

May 5,
June 17,
1865
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St. Edwin Emery,
Co. A, 17th Maine Infantry,
Ambulance Officer,
2^d Brigade, 3^d Division, 2^d Army Corps,
Army of the Potomac.

Edwin Emery,
Sanford
Maine.
1865.

One mile from Manchester &
two from Richmond, Va., Friday, May 5.

Soon after our return last
night from Mr. Gregory's, had or-
ders to move immediately to Man-
chester. We did so, and arrived
here about one o'clock. We had
an excellent road and moved at
a good rate of speed. I got a few
hours' excellent sleep.

As we anticipated last night,
several ambulances had to be sent
back to bring in those left behind.
I accompanied them, and gathered
up 10 loads. Found some as far
back as the creek crossed by us
soon after we pulled out last night.
At a house where I found a sick
soldier, got a glass of ice water, and
I could but observe how serviceable are

negroes of both sexes, even the young and small. The rebel soldier ordered a little girl of 9 or 10 to bring a pail of water, and a tiny boy of 5 or 6 was ordered to draw a bucket full from the well, from which the girl filled her pail. One need not be surprised that men in the South are wedded to Slavery, and fight for it as desperately as they would for their wives, their children, and their firesides.

On my return from the creek I fell in with Cavalry who had forded the Appomattox in the morning, and lost one man while so doing. Near where we are, are rebel breastworks. They are considerably strong, though small ones are sufficient to protect the rear of any army, city or position.

upon which besiegers cannot bring much force to bear.

Gen. Barlow, who has been in command of our Corps for two weeks passed here this morning to rejoin his division, Gen. Humphreys having returned. Gen. Barlow is a young spare man, and scarcely seems the General, he has the reputation of being. His daring, and success at times when he has fought recklessly, have secured him an enviable position among the distinguished sons of this war.

After the shower this morning the day was warm, and the roads muddy until the sun dried them.

Took the sick down to the station. Here it was my pleasure to see for the second time, Mayor Fay of Chelsea, Mass. At first I took

him dressed as he was in a complete suit of gray for a Johnny, but when I saw his long hair hanging over his broad shoulders, and caught a glimpse of his pleasant countenance, I no longer regarded him as a rebel. I addressed him, knowing him to be a strong union man, and one of the soldier's best friends. He told me he had been taken for a rebel several times, and at length said more the trouble of questioning whether he were a rebel or not, by wearing the red, white and blue. As he showed me his casket, I saw that there was a piece of black over it, and I knew that over his true union heart a dark cloud had recently been cast, and there hung, just as that black crape shrouded his national

insignia, the red, white and blue.

From the station I passed on through Manchester. This is a small manufacturing town on the right bank of the James, containing 200 or 300 houses, and several large mills. A race along the river furnishes the water necessary for running the machinery, there being a fall of several feet in the river above where the bridge was formerly built. I then crossed the river on the pontoon bridge. Two bridges had been laid across it, each of which was made of about 70 boats. There was an island 10 rods wide dividing the stream, and each boat occupied full a rod, so I concluded it was fully a quarter of a mile from one bank to the opposite. The tide rises here about 4 feet.

but it was low water when I crossed just before and just after sunset.

The first thing that attracted my attention on entering the city was that ~~part~~ burnt by the rebels when they evacuated it. It lies between the Capitol and the river, and presents the sad sight of the blackened and ruined walls of several hundreds of buildings. I have frequently said, I want Richmond and Charleston burnt, but when I came to see the ruins I felt that those who fired it ought to be hung. It did not help the southern cause to burn the city, nor did it injure us, only as it destroyed some stores that might

have been valuable to us. Riding up one of the principal streets I noticed many rebels in uniform which was repugnant to my feelings, and could I have my way every uniform would be taken off, and every insolent person punished with severity. It is insulting our brave boys to allow our enemy unrestrained liberty, and permit them to move in our presence wearing a detestable uniform. Not that every uniform is obnoxious on account of color and appearance, for some of the new gray clothes are handsome, but, to me, the secesh clothing is decidedly obnoxious, nor will I wear any of it, or have it about, if I can help it. To

be sure my jacket is gray and
rusty, and strongly resembles
that of a Johnny.

Dismounting at the Capitol
I entered it with other members
of Gen. Pierce's staff, and from
it obtained a good view of the
city. And a goodly city it ap-
peared situated on the hills
and in the valleys, and well
protected from the scorching rays
of the summer sun by rich
and luxuriant shade trees.

As I looked from the window
I had a splendid view of the
bronz statue of Washington.
There he sat in majesty on
his steed just rearing, while
below and around him stood
statues of other distinguished
men. The Senate of the

Confederacy was entered by us,
but there were no objects of inter-
est to detain us, and so a
passing glance sufficed us. My
companions drank in the
building, but I could see no
reason for such an indulgence.
It were better, rather, to give
thanks to God, that the plans
concocted and schemes devised
in it and elsewhere in the
Confederacy, had been brought
to naught, and our cause
was triumphant. The shady
walks, and seats, and beautiful
carpet of grass invite us to lin-
ger and enjoy the pleasant
retreat as the day declines and
the sun sets, but we have no
time to spare to gratify our
desire in this respect. So

we mount our steeds and ride away. Not, however, to leave for good until I have another and yet another view of the imposing statue of him who is and ever shall be regarded by me as the "Father of our Country".

As I rode about the city it was my fortune to come to Gen. Crook's Hd. Qrs. These were in Jeff's mansion. It was a splendid residence and was a fit abode for men, not traitors, who were fighting for their country. Strange retribution! The rebel capital occupied by our forces, and the municipal buildings used by our officers and men, while white and negro sol-

diers - both objects of scorn & contempt in the eyes of the chivalrous sons of the South - are doing guard duty, where the rebel flag flaunted defiantly only a few weeks ago over the heads of leading rebels and arch-traitors. I had no definite object in view after I left the Capitol, until I started for Libby Prison and Castle Thunder. Down towards the river I rode, passing under the passage way connecting the two ~~parties~~ parts of the Ballou Hooper, one of which is on each side of the street, and then entering Cary St. upon which are the noted prison-houses of the Confederacy. Both are large brick buildings

with grated windows, and are filled with rebel prisoners. I saw some of them looking out through the grates, and it was unpleasant for me to know that our men never more will be starved by rebel tyrants within those, cold, damp, filthy walls. I entered Libby for a moment, and found therein some of our soldiers who had been put in for petty offences committed within the city. They thought it hard, especially those who had been imprisoned there by the rebels. The room was foul, wet, and unfit for men to live in. One cannot think it strange that so many of our

men returned from so loathsome prisons with disease, hunger, and emaciation.

One year ago today commenced the battle of the Wilderness, which I entered as color sergeant. Eddie Parker was my companion. We talked of going to Richmond, and laid our plans to wear our white gloves therein. But Eddie fell with his legs unrealized, and I was wounded. I kept my gloves, I carried them home, I had them sent out in my valise, I took them with me when I left Burkeville, and today I wore them in Richmond. I wanted my word to prove true, and it did. I am well aware that my suit

did not correspond, for I wore a tow hat, a rusty jacket, soiled blue pants, muddy boots, spurs and sword, and white cotton gloves. It was late when I returned, and my Charley was tired, for his 20 miles, some of it over paved streets, and some through mud, had taken hold of him.

The Camps of our division were beautifully lighted up tonight, and presented a splendid appearance. All the candles drawn today were brought into requisition. Some of them were fastened in trees, and gave additional beauty to the lively scene. Rockets were set off, and streamed

through the air with their fiery trail. - In this connection I may mention the lights used to distinguish the different Hd. Qrs. - Three lights, red, white and blue, designate Army Hd. Qrs. Two, red & white, Corps Hd. Qrs. And one, red, Quartermaster's Hd. Qrs. Others, if any there are, are unknown to me.

One incident of the day, showing how the people here have depended on their servants, I may mention. I rode up to a house just after noon and asked whether I could obtain anything to eat. A young lady of 18 or 20 years of age, the only adult person present, said they had nothing cooked, and

since our army had come,
their servants had left, and
they had to do their own work,
and she could not do any
cooking. I rode away some-
what disgusted with any and
all systems or states of society,
that suffer men and women
to grow up to manhood and
womanhood without being able
to take care of themselves, or to
do every thing sufficient to make
them comfortable. Let me
live where worth is esteemed,
and where merit is the
criterion of true manliness.
An honest workman in his
dusty clothes, whether rich or
poor, is superior in my estima-
tion, to those great by birth or rich
in worldly goods, without moral worth.

In open field,
One mile from Hughes Store,
Saturday May 6.

Prepared to move at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
o'clock, but it was after one
before we started, and then
only to wait and wait, till
it was nearly five when we
crossed the lower pontoon bridge.
The 5th Corps crossed this fore-
noon, and then ours. Mean-
while we had trouble with a
train that cut us off. There
was some fighting, but I did
not participate therein. This
is one reason why I dislike be-
ing with a train, I cannot ac-
commodate a man, nor can
others one, only occasionally, and
looking out wholly for myself

or any "right of way" become selfish. After we crossed the river the ambulances followed the troops on our road, and the Heavy Wagons came another. The troops took the Brooke's road, crossing Brooke's bridge four miles from Richmond, and bivouacking about 5 miles from the city. St. Painter & myself ~~are~~ with the Heavy Train. We passed through the lower part of the city and took the road leading to Mechanicsville.

I stopped in Manchester and Richmond only long enough to accompany the train through. While it was halting from time to time indulged in lemonade, my favorite drink. One glass of this was excellent, being

flavored with strawberry, and affording a cool, refreshing and delicious drink. One glass of sweet cider came very acceptably.

On our right, 2 1/2 miles from Richmond, noticed a most splendid situation and residence. As is my custom frequently, rode up and conversed with the owner thereof. He was Dr. Rosser, a Methodist clergyman, born in Petersburg but educated at Middletown Ct. He told me his losses, and expressed freely his sentiments in regard to the war and the feelings that will exist when peace is fully established.

When the war commenced he was worth \$13,000, now less than

\$1000, then he owned 6 horses, now one mule, then he hired 8 servants, now only three. Flour had been \$1200 per barrel. When the war commenced he had him a suit of new clothes, now "I am wearing it and I have had no others". He thought our troubles ought not to have been, and while talking in the pleasant twilight of the evening hour, in this old state of Virginia, by a fair representative of Virginia, and a fair representative of Maine, representing the two sections, South & North, he expressed the hope and opinion that our difficulties would make us stronger, and that we like

Jacob & Esau reconciled, the North and the South, would be more firmly bound together than ever.

Passed through breastworks constituting the artificial defenses of Richmond - Strong but not impregnable. They were rendered so, however, by the natural defenses of the Chickahominy and its impassable swamps. Taking the Meadow bridge road, and a rough one, too, we crossed the river and the swamp and came to Mechanicsville. This is a small village, containing several houses, two blacksmith shops, and two wheelwright shops. The right of our line rested here when McClellan besieged the

rebel capital in 1862. We left Fair Oaks and Gain's Hill on our right, and filed left. We crossed the Virginia Central & Louisa C.H. Rail-Road at Attees, or Attee's Station, 9 miles from Richmond. Then filed right and came about three miles, and at one o'clock parked in this open field over which are scattered, quite thickly too, small pines four, six and eight feet high. These offer no hindrance to us, for our heavy wagons go right over them with ease. A few years ago this field was cultivated, and after it was worn out it was left common, and these little pines sprung up.

Moamy fields are thus left. This has been a fine day, and we have made 14 miles.

Table of Distances.

Park in Manchester from Richmond	2 ms.
Dr. Rosser's residence . . .	2 1/2 "
Mechanicville . . .	5 "
Attees Station . . .	9 "
This park . . .	12 "
from Hugper Store	1 "
Hugper Store from Richmond by way of Brooke's Road	8 ms.
by way of Meadow Bridge & Mechanicville pike	15 ms.

So our days work, our marching is harder than that of the teams following the troops.

Tired enough and willing to try a bed under a heavy wagon.

One mile from the Pamunkey,
Sunday May 7.

Had an excellent night's rest under a heavy wagon, and rose refreshed. The troops came up, passed Hughes Store, and halted. The officers were hungry, for all the pack mules had followed the heavy wagons, and had taken their food with them. At the store at the corner, met Finn, an Augusta man who has been in the rebel service four years. He is a perfect rebel in spirit though by birth he is a son of the north. Delaying and waiting, waiting and delaying, until four o'clock when

we pulled out, but did not get fairly into line before six o'clock. Moran while I got dinner at Mr. Bowler, whose family consisted of himself & wife, four children, two brothers and one sister in law. Our dinner was a southern one of stewed beans, bacon, potatoes, hor cake pickles, and onions, and our conversation turned on our recent contest, our situation, our prospect, and the negro. The family grieve bitterly because their former slaves are insolent, and will not work, and they pretend to dislike it because we do not take the negroes away. They do not want them. They can get along without their help.

Mr. Bowles & his two brothers-in-law had been in the rebel army, and knew what war is.

Here I noticed corn up four inches, and beans up. Some are large enough for the table and its use - table use in short. Mr. B. gave me an account of tobacco culture. The beds are burnt over in January, and the plants taken from hot beds when the seeds are sown, are set out in early spring. Hoing, trimming, gathering, drying, and packing constitute the labor spent on it previous to transporting it to the market for sale, and then for chewing and

smoking. From farming and the negro and war, our conversation turned to the difference manifested, or apparent in the settlement of the country. Ashland & Hanover Court House are the two principal places in Hanover Co, while in comparison, York Co. Me. contains 27 towns, and 40 or 50 villages, many of which are larger than Hanover C. H.

After we got fairly started, a Sergt. of the 1st Div. charged on some negroes by the road side. It was done in sport, and it was fun to see those black wretches run as fast as their legs would carry them, and climb over the Virginia fence.

Passed Cash corner, or
Hanover Station, or ~~_____~~
Turnout, near which was
a battle once. - Forded creek,
and after ascending a long hill
passes through Hanover C. H.
This is the seat of justice as
the name indicates, and
consists of Court House, jail,
hotel, nice church and a
very few houses. The C. H.
and jail, unlike our York Co.
Court House and jail of stone
and brick, have a pleasant
situation amid a growth
of beautiful shade trees. It
is not straight rows of trees
that greet the vision, and
say "art did this", but Nat-
ure here reigns, and offers
her productions to render

pleasant the home of the crim-
inal as well as the seat of
him who is authorized to ad-
minister justice. - Soon after,
we came near the river and
rode along its bank. The road
ran along the side of, and down
a hill, through a region rank
with luxuriant growth, cool
shady, magnificent. Much
of the scenery that I have
seen and mentioned is beau-
tiful, but this was surpassing
ly so, even to grandeur and
magnificence. For a while
I doubted about the river,
until its white muddy sur-
face apprised me certainly
that it was the Pamunkey
flowing along through the
woods on my left. This

river we crossed on a prom-
- ton bridge near where a
bridge had been destroyed.
The river was muddy, as I
have said, was considerably
swift, flowed between high &
steep banks a short distance
above our place of crossing,
and was about six rods in
width. Immediately after
we crossed it our road lay
between rows of fir trees,
on rich bottom land extending
up a mile from the river's
bank. Our heavy wagons
parked on left side of road
in an open field with reserve
ambulances, and then Lt.
P. and I went after some
supper. Not finding ad-
- vance ambulances, I re-

turned and went supperless.

This has been a fine day,
but overcast part of the time.
We made 12 miles, but I trav-
- elled 16. Turlock o'clock brought
us into park, but it is later
now we are ready to retire.

(These entries are made out
for the day on paper, and then
copied into this. They have the
appearance of being written
when the work of the day is
over, though it is not always so.)

Near Pole Cat Creek,
Monday May 8.

A short rest during the
night, and this morning I
had faint recollections that
it rained, but not enough to

disturb me. It is true that it rained quite hard, and somewhat to the discomfort of Chaplain Portu at whose side I lay. Ready to pull out early, but as usual there was great delay and noon came before we got started. Leedwood passed, also Concord Church, a neat brick edifice on our right. We left Carmel Church one mile to our left, and just as twilight was deepening into the shade of night we passed Chesterfield Crossing. Near by was a neat pretty white house that strongly reminded me of our own New England cottages. It was different from residences in the South generally,

and exhibited northern enterprise and improvement, joined with southern taste. In my opinion a little northern energy infused into society here, and this would become one of the most delightful states in the whole union.

Parked in open field, but not being ordered so to do, Lt. Pancost had us hitch up, and move to this creek. I was glad I was not in command. Our 3^d Division got on the wrong road & tonight are several miles distant. Gen. de Trobriand would obey his written orders.

This has been a very hot day, but we have made 15 miles sure. Roads very good.

Stannow Field, Roxberry Farm,
near the Po, Tuesday May 9.

My bed received me with
in its broad, blankety folds,
and soon sleep soon held me
quiet in its soft but firm em-
brace. The showers of the night
had no serious effect on me,
for everything was kept dry
within the Ambulance used
as my Head Quarters on the
march. It was one o'clock
when I retired. This morning
the sun rose hot, but soon
a heavy shower came up,
and it was cool & overcast all
day. Forded Pole Cat Creek,
of which the water was up to
the hubs of the wheels. An-
other stream called Stony Ford

was crossed, or more correctly
speaking Stoney Creek was fording
at Stony Ford. Here was a
good substantial stone dam,
over which the water runs smoothly
in a broad sheet, making a
pretty water-fall.

Colmsville, as the map
has it, but Goldensville, as
the people give it, was passed
without my knowing it so in-
significant a place was it, a
single plantation house and
outbuildings. Crossed the "Mat"
on a bridge - an uncommon
occurrence. This is the most
southern stream that helps
form that well known river,
the Mat-ta-po-ny. It is a
narrow stream, one rod wide,
and muddy.

Persimmon Creek & another, nameless, so many there are in wet weather - were crossed, and there came a rough muddy road. Near the wayside on a horse sat a man who had formerly been a rebel cavalry Captain. With him I conversed, and was well pleased with my interview. It resulted in my getting a Confederate one dollar bill which made out, I believe, a full set of the Confederate bills, from a hundred-dollar bill, to a fifty-cent bill. I now have bills of these denominations, \$100, 50, 20, 10, 5, 2, 1, 50 cts. Some of them are in duplicate,

and are kept to carry home, for friends who never had any hopes for the Confederacy. The Captain told me that he saw 75 of our men drive 1200 of theirs at the battle of Five Forks, and then he drove back the 75 about half as far, three quarters of a mile, with 20.

Just as dusk crossed the "Pa" at Thornburg. There are two or three houses and a mill known as Linnell's. On the right at the top of a long hill is Mud Tavern.

Crossed the "Po" six miles from Spottsylvania Co. Va, and below it. Near by are breastworks used by Johnson's last year, behind which were posted pieces of artillery.

We have been travelling
on the Pilgrimage road today.
Last year our Corps passed
further to our right and
went by Guiney's Station
and Bowling Green. We have
made about 13 miles today,
though the circular announce-
ing the order of march said
we should go 16 miles. The
distance between the "Mat" &
the "Pa" is 6 miles, and be-
tween the "Pa" and the "Po" 2.

The crops of grain are
looking well. Fruit is fast
developing. Peaches and
apples are quite large. I
eat some of the latter today,
which were as large as
common marbles.

Near Falmouth, Va.
Wednesday, May 10.

Before we pulled out this
morning "darkies" in great num-
ber flocked out to see the Yankees.
Our boys talked and acted ridic-
ulously in presence of some of
the women. Those showed their
vulgar minds and low, vile
thoughts, while these discovered
their weakness and simplicity
by the manner in which they
answered the men. In the
sight of Our Heavenly Father,
I believe, the blacks were the
better class than met in
that open field.

Crossed the "Ny" at Smith's
Bridges. Came to Massaponax
church in the woods on our left.

Entered the brick structure, which was of fair architecture, but defaced and injured by sacrilegious hands. The walls were marked and written all over with names of soldiers who had entered therein. We left Spottsylvania Co. Ho., 5 miles to our left. The battle-field was beyond, or I had got permission and gone out to it to see where I spent 24 long hours of hope and doubt. Parker & I had coffee near Massaponax creek. Crossing this I noticed a fence differing from any that I had before seen in Virginia. I noticed more of it along the road. I call it scine or hurdle fence, or wicker work. The earth had been thrown up like

a wall some two feet, and posts or stakes had been driven into this every foot or two. Lardan boughs were woven between these stakes, making a neat, compact, and durable fence. Ascending a hill we were enabled to look over the surrounding country. To the south of us, extending for miles, lay a most beautiful valley. To look out upon so goodly a prospect filled my soul with delight. All along these hills, sloping gradually towards the creek and the far distant river, stretched out a growth of trees covered with luxuriant foliage. Skirting the woods and bordering along the stream were strips of meadow land covered with grass. While now & then

running far up the hills from the valleys were broad fields of tilled land, now verdant with waving grain, or prepared for the summer crops. How magnificent it appeared after we had been riding through a region affording but very few good views of the country lying round about. Such scenery might well thrill our soul with pleasurable emotions, and cause us to think of another valley over which we have looked near our own native place. Unlike, yet alike in this, that the one gave rise to thoughts of the other. —

Passed "Woodlawn" known to our army as "Smocks", and soon came upon the heights

of Fredericksburg. Our way was down a winding road at the side of which was a deep ravine. Some fortifications appeared, though underbrush had so grown up that many of the works were only slightly visible. Nature seems to make provision that whatever men have made obnoxious to sensitive organizations or tender hearts upon our mother earth, may lose its deformity somewhat, and therefrom may spring verdure and beauty. Descending a steep hill we crossed a brook, passed a dam and a mill, and halted. The mill is on the left, has an end of stone and is run by an overshoot wheel of large & clumsy dimensions.

On the right is a railroad, the bridge of which over the creek has been destroyed. From our train I crossed the road and rode up the steep hill on the left, known as Millis' hill, though the heights along which are breastworks are known as Mayre's, so called from a lawyer whose residence is upon one of the hills. From this hill I looked over the city. It lies along the southern bank of the Rappahannock, is built mostly of brick, I judged from the view I had, contains two churches, judging from the spire, one of which a white one shot far above the streets, and is strongly fortified by nature. On one side the river,

on the other heights affording commanding positions. Far away on the opposite side of the river are other heights occupied by our forces in Dec. 1862. On the right of the road which we travelled runs the stone wall behind which the rebels fought, and slaughtered our men as they charged through the town and across the open field. I do not wonder that our boys were repulsed when the enemy had so good a position, and were acting on the defensive. I was shown the house, a brick one in the open field, up to which our men advanced, but beyond which they could not come. To them the cannon and muskets of the rebels,

as they belched forth with thunder tones, and sent whizzing through the air their murderous shot and shell, seemed to say "Thus far and no farther shall ye come." The city is only a ruin of its former self. Walls and chimneys remain and houses stand desolate, being completely riddled with shot and shell. As we passed through the city I noticed many wooden buildings which did not appear when I looked over the city from the heights, and that white spire bore upon itself the marks it received during that terrible bombardment which the city suffered in Dec. 1862. Every building seems to have suffered, either

from rebel shot, or ours. For defenders could not spare the city when they and their boasted confederacy were in danger.

No man was allowed to go off from the line of march through the city. One man could purchase food, drink or tobaccos along the street, of which there was plenty for sale at about every third house. I wanted White to go to the commissary's to buy us some bread. Not knowing he had anticipated me and passed the guard, I got him a pass at the Provost Marshals. Corban attempted to pass, but the guard refused to let him. Upon this I gave him a blowing up, and he allowed Corban to pass.

Our order directed us to move on the old telegraph road, and through the city by the street that is its prolongation, past the "Lacey House" across the pontoon bridge. We kept on the telegraph road, and entered the city by the main street. We turned however on to Princess Ann St. and again on to William St. and then once or twice more, and crossed on the pontoon just above the bridge destroyed. The bridge was made of 20 boats, and rose and fell with the tide, which here rises about 2 feet. At Falmouth just above on the opposite side is the head of tide wa-

ter of the Rappahannock. The river is muddy. The bank on North or east side - correctly the left bank is very steep, while the right is flat. As we passed up the river my attention was called to a monument of marble on the opposite side which is Mrs. Washington's monument.

Falmouth is a small manufacturing town, but has not regained its former activity and business since the army of the Potomac encamped here in 1862. After we passed through and ascended the hill we had a splendid view of the old camp-ground. It is a rolling tract of land, and is so sit-

uated that nearly the whole army encamped here could have been seen from many stand-points. It is overgrown with underbrush, and many acres once well-wooded are now covered with what we call "scrub-oak". Only a few tents were visible, the inhabitants having made use of them for wood.

Many of the boys were hunting up familiar places, and as I waited for the train to come up one man showed others the place where his bunk used to be. Away to the right was the Phillips Honor, Gen. Burnside's Head Quarters. Our "Burnside" has his origin in this

locality. Made 15 miles this fine day.

Near Spotted Tavern
Thursday May 11.

The roads in the direction of Dumfries being impassable for heavily loaded wagons, our train was divided, and the Ambulances ordered to follow the troops, while the heavy wagons were sent by way of the Warrenton Pike. As usual there was a long delay. Just before we moved, a member of the 50th N.Y. Engineers, whom I put into an Ambulance yesterday at the order of St. Pancost, came to the train. He was very sick. We could not

carry him for we had no ambulances with us, and our wagons were loaded. When we told him, we could not carry him, he said, "well, let me stay here and not." After I had made some reply he remarked "all I care for is my mother!" In this remark I saw some redeemable characteristic in the man whom I judged to be unprepared for death. Her loved his mother! And here when sick, delirious at times, he thought of her, and only cared for her! It was hard not to bring him along, but we could do no better than to try to secure an empty wagon, but without

success, and then to hope that the poor delirious youth would not be left to die alone, and by the way-side.

After we started ours was a zigzag course over hills & through valleys through old camp-ground. Passed Berea and Hartwood Churches, one on our right the other on our left. - Stopped at a house where I saw a pretty girl, unlike the southern ladies generally. She was neatly dressed, was modest and unassuming, and had a full fair-complexioned face. Others that I have seen are sallow-complexioned, somewhat bold-faced, and carelessly dressed. The school marm here did all the talking with me.

Hot & sultry, then showering. Soon after we parked here a heavy shower came up, and the water found free course through the tent pitched for Chaplain Porter & myself. A horseman riding by, run into one of the guys, and got thrown to his hurt, while he injured us by tearing our tent. I was asleep and woke up pretty suddenly.

We made 10 miles after we pulled out at 12 o'clock.

Ballett's,
Friday May 12,
Bristol.

Last night our bed on the ground afforded us but little

protection from the rain. The tent not being well-fastened down, the wind blowing, the rain beat in under our bed and wet our blankets through. I could feel the tent flap into my face and sprinkle it with water. It was useless to get up, and so I lay and slept as best I could under the worst circumstances. Passed wooden church on our left after we pulled out in the rear, at 8 o'clock. Crossed over White's ridge, from which the familiar tops of the Blue ridge could be seen in the distance. Stone Church, called Loan, at Bristolburg, passed. Asking a man how it was spelt, if it was z.o.a.e. he replied z.e.d.o.a.r. - I have

noticed that "Zed" is common here. I first heard it at Washington.

Strawberries found today, though I did not get any. Every such fruit is early in this climate. I admire it on that account. It is not so conducive to enterprise and invention, as one may see, wherever he observes. One thing noticed today convinces me that Yankee energy is wanting here. It was a yoke. It was straight, and was not hollowed out to fit the necks of the oxen. One poorest farmer would not have such a one on his premises to disgrace him, or be an uneasy yoker for his oxen.

Forded Elk Run, and shortly after came to Cedar Run. This was so high that it was thought a bridge would have to be laid across it, but after getting out our boat, and waiting a long time, we forded it. It was deep, coming up to the bodies of the wagons, muddy, and 4 or 5 rods wide where we crossed. The troops accompanying us, as a guard, crossed in one of the pontoon boats used as a ferry-boat. After we crossed, came to Marxville, and in a short time hit the railroad, leaving Cattell's Station on our left. The mile post said we were 38 miles from Alexandria. Passed old camp of 17¹⁵ Maine. October 1863.

The road was rough and the mud deep, but we were successful and parked near the rail road at nine, having made 20 or 22 miles today. Just before we came into park, my horse got one of his legs between two poles of a corduroy bridge, and, after several vain attempts to extricate himself, he went down into the mud, & there lay flat on his side. Fortunately for me I escaped unhurt, my only injury being mud-dying my boots and pants. My horse got up without any difficulty at his second attempt.

This morning was cold, this afternoon warm and beautiful, and this evening cool.

Anniversary of my wounds and lying on the battle-field between two fires 24 hours. A year of suffering, of happiness, of satisfaction in knowing that I have tried to do my duty for my country.

5 miles from Fairfax Co. Va.
Saturday May 13.

Moved in a hurry. Crossed Rattle and Broad Run. Artisans there picked up a single copper. Ordinarily I should have thought nothing of it, but coppers & base money are so scarce that one notices even a cent. There is a custom among many to make use of silver pieces for watch chains, and so we occasionally see some silver

Passed Bristor Station, Manassas junction, crossed Bull Run and reached Centreville about noon. Near the run Chaplain Porter picked up an Indian arrow head and gave it to me. It is of quartz, and is notched so as to be fastened into the end of the shaft. Along this route are remains of old camps, and over it we advancing and retreating forces, and the rebel's retreating and advancing forces have marched almost continually since those disastrous days of the first Bull Run. Centreville, that appeared so neat and pretty when we were near it in October 1863, is a dilapidated ville, presenting

only a hulk of its former self, before secession laid waste many beautiful acres of the sunny south. This is a guerrilla district, and along the rail-road Mosley's men have committed many depredations. I saw one of them at Centreville. He had been paroled. I gave him to understand that our people generally regarded them as lawless desperadoes. I talked plain talk to him.

From Centreville we took the pike to Fairfax C.H., which we passed about middle of the afternoon. This must have been a lively little village before the war, and it seems to have suffered but slightly from it. There are several

fine residences, and some pretty situations here. It presented an animated appearance when our train passed through, for our soldiers were all along the street, and in the houses. The buildings were draped in mourning, which shows that loyal men reigned therein. As we approached it saw a train coming in on another road, which proved to be part of our Corps train, that had accompanied the troops that came a by-road out to the Station by Wolf Run Shoals.

Along the road here are many locusts, and their fragrant blossoms filled the air with sweet and delicious

odor, resembling the fragrance of our Northern Mayflower. There also appeared the Catalpa bearing a blue bell-shaped flower. My attention was called to the holly or ilex, which looked like the maple at a distance, but whose limbs & foliage are in a more compact mass or bunch, than are those of the maple.

The road today since we left Centreville is a pike macadamized. It is solid but hard for tender-footed animals. The road is first terrapiked, and then flint rock, quartz or granite is hauled thereon, broken up, and pounded down into the soft earth. Dirt & gravel are pounded down with the rocks,

so that all together make a hard, compact, substantial road. It is as hard for horses as our corduroy, unless pains are taken to remove all loose stones. Our corduroy built hastily of rails or logs, and resembling a gridiron is terrible for man and beast, but, if the logs are laid closely together, and covered with earth, it makes an excellent road. Of manufactured roads, plank roads are easy to ride over. But these plank roads out of repair are as rough as common corduroy. One other road now comes into my mind, and that is a "mud road". Nature makes it. She

uses a large amount of clayey soil, and sprinkles over it a small amount of water, or an enormous quantity, according to the depth & consistency required.

Today we saw signs of civilization - men and women riding in carriages. To be sure some of the carriages were not according to modern style, but then they answered every purpose to convey these F. F. V's in this section from place to place.

The scenery is beautiful to the northward, or far away to our left. The Blue Ridge rises in the distance, from which extend the spur known as the Bull Run Mountains, while between them and us lies a well-

wooded valley.

This has been a fine day, and has brought us 25 miles, and within 9 of Alexandria.

5 miles from Fairfax C.H.,
Sunday May 14.

Went up to the division this morning. On returning, loafed around waiting for orders. Writing a little. Noticed men playing cards as though this was any week day, and to be respected no more than any other day.

This has been a fine day, but it came up overcast this P.M.

Near Bailey's and Ball's Cross Roads,
Monday May 15.

Rode up to where the division had been lying, but, finding it not, for it had moved, I returned to wait & wait for orders. Refused to send part of the train away, but at length when everything else had moved, started my command without orders. Met a Sergeant with them.

Fairfax Seminary was seen in the distance around which were hospital barracks. Earthworks, constituting part of the defenses of Washington, appeared along the line of hills which render this a commanding position, and at one point

the Dome of the Capitol was visible. We came 7 miles nearly, and are now about 5 miles from Alexandria, and 6 from Washington. Long bridge is about 4 miles from our park. Our trains are parked, and our troops encamped on the hills between the X roads and the railroad. Beyond this lies the 5th Corps.

Letters and diary were very acceptable tonight. Our letter informs one of the action of some of the Sanford people in reference to securing the services of Dr. Sanborn. At this present time it places Dr. Herson in an unexpected position. It was no less surprising to me than to him,

for he has always intended to return to Sanford to practice, if the place was open for him. As it is it closes it to him, and I free forever.

Fair and warm day.

Tuesday, May 16.

Laying out park. A lazy day. Air hot and oppressive. Visited regiment to see our new led. Mattocks. Heer was mustered in yesterday. Told him to have one relieved, for I thought Lt. Pancost would approve it. Writing. Letter from Willis. Mother is getting better of her lameness caused by overexerting herself lifting a table. Dr. Herson all

night, for Dr. Santon is not coming to Sanford.

Wednesday, May 17.

There are days in my Calendar that I mark, to which I frequently turn my attention. This is one. It was the 17th of May 1864, that I first entered Washington, and became an inmate of "Finley" Hospital. And on this anniversary of my entrance there unable to walk, I, able to walk without limping, would like to enter again as a visitor.

Have been to Alexandria today to draw clothing. Passed along the breastworks and by

Fairfax Seminary. This is a fine edifice of beautiful appearance and architecture as it rose itself from among the trees to one who passes by. It reminded me of the Seminaries of New England in which every true son of the North, educated and intelligent, takes pride. Within the grounds inclosing the Seminary is one of our Post Hospitals.

I drew the clothing sent for, after some delay, and then took a look at the city. Will do I, and will may I, remember the building where I drew the clothing & the street on which one team stood. For on the 23rd of September 1863, I a recruit, marched with others

along the street, past the dock, into the building, & was armed with an Enfield, and received my shelter-tent.

While riding from the dock up the street I noticed the Marshall House, at which was killed the young, noble, brave - yet almost reckless - Ellsworth while removing a screech flag that floated over the house. It is a large, brick house, not imposing in appearance, but the house of Alexandria, like the Preble of Portland, the Revue of Boston, the Astor of New York, Willards of Washington, and the Spottswood of Richmond, and I may add the St. Charles of New Orleans.

The city has changed to quite a union place since Ellsworth fell, and many of its buildings are in mourning on account of the assassination of our President. Everywhere the people feel the nation's loss, everywhere exhibit a nation's sorrow.

I entered several saloons, but was unable to get a full dinner at any one - I tried two to make out my dinner. Whenever I dismounted, I had boys enough around me to hold several horses. At every corner, on every street, are little negroes standing waiting to do some little errand, by which they can earn a dime or a five-cent scrip.

While riding down the main street - I know not its name - I met a horse-man dressed in a suit of gray. He turned and asked me where the 5th Corps was lying. While directing him I thought his countenance, mark- ed as it was with small pox, looked natural. Asking him if he was one of our men, & receiving the answer that he was a wagon-master in the 5th Corps, I then inquired his name. When he said "Scribner", I further asked of the N. and received an affirmative answer. And there on his horse sat the veritable J. N. Scribner whom I had not seen for years - 8 or 10.

On my return saw Washington lying along the Potomac. The unfinished monument, and the lofty dome were distinctly recognized, while beyond and to the right of the Capitol I thought I distinguished "Finley" on a hill.

Reported at Brig. Hd. Qrs. and 17th Mr. Informed the Col. that Lt. P. will disapprove the application for my return. Went to Corps Hd. Qrs. and got a pass to visit Washington tomorrow.

Letter from Bro. Ming informs me of his arrival in Brunswick, and the health of all the folks. Writing to Louis and Ellen tonight.

Hot and oppressive to-day.

Thursday, May 18.

In company with Drs. Evans & Hoays rode to Washington this morning. Our only delay was at Long Bridge where we were detained while boats were passing through the draw. Had a view of Gen. Lee's mansion on Arlington Heights, and Georgetown on the opposite side of the river.

All delays have an end, so by and by an end came to our waiting at the bridge, and we crossed. Entering the city and passing toward Mindes Building I met Titecomb with whom I formerly attended school. Calling upon

Sumner Keimball I found him well. Thence going to Quartermaster's department I obtained blanks for Lt. Pancoast. From Paymaster Hoing received a check for my pay for March \$136.05, which I got cashed at the Treasury Department. Expressed \$50 to Louisa by Hoander's Express. Then dismissing for, acting my orderly, I rode up to see my friends at Finley. I found many of the old clerks there, and within the ward, several of the old inmates and boats. There was Rumney, hopeless and expecting to lie there until he breathes his last. McComas too was there, but able to move around well on crutches. "Corp" was there,

Phillips was there, Jones, Elliott, & Frink were there. Some of them want to get back to their regiments, but cannot. Skelton was transferred this morning. After spending a few hours there pleasantly, I rode back to the city, and called upon Mrs. Kimball. Had a pleasant call. Presented Mrs. H. Enock Acker & Adelaide Proctor's Poems in blue & gilt. Jean Ingelow's Poems were purchased for my wife.

It was a beautiful morning when I started but it came up showery this afternoon, and when I left Mr. Kimball's it rained quite hard. Not finding Hull, where he said he would be, I started. While

crossing Long Bridge, it rained furiously, and was so dark after every flash of lightning that I could not see my way before me. - Several times before I got home I thought I was getting out of the way, so bad had the road become. It was a stormy ride. The lightning was sharp, and the thunder heavy. There were two claps of thunder as clear & distinct from each other and all others, as the report of any two cannon. I was fortunate in carrying my rubber coat, though it seemed useless in the morning.

Purchased one excellent dish at a saloon - nice, fresh strawberries, milk & sugar as extra trimmings.

Friday, May 19.

Raining hard today. Part of the time it has been pleasant. "Burnside" drunk this morning. He follows the example of his employers. Writing. Rumors are current that 1862 men are to be mustered out. There are so many that I put not much confidence in any of them. I have signified my intention to remain in the service, and now government can retain me my full term of service, 3 yrs. or can muster me out. Whether others get out or not, I have no reason to complain. Their condition helps not, nor hampers me.

Saturday May 20.

Writing in diary, and a letter to Prescott. Sent to 5¹⁵ Corps to recover horses stolen before we left Burkessville. He belonged to our train so certainly, that no one could doubt his identity. The prospect now is that I shall be mustered out. - Would like to remain.

Sunday May 21.

Called upon Dr. Henson early. He pronounced my disease, cutaneous. I know what it is for I have been troubled before. I raise my hand, and look at it, and say "that is — —", but swear not at all.

It is now Sunday afternoon - I had written "not" instead of "now"; which would have been more correct had the manner in which the day is kept been our reason for judging, - and I am gratified in the hour that I have occupied since I came here. It is an ambulance, and furnishes excellent shelter from the rain, and protection from the sun, though it is not so commodious as one would select for a permanent abode. I have just finished copying my notes of our march from Burkerville, and I feel relieved, now I am done. My notes are copious, and are written for my present as well

as future reference. And now, as soon as two letters are answered, and two more written, my writing will be all up square. I dislike to get behindhand in the army for I cannot tell one hour what the next will call me to do.

Wrote to Louise, which took up my time until evening. Or rather writing to her and Elmina took up my time. This evening have been reading from Ingelow's Poems, some of which are beautiful. While reading a heavy shower came up. One flash of lightning seemed right here in park, so vivid was it. The thunder almost instantaneous with it seemed close at hand, and gradually sounded

lower and lower, more distant and more distant, until it finally died away, and was heard here no more. If, however, it is true that sound never dies, it still sounds, and will continue to reverberate through space during all coming time. Big drops of rain came furiously down, but not a drop fell upon me, so nicely sheltered am I in my ambulance. I quit reading, blew out my light, and lay listening to the rain until it ceased, or fell so gently that it was not noticeable.

Again I saw men engaged in card-playing on the

Holy Sabbath. They sat upon the ground, dealt out their hands, and talked as though it were any work day.

Monday, May 22.

This has been one of the days in which I do up my shoes, and odd jobs. Persico & Co. have written considerably for St. Pancrast. Up to the regiment, and only got the satisfaction that Capt. Fauner would like to have me back to help make out muster out rolls, and that I should be mustered out soon.

Complete abatement tonight. Overcast nearly all day, but hot. Threatening showers tonight.

Tuesday, May 23.

Was awakened at half past three, had the men "routed out", and attended to roll call. Prepared for the review. At seven pulled out, and took up our line of march for Washington, via Fort Albany, Freedmen's village, and Long Bridge. This village is a neat little collection of houses, one story high and inhabited by negroes. It is near the former residence of Gen. Lee.

We crossed the bridge when the wind was high, which made it disagreeable. As I looked upon the muddy Potomac my thoughts were

directed to the "yellow Tiber" of classic renown. And I thought of triumphal marches, and victories, but mostly of our entry into our Capital after conquering the rebels, and the triumph we have won.

Along Maryland Avenue which we marched in on, barrels of water were placed along on both sides of the street for our thirsty soldiers to drink. Occasionally there would be a woman, with her pail in a chain nearer the column, waiting upon the soldiers. They seemed to desire to do something for us, who had protected them, and gained victory for our government.

We formed our column near New Jersey Avenue, east of the Capitol, and after waiting an hour for the 5th Corps to pass in review, which rested the boys, we commenced to march. Meanwhile Cousin George came to see me, and with him I had a good long chat. Previous to this while riding along Maryland Avenue, Mary Hall's house was pointed out to me - a large brick house near the Capitol. "Shoulder straps" & Congressmen are admitted.

The column moved a little past 12. It passed by the Capitol, through Pennsylvania Avenue, and on to Georgetown. The streets

were lined with men, women and children, the houses were filled, and balconies, piazzas, and even house-tops were covered with spectators. Many a handkerchief was waved by fair hands, and many a pleasant smile greeted our bands. Flags were flying, and mottoes were seen in many places along the line of march. "Welcome, brave soldiers!" attracted my attention particularly. But amidst all this joy, many a heart was sad, for many have lost friends in this struggle. Therefore, our beloved President has fallen, the victim of a traitor's hand, and everywhere were signs of mourning. The Capitol,

and all Government buildings were trimmed heavily with crape or silk.

The reviewing officers were in front of the White House, but I could not distinguish those present, The President, Gen. Grant, Halleck, Meade, and others of importance, and others not so much so.

Our order of march has been Cavalry, Engineer Corps, 9th, 5th & 2nd Corps. And in our Corps it was 1st, 2nd & 3rd brigades of the 1st, 2nd & 3rd divisions respectively, so our brigade was next to the last, and that brought me just in front of Gen. McCullister. Our ambulances looked first rate. Our best teams were

selected and driven. I noticed that our brigade of the 2nd Div. had all gray horses. One regiment marched with sized companies, all the men of about 6 ft. being in the company on the right, and then the next tallest men in the regiment were put in the second company. There were only 5 companies. The 57th Pa. V.V. had 11 companies. Our new division flag made its appearance. It is white silk trimmed with black, and has a red diamond in the center, within which is a white diamond, and there in the center of that a blue club. So we have the red, white, & blue. Gen. Mott made his appearance

with the division for the first time since he was wounded.

Passed through Georgetown, and across the Pontoon bridge. This consists of 40 boats, and other things essential, and is 40 rods below the aqueduct bridge. This latter formerly was an aqueduct to convey water across the river, or was used as a canal. Crossed a stone bridge, the 3^d bridge in all on our homeward march. Passed the Soldier's Cemetery near Arlington Heights, or in fact at them. It is on Gen. Lee's farm, and is laid out with that precision and the deceased are buried with that regularity, which character-

ize our military. Lee's house near by is a splendid-looking residence, commanding a fine view of the river and Washington. Near this we had a fine view of the Capitol & monument. They appeared more distinctly than I ever saw them before. The white walls and some of the Capitol stood forth in full view, grand, majestic, magnificent. The monument is built in a low place and does not show to advantage, on the city side. On this side it appears well.

A beautiful day this. Cool, clear, breezy, a south-west wind accompanying us nearly all day. A cool evening.

Wednesday, May 24.

This morning, after helping compare clothing rolls & notifications, in company with Lt. Leigh, rode to Washington, via Aqueduct Bridge & Georgetown. We arrived in season to see the head of the column, as it moved along that thoroughfare, Pennsylvania Avenue, well-lined with eager spectators desirous of seeing the Army of the West. Leaving our horses put up we pressed through the crowd, and sought to get nearly opposite the reviews stand where we could have full view of the dignitaries and

celebrities thereon. It was no use for the guard kept us back. After two vain attempts to reach the Maine stand I retreated in good order and made a flank movement which proved successful. I remained near the Maine stand all day and looked upon the moving mass of victorious warriors as they bore their tattered banners, and glittering muskets with soldierly mien and bearing through the city. They were greeted with applause, and cheer after cheer, and waving handkerchiefs and smiling faces welcomed these sturdy yemen, these stalwart & brave soldiers within the Capital.

First came the 15th Corps,
then the 17th, the 20th and
the 14th, Corps that had
been led by Sherman, Logan,
the lamented McPherson,
Blain, Howard - a true son
of Maine - Slocum and
Griff. L. Davis. And gallantly
rode these distinguished
Gen. at the head of their
respective commands. First,
Gen. Sherman, whose name
has become historic and
accompanying him, I believe,
was Gen. Howard, now as-
signed to that arduous and
philanthropic work of organi-
zing and caring for the
freemen. Gen. Logan
led the Army of Tennessee,
and Gen. Slocum that of

Georgia, the right and left
wings of Sherman's army,
each composed of two corps.

These men marched
well and made a good ap-
pearance, though they were
not uniformed as well as
our men. Many comparisons
were made between the two
armies, and as near as I
can judge, our army is a
little superior in some respects
while the Western army is
superior to ours in others. The
Western men are larger than
ours.

The badges of the corps
are as follows. Paddy's Car-
tridge box with 40 rounds,
on a diamond is the 15th
Corps badge. An arrow the 17th

a star the 20th, and an
acorn the 14th. The "bum-
mer" brigade mentioned in
the Chronicle consisted of
pack mules loaded as they
are on a march, and pre-
sented a strange, unique
and laughable appearance
to those unaccustomed to
see such a sight. One
feature attracting attention
and gaining applause was
the various negro pioneer
corps. I could but notice
two young genuine negroes
riding two very small deer
jacks. Their ambulances
were drawn mostly by mules,
and were far inferior to ours.

I succeeded in getting
a good sight at President

Johnson, Secretary Stanton,
Gen. Grant & Sherman. Also
of many other distinguished
Generals. It must have
been a happy day for them
to look upon our returned
soldiers after they had fought
and marched, and secured
peace to our country. Even
so is it a happy day for
us, who have labored and
won the victories. Thank
God for this glorious day!

As I was riding home-
ward I passed the carriage
of Gen. Grant. Riding in
my steed, and riding along
by the carriage, I had the
honor and pleasure of shaking
hands with our Chieftain.
The General's "How do you do,

Lieutenant?" will paid me
for the sacrifices I have
made, and I rode away
as proud and well satisfied
as I should have been to
have won a great victory.
The Gen. had his constant
companion with him -
his cigar.

I met many of the
Bowdoin boys near the
Maine stand. They ranked
all the way down from a
General to a citizen. There
were Gen. Chamberlain, Cds.
Mattocks & Hubbard, Major
Bradbury, Capts, Tutchell,
Mayo, Burbank, Moulton,
Priner, & Donnell, Lieut.
Bercher & Allen. Dr. Ad-
ams accompanied Gen.

Chamberlain. Asst. Surg.
Smith was present. I
got started for home once,
and was walking up 16th st.
when I met Allen of 160,
Mr. Clark & Mr. Hayward of
Alfred, whom I assisted to
get past the guard so that
they could see the President.
I saw no lady friends as I
wished I could, when I saw
others enjoying the society of
their friends, and thought of
those at home who, I wish,
could have seen this grand
review - the most triumphant
procession, the grandest parade,
ever witnessed on this continent.
And my dear friends were in-
terested in it, for I had done
my little towards accomplishing

the end which this day has celebrated - the end of our civil war and the return of peace.

On my way back, I called to see Capt. Melcher at 5¹⁵ Corps Hd. Qrs. Dined with him, after which in company with Capt. Malburn, rode over to the 16¹⁵. There I met Dr. Eaton of my class, Lt. Smyth, and Lts. Washworth & Moore of Gardiner, and Quartermaster Sergeant Dering of the same city. I was glad to see them, especially those from Gardiner, whom I had not seen since my first term in that city three years ago. I arrived home about

half past eight o'clock, well satisfied with my day's work, but tired and sick. All day I felt dizzy, and was well aware that another bilious spell was upon me.

The day has been beautiful. These two past breezy, and comfortable days have been favorable for the review, and never could there be any better weather for so grand and magnificent a sight. The rainy weather of the past few days prevented it from being dusty, and the cool south-west breeze rendered it just right for marching. It seems almost as if these two days were designed for this review.

Thursday, May 25.

Today has been a day of sickness for me. Not feeling any better this morning than I did last night, I called upon Dr. Hersom and got some pills for my bilious attack - I lay & slept nearly all the forenoon, but this afternoon kept up and succeeded in writing one letter to Willis. This evening I am better.

Today 14 men have been relieved from my command. I find myself short on it for good drivers, though I succeed in finding men enough to take care of the teams.

Friday, May 26.

I have written a long letter to S. S. King of Plainville in answer to his of Jan. 12th - received only knight before last. Had also wished to write to Butler, but gave it up for the present, after having made the third vain attempt. It is three o'clock, as I write, and the pain is beating fast on my limbance. It is a wretched, disagreeable day, and I try to make the most of it. Now I am about to lay aside my pen, open my valise, and take therefrom from Longlow's Poems, to see whether I can cross myself from the stupor and drowsiness that a hearty dinner has produced, by reading some of her beautiful thoughts and chaste language.

X I read several poems in the volume mentioned and was pleased therewith. Occasionally I would lay aside my book and think, or fancy myself at home. And as I thought of home, this is what I pictured to myself. This cold wet afternoon I enter the well-known door, and find mother sitting alone looking out into the road from the window on the upper side of the kitchen. "Why! how do you do, Edwin!" she says, and cordially grasps my hand. She gladly welcomes me though no kiss greet me on my return from war and scenes of danger.

She makes various inquiries and tells me that she is alone much of the time, and is lonesome. "Willis is down to the stores" and "your father is at the shop." "He came in last night, and the rain this morning kept him at home today." "Ellen went up to Mt. Hope last Monday and was coming home tonight but the rain prevented Willis from going after her." "They like her first rate." After talking a few moments I get up and look out of the window, and see Willis coming up the road. In the misty boy comes, and gladly shakes my hand, and laughs to see me walk so well. And says,

a broad grin covering his face, "it is fun to live on one hard tack a day, isn't it, Ed?" to which, of course, I reply, "yrs," for a single hard-tack relishes well when a hungry man can lay his jaws thereto. And I look again, and there comes father. He has come from the shop early for he wants to see if the chores are all done this rainy night. And after greeting me, and expressing his surprise at my being at home, he asks if the wood & water are in, and if the cows are milked. These are not done for my presence has kept Willis & mother in the house. But where is she who is mine

to love, to honor, to protect? Quick as a flash, I stand upon the door step of her father's house in Pultenburgh, and ring the bell. One comes to the door, and, opening it, says, "why Ed. Earnsey how did you come here?" And, Louise who would not come to the door, but who saw me through that worn key-hole, came rushing out through the long entry, and my darling wife and I so happy to see each other meet and embrace each other. Together we enter the dining-room, and there find the family around the open fireplace in which a glowing fire burns, for it is cool tonight. There are Mr. & Mrs. Wingo, both surprised & glad to see me.

Linda comes running in and gets upon her uncle Ed's knee for she loves him, and Mrs. Milcher comes in and shakes hands with me, still dressed in black, for her heart mourns for him who, years gone by, has lain in yonder cemetery among the pines. And there are Charles & Fred, noisy and boisterous, and Louise's grandmother, a talkative old lady, but well informed and intelligent. These are not all, for Alice and her baby are here, and George, the voting father, proud of his little one. And here together we have a happy time. Louise sits at my side and listens delighted with every word I say. Long

is our talk, nor do we weary hearing and answering questions. But there is, at length, our anxious heart that yearns to hear my voice alone. And so it shall. For we go to our room, and there we join out to God our thanks for His mercies unto us. And there we tell each other the joys and sorrows of our separation, and the love that unites us together. We are happy.

But this is not reality. Some word or expression turned my thoughts to the home of my boyhood, and at once I thought how it would be if I entered it this day. Easily and naturally my thoughts turned to her whom I have chosen as the sharer of my joys and sorrows. I think of others

now away from home, and hope to meet them as soon as the contract entered into by me with the government is fulfilled. and here

It is now about nine. And still it rains. We listen to it as it beats down upon our ambulance, and feel no uneasiness, that it will give us a wet bed before morning, for the rain runs off.

My only fear now is that I shall not rise very early in the morning and fail to attend roll call, as I am officer of the day. I can only say my rest will not be broken by this, but I shall soon lie down feeling that "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Saturday, May 27.

As officer of the day it was my duty to attend roll-call this morning, but I did not get up till after six, so roll-call went by default. It was raining early this morning, has rained part of the day, and no time could it have been called clear or fair.

Went up to the regiment, but learned nothing definite about remaining or being mustered out. On some accounts I hope to remain. But today as I have thought of the mean actions of some superior officers and heard of others, I have almost decided not to put myself in their power again. The

treatment Dr. Herson received the night I promised him my ambulance makes me almost disgusted with him who knows so much. One thing is certain he is not infallible, and I have had the pleasure of proving him wrong several times. He and I both are too positive in regard to anything to agree well.

Reading from Ingelow's Poems, and writing to Butter. This evening Dr. Herson, Capt. Perry, and Chaplain Lovering, have been relieved at the Hospital and reported to the 17th for duty. I feel somewhat lonesome now the Dr. has gone and I hope many days

will not pass before I am returned to the 17th for duty. I wish Lt. Pancost had approved that application for my return.

A letter tonight from George was very welcome. The price of this book is one dollar, and I am indebted to him therefor.

Sunday, May 28.

This morning fixed up for company. Lt. Pancost expected some lady friends, and it was necessary to try to look decently, however uncount we might appear after having been separated from female acquaintances several months. While engaged in discussing the merits of our Generals, a female voice

was heard outside of the tent which asked "shall I come in now?" John? which question was answered in the affirmative and Mrs. Robinson and sister entered. Presently came Fred, and a pleasant time we had of it. Mrs. R. is an intelligent, talkative and without an agreeable companion. The great thing with us was our dinner. Turnu had done his best, we had borrowed crockery enough for all practical purposes, and Bourne's was ready with his most gracious look and winning smile to do the honors of the table. For once Turnu called us to dinner. And we appeared at the table prepared to do ourselves justice. There were

two roast chickens stuffed, green peas, mashed potatoes, turnip, salad, pickles, bread & butter, tomato ketchup, apple, cherry, custard and strawberry pie, plum pudding, and canned peaches. I regard it as a splendid dinner to be got up here in the field, cooked before an open fire in the air. Dinner over we conversed until the ladies went home, having a fine day of it, pleasant to us, and agreeable to them, I judge. Went to the regiment and took tea with our field officers and staff. Gained no positive information in regard to being mustered out. Everything is doubtful. It has been recommended that our recruits and extras be consolidated with the

1st Mr. Henry acts. but with what result, none know.

A letter from Louisa to-night elicited an early answer.

This has been a clear beautiful day after so much rain, but tonight it was a little showery.

Monday, May 29.

Writing to George this forenoon. Sent him a dollar. Also sent Louisa her present. An officer of the 5th Regt. expected to remain in camp, but was sent out by our new Division Officer, Lt. Leigh, now Lt. Parcourt is acting Corps Ambulance officer, to get a lot of poles to build stables with. It went against the grain, for I had

thought to remain in. I know not where I have disliked a job so much. Took three teams and went out beyond Mason's Mill - a hill occupied by the rebels in 1861, on which are earth works, and loaded our teams. We went this long distance, because we are not allowed to get poles near here, and we did not want the guards to trouble us. For our I did not care if the guard did take one. I was acting according to orders given by my superior - in rank, not in anything else decent.

Returned after sunset. Fine day. Picked strawberries this day. Purchased my fill of them. A beautiful day. Letter from Gra

Tuesday, May 30.

Sent to Washington to turn in Wagons, Ambulances, & Stores. After some delay accomplished the object for which I was sent, though I could not make everything come out right. Perhaps I might have done better, had I had men in whom confidence could be placed. Liquor and women are terrible rulers of men with base passions.

Called on Mrs. Kimball. Short but agreeable call.

On my return by Long Bridge - I went over by the aqueduct - met many returning from the review

of our Corps held today.

Relieved from duty here, and ordered to report at once. Did so, and got excused until tomorrow - Am glad to be relieved. Have got fairly disgusted with the whole affair. My associates are not equal to those I desire to live among, and mess with. No more, tonight, for when I leave I can allow my mind to luxuriate among words of rank growth, if so I please, when I say farewell to this train.

The men on the hills around are cheering lustily tonight. I imagine some are going home. Several regiments have gone today.

This has been a lovely day, though somewhat hot. This evening is very comfortable.

Camp of the 17th Me. Vols.,
Wednesday, May 31.

On duty again at the regiment, and I rejoice at it. It is the place I prefer, and where I would have remained, had my foot allowed me to do so. As it was, I could not perform duty only where a "horse to ride" was furnished to me. At first I got along well with my command, but when I was transferred, and my superior gave heed to a petition, my duties began to grow harder, and every week I saw

things that were unpleasant for me to overlook without saying something about them, and the principle and disposition that prompted them. I kept my tongue between my teeth, however, and let things work as they would. More was required of me in respect to seeing personally to my brigade than would have been, had I been allowed to select my own serjeant, and had one that I could put any confidence in, when I wanted any thing done. Many companions were ungentlemanly and vulgar, and one was so egotistical that I could not bear it, and I became perfectly disgusted with the Ambulance Train, especially when under such officers as I have been associated with.

This morning the discrepancies between receipts & invoices of Stores turned in yesterday, were noticed. I stated the case in reference to what I saw, and could only think, if the St. responsible for them believed other reports rather than mine, he was at liberty to do so, and might make the most of it. I do not want him to lose anything through my carelessness, and, I think, had all others worked for him as I did, his accounts would stand better. I never encouraged my men to steal, but they did, as might be expected, when some officers told them they must make themselves whole. I never

believed St. P. was infallible, but many under him did, & thought he could do anything. I hope he can fight the government officers out of a harness, but think he will not, until he gets somebody under arrest. Oh! the egotism! — No affidavit will I give that I cannot make conscientiously, however much it might help the great St. P. — the great "I am" of the 3^d Division Ambulance Corps.

And now this morning I bid you all good morning, joyfully, and most willingly.

Some in the train are honorable exceptions, and in some respects the officers are companionable but "like angels' visits these are few and far between".

Hehor took me to the regt. Today have been loafing around, and getting domesticated. This afternoon went out on drill, and was put in command of a company. As might be expected I made several blunders, for I had not drilled any further months, and never had I been in command of a company. Others made mistakes, so I was not alone. "Misery loves company", so I got off well.

Went over to the train and Hospital this evening. Pleasant call at the latter. Only my hope to receive some mail called me to the former.

Paid White my mess bill this morning. Am square at

the train, but am owed two bottles by Snell, that I never expect to get.

Commenced boarding with the Officers of Cos. A. & B. - Am now tenting with Capt. Faunce, and Lt. Mathes of Co. A.

This has been a beautiful day, though somewhat warm.

Thursday, June 1.

The "month of roses" finds us with Co. A, ready to do any duty that we may be called upon to do. It finds us in a pleasant though small camp, about half a mile from Bailey's Cross Roads, waiting patiently to know when and how we go home. In good health and spirits we are.

Last night Capt. F. attempted to come the dramatic. He heard someone in front of our quarters, and seeing him move, he thought a thief was making the attempt to steal, as two valises have been stolen from the officers' tent of Co. F. Up he got, posted himself near the entrance of our tent, and waited. A guard had been posted in front of the line officers' quarters, and as he came along, the Capt. yelled and sprung towards him. The guard was not much disconcerted, but confronted him with fixed bayonet, and soon an explanation was made, and the Capt. came back into his bed, laughing over his almost treachery.

Today being 'Fast' appointed by President Johnson in memory of our late beloved President, no drilling or unnecessary work has been done. Everything has been quiet, and laziness seems to be the prevailing condition of many of the officers and men.

Wrote to Louisa, visited Capt. Gore, received a call from him, loafed around, and thus passed the day.

Appeared on Dress Parade tonight for the first time as an officer. Think I got along with very little awkwardness, and with very few mistakes.

A member of Co. K, died suddenly tonight while in rear of Hod. Qrs. How did he feel, and what were his thoughts, as life

suddenly departed, came into my mind. And I often think, I should like to know the peculiar feelings of such an hour. Not that I seek a sudden death, but my curious nature leads me thus to think.

A clear, warm day.

Beautiful torch-light procession tonight.

Friday, June 2.

Drilling Company this morning. It come unnatural for me, and I appear somewhat awkward, and at a loss how to drill. Time and experience will help me.

Writing for Capt. Fauner.

Filling out Descriptive Book which Sergt. T. botched up strangely. I hope I have not the reputation

just below here. They, too, throng up sentry-works on the hill near by, where two of our pickets are stationed. The hill is a small elevation, but from its top we have a fine view of the Capitol, and the magnificent scenery around us. It must have been mortifying to the rebels thus to have threatened our Capital, and not be able to take it. To us, it was mortifying to have the ~~recess~~ ^{recess} floating in sight of our seat of government. But times have changed and Munson's and Mason's Hill, and Falls Church are ours, about which we may go, without fear of being molested, or troubled by rebels, or guerrillas, in the least.

Our Hb. Drs. are in a clump
of pines - Our duty is light,
and the picketing of today is
different from any we have
had before. In 1861 there
was practiced that relic of
barbarism, picket firing, and
it was dangerous to be on the
line. In 1862 and 63 in part,
it was so, but for the most
part, the men when near
enough would converse together
in a friendly manner. Along
the two banks of a river would
be the two lines, and the men
enjoyed themselves joking one
another. When we picketed
near Culpepper in 1863 & 64,
the rebs were at a distance,
and we never saw them, but
we had to keep a good look-

out for them lest they surprise
and capture our posts. In 1864
at Petersburg picketing was
dangerous. Men were shot
down daily while on duty
on the line. At length this
mode of warfare ceased, and
our men talked with the rebs.
and exchanged papers with them.
I was near them on our line
last winter, but there was no
firing. Now this picketing is
a farce. We come out here,
we do our duty, but we do it
poorly. There is no need of
this line, and our reliefs act
as though they believed it. I
believe some of the men would
not hesitate to sleep on their
posts, and no one would pre-
fer charges therefor, I presume.

I am with Capt. Reynolds, and a lazy day we have had of it. We have lain here and passed the day. The Capt. went away this afternoon, but returned just as night. I called down to a house and stopped a few minutes this afternoon. It was pleasant to look upon the children there playing together, some of whom were very pretty. Much better is it to see them than to hear the deaf thunder tones of cannon, when though they wrangle, and quarrel and cry at times.

Our rolls go to Div. Hd. Qrs. today. We are mustered out soon. Hundreds are anxious for the Muster-out day to come.

Camp of the 17th Maine Vols.,
Sunday June 4.

Enjoyed a fine night's rest in one hour of pine boughs, on the ground. There is pleasure sometimes, even in so small a house, when "tired Nature's sweet restorer" exerts its influence on man. Even so we found it, and did not wake from our pleasant rest until the sun was up.

Relieved and returned to camp. Firing up and getting ready for a move. The recruits and Veterans of our regiment have been transferred to the 1st Mr. Heavy Art. They have gone today. Report sends us away tomorrow morning at 4 o'clock. Preparatory to this I have written to Louis, George & Willis.

Inspection tonight. Capt. Faunce having been transferred to the Heavies, and Lt. Mattus being away, I had command of the company. With one or two exceptions I performed everything according to Regulations.

Chaplain Lovering had services in front of H.Q. this evening. A few only were present, but a good season it was. The topic chosen was the influence we exert, which he impressed upon us, and exhorted us to see to it that our influence is healthy as we go out from under military authority, and take our places among men once more. The band was in attendance, and discoursed sweet music. There in primitive

manner, and simplicity we sat down upon the green, beneath "Koravin's high dome", lighted by the moon, and the stars that came out, one by one.

As much as we want to get home and see dear friends, the thought of separating from our compatriots in arms and meeting them only occasionally, was sad, and led us to turn our mind to other days. Some then with us are discharged, some transferred, some lying in Hospitals, while others have been finally mustered out - their bones lying along our line of march from Brandy Station to Petersburg, thence to Clover Hill from which we commenced our homeward march. Along all

this march we left brave men whose lives were given up for their country - Alas! that we leave their bones here! But it is a pleasant thought that they did their duty well, and fell in a good cause; that victory is ours and peace so dawned upon us; that so many are able to bear arms to their own beloved state. Those who remain, we are sorry to leave, but we are consoled with the thought that they will soon return to their friends and the peaceful pursuits of life.

Papers made out and sent to Division Head Quarters, which will enable us to get our pay in Maine. So write it be!

Baltimore, Monday June 5.

This morning positive, not doubtful, orders were given for us to be ready to move at 9 o'clock. These were received with gladness for the men had lived in doubt long enough. For the last time in the field we packed our things, struck our tents, and prepared to move. At the appointed hour we formed our line, and at the appearance of Gen. Pierce, who rode up in front of us, three cheers were given for him. In response he paid us a high compliment for our efficiency and gallantry, and congratulated us on almost being citizens, preceding those who remained, only a short time, however.

The 5-7¹⁵ P. F. V. was drawn up on our left and the 105⁻¹⁵ on our right, both of which cheered us as we marched off, and they were cheered in turn by us. Other regiments were in line on the right of the road, rejoicing with us that we were homeward bound, and hoping that a few weeks, or months at most, would set them on their way north. One band played "Sweet Home". Although we had reasons for feeling happy and rejoicing, yet there was a feeling almost akin to sadness, when we thought that all the associations of camp life are to be broken up, and we no more are to live together. I care not how hard is the

lot of the soldier, he will form associations that cannot be broken easily, even though he may be going to exchange camp life, for the pleasure and sweet relations of home, and society.

All along the road soldiers flocked out to see us. Other regiments were going among which was our 20¹⁵ Maine. The 7¹⁵ Mr. Battery, too, was homeward bound. The day was intensely hot, and the six miles' march to the depot was exceedingly hard for the men. The three ambulances accompanying us were filled to their utmost. There was much grumbling, and fault-finding, because we marched up 14¹⁵ St. and Pennsylvania Avenue, instead of taking the shorter route through

Maryland Avenue. Arriving at the depot about one, we had to wait until five for transportation. Box and gravel cars were furnished us, and I had the pleasure of occupying a small portion of one of the latter. There was one advantage in it, it was open and fresh air was amply supplied. There were fifty cars, about, all of which were well crowded with soldiers. Our journey was through a very pleasant section of country, and everything indicated thrift and industry. Beside places of minor importance there were Bladensburg, Beltsville, Annapolis and Washington Junctions.

Some of the have become noted during the war. At or near the last is the noted "Relay House" which was seized by Gen. Butler in 1861, after our Union soldiers were shot down in Baltimore — this monumental city. We reached this city about 9 o'clock, and marched across it to the P. W. & B. R. R. depot. Here we got transportation at once. The men occupied box-cars, while the officers and band had a passenger car. As a distinction must be made according to military it is well for us to have the best places, though in fact many of the enlisted men are worthier of the best places, than some of our commissioned officers.

As we marched through the city many flocked out to see us. There was none of that feeling manifested that was exhibited in April 1861, when our brave Massachusetts boys were sacrificed by the merciless traitors that infested the city. A great change has come over this city, and today it stands purified from that poisonous atmosphere that surrounded it, in which traitors and vile copperheads delighted to live - which they breathed as their natural element. This is now a union city. One thing especially attracted our attention, and that was, nice, cold ice water was furnished us in abundance near the depot.

Whether the government, the city, or private individuals furnished it, I know not, but this I know it came very opportunely to us thirsty soldiers.

According to the mile-posts along the rail-road, this city is 40 miles from Washington. According to Lippincott it is 38 miles N.E. from Washington, and 98 S.W. from Philadelphia. It is on a small bay extending inland two or three miles from Patuxent River. We came hither by the Baltimore and Washington Rail-Road.

After we entered the cars St. Lamos, known as "Dad", and the owner of the pigs brought from Burkessville, favored us with several songs to enliven us. The band played, and we made the most of

the evening, waiting for the train to start.

On board the boat, ~~minum~~
New York Harbor, Tuesday June 6.

When our music ceased last night the our small house had begun their round, and we were still in the depot. The cars were motionless, and each and every one sought rest and sleep as best he could. Some sat bolt upright, others leaned against the sides of the cars, while some leaned forward upon the seat in front of them. Any and every position was taken, but none could be retained long. At length the night wore away, and the gray of the early dawn began to ap-

pear. At last the engine got up steam, the whistle blew, the machinery moved, and the train started. Our rate of speed was very slow, but during the morning we reached Havre de Grace. There we crossed the Susquehanna at the head of Chesapeake Bay by a steam ferry. The cars run on to a boat furnished with several short tracks, and then the boat steamed across the river. It was in this stream that the boat was frozen in 1863 & 64, - winter - which prevented our getting our mail for a short time. Leppincott says, "during the severe frosts of the winter of 1851 and 1852, the railway cars crossed the river on the ice for several weeks." Soldier's guard this ferry. Havre de Grace was burned by the British in the war of 1812.

This place is 36 miles N. E. from
Baltimore.

Our route lay through a
rich and fertile region, and the
verdure of the fields, and waving
grain presented a beautiful ap-
pearance. Great houses and
pleasant little settlements dotted
the country through which the
rail-road passed. This rail-road
is the Philadelphia, Wilmington
and Baltimore; and passes through
this second city. This is 28 miles
S. W. from Philadelphia, and 70,
E. N. E. of Baltimore. After we
came through this city we rode
along the right bank of the Del-
aware River for some distance.
Signs of peace and prosperity
were everywhere visible.

After a pleasant ride from

Wilmington we crossed the Schuyl-
kill, ("hidden creek;") and entered
the "city of brotherly love". And our
hungry soldiers - myself among
them - found Philadelphia the
city of "brotherly love" in very truth.
Here we were furnished with an
excellent dinner at the "Union Vol-
unteer Refreshment Saloon". This
saloon was founded by a few gen-
erous citizens and has attained
its present size, and is supported,
by contributions of the citizens. Its
object is to furnish Union soldiers
with food as they go and return
from the seat of war. Several
committees are appointed which
take turns relieving one another
in waiting upon and providing
for the soldiers. Ladies and gen-
tlemen are ever in attendance

to look out for the defenders of our country. After our march through the city, good fresh water was furnished us at the side of the street near the Salom, and our dusty and dirty men came forth well prepared to meet the fresh rolls and bread, and hot coffee, that were set before them. A kind old motherly lady sat at the head of our table, and did the honor of pouring out hot coffee for us.

Having done ourselves justice, (for our men had eaten only hard-tack, crackers & cheese, furnished by the Maine State Agency in Washington, or cakes or pies that they had purchased, since yesterday morning,) we took our arms and marched

on to the ferry boat that conveyed us across the Delaware to Camden on the New Jersey side. At once transportation was procured and our impatient soldiers were hurried on through New Jersey. At Burlington our train stopped a few moments, and many got out to catch a glimpse of the house in which our noble chief-tain had resided. I had a short conversation that pleased me much, with a little girl of intelligence. We next passed through Bordertown, 6 miles from Trenton, where Gen. Mott of our Division resides. All along this Camden and Amboy Raid-Road was a most beautiful country. Wheat, grass, and crops of all kinds were in a flourishing condition,

strawberries were being gathered in abundance for market, and large orchards of peach trees were luxuriant with foliage, and hung thick with the green, immature fruit. The close proximity of this country to good markets has made this not very fertile region one of the most fruitful our country affords. The land is in a high state of cultivation, and far surpasses any that I have seen. All along the ladies waved their handkerchiefs to us, and our journey seemed like a continual ovation. Whenever handkerchiefs were not convenient, any and every thing was brought into use - hats, bonnets, shawls, shirts, and babies. These last were

very numerous - so much so that the fact drew forth remarks from our observing officers.

Coasting through this delightful region we reached South Amboy just after the hour of twilight. This is 27 miles from New York, and about 60 from Philadelphia. From this place we took the boat for New York.

The day has been beautiful, and we have made considerable headway. The scenery has gratified us, and sweet music from our band has delighted our ears. - The soldiers have behaved pretty well, though a few have purchased liquor and shown the effects of it. However long it takes us, it is our consolation that we are moving homeward.

On board Steamer Empire City,
Wednesday, June 7.

We entered New York Harbor last evening. Sometime during the night we touched the wharf, but our men were not taken off. I had lain down on the floor, and had fallen asleep, and was so firmly held in sleep's fast embrace that I knew not at what hour we stopped. This morning our men were taken off, and were quartered in Castle Garden Barracks. Breakfast was furnished - at the expense of government, I judge, from the quality of the food and the place where it was served up.

I went out on the street, called Broadway, and there

found a saloon in which I got breakfast. Thence in company with Dr. Henson walked up the principal street in the metropolis of America, and called at the store of Allen Brothers, but found none of them in. Returning towards the Barracks I learned that transportation could not be furnished until five o'clock, and so I sauntered about the city. Calling again at Allen Brothers, I found the junior member of the firm in, with whom I engaged in conversation. On looking through the establishment, and visiting the work-department, I met Miss Merryman of Brunswick, and Miss Patten of Bath, with whom I enjoyed a pleasant conversation.

When I returned to the Barracks I learned that many of our men had been drunk, and quite a row was imminent at one time. The men then had to be kept under restraint, and many were the complaints made by them. It is very strange that men should regard getting drunk as the sumum bonum of all happiness, and should improve, or rather disgrace every privilege of freedom they have, by becoming intoxicated. There is reason for their feeling exhilarated when they are out from under restraint, and all do well to enjoy their freedom. But when men disgrace themselves as they did today by getting drunk,

they abuse a privilege, and should be made to feel that no confidence can be placed in them. Good, sober, well-disposed soldiers have to suffer as well as others, but that is something that cannot be helped. I have ever noticed in the army, that the innocent frequently suffer with the guilty, on account of some wrong the guilty have done.

The 20th Maine & 7th Me. Bat. have been with us today. They were in the Barracks with us. The 16th came into the city today. I met it going up Broadway.

After calling a second time on the ladies at Allen's, I took the cars for Bro. Mr. Perkins. Was disappointed in not finding him

in his wife at home - Mr. Thompson of the class of 1860.

On my return from M. P. S. I could but observe the rush at the Astor House. Gen. Grant was there, having come in this morning, and hundreds crowded up to the House to see him. Several of our officers had called upon him during the day, and been welcome, and I had done the same, but did not find him in. I was in such a hurry to reach the Boat that I had no time to call this afternoon, and so I crowded through the crowd that kept pressing up towards the steps of the Astor, and blocked up the sidewalk pretty effectually, and reached

the Bancroft just before five o'clock, but just in season to be too late to accompany the regiment to the boat, which lay at Pier No. 3, waiting to convey us to Newport across the Sound. Without difficulty I found the pier and came on board the boat. Our men had poor accommodations, but they were such as enlisted men generally get on board of any boat. The officers had better privileges. We had no State Rooms, however, but enjoyed the luxury of a good bed. Our band discoursed excellent music on deck, and were furnished with a nice supper. The boat furnished us an excellent supper for a dollar a piece.

We left the wharf at five o'clock, passed up East River, and entered Long Island Sound. This was a beautiful sail, and we found it delightful to look out upon the forest of masts as we left the harbor, the beautiful scenery as we sailed up the straits or river, and the fine sheet of water as we entered the Sound. St. Wadsworth of the 16th Maine was my companion. He had missed his regiment, and sought to reach Boston with us sooner than his regiment could arrive there.

Overcast this morning. Warm during the day. The mild sea breeze renders it very comfortable on the boat.

Portland Me., Thursday,
June 8.

After a short but sweet rest we were aroused to prepare to disembark at Newport R. I., our destination by boat. About four we landed, and secured transportation in passenger cars. At this depot I saw for the first time a coach car, made after the fashion of cars in England. A car was divided off into several apartments, each of which was entered by a door from the side, would seat several persons, and was finished off on the outside like a coach. Such cars are very desirable when a select company of a few wish to have an excursion or journey.

A short ride through a beautiful country brought us into Boston. It was about 9 o'clock when we reached this "hub of the universe", and left the cars at the Old Colony depot. Here Lt. Col. Hobson, and Maj. Haughton (our major by commission,) met our regiment to accompany us home. Here I met George with whom I spent the time we remained in Boston.

Our men were quartered in Beach Street Barracks, and transportation not being furnished us until tomorrow, as it was reported, our men were allowed to be out in the city as home. Before the first train was up, transpor-

tation was furnished us, and at once we prepared to move across the city to the Boston & Maine Depot. About noon we marched, and such cheers, such waving of handkerchiefs, such welcome had not been given us on our homeward journey. Our six torn and tattered colors, all the regiment has ever had, were drawn forth long and repeated cheers. The extra train was nearly ready to start, so our delay was short at this depot. The train made but few stoppages, kept up good speed, and reached here about half past six. Our reception here was enthusiastic. The depot was crowded with men, women and children, anxious to meet

their returning sons, brothers, husbands, fathers, friends. Many were the happy hearts and smiling countenances as our men filed out of the cars, and our column formed near the depot. No friends were there to greet me, but I was glad to see so many rejoicing at the return of their brave ones, who had served nearly three long years in our civil war. Bells were rung, and cannon fired, and everywhere in the city it seemed like a day of jubilee. Wherever we indicated the streets were crowded, the sidewalks lined, and the windows full of bunting. Flags, bunting, and handkerchiefs waved on

every hand, and cheer after cheer rang out on the evening air.

We were escorted through the city, by a Cavalcade of over 100 citizens, mounted on spirited horses, several engine companies, the Grand Lodge or Encampment of Knight Templars, the Poona Club, a detachment of Veteran Reservists, and past members and officers of the regiment. Poppington's Band, and ours, furnished us with music. The 20th Maine was received with us, though the reception was originally intended for our regiment. A splendid collection was prepared for us at the City Hall, whither we took our way, and which we entered.

after stacking our arms in the hall and passage way below. Six large tables were set, beautifully spread, and splendidly trimmed, and capable of seating nearly 700 persons. There was, among many, our magnificent banquet in the Prosecutions which attracted universal attention. Dr. Carruthers invoked the divine blessing, after which the first Colonel of the regiment, Col. Roberts, ordered us to "fall to," and we did it with an eagerness that showed our readiness to obey any such orders. After the inned man had been satisfied, speeches were made by Hon. Mr. Drummond, and Washburn, Chaplain Lovering

and Col. Mallocks. Supper ended, the 20th went over to Camp Berry, and the 17th to the old City Hall. Here we are now quartered for the night. Many have gone out to stop with their friends, but more have remained in and are grumbling because they are not allowed the freedom of the city.

The day has been fine, and everything has conspired to make it a happy day for us. To some it is not so. For they have not met in our ranks tonight, those who went out for among them nearly three years ago. They are laid by the rebel shot on the bloody battle-fields of Virginia and Pennsylvania, or have found a

soldier's grave, having been brought thither by disease contracted while in their line of duty. We return today with 246 men and 29 officers. The regiment went out about 1000 strong. There have been between 758 hundred recruits, and men transferred to it, of whom about 600 have been left in the field, and in hospitals, transferred on paper to the 1st Mr. Heavy Artillery.

Tonight we had the pleasure of seeing Capt. Perry, Adj. Boothby, and Roberts, and Lieut. Morrill, Bartels and Sawyer. Capt. Sumner was also present, his arm in a sling, on account of wound received on April 6¹³. Many of

the returned officers have risen from the ranks, and bear in their bodies, honorable wounds.

"Camp Perry,"

Camp Elizabeth, Friday, June 9.

After some delay this morning in the old city building, where we had tried to rest and sleep on the hard floor, and with success, too, we took up our line of march for this camp. We marched through several streets and at last crossed the bridge and entered this enclosure. Our men and officers took possession of the barracks unoccupied by the V. R. Co. and 20¹³, and much grumbling there was because we were shut up

as prisoners. There was need of guarding some of our men, and they could not find any fault therefor, if they considered what justice was proper to be meted out to them. Soon after we arrived here, the men gathered near the gate, and were making demonstrations against the guard before it. A stronger guard was posted, and our officers came out and sent our men to their quarters. Lt. Col. Mowell of the 20th did the same. The tumult subsided, and the usual calm after so threatening a storm succeeded it. In the morning before we got over here, the 20th had taken off the gate

and made a disturbance.

Walked over into the city during the afternoon, and on my return called on Boyd, of the class of 1860. Here I had a pleasant chat with "Nick", and his folks, and about 8 o'clock started for camp. Before I had got across the bridge the shower that had been hanging over commenced, and by the time I reached the gate it was raining in good earnest. I got nearly wet through, but have the consolation that we have a good shelter. Eight of us occupy two small rooms, but they answer for soldiers.

A very warm day this. Cooler after the shower.

Brunswick, Saturday June 10.

This overcast and rainy morning I remained around camp, and after our rolls were sent over got the signatures of our company. This done the men were marched over to the city to be paid. Up to this time the Company Commanders had been busy in transferring their property, and making out their returns. They found some extra work to do, for some of the men had purchased their Springfield, and these had to be accounted for differently from any others.

After the men got over to the city, they had to wait the motion of the slow pay-

master. When he commenced to pay them, however, he paid fast, for the companies were small, and nearly every account could be settled without any trouble. As fast as the men got their "Eagles" they were jubilant. Some were boisterous, even, and not a few found it no hard task to get drunk. Some labor under the wrong impression that drunkenness constitutes manliness, and, as soon as they have their liberty, are as drunk as vile "commissary" will render them. Several appeared out as citizens in their uniforms, having exchanged the blue of Uncle Sam's boys, for American citizen's uniforms.

Seeing no prospect of being paid before Tuesday, and having no command, I took a hack for the depot, after having had my baggage transported from the camp to the city. The evening train brought me to this place, and here I am happy in the society of my wife, from whom I have been separated just six months.

Brunswick, Sunday,
June 11.

Enjoying the society of my family, and my wife's friends all day. Attended meeting this evening. First day this.

American House, Portland,
Monday, June 12.

This forenoon Louis and I packed up our things and made hasty preparations for our departure to Sanford. Took the one o'clock train that brought us here. Find out that we cannot get on pay before Thursday, and so tomorrow morning sends me home. Beautiful day this.

Sanford, Tuesday, June 13.

Left Portland in the morning train, and in company with Dr. Heron came home. We had a pleasant journey, and a quick one to

North Burwick, but the heavily loaded coach made slow progress here. The way was long, the road was hard, but we endured all the hardships with heroic fortitude. Mrs. Willard, whom I have not seen before for four years, was one of our fellow-travellers.

At last our journey ended, and we alighted at our home to greet our dear mother, Prescott and Willis, who were anxiously expecting us here. Everything had a familiar look, and presented an appearance well-known to me. I returned a more healthy or stronger man than I was one year ago,

where two crutches were my companions, and my support. My leg and foot are stronger than when I left home six months ago. And as I compare my situation now with my condition then, I have great reason to be thankful to God for his manifold kindnesses and blessings unto me. My folks have all been spared and I am permitted to meet them in good health and happiness.

This afternoon Louise and I have visited Ellen. We found her well and expecting to see us, for she had been apprised of our arrival.

Another clear and beautiful day.

Sanford, Wednesday, June 14.

This morning we took our fancy white and buggy, and journeyed to Lebanon. Our sister Elmira was glad to see us, and, especially, as I had returned nearly or quite recovered of my lameness, she rejoiced to see me walk about. After a short stop, I took the Doctor to his home. On my return, called in to see Aunt Elmira. Our visit to my sister's was pleasant, and many a time we could but laugh at her talk, her tongue moved so fast. We returned home at an early hour. The day has been pleasant, the evening is cool.

Portland, Thursday, June 15.

Today we deemed it best to report here to be in readiness to receive our pay, if the slow Paymaster was ready to pay off the waiting officers of the 17th. Accordingly we rode down to Mills to take the cars for this city. We were an hour too early. It is hard to wait at such a depot when there is nothing to take up one's attention, and when one has no company. I passed the hour very comfortably, though the tardy moments dragged themselves slowly along. At length the cars came, and I soon found myself en route for this Forest City.

As usual there were sev-

eral stops, short and somewhat tedious in this fast age when everything is driven ahead at lightning-speed.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock we reached this city, and I at once satisfied the inner man, before going to the city from the Eastern depot. I preferred going across to this depot, for from it, I could take the horse cars up to that part of the city, which I wished to visit. There was no parading off our officers today, so making Frost's my head-quarters, I deposited my baggage and strolled about the city. Very unexpectedly I met Mrs. Libby on the street, and at her invitation called up to see her.

James was in Richmond, Va., whither he had gone on business, and so I saw him not. There was, however, a young Libby whose form and features my eyes had never before beheld. After taking tea there I called upon Capt. Perry. Hearing had a pleasant call I turned my steps towards my head-quarters, from which I came to my present lodging place. I am at Mr. Frost's. I find his home very pleasant, and it is truly agreeable to me to meet his family. It was my fortune to meet Mrs. Frost when first I came to Portland in 1863 to enter the army. I owe my kind reception here to her regarding the soldiers as highly. A beautiful and lovely day this.

Portland, Friday June 16.

This day we have waited and waited impatiently for the "slow coach" to pay us off. All day long I have been in his office, but my turn has not come. Only eight of our officers have been able to get their pay, and the prospect is, that mine will come tomorrow as I am the sixth on the list. I have sworn that I have made all proper returns, which will enable me to obtain my pay. In fact I have never made any returns, for I have never been responsible, and my proper returns were none.

A wet and rainy day this. Unfavorable for pedestrians like me.

Sanford, Saturday June 17.

This morning I made a few purchases and got ready to start for home as soon as I received my pay. It came at last, and my hand held what was my due from "Uncle Sam", about \$438.54. I was paid 2 mos. and 7 days' pay, and three months' pay proper - tax out. It did not seem right for me to pay a tax on that present, but government got it out of me. Thus far I have paid nearly or quite \$25 tax this year. As soon as I got my discharge, and was an American citizen, I purchased me an American citizen's uniform, and felt that I had

full and perfect right to wear it, and enjoy all the privileges of an American citizen. I had served my country one year and nine months, and had only come home to stay as soon as the war was ended and my services were no longer needed.

My wages were nearly all put into seven thirty bonds. I got two fifties, and three one hundred-dollar bonds, numbers 41578, 41579, and 41580, of the series issued July 16, 1865, with "six per cent gold option" coupons attached.

Having squared up all my bills, and made several little purchases, I took the three o'clock train for home. At

the depot I met my brother who was ready to take me to Sanford, and after a short ride I reached home, once more a citizen.

As much as I enjoy the privileges of citizenship, as much as I like home and the society of friends, I am not sorry that I became a soldier, and suffered for my country. Nay, rather, I rejoice that I suffered for her, and that I bear in my body honorable scars received on a well-fought and victorious battle-field. And tonight I believe I return to my home, a better man, a more experienced man, a wiser man, than when I went out from here in Sept. 1863.

I passed into or through the following states; Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, and the District of Columbia, though my fighting was all done in the last mentioned state.

I was in about a dozen battles and skirmishes. They were Auburn Mills, Oct. 13, 1863. Kelly's Ford, Nov. 7, 1863, Locust Grove, Nov. 27, 1863, and Mine Run Nov. 30, 1863. ~~The Wilderness~~, May 5, 6, & 7, 1864, (Ford's Tavern, May 8) ^{and 11} Pe River, May 10, and Spottsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864. ~~Watches Run~~, Feb. 7, 1865 ^{at Petersburg} and March 25,

The Capture of Petersburg Mar. 30, 31, April 1. & 2, Amelia Springs and Beatonville April 6, and near Farmville April 7, 1865. At all but one of these I was under fire, and some of them furnished as terrific firing as I want to hear.

I was mustered in at Portland, Sept. 10, 1863. joined the 17th near Culpepper, Va., Sept. 23, was promoted Sergeant Nov. 1, near Brandy Station, Va., was detailed as Color-Sergeant, April 27, 1864 near Steronsburg, Va., and was wounded twice at Spottsylvania C.H., May 12, 1864. On the 28th of June I was commissioned 2^d Lt. Co. A, but owing to physical disability, I was not mustered in as such

until Jan. 20, 1865, near Patrick's Station Va., below Petersburg. On the 4th of June, I was mustered out.

While at home on furlough received my A. M. at Brunswick. On the 27th of October I was married to Miss Louisa F. King of Brunswick by Rev. Geo. C. Adams -

Through the war now over, into this peace now established in an undivided country, God has led me; and preserved me, twice snatched from the jaws of death. To Him be all thanks for His mercy and unspeakable goodness. Let prayer and praises ascend to Him now and forevermore.

1889.

My "muster-in" as 2d Lieutenant corrected, to date from June 28, 1864, date of commission.

1890.

Pension certificate for ten dollars a month, from April 9, an increase of four dollars a month over former certificate covering from date of discharge.

Received arrears of pay.

1891.

Received pay and allowance for servant.