

**AMOR PATRIAE**

THE JOURNAL  
OF A CERTAIN OFFICER  
ARRANGED FROM HIS PRIVATE LETTERS —

**CHARLES E. WALBRIDGE**  
**BUFFALO**  
**JULY 24<sup>TH</sup> 1873**



2022

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**AMOR PATRIAE**

**The Journal of  
Charles E. Walbridge**

**Part One: 1862-1863**





**CHARLES E. WALBRIDGE.**  
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## INTRODUCTION

This is a transcription of the journal and letters of Charles E. Walbridge, 100<sup>th</sup> Regiment, New York Volunteers, during the Civil War. Copied by his sister, Louise ("Louie"), into a red leather bound volume, as a gift to him. The book was recopied in 1992 by Charles Walbridge Buffum, Jr., his great-grandson, for the years 1862 – 1863; in 2001, his great grand-daughter, Katherine Buffum Smith, completed the transcription with the years 1864-1865, and into 1866.

Colonel Walbridge (1841-1913) enlisted in Co. "H" of the 100<sup>th</sup> New York Volunteers Infantry, 2<sup>nd</sup> Regiment, Eagle Brigade, organized in Buffalo. He entered the service September 21, 1861, as a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant. When he was mustered out of the army with an honorable discharge in October 1865, he held the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, by brevet. The book was presented to him July 24, 1873.

The first section covers the years 1862 and 1863. During this period, the 100<sup>th</sup> left Buffalo for war on March 7, 1862, travelled to New York and then to Washington; took part in the Peninsula Campaign of 1862, and was reassigned to the Carolinas, where it took part in the assault on Fort Wagner, and the Siege of Charleston, S. C. During this period, C. E. Walbridge received word of his commission as a First Lieutenant on December 19, 1862, and was Acting Regimental Quarter-Master, remaining in the "Quarter-Master business" for the remainder of the war. He reported his promotion to Captain on May 16, 1863. The journal begins in March 1863 attached to the Army of the Potomac in Washington.

This begins with his sister's dedicatory remarks, "The Apology." From there, we segue into the contents of the journal and letters.

Dedicated to Our Dear Mother,  
And the circle of brothers and Sisters, for whose comfort during  
four trying years, the various manuscripts  
were originally penned.

The Apology –

In the far-off future, when old Father Time has long since bestowed upon you a new promotion, in raising you to the great dignity of "Grandfather's Chair," and in crowning your head with silver locks often on a winter's evening as you sit before the cheerful fire, your thoughts will wander back to the old soldier-life... and when at last they find utterance in such words as these: "It was on a night like this," or, "Just forty years ago," the little children will leave their merry games and gather about your knee, to hear of those wonderful, bygone times, when this quiet, peaceful country was the seat of a terrible war, and – oddest of all – dear old Grandpapa a brave soldier.

As the tale continues, and you grow puzzled because you cannot quite recollect (it is not strange that memory sometimes fails to hold the silver threads) the children's Momma, whose dear delight it is to please the occupant of the honored seat, lays aside her work to bring from some hidden corner, a queer, old-fashioned book, which she lovingly places in your hand. (You put on your spectacles, and slowly turn the well-worn leaves.)

The little cloud vanishes from your face, as you find the missing link in the pages of the "Amor Patriae."

1862.  
March -

12<sup>th</sup>. My tent on Meridian Hill, three miles from Washington – We left New York Monday afternoon, and arrived at Philadelphia that night, about ten o'clock. We found a bountiful supper prepared for us, which was very acceptable as we had had nothing since noon. It was furnished by a society who have not failed to do the same thing for every regiment which has passed through the city, in all, about two hundred thousand men. The supper consisted of cold meats, bread and butter, cranberry sauce, pickles, etc. – with crockery dishes and white tablecloths.

All along the route we were well received, the people waving handkerchiefs and cheering us on our way. When we reached Baltimore, I thought everybody looked as if they were sorry to see us. We reached Washington last night, and went immediately into a large barrack, where the men slept on the floor. This morning we marched to our camping ground. We have a fine camp, the one occupied by the N.J. Seventh last spring.

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Mr. Gurdon Coit has just been speaking with me; he left Buffalo

before we did, yet it seems good to see some one who belongs there. We are perfectly surrounded with camps. Forty thousand troops have left Washington since Sunday.

13th - I have passed my first night in a tent. The Captain, Lieut. Smith and I tent together. The men are stowed in, six in a tent, with scarcely room to lie down. I bought a camp bed of a peddler. We have what is called a "wall tent," which has two roofs and is about nine ft. square at the base.

18th - We have been brigaded, and constitute the right of Gen. Casey's Brigade. We are to march to Alexandria tomorrow, where we are to take ship and sail probably in the direction of Fortress Monroe. We have been served with twenty rounds of cartridges for each man. I visited the White House and the Capitol today.

22nd - We had just received orders on the 19th to strike our tents, and had got them half down, when they were countermanded, and we were told to hold ourselves in readiness.

Gen. Casey reviewed our division yesterday. It consists of three brigades, of five regiments each, all of which were present at the review. Col. Davis, acting Brig. Gen'l., commands our brigade. As both Capt. Dye and Lieut. Smith were absent, I had command of Co. "H". The review took place in a large field, about a quarter of a mile from our camp, a very fortunate thing for us, as some of the regiments present marched six miles to get there. The mud was very deep, in some places to our knees. Gen. Casey is an undersized, white-haired old man, and looks tough.

I met Col. Root of the 21st on the Avenue this morning. His regiment is barracked five miles from Alexandria. We generally drill from nine to twelve A.M. each day, and often for three hours in the afternoon. The men are making good progress in the manual of arms.; we have commenced to teach them "Load in nine times."

We have no regular servant yet, so we do our own cooking, and employ a dutchman of our company to do the drudgery. A regiment of Infantry has been firing off on the west of us all afternoon and a battery of artillery is practicing a short distance in our rear.  
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30th - We left our camp on Meridian Hill on the 28th and are now in Alexandria. We crossed the long bridge that evening at about six, and marched until late at night. There were about twenty regiments in the column. We bivouacked in an open field about a mile from Alexandria. I slept in a hay stack. We moved the next morning about a quarter of a mile, on a very marshy piece of ground. It soon began to rain, and has continued to do so ever since. Last night, I slept on the floor of a house near by. I had no blanket or other covering, but did very well. A great many of the men slept in barns and houses in the neighborhood, and some slept in a



tomb, up on the hill.

This morning we formed into line, and started for the ships, and the men are at this moment standing out in the street, in the mud and rain, and I am writing in a little house by the waterside. I hear there are eighteen or twenty large steamers in which we are to embark. Over 100,000 troops have been shipped from this port during the past week.

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April.

3rd - Str. John A. Warner. I am now sailing down the Potomac; it is a splendid river. Last Sunday night, while we were waiting to be ordered on ship-board, Maj. Otis instructed me to take some of the men and go to the wharf to see the baggage unloaded. I found the teams already arrived, and the Pacific Mail Steamship "Constitution" taking on our brigade. I was up nearly all night, trying to ship our baggage, of which we had thirty four-horse wagons, but could not get it on the big ship, so they went off next morning, leaving me to forward the baggage. (Chamberlain, the 2nd Lt., has resigned). The Reg't had fine accommodations on the Constitution - government pays \$3000.00 per-day for her use.

I bestirred myself to get transportation and at last, procured an old barge, and commenced loading. I went on board the "Commodore" several times, Gen. McClellan's headquarters, but though Generals were as plenty as blackberries, I failed to see the gentleman in question.

When my work was apparently completed, I was surprised to hear that Col. Stanton's horse, and the Doctor's two horses, were on the wharf awaiting shipment. I sprang upon one of them and galloped off, leaving Lt. Bogart in charge of the barge. I failed to get transportation, and on reaching the wharf, found the barge gone, and 18 men left behind, most of whom were intoxicated. I was obliged to wait till Tuesday night, when the "Warner" coming in, I took my horses aboard without permission from anyone and then did likewise with the men. Our destination is Fortress Monroe, which I hope we will reach tonight.

Yesterday we passed Aquia Creek, and Cockpit Point. I had a good view of the latter; the batteries stretch along the shore a long distance. They are very common earthworks. We had an excellent view of Mt. Vernon; and could see the house, barns and tombs distinctly. We have not passed a village since we left Alexandria, a distance of eighty miles.

4th - "Peach Orchard". 2-1/2 miles from Newport News. We arrived at Fortress Monroe this morning; and then sailed up to Hampden, a perfectly deserted village, entirely burnt, with only parts of walls and rubbish remaining. Fortress Monroe is an immense

structure surrounded by a deep ditch filled with water. I had a good look at the Monitor, which closely resembles "a cheesebox on a raft." We footed it from Hampden to this place, where we found the regiment bivouacked in the woods. Lt. Smith and I have been cutting pine boughs for our beds. Report says the Rebel pickets are within 6 miles of us.

Capt. Dye was at the "News" today, and saw Yorktown burning in the distance. He captured a "secesh" dog somewhere, which he says he intends to keep. We have a very pleasant camp; the right rests in a peach orchard, now in full bloom, and the left is in a pine forest.

11th - Camp Ripley -- I was on guard yesterday, and had just taken off my boots this morning, preparatory to a good snooze, when the Adjutant poked his head into the tent and said, "Capt. Dye, let your company fall into line immediately, fully equipped; the Merrimac has come out, and, it is thought, will try and cut us off from Goring's Mills (a short distance up the river)." So I put on my boots again and prepared to capture the Merrimac! We remained in readiness for several hours, but the order did not come; the artillery company belonging to our regiment went, however, and did not return until evening. I have heard the following account of the matter -- The Merrimac and six other vessels came out of Norfolk this morning. The Monitor and other war-boats remained in harbor, waiting for them. They hoped the Merrimac would go up the river towards the News, in which case she could be cut off from Norfolk. Several of our gun-boats lay among the schooners at anchor in the Roads, steamed up, ready to shoot out and attack the lesser vessels; while the Monitor and Vanderbilt engaged the Merrimac. She was too cautious, and they lay there all day doing nothing other than to tow off two schooners that were loaded with hay and anchored in Hampton Roads. It is more than likely the rebels will show themselves again tomorrow.

There was a frost last night, sufficient to stiffen the mud a little, and to whiten the ground. While I was on guard last night, Co. A's tent caught fire. Farnham and his black boy were both asleep in it. Capt. Nash burnt his hand badly in pulling open the tent to arouse Farnham, who came out in short order with a box of cartridges in his hand, that he snatched up in his retreat. The roads here are dreadful. I have seen empty wagons with six mules to draw them stuck fast in the mud.

18th - In the woods, 2 miles north of Warrick Court House, Virginia -- We left Camp Ripley (or Peach Orchard) day before yesterday, and marched with the rest of our division to this place. It was a terrible march, for the day was very hot. The reveille beat that morning at 5 o'clock, when we hastened to break camp, but the line was not formed until eight. We marched very rapidly till eleven, then rested half an hour, and afterwards continued on our journey, making three short stops. We reached Warwick soon after six, after

a march of eighteen miles. We had frequently to pick our way over underbrush and through swamps. Only about half the reg't went through together. The rest straggled in the next day. I am happy to say all the commissioned officers of our company survived the march. I was put in command of Co. G, whose officers had gone off to wash, and had left no one in command. They (Capt. Hinson and lieutenants) were greatly surprised to find themselves superseded. I remained in charge all night, but was relieved in the morning. I slept on two little pieces of board (about 2 ft. long and 8 in. wide each) and had a nice little log for a pillow. We spent the next day in rigging up little shelters to keep off the sun and dew, and had succeeded in making ourselves pretty comfortable, when the order came to march down to this place.

In the Clerk's office at Warrick, there were many interesting documents, some dating back as far as 1669. I saw one, imposing a fine of 50 lbs. of tobacco on a woman, for not attending church. The men obtained a good many as curiosities, but a guard was placed over the office before I was off duty, consequently I could not get any.

Our present camp is very picturesque for we have erected nice little booths, and covered them with pine tassels, and made carpets of the same. Our knapsacks and mess chest have arrived, and we are now quite complete. We are not allowed fires or lights after dark. I relished my supper of fried pork, hardtack and coffee as much as any meal I ever ate. There is something romantic in this life in the woods. I was never in better health.

Old Sottles is still alive; he has brightened up wonderfully and stands the fatigue of a march much better than many a young man. While we are out drilling, he remains behind to guard the tents. 400 men of our brigade are going out tomorrow to work on a road to Yorktown. Camp Scott is the name of our present quarters.

27th - Lyman Smith was here yesterday. He is manufacturing 1800 of his shells at Fortress Monroe for Gen'l. McClellan. I have sent my watch home by him.

There was a small fight yesterday near the center of the lines. The Seventh Mass. took a battery and leveled it in the ground with their shovels, though the enemy carried off their guns.

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On Thursday, Col. Crocker of the 93rd N. J. passed over the line of pickets and allowed himself to be captured. In about fifteen minutes, he sent back a flag of truce, requesting his clothes might be sent to him. He is a Virginian by birth, and his father is said to be now in Richmond.

May.

2nd - Camp Scott - On Tuesday, our Brigade marched out to make a reconnaissance. Our regiment marched out to our pickets; as we reached the edge of the woods, every man fell flat on the ground. We did not have occasion to do anything. The 11th Maine advanced beyond us, across an open field, and drove in the rebel pickets. They had one man killed.

It was 7 o'clock, when we started to go back and it was soon pitch dark. We marched for two miles through thick woods, and more than half the way through a swamp. In some places the mud was literally knee-deep. If any one at home wished to get an idea of a night march on the Peninsula, let him go out some intensely dark night and travel around through the swamp at Squadjagua Creek for a couple of hours, stumbling over a log, and nearly breaking his neck at least once in ten minutes, and receiving a slap in the face from some limb every two minutes -- he will in small ways, get a faint idea of the reality.

I saw Henry Brown the other day; his regiment has not been engaged in a fight on the Peninsula, but had a little brush on the Potomac.

I have no doubt there will be a good many resignations in our regiment after the first battle. A number of officers are ready to resign now, only it would look cowardly to do it in the face of the enemy. I shan't resign, if my health is spared, till I have served out my "three years, or during the war." Dr. Murray is threatened with typhoid fever; Capt. Morse is very sick with rheumatism; Lieut. Farnham is also under the weather; he is too long and too loosely put together to stand soldiering well.

20th - In the Field, 4 miles east of Chickahominy Creek - I received a Buffalo paper yesterday, containing the sad news of Lieut. Farnham's death. We had heard it rumored but were not certain of it. Poor fellow! He was not strong enough to stand the hardships which the 100th has been put through.

I am at present Acting Regimental Quartermaster; quite a post for me to endeavor to fill. Our regular Q.M., Bishop, has been detailed to act as Brigade Q.M. My duties are particularly arduous just now, as the army moves about every day and we are so short of transportation that the teams generally make two trips to bring up the camp equipage. I, of course, stay by my teams all the time when on the road.

As we approach Richmond, I notice the houses become more tasty in their appearance, and the roads and farms are in better condition. I was twelve days without my knapsack after the evacuation of Yorktown. (Read a note in parenthesis on Page 20.)

June.

1st - 9 miles West of Richmond - A great battle was fought

yesterday. It was truly an eventful day for our regiment. Our brigade fought well, and did not give way until they were ordered to, on account of the overpowering numbers of the enemy. I was in the very front of the battle; of course, in the retreat, we brought up the rear.

The firing began about one o'clock, and it was not till after four that our division was re-enforced - so that Casey's Division, which so "unaccountably gave way," and which actually numbered between 5 and 6 thousand, fought the whole body of the enemy for over three hours, and then only fell back about two miles.

At this point there were strong earthworks thrown up and Rifle Pits dug: the re-enforcements which came up were put in position behind these entrenchments, but they were not attacked. The fact is, our division was entirely unsupported. This the enemy had no doubt ascertained, and hence the attempt to force a passage through what they probably considered a weak spot. Although I am Acting Q.M., I happened to be out at the regiment at the time the attack was made, and after sending my teams back to the rear (I had to abandon one, stuck in the mud.), I thought I would join my company. I went to the front but could not find my regiment. I had hardly got there when the retreat commenced. It was a very severe fight; the bullets fell like a hailstorm. Our regiment probably lost over two hundred men. Our Col. is missing; also Lieut. Wilkinson (probably killed) and Lieut. Newell, supposed to be taken prisoner. Capt. Nash, Lt. Mayo, Lt. Brown wounded - Capt. Moore wounded and missing. Capt. Bailey, Lieuts. Gardner & Lynch, all taken prisoners. Our company has lost two killed, five missing, and fifteen wounded.

Co. H. went into battle with less than 50 men. Lt. Smith had the heel of his boot knocked off by a shell. He is only a little lamed by his foot being bruised. The 100th charged into a "slashing" or "chevaux de fraise" (made by felling timber and letting trees, branches and leaves lay just as they happen to fall). This slashing was cut by our own men, for the very purpose of making it difficult for the enemy to pass through it, and yet our men were ordered to charge into it. It was, of course, very hard and slow work, and impossible to maintain an alignment. Our reg't advanced very near to the enemy. Capt. Dye says within 90 ft. Had they not fallen back, they would have been surrounded in a very few minutes, and they were completely flanked on both the right and the left.

Though not with the reg't, I was in the thickest of the battle. I have been out on the battle-field since, and I see that I passed the original line of battle, and went up the road for some distance alongside the slashing. But alas, I cannot claim I was of any use except as a quartermaster (a kind of noncombatant species.). It was an exciting time. There was a continual "whiz" of bullets, with perhaps once every second the rush of a shell -- every now and then I heard a "spat" as a ball struck some poor fellow. Everybody agrees that the rebels fought splendidly. Our shells opened (?)

great gaps in their ranks, but they would close them up without a moment's hesitation.

7th - Capt. Dye is sick. I have taken him to a house about five miles from here, where although there is no family but the owner himself, he can recruit more quickly. Now in the field - I am still acting Q.M. and have enough to do. The Q.M. Serg't and Commissary Serg't are both sick, and absent from the reg't, so I perform their duties in addition to my own.

We have glorious news today, from Halleck's army. 10,000 prisoners, and 15,000 stands of arms is a big thing.

It has rained nearly every day for a fortnight. The Chickahominy, which was a mere brook when I first crossed it, is now a respectable river, and a person crossing the flats on each side of the bridge has to ford a considerable distance. One of my wagons got fast in the deepest part this morning. I ordered the teamsters to take off the leading mules, and put on a team of horses, which was accordingly done, right in the middle of the stream, greatly to the driver's discomfort, but the wagon was soon restored to its native element.

Also, poor Dixie! She was too young to be ridden, besides I have a government horse, so I left her in the company to carry the Capt's baggage after I became Q.M. I had frequent opportunities of selling her, but did not care to. The day of the battle, Washington had turned her loose to graze, and when the balls began to fly pretty thick, he tried to catch her but she was inclined to be frisky, and wouldn't be caught - so she had to be abandoned to the enemy. Lieut. Smith and the Capt. lost their overcoats, blankets, etc.

20th - Near Bottoms Bridge, Va - This afternoon I rode up (Page 19) to the front. I find our fortifications are much stronger now than when our division was in the advance. Our pickets do not gain ground, in fact, they are not so far out as before the battle. Quite a number of shells were exchanged back and forth while I was out there, though none were thrown near me.

Everybody is wondering what McClellan is waiting for, but he probably knows his own business.

Night before last I went down to stay with Bowen, Commissary Serg't, a citizen of Jamestown. He used to keep hotel there, and is a clever and well bred gentleman. He was taken sick and received orders from the doctor to go to the Hospital. Instead of doing so, he mounted his horse and rode on till he came to a pleasant looking house, where he dismounted and entered. He found the white folks had left, so he took possession and made himself as comfortable as possible. It is on a farm of about three hundred acres.

On our arrival, our horses were taken charge of by the darkies. The family evidently left in great haste, for none of the furniture had been removed. When supper-time came, we were served by a good-looking wench, with hoe-cakes, butter-cakes, ham, and tea and new milk. That night I slept in a bed, between sheets, for the first time since leaving Alexandria.

In the morning we were visited by Dr. Crump, a "sesesh" of the first water. He wanted Bowen to go over and stay with his family during the day, as he was obliged to be absent. I went with him, partly for curiosity. Dr. Crump's plantation is a fine farm. The house is large and must have cost "right-smart". We found Mrs. Crump in the back yard, doing a little washing. She was very talkative; indeed her tongue is like my Jew(?), when fairly started, it never knows when to stop. All the "niggers" have left for the White House, to earn an honest penny or two for themselves - excepting two, one of whom had a sick wife when the rest left. She has since died. A very valuable woman, Mrs. Crump says. That is the kind of regret the F.F.V.'s feel when they lose their stock.

Bowen's darkies seem to think a great deal of him and are quite anxious he should run the farm. One old fellow was here yesterday and begged me to go down to the place again, offering green-apple pie and milk as inducements.

I suppose Capt. Dye has reached Buffalo by this time. I didn't see him before he went.

Note - (connected with May, Page 15) May 12th - Instead of going to that point, we diverged from the road and marched towards Williamsburgh. We lay about 8 miles from it all night, without any covering whatever,

(Page 21) (written at the top of the page, in pencil:)  
Battle of Williamsburg May 5th/62

and next morning marched a few miles nearer, and were there held in reserve, while the battle went on in front. We did some tall double-quicking. Gen. Naglee claimed that we decided the battle by turning the enemy's flank. They were firing sharply in front of us when we started, and we could distinctly hear their shots as they charged bayonets, and after we had made a circuit to the right, and came in sight of their left, the firing had nearly ceased. I went all over the battle field - it was a horrible sight. In some places you could not walk without stepping on a corpse.

We made a very valuable acquisition at Wm'sburgh, in the person of Washington Robinson, (the color of anthracite coal,) and about 30 yrs. of age. He can bake hoe-cake to perfection, and for that purpose, carries along a bone fide hoe.

We have made three days march from Wm'burgh, and are about 37 miles from Richmond. My own opinion is that the rebels will have vamoosed via Petersburg before we get there. I have seen Gen. McClellan two or three times. He was standing in the doorway of the house at Wm'sburgh that he used for his headquarters the morning that the army passed through that place. As the troops went by, they cheered him, at which he touched his hat, gratefully, but without putting on style.

I am a little surprised to hear (Page 22) that John Cook is home, as he had nearly recovered when I last heard from him.

Most of the homes here are occupied. Some persons take the trouble to hoist a white flag, but, of course, we treat them all alike. We pay for everything we get, and do not destroy their property, though we occasion them great damage by marching across the wheat-fields, etc. There are very few men to be seen.

We heard yesterday that the Merrimac had been blown up, by the rebels, and that Norfolk had been evacuated. A Lieutenant has just told us that the bodies of 800 rebels were found in the ditch at Fort Magruder, Wm'sburgh.)  
(end of note)

July -

3rd - Harrison's Landing - The most important events thus far have occurred within the last week. Stonewall Jackson, the Rebel General, has completely turned the right flank of our army, cutting off our communications with the Pamunkey River, capturing Whitehouse, our principal depot, and forcing the whole army to retreat across the country to the James River. This has been done in good order, most of the baggage has been saved. Naglee's and the Irish brigades formed the rear guard at Bottoms Bridge, and have occupied that position during the whole retreat.

We left camp Saturday morning, and one train arrived here Monday Afternoon. When we first drove in, I thought this was the loveliest spot I had ever seen. We are encamped in the plantation where Pres. Harrison was born, and the house in which "Tippecanoe" first saw the light is still in good condition. It was built in 1726, and is now used as a hospital for the sick and wounded.

Lieut. Smith was very ill with the fever when we left camp; he, with the Adjutant, Lieuts. Maye & Clauson, were sent that morning to Savage's Station, where they remained till early Sunday morning; they were then informed the enemy would be there in a short time, and all who could walk must start for the James River. Poor Smith started with the rest, but did not go more than half a mile before they lost sight of him. Clauson says he staggered from one side of the road to the other. I fear he is either a prisoner, or dead. Our Reg't has now lost two Capts. and four Lieuts. and of the



latter, Haddock is detailed as Adjutant, and I am acting Q.M. Major Alberger is here, and Dr. Trowbridge is attending the sick of the 49th reg't. I have had two tents put up for our sick; Dr. Kittinger and the hospital steward gave themselves up to the rebels, in order to take care of our disabled men.

7th - I have heard nothing from Lieut. Smith. He had not been well since the battle of Fair Oaks, but had kept up until two or three days before we left Bottoms Bridge.

If Bishop should get the appointment of Ass't Q.M., I should expect the position of Reg't Q.M.

Capt. Morse cut his foot some time ago with an axe. The other day during the hurly burly, he went on board a steamer representing to every one that he had been wounded, by a shell! and started for home. I am sorry to hear Capt. Dye is worse. I had hoped he would pick up rapidly, on getting home.

12th - I expect to return to my reg't (pencilled-in correction changes that to "company") in a few days. Bishop, who has been acting Brigade Q.M., has been superseded by a regularly appointed Asst. Q.M. (U.S.A.) so he will return to the reg't, and I to my company. I am free to say I like the duties of a quarter-master better than those of a line officer; they are more active. Of course, I shall have the command of Co. H. for the present.

Washington says, "Git up out o'dat," "I want to set table now"; and as his orders are peremptory, I must obey. He is a first-rate cook, and what is equally important, very faithful and trusty. My mainstay this hot weather is beef soups with rice, and potatoes when we can get them.

Yesterday I drove out to a clover field on the plantation, to bail my horse. Our men were helping themselves to corn, of which there was a minimal quantity stored in the barns. The overseer was feeling very badly about it; he said another family had taken refuge with the owner, and altogether (black & white), there were over 150 persons depending on the contents of the barns for daily bread. The new crop is entirely ruined, as it is every-where that the army passes. The Provo Marshall arrived before I left. He closed the barns, and will prevent further depredations.

I cannot see that this war is being brought to a close; We need reinforcements badly. The North must wake up: There is no use in concealing the fact that the Southerners have a fine army, well armed and well fed. They fight desperately, and do not seem to fear death. Gen. McClellan's head quarters are 25 miles from Richmond. My own impression is that he will not take the offensive again until September.

13th - Yesterday a new wrinkle sprang up. Bishop has been offered

the position of Aide on Gen. Emory's staff. (Page 26) On his decision depends my position.

14th - By the last flag of truce that went over, the Rebs were requested to let us know if Col. Brown was in their hands, or if he had died, to forward any momento he might have left. The flag returned bringing word that they know of no such officer. This I think settles the fact of his death.

Bowen has just come up from the landing. He says the rebels have planted a battery on the opposite side of the river, and have been firing on us. As they must be in the range of our gun-boats, they can't make much of the game. The Monitor, Galena & Steven's Battery lay<sup>2</sup>out in the river, and several other vessels, among which is the Cumberland; she was sunk by the Merrimac after a gallant fight at Newport News. She has been raised, and razeed(?), and is now a fine looking steamer. Bishop has decided not to accept the position of Aide to Gen. Emory.

17th - We are enjoying a thunder-shower this evening. The storms here are very violent. We have had them three nights in succession. Our camp is on the edge of a ravine; we are delightfully situated in the woods. On the end of the ravine is a line of rifle pits, and all the timber on the opposite side is felled, so it would be very difficult for the enemy to drive up from our quarters.

We have a new Brig. Gen. Emory, and a new Gen. of Div., Gen. Davis. I have not yet been relieved of the duties of Q.M. as Bishop has not returned to the regiment.

Henry Brown came over to see me last evening. I hope Ed. Chapin and Jim Adams will succeed in raising a new Buffalo regiment. A statement has been made that our reinforcements have numbered sixty thousand men. It is truly false; we have not received a tenth of that number and are constantly sending home sick and wounded. The North must rise up and go into this war with energy. There is no doubt we can win the day in a fair fight, with anything like equal numbers; they have something like 200,000 men, while our army numbers not over a quarter of it.

25th - Yesterday was my birthday, so I am now of age. I have not heard a word about Lieut. Smith, and I am anxious about Capt. Dye. It is reported that he had brain fever. Dr. Kittenger is expected tomorrow. (Page 28) He was released by the rebels a day or two ago. Bishop came back to the regiment today, so as soon as I can square up my accounts, I shall take command of Co. "H".

27th - Dr. Kittenger arrived in camp this morning, having been conditionally released on the 25th. he was brought down by railroad to Petersburg, and then taken across to City Point, and from there conveyed by our flag of truce. He saw very rough times

in "Secessia"; he was closely confined all the times, excepting the last two or three days, when he went out when he chose, though liable to be arrested at any moment. He says our wounded at the White Oak fight got nothing to eat from Monday till Friday. All the food our prisoners get is about half of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pound of beef per day, and nothing but James River water to drink. A few days after their arrival at Richmond, all our wounded were paraded through the streets, for no other purpose than to show them to the people. The Dr. says it was a terrible sight to see our brave boys go crawling along, with all kinds of wounds; many of them fainted along the way.

There are not more than 50,000 rebels around Richmond; most of the forces having been sent to oppose Pope in the Shenandoah; they have no transportation, and the whole of Jackson's army is unprovided with blankets or tents. Their loss at Malvern Hill must have far exceeded ours at the battle of White Oak Swamp.

The inhabitants show no sympathy for our sick or wounded, but exult over them. After the battle of Malvern Hill, the rebels fully expected our gun-boats to move up the river and take Richmond. They had their tobacco warehouses all ready to ignite, and loaded a schooner (a new one, just-built) with bricks, intending to sink her in the channel if our vessels attacked them.

The new conscripts are pressing every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five into the service. Our money is at a premium here. One dollar in gold will bring two in confederate notes.

I think the men seem glad to have me back in the company again. I shall sell my horse the first opportunity I have.

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August.

4th - Buffalo seems determined to help our regiment along. I hope they will succeed in getting us some recruits. Lt. Col. Alberger of the 49th is mentioned as a candidate for our colonelcy. It would meet with the disapproval of every man in our regiment.

I am both Acting Q.M. and commander of my company. Two corps, Sumner's and Heitzelman's, have gone out tonight on a reconnaissance. I fancy our generals are anticipating an attack, though the enemy lies six miles away. My health is good.

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Letters received by G.B.W.  
New York - August 19th, 1862

My dear George,

I have just received your letter of yesterday. We saw the article you refer to in last evening's paper. By it we understand Chas. is on Steamer "Atlantic," but where bound the report does not say. You may be sure, that without your admonition, we will all be on the lookout, and Charles shall have all the attention of any or all of us. Your aunt is in readiness to do, when the time comes. I will advise you as desired. I hope the case is not a desperate one.

Your affectionate Uncle  
A. Colson

Telegram --  
N.Y. Aug. 21st, 1862 -

Chas. is not on the Atlantic. Nor can I find out where he is.  
A. Colson

New York - Friday Aug. 22nd '62

My dear George,

I have still no news to report relative to the whereabouts of Chs. I have conversed with several military men today, and their opinion is that he did not come further south than Fortress Monroe. I am also informed if he were actually in the city, and even so sick he could telegraph you, or inform me of his being in any of the hospitals. I cannot believe he came North, or that he is seriously sick, and I am certain you will soon hear directly from him. Your aunt is really unhappy with anxiety. Gus has been up several times during the day to inquire whether I had any news. Yesterday your aunt went to David's Island, 26 miles from the city, on the Sound; the trip was useless, as none of the sick by the Atlantic had been sent here. We can all deeply sympathize with you, for the uncertainty you have been in is terrible.

Your Affectionate Uncle  
A. Colson

Lockport - Aug. 22nd, 1862

George B. Walbridge,  
Sir,

Your note is rec'd; in reply can only say that your brother was sent to Harrison's Landing on or about the 13th inst. The day previous, he was taken with cholera morbus, mild form, and the following day considerable fever, with every indication of bilious fever. I was in the Hygiene Hospital at Ft. Monroe the 17th inst., came on Steamship Atlantic, to near New York, and did not see or hear from him. The sick from the Landing and Ft. Monroe, are sent to different points north. At the time he left Camp, I made him

out a certificate of disability upon which to base a leave of absence. What the result was, I cannot tell. I would advise you to write to Lieut. Bishop, Q.M. of 100th Reg't. He may be able to give you the desired information, as he went with him to the Landing with the view of getting him on board of a Transport for the North. I regret very much that I am not able to give you any definite information.

Very respectfully,  
Dr. J. Kittinger.

Continuation of Journal -

Aug. 18th - Point Lookout - Ln'd A week ago last Friday. I was taken with cholera morbus, which wilted me down rapidly; while I was still very weak, an order came for the regiment to prepare to move at a moment's warning. I went to the Hospital at the Landing after lying here three days. I was put on a steamer and brought here. I improved steadily from the moment I left the Hospital. This was formerly a r s atering(?) place. There is a large hotel, and a number of cottages. I, with four other officers, occupy one of the latter. Right in front of the house is the Chesapeake Bay, (Page 34) and about an eighth of a mile in our rear is the Potomac, for we are just at the mouth of that river.

We have nice litter beds, covered with the purest sheets and counterpanes, and well protected with mosquito bars. There are a great many ladies here who take excellent care of us -- such as ladies only can take. We have good nourishing foods and I expect by the time my twenty days are up, I shall be better than I have been in a long time. The symptoms of fever have disappeared and I have nothing to do but to take it easy. I was very sorry to leave the regiment without an officer for our company.

I think McClellan is "played out;" he has had every facility, and has accomplished nothing of real value.

19th - Last night I took a dip in the salt water, which I now consider an unwise measure, as I passed an uncomfortable night. I shall not try it again till I am stronger. There is nothing now the matter with me but weakness.

I am surprised to hear that Charlie Coleman has turned a soldier. I do not believe he can live on coffee and hard bread for a great while.

When I rejoin the 100th, I shall apply for a 1st Lieut's commission, as there can be no reasonable doubt of Smith's death. I am sorry to hear the Capt. makes such slow work recovering. Morse will not be courtmartialled. Stanton has not spirit enough.

25th - I feel very well today, and have improved rapidly during the week I have been here. But I cannot help thinking how much faster

I would have got on if I had had leave to go home for twenty days, instead of to come to Pt. Lookout. If I am strong enough, I intend to rejoin my regiment the last of the week. I have no idea where it is, we can only learn that part of McClellan's army is going up the Potomac in transports, and that the balance is marching overland to join Pope; but I have not heard which route Keyes' (?) Corps has taken.

I am especially sorry to be away from the reg't at this time, as the first, second and third sergeants are unfit for duty, and probably away from the company. There is a large gang of men here, employed putting up buildings. I imagine government intends this to be a very large hospital. It is a fine location for one in Summer.

28th - It is terribly dull here. The only excitement is when a steamer touches the wharf, and then there is a great rush to secure the latest papers. I do hope I can get a furlough next winter. I am getting along pretty well; some days I feel much better than others. But I am very weak yet, and cannot walk ten rods without feeling tired.

#### September.

5th - Washington - Night before last a little steamer stopped at the Point, and I, in company with ten other officers, got aboard. We went up the river to a place called Piney Pt. - 20 miles from Pt. Lookout, and stopped there over night. I consider it a pleasanter place than Lookout. We arrived at Washington, last evening; it is delightful to be in a city once more. I met Asa L. Ward (?) of Buffalo last night. Ed Lee is at the Avenue House, wounded in the hip.

The report is that the enemy have crossed into Maryland; it really seems as if they were allowed to go where they please.

L. B. Smith tells me Capt. Dye is a perfect skeleton and won't be fit for duty these two months.

Tonight we have heard that Pope has been relieved and McClellan is again supreme. I cannot but think it's a poor policy to change generals so often. I reported myself at McClellan's headquarters, and was told our division was coming up the river. I should not wonder if we were sent to Harper's Ferry. I think things look pretty blue.

7th - I met Liph. Chester just now at Gen. Wadsworth's Headquarters. He is in charge of a squad of recruits from Albany. Wat was wounded in the head a short time ago. He lies in hospital at Alexandria. Ben Hamilton was also wounded.

A great body of troops have passed through the city during the past

day and night. They came across from Virginia and, I presume, are going to the upper Potomac.

There is very little excitement here. Nobody seems to care whether the Rebs are in Maryland or not. The War Dept. and President's house are draped in mourning for the dead heroes of the recent battles. The death of Kearney is a great loss to the army; he was brave as a lion. he would take the reins in his mouth and with his sword in his right hand (he had no left) ride straight into the fight, cheering on his men.

10th - Dr. Strong of Buffalo is here; he has volunteered as a surgeon for three months, and is to be with the 21st Reg't for the present.

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18th - What glorious news we are hearing from Maryland! We have heard that Jackson is a prisoner, and 40,000 of the enemy killed and wounded. There is one dark spot on the history of the few last days, and that is the surrender of Miles, at Harper's Ferry.

All the troops across the river were under marching orders yesterday, and today I hear they have started; Heintzelman is in command. Their destination is not known, but we hope it may be Richmond. What a fix Lee would be in then.

I have seen Gens. Hunter and Banks. My health has greatly improved during my stay in Washington. Gregg. Mulligan died at Key West of yellow fever. Jim is here, wounded, and his mother is with him.

27th - Gloucester Point - Thank the Lord, I am once more with the old 100th! I arrived here last night. I got tired at Washington, and so went to Alexandria where there is a large camp of instruction. The same evening, Charlie Coleman got here from Buffalo, with a squad of recruits. The camp is composed of a motley crew of stragglers and recruits. Lt. Coleman, a new Capt. (pencilled in: Baldwin) of the 11th Maine, and myself were put in charge of 1,000 men of Peck's division. Night before last we had orders to start for Ft. Monroe. We went by steamer and joined our division here. We are comfortably fixed opposite Yorktown. Everybody seemed glad to see me back. I found quite a squad of Co. "H" down on the wharf to meet me, though I arrived late in the evening. They had received a telegram from Alexandria, saying we were coming.

There is some feeling among the old officers of the reg't concerning the officers which have been appointed by the Board of Trade.

I was surprised to find Yorktown a mere village. The houses, which are very old-fashioned, are nearly all on one street. The fortifications are the most extensive I have seen. There is a large

fort at Gloucester Point. The 104 P.I. are encamped on it and we expect to move in also. We will probably make this point our winter quarters. Mrs. Bishop is here from Jamestown.

October.

2nd - I have just heard that at the time I was taken sick, great exertions were made to get me a furlough. Of course, all that was done was through Bishop. I have sold him my horse for \$100.00. He is worth more, but I have no other opportunity of disposing of him. We have rigged up a side-saddle for Mrs. Bishop. I have become very well acquainted with her as I mess with them.

I like our new Colonel (Dandy). When I first heard he was a regular, and had been on McClellan's staff, I expected to find him rather airy, but he is quite the reverse. He is very strict in matters of discipline, but is unassuming with his officers and treats them like gentlemen.

4th- All is quiet on the "York." No person is allowed to cross the picket lines either way, so they come down to the lines to transact their business.

Capt. Nicholson arrived tonight with some recruits. I hope Capt. Dye will try to hunt up some of our deserters or absentees before he comes back. I am much obliged to him for interesting himself in obtaining my commission, though I apprehend it would be just as sure if the thing were allowed to go through the regular military channels.

I bought a pair of ducks yesterday when out on picket which we will have roasted for dinner. Isn't that rather gorgeous for soldiers?

11th - We have finished the fortifications so there is little to do besides to drill. One day is like another here.

(Page 41)  
Last night we had a good battalion drill. I enjoyed it very much. To me it has the same fascination as billiards have for many. Capt. Dye writes that he thinks Mr. Stowits will be our 2nd Lieut. I don't know how we shall manage with two school-teachers in the company, but perhaps one will counterbalance the other. I am a little surprised he should say for me "not to be afraid of the expense of keeping Washington, that he will square up when he sees me," because when he went away last spring, he only had paid him five dollars, although he had waited on him exclusively for three weeks, besides having waited on our mess for some time previous. When Wash. returned to camp, Smith and I each gave him five dollars.

At present he and another named Robert are in the employ of Bishop and myself, and we will pay them without the assistance of anyone.



When I went to the hospital, I left Wash. and took Bishop's boy. We went to see his wife when the regiment went through Wms'burgh, but only stayed one day, when he rejoined the regiment, and has been with it ever since.

We have put up a stove today. We have a splendid batting place here. Thursdays & Saturdays, the reg't forms into line (without arms); each man has his haversack on, (Page 42) containing a clean suit of underclothes. After parade, we march to the river, and there literally have an undress parade.

12th - Co. "H" is now the smallest company on the ground, having but fifty-nine men present.

The latest papers received contain the news of the Rebel raid into Pennsylvania, the defeat of Bragg by Buell, and the reconnaissance by three regiments of our division at Suffolk.

The rain still continues; I am likely to have a mighty damp time on picket tomorrow. Lt. Guthrie is sick with the fever, and Haddock has the ague.

26th - I went down to Fortress Monroe Friday morning and returned last night. As I could not complete my business in one day, I decided to spend the night at Norfolk, as the hotel at the Fortress is in process of destruction. The ferry-boat used is one of the first class Hudson River steamers, called the "City of Hudson." I did not see much of Norfolk, as I left early the next morning. The streets are very narrow, mere alleys. (This paragraph in pencil:) The business which took me to Fort Monroe was to express home money for the soldiers. The Reg't had just been paid off, and many of the men desired to express money home. This was put up in packages, and I took it to the Fortress and expressed it. (end of pencilled comments) -- See pg 45A

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November.

3rd. I went out on picket last Monday. It was raining very hard when we started, but stopped later in the day. About 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, a native came to the lines who wanted to bring his family and property into our lines, and move North. He was obliged to come with great secrecy as he was in constant fear that the Rebs would take him off to Richmond. I promised to do what I could for him, and made an appointment to meet him the next night outside of the lines. I saw Gen. Keyes the following day, who consented to send a boat to bring off the property. (The man lived down on the bank of the river.) That night I took one of our men, and crossed the creek in a canoe; in fact, it was quite romantic. I found my man squatting amongst some bushes, and had an hour's talk with him, during which I gained considerable information about the secessionists in the neighborhood. We arranged to remove him on

Thursday. Col. Davis (com'd'g the post) detailed Co. "H" to go on the expedition, but Col. Dandy would not consent, on account of some informality in the details. Therefore, I had to take a company from the other reg't.

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We started at dark, and marched seven hours to reach the place. That was on Wednesday. We lay there all day Thursday, but no boat came; so about sunset, I went back along the bank of the river, leaving the company down there. I got permission to take the ferry-boat (steamer) that night. I reached the place again at midnight. We could do nothing till high tide (2 o'clk) so I spent the interval in going around to the neighbors and politely requesting the use of their carts, horses, etc. They had no choice but to send them. We had to take everything on board a scow, and row out to the steamer, a distance of five hundred yards. The property consisted of three hundred bushels of corn in the ear, fourteen dressed hogs, poultry, etc., besides household furniture. His object in saving his property was to sell it, to raise funds to take them North. He abandoned a very fine farm, with good buildings on it. It was terrible work rowing the scow out to the steamer, as both wind and tide were against us. We made, I think, ten trips, and I steered the boat (with a paddle, which was very hard work) each time. Without exception, the boat got aground every trip, when it became necessary to step out into the water, which was about 8 or 10 inches deep. We got our feet damp, as may be imagined.

However, we carried the man and his family (consisting of a very ladylike wife and five beautiful children), two niggers and all his effects, safe and sound, up to Yorktown, where he disposed of his poultry, etc., and sold his corn to the Quartermaster. I bought a cow off him for eighteen dollars, so hereafter I shall have milk in my tea and coffee. Mrs. Bishop occasionally makes a pudding, and talks about griddle-cakes.

When I got back from this expedition, I found the pay rolls were to be made out immediately. I had to set to work straightaway, and had a long job of it, as 33 new recruits were added to our company since the last rolls were made out.

In the midst of all this, we moved our camp a short distance to the left of where we have been. We now have "Sibley" tents, six to a company. I am going to have the sides of my tent raised twenty inches from the ground, on top of a paling of logs. (Page 46) I shall have it floored, and a good brick fireplace built on one side.

I see by the papers that Peterson died from his wounds. It is very sad. I hear nothing about the Capt's coming.

9th - This morning Chaplain Lynn presented the flag to the Reg't.

We had a regimental drill at half past ten; just before the inspection, the Col. requested the officers to step to the center. The Chaplain then made a short speech, to which the colonel replied, "As Commander of the Regiment, I thank the Board of Trade of Buffalo for the Flag; if we ever take it into battle, we will bring it out again. The Color Bearer, come and take it." Which the color bearer did. Wasn't it short and sweet? It is a splendid flag.

I am very sorry to hear the result of the election in New York State. If the army had been allowed to vote, it would have been different.

11th - The news comes tonight that McClellan has been, at last, superseded. No one can deny he has been very unsuccessful, though I have always been inclined to think favorably of him, except in his censure of Casey's division; he certainly did us great injustice. The fact of Lee's army slipping through his fingers is fresh evidence of his incapability. I pray, and trust, Burnside may be more fortunate. I want to see the end of this war. One might sometimes believe our leaders didn't.

Mrs. Bishop went home Sunday morning. She expects to return with her little girl, in two weeks. All the officers tents are now raised in the same way that mine is, and the men's tents are to be raised this week. This will make them more healthy and comfortable.

16th - There has been a family living about a quarter of a mile from camp, of the name of Dobson. Madame D. has been noted for secesh proclivities, in fact. She has made no effort to conceal them. About a week ago, the authorities concluded to take possession of the house for hospital purposes. On hearing of it, Mrs. D. declared that sooner than allow it to fall into the hands of the Yankees, she would burn it. Accordingly, nothing more was said about it, until yesterday morning, when Capt. Payne went over with his company and took possession by a "coup de main." Their stuff (Page 48) was loaded on five army wagons, and in the afternoon they were escorted, bag and baggage, outside of the lines and set down at the house of a relative of the lady.

Mrs. Dobson is... said to be a perfect virago, and stormed at her husband all day because he didn't show fight. Before they left the house, Capt. Payne noticed some suspicious movements of Mrs. D. in a closet. Going in to see what she was about, he found she had a pile of kindling wood arranged, which she had evidently been intending to fire. She undoubtedly would have carried out her threat, if she had not been surprised. It will be a great accommodation to have a hospital on this side of the river. Heretofore our sick have been sent to Yorktown, not nearly so healthy a location as this.

21st - Yesterday morning Col. Dandy with five companies started out at daybreak on a foraging expedition. We took ten wagons, and went on the road to Gloucester Court House. After going about four miles, we separated; Maj. Nash taking Co's "E" & "H", and four wagons, and going off on a side road to a saw-mill, while the rest of the expedition kept straight on the main road. On reaching the mill, we found no lumber (of which we were greatly in need), but as the roof of it was made of good boards, we went to work and soon reduced it to a leaky condition. In fact, we completely demolished the building. Having eaten our lunch and loaded the wagons, we returned to the main road, where we soon met the balance of the party, bringing with them four loads of corn, one of wheat, and one of oats. The wagons are immense and drawn by four mules - holding at least double what an ordinary farm wagon would. They also brought two prisoners, who were well mounted; and wore spurs, but were dressed in citizen's clothes, and were arrested on mere suspicion. On our way into camp, we picked up all the cattle which were in the fields along the road, leaving two or three cows at each farm, for the use of the family. This operation did not please the natives. The men took the thing tolerably easy (Page 50), but the women couldn't hold in, proving all that St. James says (and more, too) about the tongue being an unruly member, etc. One load of corn was taken from Col. Hayes, the father of Mrs. Dobson. She was there and expressed her feelings freely to Capt. Payne. She told him "she hoped to see his head blown off." We were very tired after our long march, for the saw-mill is full ten miles away.

After we crossed our picket-line I overheard a little darkey boy say he knew one of the prisoners. Of course, I immediately questioned him, and found that one of the men was this boy's master. His name is Pryor Davis; he lives at Gloucester Court House, and was a member of Capt. Puller's Cavalry Company. (We captured Capt. Puller last Sunday). Of course, this was a nailer. As soon as we reached camp, I took the boy to the Colonel, who sent me out to bring in the prisoners, on the weight of the boy's evidence. I took a few men with me, blindfolded the prisoners, and marched them into the guard-house. Their horses were turned over to the Quartermaster.

This is the first levy we have made in the surrounding country. Heretofore the inhabitants have lived as quietly as if our army were a hundred miles away. Whatever they have chosen to bring to the picket-line, we have bought and paid for. In return, they come at night and murder our pickets.

I have had my third letter from Capt. Dye (since he came home in June). He thinks he will be here this month.

It was rumored at Yorktown last night that a fight was going on at Suffolk. The Herald states that Burnside intends to make Aquia Creek his base of operations. By this means he shortens his line

of communications very much, which is an essential object.

December.

1st - We have an inspection of some sort every day. Saturday they had out the whole brigade on this side of the river. The troops were drilled and reviewed by Gen. Keyes. We were trying to put us a new kitchen this (Monday) morning, and had demolished the old one, and were getting up the walls of the new, when one of those pests called an orderly came round with an order to be ready for a (Page 52) review, inspection, and brigade drill. Of course, we had to stop operations on the kitchen, but just after we had fallen into line, kind Heaven sent us a refreshing shower, which put a damper on the review and sent us all to our tents. I suppose we will be reviewed by Gen. Dix tomorrow.

I think Bishop will resign before long, as he is somewhat disgusted with the present administration. Col. Dandy does not feel friendly towards him, but he certainly can bring no charge of dishonesty. I have had a recent letter from Henry Brown. His regiment is on duty at Warrentown Junction, guarding the railroad which runs from Alexandria to that place. As for the Captain's coming, I begin to wonder whether we shall see him at all. It is nearly six months since he left the regiment.

9th - It has been very cold lately; ice formed an inch and a quarter in thickness on Saturday. Gen. Dix, who made several feints, really came up today, and we had a review and brigade drill.

Quite a mysterious occurrence happened today. A carriage drove up near the picket-line; a child got out and laid a package on the ground. The lieutenant (Whipple) sent out a sergeant for it, and found it was addressed to Gen. Dix. The men went to the carriage and found a lady in it, who said she had driven forty miles to deliver it, as it was of great importance. The package was immediately sent to Col. Davis while we were on review; he delivered it to the General, who rode directly in the steamer which brought him up, and started for the Fortress.

19th - I have received a letter announcing my commission as First Lieutenant.

Last night we heard of Burnside's repulse. It's pretty hard to think of so many brave men being lost for nothing. I was fearful of the result from the first, for all military authorities are agreed that the most difficult feat to accomplish is to cross a river in the presence of the enemy.

The Captain has come and is looking pretty well, but he is very tender yet. it takes a great load off my shoulders to have him back.

27th - Last night we received marching orders. It seemed almost like going from home to leave our comfortable (Page 54) tent, fireplace, floor, bedsteads, etc. We are going on board of transports, where, I do not know, but the general supposition is we are bound for North Carolina. We are to sail under sealed orders, not to be opened until we are twenty miles south of Cape Henry.

I am perfectly satisfied to go into the field again, we have had a far better rest than we had any reason to expect, and I am thankful to say my own health was never better. I sold my cow this morning for fourteen dollars.

Day before yesterday, we sent Washington across the river to buy potatoes; when the Captain was giving him the money, he remarked that we always "moved immediately after buying potatoes." The same thing happened at Washington, and again at Camp Ripley, and these were the first we had bought here since the Captain returned. I think when we are comfortably settled again, we had better do without potatoes.

We didn't have a very merry Christmas, but we had a lively Christmas Eve. Co. "H" was on picket that day, but I did not go out with them because I was on guard the night before. During the day information was received that an attack was expected, so I went out during the evening. Everything went on quietly until midnight, when we were startled by several shots on the picket-lines. About a minute after, we heard the long roll beat in camp. Of course, we immediately ordered out the reserve (who were posted about four hundred feet back of the line). I went forward to reconnoiter and found someone had crept up near the line and fired on one of the posts. There was no more sleep that night. We were constantly expecting an attack, but nobody was hurt beside a large black hog, which one of Co. "H"'s men shot, mistaking it for a Rebel.

Evening) - On board the Steamer Belvedere, Hampton Roads - We got aboard the steamer about six, and after we were somewhat settled, word came that "There was an attack on the picket-lines." So we were accordingly hustled ashore again. We took our places along the ramparts of the fort, where we patiently awaited the coming of the enemy until after midnight, when our (Page 56) officers arrived at the sensible conclusion of going back to the steamer again. Just as we were re-embarking Capt. Ranert had the misfortune to fall into the water, but he was rescued without serious damage. He went into the dip fully armed and equipped, having on his sword, pistol, etc.

Our company with three others is quartered on the deck of the steamer, with no shelter whatever. As it has rained all day long it is most uncomfortable. It is not likely we will leave port before tomorrow night, as only a portion of the bridge has come down. We have been provided with fourteen days' rations and as we are prepared for a long voyage, many persons think New Orleans is

our destination, but I am still of the opinion that we are to go to North Carolina. All the men on the upper deck have come down and stowed themselves wherever they could find a place. It is next to impossible to pass from one end of the boat to the other without treading on some of them. (I am the officer of the guard.) The officers occupy a very small cabin (Page 57) and sleep on the floor. They have some trouble about meals as the captain and steward are very unaccommodating.

31st - Carolina City - We arrived here yesterday. The "city" is about 5 miles from Beaufort, and 4 from Fort Macon, (at the entrance of Pamlico Sound) There are only two or three houses here now, but it was formerly quite a place. We had on the whole a pleasant passage down. The sea was calm, even off the famous Cape Hatteras.

The ground here is very sandy, and although it rained all night, there is no mud to be found. The timber is all pine, and we have an abundance of good water close to our camping ground. This is the great "tar, pitch and turpentine" region. We expect more troops. I think the object in view is the capture of Wilmington, the largest town in the state, and a favorite port of entry for the blockade runners. The rebels are reported to have ten thousand men here in and about their two forts.

Washington was sick yesterday, so we got a darkey to help him. The "General" puts him through. He (Page 58) won't allow Tom to eat at the same table with him. We are very busy getting settled. It is warmer here than in Virginia, but the inhabitants say the ice was an inch thick a few nights since.

1863.

January -

8th - On Monday, I was detailed as regimental Quartermaster, Bishop having been appointed Division Q.M. Naglee is commanding the division, and Col. Davis the brigade. I received some hints that I would be appointed brigade Q.M. and sure enough, on Wednesday, it was tendered me by the Colonel. I took half an hour to decide, and concluded to decline the position, as there are so many old quartermasters here connected with the brigade, and because of the responsibility of such a position. Col. Davis, however, pressed the acceptance, and I at last decided to take the chances, and gave my assent. The Col. will probably be made a Brigadier soon, and in that case, if I give satisfaction, I suppose I may expect the appointment of Ass't Q.M.

I have an office downstairs and a room over it, in one of two houses that comprise this "city." I have a good feather bed, which is every way preferable to a shelter tent. There is a young lady

in the house who received a great deal of attention from the officers. She is the (Page 60) prettiest and most intelligent girl I have seen in the South.

I went to New Bern on Thursday. It is a beautiful city; many of the houses are large and expensively built, and the streets, without a single exception, are lined with elms, The boughs almost meeting in the center. It formerly contained six thousand inhabitants, most of whom have evacuated. I met Steadman Williams there, who is on Gen. Spinola's staff, and Arthur Parmelee, who is a landsman in one of the gun-boats.

19th - Our division began to embark this morning and will probably all be aboard by tomorrow night. The 100th are on the steamer New England.

Capt. Dye has sent in his resignation, on account of his health. He frequently has dizzy turns.

28th - On board Steamer Catawba - We have been all ready for sea for two days, but have been delayed by a very high wind. We are still in the dark as to our destination. I begin to think it is nothing less than Charleston.

29th - On board Str. Catawba, Beaufort Harbor - Some (Page 61) of the officers of the 100th were on board this morning. They report "all well" on the New England.

31st - On board Str. Catawba, Hilton Head, S.C. - We have just arrived; whether we are land or not I do not know. We left Beaufort Thursday afternoon, about four o'clock. It was very rough yesterday. I did not leave my berth till evening. This morning was perfectly delightful; the sea was as smooth as glass, and there was a sort of dreamy haze about the horizon. We came into port, the band playing and the colors flying.

The Ironsides lies at anchor, and we met a gunboat going out with the Passaic in tow. It is reported that Worden in the Montauk has been engaged with the rebel ram F'nigel, and the forts at Savannah for two days, and that the Passaic went out to help him.

#### February - St. Helena Island

11th - We landed here yesterday, and will probably remain in camp for a month. We are pleasantly situated and are heartily glad to be ashore again. I have been hard at work (Page 62) landing my wagons.

The weather is so warm that it is positively uncomfortable.

Some of the men shot a crocodile, about six ft. long, back in the swamp today. They also get oranges a short distance off.



14th - I am both surprised and sorry to hear that Stowits' family is in want. He has not yet received any pay, since he entered the service.

I do not think we will remain here long, for our vessels are all at anchor, waiting to take us aboard again.

18th - We seem to be waiting for "something to turn up." We will probably make an attack on some point, but whether under the orders of Foster or Hunter remains to be seen.

Stowits is our Orderly Sergeant, as present acting as 2nd Lieut. I think in time he will be recommended for a commission.

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March -

5th - I have just heard that Naglee has been relieved at his own request, and will start for Washington in the morning. It is the result of this miserable, childish quarrel between Hunter and Foster. To think of such a man as Naglee being sacrificed to the contemptible schemes of Hunter. It perfectly disgusts me with soldier-life.

Gen. Terry now commands this detachment. Capt. Dye left day before yesterday, taking with him Washington and the mess-chest. I went down to the Head to see him, intending either to buy his interest in the mess-chest, or to sell mine, but he had gone.

7th - It is just one year today since we left Buffalo.

Our preparations are all made for the expedition, but we are waiting for the Navy to get ready.

Bishop goes North with Naglee.

14th - It is blowing great guns, and the fine sand that composes the soil of this delectable land is flying about in such quantities as to quite equal a Buffalo zephyr.

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The rebels made a raid on Hilton Head last night, capturing eight or ten men, and an officer of the signal corps.

Col. Dandy sent me word yesterday that if I expected to be Captain of Co. "H" I must go back and command the company. I agreed to do so as soon as I can straighten up my papers.

Col. Davis thinks it will be a fortnight before we move.

16th - Last night Lieut. Weidensaul (on our staff) (in pencil: "and I") took a ride of eight miles up the island and back. We went

into two churches, one of which is not used now though the organ, Bible and a marble font are still in it. The other is in use. It is decorated with evergreen wreaths and on the gallery opposite the pulpit is the inscription (in evergreen), "His people are free." From which I judge that the "Gideonites" (New England people who go South to educate the darkeys) run the Church.

21st - This morning Col. Davis called me into his tent, ~~and said~~ <sup>to</sup> meet Capt. Coryell. The chief Quartermaster of the detachment thought I ought to be an ass't Q.M. So he wrote a recommendation, for Capt. Coryell and Col. Ellwell, the chief Q.M. of the Dep't, to endorse. Col. Davis will write to Hon. E. G. Spaulding to ask him to put it through. I do not think I will be successful, but it is worth while to try. In the meantime I shall go back to my regiment.

An attack has been made on New Bern by Gens. Longstreet and Pettigrew.

27th - The 100th Regiment is now a part of Stevenson's brigade.

If possible I want to go on board the Montauk, and the Keokuk. Jake Davis is on the latter.

29th - We have heard that the 100th did land on Cole's Island. The other regiments of that brigade going to the Edisto (?).

I have an overgrown young man, a contraband, who rejoices in the name of "Isaac," in the place of Washington.

#### April -

1st - At my own request, I was relieved of the duties of Q.M. yesterday, and tomorrow I expect to start for Cole's Island.

4th - Cole's Island - I arrived here this morning. The passage was a little longer than usual owing to the heavy sea, which prevented our crossing the bar.

Our regiment is camped close along the shore. On James Island, from which we are only separated by a marsh, is a pretty village called Legaseville(?). It is about two miles from our camp. The houses are handsome, and are said to have been summer residences of Charlestonians.

Capt. Payne, who has been scouting on James Island, saw four rebel batteries about four miles off from us.

We go to Folly Island tomorrow.

14th - We left the Island on Sunday, the 4th, on board a scow and a large number of surf-boats. It was a splendid moonlight night,

and we started in fine spirits. We fully expected our landing on Folly Island would be resisted, as it had not been reconnoitered, and during the day a boat which passed near it had been fired upon.

The tide was rushing out at a tremendous (Page 67) rate, and it took about two hours to make the land. At last, my boat, in which I had about twenty-five men, grounded. We sprang over-board and waded ashore, the water being up to our thighs. We were the first to land, but were followed by a squad of "F" company soon after.

We immediately formed into line, and prepared "to do battle," but we found no one to do battle with. We marched up the island very slowly, with skirmishers ahead feeling the way.

Though the island is only 7 miles long, we were twenty-four hours in accomplishing the little journey, so cautiously did we proceed.

Co. "H" was ordered on picket as soon as the point was reached. In the morning we could see the rebel picket very distinctly, directly across the inlet, which is not over 300 yards wide. They have a battery of three large guns on the end of Morris Island. During the day they planted two field pieces pointing toward Folly Island. Our orders were to keep closely concealed, but when (Page 68) even any one did show himself, the rebels did not scruple to fire away.

Early Tuesday morning (the 6th) the monitors and Ironsides steamed into Charleston Harbor, and commenced the bombardment. The firing was very heavy for two hours; we could see the flag of Sumter, and the flashes of the guns distinctly. We are still in the dark as to the particulars, but have heard that the Keokuk sunk the next morning.

Wednesday, we were still on picket, beginning to feel a little sleepy. From our position we had a view of Secessionville, on James Is., surrounded by rebel camps. They have an observatory there, two hundred feet high.

The boys dug a well 6-1/2 ft. deep and 4 ft. square with a tin cup, and (in pencil: "as") we had gone several days without coffee, I sent a sergeant and six men back into the woods, who kindled a fire of dry palmetto stalks, for the purpose of boiling it; when they returned others went until the whole company had been served with coffee. On our return to the camp, the men made me a bower of palmetto leaves, and we had a good night's rest.

Thursday morning. The reg't fell into line and took a battery of six rifled 12-p'drs. to the north end of the island. We had thirty men to a carriage, and sometimes had to put three squads to a gun. While we were working at the guns, the Rebs burned signals, rockets, etc., directly across the inlet, but did not discover us.

Friday night -- We were called up about midnight and remained in

line for several hours, in consequence of some shots that had been heard at the other end of the island. The Rebs. crossed over from James Island, about 150 strong. Corp. Sabine of Co. "H" was in charge of the post and halted them; they immediately fired, wounding him severely. At our next post, they made McDonald (another of my men) a prisoner. They almost ran over our guns which were covered with bushes, but did not discover them. The next night we had the agreeable pastime of going up and (70) hauling the guns back again. By this time it was apparent that the whole thing was a very large frizzle. Everybody was terribly disappointed - We had started out in such fine spirits, sure of our ability to take "the heart of Secession." Hunter did not get his foot on shore. We felt pretty blue, and wished for Naglee.

On Monday, we marched back to the South end of the island, re-embarked, and reached Cole's Island about one o'clock.

16th - Folly Island. Well, here we are again! I consider the name of this island very appropriate for the present campaign.

The enemy are in strong force on James Island. We have but five small reg'ts and a battery, but I think we will be re-enforced. The weather is very warm; if it were not for the sea breeze, we could scarcely endure it. We are greatly annoyed, especially at night, by a species of gnats that torment us terribly; the bites are very poisonous, and smart for about a week after they are inflicted.

The Keokuk is visible at low tide. The Rebs attempted to meddle with her yesterday, but our blockading fleet drove them off.

21st - We have rumors that Charleston is again to be attacked and the orders are to take it at all hazards.

May --

(page 71)

8th - Company "H" is still detached. I like it better than being with the rest of the regiment. Our duties are very light. I merely put a guard around the camp from sunset to sunrise, and do not have to throw out any posts.

Today I received notice of the death of Corp. Sabine, from gunshot wounds.

We are building roads and erecting defenses on this island, to render our position perfectly safe, but that is not advancing towards Charleston. I hope we can occasionally make a raid across on James Island, and worry the Rebels, and what is better, compel them to employ two or three times our number in watching us.

10th - We have heard several contradictory accounts of Hooker's expedition. At one time we are told he is in Richmond, and at

another that he was driven back across the Rappahanock, with the loss of six thousand. We are like the little boy whom the showman told to "take his choice."

I hear that my commission has arrived. Bishop, who is at Beaufort, N.C., Naglee's headq'rs, writes me that Naglee is determined to have his old brigade again, and he was about to go to Washington for the purpose.

16th - The flag on Fort Sumter has been at half mast for three days, and they fired half hour guns from the fort all day yesterday. We have heard that Stonewall Jackson has been killed, but that has happened so many times that I place no reliance on it.

I have been officially notified of my promotion, and the commission will probably arrive tomorrow. It seems rather odd to be called "Captain." Showits is 2nd Lieut. in Co. "H."

I occupy a wedge tent, and my lieuts. another. They are pitched side by side at the foot of the company street, facing towards the (73) head of it. The boys have made a summer-house in front of both tents of cedar and holly. Over the top is an arch, from which is suspended in letters of cedar, "H/100." It is really a handsome affair, quite as tasty as a floral booth at a fair. Nearly every tent has a summerhouse before it, making the street look very pretty. We are directly opposite the mouth of a creek, which, it is thought, would be the very place for the enemy to attack, but I think the time for it has gone by. Gen. Vogdes (?) refuses to grant any leaves of absence at present. I hope, however, to get one soon.

We are burning charcoal, for filtering the water, which is very poor.

June --

6th - Straw hats and mosquito bars are to be issued to the troops by the Quartermaster. Nearly every night we take a sea bath. We have a splendid beach for it.

A paper has been received at headq'rs giving the news of the evacuation of Vicksburgh. The acquisition of this place, I suppose, virtually gives us possession (74) of the Mississippi, and what is the Southern Confederacy good for without that river? I am glad to see our arms making progress in some quarter; without question things have been at a stand-still long enough.

Hunter has been called on for troops, and some will probably go from Folly Island to re-enforce Dix's department. Col. Montgomery's 2nd Reg't S. Carolina (colored) has just returned from an expedition into the interior. They started from Beaufort and went 60 miles into the country. They destroyed nine rice mills,

burned houses, flooded rice fields and altogether destroyed about two millions worth of property, bringing with them 783 negroes. 181 of them have enlisted. They captured 300 horses which had been abandoned because the steamers could not bring them down the river.

I am greatly in favor of colored soldiers. Every negro we get counts two, one for us, and one less for the rebels. They were said to take to drill very naturally, and experience seems to prove that they will stand fire.

Night before last a large steamer attempted to run out of Charleston harbor, but got a shot from the blockades through her stern, and had to put back. She lies just inside of Ft. Moultrie, with her bow up on the beach and her stern under water.

10th - Quartermaster's Office - I am a Q.M. once more. On the 8th Vogdes sent word he wanted me. I tried to get off, but it was no go. I have seven reg't and four detachments to take care of, and shall have my hands full.

20th yesterday the steamer from the Head brought up an Asst. Q.M. I expected to be relieved, but what did the General do but issue an order, appoint me Chief Quartermaster, and ordering Capt. Quinton to report to me. This is a little rough on him, but it is no time to stand on ceremony; he is not posted in the ways and means of Quartermastering.

Two large steamers have been in today, and as my wharf is not yet finished, we are obliged to bring everything ashore in a (76) lighter. The enemy fire upon our forces at the head of the island every day, but as yet have done no damage. Gen. Gilmore, who is a live man, is here every day.

26th - I suppose the war enthusiasm in the North is rampant; it ought to be at least. I think the rebel raid will have one good effect, viz. to put down the Copperheads. I notice in the N.Y. Herald that the 74th and 65th Buffalo militia regiments were under marching orders. We are driving things here day and night. I have a far more responsible position than any I have hitherto held. I am expected to give my personal supervision over everything, and am held responsible for all that goes wrong.

Lieut. Stowits is very sick with typhoid fever. Lt. Col. Otis has resigned and is going home.

30th - We are as busy as can be unloading vessels night and day. The weather is comfortable, a fine sea-breeze blowing most of the time.

July --

14th - Our boys did a splendid day's work on the 10th. The assault

on Morris Island proved most successful. We took eleven pieces of ordnance, and one hundred and fifty prisoners, and are now in possession of the whole island excepting Fort Wagner and "Battery Bee."

Our men charged on Wagner Friday night, but were repulsed. We are constantly at work in the trenches, and I think we will soon open fire on Ft. Sumter. The Rebels were completely surprised; they did not suspect that we were erecting batteries until the day before the attack. They then thought something was going on from the fact that the embrasures had been opened the previous night, and afterwards closed up again with brush -- the intention having been to open the attack twenty four (hour)s earlier than it really took place. The assaulting party went up Folly Island (crossed out and replaced, in pencil, with "River") in small boats, and landed directly under the rebel guns, then formed line, and (78) charged up the hill.

17th - Our forces have been working with might and main, erecting batteries and mounting guns. Every-thing is now ready, and tomorrow morning at daylight, the attack will be made; it doubtless will be a more severe engagement than that of a week ago. Our gunboats have been dropping shells into the Fort ever since we landed on the island. We have forty pieces of ordnance in position, of which fifteen are mortars. After we take Wagner, we will mount the two hundred-pound Parrots we have on the island, for the purpose of attacking Sumter. The Charleston Jaspers acknowledge that if we get Wagner, we will have the city, and call upon everyone to turn out and drive the Federals from Morris Island on the point of the bayonet!

Gen. Terry's forces which were on James Island were attacked by five regiments from Richmond. During the affair, at the opening, the rebels fired on the Pawnee (gunboat) with a field battery and put fifty-one shots into her before she could fire a gun in return.

Last night, Capt. Payne went up into Charleston Harbor, and burnt a steamer which had been disabled the day before by a shot from Hamilton's battery. The steamer lay only a mile inside of Ft. Sumter.

I have been relieved at this end of the island, and am now on the shore of Lighthouse Inlet. I am constantly thinking of the approaching battle tomorrow. If we only can get Charleston! Vicksburg is fallen, Richmond at last accounts was seriously threatened, and Lee was in chancery up in Maryland. I believe we have as good troops as there are anywhere, and I have great faith in Gilmore, Seymour, Strong and Terry.

23rd - I think Wagner will be taken by regular siege work. It will be comparatively slow, but I think, sure. We are now mounting the tremendous Parrots -

(page 80) 29th - I am not very well, and have concluded to lay off a day and take it easy. From my tent door, I can see the whole field of operations: Wagner on my right, Cummings Point with battery Bee, then Sumter stands out plainly in the center of the circle. Next is Mt. Pleasant, a village on the opposite shore of Charleston Harbor, while far around to the left rise three spires of churches in Charleston. I have also a fine view of the sea, with the blockading fleet, monitors, etc.

August --

4th - We have been largely reinforced within the last few days by troops from North Carolina and Norfolk, Va. The troops are worked very hard, and I am told, the batteries will be ready to open fire in a week. The Rebels appear to be very busy, too, but all their works are defensive.

I was at Brig. Gen. Foster's Headqr's today, and was much surprised to meet Leon Brown. He said he had been perfectly well all the time, but he has not grown an inch.

There is no doubt but the United States is destined to be hereafter a great military nation; there are so many specks of war in the horizon, besides the little affair now in our hands that it is hard to guess when we will have peace again. It cannot come too soon to please me. I hope the Buffalonians will take the draft sensibly and peaceable.

We have had a real misfortune, nothing less than the capture of Capt. Payne. He was in a small boat, with ten men, in Charleston Harbor, night before last. Nine of the men were killed. The tenth reports (for he escaped) that Payne was unhurt. The Rebels were undoubtedly lying in wait for him. He is a personal friend of mine, and one of the finest men I know. His absence will be a great loss, for he has rendered very efficient service every since we came into this neighborhood. Only a few nights ago, he went down into the Harbor, and when (82) the steamer that came down nightly with supplies for Wagner reached the Fort, he sent up a couple of rockets and thus notified our gunboats; they immediately opened fire, and drove away the steamer, which has not been seen since.

21st - The bombardment of Sumter commenced Monday morning, and has continued ever since (four days). The wall on this side is completely shattered, and appears to be half down. Everybody is very hopeful. Whenever I get time, I go up into the maintop of a brig that lies in the inlet, and have as good a point of observation as there is in the vicinity. It commands a view of the whole of Morris Island and Charleston Harbor, the fleet, etc. Every minute or two a shot ploughs up the dirt in Wagner, then the bricks and dust fly up from Sumter, then perhaps a shell explodes over our own batteries; it is quite exciting to look at it...



My carpenter has just come in and reported that Sumter's flag, pole and all, has just fallen over.

24th - Wagner still holds out, though our parallels are now very near to it. Five shells were thrown into the city on Sunday, merely to get the range, I suppose. The 100th was on duty in the trenches Friday night, and tried to drive the rebels out of their rifle-pits directly under Wagner, but were unsuccessful.

Col. Dandy says he has lost more men than any of the other colonels.

We have four negro regiments; they are mostly used for fatigue purposes. They work well at loading and unloading vessels, teams, etc., much better in fact than the white troops, who have discovered that the easiest way to get along is to do just as little as possible when on fatigue. The result is that fifty negroes are equal to a hundred whites for ordinary works, but the case alters when the white men feel the necessity of the labor, such as fortifying and digging trenches.

I have been agreeably disappointed in the climate, and have not suffered from the heat, for a breeze springs up (84) about nine every morning, and lasts all day. If we were back from the coast it would be different; indeed we could hardly endure it in the center of the islands. The only fruit we get here is watermelons, and that only occasionally.

General Vodges has gone over to Morris Island, leaving me on Folly, which pleases me very much, as he is the most disagreeable commander I ever had. I never could please him, no matter how hard I tried, and as far as my observations go, it was the same with all who were under him.

29th - Sumter is completely used up. The South wall is a pile of ruins, and the East wall thoroughly honeycombed. Our batteries have stopped playing on her, excepting an occasional shot. The sappers are working up to Wagner gradually; our nearest one is about forty yards from the fort. The shells that do our men the most damage come from Ft. Johnson and some new batteries on James Island.

I notice by the papers that the Navy takes great credit for what has been done, but I think they are entitled to very little; They seem afraid to get within anything like a reasonable range of the enemy. True, the other day the ironclads did get some distance up the river, but poor disabled Ft. Sumter fired one gun at them, and they speedily withdrew.

This is one of the greatest sieges of the war and the loss of men very great.

I received a box from home a few days since. It did me good to see it. I find my cake delicious, and so does everyone else who has tried it.

The following incident, relating to Capt. Payne, is worth recording, though, of course, it occurred before the siege began. He was ever in Dixie, moving cautiously along the bank of a little creek, without noticing a rebel picket, just directly opposite. He had just darted from one bush to another when two men who had evidently seen him started up the opposite bank; of course, he lay still. In a few minutes, an officer (86) and ten men came along to relieve the pickets. The two men who were here before pointed to Payne's bush, whereupon one of the newcomers went to the water's edge and sitting down "Turk fashion" on the ground, laid his rifle across his lap and patiently waited for the Captain to show himself. He sat thus for two hours, when being fairly tired out, Mr. Man got up to stretch his legs, and the moment his back was turned, Capt. Payne took French leave and rejoined his men, whom he had signaled to keep back. I have no doubt that he was often the originator of the little expeditions we have made in this vicinity.

September --

4th - The Herald informs us that Fort Wagner and Sumter are in our possession; Good news, indeed, to us; that is, it would be if true. Sumter is actually a mass of ruins, but they still have a gun or two mounted in her. As for Wagner, I can say our parallels are close upon her.

We have been treated to some fine music by a band across the inlet. Gen. Saxton (the governor of the state) and wife were here from Beaufort a few days ago. The same band went on the steamer on which the general and party were stopping, and serenaded him. The boat was just far enough away from my quarters to soften the music, without the loss of any of it, and I enjoyed it very much.

There are a great many pleasant episodes in this soldiering. The two months I spent at St. Helena Island last spring will always be full of pleasant memories. It is a beautiful spot; I remember with what delight I gathered violets, verbenas, daffodils, etc., growing in the open air, in February. There were groves of oleander bushes, some of them twenty ft. high. Then our life at Gloucester Pt. is very pleasant to look back upon: Splendid climate, beautiful views, sweet potatoes and oysters!

And the picket duty which I had considered something of a bore, coming as it did once a week, or oftener, I now love to recall. (88) How we used to march out, those bright September mornings! And after marching to the picket-line, and taking the rather unnecessary precaution of "loading" I would, after visiting the posts, and going over the oft-repeated instructions, go back to the "reserve" and settle down comfortably to read some stray "Harper"

or "Atlantic", or perhaps the latest Buffalo Commercial. Then when night came, I would make a bed of twigs and stretch out on my rubber blanket, with my feet to the fire, and look up at the stars, and think of home, till I dropped of into a snooze. I fancied I slept better on picket than in camp (in my tent).

Another pleasure was the association with the men for twenty four hours. They used to make me coffee, and show me a variety of attentions which I have not forgotten. Alas! Many of my brave fellows have been dropped from the Company Roll since then, and many more lie suffering in hospitals. Only a few days ago, a sergeant of Co. "H" (Warham) was struck by a shell; and killed. This is the first man of our Company that has been killed since the assault on Ft. Wagner.

5th - Last night we captured a Major, Surgeon, and Captain (Asst. Ad'jt. Gen'l), all of the rebel Gen'l. Ripley's staff, and fourteen men. They were going to Wagner in a small boat, but as we happened to have another small boat here, it was easy work to bag them.

The firing has been very heavy today, and has principally been devoted to Wagner, with scarcely a reply from her. This siege work is slow, but it is sure.

10th - Matters have progressed very favorably since I last chronicled them. The morning on which we expected to hear of the assault, news came that Wagner and Gregg were evacuated! We scarcely believed it, at first, but in a very few minutes it was confirmed beyond a doubt. There was great rejoicing that day. The capture of the forts was a splendid thing, and then in addition to that, they were taken without bloodshed or loss where a tough (90) fight was expected. I have been trying to get up to inspect them, but as yet have had no opportunity.

I sent home a relic some time ago, in the shape of a forty-two pound shot. It was thrown during the advance on Morris Island, July 10th, and picked up by a capt. who gave it to me when I was sick.

Everything is very dull now. Nobody knows what will be done next. We are looking with great interest toward the Southwest to see what Rosencranz will accomplish. I have Capt. Miller (A.Q.M.) in my tent. He is sixty years old, too old to be Q.M., I think. He is very sick and came up yesterday to go down to the Head to take the Arago this morning, but missed the boat. We will try to send him out to it in the dispatch boat this afternoon. He is a Rochesterian, but in consideration of his illness, I waive all animosity which a Buffalo boy naturally feels toward a native of Rochester-four-corners.

21st - It is just two years since I committed the patriotic deed, and enlisted. Only one year more now, and perhaps I may be

discharged sooner.

A corporal was promoted to a First Lieutenancy (in the 100th) for bringing the colors out of the assault on Wagner.

30th - I received a note from Chaplain Lynn yesterday saying that all the officers of the 100th who were at Gloucester Point were about to have their photographs taken, and inviting me to join the group. I immediately went over to Morris Island. There were fourteen of us in the group, and the picture is said to be very fair. I stayed and took dinner with Col. Dandy. I had just got home in the evening when Capt. Moore's (the chief Q.M. in the field) orderly came inviting me to his quarters, which are close by me. After we had transacted business, Mr. Ralph Trimble, the Ag't of Adam's Express, of whom I had never met him before, edified us by his performances on the Jews-harp. It was really wonderful - he played operatic selections, (92) "Hail Columbia", "Yankee Doodle," and all kinds of selections. I was astonished to find that so much melody could be got out of that instrument.

Gen. Gilmore has removed his headqrs to Folly Island. I saw Leon Brown on Monday. he was very well, but hasn't grown an inch.

October --

7th - We had a little excitement night before last, caused by nothing less than an attack on the "Ironsides." The rebels came down the harbor in a small cigar-shaped steamer, which lay off some distance from the Ironsides, and then sent a small boat with a torpedo. It blew her up. The boat pulled round, in order to approach the Ironsides from the side of our fleet in order to escape suspicion. Though she was hailed from the Ironsides several times, she did not answer. Having got pretty near, one officer rose up in the stern, and fired at the officer of the watch on board the gunboat (who stood in the gangway), killing him instantly. They then ran under the stern of the Iron-sides, and exploded the torpedo. It made a tremendous explosion, throwing the water all over the vessel, but she was not much injured. A gun was immediately fired from the Ironsides that blew the small boat to atoms. The men all jumped overboard, but an officer and one seaman were captured by a small boat sent out for the purpose. In cruising around they discovered the cigar shaped steamer, and fired musketry at her, whereupon she steamed off up the harbor.

We hear that Bragg has been completely whipped. I think the rebellion is tapering off very rapidly.

We are having magnificent weather. The nights are beginning to be cool, but the days are lovely. We shall have a cold winter if we remain on Folly Island, for the wind has a clear sweep all the way from Africa.

10th - We shall probably have plenty to do (94) soon, as it's proposed to build a railroad from Pawnee Landing (about the center of Folly Island) to the point; also to construct Ferry slips on both sides of Lighthouse Inlet. This is in view of the fact that it will soon be too stormy for light-draft steamers to go with safety. It will then be necessary to ship all supplies in large vessels, which cannot go over Lighthouse bar, but can only enter Stono(?) Inlet. Supplies for Morris Island will be landed at Pawnee, and transported by rail and ferry.

We are enjoying the unwanted luxuries of apples and cabbages. A singular affair occurred on James Island a few days ago. Our lookouts observed a squadron of cavalry and eight or ten regt's coming down from the direction of Charleston on the double quick. they disappeared in behind Secessionville, and shortly afterwards musketry and artillery were heard, as if a smart skirmish was in progress. The theory was that a mutiny had occurred. Two deserters who came in a day or two after stated that (95) a North Carolina regt. had mutinied.

November --

3rd - The bombardment of Sumter commenced again on the 26th. The firing has been tremendous. The "sea face" is completely down and the whole fort a mass of ruins. Today no flag has been flying, and it is the first time that has been the case. Yesterday it was knocked down; a man appeared on the fort to replace it, who picked it up and waved it in the air; at that moment he was struck by a 200 lb. shell and blown to atoms.

The rebels fire very few guns, generally not over fifteen or twenty in a day, consequently the casualties on our side have been very slight.

We have received information that Hooker has taken Lookout Mt. at Chattanooga, the point from which Bragg shelled Rosencranz.

6th - Our batteries still pop away on Sumter. A few nights ago, a captain and six men (96) got in to the fort and succeeded in getting on top of the wall. They were fired on by the rebels inside, who appeared to be few in number, and retired without receiving any injury. They brought away several bricks as trophies, and I have the promise of a very small piece of one of them.

I have a corkscrew that was picked up in Wagner the morning after the evacuation, and one of the rebel pikes from the same work, which is really well worth keeping.

I have just dined off fresh fish, baked beans (Isaac can bake beans), fried potatoes, cabbage, bread, butter and tea. I have an oven in which to roast meats.

I have been improving my tent lately by supporting it on a frame which makes it firmer and not so noisy in a gale of wind. I have a gothic door with a brass doorknob, in all making it a very respectable little cottage.

Ed Cook is still my right-hand man.

The Rebels rehoisted a new flag on Ft. Sumter yesterday, having been two days without one. We are still "waiting for the Navy."

15th - This morning I attended service at the camp of the 112th N.Y. They have fitted up a very nice little church; it is covered with old canvas and contains seats for three hundred persons. The little pulpit is made of palmetto logs. The benches were filled and many of the men sat on the ground outside.

After church, I rode to Pawnee Landing and dined with capt. Holmes. he is an old friend of mine, was commissary of Naglee's brigade, and after of Davis' -- but is now post commissary.

I am going to put up and run a saw-mill. We commence work tomorrow. As large quantities of lumber are used here for engineering purposes, shorliners(?), floorings, hospitals, etc., it will be decidedly better economy to cut it ourselves than to bring it from New York.

22nd - I have lately taken the shell fever -- (98) what's the use of living by the sea if can't have shells! I have not gathered a great many because I do not have much time to look for them. I occasionally pull over to the bar before breakfast, by which arrangement I not only get shells, but also see the sun rise, which is a more novel sight to me now than it used to be when I had to turn out at reveille to hear the roll of my company called.

I have given up all hopes of the monitors doing anything at Charleston; it has been the story these three months that they were going in "in a few days." Certainly the land forces can go no farther in the present direction. The Navy has "failed to connect" throughout the whole siege.

I have just received a paper containing Sect. Stanton's dispatch to the Mayor of Buffalo informing him of a conspiracy to capture or destroy the city. I feel perfectly easy on the subject now, as it was so timely discovered.

(99) Nothing has been heard of Lt. Haddock, although inquiries were made by the flag of truce. The last that was seen of him on the night of the charge on Wagner, he was in the rear of the colors, the Colonel having given him special instructions to take care of them. There is not a shadow of doubt of his having been killed.

Col. Dandy, Capt. Topping and Lieuts. Stowits and Hardwick(?) are to be sent home on recruiting service.

I engaged a new clerk today; "his name is Strawbridge, and he comes from Penn Town, N.Y."

Everything is very quiet now. Nothing can be done as long as the present admiral is in command of the fleet. Gen. Vogdes has just paid me a visit, and asserted his prerogative as a Brig. General by raising hob generally. He ordered me to move my stable, which is a first-rate one for twenty horses, and also the tents of my detachment. After he left us, Ed. Cook remarked that he thought he must have (100) had bad news from his wife and was venting his displeasure by annoying everybody else. He's a pretty good fellow though, after all.

The intention at Headqrs is to run the Quartermaster's Dept. entirely by citizens, instead of detailed men, as soon as the change can be effected.

I received tonight forty two of the "iron brigade," as they are called. They have only recently come down from New York, and are "gay birds." About one third of them belonged to Bill Wilson's Zouaves.

Luckily I have two very good overseers.

The engine and boiler for the sawmill arrived today.

It was very rough last night, and a suttler's schooner was wrecked just outside of the inlet.

December --

1st - We have just been firing salutes to celebrate the victory at Chattanooga. I expect to go to Hilton Head tomorrow, on business.

5th - I came down to Hilton Head from Folly Island Thursday afternoon. This morning I went up to Beaufort. It is a very pretty place, the officers are all stationed comfortably in the houses. It is the first town I have been in since last February.

When I get back, I have a mammoth piece of work to do. It is nothing less than to cut a ship canal through the marsh, to enable the steamers to run through from Stono Inlet to Lighthouse Inlet, without going outside. It will be about half a mile long.

7th - My box has arrived (Folly island) I had it brought up from the boat this morning and had a splendid time opening my treasures. My tent looked like a first-class variety store when I had them all spread out. I have set out the fruit-cake, but the (102) "cookies" and crullers are excellent. I cannot thank the home-

folks sufficiently. I tried some of the crab apples for supper and pronounce them very fine. The wine is a beautiful color. I wonder if Mother made it last year. The slippers are handsome and comfortable, and the books are sure to give pleasure. The paper collars are most acceptable, and the scrap books, I shall take care to send where they will be appreciated. I think they had better go to some hospital where they will help to amuse and pass away the hours of those recovering from wounds and sickness. As for the raspberry jam, pickles, peaches and tomato, I don't know what to say. I was decidedly astonished at the profusion of them. They will last my small family a very long time. The clothing is all of the most suitable sorts. I enjoyed opening that box, I really think, as much as children do the unloading of their stockings Christmas morning.

The monitor Weehauken went down about 2 o'clk yesterday afternoon. A large number must have been lost. It is supposed that the boiler exploded.

What terrible treatment our poor men received at Belle Island prison! I have been reading accounts of their sufferings. Much more cheering is the news of Longstreet's defeat by Burnside. Hurrah! The ball is rolling on.

9th - I have been laying out the channel of my canal. It will require an excavation of about 2,000,000 cu. ft. -- all of it through the softest kind of marsh. I took a shovel with me, and had a man cut through the sod (which is merely the roots of the tall marsh grass); he thrust in the shovel without difficulty clear up to the handle; how much deeper the mud is I do not know. It is very soft, and looks like blue putty. I expect to begin tomorrow with ninety men.

The saw mill is progressing and I hope before long it will be grinding out the lumber.

I visited the reg't this afternoon. Col. Dandy is at present commanding (104) the brigade, Col. Davis being away on a furlough. Lt. Howell is commanding Co. "H" with Lt. French as 2nd Lieut. Pete La Forte has at last arrived at the dignity of First-Sergeant and sports the lozenge with great satisfaction.

16th - There was a tremendous gale last night with dashes of rain at intervals. The tide, which was very heavy, strewed the beach of Morris Island with timbers, chains and bars of railroad iron. The general opinion is that the old stanchions between Sumter and Moultrie have been washed away. A large square scow of heavy construction drifted ashore on the beach of Folly Island. it was evidently a floating battery, perhaps one the rebels used in the reduction of Sumter when they besieged Major Anderson.

I saw Admiral Dahlgren tonight for the first time. he came ashore



to go down to Gen. Gilmore's Headqrs, and as his ambulance was not ready, I asked him into my office. He is a sharp visaged man, with thin gray hair, and appeared to be rather feeble. he speaks in a high key and has a weak voice.

I shall certainly try with all my might to get a furlough after the first of January. I shall have my saw mills in working order before that time, and my canal dug, too. I am not very confident of success, but I shall try hard for it.

Quite an explosion occurred in Ft. Sumter after which there appeared to be a fire in the fort, which continued to burn for hours. Immediately after the explosion, Gen. Terry ordered the mortars to open on the fort, which doubtless did not add to the comfort of the rebel garrison.

I am sorry that old Fort Porter at Buffalo is a ruin. I spent a great many pleasant days and evenings within its walls. Of all my old room-mates, that is, the original ones, Granger and Brunck are the only ones left in the regiment. Wilkerson "killed" and Smith and Haddock among (106) the "missing." We little knew then how soon our party would be broken up.

21st - Yesterday I had the honor of dining with Gen. Vogdes. Col. Dandy was also there. The General, who is a good conversationalist, was lively and quite witty. I like him much better than I used to.

We are having splendid weather, five warm days and sufficient moon light nights.

Christmas evening -- Our Christmas Eve was celebrated in this manner - At one oc'k in the morning, our batteries opened on the City of Charleston; at the eleventh shot a fire was discovered to be burning in the city. It made a bright-light and was evidently very extensive, as it continued to burn at noon today. The rebels, not to be outdone, got up a celebration at Stono. They brought down on John's Island a battery of two guns and announced their presence by sending a shot through the upper works of the gunboat "Marblehead," which (107) killed three men. A sorry Christmas for them. After a time our gunboats succeeded in driving them away.

I went over to Morris Island today and took dinner with the Chaplain. I had the best dinner I have eaten in a long time. I stayed to see dress parade. The regiment turned out a long line and made a fine appearance.

I have met a good deal of disappointment in regard to the saw-mill. It is set up and in perfect running order and now we find the boiler is almost worthless.

27th - I feel rather low-spirited. On the 21st I applied for a

leave of absence for twenty days. Today it was returned by Col. Elwall with the following endorsement:

“Respectfully returned to Capt. Walbridge. The application for leave will be approved at the earliest possible moment consistent with the interests of the service. It cannot be done at present for reasons not proper to state. Respectfully, J.J.Elwell, Lt. Col. Chief Q.M.”

I have endeavored to think ever since I sent in my application that its approval was very doubtful, but I must confess that I feel greatly disappointed now that it really has been returned.

Christmas night a detachment of our men went over to Stono and found the guns in the rebel battery spiked, and a dead rebel and six dead horses laying near them. As the guns could not be removed the men destroyed them.

The sawmill continues to give us great troubles. We have had the boiler mended three times, and each time it has leaked upon trial.

(end of 1863 – pg. 108)

#### Addendum to 1863

June 7<sup>th</sup>. Folly Island. I have never written about our magnolias. There are several trees very near our camp, and the boys often climb up and get the flowers. As they have no further use for them, after they are procured, they generally give them to the lieutenants and me. The magnolia is a large white flower having nine petals; someone was saying yesterday that they had seen one eleven inches wide when spread out. They are the prettiest when half blown. They are very fragrant, almost a cloying sweetness. The tree itself is very handsome, it grows to a great size, and has a large waxy-looking leaf.

## Addenda to the year 1862

October 6<sup>th</sup>. Gloucester Point

After dinner I went out on the picket line with my company. On arriving at the picket line, a gay and festive scene presented itself. All the darkeys had congregated on the line, just where the road crosses it. There were, I should think, nearly a hundred at the "meeting." They are not allowed to cross the line, so they come TO it from every direction to visit and towards evening, all start for home. They bring chickens and all kinds of produce with them, and make a sort of market day of it. I enjoyed it very much. You would see a wench come up with a baby in her arms, and as soon as they neared the group, some of the young girls would run up and seize the baby and commence teasing it in the most approved style while the mother circulated about, shaking hands, and kissing every one, apparently without regard to sex. Each new arrival was "the lion" for the moment, and went through the same congratulatory performances. I noticed one wench as black as eggplant, wearing a purple skirt, a very gay sky blue waist, trimmed with black lace, and a clean white turban (a napkin) on her head. Another wore a green plaid skirt, white tunic and a jaunty little hat. She was quite a pretty little yellow girl. One woman had on a winter dress and a pink cloud. (?) The men were also in gorgeous attire; altogether they seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely.

I visited Mrs. Teagle who lives just inside the lines, and the old gentleman invited me to stay to tea, which I condescended to do. Mrs. T. regaled me with milk, and honey cream for coffee ice - Mr. Teagle was very frank in expressing his sentiments; and told me that he had two sons at present in the army (rebel) and one who had been discharged. The two are in the regiment 26<sup>th</sup> Virginia, which is garrisoning Ft. Darling, near Richmond. He is secesh to the back bone, but I had rather have him talk it out, than claim to be union, as the rascals on the peninsula did!

Nov. 18<sup>th</sup>. Gloucester Point

Sometime ago, Morse, Noble and Wells went over to Yorktown, and had a high time, in the course of which they got into a row with a private; there were ordered into arrest. This occurred six weeks ago. A month later they were ordered before the examining board, who have not yet published their decision. Guthrie and Greiner were subsequently ordered before the same board for examination to their capability, etc., and both immediately resigned. Their resignations were accepted and they left for Washington Monday morning. (pg.218)

Dec. 15<sup>th</sup>. Gloucester Point. We started out on Thursday (four regiments of us, a battery) for Gloucester Court House. We found that the inhabitants had taken French leave. Many of their houses were left with furniture, dishes, etc., all in storage (?), while in others the effects had been removed. On Saturday our regiment struck tents and marched to a place called Woods' Crossroads. Captain Payne's company and mine, were detached four miles from Gloucester to protect our line of communications between our

Regiment and the Court House. We were obliged to keep a strict lookout as the country is infested with guerillas. We took our meals at the houses in the neighborhood, and were treated with the greatest politeness, though the natives looked very much scared. The home of Capt. John Puller (an officer of the 5<sup>th</sup> Virginia Regiment) was close by. The house is kept closely shut all day and the inmates were evidently in great terror. Capt. Payne visited Mrs. Puller, and succeeded in quieting her fears somewhat. We were ordered back to the Court House on Sunday. I understand the village was burned by our cavalry after we left. (pg.222).

**AMOR PATRIAE**

**The Journal of  
Charles E. Walbridge**

**Part Two: 1864-1866**

1864.

January -

2<sup>nd</sup> N. end of the Island. The weather has become so cold, that a little pond just back of my quarters is covered in ice thick enough for the soldiers to slide upon it. When the wind blows we actually suffer as our position is so exposed. There is a stretch of about a mile just below here, where the sea is on one side and the marsh on the other, which always reminds me, in windy weather, of Niagra St. in Buffalo between Georgia and Carolina. Isaac, my boy, has a great idea of getting an education. Somehow or other he has learned to read a little and is quite a mathematician. He "does his sums" entirely in his head. I asked him at supper to multiply 75 by 25. He analyzed the numbers thus; first multiplying 50 by 25 - then adding 25 by 25. I have never assisted him, but he picked up his information by inquiring around among the other darkeys. I shall send home for a primer of geography and mental arithmetic for him. He is getting to be quite a cook too, though he can't learn to make roast beef gravy. Perhaps I should go into the kitchen and show him practically. He would be benefited by my teaching, though it might turn out that MY gravy would be worse than his, which closely resembles laundry starch.

I have been appointed Division Q.M. and shall move to Headquarters in a few days. I retain the charge of the saw mill and will finish the canal. The saw mill is running as well as it can with the old boiler. We sawed over 3,000 ft of 1- inch board yesterday. We are now getting new boilers, which I think will enable us to turn out 60,000 ft a day.

The following is a copy of a letter sent to Gen. Meigs, Quartermaster General, by this mail. It was written by the General of his own accord, without any solicitation on my part.

Folly Island, S.C.  
January 5<sup>th</sup>, 1864

To

Gen. M. C. Meigs  
Q. Master General

Sir,

I understand that Capt. Walbridge of the 100<sup>th</sup> N.Y. Vols. has applied for an appointment as Asst. Q. M. Capt. Walbridge has had considerable experience in the duties of the Quarter Master Dept. He is now Act. Q.M. of the Division under my command. I hope therefore, that it may be possible to confer the appointment upon him.

I have the honor to be

Yours s e c (?)

(signed)

J. Vogdes  
Brig. Gen. Vols.

10<sup>th</sup>. I sent the scrap books to the Chaplain a few days ago and received in return a note addressed to my sisters with a request to forward it. The girls may feel assured that their efforts are appreciated, and that the books will prove very interesting to the poor fellows who have to lounge about the hospital.

14<sup>th</sup> I have just returned from a lecture! Yea, verily, I lecture on Folly Island. It was the first of a course of five "Shakesperean Lectures" to be delivered by Chap. Davidson (?) of the N.Y. Vol. Engineer Reg't. The lecture was delivered in the "Masonic Temple" at the camp of that regiment, which is a very tasty edifice, constructed of palmetto and canvas and beautifully decorated with evergreens. It is capable of holding 250 persons. The subject of the lecture was King Henry 4<sup>th</sup>. Mr. Davidson reads Shakespeare very well, and the lecture simply repaid me for the trouble of going down to attend it. The second of the course will be delivered next Monday night, on the comic characters of the same play. On the 12<sup>th</sup> the "stars and stripes" were raised for the first time on Ft. Wagner. I went over to witness the ceremony, and found a large number of officers assembled at the fort. It was quite foggy all the morning, but just before the flag was raised, it entirely cleared away. The band played, a prayer of peace was offered, and the flag was hoisted into place by Capt. Strahn of the 3<sup>rd</sup> (?) Rhode Island Artillery, whose company garrisoned the fort. More music followed, and a national salute was fired with blank cartridges. We expected the rebels would interrupt the proceedings, but not a solitary shell was fired during the whole performance. After an extempore (and rather a poor) speech by Lt. Col. Hoyt of the 52<sup>nd</sup> Penn. Vols. and the amount of cheering customary on such glorious occasions, Capt. Strahn invited all present "to inspect the bomb proofs." Accordingly we filed into the said bomb proofs and found our apartment partitioned off by flags in which a table was set with lemonade, etc. After a short sojourn there, Capts. McHenry and Burl of Gen. Vogdes' staff and myself went on up to (Ft.) Gregg, going afoot for prudential reasons. We found the artillerists shelling Charleston with 100 lb. Shells from Chatfield, and with 80 lb. Shells from Ft. Gregg, or Putnam as it is now called. The rebels were replying at intervals of two or three minutes from Ft. Johnson - though all which were fired while we were in the vicinity fell very much short.

Gen. Vogdes went home on a leave today—I almost despair of ever getting one. But I remember the motto I had on my shield in the days of yore. "Duni? Spiro Spero" and so I continue to hope. (pg. 114)

I have finished the mince pies, my admiration increasing as each successive pie was brought in to dinner, day after day. I have no hesitation in saying, "they were the best I ever ate and probably the best ever eaten in this vicinity."

17<sup>th</sup>. Gen'l Gilmore and staff left the island yesterday and Headqtrs. are now at Hilton Island. Gen. Foster is expected to take charge of our division (as soon as he arrives) during the absence of Gen. Vogdes. A steamer went through the "ditch" the other day. The first cut of 2 yds. by 60 ft is nearly completed. The rest is to be 114 by 30, and now all that remains to be done is to straighten and widen a natural channel or "lagoon."

I attended service this morning at the beautiful chapel at the camp of the 169<sup>th</sup> NY (?) Vols. I suppose it is the prettiest church ever built in the army. It is made of canvas, and palmetto logs, beautifully trimmed with evergreen. The chancel is enclosed with a railing of grapevines.

21<sup>st</sup>. The saw mill which has caused me so much vexation is at last in fine working order. Capt. Davidson(?), who has been Chief Q. M. of Folly Island & (Morris) is going to Hilton Head to be with Gen. Gilmore. His successor is Capt. Burns, now at Morris Island. I am again Q.M. of Hodges' Division. Gen. Terry has moved over to this island and now commands both Folly and Morris. Col. Davis is on Morris Island. He wants me to be his first Quarter Master, but unless I am ordered here, I think I will stick to "Old Hog(?)" as he is familiarly called. All the troops on this island were reviewed yesterday by Gen. Gordon. The day was fine and everything went off smoothly. The troops were drawn up in one line on the beach, with their backs to the sea, which was very blue and made an excellent background. The line was over a mile and a half long. I think a review is the acme of military show for of course every man dresses himself in his best and be required to vie with each other in the condition of their (arms?) and equipment and the regularity of their marching. I am very pleasantly situated now - the staff is composed of very agreeable officers. Capt. McHenry, Adjutant General; Capt Burl, Inspector General; Lieuts. Risselburgh and Wilcap, Aides de camp; Lieut Waters, Mustering Officer, Dr. Morrison, Medical Attendant, and your humble servant. I find Mr. Strawbridge, my clerk, a very acceptable companion.

25<sup>th</sup>. The days are so perfectly cloudless, that it seems more like June than January. My workmen are raw awkward Irishmen, belonging to the genus, "Iron Brigade," "Arabs," "Rioters," etc. I hope they will learn in time to chop as a man should chop.

30<sup>th</sup>. Beautiful. I came here on a sort of "bender." Last night - I attended a "hop" at Gen. Sacton's and saw some real live ladies and danced with them. There were about fifty persons present, one half of which were ladies. I am stopping with the Q.M. (Capt. Morse). All the officers here are in houses and "keep house" in regular style. Everybody is astonished to hear that Col. Elwell has been relieved of the position of Chief Quartermaster of the Department. Capt. Fuller is to succeed him. I am very sorry for the change. Yesterday I had a ride on Ladies' Island, which is across the river. I stumbled on a doctor who is stationed there and went home and dined with him. I became acquainted with his three daughters, all of whom afterwards met at the hop.



February -

14<sup>th</sup>. Folly Island. I am very busy settling up affairs, as I have been ordered to Florida. I only received it on the evening of the 12<sup>th</sup> and I expect to start on the 16<sup>th</sup>. I am transferring the property to three different quartermasters, the sawmill to one, Division Property, to another, and the balance to the Depot. Q.M. Strawbridge is away, and Ed. Cook and I have all the work to do. I do not know what position I am to hold when I reach Jacksonville. I understand the expedition has started for Pilatki, a place some sixty miles south of Jacksonville.

19<sup>th</sup>. I am still on this desolate island, waiting for a steamer to carry me from it. I had all my affairs closed up three days ago, and have been "a gentleman of elegant leisure" ever since. We are having a genuine "cold snap," and yesterday it actually began to snow! I did not fall in great quantities, but the ground was perceptibly whitened. Since I have retired from business, life has been rather monotonous. I get up about half past eight, take my breakfast, and walk the beach to see if there is a steamer in sight until dinner, which comes off at three, and then take a walk to keep from contracting the gout, after which I play eucher until bedtime. Ike, my contraband, said to me this morning, with a very innocent air, "Capt., I guess you'll have to set the carpenters at work again before you go to Hilton Head." "Why?" "Because I guess they'll have to build you a boat before you can start," observed the young woolly head, showing his ivory - and I begin to think so too.

21<sup>st</sup>. The "Emily" arrived yesterday, but she had to go to Morris Island to unload her cargo of ammunition and has not yet returned. She brings word that Gen. Gilmore has captured seven guns and about one hundred prisoners and that a detachment of cavalry has been to Tallahassee. I am afraid the fun will be over before I get there.

22<sup>nd</sup>. Hilton Head. I am at last enroute for Florida. The news from Florida this morning is very different from that previously received. It seems our force met with a severe repulse, near Lake City; that we have lost seven guns and about four hundred of our wounded have fallen into the hands of the enemy, and that we have had to pull back a full ten miles. Col. Henry is reported killed.

23<sup>rd</sup>. On board steamer, Maple Leaf, at sea. This is a little old fashioned steamer, about the size of the "Diamond"; it used to run on Lake Ontario and is a great example of the kind of boats that we chartered to Uncle Sam. A few years ago it would have been thought the height of imprudence to go to sea in such a craft, but now, vessels of this sort are very extensively used by government for coasting purposes. We expect to enter the John's River in about one hour, but I am afraid we will be too late for the tide. The sea is perfectly smooth. And one does not feel the least sensation of chilliness even in the shade.

24<sup>th</sup>. Jacksonville, Florida. I arrived here last night, after all. We reached here far too late for the tide, and so had the prospect of waiting here until this morning but fortunately the little "Island City" – a very light craft steamer, came along in the afternoon, took us off and carried us over without difficulty. I left Ed. on board the Maple Leaf with all my traps and expect him up this morning. In the meantime I am making myself at home in Capt. Dantoril's (Pg. 122) office, which is in a fine two-story brick building, and is a nice large room; it was formerly used as a banking office. I expect to be on Gen. Seymour's staff though Capt. Dantoril wants me to be Post Quartermaster. Jacksonville is a very pretty place and must have done a thriving business before the war. There is plenty of dock room, and a great many storehouses which are available for storage purposes and will be very convenient.

I have heard the following account of Saturday's repulse – The troops were advancing towards Lake City and were but a few miles from it when they were met by a body of rebels, probably 16,000 in number. A severe fight took place which lasted nearly three hours in which we lost several guns and a large number of killed and wounded. Some of the negro troops were engaged. The 11<sup>th</sup> North Carolina, commanded by a brother of Henry Ward Beecher, fought very well; they lost eleven officers and two hundred men. Our forces now are at Camp Finnegan, Gen'l Finnegan having been the Rebel general in command previous to our occupation. A large portion of Jacksonville was burned by Col. Haig's (? Pg. 123) garrison at the time of his raid. It was a shameful proceeding and seemed to be perfectly wanton. I have found an old Buffalonian here at Commissary of Subsistence, Capt. Thomas O.P. Champlain.

26<sup>th</sup>. I have "taken rooms" at the Crespo House, formerly kept by Mrs. Wallace. It is a two-story frame building, with rooms on each side of the hall, and verandahs the full length of the house on both stories. I occupy, with "my staff," no less than five rooms one of which is a large front one. That is my office. I have an excellent kitchen in the rear for Ike. It is quite a change from Folly Island. I have been out with Gen. Seymour; we are fortifying the place, and by tomorrow morning I will be made a very strong position. The rebels are reported to be advancing in a strong force. If they come it will probably be soon and the fight will take place by tomorrow.

28<sup>th</sup>. Well, the rebels haven't visited us yet, and I do not believe they will be so foolhardy as to come now, for the fortifications are about completed, and Jacksonville now is a very hard place to take.

## March.

9<sup>th</sup>. Jacksonville. My duties here are very light. In case of an advance I should have plenty to do, but now I have the same duty to perform as an aide de camp, and that is by no means severe, in quiet times like these. I do not see the slightest indication of a forward movement and have no idea that one will be attempted unless we receive reinforcements. The defeat of the first advance was owing solely to the insufficient number of troops. I did not arrive at Jacksonville until three days after the battle but all agree in saying it was well fought. I have seen in the "Free South" (newspaper) extracts from Richmond papers of the 2<sup>nd</sup> stating that Kilpatrick came within six miles of that city but did not succeed in his object. It is singular that all our efforts to capture Richmond are futile. I hope Sherman will succeed in getting Mobile; he is making a very risky movement in destroying the railroads and bridges in his rear, isolating himself, as well as preventing pursuit.

12<sup>th</sup>. The little slip cut from the "Morning Express" and enclosed in a letter from home is the only intimation I have received of the fact of my confirmation, although, of course, I have been expecting it. I feel I owe this appointment principally to George's exertions, for it was he who interested Messrs. Davison (?), Pratt, and Bowen in the matter. I hope to be officially notified by the next mail. We have had a thunderstorm off and on, for two days, but the sun is out this morning in all his glory, and everything is fresh and lovely. The peach trees, wild plum, and jessamines are just through blooming. Strawbridge has been quite sick with the fever, for a day or two. He is in the Hospital, as the Crespo House is a little too noisy for an invalid. There are a good many Floridians here, though but few of them belonged originally to Jacksonville. They are for the most part refugees who have come into our lines and taken the oath of allegiance. They are "crackers" or "poor whites," as the darkeys call them, and are a forlorn looking set of beings. They are dressed in the merest garments and look as though they had been half-starved.

20<sup>th</sup>. Mr. Strawbridge is still ill; he has an intermittent fever, which keeps him weak, but he is in good spirits. We heard this morning that the enemy was advancing, but it turned out to be nothing at all important. About a hundred of the enemy advanced down the King's road, driving in our pickets, but a company of our cavalry was on hand very soon, and the enemy slowly retired again. I am still acting in Capt. Dantoril's stead.

24<sup>th</sup>. I had a great treat for supper last night. Nothing less than mush and milk! I have a very good cow and calf, the latter is not three weeks old, but is excellent veal in perspective. I sent out some cavalymen and captured them. There are great numbers of cattle roaming around through the woods. The country here is quite flat and the pines are

so scattered that one could drive a cart through them without difficulty. I suppose we can get very little idea of the beauty of the country save the small portion of it that we occupy. Those who have gone farther South are enraptured with Florida. Alas, we do not see many flowers just here, but our hotel is surrounded by beautiful oaks which shade us splendidly. A deserter, who came in day before yesterday, reports about 15,000 of the enemy in our front.

30<sup>th</sup>. I do not see, but there is a prospect of my remaining here a long time yet, and I have received no official information on my appointment. We have just had a change of commanders. Brig. Gen. Hatch (just arrived from the North) has relieved General Seymour of command of the District of Florida. All the staff assembled at the General's house day before yesterday to take leave of him, and to be introduced to General Hatch. Gen. Seymour was much affected. I do not think there is a man on his staff but feels real regret to see him leave us. I have served with him twice. I was his Quarter Master for a short time on Folly Island.

April - .

3<sup>rd</sup>. Our troop made a reconnoissance yesterday and found the enemy strongly posted on the other side of Cedar Creek — about eight miles from Jacksonville. In the skirmish we had twelve men wounded.

4<sup>th</sup>. We have had quite our excitement. The steamer, "Maple Leaf," was blown up by a torpedo about twelve miles from Jacksonville, early yesterday morning. The explosion took place close to the heel of her foremast, sinking her in seven minutes. She went to Pilatki the night before with cavalry on board, and was returning when the incident occurred. Four men were lost, the rest escaping in small boats. Capt. Langdon, Chief of Artillery, and Capt. Chadwick, Asst. Adj't General (our old adjutant) and Mrs. Chadwick, were among the passengers. I ought to have said that four rebel prisoners were left aboard the sinking vessel, as the small boats were full without them. The gun-boat (?) Norwich proceeded to the wreck as soon as she received news of the disaster and took off the prisoners, also the mail and dispatches. The fact that the enemy did not endeavor to capture the crew and passengers, and did not board the steamer to pillage her, or look for the dispatches, would lead to the belief that the torpedo had been in the river for some time. If it had been put there especially for her benefit, they would certainly have been on hand to take advantage of the results of the explosion. I like our new commander, Capt. Hatch, very much thus far, but I think Gen'l Vodges will come down and assume

command as soon as Gen. Gordon's court martial, in which he is engaged at present, is concluded. I am glad there is some prospect of our forces being concentrated in Virginia and that Gen. Grant is personally to supervise the movements of the army. I have had a letter from Ed. Cook, who has been made a sergeant since he returned to the regiment, but he wants to be detailed again into the Q.M. Department. I am quite surprised to hear that Capt. Dye is an A.Q.M. in the regular army. I am inclined to think it is a mistake, for it is a pretty difficult matter to get such a position.

11<sup>th</sup>. I have received my Commission! Yes, it arrived, at last, with the veritable signature of Honest Abe, not to mention Mr. Secretary Stanton's autograph, which was attached to it, and I am now ready to jump into my boots to get home. Captain Dantoril is expected every day and I cannot leave till he comes—I suppose I shall have to go to Morris Island (to be mustered out of my regiment, there being an order in force, "That all officers shall be mustered out of the posts where their regiments are stationed.")

Rumor says that Gen. Gilmore is to be relieved, and either Fremont or Stevenson is to take command of the Department.

May —

7<sup>th</sup>. Gloucester Pt., Virginia. I have worked incessantly for ten days. I have been very busy ever since my arrival. On the fourth we embarked the 10<sup>th</sup> Army Corps. We commenced at 2 p.m. on the 3<sup>rd</sup> and had everything embarked at four o'clock in the morning of the 6<sup>th</sup>. I had only 6 hours sleep during the whole of it. We loaded thirty-one steamers, and eight barges. Our forces now occupy Petersburg and I hope they will enter Richmond in a day or two. Everything is encouraging in the highest degree. I am left-at-Gloucester to settle my papers and bring up the rear.

12<sup>th</sup>. Bermuda Hundreds, Va. Office of Chief Quarter Master of 10<sup>th</sup> Army Corps. I left Gloucester Point on the 10<sup>th</sup>, having "brought up the rear" of the 10<sup>th</sup> Army Corps in a very thorough manner. At the Fortress we received an order from Maj. Gen. Butler to proceed to this place and report for duty to Lt. Col. Fuller. This plantation, Bermuda Hundreds, is about three miles above City Point. The troops are nine miles from here. Our forces occupy the line of the railroad coming from Petersburg to Richmond. They have ripped up two or three miles of it. I have not yet been assigned to duty.

The James River is really a magnificent stream. The banks are very bold almost the whole distance from the mouth, and are well eroded. This affords some fine building

sites which the F.F.V's have taken advantage of. The most beautiful place on the river is "Westover," the plantation next below Harrison's Landing. The mansion is of red brick with a french roof, and is a very aristocratic looking place.

Our forces had a pretty sharp fight on the 10<sup>th</sup>. The rebels, who made the attack, were repulsed three times; it lasted four hours. A good many of our men were wounded.

18<sup>th</sup>. It has rained ever since I arrived; it seems very natural to be splashing along through Virginia mud again. We hear tonight of the death of General Stevenson, a man whom everybody liked, and an excellent commander. I don't see how Lee can stand it much longer against Grant. He seems bound to dispute every inch of ground. Unless they had an unusual amount of supplies in Richmond, they must soon feel the effects of interruption of their Southern communications. Everybody here is in the best of spirits. I pitched my tent today, having "boarded round" since my landing. I am perched on a knoll next door to Dantoril, who is next to Capt. Atwood, so we have three quarter masters in a row. I am endeavoring to straighten out my Gloucester Point affairs, which will take about a week. During the few days I was there, I issued to the troops 17,000 prs. shoes, and other articles of clothing in proportion.

19<sup>th</sup>(?). The rebels attacked our lines near Fort Darling yesterday morning, under cover of the fog, which is very thick here early in the day. The general belief among the wounded with whom I have conversed is that the enemy was reinforced from Richmond, which would indicate that Lee had reached that city. We suffered severely. It is reported that Gen. Heckman, with part of his brigade, was captured. The 100<sup>th</sup> lost heavily. The following officers are among the wounded: Maj. Nash, Capt. Brunck, and Lieuts. Harwell, Evans, Henson, and French. Lieut. Foyt killed. A sergeant who came in yesterday describes the fire in our front as terrific; he said there was one steady roll of musketry. I am afraid Lee has sent help to Beauregard. Sheridan's cavalry are here on the opposite side of the James. Col. Howard, their Chief Quarter Master says he was near enough to Richmond Thursday night to see the gas lights. They destroyed a million rations at Beaver Dam, besides ripping up the railroads in many places. We all believe in Grant and think he will use up Lee before he leaves him.

18<sup>th</sup>. The gray backs have been annoying us today. They made an attack upon our entrenchments, and at one time within four hundred yards of the works but were driven back. I am to located near the landing but in the morning I shall move down close to the dock, as I receive a good deal of property by water, and like to be on hand to attend to it.

I have charge of the Land Transportation, which in plain English, means horses, mules, and wagons. The rebels seem to be at work again tonight for I occasionally hear a shell explode. I have given up the idea of trying to go home during this campaign. I am determined to add my mite towards putting an end to this war.

31<sup>st</sup>. Last night as Capt. Danitori and I were returning from a ride, we heard heavy cannonading in the distance; across the James River. We found, by looking at a map, that the firing was exactly in the direction of Bottom Bridge. It must be that a part of Grant's army was fighting there last evening. I don't like the idea of us sitting here quietly while they are fighting so near us. It will do no harm now to say that large reinforcements have gone to Grant from this place. They left us Sunday morning and were to go up the York River and land at West Point. The fact is, our expedition has failed in accomplishing its object. The design undoubtedly was to get possession of, and hold, the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, thereby cutting off supplies and reinforcements on the most direct route between Richmond and the South. This, Butler has failed to do, although the changes were entirely in his favor at the start.

June —

2<sup>nd</sup>. We hear Grant's guns, but get no word from him. Perhaps we will later in the day. A cherry tree full of ripe fruit stands just behind our office.— The are not very good quality, but good enough for soldiers----I have just seen a Lieutenant from the front. He says the fight this morning was a pretty sharp one. The rebels took our first line of rifle pits at one point, but were afterwards driven out of them. We took several prisoners — some of them have just marched by — good stout looking fellows. Among the rebel dead was found the body of a colonel; important papers were found upon his person; what their purport was I do not know, but it is thought they contained the information that a general attack was to be made along the entire line. We also hear that Grant has been driven back six miles. I wish I was with Grant's army. There is plenty of work and excitement too. Here, I'll warrant, I have nearly two hundred splendid teams that are already to go to work when called for. Sherman is making splendid headway in Georgia; he is almost at the center of the state already. It is a splendid country for defense too, abounding with ravines and strong positions, so the enemy must be very weak not to make a better defence.

4<sup>th</sup>. I had a small adventure this morning as I was starting to go down to my office which is about half a mile from my quarters. I got on my new handsome bay, for the first time.

I was hardly in the saddle before he reared up so I was afraid of his coming over backward, and slipped my feet out of the stirrups. The next instant he was down again, and kicked up behind, throwing C.E.W. fairly and squarely. He seemed satisfied with his success, for he carried me down to the office and back after it, quite willingly. I am afraid I will never get another horse that will suit me as well as my old grey did on the Peninsula. Our engineers are erecting a very high signal tower on our extreme right, which must be for the purpose of communicating with Grant. From sundry indications I have no doubt he will be within sight, as well as hearing, in a few days.

8<sup>th</sup>. I have just lost a valuable assistant. Ed Cook who has had charge of my property accounts for a long time, has been commissioned as a lieutenant in the 100<sup>th</sup> Regt. and of course, can remain with me no longer. While I am sorry to lose him, I am very glad he has received promotion, for his a fine fellow. Capt, Granger arrived here last night from Buffalo.

18<sup>th</sup>. I returned last evening from a two-day excursion across the Appomattox. I went with my train to haul supplies to the troops there. The night-previous Hamock took 700 prisoners and two guns. And Burnside 500(?) prisoners and 7 guns. The 100<sup>th</sup>, though, on the opposite side of the river, are connected with this side by a pontoon bridge, and are throwing up earthworks over the boats to secure a crossing if one is needed at any time in that direction.

25<sup>th</sup>. Last night 170 rebels were brought from the front who were nicely bagged with barely any casualties. They made a charge on a portion of our works, thinking they had been evacuated, and were merely held by a few skirmishers. Our boys let them come in, without firing a shot until they were fairly in, and now they found to their dismay a whole division waiting with open arms to receive them. They belonged to the Charleston brigade, and some of them were in Wagner at the time of the siege.

#### July -

4<sup>th</sup>. I have a furlough in my breast pocket. Yea, verily. Special order. No. 180 which grants leave of absence to C.E.W. for thirty days. Isn't that gay? Col. Fuller, the chief Q.M., obtained it for mw. Capt. Lowell will take my business during my absence. I hope to start Friday morning, spend Sunday and Monday in New York, and reach home on Tuesday. We have had a quiet Fourth. The vessels have been rigged out with their flags and streamers and a battery come down to the landing this morning and fired a salute. That was the extent of our celebration. Grant is getting ready, according to his resources, and when he is ready he will be successful. I firmly believe he will destroy the whole rebel army.



August -

8<sup>th</sup>. Bermuda Hundreds. I arrived here all safe and sound last night. Nothing occurred of any interest during the trip. My boil troubled me a good deal and when I woke up Saturday morning on the sleeping car, my left eye was so swollen I could but just see out of it. When I came through Baltimore a rumor was prevalent that Gen. Butler was to be Sec'y of War. Grant and Sheridan are both said to be at Harper's Ferry. It seemed rather dull to get back again. Strawbridge is going home for a visit tomorrow. The weather is very hot - it is 98 degrees in my office now, at half past four p.m. We have a new Chief Q.M. who is turning things topsy turvy.

12<sup>th</sup>. I have settled down to work again, and things go about as usual. My boy, Ike, returned from Norfolk, the evening after I arrived, in excellent spirits.

A fearful explosion of a torpedo occurred at City Point, killing about fifty persons. It is said that Hooker is to relieve Butler, but it is difficult to discover the truth. He (Butler) has lately undertaken to dig a canal. He probably never heard of my efforts in that line, or I might have been called for. However, I am well content to rest on my laurels, in the canal digging way. This ditch is to cut across Dutch Gap, which is a short distance below Ft. Darling. It is to be a mile wide, and deep enough for ??? to pass through and will require 70,000 feet of excavation. The General has adopted rather a novel plan, in calling for volunteers before beginning the work, who were to have the extra inducements of eight cents per hour and a ration of whiskey per day. At the first reading of the order throughout the camps, about three times as many men as were required volunteered. The enemy had to first be driven off the ground which was accomplished with little difficulty and the work has now commenced. (Yesterday rebel newspapers were received at Hdqtrs, containing accounts of Farragut's continued success at Mobile. He has possession of Ft. Powell which gives him full access to the city. It is cheering to have good news from some quarter.)

16<sup>th</sup>. Our troops have been fighting all day. They crossed the river at Deep Bottom Saturday night. The tenth corps on a pontoon bridge and the second corps going up from City Point on steamers. We hear they have done well and are rapidly advancing. A rumor is current tonight that Gen. Terry was killed but I hope it may not be true. I think the idea of this present move was to make a dash for Richmond, of course everything depends on celerity and rapid execution but something went wrong, for instead of being able to march at daylight, the second corps did not commence disembarking till six.

19<sup>th</sup>. There was very severe fighting Tuesday in which our loss must have been about twelve hundred. The 100<sup>th</sup> took part in it, and I am sorry to say that Capt. Granger is missing. There were only five or six killed in the regiment, though many were wounded.

Last night I rode out to see Capt. Dantoril. While I was there, fighting commenced across the river. We rode over but it was too dark to see much. The enemy made a charge on our lines but was repulsed. It is hard to see what Grant's plans are now. I should not be surprised if our troops were withdrawn from that side of the river in a day or two.

27<sup>th</sup>. My new quarters which are very neat and comfortable are now furnished. I have put up two tents facing each other: one for a sleeping apartment, and the other for a dining room with a space in the center over which is a "fly." The whole nicely floored and shaded by an awning, or roof of brush with cedar trees set out all around the establishment. Gen'l Warren still holds his position on the Weldon railroad, and is, I believe, strongly fortified. On the 25<sup>th</sup>, the Johnnies attempted to drive in our picket line in front of Bermuda Hundred, but they were repulsed and we took over fifty prisoners, besides nine deserters who concluded during that melee to abandon the cause of the confederacy. There is no doubt that a great number of rebels would desert if the proceeding was not accompanied by so much risk. Night before last, our signal officers intercepted a dispatch, which was being signaled from one rebel station to another, to this effect: "To Gen. Pickett - Spring the mine at once, and destroy the pontoon bridge; all is ready-- (signed) G. T. Beauregard." Accordingly dispositions were made to meet the attack but it did not come. Early next morning another dispatch was intercepted saying, "Gen. Hooker mine failed to explode, but may do so at any moment". Just at this time, the enemy were making loud demonstrations in the extreme left in the vicinity of the Welland railroad and they used every means, of course, to keep our forces from moving down to reinforce the fifth corps.

September -

4<sup>th</sup>. Col. Howard, Chief Quartermaster and Maj. Stearns, Chief of Gen. Ord's staff, inspected my teams and shops this morning. We expected the General, but he was sick. They both seemed much pleased with the inspection and Col. Howard said he never before saw a depot in as good order, and as he is not in the habit of bestowing praise very freely, such a compliment is worth something.

Night before last, we received news by telegraph that our advance occupied Atlanta. Also that Sherman had fought a battle at East Point, in which he was successful. This news is indeed glorious; the next thing to getting Richmond. I begin to be very hopeful in regard to the termination of the war. Within a fortnight we have accomplished three important operations. Viz - taking possession of the Weldon railroad, capturing Mobile, and taking Atlanta. Our army is in good spirits and increasing rather than diminishing in numbers. Recruits and convalescents are coming in rapidly, and no great number of men has yet been discharged.

Leon Brown is with me. I am very much pleased with him; he has good business capacities, and is very attentive to business. He has not heard from Henry (who belongs to the 2nd corps) in a long time. A Richmond paper informed us that Granger is a prisoner.

8<sup>th</sup>. I have had the honor of dining with one of the F.F.V's, Mr. Watkins by name. I have accommodated him in several little matters, for which the old gentleman is very grateful. About half a dozen officers composed the party. Mr. Watkins owns about 3,000 acres of land and the James River runs along his property for about nine miles. He is very "hard up" now and supports himself by sending his carts (he has only two) to haul settlers' goods at so much a load. All his negroes have deserted him and he once in a while gives vent to his feelings and complains of their ingratitude in leaving him, or worse than that, remaining on his place and refusing to work. Gen'l Grant has issued an order directing that all rebel deserters shall be immediately furnished transportation to their homes, if within our lines, or if not, to any portion of the United States. This order has been printed, and furnished to our pickets who are on very friendly terms with Johnnies along the greater part of the lines. A great many copies will get into the rebel camps that way.

11<sup>th</sup>. I have not seen or heard anything of Walter Chester since I returned. As his corps (the 5th) holds the extreme left on the line of the Welton Road. They are fifteen miles away and too far off to visit. I shall try to raise my colt and send it home. We have three puppies about two months old. Two of them stay at my office and one at my quarters. He is full of play and has the bad habit of barking into my tent every morning just at dawn, which interferes seriously with my morning slumbers.

14<sup>th</sup>. The rebels have been shelling the Dutch Gap Canal very heavily this afternoon. Leon and some of my other clerks were up there issuing clothing to teamsters at work on the canal; while they were there, two men, two horses, and a mule were killed by shells. Strawbridge and I have just paid off the darkeys for August. I have over three hundred on my rolls and it is no small job to pay them. They receive \$25.00 a month and rations, more than they ever had before in their lives. We have built new quarters for them that have fire-places and are in every respect most comfortable. There are rows of berths all around the walls -- but when the darkeys were moved into the new building, they made all sorts of objections to the improvements. I went in quite often to admire the beauty of the place, hoping they would be affected by my remarks. They were most ungrateful for what had been done entirely for their comfort, and preferred to stay in the wretched quarters where so many had died of fever, induced by the miserable accommodations. I was warming my hands by the fire one evening, admiring the blaze, etc., when I discovered a negro crawling under the lowest row of bunks, the space between it and the

ground being very narrow. I was surprised and thought I would investigate the cause of his retirement, and found he preferred that location on the bare ground to a good bed of fresh straw. I ordered him out and he muttered something 'being 'fraid that his things would get stolen in "dar". His things consisted of the few scanty clothes that covered him. The truth of the matter was, he was merely carrying out his natural instincts to get out of sight for they are all given to hiding themselves away. They became so unruly that I threatened to send those who were dissatisfied to Dutch Gap. The next morning there was a disturbance amongst them which the over seer reported to me and I thought it an excellent time to carry the threat into execution. Accordingly, I said that all who chose should go up to work on the canal. Perhaps fifty of them stepped "out of the line" with a most defiant air. It happened that that very morning some men (darkeys) had come down from the canal and had made the most of the facts regarding the dangers of "dat place." Of course they represented (?) that they barely escaped with their lives. Most of the malcontents therefore, upon short reflection, changed their minds and concluded to give in. One by one dropping back into the ranks, until only three remained, and as the ringleaders were among them, I hastily brought the matter to an end and sent them off. The rest settled down after that, and we have had comparatively little trouble since.

18<sup>th</sup>. Sheridan has struck a tremendous blow for the Union. A dispatch received today from Gen. Stevenson, commanding at Harper's Ferry, says he has already received over 8,000 prisoners from him. Early's loss in stragglers and deserters must be immense too, because every man who felt so inclined could find some nook or hiding place in which to remain until the retreating army was out of his way. I have been building a log office for awhile and already have the walls up and roof on, but I am almost inclined to think it will not be needed, and I shall have the pleasure of doing business in Richmond or Petersburg instead. Still, by way of precaution, I think I will have the building completed.

October -

3<sup>rd</sup>. Strawbridge and I rode out to the front yesterday. The works which our foreces took Friday morning, and now hold, re on a ridge known as Chapin's Bluff. We have possession of only part of this ridge, the rebels still holding their position on the left, nearest the river. The works, which are very strong, could not have been taken if they had been well defended. From the fort, we had a splendid view of the line of works, and the surrounding country, as it is situated on a hill and might be called the key of the whole line. We took the works in the morning, and the rebels immediately after assaulted our forces, with the intention of driving them out. They made no less than four assaults and we repulsed with great slaughter each time. Capt. Burt asked some of the prisoners after the fight why they didn't run and try to get away when they saw there was no hope.

They replied that it was quite as dangerous flying in one direction as the other, for a line of sharp shooters was posted in their rear with directions to shoot everyone coming back. A rebel officer (a prisoner) said, "The way we've been fighting you for the last two years has made cowards of us; we have always fought behind breastworks, and now we find it a very different thing to come out and attack you behind your works." Gen'l's Ord and Stannard were wounded and Gen. Burnham was killed.

Yesterday, Capt. Dearborn, Inspector General of the 18<sup>th</sup> Corps., went out "to see what he could see," when he spied a rebel officer, also taking a view of the situation. Dearborn put spurs to his nag and made at the rebel, who skedaddled precipitately. While going at full speed, Dearborn's horse fell, letting him down in the dirt. The "Johnnie," picking up courage, stopped and fired at Dearborn, who now in his turn commenced a retreat. The rebel pickets, seeing how matters were going on, threw out a line of skirmishers with the design of bagging Capt. Dearborn, but Col. Fairchild of the 89<sup>th</sup> N.Y., seeing the movement from his lines, sent out a counter force, and actually captured the Johnnies and brought them into camp; an officer and twenty men. Before the affair terminated, the works on both sides were lined with men, witnessing the performance, and the rebels were chop-fallen enough when their boys were entrapped. There has been some tremendous fighting on the extreme left, the object being to get possession of the Southside railroad which connects Petersburg and Lynchburgh. We are constantly expecting to hear that Sheridan has the latter place.

7<sup>th</sup>. Thomas Colson walked into the office day before yesterday; he has gone to work in the blacksmith's shop, and seems to be well constructed. It will be much better for him to have his time occupied, that his thoughts may not dwell so constantly on his troubles.

I have just received an order, directing me to take charge of the water transportation (the steamers, etc.) in addition to the land transportation and the repair shop.

28<sup>th</sup>. My box arrived tonight. On opening it, I discovered that everything was slightly sticky to handle owing to a super abundance of saccharine matter. The glass was broken on both ends of the honey box, and most of its contents had oozed out. I do not think that the fruits are at all injured, neither is the cake which looks very nice. I turned everything over to Ike to wash-off as they were entirely too sticky to handle. There seems to be a bountiful supply of preserves and fruit. I had the pleasure of entertaining Ms. Geo. S. Hazard and son a few days ago. They dined with me on their way out to the 100<sup>th</sup> regiment and took tea and breakfast with me on their return. Yesterday I had a very nice present from Mrs. Carter, who lives across the river. Some of the family were sick, and I sent them some ice -- in the afternoon one of their servants came back with two nice

little pats of butter and a dish of wine jelly. They have a splendid place called "Shirley," directly opposite "Bermuda 100" – Mr. Carter was very kind to the wounded soldiers of McClellan's army when they reached Turkey Bend on the retreat from Richmond in 1862, and on that account he has received some few privileges, since our army came here this season. I have a specimen of petrified wood and quartz from the "Dutch Gap Canal". In excavating the workmen uncovered a petrified log, forty ft. in length. It lay at about the depth of forty ft. from the surface of the ground – it must have been there for centuries.

31<sup>st</sup>. I am expecting George to visit me. I have a buggy and a harness, and shall pick out a buggy horse this week so that I can take him out part of the time on wheels as I suspect that he is not much used to riding horseback. The last combined movement of the Armies of the Potomac on the James seems to have been a failure. But it can hardly be that Grant will lie still a great while. An immense fleet is now assembled at Fortress Monroe. The most powerful, I think, ever congregated on American waters. Its object is the taking of Wilmington. I hear that John Marshall writes home that the soldiers in Georgia all go for McClellan. Capt. Marshall was, at one time, on McClellan's staff, and perhaps on that account is a little prejudiced in his favor. At all events, this army is going to vote for Lincoln – "Little Mac" isn't anywhere.

#### November –

2<sup>nd</sup>. "Henrie" Brown was down today to see Leon. He was in the late(?) fight on the left of Petersburg and showed me a bullet which passed through his haversack and pants and fell into his boot. It is remarkable that he has never been seriously injured, though he has been engaged in a great number of battles. I understand he has been recommended for a lieutenancy in the 112<sup>th</sup> N. J. (Lewis' regiment).

The days are delightful now but the nights are cold. The troops at the front are building long shanties, and making themselves comfortable. Perhaps they will not be permitted leaving them for any length of time. I suppose no one knows except "Ulysses" and his intimate friends.

20<sup>th</sup>. I went out to dinner today, quite an event in Bermuda Hundreds life. I dined with Lieut. And Mrs. Bingham, on board the steamer "Hero," of Jersey. The Lieut. is Quarter-master of the Medical Dept. and has his quarters on board this steamer which is anchored at the dock, and is used as a storehouse and office for the Hospital Dept. It made me think of Thanksgiving, and wish I could be home on Thursday next.

24<sup>th</sup>. Thanksgiving evening. I had the pleasure of dining with Capt. Phelan today, on board the gunboat, "Daylight." There were four officers beside myself from Bermuda 100, and old Mr. Watkins. The "Daylight" lies up in Turkey Bend. We took one

ambulance and rode up abreast the steamer, and Capt. Phelan sent his "gig" ashore for us. He took us through every part of his vessel, even down to the store houses and the engine rooms. While in the latter, he started the engine which is a fine one, that we might see how it worked. We had an excellent dinner and a jolly time too

Capt. Phelan is a whole-souled, free spirited sailor, and a gentleman at the same time. He has sailed a great deal, has been on whaling voyages, Chinese voyages and every other kind of a voyage. We hear tonight that Sherman is within three miles of Savannah on the 22<sup>nd</sup>. We have also a copy of Beauregard's address to the people of Georgia in which he urges them to rise up "en masse" to block up the roads, destroy bridges and throw every obstacle in his way (Sherman's) and he says "This army will soon starve in your midst."

If the news tonight is true, there is no danger of the catastrophe for which Mr. Beauregard hopes.

30<sup>th</sup>. Capt. Phelan came to see me the day after Thanksgiving. He drove up in a secish(?) cart; he was driving the mule sitting up in the front of the cart, while a little negro boy sat behind him, looking very much surprised. The navy officers do not get ashore oftener than once a week when nothing delights them as much as to get a horse and ride. They are generally poor riders. I loaned two horses to two of them last Sunday. One man came back without his blanket, and the other brought somebody else's without having discovered the mistake.

#### December --

11<sup>th</sup>. Mr. Strawbridge and I went over into "rebel-dom" this evening and took tea with Col. Carter. I do not go there often as it might occasion remark (one is so closely watched in the army) but I like very much to visit them. They are very refined, intelligent people. Their house is old fashioned and elegant; in one of the rooms is a full length portrait of Washington, painted by Peale.

The ground is covered with snow to a depth of two inches; it was the first time I had seen the ground whitened since two years ago at Gloucester Point.

12<sup>th</sup>. The Dutch Gap Canal is at last nearly completed. I have been hoping all the Fall to spend the holidays at home, and just as it was time to make the application what do the "powers" do but get up this expedition and take Col. Dodge away with it, which summarily puts an end to my hopes. I have been acting as chief Q.M. of the Army for the last three weeks and am heartily tired of it. My own depot is quite large enough for one man to take care of.

14<sup>th</sup>. I received a telegram tonight from Col. Dodge, saying he had arrived at Fortress Monroe and would be up tomorrow. I was so delighted at receiving it that I felt like giving three cheers and making a noise.

24<sup>th</sup>. My Christmas box arrived in good condition. I am reserving the currant wine and cake for New Year's Day. The expedition for which we had such great expectations turned out to be a miserable failure. Of course the blame is laid to the navy, and perhaps with justice, as there seems to be no doubt they were behind time. So I presume it will be Sherman who will take Wilmington. I saw a copy of the Richmond Enquirer tonight containing a long leader which advocated the emancipation of slaves for the purpose of securing for the confederacy the sympathy and aid of the European powers. Is this not a great change in their sentiments?

Christmas. I have been spending the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge and have had a pleasant visit. Yesterday Mr. Watkins gave a dinner. It was really scrumptious—Turkey, wild goose, pig, and mutton, and other things in proportion. Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge leave tomorrow. He is going into business in the oil regions. I shall miss them both very much. He was my "right hand man" in business and I have no one competent to fill his place. Tonight we received a telegram saying that "Gen. Sherman tenders to President Lincoln as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah with it's 180 guns and thousands of prisoners."

(End of 1864—pg. 167)



1865

January -

2<sup>nd</sup>. On New Year's Day Col. Dodge and one or two others besides myself went up to Dutch Gap to see the grand explosion. We went on board a steamer at Aikins Landing, about a mile from the Gap. The explosion was for the purpose of blowing up the end of the canal nearest the enemy. They commenced to dig from the opposite side and worked until there was only a bank of earth left across the end. This, of course, served as a protection to the men while they were deepening and completing the canal. This bank, or bulk head was mined and the design was to blow it up yesterday, and open the channel. About four o'clock we were watching from the deck of the steamer, when suddenly up rose an immense cloud of smoke from the Gap. We all held our breath, expecting a tremendous report, but strange to say, the explosion made no noise whatever. This was doubtless owing to the fact that it took place so far underground. I understand that it was successful and the water now runs through the canal.

10<sup>th</sup>. Frank Blair came through from Richmond last night, and went down to Gen. Grant's Headquarters immediately. I think if it had not been for this change in the weather, Grant would have made some kind of movement shortly. There were unmistakable signs of preparation.

21<sup>st</sup>. Splendid news from Fort Fisher. I am glad Gen. Terry has the honor of taking it. He is a fine man, and a perfect gentleman, which all generals are not. I had a serenade last night from the Post Band. They played about two hours; -"Auld Lang Syne," "Stone Gap," and a large number of other selections.

I am very proud of my household arrangements. My office is attached to the warehouse like an "L". In the right angle I have my tent and next to it, my kitchen and mess house, both protected from intruders by an artificial hedge of cedar boughs - so the only entrance to my tent is through the office or mess house. The tent is floored and has a wainscoting of boards about 4-1/2 ft. high all around the sides, and is fitted with a door. I have a marble top washstand, a very large easy chair, besides a rocking chair, two bunks (I keep one to accommodate my friends); a piece of carpet before each bunk; a pr. of shelves for a book case, besides other articles "too numerous to mention" as I used to say in my school compositions. On the whole, I think I am very comfortably fixed and my friends seem to agree in my opinion.

23<sup>rd</sup>. I have been rather miserable for the last week, and today I am unable to attend to business. I have a large boil coming on the back of my neck which caps the climax and brings me down. I have not been sick before in many months.

February -

6<sup>th</sup>. The Potomac and Patuxent Rivers both are frozen up tight, so that boats can neither run to Washington or Baltimore. I am very sanguine about the coming of peace. I think the Fourth of July will see the rebellion gasping for breath; it cannot survive the coming campaign. We will soon hear that Sherman has Charleston, and that event will be speedily followed by the fall of Wilmington. Then Grant will begin to tighten the lines around Richmond, Sherman will come up from the South, and the "grand finale" will commence. We hope and pray for peace if an honorable one can be effected; one that will reestablish our country on a firm foundation, and hoist the stars and stripes over every nook and corner of the union. It is said that when the Peace Commissioners came into their lines, the rebel bands played "Yankee Doodle," and other patriotic tunes, while their troops cheered enthusiastically. The cheers were taken up by our men when the Commissioners entered out lines. Leon Brown will have to be relieved in a day or two to rejoin his regiment, which is with Gen. Terry's command.

12<sup>th</sup>. I have had a letter from George a day or two ago saying that Prilt(?) & Co. had consented to his paying me a visit so I shall expect to see him jump off the mail boat some night this week, as he comes up to the dock. I hope I shall not be disappointed this time. I am to leave Bermuda Hundred soon. I was surprised to hear I had been relieved from duty with the Army of the James, and ordered to the Dept. of the South by an order of the War Dept. I have not the slightest desire to return to that sandy country and pass through the ordeal of another South Carolina or Florida summer. I am very happy to know that Gen. Ord has interested himself in the matter and requested that I be retained in this army. I have strong hopes that the order will be revoked.

19<sup>th</sup>. George reached here Thursday night. It rained all that day and the next, but nonetheless, we mounted the steeds and set forth to view the country. We first went to "Dutch Gap," of by-gone celebrity and found it deserted enough (very different from the Dutch Gap of last season.). There was a small quantity of water flowing through it, but not quite enough to float a monitor. From Dutch Gap we went to Department Hdqtrs., passing on the way a large squad of our returned prisoners, just landed from the rebel flag of truce boats - 'weasoned'-faced and hollow-eyed enough—poor fellows. We went on to the Hdqtrs. of the 25<sup>th</sup> Corps where we made a pleasant call. Then to Ft. Harrison on Chapin's Bluff from which point we had a fine view of the enemy's camps, works, etc., as well as of our own. Today we went to City Point in the morning and took a long ride in the afternoon to Point of Rocks Hospital. We inspected the institution which is really a large affair. The intention is to have twenty-one log buildings, (five or six of which are completed and occupied) arranged in a semi-circle, one end of each building starting from a given center, and the other projecting out like the sticks of an open fan. Each building is 200 ft. long by 30 wide. The hospital is supplied with water by a steam

engine, and pipes laid under ground, has a rail road to bring up supplies from the wharf, and many other conveniences. It will accommodate 2,000 patients. We went over to Shirley and took tea with the Carters, and passed a pleasant evening as I always do when I go there. Tomorrow we expect to go to Meade's station, then to Patrick station, which is the terminus of the railroad, inspecting the works of the far-famed "Army of the Potomac." (pg. 174)

24<sup>th</sup>. The telegraph operator has just sent over the official intelligence that Ft. Anderson was taken on the 18<sup>th</sup>, and that Gen. Schofield's troops occupied Wilmington on the 22<sup>nd</sup>, Washington's birthday. A salute of 100 guns is to be fired at four o'clock. It really seems as if the end of the war was drawing near at last. The danger now is that Lee will unite with Beauregard's forces and make an attempt to overcome Sherman's army. For the fact cannot be denied that Beauregard's army increases as he evacuates the different towns through which he passes, by the addition of the garrisons of other places. To counter-balance that, however, they are dispirited by retreat, while Sherman's troops are flushed with victory, and believe themselves to be invincible. The rebel army is rapidly becoming demoralized. Deserters are constantly coming into our lines. In the Army of the James alone they average from fifty to sixty pr(prisoners?) a day. When we take into consideration the fact that large numbers of their men are deserting (the other way, going South to their homes instead of coming into our lines, it seems as if their army was actually melting away. (pg. 176)

George left Wednesday morning on the steamer, "Dictator," for Washington. I think he enjoyed his visit to the army very much, and it is needless for me to say how much pleasure it gave me.

26<sup>th</sup>. The only news I have to record is that the roads are terribly muddy, and that is no news at all.

#### March -

12<sup>th</sup>. I have been appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate as a Brevet Major. I was nominated for the Brevet by Gen. Ord.

26<sup>th</sup>. I received a copy of the Commercial containing a very flattering fluff(?) for your humble servant. I think the newspaper man spread it on pretty thick. I am hourly expecting to be relieved from this depot and ordered to Gen. Turner's Division. He has made application for me, and as he has influence, at Hdqtrs. besides being a very determined fellow who generally gets what he wants. I expect he will be successful. I must say I feel a little homesick in the thought of leaving the place which has been my home (in an army sense) for nearly a year, besides I don't like to leave my employes.

I have a first rate set of men and to many of them I am much attached. I took tea at the Carters' this evening. They seemed to regret the prospect of my leaving. I have enjoyed their society very much; only those who have been separated from all society for a long time can appreciate the pleasure of stepping into a quiet, well ordered, cheerful home. The family consists only of old Mr. Carter, who is hard of hearing, but a fine old gentleman, Mrs. Carter, his daughter-in-law, who is in rather delicate health, and has two little girls aged eight and twelve. Mrs. Carter's husband was an officer in our navy, but now of the Confederate, and is on some duty in Europe, I believe. Everything is prepared for an immediate move of the army and it is highly probable that it will take place tomorrow. Sheridan's cavalry came from White House, this morning crossing the James River on a Pontoon bridge, at Deep Bottom. (Yesterday morning the rebels made a sudden attack upon our lines, in front of the Army of the Potomac, and captured two of our forts with the artillery men who garrisoned them. Our forces were brought up, however, and recaptured the forts with comparative ease, securing the rebel troops (2,700) that occupied them.)

31<sup>st</sup>. On board Steamer "Transit."

Monday afternoon I received an order directing me to transfer my property at Bermuda 100 to Capt. Slaght, A.Q.M., and then to report to Gen. Turner to be quarter master of his Division. On Tuesday, while I was busily engaged in taking an inventory of the stores on hand, I received a dispatch from Hdqtrs, saying a preemptory order has been received by telegraph from the War Dept. directing that I should be sent to Wilmington, N.C. at once. Accordingly, I am now on board the Transit bound for Fortress Monroe, and will take the steamer to Wilmington. I may have a depot at that place, or New Bern, or perhaps report to Gen. Terry for duty in the field. Night before last I was invited on board the Str. "Dictator," which lay at the wharf at Bermuda 100. On entering the Saloon, I found my employes arranged around the room, and the band of the 24<sup>th</sup> Mass. Regt. on the deck.

When the music ceased Mr. Bogert, one of my clerks stepped forward and presented to me on behalf of the employes, with a splendid gold watch and chain. It can easily be imagined how surprised I was at receiving so elegant a present. The watch is one of the American Watch Company's best, and was enclosed in a beautiful pearl case. On the inside of the back of the watch is inscribed: "Presented to Maj. C.E. Walbridge, A.Q.M. by the employes of the Q.M. Dept. at Bermuda Hundred, Va. March 1865." I shall prize the watch as long as I live, as a warm(?) token of the kind feelings and love of my boys. I do not remember hearing of a similar instance in the Quarter Master Dept. Mr. Bogert made a neat little speech, followed by one from my successor, Capt. Slaght, in which he said he had been a Q.M. for four years, but that this was the first thing of this kind he had witnessed.

About ten o'clock last night the enemy made a furious onslaught on Ft. Steadman. The firing was terrific for two hours. Stiles offered me his services, as wagon master; as he is the best one I ever saw, I shall be glad to have him with me. I shall have Mr. Bogert and Mr. Van Husen for clerks. Capt. Stirling, the Quarter Master, presented me with a pair of major straps last evening, which are very handsome, being the regular staff strap with a black velvet ground. Strawbridge writes that he has obtained the agency of a Philadelphia company at a salary of \$200.00 per month and consequently has changed his mind about coming back to the Army. A recent "Richmond Enquirer" contained a very singular article which infers that a senatorial committee has been appointed to wait on the president to urge him to submit to terms of subjugation. It says, "What is the meaning of this agreement - to disagree. This refusing to pass a single measure demanded by the army or people, at such a time as this, when all should act, and act only?" The article is written in an exceedingly agonizing tone and would almost lead one to believe the rebel congress to be on the verge of revolution. It would be a blessed thing if they should see the uselessness of further fighting, and submit before the spring campaign begins.

April -

2<sup>nd</sup>. Norfolk. I arrived here yesterday; will go to Ft. Monroe this afternoon and take the propeller, "Perit," tonight for Wilmington. This is a magnificent day, with scarcely a breath of wind blowing. I do hope we will be favored with fair weather as I am always sea sick at the slightest provocation.

Here I am at last in this famous Wilmington. We came over the line at Ft. Fisher last evening, but got aground a few miles below the city and had the satisfaction of remaining there until an hour ago. I am to go on duty in the field with Gen. Terry. He has a new army corps which has just been formed for him called the Tenth corps! That will give me the rank of Lt. Col. (not brevet). I have been recommended for the appointment by Genl's Terry and Dodge, so I presume it will come in good time. The armies (Sherman's, Terry's, and Schofield's) seem to be resting near Goldsboro, and preparing for a forward movement. When we left Ft. Monroe the armies in front of Petersburg were having a general engagement and Sheridan was said to have cut the South Side railroad. Wilmington must have been a very pretty town, but it is now dirty and forlorn. I have seen peas today a foot high, and squashes and melons well up.

## Jeff. Davis' Last Proclamation –

Danville, Va. April 5<sup>th</sup>. 1865

“The general-in-chief found it necessary to make such movements of his troops as to uncover the Capital. It would be unwise to conceal the moral and material injury to our cause, resulting from the occupation of our capital by the enemy. It is especially unwise and unworthy of us to allow our new energies to falter, and our efforts to become relaxed under adverses, however calamitous they may be.. For many months the largest and finest army of the confederacy under command of a leader whose presence inspires equal confidence in the troops and the people has been greatly trammelled by the necessity of keeping constant watch over the approaches to the capital and has thus been forced to forego more than one opportunity promising enterprise. It is for us, my countrymen, to show by our bearing under reverses, how wretched has been the self-deception of those who have believed us less able to endure misfortune with fortitude than to encounter dangers with courage.

“We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy on detail far from his base. Let us but will it and we are free

“Animated by that confidence in spirit and fortitude that never yet failed me, I announce to you, fellow countrymen, that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any one of the States of the Confederacy. That Virginia—noble State—whose ancient renown has been eclipsed by her still more glorious recent history, whose bosom has been bared to receive the main shock of this war; whose sons and daughters have exhibited heroism so sublime as to render her illustrious in all time to come—that Virginia, with the help of the people, and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory. If by the stress of numbers we should ever be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits, or those of any other border State, again and again will we return until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free.

“Let us, then, my countrymen, not despond, but relying on God, meet the foe with fresh defiance, and with unconquered and unconquerable hatred.”

Jefferson Davis

1865

**General Lee's Farewell Address to his Army****Hdqtrs. Army Northern Va.  
April 10, 1865****General Orders No. 9 –**

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but holding that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the conflict. I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past vigors has endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until discharged.

You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consequences of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend you his blessings and support.

With increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. Lee, Gen.

April 6<sup>th</sup>. Wilmington. We received the news today of the fall of Richmond; of course, it was hailed with great enthusiasm. The evacuation was the scene of great riot and confusion – and many buildings were burned.

16<sup>th</sup>. Office Chief Q.M. Exchange Hotel, Raleigh, N. C. We left Wilmington and Goldsboro depot in the morning of the 10<sup>th</sup> and came in sight of this city on the afternoon of the 14<sup>th</sup>, having made a four days march of almost sixty miles. The wagon trains of the corps are under my charge, and consist of three hundred and ninety army wagons and ninety ambulances. Yesterday we moved into the town. The staff occupy an entire wing of the Exchange Hotel and Gen. Terry a fine house directly opposite. He said to me yesterday when I was talking with him about some matter of business. "The idea in regard to the quarter-master department is just this: when I have a man that I have confidence in, as I have in you, I will give him whatever he wants; ask for whatever you require to run your department, and you shall have it." It is a pleasure to work, when sure of the support and cooperation of the commanding officer. Raleigh is, without exception, the prettiest place I have seen in the South, and every officer I have heard speak of it has expressed himself in the same way. The country around the city is hilly. The Statehouse is situated in the center of the town and is a very handsome and impressive building. It is of granite, surmounted by a large dome. There is a large "Deaf & Dumb Asylum," "Insane Asylum," and a number of other public buildings. Some of the private residences are beautiful and surrounded with tastily arranged grounds, all in excellent order. This is quite the reverse of what we usually meet with nowadays in most southern cities, for the amount of care, the houses look dingy and dilapidated, and the fences are down more often than not, but the case is different at Raleigh. "And now I come to the melancholy part of it," as the boy at the Theatre used to say, just before singing the last verse of "Vilkins and his Dinah." We are again under marching orders. This two days have been made in consequence of negotiations having been in progress for the surrender of Johnson's army. They have been delayed somewhat by a ?foul up? of Kilpatrick's. Gen. Sherman sent out his reply to Johnson's propositions to Kilpatrick to be forwarded by him. On its receipt, he (Kilpatrick) took the trouble to write a letter of transmittal, and sealed it up, sending it through the lines to Gen. Johnson, but making the trifling mistake of leaving out Gen. Sherman's letter (!). We received the news of Lee's surrender to Gen. Grant, while on the march to this place.

25<sup>th</sup>. We are still here, but unless the latest orders are countermanded, we will move tomorrow morning. From the circumstance of Gen. Grant's arrival and the orders of a move, it is surmised that the terms of surrender proposed by Johnson were not accepted at Washington. Pres. Johnson said that "Treason is as great a crime as any other that can be committed, and that a traitor deserves the most severe punishment that can be visited upon any criminal." It is misdeeds or misfortune for the South as well as the North that Pres. Lincoln is no more.



## Official Dispatches

War Department  
Washington April 15<sup>th</sup> 1:30 a.m.

Major Gen. Dix, New York

This evening at about 9:30 p.m. at Ford's Theatre, the President, while sitting in his private box with Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Harris, and Major Rathbuer, was shot by an assassin who suddenly entered the box and approached behind the President. The assassin then leaped upon the stage, brandishing a large knife or dagger, and made his escape in the rear of the Theatre.

The pistol ball entered the back of the President's head and penetrated nearly through the head. The wound is mortal. The President has been insensible ever since it was inflicted and is now dying.

About the same hour, an assassin, whether the same or not, entered Mr. Seward's apartment, and under pretense of having a prescription, was shown to the Secretary's sick chamber. The assassin immediately rushed to the bed, and inflicted two or three stabs in the throat and two on the face. It is hoped the wounds may not be mortal. My apprehension is that they will prove fatal. The nurse alarmed Mr. Frederick Seward, who was in the adjoining room and he hastened to the door of his father's room where he met the assassin who inflicted upon him one or more dangerous wounds. The recovery of Frederick Seward is doubtful. It is not probable that the President will live through the night.

General Grant and his wife were advertised to be at the Theatre this evening, but he started for Burlington at six o'clock this evening. All the members of the Cabinet except Mr. Seward are now in attendance upon the President.

I have seen Mr. Seward, but he and Frederick were both unconscious.

Edward M. Stanton  
Secretary of War

War Department -- April 15<sup>th</sup> 4:10 A.M.

To Maj. Gen. Dix,

The President continues insensible and is sinking. Secretary Seward remains without change. Frederick Seward's skull is fractured in two places, besides a severe cut in the head. The attendant is still alive, but helpless. Maj. Seward's wounds are not dangerous. It is now ascertained with reasonable certainty that two assassins were engaged in the

horrible crime., WILKES BOOTH being the one that shot the President and the other, a companion of his whose name is not known but whose description is so clear that he can hardly escape.

I appears in a letter found in Booth's trunk that the murder was planned before the 4<sup>th</sup> of March, but fell through then, because the accomplice backed out until Richmond could be heard from.

Booth and his accomplice were at the livery stable at six o'clock last evening, and left there with their horses about 10 o'clock, or shortly before that hour. It would seem that they had for several days been seeking a chance but for some reason it was not carried into effect till last night. One of them has evidently made his way to Baltimore. The other has not yet been traced.

E.M. Stanton  
Secretary of War

Washington April 15<sup>th</sup> 2:12 a.m.

The President is still alive, but is growing weaker. The ball is lodged in his brain, three inches from where it entered the skull. He remains insensible, and his condition is utterly hopeless. The Vice President has been to see him. All company except the members of the Cabinet and the family is rigidly excluded. A military guard is placed in front of the private residence to which the President was conveyed.

War Department  
Washington April 15<sup>th</sup> 1865

To Maj. Gen. Dix, New York -

Abraham Lincoln died this morning at twenty minutes past seven o'clock.

Edwin M. Stanton  
Secretary of War

The following memorial was published at Buffalo on black-edged paper.

To the  
Memory of  
Abraham Lincoln.

President of the United States of America  
Who died a Martyr to his Country

Falling under the hand of a Traitor Assassin on the night of the 14<sup>th</sup> day of April, 1865;  
The fourth anniversary of the beginning of the great War of Rebellion, through which he  
had led the Nation to a glorious triumph, just completed, when the Dastardly Revenge of  
Vanquished Treason was wrought in his monstrous murder.

The Great Republic loved him as its Father, and revered him as the Preserver of the  
National Life. The oppressed people of all lands looked up to him as the Anointed of  
Liberty, and hailed in him the Consecrated Leader of her Cause.

He struck the chains of slavery from four million of a despised race and with a noble  
confidence in humanity raised him to the admitted dignity of mankind.

By his wisdom, his prudence, his calm temper, his steadfast patience, his lofty courage,  
and his loftier faith, he saved the Republic from dissolution. By his simple integrity, he  
illustrated the neglected principles of its Constitution, and restored them to their just  
ascendancy; by all the results of his Administration of its Government, he inaugurated a  
new era in the history of mankind. The wisdom of his statesmanship was excelled only  
by his virtuousness. Exercising a power which surpassed that of Kings, he bore himself  
always as the servant of the people, and never as its master. Too sincere in the simplicity  
of his nature to be affected by an elevation, the proudest among human dignities. He  
stands in the ranks of the Illustrious of all Time, as the purest exemplar of Democracy.

While goodness is beloved, and great deeds are remembered, the world will never cease  
to revere his name and memory.

(This is only one of, no doubt, many tributes to Abraham Lincoln at the time of his  
passing.)

—The journal continues:

26<sup>th</sup>. Late last night the order was revoked and a circular issued stating that the army would not move until further orders. Of course, this gives great satisfaction, not only because we are glad to stay in this nice little town of Raleigh but because it leads us to believe that there is a prospect of peace. I saw Gen. Grant on the steps of Gov. Vance's house, which is occupied by Gen. Sherman as his Hdqtrs. Both generals were at the front today, holding a conference with Johnson.

28<sup>th</sup>. Johnson surrenders on the 26<sup>th</sup>. The terms are not made public, excepting the fact that he surrenders all the confederate forces this side of the Chatahoochie river: that is, the States of Georgia, and North and South Carolina. Sherman's army starts for home at once, marching overland to Alexandria, Va. The 10<sup>th</sup> and 23<sup>rd</sup> Corps remain here to garrison the country; I think our Hdqtrs. will be Raleigh. Well, the great Rebellion is virtually over and peace, I suppose, will soon be officially proclaimed. The only drawback to the universal feeling of joy is the death of Pres. Lincoln. How sad it is that after four years of increasing toil and anxiety he should be cut off just as his efforts were being crowned with success. I saw John Marshall last night; he is a Capt. and Adj. Gen'l on Gen. Barry's staff.

#### May -

7<sup>th</sup>. I went down to Morehead City last week to represent Col. Boyd, the Chief Q.M. of the Department, who could not go to confer with Gen. Easton, Gen. Sherman's quartermaster, and to see what there was at the depot.

8<sup>th</sup>. The weather has been very hot and dry for some time; it is very oppressive. We expect to move our Hdqtrs. The legislature of the State will probably assemble soon and the hotel we now occupy be needed. I have been house-hunting all day without success. The inhabitants do not manifest much friendliness toward us Yankees. They do not treat us with the slightest uncivility or rudeness, but they are decidedly cool and "offish." This is probably strengthened by the number of rebel officers and men who have come in from Johnson's army.

12<sup>th</sup>. I propose to apply for a leave of absence as soon as Gen. Terry, who has a thirty days' furlough, returns. We should have railroad communications with Washington and Richmond in a few weeks. The telegraph lines are now in working order from here to Richmond, so we are once more connected with the rest of the world.

16<sup>th</sup>. I finally selected a house of a Dr. Haywood, on Fayette (the principal) street for our offices, and a smaller building for quarters. The Doctor was a great Secessionist, and left the city on the approach of our troops; fearing his house, which is handsome, would be burned, he turned it over to the rebel authorities for hospital purposes, hoping by this means to save. I received a call from his son yesterday, a

young man of about twenty-two, I should say, and a very bright and good-looking fellow who informed me that his father and family now wished to return to Raleigh and desired to occupy this house. The youth was attired in a full uniform of a First-Lieut. of the Confederate Army. I told him he could not have it, though I felt sorry for him, as he said he was born in it, and had always lived there. According to the law, this, as well as half the other houses in the town are confiscated to the United States. There seems to be a great deal of rebellious feeling throughout the community and if the military were withdrawn, many excesses would be committed. Yesterday we heard of the capture of that matronly person, Jeff Davis, by Wilson's cavalry. I am very glad this arch traitor is caught and I doubt not that he will receive punishment he so richly deserves. But wasn't it ridiculous! To think of his being taken in petticoats.

19<sup>th</sup>. The house has now been confiscated by the Treasury Agent under the confiscation law, so now we are sure of not being turned out, though I must say I feel some regret for young Haywood. I occupy his "quarters" alone, as the other officers considered them too far away and returned to the hotel

I have very little to do nowadays, and consequently time drags rather heavily. My present position is the first one I have occupied in a long time that has not given me sufficient employment. My office is purely administrative, and my labors consist principally in receiving and forwarding reports, etc. As a natural consequence of this, I am beginning to tire of this soldiering in time of peace, and want to go home.

20<sup>th</sup>. I am rather disappointed to have it rain this morning as I was intending to raise a flag-staff at Hdqtrs. A dispatch was received yesterday, saying that boards would at once be appointed to examine all officers and designate such as it would be desirable to retain in the service. I suppose, therefore, I can remain in it if I desire to do so; for without meaning to be egotistical, I think my chance is excellent. I do not, however, wish to belong to the army longer than is necessary. Many are of the opinion that Gen. Terry will be appointed military governor of North Carolina.

30<sup>th</sup>. On board steamer "John Farron." I expect to reach Roanoke Island in about an hour. I am going there to inspect the Quarter Master Depot, having been appointed Inspector of the Q.M. Department of North Carolina, in addition to my other duties. I am very glad of it for it gives me more to do. At Roanoke Island the passengers are transferred from the steamer which brings them from Newberne to the little steamer which takes them to Norfolk through the Dismal Swamp Canal. There are about 3500 (?) contraband colonized on this island, which is twelve miles long by four wide.

31<sup>st</sup>. Roanoke Island. This is rather a lonesome locality, and I find it hard to pass away the time. I have been very hospitably treated by Capt. Cook, the Quartermaster, and Col. Leahman, the commander of the island, both of whom are pleasant gentlemen. The blacks seem to be very comfortable, having little shanties, with a patch of garden to

each one. The settlement is regularly laid out in streets and the gardens are neatly fenced, and nicely cultivated, but the soil is poor. The only thing that seems to flourish is the grape which is said to grow to near perfection. Of course at the time this island was selected for the purpose of forming a colony on it, there was no other available place and it was a kind of "Hobson's Choice." I presume the greater part of the freedmen will be removed before long. This evening, when taking a ride, I came across a "Meeting House," where the darkeys were holding service. I dismounted, and upon entering, found them crowded up together around the pulpit, screaming at the top of their lungs. They were supposed to be singing hymns, though there was little sense in the words of their songs. They kept time to the music by dancing up and down; that is, some of them did. Those probably who "felt the power." I noticed one young darkey in particular who jumped, very high, and whom I should have thought was dancing a jig, if he hadn't been in church. The service, I understood, was a Wednesday night lecture. I left them singing as hard as ever.

June —

4<sup>th</sup>. Raleigh. I arrived home last night pretty well tired out. The regular steamer had broken down, so I was obliged to take the little one which plies up to the mouth of the canal; the Captain refused to go, so I was obliged to put him under arrest, and place the boat in the charge of the mate. The Captain is now "awaiting orders" in the guardhouse in Newberne. I have recommended that the property at Roanoke be sold at auction. I have had a large in "my house" cleared out for the General. Our furniture which consists (in each sleeping apartment) of a bunk, a washstand, a chair, and a bench, is made of pine boards, planed but not painted. Notwithstanding our extensive accommodations, we eat in the tent under the trees. It is floored and we loop up the sides all around to admit a very free circulation of air; we luxuriate in white table cloths and napkins. My two clerks mess with me, and no one else. We manage to live very well, though there are no such conveniences as we had at Bermuda Hundred.

18<sup>th</sup>. On board the "Pilot Boy," Albemarle Sound. I left Raleigh last Tuesday morning on a kind of inspecting tour, arriving at Newberne that night, and leaving the next morning for Roanoke Island. Government has now in possession a very large number of horses and mules, for which it has no use. I have been led to believe, from my personal observation, that many of them could be disposed of in this section of the Country, and this time I come up with a boatload to try the experiment with a sale. We held one sale at Roanoke Island, and another at Edenton, on the Chowan River. We disposed of all the stock at fair prices, though it was hard work. I don't think there is sufficient inducement to warrant us in shipping any more here. We have a very pleasant part on the boat which is under our control and so has only a few passengers, some gentlemen with whom I am acquainted from Roanoke Island. Edenton is a lovely little town though very dull. I saw more young ladies there than I have seen in a month. We cultivated the

acquaintance of some of them who sang for us, "The red, white, and red; The home spun dress; The Southern Cross," and other highly secesh songs, greatly to my satisfaction. I thought they were a little provoked at my being so well pleased. I heard afterward that when the confederate men were there, they favored them with Union songs. I went up to Plymouth to see about a mill, but only remained an hour. Our next stop was at Elizabeth City, and now we are gliding along the sound, expecting to arrive at Roanoke Island about 2.P.M.

23<sup>rd</sup>. I have obtained a furlough, and expect to leave Raleigh on Monday, reaching Petersburg the same evening. Then up to Richmond, Washington, and so on to Buffalo.

July -

27<sup>th</sup>. Raleigh. I arrived here this evening after a fatiguing day's ride. We left Petersburg early this morning and as there is no eating place along the route, had to subsist on watermelon and peaches until our arrival here. I find, much to my surprise, that I am a Lieut. Colonel. It seems that notice of my appointment came about a fortnight ago, and my clerk, Bogert, sent me a copy of it, which I never received. Under this new "situation," I shall reconsider my design on resigning, and shall say nothing about it for a day or two until I get an idea of the intention of the government in regard to retaining troops in this department.

29<sup>th</sup>. Everything wags along in the old style, only there are not so many officers and soldiers about, as there were when I left to go home. I have a bad eye, and anticipate a worse one, as I have a boil coming on my eyebrow. It is the consequence of my trip, I suppose; change of climate, water, etc.

August -

8<sup>th</sup>. Raleigh. The 10<sup>th</sup> Corps is defunct. Everything is very dull. I intended to go to Gaston this morning, but was too late for the train. I must inspect the buildings there, and then go over to Weldon. I like to take such little excursions; besides breaking the monotony, they allow me to see the country and the people.

13<sup>th</sup>. Gen. Ames leaves us on Wednesday for South Carolina and the officers of his command intend giving him a "grand dinner" at the Yarmouth House, on Tuesday evening. I am not one of the original movers in the matter, but I was appointed "Chairman of the Dinner Committee," so I feel some degree of responsibility. However, as all my duty consists in making arrangements with the hotel keeper and other parties, I shift the responsibility onto their shoulders. I think we shall give him an elegant

entertainment: there will probably be one hundred and seventy-five persons seated at the tables. The troops are being paid off, and as a consequence a great many are deserting. Today three were brought in alive and one dead. The latter was shot in self-defence by a citizen with whom he got in a row. I become more and more disgusted with North Carolina every day. It does not seem half as pleasant a country, since my return from the North, as it did previous to my going home.

20<sup>th</sup>. The dinner given to Gen. Ames was a perfect success--we had a good dinner and plenty of speech-making and all the other requisites such an occasion demands.

31<sup>st</sup>. I have been traveling most of the time for ten days. I first went to Charlotte, twelve miles from the South Carolina lines, and through a small town. It does a good deal of business; they handle a great deal of cotton there; it is brought into town by farmers by the wagon load in bales, and stands in the streets waiting for purchasers.

#### September -

7<sup>th</sup>. I have today been relieved of my duty in this department, and I intend to report to the Adjutant General at once by letter, requesting an immediate discharge. This morning Gen. Meade, Gen. Welb, his chief of staff, and Lt. Col. Meade arrived on a tour of inspection. They are just from South Carolina, and are going northward.

Col. Batchelder, President of the Board, who got me through a course of sprouts last spring, was quite cordial to me, as I was the only quartermaster here. He was acquainted with all the other officers here, having served with the Western army. Meade is a fine, tall man, with greyish mustaches and whiskers.

12<sup>th</sup>. I am about leaving Raleigh. I do not think it necessary for me to wait for my discharge, as it must come in a short time.

From Appendices (pg. 225)

September - continued

7<sup>th</sup>. I have concluded not to go North at present, though I am anxious to be at home. I have decided to go with a speculation, which I think will prove remunerative: it is to buy horses and mules at the government sales, and take them down into the section of country that was stripped by Sherman. When I start on my "expedition" I shall leave my desk, papers, trunk, etc. in charge of the Dept. Quarter Master here. I have ordered a citizen's suit (it would never do for me to go down in the cradle of secession in army blue.) and mean to take but a very scanty wardrobe. I intend to buy my stock at a sale that is to be held in Morehead City next Tuesday. I expect to get back from my first trip in from three to four weeks and the results of it will determine whether I make anymore or not.



10<sup>th</sup>. Morehead City. "I came, I saw, I conquered." That is to say I have purchased the first and cheapest lot of stock that has been sold in the State since the sales commenced. The sale opened yesterday morning, but the attendance did not seem large, and I was afraid of a postponement. Accordingly, I bought the very first animal that was offered, just for eclat of the thing. Of course the Quarter Master Dept. was disposed to aid me in every way that was consistent. Twelve splendid mule teams were put up, of which your humble servant bought eleven. I have purchased some loose animals, two ambulances, and thirty-six sets of extra harness. A good many of those present did not buy, thinking the stock was going too high; much to their disappointment they found this morning that the sale was stopped by an order from Raleigh, the prices obtained yesterday not being up to the views of the Chief Quartermaster. The freight train for which I have been waiting is just in, and I am going immediately to work to load my plunder. I leave at four in the morning for Goldsboro. I take with me three white men, besides fifteen darkeys, so we shall be quit a formidable party.

Sept. 14. I am slightly disappointed this morning. I worked till nearly three o'clock to get my stock loaded, and got through with it without accident, and in good shape. But greatly to my astonishment, the freight train went right through without taking my cars (nine in number) I have telegraphed to Newberne for an engine, but have no hope that it will come, so I will probably have to unload my mules, to feed and water, and reload this afternoon. There is no good reason the train was left excepting carelessness or willfulness of the R.R. men. However, there is no use in crying for spilt milk, or for left mules either. It may turn out all for the best, after all.

14<sup>th</sup>. Gaston House, New Berne. I arrived here this evening. The R.R. people having sent a special engine for me. The stock has gone on to Goldsboro, and I follow on the passenger train tomorrow.

15<sup>th</sup>. Have just arrived in Goldsboro. The stock is hitched up, ready to take the road.

20<sup>th</sup>. Fayetteville, N.C. I find this to be quite a little city, though much smaller and duller than Raleigh. I stopped here thinking I might be able to dispose of some of my stock, but find that the government has had two sales in this place, and consequently the demand is pretty well supplied.

I sold two animals at Clinton the other day and gave one sick mule away on the road for fifteen dollars worth of bacon.

The river has been so low that the steamers have not been able to run. The freight has accumulated, waiting shipment. Perhaps I can make an arrangement with the steamboat

agent, to take the trip to Elizabeth and back, and get full loads each way. I am enjoying my journey very much. It seems like old times to be moving along through the country. We camp at night near some stream, and illuminate with torches of fat juice. The road from Clinton to Fayetteville runs through a regular turpentine country; the soil is a white sand and you can see nothing but the tall straight pines on every side. The inhabitants are not noted for general intelligence, though they are sharp enough for a trade. On talking with a native yesterday about green-backs (all the country people are afraid of them), I observed that "While the war lasted, there might perhaps have been some doubt in regard to them, but now that the war is over, there can't be a shadow of a doubt.." "But," said he, "some people think it isn't over yet; they are still fighting out beyond the Mississippi." On my denying this, he wanted to know if such was the case, why the government had called for two hundred thousand men! This is simply an instance of ignorance.

October -

1<sup>st</sup>. Darlington, S.C. I do not find business as brisk as I anticipated, owing to causes I could not foresee; had I arrived here a month sooner, I could have sold out a once. This is just the season of the year for traveling in the South. The only unpleasant feature is that there has been no rain for nearly eight weeks, and consequently the roads are very dusty and nearly all the water courses are dried up. Darlington is a nice little village. The district is one of the wealthiest in the State, and contains some very fine plantations. The people are very "secesh" in their proclivities, and are "as ugly as sin," as the children say. They keep very quiet, however, as soon as they find out they are talking to a Northern man. They inquire what State I am from, to which I take the great pleasure of replying - "New York.." They sometimes look a little wild, but I have never had the slightest disrespect shown me. In the Court House Square, under a sycamore tree, is the slave-block, just as it used to stand. It is the section of a tree, such as butchers use to cut meat on. When Sherman's troops were passing through here last spring, an old negro woman was very loud in her manifestations of joy, calling the soldiers her deliverers, etc. As soon as the troops were gone, the inhabitants hung her on the sycamore tree, over the slave block. There is now a garrison here, and at all the county seats of the State, which prevents further hanging of negroes at present. I find that the general feeling towards the blacks throughout this section is of intense hatred. It is very evident, they do not wish them to remain here, now they cannot use them as slaves. They seem to fancy they can procure German and Irish laborers, and do away with the negroes entirely. This feeling will wear away before another spring, for planters will not be pleased to see their broad acres lying idle if there is any possible way to cultivate them.

I was quite sick when I arrived here, but I have entirely recovered, and am as well as ever again.

21<sup>st</sup>. Florence, S.C. I have explored South Carolina pretty thoroughly. I left Darlington a fortnight ago on horseback, and rode through Camden, and Columbia, to Augusta, Ga., thence through Barnwell and Branchville to Orangeburg. I am now on my way back to Darlington. I arrived here at 10 o'clock and although within ten miles of Darlington, there is no train going there 'til evening. This is a fair specimen of the railroad arrangements in the South at the present time. Each one apparently makes a special point of running its trains with as little regard as possible to the trains on the roads with which it is supposed to connect. I left my horse at Darlington, when there a few days ago. The hotels are execrable. In the villages, they are merely boarding houses; where the land ladies have a habit of amusing and interesting their guests during meals, with vituperations against the "Yankees," starting with what they would like to have done with them and with the "niggers." I can make some allowance with the bitter feeling of the South Carolinians, for the destruction of property has been terrible. You can ride for miles and miles through the Barnwell district and scarcely find a building standing, where before were beautiful country houses. The railroads were so completely destroyed, that not even a "tie" was left. The ties were piled upon the track, the bars of railroad iron laid across them, and then they were fired. When the rails became red hot, there were doubled up and twisted. The negroes are the class that suffers most. They have not yet learned that in order to live it is necessary to work. Some of them believe that after the first of January, the Government intends to give them a house and 40 acres of land apiece, to be taken from their masters' estates. Of course they become very unsettled; they have a great desire to go to the cities, and thousands of them are now congregated in the seaport towns. They are crowded into small habitations, and without sufficient food, and little or no medical attendance, a great many die. The planters do not wish to take care of the old people and children, and those who are unable to work. On every plantation there were about four sevenths of the negroes, who from age or other causes were unable to be of use. Of course, as long as they were slaves, it was an object for planters to take care of them, but now they say, "We cannot afford to do it." The great difficulty in working the plantations with free negroes is the uncertainty about their sticking to their work. For instance; A planter makes a contract with a sufficient number of freedmen, goes to work and plants his cotton; everything goes on well, until the hot weather begins to come on, at which time it is necessary to cultivate constantly; when half his negroes make up their minds to "stop work for a while"; the grass gets into the crop and that ruins it. I think by proper legislation the matter can be easily regulated, but I am convinced it will be necessary by a stringent vagrant law to force the negroes to work.

We make quite a formidable appearance moving through the country, and have occasionally caused some apprehension in the minds of the citizens, lest we were a small edition of "Sherman's Raiders."

26<sup>th</sup>. Darlington. I have the misfortune to be laid up with the intermittent fever. I have only had it for a day or two, and my physician is a very skillful one, so I am rapidly improving under his treatment.

27<sup>th</sup>. I am feeling much better today. I am not trying to sell my teams, as I find it more profitable to work them for hire.

31<sup>st</sup>. This is a very pretty village (Sumpterville), the county seat of Sumpter district. There are a great many very pretty and some elegant residences showing that it must have been quite a wealthy place before the war. I find, too, that it is not a bad situation for a gentleman in the mule trade. Business has been very brisk during the two days I have spent here. My coming to any town creates a little sensation. I send out a man ahead, or go myself, and circulate my handbills, three or four days before the sale is to take place. This method insures a crowd; men come here to buy from a distance of thirty-six miles. They had a grand "tournament" at Sumpterville, day before yesterday. I obtained a description of the proceedings from a young Sumptervillian. The tilting consists of riding down the lists at full speed, and tilting at a ring, suspended in the air, with a lance. The lances are about eight feet long and the ring, two inches in diameter. The successful knight (he who takes the ring the greatest number of times), has the privilege of selecting and crowning the "Queen of Love and Beauty." All the knights are in fancy costumes, presenting a gay appearance. The tourney was followed by a ball in the evening, which the knights and many of the ladies attended in fancy dress.

#### November -

5<sup>th</sup>. Orangeburgh. I am here awaiting the arrival of my train. I expect to hold a sale tomorrow, which I have reason to believe will be successful. It is especially dull as it has rained for several days.

12<sup>th</sup>. I am going to start off tomorrow by myself (leaving the teams here) to hunt up a market where I can take my stock, if the auction sale here fails. I am going within a few miles of the Savannah river, into what was formerly a very wealthy and fertile country. I propose to travel luxuriously, and with this excellent idea in view, have engaged a buggy and harness, and as I have a very nice pair of horses, I think I can manage to be very comfortable.

17<sup>th</sup>. I wish the supposition of my friends in regard to my having by this time sold all my stock was well-founded, but alas, no. "There are more things in the mule trade, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," as Mr. Shakespeare does not say. The grand sale I planned for today proved a failure. We closed the auction without its ever having

commenced. Now, the question comes up, "What is to be done next?" I have concluded to take my three teams, and carry a load of Augusta freight to Johnson's Turnout, the terminus of the Augusta railroad. I will return through Barnwell District, advertising ahead, and stopping a day in a place to try to effect a sale. I am considerably disappointed at the results of the experiment, but of course there's no use in refining about it. I have had so much trouble with the confounded mules, that I have no idea of sacrificing them at this late stage of the game, and I am going to get my price for them one way or another.

The weather is warm and pleasant. It is like summer today. At the present writing – half past four P.M. – I am sitting with the doors and windows wide open without the slightest feeling of chilliness. The people tell me it is often quite as warm at Christmas. I made the "solitary trip" to the neighborhood of the Savannah River. I found the country almost a desert, and the people as poor as rats. Some who had splendid dwellings and lived in luxury before the rebellion, are now occupying the little log cabins, formerly the homes of their slaves. Those who managed to save their cotton get along well enough and are able to build new houses, but nearly all the cotton was burned when Sherman went through. I know a man in this village who had nearly a thousand bales on hand when the army entered the place. Twelve hours later, he had not a single bale. This cotton, if he now had it, would be worth over \$150,000. It is this great scarcity of money that makes my business so dull. Everybody wants stock, but very few have the means with which to buy.

23<sup>rd</sup>. Charleston, S. C. In my wanderings I have at last brought up in this famous city. It was very much injured by the bombardment; scarcely a building in the lower and business portion escaped. The shells usually struck on the roof, and went right through to the cellar, making a large hole in every floor. The "Mills House," the best hotel in the city, was struck thirty times. Still more damage was occasioned by the fires which occurred during the siege. I took a walk along the battery last evening, where the finest residences are located. On the one side of the street, are the houses, and on the other, Charleston Harbor, which a promenade built along the water's edge. The buildings are very quaint and old-fashioned. Some of them were built before the Revolution. I noticed a number of tile roofs that were overgrown with moss. My mule business continues in about the same state. On Monday, I loaded the teams with freight – for Johnson's Turnout, and rigged up the ambulance with four gay little mules, and started out, also with five passengers. I calculate that the hack can make the round trip once in five days. My object is, simply, to make enough to pay expenses, of course. I have no idea of going into the business regularly.

I find the prospect of disposing of my stock is greater in Charleston than in the country towns. Consequently I intend to remove the animals to this place and have a sale, as soon as the present trip to Johnson's is accomplished.

## December -

2<sup>nd</sup>. Charleston. I have been here since Wednesday, working hard to advertise the sale. We not only advertised in the papers, and had hand-bills struck off and posted, but I personally called on all the parties I could hear of who were wanting to purchase. This morning was the appointed time, and at 10 o'clock we had a large crowd. But "I regret to announce" that the sale was a failure. I have done a fair day's work in dispersing of several animals, but I had set my heart on selling right out. The teams arrived last night after a march of ninety miles, consequently their appearance was against them. I am exceedingly tired and disgusted with the mule business and often wish I had never gone with it. I have spent so much time with it now, however, that I am determined not to spoil everything by selling at a sacrifice in the end. I hope next week will see me rid of them. Gen. Grant arrived here yesterday from Raleigh. His arrival created no excitement whatever among the natives. A number of northern gentlemen tendered a dinner to the General, but he declined it for most of the time.

5<sup>th</sup>. The warm weather still continues, and mosquitoes are very abundant. For breakfast we have fresh radishes grown in the open air. I don't know how I shall stand the transition from mosquitoes and radishes, to snow and ice, and the cooling breezes of Lake Erie. I am quite willing, however, to make the trial, as soon as business will permit. My business moves slowly. I sold a four-mule team complete today, leaving me only one team on hand, besides some loose mules. What do you think I have done! Nothing less than to buy some mules at a Government sale. I bought them cheap, and will sell them at a low price. They are altogether inferior to my other stock, but I think I can dispose of them to cheap customers while I am selling the others.

6<sup>th</sup>. Mule trade dull, and no sales to quote. Several parties on a string, but difficult for them to raise the stamps. Mules fat and saucy, and improving in appearance every day.

8<sup>th</sup>. I sold a mule today, but he belonged to a friend of mine at Orangeburg, and not to me. I have more parties "on a string" thanks to my previous time, and hope to make some sales tomorrow. "Derm, spiro, spero. (see bottom of pg. 47?) The weather is clear and cold. I think we will have a frost tonight.

20<sup>th</sup>. I am about through my business here and expect to start for home directly. My success on the whole was very good, though not equal to my anticipations. I expect to reach Buffalo Christmas Eve.

1866 -

January

16<sup>th</sup>. Newberne, N.C. I only stopped at Raleigh one day, as a large sale of property has been going on here for a week. It has been attended by a large crowd and it is amusing to watch their maneuvers. They frequently run up articles to much more than their real value, and occasionally let things of worth go for a mere song. There is one man in particular who keeps a kind of junk shop, that bids on everything, raising the bids from one to two and a half cents. I should like to see his stock when collected together; it will comprise old cook stoves, tin cans, candlesticks, a large safe with a great hole in it, old hammers, cooking utensils, etc. Among those who have made their appearance during the sale is a clergyman who has rented a plantation in this vicinity. He buys anything that goes cheap, without the slightest regard as to what it is, or what use he can put it to. He thinks, I suppose, the trash will come handy on the plantation. The other day he bought a stamp, with a Q.M. Dept. on it, made for marking government tools, etc. I heard the same gentleman preach yesterday morning, and I must say that he succeeds very much better in the pulpit, than at an auction, for he gave us a very interesting sermon. A great many Northerners have rented plantations, and intend to raise cotton. Several persons have tented them, close to each other, on the Tar river, in one of the most fertile districts of the State. This arrangement will be very pleasant, as they will form a little colony of their own. The weather continues mild; it was not uncomfortable out of doors yesterday without an over-coat, or indoors with the windows open. I am stopping at the Boston House, the only comfortable hotel here. I could give much of the history of the old "blue dish," which was in my box. It was captured by one of my clerks on the march through North Carolina.

25<sup>th</sup>. I have been loafing about this place for ten days, or more, the first few of them being occupied in buying property at the government sales, and since then, awaiting an opportunity to ship. A steamer arrived tonight, so I can probably send off my freight tomorrow, and then I will be at liberty to resume my wanderings "to and fro upon the earth" until the next sale which will begin at Morehead City, February 5<sup>th</sup>. Though business is fearfully dull here, we are not entirely destitute of amusements, for Newberne supports a little theatre. Sometimes the entertainment is good, and sometimes it isn't. I came out the other evening at an early stage of the performance, thoroughly disgusted with their blunders. The colored fraternity have just opened a "play-house." It must be rich to hear them spout. I expected to attend there tonight, but as it rains, I prefer taking mine ease at mine inn. The negroes in this vicinity are doing very well; they seem willing, and even anxious to work. I attended the Congregational Church this morning, and heard what would have been a very excellent sermon, if well-delivered; but the minister is a little too "Beechery" for my taste. (? By the transcriber in 2001--Beechery, as in Harriet Beecher Stowe—Uncle Tom's Cabin?).

## February -

3<sup>rd</sup>. Newberne. I went up to Kinston, a little village about forty miles west of this place, on Tuesday, and the following day went on to Raleigh, spending Thursday with my friends there and returning to Newberne on Friday. The railroads are improving slowly in their management, as the companies begin to get money, so that travelling now is quite comfortable. I was down at Morehead City last week, and stopped with Capt. Gear and his wife, old friends of mine. Mrs. Gear has very pretty tan terrier, which, at the word of command, will sit straight up on his haunches, while she puts a piece of cake on his nose, he remains perfectly still, which she gives the command, "Make ready, take aim, fire!" At the last word, he tosses up the cake and catches it in his mouth, as it comes down. He performs a number of other tricks.

13<sup>th</sup>. I bought a number of mules at the sale at Morehead City. I did not intend to, but they were selling cheap, and I thought I ought not let such a good chance slip by. I am only going with them a short distance north of this place, and hope they will all be off my hands in the course of ten days or a fortnight. I have secured a good wagon-master who has already gone on with the teams; he left a horse for me, and I follow in the morning. I met with an accident on Saturday, which I presume was very funny to the lookers-on, but not so funny to me. I was standing on top of a pile of boxes, on a car at Morehead City. As I was marking them, I held paint pot in my hand in which was a mixture of kerosene and lamp-black. My foot slipped and down I went, the paint splashing all over my face and clothes. I had a fine time washing it off my face and did not attempt to remove it from my clothes until I arrived at Newberne, when I purchased a bottle of benzine and another of "Phalon's Night-blooming-Cereus" and went up to my room and commenced, and succeeded, in getting it off after much labor.

24<sup>th</sup>. Tarboro, N. C. I find it slow work disposing of the mules and wagons, which I have here.

25<sup>th</sup>. I am nearly through with my business here, and hope to leave for Raleigh, tomorrow or the next day.

## March -

3<sup>rd</sup>. Goldsboro. This morning I arrived here from Raleigh, on my way back to Goldsboro. I am spending the day with a couple acquaintances who have rented, and are preparing to cultivate, a plantation. Day and Van Valkenberg are their names. They have put up a very comfortable, frame house, rough and in the army style, but still roomy and convenient. They have built stables, etc., and shanties for the negroes. As I rode about the place, it was really a pleasant sight to see about twenty ploughs turning over the rich, brown soil. Some of them are run by women, and one girl was pointed out as being the best plowman on the plantation. I am anxious to get back to Tarboro, and take care



of my teams. I suspect the mules are braying for me tremendously.

20<sup>th</sup>. Morehead City. I am going to Macon, Ga. to attend a government sale to take place April 4<sup>th</sup>. Before returning home, I will have to go to Washington, and settle up my accounts. A day or two ago, I received a "statement of differences," as it is called in my money accounts. There is not a single error reported, and the explanation required can be easily made. In fact, I am quite delighted at the prospect of so little trouble in settling my money papers. Capt. Gear is going to Macon with me, and Mrs. Gear intended to accompany us, but she has been taken sick and must go North instead of South. I am sorry to lose her company, and also the little pleasure trip to Columbia and Augusta which we would have taken for her benefit. The trouble with me is that I always travel in such a hurry, that I don't see more than half that is to be seen. I am closing up all my matters in this state to avoid the necessity of returning to it. I was obliged to take a stop which I disliked very much, viz., to burn ninety brand new wagons. It seemed too bad to destroy them, but as I could find no sale for them, and they were very heavy, there seemed to be no alternative.\*\*

31<sup>st</sup>. Goldsboro. I am now obliged to wait over here twenty-two hours for a train; in such a pitch of perfection has railroad (mis)management attained in this country. From Macon I expect to go to Savannah, and thence by steamer to New York.

April -

2<sup>nd</sup>. Planter's Hotel, Augusta, Ga.

Well, here I am again, "away down south in Dixie." I left Goldsboro, Friday night. From there I went to Wilmington, and arrived at Kingsville, the terminus of the railroad, about six the next evening. There is only a little log house at that place, where "plain and wholesome" food is dispensed to weary travellers - and as there are no sleeping accommodations whatever, we made ourselves as comfortable as possible in the car that brought us there, until three in the morning when we were turned out into the moonlight, as the train had to start back to Wilmington. We took the cars for Branchville at eight; changing cars again at that place. we were obliged to leave the railroad at White Pond (where repairs had not yet been made) and take wagons for ten miles. I happened to ride in the very ambulance that I sold in Orangeburg last fall. When we reached the railroad again, we re-completely tired-out. The last part of the journey we accomplished, in a car that had been fitted up for Maj. Gen. Thomas, who commanded the Dept. of the Cumberland. It was very complete in its arrangements and very comfortable to ride in.

\*\* Object of burning wagons was to get at the scrap iron contained in them which was shipped North and sold at a profit.

Augusta is a very pretty city, with wide streets, and a real Southern look. I find I shall have to go to Macon by way of Atlanta.

12<sup>th</sup>. Pulaski House, Savannah, Ga.

I did not remain long in Macon, leaving there Monday evening and arriving at this place on Wednesday after a very tiresome journey. Atlanta is being rapidly rebuilt; most of the houses were burned by Gen. Sherman's army. Savannah is a beautiful city. I like it best of all I have visited in the South. Its great beauty consists in its shade trees. The foliage is just out now, and looks very fresh and green. There is a fine park in the upper part of the city, which contains a handsome fountain, and is well ornamented with flowers. There is a beautiful cemetery five miles from the city called "Bonaventure". I expect to sail from here tomorrow on the steamer, "General Barnes;" we will touch at Charleston to take a detachment of troops aboard and then go on to New York. I shall have to go to Washington to fix up my papers which I fear I have neglected too long, and then I hope I can go home, settle down and commence to enjoy life and be of use to somebody - for I feel as if I were doing very little good in the wandering bedouin sort of life I am leading now.

19<sup>th</sup>. New York. I surprised George by popping into his office this morning, whither I went from the steamer, which brought me to New York.

May -

2<sup>nd</sup>. Washington, D. C. Of course the first thing on arriving here was to get my papers underway with as little delay as possible and I, accordingly, started for the Department. I called and started the thing in December which is a great help to me. I find, as I always do, in Washington, a great many army friends. In the Metropolis Hotel, yesterday, I found three of our old Army of the James Quartermasters in a group, and I joined them, making the fourth. One of them is just from Richmond, another from Lynchburg, and the third from Texas. After leaving them, I met Maj. Gen'l Curtis, of the 10<sup>th</sup> Corps. Who lost an eye at Fort Fisher. Gen. Dodge, too, is in town. It is very pleasant indeed to meet one's old commanders, and useful too; for instance, in going into the Quartermaster General's yesterday, I met, or rather, the first person I saw, was one of our old Q.M.'s who volunteered to take hold of my property papers, and put them right through for me, which I hope with all my heart he will do. I shall visit Mt. Vernon, and look about to my satisfaction while here.

My papers have been examined and have come out all right. I am delighted to find such a happy termination, though I must say I had no fears on the subject. The "last link is now broken which bound me to the" Army, and I am not ready to return to dear old Buffalo, and begin life as a private individual. But while I say "fare well" to the past,

four years of excitement, and arduous labor, I am very certain the remembrance of those "old times" will never fade away, and often and often I will, in fancy, find myself "out on picket," or riding about the country, or quietly seated before the campfire. The old friends and companions who shared the mingled hardships and comforts of my army life, will again talk over with me the thrilling news of the last battle, and wonder why Grant took that course, and McClellan took NO course at all. Thus memory will link the old days with the new. I wonder what the new will be.

