

MS for Second Edition

THE
DIARY OF A LINE OFFICER

BY
CAPTAIN AUGUSTUS C. BROWN



57



The Diary of a Line Officer

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CAPTAIN AUGUSTUS C. BROWN,

Company H, Fourth New York Heavy Artillery.

The following pages are an elaboration of a daily record kept at the time, of my personal experiences during the more active part of the campaign of the Army of the Potomac, ~~during the year 1864~~, and in the perusal of it the reader should bear in mind, as explanatory of the lack of continuity in the narrative and of indefiniteness or erroneousness of statement as to times, places and the movements of troops, that a line officer in command of a single company in any branch of the service, was seldom informed at the time as to the plan of a campaign, or even as to the specific dispositions of the various forces intended to participate and co-operate in a single engagement. His duty was simply to obey orders, often very general and not infrequently quite unintelligible, and as he was expected to move in the night time as well as in the day time, and frequently in a country with which he was not familiar, it can surprise no one that his ideas of time, of distance and of locality were often quite nebulous.

(1)
^ FORT MARCY, VA., SATURDAY, MARCH 26TH, 1864.

I was suddenly awakened at 5 o'clock this morning by Capt. McKeel of Company "A," who rushed frantically into my quarters with the intelligence that the regiment had re-

ceived "marching orders," and was immediately to join the Army of the Potomac. McKeel appeared to be in great glee; declared that he had long been "spoiling for a fight"; that now the grand object of his military existence was to be attained, and that it would never be recorded of him that he had fought three years for his country without seeing an enemy or firing a gun. Much more of a similar heroic strain was indulged in by the valiant Jim in the exuberance of his spirits which I do not recall, owing probably to the fact that I did not myself receive the news as enthusiastically as was, perhaps, becoming in an officer so far away from the front. Indeed I may frankly say that just at that moment no order could have been more unexpected or undesirable to myself, for, forgetful of the proverbial mutability of human affairs, and particularly of military affairs, I had just completed for the officers of my company a residence within the fort, where I had fondly hoped to spend the remainder of my military life in comfort and security. The house itself was a model of architectural beauty considering the purposes for which it was erected. The main building, intended for the company commander, stood facing the company quarters just across the covered way leading up from the sally-port. On either hand, adjoining and at right angles with this, the ends extending four or five feet to the front, stood the buildings designed for the Lieutenants, while connecting these ends and spanning the front of the Captain's quarters, was a delightful little veranda, from which the doors to the three buildings opened to the right, left and centre. Thus constructed, the cottage was painted a light drab color, with dark cornices and trimmings, while the white window frames and veranda posts and railings, and three tiny red chimneys surmounting the black, steep roofs, improved the general effect, and rendered the whole structure one of the prettiest little edifices for officers' quarters that it has been my good fortune to see. The interior, too, was no less neat

and appropriate. Each apartment, separate and distinct from the others, was divided into two rooms, the floors of which were laid with narrow matched pine highly polished, and the walls and ceilings were done in the best style of hard finish plaster. In short the officers' quarters of Fort Marcy were universally acknowledged to be the most attractive of anything of the kind in the "Defences of Washington."

It will, therefore, hardly be wondered at, that the order to march was welcomed by the Commander of Company H., Fourth N. Y. Heavy Artillery, about as joyfully as a mortar shell is received in a comfortable "Gopher-hole," and that he looked upon the movement as an arbitrary exercise of a little brief authority on the part of the Government, and an unwarranted invasion of personal and proprietary rights. Receiving the intelligence, however, with a don't-care-a-darn-itive composure, I ventured to express ~~my~~ doubt of the veracity of the gallant McKeel, as if the news were too good to be true, and in fact I had strong grounds for hoping that I might be the victim of an innocent joke, inasmuch as Jim, being "Officer of the Day," and so supposed to be up and awake all night, might reasonably be suspected of being on a reconnaissance for refreshments at that early hour, particularly as he knew the fact that a dozen of the "critter" was at that moment concealed beneath my bed, intended to do duty at a "house warming" appointed for the ensuing evening, in accordance with the ancient and time honored custom in all well regulated military organizations. But, alas, the fatal order, duly recorded in the Post-Order Book, soon exploded this theory and put to flight the last remaining hope, and casting one long, lingering look upon a pillow and a pair of snowy sheets just received from home, I arose and made a hasty but melancholy toilet. McKeel in the meantime entertained me with the enchanting strains of "Who would not be a Soldier," and other inspiring and patriotic airs, until I "spiked his

piece" with one of the bottles referred to, and with which I begged him to celebrate the auspicious occasion, and placing the other eleven bottles in line upon the window sill, I made my first "charge upon the enemy," by deliberately knocking off their heads and pitching their lifeless remains over the parapet, a proceeding, by the way, which Jim characterized as "a reckless waste of the blessings of Providence."

Summoning Sergeant Theben, I directed that the company pack up and send off all superfluous baggage and effects, and be ready to march at day light the next morning, and having packed my own knapsack, I sauntered over to Capt. McKeel's quarters where most of the officers of the post were already assembled. Here there seemed to be a great diversity of opinion as to the true intent and meaning of the movement, each officer having his individual theory, but all expressing a decided apprehension that it meant *Infantry* instead of *Artillery* field service. A deputation to Headquarters at Fort Ethan Allen gained but little information, except that it was rumored there that we were to report to the Chief of Artillery of The Army of the Potomac; that Col. Tidball, our Colonel, was to take command of the Artillery Brigade of the Second Corps, and that the regiment was to have a Siege Train. This, though very unsatisfactory, was at least plausible, and with hopes for the best we spent the day in writing letters, packing up, sending off the sick to Washington, issuing rations and shelter tents and generally preparing to move.

SUNDAY, MARCH 27th.

At 7 o'clock this morning, being relieved by the 3d Pennsylvania Artillery, a German regiment, the company was formed for the last time on the parade ground in front of the old barracks, and one hundred and eighty-two men answered to their names at roll call. Filing slowly out of the little fort

which we had built, and had garrisoned for nearly two years, we formed with Co's. A and I, and marched to Fort Ethan Allen, where we found the other companies of the regiment just falling into line. After the usual delays we took up the line of march about nine o'clock for Alexandria, where we found a train of cars awaiting us, and arrived at Brandy Station about ten o'clock that night. Here we had our first experience with shelter tents, which we pitched near the depot, and in an incredibly short time, notwithstanding the state of the weather, which was decidedly cold and unpleasant, "sleep and oblivion reigned over all."

Brandy Station, as we saw it, presented but few inducements for permanent residence. A few tents, sheds and dilapidated old buildings standing in the midst of a rolling prairie and immediately surrounded by acres of boxes, bags, bales, barrels and innumerable other army stores, comprised all the natural or architectural beauties of the place, but, being then the terminus of the railroad, the whole Army of the Potomac drew its supplies from this point. Should the track be relaid to Culpepper, however, in two days time no passing traveler would be able to locate the ancient site of Brandy Station.

MONDAY MARCH 28TH.

Weather cool but pleasant. On waking this morning I found myself decidedly stiff, sore and lame, and to add to my discomfort I discovered that the high-top boots I had worn the day before, which I procured at Harrisburg, Pa., just before the battle at Gettysburg, and of which I had hoped better things, abusing the confidence and feet reposed in them, had superinduced several large blisters, and made sad inroads upon the flesh. Deeming it inadvisable to attempt another march upon the same footing, I determined to call for volunteers to furnish me a pair of army shoes, and in less than five minutes after the call had been made I was intrenched behind a pile of

"Governments" large enough to stock a moderate sized Chat-ham St. "Emporium," while the generous owner of each particular pair stood without the intrenchments, extolling the peculiar excellencies of his individual property. This unprecedented liberality, however, was not, I grieve to say, due so much to the generous impulses which are said at times to actuate the unselfish heart, as it was to the unromantic fact that each member of the regiment had been supplied with an extra pair of shoes, and one day's march had convinced him of the expediency of reducing his impedimenta to the minimum. Selecting a pair belonging to Artificer Benedict of my own company, and *giving him credit therefor upon his clothing account*, I consigned the offending boots to the tender mercies of the Quar-master's Department for transportation, and of course never saw them again. In the afternoon the regiment moved back nearly parallel with the railroad track about two miles, where it camped, each battalion by itself, our battalion, the Second, having been marched and counter-marched several times by Major Arthur, until the Colonel arrived on the field and in expressions more forcible than elegant, indicated to the Major the ground selected for each battalion. The rest of the day was spent in arranging company streets and erecting tents, and towards night we had completed our first regular camp.

TUESDAY, MARCH 29TH.

It began to rain this morning about daylight and continued incessantly all day, converting the camp into a sea of mud and nearly drowning us out. In fact many of the officers and some of the men took refuge in the camp of some regular artillery stationed near us. Here I met several officers of Col. Tidball's old regiment (2nd Regulars), and others, among whom was Capt. Manydier, and listened to some marvelous tales of former "fields and floods" related by a dashing young Lieutenant whose name I have forgotten, but whose deeds

had eclipsed those of Napoleon at the Bridge of Arcola, or the participators in the "Charge of the Light Brigade." Col. Tidball has reported to Gen. Hunt, chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac, but no light is yet thrown on the question what is to be done with the regiment.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30TH.

The storm has abated somewhat, but everything looks damp and dismal. The men are employed drying out, and endeavoring to render themselves comfortable and more secure in case of future floods by ditching about their tents so as to carry off the water, while the officers gathered here and there in little groups, anxiously discuss the possibilities of the future.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31ST.

Still in camp near Brandy Station and still no intimation of what is to become of us. But two incidents worthy of note occurred to-day. The first was the spectacle presented by the Commander of Co. H, who might have been seen passing down the company street with a loaf of soft bread in one hand and a piece of raw salt pork in the other, dining as he went, and here I will honestly record the fact, though I know I am kicking against the pricks of public prejudice, that of all the sumptuous dinners which I have *done* or which have done me, I hold none in more pleasing remembrance than the one above spoken of, composed of army bread, raw pork and a good appetite. The other noticeable fact was the Dress Parade, the first since we left Washington, and which passed off very creditably considering all the circumstances.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1ST.

We received orders this morning to join the Artillery Brigade of the Second Corps, and so, breaking camp, we

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marched through devious ways to a point near a little settlement called Stevensburg. As the well filled ranks of the regiment wound along across the plain, through the gullies and over the hills, we were frequently saluted by the old campaigners near whose camps we passed, with "What division is that?" "How are your heavy Infantry?" "What's the size of your siege guns?" "How are the fortifications?" and other equally pointed and aggravating interrogations, to all of which the men either turned a deaf ear or replied with becoming emphasis.

Rain commenced falling about the time we had completed the first half of the distance and continued uninterruptedly during the rest of the day, rendering progress exceedingly toilsome and slow, and to add to our discomfort, on arriving at our destination and being kept standing and lying in the rain and mud for some time, the Colonel selected the side of a steep hill for our camping ground, in my judgment the very worst locality for such a purpose in all that region. But having long since learned obedience to orders, we occupied the ground to the best advantage, satisfied that at least no water would settle in our company streets. Immediately on locating the metes and bounds of the company camp, I gave the men liberty to put up their tents at once, or seek refuge for the night in the quarters of any acquaintances they might find in regiments lying near us. Many of the men, therefore accepted the hospitalities of the 126 N. Y. Infantry which was camped on a hill across the ravine from us, that regiment having been recruited mainly in the western part of the State where my own company was originally organized, and containing many friends and acquaintances of the boys. The 126th had originally been camped in a grove, but during the winter had cut away the trees for fuel and to stockade their winter quarters, so that at the time we saw them they were surrounded only by a few stumps. Their habitations were, however,

comparatively luxurious, being built about six or eight feet square and four or five feet high, of logs nicely laid in mud-mortar, and covered with two shelter tents fastened together. They were provided with fire places of the old outside, New England pattern, with cracker boxes and barrels for chimneys, and with "bunks" of small parallel poles supported by posts driven into the ground and covered with leaves and army blankets, usually occupying about half the interior and doing duty as beds, chairs and tables. I spent the night with Lieut. Lincoln of the 126th, who, being Adjutant of his regiment, had appropriated a wall tent and was most comfortably situated. Here I met Col. Bull of the 126th, formerly of Canandaigua, with whom I had studied law, and several of his officers, and spent a very pleasant evening chatting with them. The Colonel evidently enjoyed the fact that the defenders of Washington had been ordered to the front, and took great delight in reminding me that he had prophesied as much sometime before when we had met at the Capital.

One little incident occurred to-day which put me out of all conceit touching my ability entirely to control the men of my command as to "what they should eat or what they should drink or where withal they should be clothed." Now it has heretofore been my pride and boast that the preemⁱⁿence of Co. H in drill, discipline and all the military virtues, was owing principally to the fact that whiskey was not allowed in the company, except on very rare state occasions or after unusual fatigue, and *never without my knowledge*. Fancy my feelings then, as we halted at the foot of the hill waiting for the Colonel to locate our position, when I asked Sergt. Lincoln if he "had anything in his canteen," meaning thereby to inquire for *water*, for my own canteen had given out on the road, and he with a prompt "Yes sir," handed it to me and I took a swallow that would have done credit to a sluice-way, and discovered too late that I had taken an overdose of the vilest

"commissary" known to army contractors. The effect was instantaneous and apparent, and so embarrassed my respiratory and vocal powers, that I failed to find language adequate to convey my astonishment, or thanks, to the Sergeant, who evidently congratulated himself that "no remarks were made" as I handed back the canteen without note or comment. I shall, however, be more explicit in my inquiries hereafter.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2ND.

This morning we found the ground covered with snow to the depth of about four inches and a snow storm still raging. Went over to my company camp and found everything in the most cheerless possible condition. The field officers of the regiment have their tents up, but find them little protection, though they strenuously endeavor to get up a little fire in two or three camp stoves which have been smuggled thus far, and whiskey is in great demand. As to the men, their condition is truly deplorable, and the sick list is very long this morning owing to the exposure and consequent suffering. Having ascertained that no new orders have been received, and that most of my own company are quartered with the 126th, I returned to Lieut. Lincoln's tent and accepted the invitation of Capt. and Lieut. Munson of the 126th. to spend the night with them. After I had turned in I was aroused by Capt. Platt of the 126th, who, personating a raw recruit who had enlisted with the promise of a Captain's commission as soon as he had joined his regiment, was convulsing a party of officers in the hut, with the recital of his grievances in not getting the promised position. Capt. Platt is a perfect mimic, and would do credit to any stage as a first class comedian.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3D,

The snow storm abated somewhat this morning and I took the opportunity to have my "headquarters" pitched. These

consist of two "A" tents fastened together end to end, the rear one occupied by a bed for Lieut. Edmonston and myself and the front one for a bed for Lieut. Gleason. These beds are very primitive structures, composed of small boughs of pine covered with leaves and blankets, and are kept in position, and the occupants prevented from falling out of bed, by sticks or boards staked up about them like the sides of a box. Having dug a trench around the outside of the tents, and built a mud fire place in the corner of the front room, we flattered ourselves that we were secure against the elements, but a rain storm coming on, we find that "all is vanity," for the water comes through the canvas like a sieve and puts out our fire, so we go to bed, and, drawing our rubber blankets over our heads, take a quiet nap. Most of the company having returned to camp and put up their tents, they crawl into them and shiver through it.

MONDAY, APRIL 4TH.

The storm still continues, and though the men make spasmodic efforts to render themselves more comfortable by ditching about their little tents, it is about as much as human nature will bear. Lieut. Gleason, who is not very strong at best, being a victim of rheumatism, is nearly drowned in his blankets, and looks very much as if he'd "like to see his mother," while Lieut. Edmonston and I divide our time between our "bunk" in about two inches of water, and the Colonel's wall tent in about the same depth of mud.

MONDAY, APRIL 11TH.

Nothing of special interest has occurred since the 4th. We are still camped on the side hill near Stevensburg and the weather continues cold and rainy, while the term "mud" scarcely conveys an idea of the condition of the soil. Two or three rations of whiskey have been issued to the men and, I

am bound to say under the circumstances, with beneficial results. Lieut. Gleason has been discharged from the service on a surgeon's certificate of physical disability, and if he escapes with his life after the experience of the past ten days, he will do well. Second-Lieut. Clark, who assisted me in recruiting, is assigned to my company to fill his place. Whenever the weather has permitted, we have endeavored to pick up some knowledge of skirmish drill however distasteful that is to an artillery soldier. We have also had one or two dress parades in "close column by battalion", the regimental line being too long for our parade ground in the usual formation. (2)

TUESDAY, APRIL 12TH.

The only improvement in our condition or in the weather to-day, was the arrival of the paymaster to pay us off to-morrow. There are rumors that the regiment is to be divided and a battalion sent to each of three Corps, to join its Artillery Brigade.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13TH.

The regiment to-day received two months' pay, and the sutler, King, was rendered happy if no one else was. The event was celebrated by the men in making large purchases of useless sutler's stores, and by many of the officers in a reception at the private tent of the sutler, where, I regret to say, a large number did more than justice to several casks of ale and bottles of whiskey. Among those who distinguished themselves most conspicuously was Lieut. Blank, who, like the famous "Carrier of Southwell,"

"A Carrier who carried a can to his mouth well,

He carried so much and he carried so fast

He could carry no more, so *was carried* at last—"

into a corner of the tent where he passed the night in quiet and peaceful repose.

Orders were received to-day directing a battalion of the regiment to be sent to the Artillery Brigade of each of the three Corps, and accordingly the First Battalion, under Major Sears, broke camp and marched over to the Sixth Corps. This disposition of our regiment is exceedingly distasteful to both officers and men, but as it seems that all hope of being supplied with a siege train must be given up, we look upon this as a sort of compromise between Artillery and Infantry, and though it looks very much as if we should become simply "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the light batteries, we accept the assignment as the least of the two evils.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14TH.

The day was spent in determining which of the remaining battalions should go to the Fifth Corps, and what companies should compose it, and, when it was finally decided to send the Second Battalion, by that command in packing up and preparing to move, while Major Arthur reported in person to his new Brigade commander, Col. Wainwright.

(3)
FRIDAY, APRIL 15TH.

The Second Battalion under Major Arthur, composed of Companies D, K, H, and E, took up its line of march for the Fifth Corps this morning, passing through a pleasant, open country stretching away from the foot of "Pony Mountain," and after a march of about six or eight miles reached its destination near the village of Culpepper. Here, in an old orchard near a large but dilapidated brick house, about a mile from Culpepper, we located our camp. While pitching tents, I was surprised and delighted to see Capt. Jim McNair, of the 8th N. Y. Cavalry, an old Geneseo school-mate and friend of mine, who had heard of our expected arrival in these parts and had ridden over to meet us. Leaving the company in charge of Lieut. Edmonston, I mounted the

horse of Jim's orderly and rode with him over to Culpepper on a foraging expedition, which, however, was not a very marked success, for we found the town almost wholly deserted by the inhabitants; the fences and buildings destroyed or badly damaged, and the streets full of army wagons and straggling soldiers. (4) After an exceedingly plain and frugal repast at a miserable apology for a restaurant, and a short stroll about town, we returned to camp, where, parting with Jim, I found my shelter tent temporarily pitched for my reception. I find we are in the midst of a country where stirring scenes have taken place, some even as late as during the past winter. Just in rear of us, on a plain running back to a dense wood, and in the wood itself, occurred a severe cavalry fight, and the place where our camp now stands was crossed and re-crossed by the combatants and the earth stained with the blood of brave men, while the old orchard trees are cut and scarred by the bullets. The old brick house near us is occupied in part by an elderly lady and her daughter, of the close-communion "Secesh" persuasion, and in part by the Brigade Commissary, whose stores consist principally of hard tack and whiskey. One can scarcely conceive of a more utterly forsaken looking habitation than this residence of one of the "F. F. V.'s." The barns, stables, sheds and fences which formerly belonged to or surrounded it, have been torn down piecemeal to supply fuel or to build shanties for soldiers. Not a green thing, not even grass, is allowed to grow about, and the old shell itself is literally tottering to decay. The doors, what few remain, swing loosely on leather hinges; the windows, demolished by patriotic Yankee valor, admit at once the sunshine and the storm, while the rickety old veranda that once graced the front on either side, now serves as a roost for three or four sickly chickens (all the tenant's visible earthly possessions), and a loafing place for a few idle army

officers. I mean to take an early opportunity, however, to pay my respects to the ladies.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16TH.

Spent the day in fixing up about camp, arranging cook house, for we still retain our old company cook, William Wood, and generally endeavoring to make the company as comfortable as circumstances will permit. I am projecting a residence for myself of the greatest magnificence and grandeur. An eminent architect has been employed and the plans and specifications completed and adopted, and I only await the reports of the contractors who have gone out to discover some old corduroy road which will furnish the necessary lumber in the shape of poles. I shall hope to erect, complete and furnish it within an hour after the timber arrives.

SUNDAY, APRIL 17TH.

The churches in these parts being "closed for repairs," or the clergymen being on their vacations, we were compelled to spend the day in camp, and "works of necessity and mercy" being always in order, and the materials having arrived, with the assistance of my men Lynch and Joe Solomon, who for gallant and meritorious services as "beats," have long since been promoted from the ranks to the position of Acting Assistant Adjutant Generals at my Headquarters, I completed my mansion at the head of the company street. This imposing structure, calculated to furnish accommodations for Lieut. Edmonston and myself, is built to the height of about three feet, of poles laid up after the manner of the cob houses of my boyhood, and is covered with canvas sustained by a ridge pole about five feet from the ground. Its dimensions are six feet by ten, it being constructed on the sound architectural principal that "man wants but little here below but wants that little" longer than it is broad, and though some malici-

ously inclined individual might at first profanely take it for a third-rate hog pen, yet the massive chimney of two headless barrels and a cracker box, pointing heavenward from one corner, would soon dispel the possible illusion, and suggest the more pleasing and Christian idea of a little modern church, with its lofty gable and castellated tower. The internal arrangements are all made with the strictest reference to economical utility. The farther end is occupied by the inevitable "bunk" of poles, whereon by strictly conforming the wearied form to Hogath's line of beauty, a moderate share of sleep and rest may be enjoyed, particularly if the various joints and angles of the said form are judiciously disposed with due reference to the interstices between the poles. Under the bed is a spacious closet, used as a general store-room for old muskets and the various odds and ends of surplus and decayed "camp and garrison equipage." A single board propped against the poles and supporting an inkstand, graces the western wall, and the modest but handsome furniture of the apartment is completed by an empty cracker box, which performs the various offices of table, desk, chair, buffet, commode or candlestick, as "the exigencies of the service" may require.

MONDAY, APRIL 18TH.

Weather warm and pleasant. Private Hastings died suddenly to-day in a fit brought on by dissipation. I learn that he was a dentist of considerable skill and reputation at home, and belonged to a highly respectable family, and I have directed his body to be sent to Washington to be embalmed, and have written to his friends, forwarding his few personal effects.

I called this afternoon on the ladies occupying the old brick house, with a view of polishing up my manners a little, which I fear have suffered materially from long absence from the

“elevating and refining influences of female society,” and also for the purpose of purchasing a pie, the consumption of which would appear to be the highest type of physical beatitude just at this time. I found the ladies occupying a corner room on the first floor, having deserted the rest of the premises, and engaged in entertaining Capt. Jones of Co. D of our battalion, and vigorously rocking a miniature canal boat wherein unconsciously reposed a scion of the noble house. Jones being a handsome young man, and versed in all the little arts that kill or captivate, in which particulars he ranks me, I leave conversation pretty much to him, except on the pie question, and occupying a primitive cane-bottomed chair, listen attentively to the stories of war, privation and suffering which “we uns” have brought upon “they uns” in the pure and unadulterated Virginia vernacular. The elder lady is a woman of perhaps sixty years of age, and the younger, the mother of the cradle-full, is a stout masculine creature of about thirty. Both are clad in the plainest and scantiest homespun, and the few articles of furniture and clothing that are scattered about the room are of the meanest and dirtiest description. No northern family, ~~however poor~~ ^{these people} could live amid such surroundings, and yet ~~they~~ ^{they} speak with loftiest contempt of the “dirty niggers” and the “mean whites,” and anathematize the uncivilized “Yanks,” not excepting their present company, just as if the commissariat of those same “Yanks” was not all that stood between them and starvation. My cravings for “polite society” having been fully satisfied I withdrew, not however, until I had secured a fair specimen of a “secesh” pie for which I paid the moderate sum of forty cents in green backs, but which I soon discovered, by analytical mastication, was apparently composed of saw-dust and cider “bound in calf.”

TUESDAY, APRIL 19TH.

Sent the body of Private Hastings to Washington in charge of Corpl. Foster for embalment, after much difficulty in securing a coffin and transportation at Culpepper. Lieut. Edmonston was to-day detailed as a member of a Brigade Court Martial.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20TH.

Received an order detailing Col. James L. Bates, 12th Mass., Capt. C. A. Watkins, 76th New York, and myself, as a Board to examine enlisted men of the Fifth Corps who are recommended for admission to the Military School at Philadelphia, whence, after a brief attendance, so it is said, they are to be sent before Gen. Casey's Board at Washington for examination as to fitness for commissions in the negro regiments.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21ST.

Received an official copy of the order promulgated yesterday, and reported in person to Col. Bates, President of the Board. I found him drilling his regiment, and made an appointment to meet tomorrow at 9 o'clock at Corps Headquarters at Culpepper.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22ND.

Lieut. Clark having been detailed to Co. E. which has been assigned to guard the ammunition train, and Lieut. Edmonston being still engaged on court martial, I left the Company in command of First Sergt. Theben this morning, and met the officers composing the examining board at Corps Headquarters. Col. Locke, the gentlemanly Adjt. Genl. of the Fifth Corps, had quarters, stationary and the necessary orderlies assigned to us, and the Board began operations.

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MONDAY MAY 2ND.

Still in camp near Culpepper. Nothing of interest has occurred since the 22nd of April beyond the daily routine of camp life. The company has been almost exclusively in command of Sergt. Theben. Lieut. Edmonston and I having been constantly engaged, the one on court martial and the other on the examining board. Since the organization of the board, we have met daily at 9 o'clock in the morning and continued in session until 3 in the afternoon, examining on an average twenty five candidates a day, and recommending about one third of them for leaves of absence. Col. Bates, I find, is perfectly familiar with infantry tactics and army regulations, and conducts his part of the examination very thoroughly, leaving artillery and mathematics to me. Capt. Watkins is a capital fellow, but does not trouble the "victim" with many questions. He says he is entirely satisfied with the examinations as conducted by the Colonel and myself, and that his department is "to give character and dignity to the Board, and inspire the applicants with a just sense of the importance of that body." The list of candidates embraces representatives from all classes of men and all branches of the service. The dapper First Sergeant of the Regulars and the dilapidated army "bummer" stand side by side and hand in their "recommendations." The influential politician of some rural district, who enlisted as a private from "purely patriotic motives," now bleached of his patriotism, sits nervously at the door awaiting the result of this his last expedient to gain the path of promotion and honor. The rough, honest country boy with corporal's chevrons, shares the anxious seat with the intelligent representative of the legal profession whose simple army blouse hides all appearance of the "wig and gown." In fact every conceivable shade of character, capacity and intelligence is represented, and the labor

of sifting the wheat from the chaff is by no means light. The fact, however, that we have now been in session nearly two weeks, and have reported favorably on about a hundred cases, and yet no furlough has been granted in accordance therewith, furnished some ground for the suspicion that the object of this proceeding is rather to allay the agitation of some turbulent spirits and occupy their leisure moments in camp, until the time comes for a movement of the army, rather than to furnish students for the Philadelphia School, or officers for the colored troops.

TUESDAY, MAY 3D.

Received orders after "taps," about 10 o'clock, to-night to be ready to move in two hours. Rumors of all kinds are flying about, and the general impression seems to be that the whole army is in motion. I directed Sergeant Theben to turn out the company, strike tents and pack up, which was accomplished in less than the time allotted. But one wagon is detailed to furnish transportation for the effects of the whole battalion, so baggage is reduced to the minimum, and large quantities of ordnance stores and camp and garrison equipage, as well as private property of officers and men, are left behind strewn over the camping ground, a striking illustration of the waste of war.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4TH.

Orders to march were received at two o'clock this morning, and joining the Artillery Brigade, already in line, we moved off *via* Stevensburg to the Germania Ford, on the Rapidan River, which we reached about 10 o'clock A. M. Here the river, which in any reputable northern locality would be called simply a creek, cuts its way between two ranges of hills with the bank on the southerly side quite abrupt, and is spanned by a pontoon bridge, the first thing of the kind I have

ever seen. Crossing the bridge and winding up the steep bank, we halted just within a line of breastworks constructed to command the approaches to the ford, but which were abandoned by the enemy last night on the appearance of our advancing cavalry. The earthworks ~~are~~ ^{were} skilfully and substantially built, while little redoubts for artillery crown ^{ed} several commanding points, and it is a subject of general surprise that the enemy evacuated so strong a defensive position without ~~what~~. (9)

The day ~~is~~ ^{was} warm and pleasant, and the men, with characteristic recklessness, ~~have thrown~~ ^{were} away one article after another, until many ~~are~~ ^{were} reduced to pants, shirt, hat and musket, and the line of march from Culpepper to the river ~~is~~ ^{was} literally covered with coats, blankets and knapsacks, a rich field for foraging, whether by the rebels or by cavalry. Nor can I blame the poor fellows under the circumstances, for a long march is about as convincing an argument as I know of that

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

I myself debated for some time which I would part with—my overcoat or my blanket—and finally actually threw the blanket away.

By a singular coincidence I met Col. Bates and Capt. Watkins, of the Culpepper Examining Board, about 9 o'clock this morning, near the Rapidan, each with his regiment, and as we had adjourned yesterday to meet at that hour to-day, we halted under a tree, and amid considerable laughter adjourned the Board *sine die*. Lieut. Shelton, of the First N. Y. Artillery, passed me with his battery on the march today, having just got his promotion from a sergeancy, and therefore feeling in excellent spirits.

At about ~~half past three~~ ^{five} o'clock we reached our destination for the day, after a march estimated at twenty-three miles,

and camped in a field near the old Wilderness Tavern and some four miles from Mine Run.

THURSDAY, MAY 5th.

Turned out stiff and sore this morning, and drenched to the skin with dew, which falls so heavily here that in the morning the appearance of the tents and fields is very much like that after a severe storm. At five o'clock fell in line, and, joining the ~~Headquarter's train~~^{Corps} as a guard, we started for Orange Court House. After marching about a mile, we began to hear occasional shots from the picket line which preceded us, as our skirmishers met those of the "Johnnies," and soon we received orders to countermarch and park the train. Returning to the point whence we started we stacked arms in a meadow immediately in front of General Headquarters and awaited developments.

While on the march we met a body of prisoners, who, because we had cut loose from our communications and so could not safely send them to any point in our rear, were kept moving in a circle close to the army and under a strong guard. Among them was a young man of about my own age, a Captain in some Georgia regiment, and calling him aside we sat down for a few moments on a bank of clay while my company was passing. He was a member of the staff of some Georgia brigade, and was captured the night before on the picket line where he ran into a Yankee picket post supposing it to be composed of his own men. He had read law at the Harvard Law School, which he left to join the Southern army, and was a typical southern aristocrat who looked upon Northerners as little better than the "poor whites" of the South. He was very bitter in his denunciation of the war, and utterly scorned the idea that the South could be "subjugated," actually declaring with the utmost sincerity that the North was already tired of the effort, and that even now the grass was growing between

the stones of the pavements on Broadway in the City of New York, and he showed a clipping from a southern paper in which that statement was actually made. I assured him that I had been in New York in the previous March, and that from the appearance of things there, no one would suspect that a war was going on, but I could make no impression upon him whatever. As we parted he gave me his name, but as I did not make a note of it I forgot it before night, a fact for which I am very sorry as I would like to meet him again after the war is over.

The picket firing, which in the morning was light and desultory, gradually increased as the day advanced, and seemed to draw nearer and extend to the right. Meantime numerous divisions, brigades and regiments are pressed hastily forward to various points, and as they are lost in the woods and come within range, the sound of musketry deepens until it resembles the roll of heavy thunder, particularly on the right and in front of our (Fifth) corps. Soon the stretcher-bearers, with their ghastly freight, begin to pass by us to the hospitals now established on the plank road in our rear, and returning, with their stretchers dripping with the blood of the last occupants, press to the front again for other wounded. Crowds of soldiers, slightly wounded and assisted by comrades, flock past, many of whom, as they stop to rest, entertain our boys with stories of the fearful slaughter. Sounds like these followed by sights like these are not, I am bound to say, calculated to screw ones courage to the sticking point, and I am decidedly of opinion that in time of action, troops just out of range are in more danger of demoralization than those at the immediate front. The former see only the wounded, the dying and the dead, not the living. They hear the terrible sounds of the combat and the groans of the suffering, not the cheers of the victors. They listen to tales of bloody and disastrous defeat, not of the crowning victory. In short, every sense is

absorbed in the contemplation of the *horrors* rather than the *glories* of war.

About one o'clock P. M. a little cannonading was heard, but the surface of the country is so broken and irregular, and the forests, with their undergrowth of saplings, vines, and brambles are so dense, that but little use can be made of artillery. Lieut. Shelton of our brigade, whom I saw riding gaily by yesterday, lost two guns today on a narrow road in our front and was himself taken prisoner. Various wild rumors are flying about, such as that two rebel brigades were completely annihilated this morning, but though the fighting has been very hot and the losses undoubtedly great on both sides, as the firing dies away I cannot learn that either side has attained any decided advantage. The movements would seem to indicate efforts on both sides to get control of commanding points preparatory to more bloody and decisive work. Just at night the Headquarters Train moved back a short distance across the plank road by which we came into the field, and parked in an old corn field, while our battalion pitched its tents near by. Just after I had crawled under my shelter tent I heard the familiar voice of Dr. Lawrence, one of our assistant surgeons, now of the First Battalion attached to the Sixth Corps, anxiously inquiring for my tent, and having found it, he jumped from his horse and looking in inquired breathlessly if I was much hurt. I assured him that so far as I knew I was not yet very badly damaged, whereupon he expressed the greatest relief, and explained that he had ridden in great haste from the Sixth Corps headquarters, some three miles away, where he had been informed that I had been very dangerously wounded. Being assured of my safety, and showing me the instruments he had brought for the purpose of taking off my leg, arm or head, as the case might require, he remounted his horse and was soon lost in the darkness, but I shall not soon forget an act of such disin-

terested kindness on the part of the doctor, upon whom I had no sort of claim whatever, personal or professional.

FRIDAY, MAY 6TH.

We were aroused at half-past two o'clock this morning by an officer who brought us orders to leave the Headquarters Train and to report at Corps Headquarters at once, which order we instantly obeyed. Arriving at Gen'l Warren's headquarters, which were then at the Lacy House, in a commanding position upon a hill from which a view could be had of the dense woods upon all sides forming part of the Wilderness in which the troops of the Fifth Corps now lay in line of battle, we halted on the southerly slope, and stacking arms began to boil our coffee, the favorite occupation of the soldiers upon all occasions when a halt is ordered, expecting every moment to be ordered into the line. Soon Company E, which had been ordered up from the ammunition train, joined us, and from the strenuous efforts made to bring every available man to the front, and the anxiety apparent on the faces of the officers about Headquarters, we were convinced that a crisis was approaching. Before daylight the ball was opened by the skirmishers, and about half-past four the artillery, such as could be efficiently used, joined in the chorus. As the day dawned the firing increased all along the lines, and the pattering of the skirmishes was soon lost in the deep and terrible roll of the musketry of the main lines. I never listened to a sound more thrilling than that of this morning's engagement. The loudest and longest peals of thunder were no more to be compared to it in depth and volume, than the rippling of a trout brook to the roaring of Niagara. The Sixth New York, and other regiments of Heavy Artillery left in the defenses of Washington when we were ordered out, passed us this morning going forward ^{all} to fill a gap in the line through which the enemy is momentarily expected to pour its charging columns,

and to repel which all the reserve artillery has been in position in front of Headquarters with the guns shotted and the canoneers at their posts. Fortunately the weak spot is not discovered by our adversaries, but the crowds of wounded surging from the woods in every direction and hastening to the rear, bear terrible witness to the desperate valor of the combatants, and show a gradual but certain weakening of the lines. Here again I am compelled to bear the mortification of being asked by a staff officer what *Battery* I command, and upon pointing out my company of foot soldiers, hearing the officer add apologetically, "Ah, you are one of the Heavies." I shall never cease to condemn in the strongest terms the action of the Government in enlisting us for one branch of the service and then, without our consent, transferring us to another.

About three o'clock P. M., we were ordered to the front, and with many speculations as to our destination we fell in line and marched across an open field into the woods. Entering the low pines and underbrush through which roads had been cut for the passage of artillery and ambulances, we moved noiselessly along until we emerged from the pines in a hollow, and formed line of battle beside a little brook just in rear of several batteries of artillery which, being in position, connected the extreme right of the Fifth Corps with the left of the Sixth. Here, stacking arms until the engineers should complete the breastworks on the left of the batteries, the men unslung their knapsacks, built their little fires and improved the time boiling their coffee. About seven o'clock, and while we were still busy at our hard-tack and coffee, the firing opened very briskly to the right, and soon a mounted staff officer dashed wildly down upon us, shouting at the top of his voice that the Sixth Corps had broken and were retreating before the victorious Rebs, who in a few minutes would be upon us also and "gobble us up," closing his remarks by ordering us forward into the unfinished rifle pit. Such information

calmly and quietly conveyed to veterans far in the rear, would hardly inspire them with martial ardor. What, then, must be the effect on green troops on the front line, with arms stacked and belts laid aside? As might have been expected, the result was well nigh disastrous, for nearly every man in the battalion, with the natural instinct of self preservation, seized his knapsack and started on the double quick for the rear. Fortunately, however, the officers were in the rear of the line, and, with the assistance of the non-commissioned officers and a few cool-headed private soldiers, by threats and prayers, by words and blows, finally restored order, and, forming the line, the battalion moved into the rifle-pits. Joe, one of my bodyguards, however, would have distinguished himself on this occasion by gallantly retreating and carrying away my sword and revolver, which I had taken off a few moments before the stampede commenced, had I not caught him just in time to save my property, though he himself disappeared. Notwithstanding the terrible forebodings of the mounted officer referred to, and who by this time had no doubt reported at Headquarters, the firing gradually died away, and, being assured by the engineers that there were two lines of battle in the woods in front of us, we laid down to pleasant dreams, ^{in the rifle pits,} merely stationing a picket to guard our slumbers. General Wadsworth, and Lieut. Walker of our Sixth Corps battalion, were killed, and private Washington Covert, of my company, was wounded to day.

SATURDAY, MAY 7TH.

I woke this morning just at daylight, probably aroused by the whizzing of a stray bullet now and then, and taking an observation from the stump behind which I lay, and which stood about fifty feet in rear of the breastworks, I discovered that the pine trees in our front and just beyond the "slashing" were full of rebel sharpshooters. This discovery very much surprised me, and disabused my mind of the impression

given me the night before that there were two lines of battle in our front, and as quietly as possible I got such of my men as were not already there, into the little trench close to the breast-works, and in the limited space allowed us we began to boil our coffee. This was rather a ticklish business, for the rebels "had us down," as the situation is described in the army, that is, had the advantage of seeing, and the opportunity of shooting at, any head which might be raised above the top log of the breast-works, a condition of things which seriously embarrassed us in gathering fuel for our little fires. As illustrative of the advantage which accrues to the side which has the other side "down," I may mention the following incident. One of my men named Michael Ryan, with more curiosity than discretion, looked over the top of the breast-works, thinking to locate a sharp-shooter, who was in a tree quite near us and was persistent in his attentions to any of us who was careless in exposing himself. Hardly had Ryan's head reached the level of the log when the sharp-shooter furrowed his cheek with a minie ball, and conferred upon him the distinction of being the second man in the company to be wounded. However, the shot had located the tree in which the rifle-man was perched, and borrowing a Springfield musket from one of my men, I crawled along the breast-works a little way, and taking off my hat poked the gun over the ten inch pine log which topped the earthwork at that point, and gradually bringing the muzzle down in line with the tree, started to squint along the barrel for the chap in the butternut suit. Of course he saw the movement, and at once prepared for the head which he knew would appear at the breach of the gun, and before I could aim anywhere in his neighborhood, he sent a bullet into the log not three inches below my nose, and filled my eyes so full of pulverized pine bark that it took at least fifteen minutes to clear them out, and a much longer time than that to allay the smarting. It

was a beautiful line shot, only a trifle low, and raised the man considerably in my estimation. When at length I had recovered my eyesight, I went a little further up the line where there was a green oak stake driven into the ground to support the logs which formed the inner wall of the breastworks. This stake projected a little above the upper log but was not fastened to it, and being some nine inches thick at the top and six inches thick at the bottom, I thought I could with reasonable safety rest my gun on the log alongside of the stake, and, shielding my head behind its wide upper end, get a fair chance for a shot. Hardly had I commenced to put my scheme in execution, when a minie ball struck that stake just opposite my left cheek bone with such precision and force that the blow it communicated sent me sprawling to the ground, where, upon reflection, I concluded that I did not want to kill such an excellent marksman, and so returned the Springfield to its owner.

Soon after daylight the enemy, who seemed to suspect that there were some batteries of artillery somewhere on that line, though why they did not know it for a fact I cannot imagine as their sharp shooters must have seen them, began shelling the line to draw their fire and so unmask their exact location, and as the six-pound rifle shells came in a straight line towards us, we could see them in the air after we knew at just what elevation to expect them, and they looked very much like pigeons coming at us. Some struck outside the breastworks and some passed over our heads, but no damage was done except the killing of one artillery horse in our rear, and as our artillerists withheld their fire the cannonade did not enlighten the rebels. Shortly after the firing ceased, with the well known "rebel yell," the enemy came charging on us through the woods in a disordered mass, the trees having broken up anything like regular charging lines, and just as they were emerging from the timber and had

and the wounding of some men in other regiments

nearly reached the "slashing" in front of the breastworks, not more than forty yards from our lines, our batteries, composed of eighteen guns I think, opened with grape and canister; and in less time than it takes to tell it, what there was left uninjured of that force disappeared in the dense woods and over the hill in the rear, while the wounded were hiding behind trees as best they could and the dead were scattered about in full view.

About ten o'clock the 12th U. S. Infantry, starting from a point some distance to the left of my company, made a charge through the woods, but with what result I do not know. It was not, however according to the notions of a volunteer, a very creditable affair so far as military formation and steadiness were concerned, for though all the men were going in the same general direction, they were scattered like a mob and were apparently firing from their hips into the tops of the trees.

Later in the day the 93d Pennsylvania and the 2nd Michigan formed a line in a ravine in our rear, preparatory to charging from our part of the works. This intended movement necessitated my drawing my company out of the ditch behind the breastworks, so that the charging line might pass through and jump the breastworks. As my men were moving out from under cover to the rear, and I was backing away as they approached me, my accomplished acquaintance of the early morning, who had stuck to his tree until this time, apparently drew another bead on me, for a shot came from his direction and passed through the top of the cap of one of my men named Barber, who was directly in front of and very close to me. His cap flew off and he dropped on one knee and raised his hand rather hesitatingly to the top of his head, but finding no blood nor any unusual depression there, he smiled rather a sickly smile, and rising to his feet stood up until all were ordered to lie down. Evidently my

friend the enemy in the tree, did not at once grasp the significance of the movement on our side of the breastworks, for, as the picket line which preceded the changing line of the Pennsylvanians jumped the pine logs, he committed the indiscretion of shooting at one of them, thus attracting attention to his aerie, and almost instantly he came tumbling out of that tree as full of holes as a skimmer. After a time the charging troops returned, reporting that they had cleared out a very weakly-defended rifle pit, the holding of which would have been of no advantage to us.

At night we were relieved and ordered back to the ~~artillery~~ wagon train, and moving out under fire we marched about six miles and overtook some of the artillery near Chancellorsville at about two o'clock in the morning. It was pitch dark, and we halted in line along the side of a plank road and laid down and went to sleep. A brigade of infantry was lying fast asleep on the plank road, and sometime before daylight there was a great commotion in that line, caused by a series of most unearthly yells not unlike the "rebel yell" greatly intensified, and by many of the men suddenly awaking and jumping over a fence into a woods filled with underbrush and thus carrying consternation to those farther down the line. When the road was pretty well cleared of everything but guns and old shelter tents, the cause of the stampede in the shape of an enormous mule, came trotting along braying with all its might, thus illustrating for a second time the power and efficiency of the "jawbone of an ass."

Saw classmate Capt. Van Marter with his cavalry drawn up beside a road on which we were marching.

SUNDAY, MAY 8TH.

Took up our line of march about five o'clock in the morning and overtook the Artillery train at about four P. M. The day was hot and the roads very dusty, and we were obliged to

tie handkerchiefs over our mouths and noses in order to breathe. Smoke from forest fires filled the air and added to the misery caused by the dust. Marched about seven miles. Companies D and H were detailed to guard the Headquarters train which was then near the Nye River, and K and E were sent to guard the Ammunition train of the Corps. The artillery and musketry fire at 7 o'clock was very brisk, and was supposed to be near Spottsylvania Court House. In the evening Companies D and H were sent out on picket, and were marched about a good deal without any apparent object except exercise.

MONDAY, MAY 9TH.

It is reported this morning that Genl. Butler has taken City Point and Petersburg, and that Genl. Longstreet's corps has gone to Richmond, but we have learned to put very little faith in rumors. At half-past six P. M. heavy cannonading is heard in front. At two o'clock Headquarters are moved back to the Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg plank road, and we are marched back two-and-a-half miles. It is reported that Genl. Sedgwick, commanding the Sixth Corps, is killed.

TUESDAY, MAY 10TH.

Heavy cannonading from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M. The Pontoon train has been sent back to Fredericksburg, apparently to get it out of the way, and the army horses are put on half-rations, that is, five pounds of food. Ambulances and army wagons with two tiers of flooring, loaded with wounded and drawn by four and six mule teams, pass along the plank or, rather, corduroy road to Friedericksburg, the teamsters lashing their teams to keep up with the train, and the wounded screaming with pain as the wagons go jolting over the corduroy. Many of the wounds are full of maggots. I saw one man with an

arm off at the shoulder, with maggots half an inch long crawling in the sloughing flesh, and several poor fellows were holding stumps of legs and arms straight up in the air so as to ease the pain the rough road and the heartless drivers subjected them to. These men had been suffering in temporary field hospitals, as no opportunity had been afforded to send them to the rear until we got within reach of the road running to Fredericksburg. ⁽²³⁾ An attack on our right for the purpose of capturing the wagon train is anticipated, and we make dispositions of troops accordingly. Later the attack was made and repulsed. We learn that a force of cavalry has been sent out to cut the rebel communications with Gordonsville.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11TH.

Slept on our arms all night, but everything was comparatively quiet. It looks very much like rain this morning. Hear a report that rebels have been flanked and two thousand prisoners and twelve guns captured, but the report proves to be without foundation. Hear nothing from the cavalry. A thunderstorm came on about four P. M., the first rain since we left Culpepper Court House. Reported that the Twenty-second Corps is on the way to join this army. Started towards Fredericksburg in the afternoon and marched all night in the mud, many of the men falling out of the ranks by the way. Very little cannonading during the day.

THURSDAY, MAY 12TH.

Reached the vicinity of Tabernacle Church at about five o'clock A. M. where a ration of fresh beef was issued, and the men who had dropped out during the night came straggling in. Saw a force of cavalry a little way off, with uniforms literary covered with yellow braid, and learned that it

had just come from Rhode Island to join Gen'l Burnside's Ninth Corp, and is known as Burnside's Butterfly Cavalry. Left the church at 11 A. M. and going to the front reported to Gen'l Warren. On the way passed the 3d Penn. Artillery which we left at Fort Marcy in March. The Second Corp took several thousand prisoners and nineteen guns to-day. The rebel Gen'l Johnson and another general officer, who were captured in Barlow's charge, passed through our line in an ambulance and looked madder than wet-hens. And well they might, for it rained all day, thus adding to the bedraggled appearance of the captives. Many of the captured guns were parked near us, and for a time we were formed in line near them to repel any effort to recapture them. We have little idea where we are or what is going on about us. It was reported that the cavalry sent out to cut the rebel communication with Gordonsville, had destroyed eight miles of railroad and two trains of cars, and had taken about five hundred prisoners. All told we marched about twelve miles to-day.

FRIDAY, MAY 13TH.

There was very little cannonading to-day, and though there was nothing like a general engagement, there was occasional brisk musketry. Cos. E and K joined the battalion and we were moved up to the extreme front. Both armies seemed to be moving and on nearly parallel lines. After marching about two miles we found that a flank movement to the left was being made, and starting at about 9 o'clock P. M. in company with the artillery batteries, we marched pretty much all night. The rain for the past few days, and which was still pouring down, had converted the light Virginia soil into a sea of mud, and the wheels of the guns, caissons, ammunition wagons, etc., sank to the hubs, but by putting our shoulders to the wheels in aid of the horses and mules and artillerymen, we managed to

accomplish about two miles during the night. The whole Corps was in motion on our right. *We hear that the 12th has been badly cut up.*
 SATURDAY, MAY 14TH.

About 9 o'clock in the morning we came up with Burnside's Ninth Corps in full sight of Spottsylvania Court House. During the day the artillery was gotten into position, and at about 7 o'clock P. M. there was some brilliant cannonading by both sides. We were moved up to the rear of the Artillery Brigade near the Nye river, where private Collins was wounded, and remained all night waiting for orders to camp, burrowing in the mud and sleeping under sheets of water, but no such orders came. We traveled about six miles today.

SUNDAY, MAY 15TH.

Spent the day building breastworks and strengthening our position. About 10 o'clock A. M. a rebel battery opened on our center, but ceased firing after a little and everything remained quiet. A thunder storm came up in the afternoon but was comparatively brief. Capt Gould and I took a bath in the Nye river, and many of our men followed our example.

MONDAY, MAY 16TH.

The day opened with a dense fog, but it cleared off about 9 o'clock and I visited an old house in our rear belonging to a man named Gaul, or some such name. Quiet all day.

TUESDAY, MAY 17th.

An order was received today reducing all batteries of artillery from six to four guns. The day was quiet, but from the dispositions being made it was apparent that a battle was anticipated. A rumor was current that the Rebs had four twenty pound guns covering our front.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18TH.

Our battalion was ^{temporarily} assigned to Col. J. Howard Kitchings Brigade of the Reserve Artillery to-day, which lay along the Fredericksburg road, and at daylight we moved to join it, marching to a point near a house called the Harris House, I think. Very soon after our arrival artillery and musketry opened on the right of our army, and it was rumored that in a charge made by the Second Corps, a line of rifle pits was taken and substantial earthworks unmasked behind them. We are all the time hearing about successful movements by the Second Corps. At night we counter-marched about five miles and camped near our last camp ground.

THURSDAY, MAY 19TH.

We were moved toward the right and rear of the army to-day, where we started to make camp and began to receive rations, but soon Co's. D and K were sent out on picket on a line nearly at right-angles with the right of the army, and running ^{four} back diagonally almost to the Fredericksburg road. About ~~three~~ o'clock P. M. my Co. H, was sent out to relieve Co. D, which held the extreme right of the picket line. On arriving on the ground I found the line formed very much like a fish hook, and began establishing my picket posts, that furthest to the left in an open field, being near the extreme right one of Capt. Gould's Co. K. I put Lieut. Edmonston in charge of that end of the line and Lieut. Carpenter in charge of the center, and posted the remaining men in squads along toward the right and into some woods. While this disposition was being made, I heard some scattering shots down toward the left. Leaving First Sergt. Theben in charge of the detachment on the right. I ran across the curve of the fishhook through the woods towards the center of my line, but before I reached it I saw a rebel picket line advancing across an open field in

our front, and just behind it two lines of battle closely massed, with flags flying and officers on horseback, emerging from the woods in the rear of the field, but with their flanks so masked in woods on either side of the field that I could not see how far they extended. It was a magnificent sight, for the lines moved as steadily as if on parade, and if ever I longed for a battery of artillery with guns shotted with grape and canister, and my own men behind those guns, it was then and there, for I do not think the lines were more than two or three hundred yards from where I stood. There was a piece of swampy ground in their front which I knew would most likely break up their regular formation and delay them a little, but I feared that their left flank, which I could not see, might extend so far to their left that it would overlap my right and give me trouble in the rear. However, it was no time to hesitate, and I determined to withdraw the center of my line slowly, firing as we fell back, keeping in touch with Company K, and straightening out my fishhook as far to my right as I could, all in the hope that we might hold the "Johnnies" until troops attracted by the noise we made should come to our assistance. By the time I reached his position in the center, Lieut. Carpenter, who had taken in the situation, was deploying the picket posts into line, as Lieut. Edmonston was also doing on the left, and both had given the order to commence firing. Giving orders for a slow and stubborn withdrawal of the line, I ran over to the right and deployed that flank also, and on returning to the open field I found the enemy struggling through the swamp, and our boys peppering them as fast as they could load and fire, some lying down and some firing from behind stumps or from any other point offering the slightest protection. Looking down to the left near an old house, I thought I saw one of our officers, a short and stout young fellow, being escorted toward the enemy's lines by two rebel pickets, and I extended a mental farewell to Edmonston,

but later in the day was rejoiced to find that I was mistaken in the identity of the prisoner. As we reached the woods in our rear we fought back from tree to tree, endeavoring to hold the charging lines in the open field as long as possible, *and we actually did hold them for quite a while of an hour.*

The enemy returned our fire very sharply, and in the midst of the excitement a big yellow dog, belonging to some one in the regiment, came out on the field and began to snap at and run after the "zips" made by passing bullets, his ears and tail up, and his whole appearance indicating the intensiest interest in his pursuit of the imaginary birds. Suddenly one of the "birds" took off the end of his tail, and down went his ears and the rest of his tail, and with intermittent but emphatic "ki-yis," he went to the rear like a yellow streak.

By the time we had fallen back into the timber it was getting late in the afternoon and the shadows were gathering in the woods. The left flank of the enemy had lapped my right, as I had feared it might, and meeting no resistance as they reached the Fredericksburg road, the Rebels were climbing into the wagons, a train of which was on the road bringing up supplies, and the teamsters, or many of them, having cut their teams loose, were rushing through the woods in all directions. How far the main rebel lines had advanced into the woods at that point I do not know, but just as I began to fear that Co. H was going to be surrounded, a force of Union troops, probably a regiment, came charging through the woods *parallel* with the line of battle and causing great confusion among my men. Fortunately the Colonel passed near me and enquired where he could best go in, and I wheeled him at once to the left, and in less than two minutes there was the noisiest kind of a mix up. Almost immediately another line of battle passed through us on the double-quick, this one going in the right direction, and some of my own men joined this line and went in with it. Volley after volley was dis-

charged by each side, and the fighting was kept up until darkness settled down, when the rebels quietly withdrew under cover of it. My "bodyguard," Lynch, followed me about in the woods while I was trying to collect my men after the charges through us had scattered them, and was incessantly calling my attention to the shots which were striking the trees or whistling by between them, and I was finally obliged to order him to the rear, though I could not but appreciate his kindly anxiety for my safety. After the firing ceased I got a few of my men together, and while looking around for a place where we could safely lie down and go to sleep, I came upon my Quarter-master Sergt. Elijah F. Lock, a quiet, determined fellow, with two or three other men, standing under a large pine tree. Telling him to "fall in" I was about to pass on when he said, "Captain, there's a rebel sharp-shooter up this tree, and just before dark I saw him shoot a major off his horse while that officer's line was passing under the tree, and I am going to get him." Many sharp shooters had climbed trees as soon as the Rebs entered the woods, and when their troops were driven back these men were left on their perches and annoyed us not a little, so telling Lock that he had my best wishes for his success, I passed on and with my squad was soon asleep in a convenient little hollow.

FRIDAY, MAY 20TH.

At daylight this morning I was informed that Sergt. Lock "got" his sharp-shooter last night, but that the man was of no use to himself or anybody else after the Sergeant's attentions. Getting my little squad in line, we moved by the flank in rather "open order" through the woods and across the fields to the camp which we had left the day before, where I found that many of my men had preceded me during the night. Lynch was most demonstrative in his welcome, an-

nouncing in stentorian tones that the Captain was not "kilted after all." Upon mustering the Company for roll-call, I found that we had suffered severely, Sergt. Judson A. Smith, Artificer Gould R. Benedict, and privates Joseph Housel, Jr. and William R. Mead having been killed, and First Sergt. Theben, Corp. Harned and privates Abbey, Adams, Brockelbank, Butler, Bullock, Cole, Phelps, Allen R. Smith, Sanford and Lyke, wounded, while Sergt. David B. Jones and privates Asa Smith and Charles M. Struble were missing. The day was spent caring for the wounded, burying the dead, our own as well as those of the enemy, and throwing up a line of rifle-pits where we were engaged the day before. Trenches were dug in the light soil some six feet wide and two or three feet deep, and the dead were laid side by side with no winding sheets but overcoats or blankets, though occasionally an empty box which had contained Springfield rifles did duty as a coffin. Care was taken to cover the faces of the dead with the capes of their overcoats or with blankets, and where the name, company, regiment, division or corps could be ascertained, the information was written in pencil on a board or smoothly whittled piece of wood, which was driven into the earth at the man's head, and the grounds about the Harris House presented the appearance of a cemetery. I particularly noticed among the rebel dead, a handsome boy of perhaps eighteen years, who, though clad in the dirty butternut colored uniform of a private, showed every indication of gentle birth and refined home surroundings. His hands and feet were small and delicately mouled; his skin white and soft as a woman's, and his hair, where not matted by the blood from a cruel wound in the forehead, was fair and wavy as silk, and as I thought of the desolate home some where in the South, thus robbed of its pride and its joy, and of the loving mother who would never know where her darling was laid, tears actually came to my eyes, and I turned away, leaving the poor boy to find a

resting place at the hands of a burial party of a not ungenerous foe.

Later in the day, as Sergeant Jones did not report to camp, I went out on the field and opened the heads of a number of graves where there were no names, or where the identification of the occupant on the boards or stakes was incomplete, but was unable to find his body.

We learned to-day that the force which attacked us yesterday was Gen'l Ewell's Corps, and that the repulse which it met was a signal one.

Such was the battle of Pine Grove or Harris Farm as it was called, so far as I personally saw or had anything to do with it. *Get in*
Genl Meade's Congratulatory order on the signal, our battery
 SATURDAY, MAY 21ST. *was not even in action though we*
lost nearly four men.

We broke camp last night and marched all night with the Fifth Corps batteries of Artillery, Co. H in the lead, passing through Guinea's Station to-day, crossing the Mattaponi River at Downer's bridge, and halting near a house in a cornfield. The men were thoroughly tired out and as hungry as bears, having had nothing to eat on the long march of twenty-five miles. While on the march I observed some horsemen in the distance, flitting about in the woods to our left and front, and suspecting that they might belong to the enemy, I halted the column and sent Corporal Richard E. Rhodes forward to reconnoiter. Rhodes was a splendid, plucky little fellow, and as he went straight for the woods I stood watching him with a good deal of anxiety, having prepared to throw the company into line and follow him in case of any hostile demonstration. Scarcely had he covered two-thirds of the distance, when a single horseman rode out to meet him, and in a few moments he rejoined us and reported that the men we had seen belonged to a detachment of our own cavalry sent out, without notice to us, to picket our line of march. Starting on again with lighter hearts if not more elastic steps, we reached the cornfield, stacked arms and lay down among the little corn-hills to rest.

SUNDAY, MAY 22D.

At one o'clock in the morning we were ordered back over the road upon which we had advanced the day before, and after marching some distance were halted until 4 o'clock P. M. and then sent to Bowling Green, where we camped near Harrison's stores. The distance traveled was not far from six miles, but why we were kept moving about in this way no one seemed to know.

MONDAY, MAY 23D.

At 5 o'clock A. M. we joined the wagon train as a guard, and marched about twelve miles to Mt. Carmel Church, where we arrived at half-past eleven and were permitted to halt and boil our coffee. The Second Corps passed to our left and the Fifth Corps to our right ^{with the latter Corps we} and crossed the North Anna River, and in a short time skirmishing commenced and a battle opened vigorously at about 5 o'clock, which lasted some two hours. We understand that Gen'l Hill's rebel Corps is in our front. *The night was spent digging rifle pits and getting our troops into position.*

TUESDAY, MAY 24TH.

It was comparatively quiet in our immediate front to-day, but there was heavy cannonading to our left, which ^{is} ~~was~~ in the direction of Hanover Junction where the Second Corps ^{is} ~~was~~ supposed to be. All hands took the opportunity to "police" themselves by taking a bath in the North Anna River. Our troops were reported to be in possession of the railroad this side of the Junction. ⁽¹⁰⁾

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25th.

At seven this morning Kitchings Brigade moved off toward the left, while our Battalion was sent to the right. Lively skirmishing occurred in our front, and at half-past three o'clock there was some artillery firing on our left, but there

was very little close fighting. The cavalry came in from a raid, and it was rumored that the Sixth Corps had torn up the railroad track from Hanover Junction to Gordonsville. Towards night we were drawn in and sent out on picket along the North Anna.

THURSDAY, MAY 26th.

The morning was rainy and disagreeable, and we spent the day building breast-works along the picket line. While so engaged some cavalry under command of Gen'l Wilson, as we were informed, passed out through our line, and I had the pleasure of a brief chat with my friend Capt. Jim McNair, whom I last saw at Culpepper, while his company was passing through my lines. He was fat as a porpoise, and rode a big black horse which looked to be in as fine condition as its rider. We were relieved from picket at six o'clock P. M. and joining the ^{re} Brigade, ~~back~~ crossed the North Anna and in mud knee-deep marched to Mt. Carmel Church, which we reached about one o'clock. It was utterly impossible to keep the men in line, and I had but *sixteen* of my company with me when we halted.

FRIDAY, MAY 27th.

On reaching the Church, fires were built and rations issued, and gradually the men left behind came straggling in, covered, like ourselves, with mud and wet to the skin. While trying to dry out and make ourselves reasonably comfortable under the circumstances, our morning naps were disturbed by rumors of another change of base and an impending long march. We were not actually routed out, however, until 9 o'clock A. M. when we formed line and marched steadily until 12 o'clock at night, covering twenty-five miles, but losing from the ranks more than two-thirds of the men, who fell out from sheer exhaustion but joined us later.

SATURDAY, MAY 28th.

Started at 9 o'clock in the morning and marched all day, passing many attractive looking places, the plantation of John Carroll among others, and after making about twenty miles halted to boil coffee, but were ordered to cross the Pamunkey river, and did so at 5 o'clock at Old Ferry and camped on the heights beyond. During the day we came upon a Commissary, and those of us who could afford the luxury, supplemented our usual and limited rations of hard-tack, brown sugar and coffee, with something equally bad but different in kind.

SUNDAY, MAY 29th.

Moved from Headquarters into the woods and camped until after noon, when the Brigade, under Col. Kitching, moved to the front. In about two hours orders came for the Second Battalion to join the Third Battalion of our regiment in the Second Corps, and we did so, and in a short time both battalions went out with the Second Corps batteries about eight miles towards Mechanicsville, and halted for the night.

MONDAY, MAY 30th.

The artillery and our battalions advanced at 4 o'clock A. M. something like half a mile to a point near Totopotomoy creek, where we stacked arms in a road and a cornfield of fifty acres, or thereabouts, and threw up earth-works for the artillery within two or three hundred yards of the enemy's line under a galling fire of musketry. The rebels in our front were busily at work also building earth-works, and at noon they opened a brisk artillery fire. Immediately in the rear of my company as it was at work on the breast-works, stood a fine large brick or stone house with a slate roof, known as the Shelton House, which was said to belong to a rebel Colonel, then in the works in front of us, and was occupied by some ladies of his family, who had,

however, very properly taken refuge in the cellar. Between our works and the house, which stood with its rear towards us, was a semi-circle of negro quarters, and in front of these little frame and log houses the artillerymen had backed up their caissons and ammunition wagons, to conceal them as much as possible from the enemy. At the door of one of these cabins was a large pile of ashes, where the old "mammy" who lived there had emptied the contents of her stove for years, and as the men took out the ammunition from the chest on a limber, considerable powder was sprinkled on this dumping ground. Not long after the rebels had commenced firing, and after they had sent several rifled projectiles through the main house and its roof, and had split some of the great trees standing close by, the old darkey woman came to her door, cool as a cucumber, and apparently oblivious of the danger of her act, threw a shovel full of hot ashes and coals just out of her stove squarely under the limber, and instantly the front of that shanty was taken off as cleanly as if cut down by a monster hay-knife. Two men were killed and several wounded, but the negress is said to have escaped unhurt. A tremendous cheer at once rang out from the rebel line, the occupants of which no doubt supposed that the explosion had been caused by one of their shells. *After getting our guns in position we opened on them,* and the cannonading was vigorously kept up all along the line until dark. Co. D. Capt. Jones, was to-day detailed to man a Cohorn Mortar Battery.

TUESDAY, MAY 31ST.

We remained in the intrenchments all night while picket firing was going on, and in the morning the infantry made a charge and found the first line of the enemy's works abandoned and *quite a number of* took ~~new~~ prisoners. Our batteries were pushed forward to a line they had abandoned yesterday, and shelled the woods in all directions, and a skirmish line of infantry having been

deployed to the front and left and found the rebels, a successful charge was made. The First Battalion of our regiment left the Sixth Corps and joined us to-day. Lieutenant Edmonston was sent forward with thirty of my men at 10 o'clock P. M. and threw up some breast-works near the rebel line, which opened fire upon him, and he was ordered to fall back. Privates Gay and Shortsleeves of my company were wounded to-day.

(12)
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1ST.

At 10 A. M. the enemy charged their own rifle pits supposing that we still held them, but our troops had left there at 2 A. M., and when the "Johnnies" advanced on the line held by our regiment and the artillery, we soon scattered them. Heavy firing was heard on the left, and it was reported that the Sixth Corps, and the Eighteenth under General "Baldy" Smith, were engaged. We left the vicinity of the Shelton House at dusk and marched about five miles to the left, crossing a ravine which we understood was called Gaine's Mills, and halted for rest at 12 o'clock midnight.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2D.

We were aroused at 4 A. M., and after taking our hard tack and coffee, moved off toward Cold Harbor. We passed many prisoners who were being taken to the rear, and learned that the Sixth Corps was nearly whipped yesterday when "Baldy" Smith with his Eighteenth Corps came to its assistance. Heavy firing was heard on the right to-day, but what the occasion was we did not know. Marched five miles, and camped some little distance in the rear of the lines, but in plain sight, and not far from the old house and the little building which covered its well at Cold Harbor. Shells and solid shot from artillery were constantly dropping about us, and

while I lay in my shelter tent, a little six pound conical shot, almost spent, came ricocheting along the ground and actually struck the canvas by my side and quietly rolled off.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3D.

At half-past 4 A. M., after a rainy night, our artillery on the left opened fire, and the cannonading gradually extended to the right, and at about 6 o'clock became simply terrific all along the line. A charge upon the enemy's works followed, made by troops of two or three of the corps at least, and it was reported that two rebel lines were carried, and eighteen guns and many prisoners taken, but that being flanked by artillery, our troops could not hold their position, and were compelled to retire, abandoning the guns and leaving many wounded on the field. ⁽¹³⁾ Our regiment was not actually in the charge, but in the afternoon we were moved up to the breast-works, which, along a part of the line, were simply a broad ridge of earth with a ditch on each side, the Union troops being on one side and the Confederates on the other. ^{and the} Immediately in the rear of the intrenchments, the earth was full of little excavations two or three feet deep, over which shelter tents were pitched so that the occupants could sleep, when opportunity offered, without danger of being hit by the bullets which often traversed the surface of the ground both day and night. These residences were called "gopher holes," and, as might be supposed, were very popular with the soldiers no matter what their rank might be. After cutting abattis for the breast works until dark, I was, during the night, ordered to take a detail from my company, and, with other details from our regiment, go and ^{help} assist in building a redoubt for artillery on General Barlow's line close up to the rebel lines. My instructions were most vague and unsatisfactory, and as I knew nothing about the lay of the land, I reported at once to General Barlow's headquarters, which consisted of a wall

*soldiers on another side showed
them their heads above the
the line.*

tent with a sentry and a Division flag in front of it. I found the General curled up in the corner of his tent examining a map with a candle, but on learning that I wanted a guide he sent a staff officer with me to point out the way. I do not think this officer knew any more about the location of the lines than I did, for he lead us around in an aimless way, and at length brought us up behind a battery of artillery posted in the second line, where I halted the company to inquire of the officer in command of the battery whether he knew what was required of me. It was pitch dark, and suddenly one of those unaccountable fusillades occurred, so frequently started by somebody firing a gun on one side or the other in the night time, and the artillery on both sides promptly joined in the melee. The enemy seemed to have the range of this particular battery perfectly, and made our position so hot that I took the company away from the rear of it by the right plank at "double quick," fortunately not losing a man except my guide, whom I never saw again. The commander of the battery had indicated to me where he thought I ought to go, which was across a ravine almost immediately in his front, and after the firing had ceased I reached the ground and with the other details built the redoubt. We had to cut the necessary logs in the ravine and carry them up the side hill, and the almost incessant musketry fire, and the sharp-shooter's fire as it grew lighter, seriously impeded the work. Occasionally there would be paroxysms of artillery firing, when we would have to suspend altogether and seek the best shelter we could find, and on one of these occasions Capt. Gould and I met in a washout or gully near by, made by some previous rainstorm in the light sandy soil, which was hardly large enough for two, and we had a good natured argument as to which ranked the other in the right to possession. After the work was sufficiently advanced to afford some protection from the rebel fire,

we were subjected to danger from our own people, for the battery in our second line of which I have spoken, opened fire two or three times on the rebel line beyond us, and sent its shot and shell screeching uncomfortably close to our heads, some of the latter exploding rather short and sending fragments and encased iron balls into our redoubt. And yet it was a beautiful sight to see the lines of fire in the darkness, caused by the burning fuses of the shells when coming towards us, followed by brilliant explosions, the whole exhibition resembling very closely that made by sky-rockets at a Fourth of July celebration. During the night Gen'l Barlow visited our little fort, crawling in over the exposed ground on his hands and knees, and upon his asking how we had got in there, we answered "just as you did."

SATURDAY, JUNE 4th.

Morning found us still at work on the redoubt, and ~~after~~ finishing that and assisting in building other earth-works, ~~at the end of one of which Lieut. Hamlink, our Battalion Adjutant, was wounded in the face by a sharp-shooter, my company returned to its gopher-hole camp about 1 o'clock P. M. and was permitted to remain there for the rest of the day. At the point where Hamlink was hit the sharpshooters were very troublesome, and two men who were carelessly looking over the breast-works by my side, were shot in the head, one being killed instantly and the other receiving a ball between his eyes which followed the scalp over the top of his skull and made its exit at the back of his neck. He lay insensible for a few moments, and then got up and posted off to hospital.~~

SUNDAY, JUNE 5th.

Under sharp-shooter's fire all day but none of my men was hit. The body of Col. Porter, of the Sixth N. Y. Heavy Artillery, who was killed on the 3d, was recovered to-day, as

were the bodies of several other officers and men. A charge was made upon us by the enemy but it was easily repulsed, and later my Company was sent to build more breast works on other parts of our line.

MONDAY, JUNE 6th.

Occupied the intrenchments all day. Considerable picket-firing was going on but no serious movement was made by either side. We heard the rebel bands playing very distinctly.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7th.

There was a good deal of desultory musketry last night, but the day was quiet, each side apparently watching the other. A flag of truce was sent out, and the body of Col. McMahon, of the 164th N. Y. among others, killed on the 3d, was recovered. His features were not recognizable, his pockets were rifled and the buttons were cut from his uniform.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8th.

Discovered to my consternation that I was actually *lousy*. Lieut. Edmonston, whom I call "the Sheriff," he having been a deputy Sheriff of Ontario County, one of the neatest men I ever knew, indignantly repelled the insinuation as to himself when inquired of, and I turned the company over to him and went to the rear two or three miles to the hospital, and procured some camphor gum to hang in little bags about my neck and shoulders, and some mercurial ointment with which to "police" the seams of my clothing. On my return I saw that the gopher-hole tent which he and I occupied was closed, and creeping up quietly to the back of it, and peeping through the opening where the ridge-pole protruded, I saw "the Sheriff" sitting on the ground, naked as the day he was born, going up and down the seams of his trousers and diligently crushing the inhabitants and their eggs with the backs of his thumb nails.

I could not but laugh heartily, but he saw no fun in the situation and kept on with his work until I divided my "hospital stores" with him. It had been quiet all day, but about 7 o'clock P. M. Artillery fire was opened very briskly. Later Edmonston, with a detail from the company, was sent out to clear a way to the rear for the withdrawal of the artillery.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9th.

After being out all night "the Sheriff" was relieved and reported at camp about 8 o'clock this morning. All was quiet along the lines to-day, and an extra ration of pork, beans and cabbage was issued to the men by the Sanitary Commission, which was most gratefully received. ⁶⁰ ~~Lieut. Vanderpeel reported for duty with my company, I having had but one lieutenant since Lieut. Clark was detailed to Co. E.~~

FRIDAY, JUNE 10th.

The rebels shelled the ^E Cohorn Mortar Battery manned by Capt. Jones' Co. D. to-day but did no damage. Clothing and more rations were issued, and it looks as if preparations are being made for another "flank movement." For the first time in a long while the band played in front of Col. Alcock's quarters this afternoon.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11th.

Saw my friend Duncan Paul, of Canandaigua, to-day. The Second and Third Battalions were sent out to build a heavy line of breast-works in our rear, which was finished about noon and the troops returned to camp. These works are evidently intended to check the advance of the enemy if any attempt is made to follow our army when we fall back.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12th.

About 10 A. M. we were ordered to withdraw very quietly

from the line we had held so long, and did so, moving to the rear of Col. Tidballs Artillery Brigade headquarters where we rested in line until 9 o'clock P. M. when we marched off in an unknown direction with the artillery, continuing to travel until 5 o'clock in the morning. On the march we crossed the Richmond and York River Railroad at 3 A. M. and it was estimated that we made something like twenty miles during the night.

MONDAY, JUNE 13TH.

At 10 A. M. we took up our line of march, very much impeded by the wagon trains and the artillery, crossed the Chickahominy River at Long Bridge about 2 P. M. and reached Dr. Wilcox's plantation on the James River at half-past 8 P. M. Here, near what is called Wilcox Landing, we camped in a magnificent clover and wheat field which had theretofore apparently been spared the ravages of war. ^{of about} This day's march ^{of about} ~~was put at~~ twenty miles, and ~~to me it seemed~~ particularly fatiguing. At one point I felt so weak and faint, that I strayed off a little way from the line of march and laid down in the dry but cool and shady bed of a little stream. In about an hour, having recuperated somewhat, I arose and trudged along, soon overtaking the company, ^{(12) what then was left of it.} or

TUESDAY, JUNE 14TH.

A detail of a thousand men from the regiment was made this morning to go to the river near the Charles City Court House, which had been burned, and cut a way for the trains to the pontoon bridge and the boat landings, and was engaged in this work pretty much all day. The country about here is very attractive, perhaps the most so of any part of Virginia which we have traversed.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15TH.

The Second Corps infantry and several of its batteries of

artillery crossed the river to-day and started for Petersburg. About 9 in the morning our regiment was ordered up close to the river bank preparatory to crossing, but was held there all day waiting for an opportunity, the means of crossing being quite inadequate for the Corps. Taking advantage of the delay, I sent one of my men to a sutler to get something for me toothsome to eat, and he returned with what he said was the only can of boned turkey the sutler had, and with that and some hard tack which I had secured from a commissary, I sat on a log on the banks of the James, indulging in the most delightful luncheon I had taken for several weeks, and watching the troops and artillery crossing the river several feet below me. Many amusing scenes were witnessed from my log, perhaps the most amusing one of which was the struggle of two mules apparently to drown each other. They had been pushed off of a ferry boat into the river, and having their harnesses on, and being more or less strapped together, independent action was quite impossible, and so they devoted their energies to climbing over each other, the result of which was that each was alternately above and below the surface of the water, until, at length some of the teamsters got a rope fastened to one of the harnesses and dragged them ashore none the worse for their aquatic exercise. My company cook Skinkle, had somewhere during the campaign picked up a wounded mule of great size, and by dint of careful nursing had secured a most useful beast of burden, upon which he hung the heavier cooking utensils of the company, his own knap-sack and occasionally the knap-sack of some weary comrade. Many other similar "waifs and strays" had been caught and utilized by the foot soldiers in the same way, until it seemed as if these "attached recruits" were more numerous than the regular "rank and file" of their kind. When we reached the James, an order was promulgated to the effect that none of these useful animals should be permitted to cross, and when they were

turned loose on the plain above the river it was surprising to see what an immense drove there was. Skinkle tried several times to run the guards, but his load of pots and kettles betrayed him and he was finally compelled to abandon the effort. Just at this juncture, a bright idea struck "little Scovil," the youngest and the smallest man in the company, and coming to me very deferentially, he said that if I would give him "leave of absence" for the afternoon he would guarantee to get the mule across the river, and he appealed to my selfish interest by saying that the beast had carried my own overcoat and blanket many a mile, and would be wanted again for the same service. Upon getting his "leave," Scovil distributed the motley load of "camp and garrison equipage" among the men of the company, for the mule had many friends, to be taken across by them, and, shedding his uniform, boldly led the beast down on to one of the boats with the mules of a wagon train, and actually safely delivered it to Skinkle on the other side.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16TH.

At 4 A. M. the regiment crossed the river and then halted for some time waiting for an issuance of rations, but none being supplied, we marched on, hoping to overtake the supply train which it was discovered had preceded us, but failing to overhaul it, we halted at 1 o'clock and the train was ordered to return. The road was extremely dusty and the temperature was 100 degrees in the shade, but at 5 o'clock we moved on to meet the train, but missed it, and after marching about fifteen miles in the aggregate, we camped, thoroughly tired out, hot and hungry. We are informed that some of the rebel's outer works have been taken by the Ninth Corps.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17TH.

At 5 A. M. the regiment formed in line and marched to a

*after having loaded and unloaded
boats for two days and two nights,*

into the streets of which we can look.

point said to be within a mile and a half of Petersburg, where we remained for the rest of the day. Captain Jones of Company D, commanding the Cohorn Mortar Battery, which is not now with the regiment, was killed to-day by a sharp-shooter, and I learn that Sergeant Jones of my company, who was missing after the Spottsylvania fight, was then taken prisoner. While laying out our camp and receiving our much needed rations, Companies A, B, F, G and H, now numbering about five hundred men, were detailed as a working party to build a line of rifle pits as near as possible to the rebel outer line, at a point not far from the City Point Railroad. As soon as it became sufficiently dark to partially conceal our movements, we shouldered our muskets, and, under command of Major Williams, marched about through the woods until we reached a ravine into which opened a deep trench or run-way, dry at the time, which came directly down from the rebel lines and formed a sort of covered way, offering complete protection on either side, but so straight that a solid shot traversing it lengthwise, would probably have killed every man in it. Up this narrow defile, gradually growing more and more shallow, we crept as noiselessly as we could, until we reached a point some ~~some~~ ^{twenty} ~~or fifty~~ yards from the enemy's line, when we clambered out, and, extending to the right and left in single file a few feet apart, began, each man for himself, to sink holes and gradually connect them, until by daylight we had constructed a very respectable rifle pit. An occasional but harmless shot at an officer as his outline was seen against the sky, indicated that our presence was known, but the limited number of shots convinced us that the force in our immediate front was small, as subsequent events proved it to be.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18TH.

Although originally sent out merely to build the line, about midnight an order was received directing us to

hold it when built, and at three o'clock in the morning this order was followed by another, assigning us to a position in the front line in a charge to be made from our rifle pit at four o'clock. To men who had marched under a broiling sun all the day before, and had worked all night like beavers, with nothing to eat and little to drink, this last order was not particularly welcome. Nor is this at all surprising when, in addition to their fatigue and hunger, we remember the ever exasperating fact that their contract with the Government exempted them from such service, and entitled them to artillery instead of spades and muskets. Nevertheless, when the order came: "Forward, double quick," as steady a line went over that earth-work as ever marched across the parade ground at old Fort Ethan Allen. The enemy's front line at the point we struck it, was just over the crest of a knoll and protected by a dense fringe of abattis, and we all expected at least a respectable salute when our troops came in sight, but it was occupied only by a picket line, and but few shots greeted us. And yet this fact did not justify an order which just then came from the left, "by the left flank, march," which, if executed, would have sent us running along parallel with the abattis; exposed us to a flank fire and delayed our silencing what little fire there was. I gave my own company, H, which was in the centre, the order "left oblique," and Captain McKeel and the other company commander on my right, conformed to my movement, and our three companies crossed the first rebel line at an angle. The movement of the two companies on the left directly to the left, caused a break in the battalion, but it was soon closed, and facing to the front again we swept down on the second line of rifle pits, which was nothing more nor less than one of those public highways so common in Virginia, excavated from side to side to the depth of three or four feet, and which at that point ran parallel to the line already taken. This line was also feebly defended,

and after a brisk but brief fusillade, its occupants took a hasty departure, leaving their corn-bread breakfasts untouched. Crossing this road, we were just jumping a fence upon the other side, when, for some inscrutable reason, as it seemed to us, a halt was ordered, and there we lay in that road for several hours, while a line of earth-works grew up to completion before us. I do not know what there was behind that line, but I entertain no doubt but that had the charge of the morning been pressed, as it seems to me it should have been, that particular line would have given us no trouble thereafter.

Up to this time, though we had charged nearly half a mile and carried two lines of works, we had met with comparatively few casualties, but among our losses were some of our best men, such as Captain Ed. Knower of G Company, and First Seargent Theben of my own company, both of whom were severely wounded.

The morning was intensely hot, and while some of the officers were taking observations, or endeavoring to secure rations for their commands, the men spread their shelter tents upon temporary supports and dropped to sleep from sheer exhaustion, careless of occasional stray missiles which zipped about their ears and cut down their tent poles. *many of them* (19)

While reclining against the bank of this sunken road, one of Berdan's sharpshooters, with a telescope rifle, came along and sat down beside me and at my request handed me his gun. After examining it, I glanced through the board fence and saw a straw hat bob up and down behind the enemy's works, as its wearer leaned down and straightened up while shoveling earth to the top of the works. Resting the rifle on the edge of a board, I drew a bead on that straw hat as it came up, and pulled the trigger. The bullet struck in the dirt about two inches too low, but it attracted no attention and so I tried again and never saw anything more of that hat, but I am glad to feel that I shall never know why I did not see it again.

mine

About ~~twelve~~ o'clock orders came to continue the charge. From the fence above referred to, the ground, covered with some sort of growing grain, sloped gently down for a hundred yards to a narrow belt of trees in which was the dry bed of a little stream, and beyond this belt the grade ascended gradually for some five hundred yards to the rebel works on the brow of the hill, the intervening field being covered with a luxuriant growth of corn about three feet high. Captain Vanderwiel was assigned to command a picket line which was to precede us, and the advance from this point was to be made in two lines of battle, our five companies forming part of the front line. I saw no second line of battle upon our part of the field during the earlier part of the charge, and I certainly was not informed of any in advance. The enemy had posted two pieces of artillery, perhaps more, in what appeared to be angles of its new works, and our battalion very nearly covered the front between these guns. To those of us who had anxiously watched all the morning the preparations for our reception, and had seen some of the guns moved into position and the troops deployed behind the breast-works, it seemed perfectly evident that the charge would now prove a disastrous failure, but when the order was given, though we felt we were going to almost certain death, these five companies of artillerymen, always accustomed to obey orders, scaled the fence with a cheer, the enemy commencing to fire the moment we left the road. Reaching the belt of timber, we found the picket line halted and firing from behind the trees, but the main line pushed on and out into the open cornfield. One of my men, a good man too, but for the moment forgetful that the question was not for him or me to decide, stopped behind a tree, and when ordered forward began to argue that we never could carry that breast-work, a proposition in which I heartily concurred, but it being no time or place for the interchange of our views I leveled my revolver at his head and he broke cover instantly.

Another of my men had his musket struck by a ball and bent double like a hairpin, but straightening out his arm, which was nearly paralyzed for an instant, he picked up another musket and went on, keeping his place in the line. Just at that moment Major Williams received a rifle ball in the shoulder, and falling near me, though I was not the ranking Captain on the field, directed me to assume command of the battalion, and I turned my own Company over to Lieutenant Edmonston. ⁽²⁰⁾ I shall never forget the hurricane of shot and shell which struck us as we emerged from the belt of trees. The sound of the whizzing bullets and exploding shells, blending in awful volume, seemed like the terrific hissing of some gigantic furnace. Men, torn and bleeding, fell headlong from the ranks as the murderous hail swept through the line. [↑] The shrieks of the wounded mingled with the shouts of defiance which greeted us as we neared the rebel works, and every frightful and sickening incident conspired to paint a scene which no one who survived that day will care again to witness.

This part of the charge was made across a portion of an old race course, and the belt of trees which bordered the track at that point and in which lay the dry bed of the little stream, formed a sort of arc with the ends projected toward the enemy, and as the flanks of the battalion came out in full view, and we were within about one hundred and fifty yards of the rebel line, I was astonished to see that there were no troops on either side of us, and looking back, I discovered that my five companies were the only troops of all the charging lines which were in sight, that had obeyed the order and advanced from the sunken road. Then for the first time I understood the fierceness of the fire to which we were being subjected; saw that we were receiving not only the fire from the works in our front, to which we were entitled, but a cross fire from troops and artillery on the right and left of our

effect of wind was in the face.

front which would have been directed toward other parts of the charging lines if we had been supported, and realized that with this little handful of men being then so rapidly decimated, it was worse than useless to continue the attack. Accordingly I halted the line and gave the order to lie down, the corn being high enough to furnish some little concealment. A general break to the rear would have cost as many lives as the double quick to the front had done, so I instantly followed my first order with another to the effect that each man should get to the rear as best he could.

When we left the sunken road, the Colonel of a regiment on our left whose men ~~refused~~ ^{refused} to follow him, joined us with his color-guard and gallantly accompanied us as far as we went, and there planted his flags in the soft earth. He must have discovered the futility of a further advance about the time that I did, for just as I ordered the men down, he ordered a retreat, though we were not under his command, and under the combined orders the men at once disappeared in the corn. My orders were intended to embrace the officers of the battalion as well as the men but they were not so understood, and after the men were out of sight there stood the line of officers, still targets for the enemy, calmly facing him and awaiting further orders. I shall never forget my thrill of admiration for those brave men as I glanced for an instant up and down the line, but it was no time for a dress parade, and I immediately ordered them down and laid down myself.

The sun was blazing straight down upon us and the surface of the ground was very hot, and added to these discomforts, the enemy was firing into the corn in the hope of hitting some of us, which no doubt was done. Although by no means overcharged with physical courage, as I have had occasion more than once to find out, I was not, up to this point, conscious of the slightest apprehension for my own personal safety, my intense anxiety for my men and my fixed determination to go over that

& like most of our infantry,
 after my wounds of a 1st of May,
 style of charging a general order of retreat
 I was not there going around it, but
 flitting

breast-work at all hazards having probably banished all other considerations from my mind, but as I lay there broiling in the sun, normal conditions began to return, and it occurred to me that some stray bullet might possibly search me out, and, what seemed even worse,—for there is no measuring the limits and effect of personal vanity,—the reflection forced itself upon me that the rebels, and perhaps some of our own men at the rear, had seen the leader of that charge, an acting Major at least, actually hide in the corn. That last idea settled it, and reflecting that if I should go directly to the rear I would be an easier mark than if I should go across the fire, and that a wound in the back was not considered ornamental for a soldier, I arose and deliberately walked diagonally to the rear until I came to the continuation of the ditch or runway up which, at its distant lower end, we had filed the night before to build a rifle pit, and dropping into that, worked my way down to the piece of race track just outside of the belt of trees, and crossing that reached our works in safety. Why I was not struck while making that trip is more than I can tell, for the rebel riflemen had a much easier shot at me, and at half the distance, than I had in the morning at their man with the straw hat, and, as giving some idea of the severity of the fire we faced that day, I may mention that on returning to our lines, I counted twenty four shot and shell marks on the side towards the enemy of a little pine tree not more than eight inches through at the butt, and that the battalion lost, according to the company reports, one hundred and fifteen men killed and wounded in this charge.

and killed
In my own company the loss was ~~eighteen~~ ^{thirteen}, Privates Elliott being killed, and First Sergeant Theben, Corporal Martin, Privates Allardice, Butler, Doty, Hicks, Kimber, E. H. Lyke, Markey, Merrill, Perry, Hamilton Rose, Selah P. Rose, Sheldon, Asa Smith, Vischer and Williams being wounded, many of whom will no doubt die in the hospitals to which they were sent.

As evening approached I endeavored to ascertain to what command our battalion belonged, a very important question, since the men had had practically nothing to eat since they left camp the night before, and the necessity for rations was imperative. I found that we were on General Birney's line, then temporarily in command of General Gibbon, but were assigned to no particular Brigade, and every one to whom I appealed for supplies disclaimed any knowledge of us. Having exhausted every effort for practical recognition in some quarter, I notified the officers in immediate command of the troops on each side of the battalion, to close up the gap that would be made by our withdrawal, and, without leave or license from anybody, marched what was left of the five companies back to the camp of the regiment, which was some distance in the rear and behind the second Union line.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19TH.

The regiment moved its camp farther back, and occupied a line of breastworks built day before yesterday by the rest of the regiment while the five companies were preparing for and taking part in, the charge just described. Here we were permitted to remain and rest all day. *I hear that Genl. Birney, of the 12th, has lost an arm.*

MONDAY, JUNE 20TH.

The regiment was ordered to report to Col. Tidball, commanding the Artillery Brigade of the Second Corp, and on reporting was ordered back to its camp. It is ~~reported~~ ^{rumored} that the Second Corps is to be relieved and sent to Washington, or somewhere else, and we Heavy Artillerists fervently hope that there may be truth in the report.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21ST.

No orders came relieving us, but at 3 A. M. we reported again to Col. Tidball, and at 5 o'clock the regiment was sent to

the left of the line of investment and crossed the Norfolk and Petersburg R. R. After marching about six miles, and it being reported that the rebels were advancing on some point to our right, we were counter-marched some four miles and drawn up in line behind some earthworks with the artillery. When the excitement was over we rolled up in our blankets and shelter tents and got what sleep we could. My mattress consisted of two paralalled rails about six inches apart, with one end supported on the second rail of an old fence alongside of a brass twelve pounder, and without even a stone for a pillow. It was rumored that the infantry of the Second Corps had gone out somewhere on a skirmish. I heard to-day that privates Lyke and Smith, wounded on the 18th, died in hospital of their wounds.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE, 22D.

The regiment moved back from the lines about a mile and camped. In the afternoon my company was sent out to make gabions for an earth-work which was being built for artillery, and while at work a little distance in rear of the position of McKnight's battery, Gen'l Meade came riding along at a very leisurely pace and apparently alone. Suddenly a solid shot from the enemy struck the earth just in front of his horse, followed in a moment by another which landed close by the first, and laying himself along the neck of his horse just as any private in a Cavalry company might have done, he drove his spurs into the horse's flanks and got out of range about as quick as that manœuvre could possibly be executed. Very soon after this incident the rebels made a charge and took some of McKnight's guns, how many I do not know, and came pretty near gobbling up Lieut. McPherson's Cohorn Mortar Battery also, which was near by manned by Co. C of our regiment, and if they had come a little farther they could have captured my whole company too, for our muskets were

stacked at some distance and we were armed only with axes and jack-knives. Not long after the enemy had withdrawn with its booty, we were ordered to go to camp by a staff officer, and finding the camp deserted, followed the regiment to a point on Gen'l Barlow's First Division line.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23D.

At 5 A. M. the regiment was ordered to report to Gen'l. Gibbon for assignment to a position on his line. On reaching that line I found that the position to be occupied by my company was a very exposed one, being an angle the interior of which was commanded by the opposing rebel lines, and especially by sharpshooters, but by going through a narrow ravine in single file, we succeeded in getting into the breast-works with the loss of but one man, Private Sinnot, who was shot through the heart and killed instantly. We found these works little more than a mere rifle pit pushed out in front of the main line, and we at once went to work to strengthen it. Having accomplished all that we could, the men stretched their shelter tents on poles above them for protection from the sun, and laid down in the ditch or on the bank beside it. I sat with my back against the logs just at the angle, and for some time two sharpshooters, one on each side, amused themselves trying to hit me. Each could from his position look right into the rear of our breast works, one seeing the logs to the right and the other those to the left of me, but neither could quite reach my corner. Just as I was beginning to think that my position was the safest on the line, I heard that peculiar "spat" which a bullet makes when it strikes a man or a green tree, and saw that a shot had cut off the stick which a moment before had supported the shelter tent of Corporal Polley, who was lying on the bank near my feet, and on pulling the canvas off of him, I saw that the ball had entered his head at the left cheek bone, passed under the

skin over the temple, and then out about an inch and a half from where it entered. He was unconscious for a few moments only, and as soon as he revived I directed two men to take him to the rear. Earlier in the day Polley had had the sole of one of his shoes cut by a rifle ball, and had jokingly asked if that wound didn't entitle him to go to the hospital, and on my replying that I did not think he could march very comfortably in that shoe, he said: "Oh, well! I guess I'll give the 'Johnnies' another chance."

In the afternoon we were ordered out of this nasty position, and were sent to build more substantial breastworks farther back and in rear of a piece of woods, where, after throwing up enough of a rifle pit to protect us, we spent the night. When we withdrew from the advanced position, the rebels came in and occupied the line, and one of my men named Blair, who did not know that the Company had left during his temporary absence, returned just as the "Johnnies" came swarming over the angle, one of whom raised his rifle and called on the "damned Yankee" to surrender. It required but an instant for Blair to take in the whole situation, and employing a mode of expression quite as complimentary and picturesque as that of his Southern brother, from which it was fairly inferable that he declined the invitation, he dodged a bullet aimed at his head, and plunging into the brush soon joined his comrades.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24TH.

We finished the line of breast-works commenced last night and remained behind them all day. Private Lynch, my "body guard" already referred to, got possession of some "commissary" somewhere, and, as usual when such an opportunity offered, towards night got very drunk, and I sent Corporal O'Connor to trice him up by the thumbs. This is a mode of punishment quite familiar to Lynch, and is usually very effective in inducing early sobriety, but when the Corporal visit

him a little after dark, he found that the inebriate had untied himself and disappeared, and a most careful search failed to find him anywhere in the camp. Sometime during the night Major Arthur came rushing out of his tent, shouting that the enemy was upon us, and ordering that the men be gotten into the breast-works as quickly as possible to repel a charge, but after waiting a little while and no enemy appearing, the truth leaked out and we returned to our blankets. It seems that Lynch, on releasing himself, was sobered up sufficiently to want to hide somewhere, so he went into the Major's tent in that officer's absence, and crept under his bunk, which was built in the usual way, of little parallel poles supported a foot or thereabouts above the ground by cross sticks held up by forked posts, and after the Major had turned in and gone to sleep, in attempting to turn over, Lynch had suddenly lifted his superior officer and rolled him out of bed and so caused all the commotion.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25TH.

Remained in the same camp all day. About half-past nine in the evening the enemy felt our line, but finding us at home withdrew.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26TH.

Orders were received to day assigning our First Battalion to the First Brigade, and the Second Battalion to the Second Brigade, of Birney's Division of the Second Corps. There seems to be no salvation for the "Fourth Heavy." Heretofore, though nominally brigaded with the artillery, we have not only supported the artillery, and furnished men to fill up the batteries, but have been detailed to guard wagon trains; to build roads and earthworks as engineers; to occupy breast-works; to do picket duty and make charges as infantry, and, in short, to perform every kind of military duty except

with the battalions again separated, we are
that for which we were enlisted, but ~~we are~~ now infantry with no longer any disguise about it. Gen'l. Pierce assures our battalion commander that the companies will have no picket duty to perform except in very very urgent cases, but we know, of course, that that is all humbug, for in military operations all "cases" are "urgent."

MONDAY, JUNE 27TH.

Captain Eddy of Company B resigned to-day, and I would resign also were it not for the fact that I induced so many men to enlist in the battalion or the Eleventh Heavy Artillery, which was consolidated with the Fourth, and it would seem like deserting those men, instead of standing by them as I am in honor bound to do, though I do not now command the company which I recruited. As expected, details from the battalion were sent out on picket in the afternoon.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28TH.

We joined the Infantry Brigade to which our battalion was assigned, while it was on the march to relieve a part of the front line, and after halting a while to rest, moved into some woods and threw up breast-works at right angles with the former one. It looks as if we may remain here for some time. Lieut. Edmonston with a detail from the company was ordered out on picket, and during the day King, the regimental sutler, put in an appearance, and those of us who have money are enabled to vary a little our rations of pork, hard-tack, coffee and brown sugar, and that abominable combination known as "scouse."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29TH.

All quiet along the lines to-day. Joe Solomon, my Acting *L.C.* Assistant Body Guard, fell over a stump and broke his arm, and promptly, and I may say very cheerfully, went to the hos-

pital. Lieut. Edmonston returned from the picket line with his men at eleven o'clock to-night.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30TH.

There has been great dissatisfaction among, and some outspoken complaint by, both officers and men at the cutting up of the regiment, and the sending of its battalions to different infantry commands, and, in company with some of the officers, I to-day called on Colonel Tidball about it at the Headquarters of the Second Corps. The Colonel was very polite, and particularly complimentary about the charge made by the five companies on the 18th. ~~He~~ He said that he and General Hancock had watched us with their field glasses; that he had observed that the troops engaged belonged to his own regiment, and had even recognized me and some of the other officers on the field, and he insisted on taking me to General Hancock's tent and introducing me as the officer whom they had seen leading that charge. The General was always stately, but, with a very gracious bow, he said: "Yes, I saw that charge; it was gallantly made, *very* gallantly made," and I won't deny that the commendation of that distinguished officer quite compensated for the hazard of that diagonal trip across the cornfield, which was an exhibition of most inordinate vanity rather than genuine heroism on my part.

After a conference between Col. Tidball and Gen'l. Hancock it was arranged, as I was informed, that the regiment should be brought together again and be brigaded with the Regular Engineers. Subsequently and during the same day, we learned that Col. Tidball had been relieved from active service in the field and ordered on duty at West Point.

FRIDAY, JULY 1ST.

Private Carman shot himself in the head at 4 o'clock this morning. He is thought to have been rendered insane by a

* though in the newspaper account the name of our battalion was not mentioned

sunstroke. During the day a communication was sent by the officers of the regiment to President Lincoln direct, reciting the facts of which we complain—our fraudulent enlistment and perfidious treatment, and asking that justice be done us, but none of us entertains much hope of a favorable result. In the afternoon our battalion joined the First Battalion now with the First Brigade.

SATURDAY, JULY 2ND.

In camp all day. Am not feeling at all well. That persistent Virginia diarrhoea which has afflicted me more or less ever since we left Culpepper, aggravated, no doubt, by the intense heat we have had to endure, and by the coarse and scanty fare upon which we have been compelled to subsist (for I actually lived for nearly two days at one time on half an ear of corn which one of my men stole from the manger of a mule), seems at last to have perceptibly affected a naturally strong constitution. I think I'll see the surgeon to-morrow.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13TH.

After having been in the field hospital ever since Sunday, the 11th, I rejoined my company to-day, feeling somewhat better for the rest and treatment I have had, but still very weak. It continues very hot and the dust is floating in clouds about us, and the deaths from sunstroke ~~are~~ very numerous. I found my company still with the infantry on the firing lines in the woods, but was rejoiced to learn that we were, or were to be, transferred to the Siege Train, and a preparatory inspection was had.

THURSDAY, JULY 14TH.

Ten companies of the regiment under Lieut. Col. Alcock were to-day assigned to the Artillery Siege Train, Col. Henry S. Abbott commanding, and as soon as other infantry troops

through John Morgan, put in hospital, and that a regular siege of Petersburg has been decided on. They don't say how many of these guns instead of muskets.

Monday

of the Army of the Potomac, and we are

order to report to Gen. Grant - Chief of Artillery

*This is the much disposition that
has been made of my battalion since
we left Fort Mancy, but the*

70

arrived to take our place on the lines, we moved to a point in the woods near the Engineers, and laid out our first regular camp since we left Culpepper. ^O The officers and men feel particularly elated, ^{and} we wonder whether our letter to the President had anything to do with this assignment, but, of course, we shall never know.

SUNDAY, JULY 24TH.

Ever since the 14th we have maintained our camp, and been occupied in building brush houses and log huts; in digging great holes in the ground and sinking cracker boxes at the bottoms to catch what little water soaks out of the sand, and in drilling and assisting in the construction of field works. On the 19th the rain, so long prayed for, came, and for a few hours at least everybody was happy. My own brush house at the head of my company street is really quite comfortable, and contains three bunks made of small saplings for the use of Lieutenants Edmonston and Parkhurst and myself, and a cracker box for a table, and we have actually been able to indulge in the luxury of having our shoes polished every morning, and of occasionally reading the New York papers. In addition to woodticks and "graybacks," there is a large blue fly indigenous in these parts, the feet of which are so constructed that when it alights it cannot be brushed off without the most persistent scraping, and Lynch, the hero of the Major's tent, has been instructed to lay a newspaper over the face of each of us when he comes for our shoes at daylight, for it is then that these flies are most troublesome. I had noticed that for several mornings when we were ready for our modest breakfast, Lynch's breath indicated that he had indulged in a morning nip, and occasionally he would be quite unsteady on his pins, and as we had each been careful to give him no orders on the Commissary, I could not imagine where his supplies came from. One morning when he spread the papers as

** What the assignment on the
greater part of it has been longer together
and that at last, after being subjected to
half of my men, not one to be permitted to
perform the duty for which we had been*

usual I happened to be awake, though he did not know it, and there being a hole through the paper just in front of one of my eyes, I saw him stretch up over the sleeping Edmonston, whose bunk was across the house at the foot of my bunk, take down his canteen and regale himself with a generous swig. Taking up my shoes, he went out and polished them, and on returning for Edmonston's shoes he again reached for the canteen, but just as his arm was fully extended I sat up and shouted "'bout face," and he obeyed the order instantly, his arm still in the air and an expression on his face utterly impossible to describe. The two lieutenants, startled out of their slumbers, sat up and enjoyed the poor fellow's discomfiture when caught in the act, quite as much as I did, and I doubt if Edmonston ever again leaves his canteen so exposed.

Private Blair, the man who, as already described, disappointed the "Johnny Reb." who wanted to make a prisoner of him, is one of the best men in the company, and when there is any fighting or other duty to be done he is always on hand, but he has a decided weakness for foraging, and he and his immediate friends always seem to have something in their haversacks. On one occasion, when I was some distance from the front, I saw Blair prowling about in a little grove near which I observed two or three sheep running about. Of course I knew what he was after, for he had his rifle with him, and the moment he saw me he dodged behind a tree and remained until I was out of sight. That night our cook gave us some very tender lamb for our supper, saying that it had been presented by some one who did not care to have his name mentioned, and when I was making my usual rounds through the company street after "taps," I was amused to hear from behind Blair's quarters, the recital to his tent-mates of the incidents of the day, the most satisfactory of which to him seemed to be, that owing to his strategy the Captain hadn't caught him, though he asserted that if the Captain had actually seen him shoot the sheep,

he didn't think anything would have been said about it, as that officer had himself had some of the mutton.

22 (23) One morning Lieut. Parkhurst did not turn out of his blankets with his customary promptness, and on inquiry Lieut. Edmonston informed me that he had had a "presentment," an experience not uncommon in the army. Thereupon I went and sat on the side of his bunk, and tried to encourage him to throw off the depressing apprehension which possessed him that he was to be killed in our next engagement. I met with little success at first, for while as brave an officer as there is in the army, his anxiety for the welfare of his wife, and of others near and dear to him, had overmastered him for the time-being, and when I remembered that Artificer Benedict had told me of a similar "presentiment" which he had the day before he was killed at the battle of Harris Farm near Spottsylvania, I confess that I was not without some misgivings as to the credence to be accorded to premonitions. Parkhurst was the first man whom I promoted when I took command of Company H, making him a Corporal much against his preferences after he had served as a private in the company for nearly two years, and he had won his commission as a Lieutenant after an examination and solely on his merits, though it did not actually reach him until he had served as a non-commissioned officer during a large part of the campaign, and when I succeeded in having him assigned to my company as Second Lieutenant, I felt that in Edmonston and Parkhurst I had the best two all-around officers in the regiment. Hence I was more than usually concerned about Parkhurst being thus apparently stampeded, but after having argued with him for some time, citing cases where "presentiments" had proved false, and assured him that if anything should happen to him Edmonston or I would see that all his expressed wishes with reference to his family were carried out, he gradually recovered control of himself, and I am happy to say that until this time

at least, he is as good as new though he has since been under

(23)
1 To-day two of our battalions were engaged from five o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening in building earth-works for mortar batteries.

MONDAY, JULY 25TH.

We were to-day ordered back to the Second Corps, but, upon the representation of Capt. Mendall of the Engineers, the order was countermanded.

TUESDAY, JULY 26TH.

The whole regiment was at work all day on the fortifications, and it looks as if the plan is to settle down to a regular siege. Already the earth-works on both sides form two or three lines and are very heavy, and at points the picket lines are hardly twenty yards apart. Frequently the pickets get very chummy, and I have heard that they sometimes have a game of cards with each other, though I have never seen it, but I do know that when the men seem to be getting familiar, orders will be issued by one side or the other to commence firing, and then we hear, "Get into your holes, Yanks," or "Lie low, Johnnies, we've got orders to fire." During the day I saw a man killed by a shell passing straight down the "covered way" some distance behind the works, and another killed by a mortar shell which went into the ground and exploded close by where he was sitting in one of the mortar battery forts.

WEDNESDAY JULY 27TH.

Captain Gould was detailed today with his Co. K. to take charge of six Coehorn Mortars in a work on the line of the Eighteenth Corps, a little to the right of the point where it is rumored that a mine under the enemy's works is being dug. *The Second Corp drew out of the works yesterday, and it is reported that it has gone away around to the right. Heavy firing was heard in that direction this morning.*

THURSDAY, JULY 28TH.

With part of the company I was "on fatigue" today, which means working on the breast-works, and Edmonston remained in camp.

FRIDAY JULY 29TH.

which is now the extreme left.

Very quiet in front of the Fifth Corps, but firing brisk in front of the Ninth. While "on fatigue" again today in command of the Second Battalion, I was ordered to camp to take charge of a battery of four and a half inch rifled siege guns in front of the Fifth Corps, with my own Co. H. and a detail from Co. F. for I did not have men enough left in my company to man and work a six gun battery. At three o'clock in the afternoon I reported in person to General Warren at his Headquarters, for instructions, and there met the General, his Chief of Staff, Col. Locke, and his Chief of Artillery, Col. Wainwright. The General at the moment of my arrival was experimenting with some new kind of shells which the enemy had fired at his Headquarters, and was exploding them in a hole in the ground, but he at once took me into the house which he was occupying, and spreading on a table a large map showing the position of the various works on both sides in front of his Corps, and to the right as far as the salient under which was the mine, gave me the whole plan of attack for the following morning, including not only the part which my battery was to take, but also the part which each of the Corps was to take. Indeed, so full and accurate were his descriptions of situation, distance and direction, that although I could see but a small part of the enemy's line the next morning, I had no difficulty in dropping my heavy shells just where the General desired and avoiding our own charging columns at and near the Crater.

At five o'clock that afternoon, my First Lieutenant Edmonston conducted my company, with the detail from Company F.

to Fort Sedgwick, which was called "Fort Hell" by the soldiers, a large earthwork in front of, and connected with, the breast-works of the Fifth Corps, and located on the Jerusalem Plank Road running into Petersburg, where I joined the command soon afterwards. About nine o'clock at night the six heavy "Ordnance guns," as they were called, all apparently new and resting in their traveling beds, with even their trunnion sights removed, drawn by mules and accompanied by ammunition wagons, all in charge of a drunken wagon-master, arrived at the foot of the "covered way" which zig-zaged up to our fort from a hollow in the rear. My men were perfectly familiar with these guns, even to the minutest details, and taking charge of them at once, by dint of hard work we had each piece in position, shifted from its traveling to its trunnion bed, its sights adjusted, a charge rammed home, its gunners at their posts, and the lanyard ready to hook to its friction primer, and the whole battery in every respect ready for business, just as the mine was exploded at about half-past four o'clock in the morning of the 30th. Five of the guns bore directly on the rebel work which was to be blown up, and the works between it and my fort, while No. 6 stood in an angle and bore on the rebel fort Mahone, or "Fort Damnation," as it was called.

SATURDAY, JULY 30TH.

During last night the Second Corps, which had returned from the extreme right of our lines where it had been sent to make a demonstration as a feint, as we were told, came in on our right and rear, and lay in a railroad cut with its right resting near the right of the Fifth Corps, and its left extending nearly parallel, but slightly diagonally to the rear of that corps. Early in the morning, a Regular Army Sergeant named Charles Miller, with two brass twelve-pounders from some Regular battery, reported to me, and I placed his section

between my Nos. 5 and 6, where there were two platforms and embrasures for lighter guns. As soon as I saw the vast inverted cone of earth, fire and smoke caused by the gigantic explosion, I gave the order "commence firing, No. 1. fire!", and before the noise, or even the trembling of the earth, had reached us, No. 1 had sent a thirty-three pound shell into a two gun battery facing us, smashing through the parapet and opening the way for a shell from No. 2 which, aimed by Corporal O'Connor as a columbiad for want of a trunnion sight, sent its shell under the muzzle of an old fashioned barbette gun doing duty as a field-piece, and dismounted it before it could fire a shot in our direction. Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6 followed in rapid succession, and the order "fire at will" brought on an almost continuous roar. There was a rebel camp in plain sight over near "Fort Damnation," and when the first shell from my No. 6 dropped among the tents and exploded, it was amusing to see the "Johnnies" turning out in consternation and very few clothes, and skedaddling to cover. Although the platforms in our fort were large and well built, the recoil of these guns was so great that at every discharge, with muzzles depressed and trails in the air, they would run backward and down the inclines leading to the platforms, and to overcome this tendency to roll out of action, I was obliged to have two men on the trail handspike of each gun, and a man on each side to drop an armful of wood, stick by stick, under the wheels to take up as much as was possible of the recoil.

After the firing of troops and artillery immediately in front of the Crater had perceptibly slackened, and it was evident that our charging columns were not being pushed through the enemy's works as had been planned, and while, having practically completed the work Gen'l. Warren had given me to do, I was firing slowly and giving my guns an opportunity to cool off, for they were so hot that one could hardly bear his hand

on them, General Bartlett, an officer with a wooden leg, who commanded some troops on our right and from his position could see what was going on at the Crater, came into "Fort Hell" and told me that a force of the enemy was forming at a point in the rear of the Crater, with the intention, apparently, of charging our forces which were inextricably mixed up in that fearful excavation, and wanted to know if I could not break up the formation. I could not see the troops of which he spoke, they being concealed from me by a little knoll and some rebel earth-works, but taking his estimate of the distance at fifteen hundred yards, I cut the time-fuses of three or four shells for that range for my Nos. 1 and 2, and gave the guns the requisite elevation, while the General stumped back to his command to note the result of the experiment. In a few moments he sent a staff officer to say that I had the direction and distance very accurately, but that my shells were exploding in the air and a little short. Thereupon I cut the fuses of four or five other shells so as to give them an additional half second of time, and before I had exhausted the new supply, the General sent another staff officer to say, that my last shells had dropped right into the bunch and had scattered it like a flock of sheep, and that I needn't waste any more ammunition on his account.

Not very long after this incident, General Warren came into the fort, and, seeing that with the ~~three~~ ^{and seventy} hundred rounds which my battery had fired that morning, we had leveled many yards of the enemy's breastworks in our front, and had dismounted or silenced every gun in front of his corps, except one which did not bear our way, the extremely heavy traverse of which defied all our efforts, inquired whether I had seen any large body of troops in those breastworks or their vicinity, and upon my telling him that there seemed to be nothing but a heavy picket line in front of us, he called one of his staff officers and sent him to Gen'l. Meade with

the request, as I understood it, that he be permitted to attack with his corps, by swinging it, by brigade or division, to the right, and passing through the breach in the enemy's works with a brigade or division front. After awhile the officer returned and reported that Gen'l. Meade declined to grant Gen'l. Warren's request.

Some time afterwards Genl. Hancock came into the Fort in company with Gen'l. Warren, and after some conversation the two officers sent a united request, in substance, that Warren be permitted to make the move which he had himself suggested earlier in the day, and that Hancock's corps should swing into the lines vacated by Warren's corps, so that if Warren was successful Hancock could follow him up, while if Warren was unsuccessful he could fall back on Hancock. This united request was also refused, and the staff officer reported that Gen'l. Meade had said that those officers knew the plan of operations for the day and that it would be adhered to, and, in substance, that when he desired those corps to move he would give the necessary orders. I do not pretend to have quoted the language accurately, but I know that the message from Gen'l. Meade as reported was somewhat brusque and emphatic, and that Gen'l. Hancock indulged in some terse and vigorous English. I cannot give the exact hour of the day when either of the requests above mentioned was sent to Gen'l. Meade, for I had been up all night and took little note of time, but I know that the attack as planned had at the time utterly failed, and the firing had practically ceased on both sides, and that it was not until some hours afterwards that the main body of the enemy's troops, which had been lured off to their left a day or two before by Hancock's corps, came filing back into such of their works in our front as still remained and afforded them shelter. I shall always feel that had the request of Gen'l. Warren been granted this morning, when a wide door had been opened in his front and there was but a small force to dispute

his passage through, Lee's right would have been pierced, Petersburg been taken and the war ended.

The picket lines in front of "Fort Hell" were very near together,—not more than fifteen or twenty yards apart I should think. The men on these lines were usually relieved in the night time, and each occupied a little "gopher hole," from which, through an aperture between rocks and logs arranged for his protection, he would occasionally take a shot at some exposed adversary. During our cannonade, one of these chaps on the rebel line had given us some trouble by firing through the embrasures and splintering the spokes of the wheels of our gun carriages, but he was a bad marksman and injured none of the men, though he chipped a piece out of the buckle of my sword belt and gave me a little pain in the center for a moment. I could not depress any of the guns enough to reach him, even if the game had been worth the candle, but determining to quiet him, I placed two infantry soldiers on either side of an embrasure, where they were hidden by the sand bags which formed the crest of the works, with instructions to locate the point where the fellow's musket came through, and then one of them to return his fire and the other to wait a few seconds until he might be expected to be peeping through for an observation, and then fire. Finding after a few failures that the man had evidently gotten on to the scheme, I placed a third infantry man a short distance from one of the others, and this arrangement seemed to be quite outside of the picket's calculations, for after the third man had fired but once we heard nothing more from that "gopher hole."

Along towards night confidence seemed to be in a measure restored between the picket lines in our front, the men frequently hailing each other and carrying on more or less conversation, and private Shortleaves of my company, learning that one of the "Johnnies" was particularly anxious to secure some of the "Johnnies" *turning over again with the inquiry, "Why didn't you 'Sanks' take these words today? There was it—a hundred men in them."* Private Shortleaves of my company

~~our hard tack~~, actually slipped out through an embrasure and went over to the picket, and exchanged a quantity of hard-tack for several plugs of very black and repulsive looking tobacco.

SUNDAY, JULY 31ST.

At midnight I received an order from Col. Wainwright, Chief of Artillery of the Fifth Corps, directing me to get my battery out of "Fort Hell" as quickly as possible, and teams for the purpose arriving at about 3 o'clock, A. M. we had the guns out and at the foot of the covered way by daylight, and I accompanied them to Siege Train Landing and turned them over to the proper officer, my two companions in the mean time reporting to the regimental camp without the loss of a man. Why the battery was ordered out so suddenly I do not know, unless it was because of a rumor that the enemy was mining our fort, and the facts that in our magazine we could occasionally hear muffled sounds apparently coming from the earth beneath, and that quite a number of men were seen from time to time to enter and leave the cellar of an old house between the lines which had been burned, furnished some confirmation of the rumor, for we knew that work of that sort was going on at other points.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1ST.

There is much speculation in the army as to the reason why the explosion of the mine did not accomplish what had apparently been expected of it, and bitter criticisms are freely indulged in by many of the officers and men at the loss, as we hear it reported, of from three to four thousand men with no compensatory result. The wildest rumors are in circulation, one being that General Grant had no confidence in the scheme, and at the time of the explosion was actually playing cards with General Rawlings at City Point. Another is, that owing

to the reported strained relations between Generals Meade and Burnside, the former did not wish the mine, which was on Burnside's front, to prove a success, and that after the fiasco he pretended to be very much disappointed, and put Burnside in arrest. Grant countermanding the arrest as soon as he heard of it. *yet another is that Burnside is to be dismissed and* Still another is, that some of the general officers charged with the execution of the plan showed *that* the white feather, and failed to lead their men to the assault as they should have done. There is no place in the world where gossip prevails to the extent that it does in an army in the field, and in the countless and conflicting statements of fact which seem to have acquired currency, I very much doubt if the true history of the causes which led to the failure of the mine is ever written. But whatever the real facts may have been, it is my individual opinion that if there had been an officer in supreme command, who kept himself in close touch with all parts of the line, and knew the exact situation as it existed at the more important points, and so had been able promptly to take advantage of any favorable opportunities suddenly and unexpectedly arising, any disaster occurring at one point could and would have been retrieved by an overwhelming success at another point.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2D.

In camp all day except when temporarily detailed on fatigue duty.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3D.

All being quiet along the lines, I procured a horse and visited City Point for the first time since my arrival before Petersburg. While there I met one of our Assistant Surgeons, who had come down with an ambulance to get some ice and other needed medical supplies, and arranged to go back to camp in his company. The day was very warm, and when we were

ready to start, and while in the act of mounting my horse, I suddenly fainted, and the next thing of which I was conscious was the fact that I was lying on a blanket spread on the ice in the doctor's ambulance, and I remained there most of the time until we reached our lines, my horse being led by the bridle behind us. The doctor seemed to regard my attack as not at all serious, and prescribed rest and a gentle tonic treatment, and I crawled into my bunk.

THURSDAY AUGUST 4TH.

Found myself quite weak and exhausted this morning, and experienced some difficulty in walking but managed to keep up and around the camp. Companies A. and M. returned from Siege Train Landing to-day and joined the regiment, and an order was received again assigning us to the Second Corps. Lieut. Col. Alcock, now in command of the regiment, reported to our new commander but nothing was done ^{about} ~~towards~~ breaking camp. It is rumored that the Second Corps is to be sent to Washington, though precisely why we are not informed.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5TH.

We really expect now to go to Washington, and it is a subject of general rejoicing for almost any change will be welcome. The enemy is reported to have sprung three mines in front of the Ninth Corps to-day, but all the explosions occurred some distance outside of our works, and an attack made at the same time proved a failure.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6TH.

Four hundred men from the regiment were ordered on fatigue on the line of the Second Corps, and were employed to change a mortar battery into a gun battery. While wandering around through a camp near our own, I met Dr. Hoyt, whom I knew in Canandaigua, N. Y., when I was a law stud-

Surgeon of the 12th and attached to one
 ent in that village, and who is ~~now the Chief Surgeon of one~~
 of the Division hospitals of the Second Corps. Noticing my
 generally dilapidated appearance and deliberate movements,
 he inquired what the matter was, and upon my telling him of
 my experience at City Point, and of one or two similar though
 less profound and protracted fainting spells, he said that I had
 undoubtedly had a light or partial sunstroke, and advised me
 to be very careful about exposing myself to heat or exertion,
 and thought I had better at once come to his hospital, where
 he would have me admitted and could himself treat me. This
 was the first time that I had received any intimation that I was
 a victim of sun-stroke, and no suspicion of it had ever entered
 my mind, for I had supposed that such a visitation meant in-
 stant death, having once seen a man fall forward out of the
 ranks and never move after he struck the ground, and been
 informed that it was a case of sun-stroke, but from the symp-
 toms which the doctor mentioned I was impressed with the
 possible accuracy of his diagnosis. However, I declined his
 kind offer to take me under his care, and went back to camp.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7TH.

Chaplain Carr held religious services in camp to-day, and
 preached a sermon from the text, "The way of the transgressor
 is hard," but I failed to get any new ideas on the general sub-
 ject, or to detect any particular appositeness in the propo-
 sition to our present situation. At 9 o'clock P. M. we were
 ordered to report to the First Division of the Second Corps,

MONDAY, AUGUST 8TH.

*Commanded by Genl. Barlow. There is the best dis-
 position of the troops has been found a
 few, and a hospital for them was
 there. There is no length of time
 where to
 apply for
 ration or
 other
 supplies.*
 As there appeared to be no likelihood of an immediate move-
 ment of the Second Corps, unless it might be to Washington,
 I concluded temporarily to accept the hospitality of Doctor
 Hoyt and went over to his hospital, and he at once put me to
 bed.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12TH.

Have been in hospital four days, and feel much better for the complete rest, the nourishing food and the medical treatment. My head-ache is considerably relieved, and I can move about quite well with the assistance of a cane. The doctor tells me that the corps is to move to-day, but he professes ignorance as to its destination further than is indicated by the orders which he has received, which are to pack up his hospital and go to City Point. Of course I conclude that this is the expected movement to Washington, and I tell him that I must go and join my company. This he protests against, saying that I am in no condition to march to City Point, and that I can just as well ride in one of his ambulances to the Point and join my company there, so I go to camp and draw my pay, and returning to hospital, am toted off to City Point with the doctor and his cheerful outfit of sick and wounded. On arriving there not far from midnight, I find myself at the City Point General Hospital, where the doctor introduces me to one of the surgeons, and advising me to remain there for the rest of the night "and get a good sleep," takes his departure.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13TH.

On awaking this morning I found that it was reported at the hospital that the Second Corps had gone up the James River towards Richmond, but I could get no definite information in regard to the movement. Taking my old hand-bag, which contained all my personal effects except the clothes I had on, my overcoat and sword, I went to the office of the hospital and told the surgeon-in-charge that I was going to find my company, which had gone up the river with the Second Corps. He seemed a little surprised, and turning to some record he had before him, informed me that on the application of Doctor Hoyt, I had been received at the hospital as an offi-

cer invalidated by sunstroke, and that under the regulations I could not leave until discharged by the proper medical authorities, and upon my attempting to remonstrate, he ventured to suggest that Dr. Hoyt had probably saved my life by the trick he had played on me in leaving me at the hospital the night before, and advised me to accept the situation as I found it, and go back to my ward and ask for a thorough physical examination. Rather reluctantly, but conscious that there might be some grounds for the advice, I followed it, and upon an examination by the medical staff was told that I was "unfit for duty," one of the surgeons remarking "he may be good for something in six months, but the chances are that he never will be worth much."

WEST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y., DECEMBER 5TH.

My official commitment to hospital at City Point in August, terminated my active military service. On the 25th of that month I was sent, with a party of sick and wounded officers, to Fortress Monroe, and thence by the steamship "Baltic," to the officers' hospital on Bedloe's Island, in New York harbor, where I remained a victim of "cupping," and other surgical and medical treatment, until September 18th. On that date my application for a furlough having been granted, my father came for me and took me home, and it becoming apparent after three months' experience that the opinion of the surgeon at City Point was likely to be verified, I was to-day mustered out of the military service of the United States by Special Order No. 431, issued by the War Department, upon a Surgeon's Certificate of Disability contracted in such service.

Addenda.

Had I turned on at various points the light furnished by subsequent events, no doubt much of the foregoing Diary could have been made more intelligible, accurate and interesting, but I have preferred to confine myself closely to the recital of situations and experiences as they appeared to, and were noted at the time by, a boy just out of college, rather than to give the real facts as they were explained or proved to be, in his maturer years when all the evidence bearing upon them had become matters of history.

As an illustration of the terrible cost in human life of the campaign of 1864, of the Army of the Potomac, I may mention that of the one hundred and eighty-two men in line when Company H. of the Fourth N. Y. Heavy Artillery marched out of Fort Marcy on March 27th to join the Army of the Potomac, there were but twenty five left for duty on August 25th, after the battle of Reams Station; which was the last important engagement participated in by the company during that year. Of these twenty-five, but twelve had been continuously with the company during the whole campaign, and of those who were not of the twenty-five, sixty, or nearly one-third of the original company, were under the sod, one had deserted and the remaining ninety-seven were either prisoners or in hospital.

(24) In the autumn of 1905, I met at the hotel at the Hot Springs of Virginia, three gentlemen who were in the Confederate Army during the last campaign, and who happened to be in positions opposite to those which I occupied with my company at different times, and it is hardly necessary to say that we frequently indulged in most interesting reminiscences of the war. One was Lieutenant R. A. Hemphill, now editor of the Atlanta Constitution, who was in the artillery which peppered us so persistently at Totopotomoy Creek; one was Capt. J. P. Williams, now of Savannah, Ga. who was in

the breastworks which we charged on the 18th of June, and saw us disappear in the corn, and was also on the lines in front of "Fort Hell" which we cannonaded on July 30th, and one was Col. D. G. McIntosh, now of Baltimore, Md., who was wounded near the Crater on July 30th, by one of those iron balls with which such shells as my battery used were filled, and, as I told him, I would not be at all surprised if he received his wound when I was shelling the charging column at the request of Gen'l Bartlett, as hereinbefore described. Each of these gentlemen remembered perfectly the scenes and incidents of the particular days to which allusion has been made, and I am free to say that if all the surviving "Johnny Rebs" are as interesting and entertaining as these proved to be, I would "go farther and fare worse" than I did forty-two years ago to make their acquaintance.

New York, ~~March 20th~~, 1906.

May 4

RUF. Quilts



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