys talk incessantly of peace, no more fighting, going home, and kindred topics in which they almost invariably

take delight.

As we came along, rode up to the house of a poor white, for the express purpose of seeing a sad sight. It was a deformed family. The poor, squatted objects of pity hovered around the door of the miserable and dirty abode, and with almost idiotic looks gazed upon us. The father, as I supposed the man, had no thumbs, and a girl, his daughter I think, stood by the door, with her short arms hanging straight adown her side, apparently jointless, with thumbless hands protruding from her dirty sleeves. I do not think her arms were more than six inches in length. Alas! for poor, unfortunate whites, cramped down by extensive landholders, and oppressed by plantation system, as well

as by that more barbarous and
offensive system, human slavery.
It is no wonder that they live
in dirt, gratifying their animal
passions, and transmitting dis-
ease, hereditary and degenerating
to every successive generation.
Advocates of human slavery
need never tell me that such
a system is not injurious to
the people, but that it benefits
them as well as the negroes.
Enterprise, industry, labor, dis-
cuss out as the backward state of
cultivation, improvement, and
civilization shows, and a life
of ease and dependence on
negro labor usurps those high
and noble purposes, growth,
improvement, development,
which man should labor to
promote, and keep in view.

Near Farmerville, Wednesday, April 22

Excellent night's rest, against
which I file no objections, but
rather petition that "Tired Nature's
sweet restore, balmy sleep" may
come refreshing to my body, and
distil, like the sweet dew of eve-
ning, grace over my soul!
Passed a church "gutted". There is
a morbid desire on the part of
our soldiers to carry with them
some trophy, some memento of
places through which we pass. This
leads them to bear away any book,
or piece of furniture, that can be
easily transported. These south-
ern churches are not built ac-
cording to modern style, but
are half a century behind the
times. They are generally built
in pleasant localities, among beau-

tiful forest trees, furnishing a pleasant retreat under the cool and refreshing shade of their overhanging branches. No dust from crowded thoroughfares fills the worshipper's eyes, no scorching sun pours his hot rays fiercely down upon the head.

All along the road, wherever there was a plantation, negroes flocked out to see us. There were the aged men and women, young men and maidens of various shades from ebony to almost white, and picconinnies without number. They expressed great joy at our presence, and welcomed us as only persons of grateful hearts could do. I asked one old darkey how he felt. "I feel well in body, an' spirit," he

replied. The use of this word spirit led one to ask him what made him feel so. And he answered in broken language something about our trying to do him good. Generalizing was not sufficient, and so I asked why he felt well, what we had done. "Yinnir fetched me out from under bonds, and set me free," he answered. And so they all felt, and the hearts of these poor, uneducated blacks beat joyfully to know they are free! They have long expected freedom, have prayed for it, have watched and waited for its coming, and now they understand it's here. But we have to tell them so when they express their gladness, and address us as "massa". And this they do, so accustomed are they to call the whites "massa".

Others, too, came out to see the
Gaudals devastating the land.
These were the tall, spare, slim,
battered-clothed ocreous youth.
I could but notice that these
youth have nothing of that
ruddy, robust, stalwart appear-
ance of our northern lads.
Many of them are of fair com-
plexion, but the majority are
sallow. They would pass as
"spindle-shanks" among our
northern farmer boys.

Passed a beautiful little com-
munity, called Hurdsville, near
which was the best looking
church I have seen. An Ep-
iscopal Church, which our negro
told me "is an epistole church".
The scenery and locality were so
lovely and beautiful. Broad
acres were cleared and growing

grain, extensive woodlands
stretched far away over hill
and valley, and far in the
distance we caught glimpses
of white houses, built after the
fashion of the south, with chim-
neys at the ends, out of doors,
and sequestered amid noble
forest trees remote from the
highways. But the "lover of the
beautiful" could see one glaring
defect, and that is everywhere
conspicuous. Scattered around
in close proximity to these dwellings
are kitchens, negro huts, and other
log houses, which would be an
"eye sore" to one - Crossed a
stream, through a covered bridge,
which bridge was the most
civilized bridge, I have trusted
myself on within the precincts of
the "Old Dominion".

During the afternoon passed the church, by which we moved last Saturday morning, and over which the rebels had a line of works. We had also before that passed what I suppose is Appomattox Mt. the small elevation standing single and alone, which we passed last week. About a mile and a half from this place we came along where the rebels burnt a train of 100 wagons on their hasty and demoralized retreat. Both bridges across the Appomattox at this place were burnt by the rebels, and we crossed on pontoons. Four boats, only, were sufficient to hold up our heaviest wagons. The river is about three rods wide, the banks low and sloping, and the current rapid. At high water the banks, especially

the one towards the village must be deeply overflowed.

This town, occupied by our forces last Thursday, is the principal place of Prince Edward County, contains three churches, several foundries and warehouses, a female seminary, a hospital, and many beautiful residences. The hospital is built like our post hospitals and contains 700 or 800 sick & wounded soldiers, Union and rebel. The South side R. R. runs through the place and we first crossed it here with our train, after leaving Sutherlands. I crossed and recrossed it, however, at High Bridge.

We are now about a mile out of town. From the hill between us and the village we had a fine prospect view of the town as it lay in the valley and extended up the

sides of the surrounding hills. Gen. St. Leger sat on the balcony of a square, white, two-story house, and seemed to enjoy the prospect, civilized as well as beautiful.

We travelled 17 miles today, started early, and were rejoiced to receive letters and papers from our friends - our first mail since we left Petersburg. Did not get a letter from Louise, and am surprised and disappointed. Overcast, then fine weather, at last cloudy, and sprinkling a little.

In open field, between Farmsville & Burksville, Thursday, April 12.

Raining during the night, and this morning, but it did not prevent our pulling out. Some of our ambulances were

sent away under command of St. Leger, to convey wounded from the hospital in Farmville, to Burksville Station, and we had so few left that many of our lame, sick, and played out, not to say "playing it" men had to walk and limp along as best they could.

After travelling over a rough muddy road, we reached a branch of the Appomattox, and on its bank waited for batteries and troops to pass. Wheels went in over the hubs, wagons stuck, horses went down in the water and wet their ridges, men went leg deep into the muddy water, and noise and confusion reigned. All picked their way along as they could, to the best advantage, many of the men bare as to their feet and legs wading the swollen

stream single file, and emerging on the opposite side apparently none the wiser or less white on account of the "small deviation" of dirty water.

High Bridges seen on our left, spanning the river and its low banks.

Overtook 25th Corps. They have used these negro troops to guard duty along the railroad and within the captured cities. What retribution! The Confederate Capital under control of the negro, to enslave whom and hold in bondage, has been the chief aim of the leaders of this infernal rebellion.

Our men are foraging along the road, and making free use of rebel property. Some rebel officers and men returning home today. They march along near us without

fear or intimidation. Made about 5 miles today - "Joe Mule" played out entirely and was killed this morning. It cleared off and was quite warm this P.M.

In park, near Burkeville, "old place".
Friday, April 14.

Routed at three and pulled out at five. Traveled a rough, muddy, serpentine road, through woods, fields, swamps &c. Balance of train came up, when we were parked near the railroad and Corps Hd. Qrs. - Good water scarce. I make it a point to give my horse as clear water as I drunk, when it is possible to find it.

Came into park near old Burkeville, in a peach orchard, on the land of Dr. Hunt's. It is a fine

young orchard in full bloom, and it seems almost a desecration to park a train in it. But such is the custom and fortune of war.

We have had a fine day, have come 6 or 8 miles, and are glad that our reported destination is at last reached. Here we hope to remain a short time and recruit.

Johnnies have been passing along the railroad in front of us in small squads ever since we came in here. Some of our soldiers who fell out on the way, were scattered along with them, and they seemed to agree as well as they ever disagreed on the field of battle. Perhaps I ought to say agreed, for they agreed to shoot one another, if they could.

Rations and forage still scarce. Chanticleer, who has sounded his shrill voice in our ears early in the morning, of late, had to be sacrificed tonight for our supper.

Feeling somewhat sick, having the same symptoms I had when illious several weeks ago.

Near Burksville, Saturday, April 15.

Rainy and overcast all day, so that it has passed for a disagreeable day. Tent pitched for protection from the rain and for my convenience. Forage short and rations also, though the latter are coming in more plenty than here before for some time. Writing to Louisa, Ellen and George.

near Burlington, Sunday April 16.

Complete ablution and change of clothing this morning, the first for three weeks! Papers from Mr. Mason, but no letter from Louisa to cheer my heart. Why I cannot imagine. Two weeks and no word from her! and only one letter from home.

Writing to Prescott and three letters for Sumner. This has been a calm, beautiful holy Sabbath, a day of rest, and would that I could say of joy. I cannot, for the heart is sad, and bowed down with grief. For an official dispatch comes to our brass men that our noble Chief Magistrate, our honest President, was shot while at Ford's Theatre on Friday night, and buried Saturday morning. And that

Secretary Seward's life was despaired of, on account of wounds inflicted the same hour by the hand of an assassin. At first we would not believe, but were forced to do so when it was told us that it was official.

We grieve not so much for the man as for the nation. A heavy blow has been struck against her and her institutions of freedom and humanity. We are carried back into those days of barbaric glory, when the assassination of rulers was a means employed to change the government into other hands. We know not the perpetrator of this dastardly act, but believe he must have been a rabid secessionist, was spurred and goaded on by the recent defeat of the rebel army, and overthrown

of the boasted Confederacy. Into
other hands the government will
pass, but the acts of Abraham
Lincoln are imperishable, and
the will and fixed determination
of the people are not destroyed.
They will preserve the government,
pro volente, and establish it on
a sure basis of which freedom is
the corner stone.

In my opinion it will vas-
perate the soldiers and kindle a
desire of revenge. We will fight it
out until the rebels are conquered,
and, if that is not sufficient, un-
til they are subjugated. It is in
my heart to be vindictive, and
not show any mercy to leaders
or abettors in this rebellion.
And today I have a mind to
say I will remain in the service
until the government of the United

States is acknowledged by every
rebellious state in this union.

I regard this assassination
as only the act perpetrated in
the spirit engendered by hu-
man slavery. It is the natural
outgrowth of an unnatural and
abnormal condition of society.

Mac Burtsville, Monday April 17.

Reported to Gen. Price this
morning, and then visited the reg-
iment. Chance for promotion, if
I will be mustered in for three years,
and I think I will.

Sent to Army Hb. Dr. Passed
Junction. Richmond and Danville
Rail Road crosses, or rather passes
under the South Side here. Nice
houses, two or three in number, on
the left. This station was of great

importance to the rebels, and our
having possession of it controls
the communication between the
four important places, Richmond,
Petersburg, Danville & Lynchburg.
Our army is concentrating now
at this point, and along these
roads.

Writing in this diary today.
"making up" as I make up for
lost sleep by night. Negroes
were dancing near here tonight.
They are very fond of music &
dancing. They set many com-
mon expressions to music, and
laugh and "yaw how" over any
thing of the nature of a joke.
Those around us appear to be as
happy a set of men and boys
as one generally sees.

Another beautiful day, but
the morning was cool.

Near Burksville, Tuesday, April 15.

On a small slip of paper I
find these entries, and they
laconically express my latres,
and the state of the weather, of
the day.

"Writing in diary. Visited
Regiment. Offer of position. Talk
with Horson. No letters. Fine
day."

In addition to these entries
and explanatory of them I can
say, my visit was pleasant. Took
tea with the Major, who offered
me the position of Acting Quarter-
Master of the regiment. My talk
with the Dr. was in reference to
accepting it, and in regard to pet-
ty annoyances. I was disappoint-
ed in not hearing from Louis.
The fine day was an end.

Near Burksville, Wednesday,
April 19.

Thoughts of re-pitching tent somewhat knocked by Lt. Hancock's telling me, we three brigade officers must occupy it. It isn't treating us decently to give us so small a tent for three.

A young boy and recruit of Co. F. 17th Maine was buried near Dr. Hunt's garden today. I knew the little fellow was dead, but knew not about the services until I heard the words of prayer of the Chaplain. I looked out of my tent, and saw the attendants, pioneers, Captain and Chaplain standing around the grave with uncovered heads. The short prayer of the Chaplain ended, and the men at once commenced to cover up the lifeless body of the youthful

soldier boy.

At noon a salute was fired as funeral honors of our Chief Magistrate whose burial occurred at noon today. At the regiment Chaplain Lovring had services. He read the 23rd Psalm, offered prayer, read a portion of a chapter in Peter, the band played, and the Chaplain then discoursed well as usual from the words "all flesh is as grass." He then repeated the Lord's prayer, the doxology,
'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.'
was then sung, the band playing, and a benediction closed the exercise, and appropriate services commemorating our President's burial.

The papers are full of particulars of the assassination, and grief at the loss of President Lincoln as manifested everywhere in the north. J. Wilkes Booth is supposed to be the assassin. His *crimen tyrannic* were his words as he made his escape. The motto of Virginia was untimely used, and Virginians will find to their sorrow, or believe, that they were poorly avenged. There is hope that Secretary Seward will recover. President Johnson was inaugurated soon after the death of President Lincoln, and expressed a desire to pursue the course marked out by the progress of events, and requested the members of the Cabinet to remain in their positions.

The papers also announce the capture of Mobile. Their blessings

in disguise come fast to the Confederacy. Correspondence between Gen. Grant and Lee published. Grant demanded surrender. Conditions asked for by Lee. Given but not accepted. Intimacy tending to peace asked for by Lee. Not granted. Lee finally sees the hopelessness of his cause, as he could not see it at first, and surrenders on Grant's liberal terms. Everybody, even our enemies, must admire the noble and generous spirit of our Gen. who granted our enemy everything they could ask for, or expect. He seemed to desire to make it as little humiliating as a surrender possibly could be. The south must see, we hope, courage, and are not the Vandals they have reported us to be.

No mail tonight. Writing to Wil-
lie and Louise. Beautiful day.

Near Bucksville, Thursday April 23rd

Writing to Smith and Loring.
Sent to Capt. Straug's to draw 6
mules. Owing to mistake, had to
go to Army Hd. Qrs. before I could
get the animals. Near Hospital
at the station saw some 12 or 15
young ladies, said to be members
of the Fainsville Seminary. They
were standing in a group among
some heavy teams. Judging
from what I know of soldiers,
and what I have heard about
negro wenchies on the Weldon Rail-
road road, they are not very safe
among teamsters. It is a sad state
of society that places young ladies
unprotected among so many pas-

sionate men over whom there is
no restraint.

Confirmation of the capture of
Mobile, and probability of the sur-
render of Johnston. These are items
of cheering intelligence, and cause
us to believe that our fighting is
done. Let our muscles and can-
non now be used in celebrating
our national victories and pro-
claim that the supremacy of our
republican government is fully
established and acknowledged, at
home as well as abroad!

No letter from Louise. I can-
not understand why there is so
long silence. Time will explain,
and I shall live in hope, and
patiently bide my time.

Overcast and rainy this morn-
ing. Hot and clear during the day.
Showery tonight. Thunder and lightning.

Friday April 21.

A warm sultry day this. Cloudy and threatening rain. A few drops fell, though scarcely enough to change the temperature of the atmosphere. Dr. Evans having accompanied his regiment to Farmville, I had my tent pitched where his dining-tent had stood. A change for the better with which I am much pleased. Writing to Butter today, giving him a letter of 8 pages foolscap. No mail tonight for our division. Hear strong hopes that tomorrow morning will bring me letters from home and good news from those dear ones there.

St. Painter returned from foraging, having done well & had a good time.

Saturday April 22.

Went to the station to draw clothing. On account of rush there obliged to wait and wait. Orders filled at last. - New park picked out. Visited regiment. St. Howard goes South to enter a colored regiment. St. Cummings under arrest for drunkenness. No letter from home. How many times have I got to say this? It must be that they are negligent, or are waiting to hear from me. If they have written, some letter would have reached me. Letter from Gov. King this morning. He is at Philadelphia now, hoping to get a leave of absence soon. He is on board the U.S.S. Dienville. A warm sultry day. Quite comfortable this evening. Met

Manning at the Station today. It almost escaped my mind, so little impression it made then on. No classmate of mine has my respects so little as C. H. Manning, nor would I put myself out at all to meet him. I hope and presume the feeling is mutual.

Was especially pleased with a speech of President Johnson, in which he expressed his policy. Her will be governed by the progress of events. This appears right, for in these stirring times one cannot tell today what the policy of tomorrow will be. One thing is sure. He believe treason is a crime, and traitors should suffer its penalty. And what is money to an individual may be essential to the state. Let his policy be pursued!

Sunday April 23.

No mail for me, except two papers. It looks as though my friends are very negligent, for I cannot believe they have forgotten me. Egotism crops out every day and everywhere, and I begin to grow disgusted. This applies to one whose orders I ever try to execute - poorly, or without success at times, it is true. Sixth Corps moving towards Danville today. All other Corps have gone from here and we are left as "monarchs of all we survey."

Very cold day this. We need fires tonight to keep our wall tents comfortable. A day very unlike our Northern Sabbath as to noise, music and

Monday April 24.

The writing and mistakes on the preceding page show that I was not in a mood to write, whether on account of the cold, or my disappointment at not receiving letters from Louise and home, or both, it matters not. The page, like many a page in man's life, is covered with blots and scratches.

No letters this morning, and so there and tonight I have been compelled to ask myself, Why does not Louise write? I can only think her letters have been miscarried, or she has been culpably negligent. Every day my hopes rise only to be dashed to earth again. I have no heart to write when disappoint-

ment crushes out all hope, and doubt reigns. When the mail has not come at night I have thought this morning will bring me a letter. But when no letter came I have thought tonight will certainly bring me the much desired letter. And so I live on alternating between hope and doubt.

Packing and preparing to move into the pine. Have an excellent park though of small dimensions. The men, naturally lazy, do not like to work when they think we shall move within a week. Every body is laboring under the impression that we shall move soon, though there is nothing official about it.

A very cold night last night, but a warm and pleasant day.

New Park in the Pines,
Tuesday April 25.

The roar of cannon awakened me at sunrise this morning, and five o'clock found me up. Learned that today has been appointed by the War Department for the army to pay their respects to the illustrious dead, our loved President, whose body is now being borne to Illinois to the sepulchre. A salute was fired this morning, guns have been fired every half hour, and tonight at sunset a national salute was fired. The order at the regiments was that no work would be done after the regiments had been paraded at 10 o'clock. We had no orders, so kept to work all day. Got into new park.

Our park is splendid and well shaded. It cost some hard work to get it done, and showed me that the ones most likely to find fault are those having the easiest time. Became very near having trouble with Groves whom I had ordered to ditch a little. I command the 2^d brigade, however much our arms to work everything his way. An officer of the day yesterday reported condition of camp, and absentees from roll calls, in writing to Lt. Hancock. Absentees on fatigue were enraged. My written report proved me correct once, and "myself" wrong.

Again no mail. And shall I look and look in vain? Sometimes I would shed tears, if it were of any use. A beautiful day, clear, calm, and warm.

Wednesday, April 26.

Various disagreeable matters came up today. Stealing, gambling, using up public property &c. have engaged my attention and occupied my mind. Examined into the reported purchasing of revolvers. S. M.'s stores not being looked after quite closely enough the Lt. scolded me a little. My reply to him was that I had tried to obey his orders as he had given them. No more gambling to be allowed in my brigade. The men are grumbling and finding fault with me, but some misconceive the reasons for Lt. Paveast's being so strict. It has been a hard day, but my mind being occupied while I have been writing for Lt. P. I have got along well. I find it hard to be called upon to stop

the practice of playing poker, when the majority of officers do it, and my immediate superior has been known to encourage it, and indulge therein. Shall endeavor, however, to execute all orders however hard it may be, and whatever feeling it may create. I disapprove of stealing, and gambling, but enlisted men cannot be expected to refrain from the evil practices, when their officers have encouraged them.

Disappointed and in doubt again. I continually ask myself why I receive no letters, and imagine almost everything. I hope to know soon, and prefer the worst to this horrid suspense.

Sherman reported relieved for attempting to make peace, and for unmerciful terms of reconstruction, both of which are beyond his power. They

belong to another power than military - that power rested in the President and Congress. By his armistice the rebels have gained much, and Jeff has probably escaped. If the report is true, his former prestige is gone, his great name lost.

A beautiful day this.

Thursday April 27.

Still writing notifications for St. Pancrast. Officers of the day. Have been relieved somewhat today by a circular sent around, which forbids gambling in this command. Read it tonight to the whole train. Now I can work, having something to fall back on, and someone to sustain me. The other officers are required to recite

the order.

No mail again. Never did such an instance as this occur in my life since I commenced to correspond with my folks, or wife, when absent from them. Hooper still lingers, though it almost dies out at times.

Reported death of Booth, the assassin who shot President Lincoln. Wished he might be taken alive, and am now sorry he was not. The revenging spirit of the many would be gratified, but not satisfied, if he could have been taken alive and hung. A slow death by torture would satisfy many. The assassination has roused the spirit and tendency of slavery, and at the same time has united and strengthened the loyal people, and shown them that lenient measures cannot be

used in relation to the leaders
in this rebellion. Traitors must
pay the penalty of the crime,
Treason. We hope they may.
We will fight another year rather
than have it otherwise. - From
all accounts the whole North are
mourning the loss of our honored
and beloved leader, and are pay-
ing their tributes of respect and
love in a manner unprecedent-
ed in our land, as the remains
of President Lincoln are conveyed
to Springfield, Illinois, their rest-
ing place. President Johnson
has appointed May 25, as a day
of Fasting and Prayer on account
of this loss to us just as the
sunlight of peace is dawning
upon us. God grant that
our nation may fast and pray!
Another most beautiful day.

Friday April 28.

Finished notifications for
St. Paulscoast, and, much to my
surprise, found them correct. This
P.M. writing to Louisa, though no
letter from her has as yet reached
me. As I heard the sound of the
wind among the pines, I thought
of other days when I pursued my
studies within old Bowdoin's walls,
and heard the wind sighing through
the pines beneath whose branches I
was wont to wander. Nor did I
forget the "Pinos loquuntis semper
habemus"; (the pines whispering, al-
ways, we have,) of our Recruits - (so
great is the power of association -
Again it manifested itself, when at
the regiment this evening, I saw
the officers and men engaged in a
regular game of base ball.

Saturday, April 29.

This morning the anxious suspense of the work was ended, and my heart was made glad at the reception of the long-looked-for letter. The suspense at home was as great for the three weeks that they did not hear from me, as mine has been. But I am thankful that both are over and we are relieved of great burdens.

Account of stock taken today. Each man's L. M. Stores are noted down so that in case of a loss, the one losing may account therefor.

Rode over to Artillery Brigade, and had a very pleasant call on Dr. Colman. On my return the clouds were gathering, and soon after, the rain poured down in copious showers. It was gratifying,

for it purified the air, and laid the dust, which for some days has been flying continually, and lighting ^{up} profusely on every and anything in our tent. It is dust. Dust, dust.

As I was sitting at my stand writing, suddenly I espied a stranger near by, that came, I know not from what quarter. One thing I knew the "grayback" was crawling on my pants, but soon was lying a corpse on the ground floor of our mansion. A long year ago my eyes last looked on the form of a "grayback", and may another long space of time pass before I again see one of those disgusting creatures.

My eyes saw a far different sight as I rode out this afternoon. It was a sure sign of civilization. Three men and the same number of ladies were riding out! -

Writing to Louisa this evening,
but the other Lieuts. coming in and
talking put an end to it. - One
thing is strange, and that is why
men cannot talk with decency
and not suffer vulgarity to disgrace
their lips so much. - As the heart
is, so are the words of man.

And now the hardest work
I have experienced in the train
is closing, and I thank God, that
He has brought me through it all
well. My Fear is that things
may go our more smoothly now,
since it is understood that our
superior officer requires us to be
more strict than heretofore. One
thing I have been obliged to observe.
The less men have to do, the more
they grumble. - Again. Any incon-
sistency is at once noticed.

Clear is the clock. I close the book.

Sunday, April 30.

Order for inspection court-martial.
ed. Complete ablation and change
of clothing. Writing to Louisa a few
words, to George, to George Wing and
Mr. Wing. Whenever the spell is on
me and "the spirit moves" I do
up all my writing.

In Dr. Hunt's garden noticed
pears in blossom. They were 12 in-
ches high, proving conclusively that
my word last night was true.

Report that we move in two
days to Manchester. Gladly received
by the boys, for they are discon-
tented and desire to get home. I never
saw them want to go home so much.
They have done their duty, and are
ready to be relieved.

Fine day this but showery
this evening.

Monday, May 1.

Heavy shower last night disturbed out my sound slumbers and awakened me only once. A distinct, clearly-sounding clap of thunder and a few drops of rain, enough, however, to apprise me that it was raining, was all I heard. Up at five and attended roll-call.

Received three letters from my three brothers this morning. All were welcome and rejoiced my heart.

Move tomorrow or next day for Manchester, and no mistake. For one I prefer being on the road to camping a long time in any locality. I hope, however, that our march will not be a forced one, and that we may have pleasant weather on our journey Richmond-ward. We

apprehend no fighting, and fear no danger. If we can only be sent into some beautiful region where the army has not been, I shall like it much better than I should to go where the land is desolated and shows unmistakably the march and conflict and devastation of a terrible, bloody, civil war.

The paper this morning gives a desirable piece of information. The army is to be disbanded as soon as practicable. A reduction is to commence at once. The soldiers receive this with joy and gladness of heart. They are so anxious to return home that they think the army will be disbanded wholly before the 25th of July. I believe it will take a long while to muster us all out and return us to our respective states, and I cannot see returning home before the 15th of August next. And, then, it

It would not be wisdom to take the
forces from the field until every thing
is favorable for a speedy reconstruct-
ion, and return of the seceded states
into the Union. We have conquered
two armies, but the spirit of secession
and State rights exists, and, as long
as the spirit now manifested by
some prevails, we need a large army
to be garrison duty everywhere through-
out the South.

Grant's victory over Johnston is
complete. Three Generals, five Lieut.
Generals, twenty Maj. Gens. and thirty-
eight Brig. Gens. are among the
forces surrendered. Beauregard, Bragg,
Johnston, Hampton, Hardee, Hill, ^{III}
Lee, G.D. and Stewart are the Gens. &
Lt. Gens. Among the Major Gens. are
Breckenridge and Cobb. A part of them
are fighting now, but none equal to
those we took in the Army of Northern Virginia.

As we are about to leave this park
have been interested in finding out where
we are in reference to other places.

Burkeville is 15 miles from Farm-
ville, 20 miles from Amelia C.H. 60 from
Richmond, nearly the same from Peter-
burg and about 100 from Danville.
These are the distances by the trav-
elled roads, though the air line or
railroad is much shorter. Richmond
is about 50 miles, air line, and 53 by
Railroad from the Junction. Peter-
burg not quite so many. Burkeville
Junction is in Nottoway Co. but Col.
Burke's house at the old place is in
Prince Edwards Co. Dr. Hunt's house
is in Nottoway Co. but the line is with
in two rods of the west end of the house.
I judge our park is on the line, and
one tent is in Nottoway Co. - New Store
is in Buckingham Co. Colver Hill and
Appomattox C.H. are the same.

Enjoyed an hour's ride this evening down on the road towards Danville, with Lt. Painter. There was no peculiarly beautiful or attractive scenery, the road was somewhat muddy, the fences were Virginian, where there was any, but the most of the distance no fences appeared, and everything indicated that enterprise had been lacking, and industry cramped, and improvements neglected. The Danville and Richmond Rail-Road runs along near the public highway, and is in a very good state of preservation. The rails are made of common flat iron plates, or wheel tree, spiked upon joint. Such rails are easily destroyed. We were out about 4 miles. A mile post informed us that Danville is 83 miles and Richmond 57 from that place. The whole distance by rail between the two places is 140 miles.

Returning overtook several darkies on their way to the junction, and entered into conversation with them. They were from Lunenburg and were in quest of work. Did not want to go north, but wished to be where they could see their kin-folke. One's master told him he could go where he pleased. The rebel soldiers, however, had told them of the cruelty of the Yankees, and that they would cut off the negro's legs and arms, shoot them, or make them haul cannon, if they came among the union forces. One was a bright looking boy of light complexion, and straight hair, without any of the negro cast about his face or head. I took him for a white boy and addressed him as such, but he said he was not white. Upon being asked by me what color his father was, he said he did

not know. The man he called
father was "light complexioned", and
his mother black. That young boy
of timber or frontier, of white and
negro descent, knew that his reputed
father was not his father, but un-
derstood that he owed his existence to
his white master, or some white man.
This illicit intercourse, this amalga-
mation of races resulting in the owner-
ship of one's own kindred, and even
one's child, is an appalling feature
in negro slavery. It makes it an
evil, politically, socially, morally.

We see it as a political evil in this,
it has led our country in a wrong
direction, and given rise to this rebellion
as a social evil, in the condition of
society, both among the blacks, and
also among the poorer class of whites;
as a moral evil, in this that it leads
men on to unholy deeds, and creates a

spirit at once antagonistic to virtue,
purity, and Christianity. And, yet, in
such a climate, where there is
a tendency to laziness or ease,
where everything grows with little cul-
tivation, one sees slavery as a very
good institution, if he does not con-
sider anything but the comfort
and ease he enjoys, while surround-
ed by servants who answer his every
beck and call. Looking merely at
the outward surface, and not looking
at the inward workings of the institu-
tion, there is no wonder that many
of our Northern men and women
too, get a "Southside view", and ar-
gue that slavery is almost if not
altogether divine.

The Lt. was desirous of visiting
some of the houses to have a chat
with any young ladies of the nobility,
that he might meet therein, but

I couldn't see it, for all these fair ladies of the "sunny south" are no better than they ought to be. Of course the St. accompanying me would not desire to associate much with the baser sort, or seek the society of women of easy virtues, or known looseness of character, but then there is no knowing whether a young man may be led, when far away from friends and without the restraint of society. One's passions become his ruler, unless he bridles them, and uses a curb bit to control them. For many let their passions run away with them, and are injured thereby, as men frequently are by an ungovernable animal who pays no attention to bit, or curb.

The 20th Ind. makes us a call. Accidentally my map goes off with one of them, in our respect following the example

of Painter's whiskey and tobacco.

A fine day this, beautiful evening, but cool night. Wrote to Willie today.

Near Richmond & Danville R. R.,
One mile from Petersburg, Va.,
Tuesday, May 2.

This morning made two trips to the Station to move the sick away preparatory to moving. According to instruction took the passes, though I made a mistake in so doing, and was told that I had been directed otherwise. Have been vexed three times today. We pulled out about 3 o'clock, St. Painter and myself being with the rear train. St. Leigh is with St. Parnest with the advance ambulances. Crossed rail-road, passed Station, crossed both roads, re-crossed Southside, and moved Northward and

homeward. Yes, homeward, for we have been victorious, two armies have surrendered to us, and our work of crushing the rebellion is about accomplished. A few more blows in the South and our flag will float unmolested over every inch of territory in the United States. We turn northward with a glad heart, and feel proud to be among those who have suffered to maintain the honor of our country's flag. Many are the hearts that beat high with hope at the prospect of returning to their own native homes.

We left the S. S. R. R. and moved East of North along the rail-road to Richmond, having it on our left. Our course was only a few degrees East of North, and not straight at that, for we crossed, recrossed, and crossed again, the rail-road, along

which our course lay. The day was beautiful, the road good, and we continued our march until 11 o'clock tonight, making 10 miles. Along the road we passed one church, Jennings Station, and a few plantation houses, all indicating civilization in a slight degree.

Tonight we find ourselves very near where we peaked April 5th, and only a few rods from where the Cavalry passed us on the morning of the 6th.

The Artillery is in light marching order, their boxes, and ammunition having been sent away by rail. Steam power is cheaper than horses, and is of great service in this war. All modern inventions seem to be brought into requisition in this great life or death struggle of our Nation, nor need I mention that they are of incalculable value.

We march in this order. First a division, then Head Quarters Wagon of the Corps and Division, advance ambulances, then another division with its Hd. Qrs. Wagons and advance ambulances, then the last division with its wagons and ambulances, the Artillery brigade, the reserve ambulances and Medical Wagons, the Supply Wagon, two regiments of Infantry and one of Cavalry. The divisions change place daily, so that we are constantly alternating between rear and centre, or centre and front. Pack mules follow each brigade, and are led by coffee coolies. Provost guards follow each division. The Engineers and Ponton train are sent forward to prepare the way, wait until all are across rivers, and then pull forward whenever they

announce our position in line, so there need be no trouble about the right of road, or being cut off. To-night the Engineers pack near Punksville Junction.

The Officers are in mourning. All are required to wear craps on their arms, (left) and on the hilt of their swords, and nearly every one come up to the letter of the order. We are backward, as might be expected of those who worked all day when there was a general order against it. We blame our superior for it, for we need not have worked had he known everything beforehand, as he always pretends to know. It is well to be sagacious and thoughtful, but oftentimes one appears ridiculous who is too wise, and too confident that he is always right.

Near Appomattox River,
Wednesday, May 3.

Eight o'clock found us moving on our journey, and soon after we passed the works through which we passed that morning we started towards Amelia Springs. A few houses and a Rail-road Station, known as Gettersville - a southern village - were passed, though I delayed to converse with one whom I found to be a Campbellite clergyman. He informed me, that a building, to which my attention had been directed, was an old "Continental Church", whose walls and frame had stood since the days of continental time "when we were under the king", in which he had preached many a time, but in which he was not allowed to preach now, nor would be until he took the oath

of allegiance. That would not be hard for him to do, for he had never been a secessionist, nor was he one of the radical kind, although he was born and educated in the South, with which all his sympathies were. Among religious denominations the Methodists are most numerous in the South, then the Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Episcopalians in the order named. Congregationalists generally join the Presbyterians, for they are very nearly alike differing only in the matter of church government. Wishing him and his church well, I bade him good morning and rode on, leaving Gettersville, I presume, forever.

This place was named after the principal settler, like many southern villages, contains half a dozen houses.

and a rail-road station, is in Amelia County, about 9 miles from Bunkersville Junction, and the same from Amelia Court House, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Amelia Springs.

Crossed the rail-road, passed the ruins of an old steam saw mill on our right, recrossed rail-road, & halted for a few moments near a "section house", where a Section Master of the road lived. At half past 10, was talking with a rebel, who, like most of the Virginians I have seen, had seen nearly four years service. He said only 10 out of a regiment of 400 surrendered at Clover Hill. The rest of them had been killed, wounded, taken prisoners, or had straggled.

At one o'clock reached Amelia Court House. This is a beautiful little place of 6 or 8 houses, court house and jail. Here, as elsewhere,

I could but notice and admire the taste exhibited in selecting sites for residences, and allowing shade trees to grow naturally, and of course luxuriantly, beautifully. I entered the hall of justice, and there I saw about half a dozen persons to whom justice had been meted out, and they were suffering one penalty for taking up arms against our government. Some half a dozen wounded rebels lay on the floor. A rebel Asst. Surgeon was in charge of them. He was nearly out of supplies, and it must have been humiliating for him to ask them of us Ryanfers, whom he had been accustomed to despise, and from whom he never thought to need any favor, if we may judge from the common expressed opinion of Southerners in days prior to April 2^d, or more truly, prior to that memorable Sunday at Clover Hill.

He had an order for Medical Stores on one 1st Division, and I assisted him in finding the person to whom it was directed. Whether he got them or not, I cannot say. Shortly after we passed the C. H. and had halted in the woods, his attendant or waiter, (white) brought me a note, which the Doctor had told him to hand to me, which would answer the same purpose as it would to hand it to the Dr. and which I herein copy.

"Amelia C. H. Va."

Dr

Dear Sir;

Will you please let me know how I can get some rations for the wounded at this place as the rations are about out & it is the only chance I will have to get any - & oblige

(Signed) W. L. Goodman

Asst. Surg. P. G. A. in ch.

Amelia C. H. Va."

My only way to reply was to direct him to the Col. Comdg. Corps train.

From these lines, got some Confederate money. The rebels along the road show more little hopes they have of the Confederacy by selling their money for a cent, half a cent, or a quarter or a dollar, or giving it away freely.

Near the C. H. saw much ammunition abandoned, and many caissons partially burnt by the rebels on their retreat. Some said they were reserve caissons sent from Richmond six months ago, and others, that they were taken there by Gen. Lee on his retreat, and destroyed.

At dinner hour, stolen horse taken from 2^d Div. and one of ours abandoned.

Dr. Keerson was riding with our rear train this P. M. to examine and put into Ambulances those whom he deemed fit subjects therefor. Related to him my feelings, as I had been feeling somewhat blue. As we were riding through a shady piece of woods saw a most sight - a company of negro women by the way-side singing. They had heard of our coming, and throwing down their work, and refusing to do any more, they had come out to see us, and were expressing their joy and gladness in an unusual manner. Such music, such refrains, such swinging of the hands, such motions of the body, such countenances glowing with happiness and perfect joy, I never heard or saw. And it is no wonder, for they had heard - that they are free, and, in their ignorance, they could no better express

their satisfactory delight than by singing to our passing soldiers, beneath those shade trees, however wild and unevenly they might appear. There was but little rhythm in it all, and yet they entered into the spirit of it all with so much heart and feeling that the chorus in which all joined was not wholly unmusical. Ah! it was a strange weird sight to see those ebony countenances, those white eyes, that beautiful irony, those expressive smiles, those fantastic motions of age and youth there met together! They had stood and sung there nearly all the morning and afternoon, never tiring but singing with renewed vigor as we waited and listened to them. Chaplain Loring wrote down their verses (if so, we can call them,) and, through his kindness, I am permitted to transcribe them here.

"graus' comin'! graus' comin'!
Glory to God! Glory to God!
Glad to see you! Glad to see you!
Glory to God! Glory to God!

Farden Abram's dead! Farden Abram's dead!
Nebber you mind! Nebber you mind!
graus' comin'! graus' comin'!
Nebber you mind! Nebber you mind!

He's gone to glory! He's gone to glory!
Tank du Lord! Tank du Lord!
graus' lub him! graus' lub him!
Tank du Lord! Tank du Lord!

Jerusalem's comin'! Jerusalem's comin'!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Jerusalem's comin'! Jerusalem's comin'!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

We tank du Lord! We tank du Lord!
He set us free. He set us free.

graus' comin'! graus' comin'!
Glory to God! Glory to God!

Hor much yadern ha! Ho much yadern ha!
Glory to God! Glory to God!
Du Lord mighty bless you! Du Lord mighty bless you!
Glory to God! Glory to God!

Press du Lord! Press du Lord!
All you white folks! All you white folks!
Press du Lord! Press du Lord!
All dea brack folks! All dea brack folks!

graus' comin'! graus' comin'!
Glory to God! Glory to God!
graus' comin'! graus' comin'!
Glory to God! Glory to God!"

As the Chaplain rose on they had
- just begun the hymn,
"Come thou fount of every blessing."
I heard them sing another, as I rode away.

At Scott's shop filed left, and then passed Monie's Church on the right. We have made 16 miles today, and are now parked on the West side of the river. Here the river runs somewhat West of South, is muddy and swift, is 5 or 6 rods wide, and is crossed by a pontoon bridge of 6 boats. Here was Goodie's bridge which was burnt by the Johnnies, and the road which we travel is called Goodie's Bridge road. Lieut Painter and I crossed and recrossed the stream tonight & supped at the advanced train. Fair day but very warm this afternoon.

In open field, near Gregory's,
Thursday, May 4.

Woke at 4, am early home for me to give my heavy eyelids without being called, or having something to

disturb my slumbers. Across the river to breakfast on Turkey, stolen though it was. The reserve ambulances were filled early this morning by played out and "playing it" men, and many were refused admittance. It was hard to refuse some, and it is one of the worst features of my duties in the train, that I have to be harsh and run severe to some who have passed from regimental surgeons. Our officer of the day decides who are to ride, and who to walk. This makes it easier for an ambulance officer than it would otherwise be. Some make the plea that they never rode in an ambulance, and have served three or four years, as the case may be. With such, I have no patience, and tell them, harshly too, that it matters not how long they have served, if they are able to walk.

After dining on pine apple and bread
in an open field on the left of the road,
went back for empty heavy wagons,
but succeeded only in getting permission
to load them with sick. Passed Chester
field church on right, and halted
near run. Here Charley had op-
portunity to fill himself with clover.
Thence we halt mounted men
avail themselves of the privilege of
grazing their animals, and it is no
uncommon sight to see a field of
grain or grass well filled with horses
and mules.

Find Confederate money 'no good';
and beg it for a 'keepsake'. In con-
versation with the men along the road,
and many of them I see, and con-
verse with, I learn that they are
tired of war. And well they may be,
for it has ruined many, not to say
a word in reference to the suffering

endured and the blood shed. The
women and negroes flock out to see
our passing forces, and our fat
or good looking horses are praised
by them. Our Southern Cavalry
are glad to get any of our played
out horses or mules, many of
which are sought for on the road.
Sheridan's Cavalry was a cause of
dread to all, and very many are
desirous of seeing it, now they have
nothing to fear therefrom.

Left Coloma Hill on our right,
several miles distant. We had a
rough road for two miles, but the
rest of the way, (19 miles in all we
made today,) it was good.

Seeing some flowers in a front
yard, and an old lady sitting in
her porch and smoking, I turned
up to the entrance of the yard, dis-
mounted, and called upon the lady.

I found Mrs. Hoall, that was her name, and she a widow, in much trouble for our soldiers had taken liberties with her property, that were unpleasant whether one was covetous or not, seceder or union. She had heard that Massachusetts soldiers were to pass today, and her dread of them was great. I tried to impress her with this fact, that only a part of the soldiers passing today are from Mass., and that they never do any more harm than other soldiers flushed with victory - What strange ideas some people have! Profoundly ignorant are some who almost believe the Yankees are a peculiar kind of animals with horns!! Mrs. Hoall picked me a nosegay of snow-balls, and, my choicest flowers, roses. They were fragrant, and delighted me

for a long distance as I rode along. The red & yellow ones were lost, but the white were kept as treasures. Long may I remember that clear pure white, and that other one almost blushing, not because Yankee hands carried it, for nature recognizes no North or South, but favors all blessing them and sending her rain upon the just and upon the unjust.

Crossed Dry, Swift and another Creek. Afterwards while walking along, stopped and conversed with young ladies at Mr. Gregory's. Soon after I overtook the train, it pulled in near a creek and prepared for the night. Lt. P. and myself rode back to Mr. Gregory's, and had a pleasant call on them. They are strong secessionists, but acknowledged that the South is conquered.

One of the young ladies was proud
of her brother who was in the rebel
army - Of our Generals, they like
McClellan best, as all the South
do, but think much of Sherman
and Sheridan. Butler is abhorred,
while Grant cannot be otherwise
than a conqueror of their boasted
Chivalry, and this is not pleasant.
Music on piano forte, and singing.
Listened to my favorite, "There is
music in the air," though it
did not come up to the standard.
My opinion of southern style is not
heightened any by my interview with
these young ladies.

Beautiful day this, but some-
what dusty, and tonight it is
looking like rain.

Another book is finished.
When another is ended, may my
term of service have expired.