

LEMUEL ABBOTT

PERSONAL
RECOLLECTIONS AND
CIVIL WAR DIARY, 1864

Lemuel Abbott

**Personal Recollections
and Civil War Diary, 1864**

«Public Domain»

Abbott L.

Personal Recollections and Civil War Diary, 1864 / L. Abbott —
«Public Domain»,

Содержание

PREFACE	5
ABBREVIATIONS	8
CIVIL WAR DIARY I	9
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	35

Lemuel Abijah Abbott Personal Recollections and Civil War Diary, 1864

PREFACE

The following Diary covering the interesting period of the Civil War from January 1, to December 31, 1864, and a portion of 1865 to the surrender of General R. E. Lee at Appomattox Court House, Va., was kept by the Author at the age of twenty-two when an officer of the Tenth Regiment Vermont Volunteer Infantry, Third and First Brigade, Third Division, Third and Sixth Corps respectively, Army of the Potomac, and is a brief war history as seen by a young soldier literally from the front line of battle during General U. S. Grant's celebrated campaign from the Rapidan River to Petersburg, Va., and Gen. P. H. Sheridan's famous Shenandoah Valley campaign in the summer and fall of 1864. During this time the Author passed from the grades of Second to First Lieutenant and Captain, and commanded in the meantime in different battles five or more companies in his regiment which afforded an excellent opportunity to make a fairly interesting general diary of the fighting qualities of his regiment and especially of the companies which he commanded during that most interesting period of the Civil War when the backbone of the Rebellion was broken, which, together with Sherman and Thomas' cooperations led to the surrender of General R. E. Lee at Appomattox C. H. April 9, 1865.

For thirty-eight years the diary remained closed, and indeed had been forgotten by the Author until he accidentally ran across it one day in an old chest, when on leave of absence in Vermont, where it had been placed after the war by someone for safe keeping, the Author in the meantime having been an officer in the regular army many years and honored with the degree of B. S. by his Alma Mater on account of his supposed accomplishments in military science after many years of hard service, a large portion of which was on the frontier among the Indians whose civilization was finally largely brought about through his recommendation to educate all the Indian children throughout the United States, about 1877-9, when he was considered an expert on the Indian question both by the War and Interior Departments.

On reviewing the diary with the eye of an expert, it was found so uniquely interesting on account of the many dramatic situations simply given in a youth's unpretentious way that, from the fact it contained so much of interest to the surviving men whom the Author was honored in and fortunate enough to command during such a historic period, and especially to the kinsmen of those who have passed along to the higher life, he concluded to publish it in full.

It is not pretended that it is based on any official general orders but is solid fact and experience simply told by a young soldier who stood up to the rack in the front line of battle and took uncomplainingly whatever was in store for him, steadily refusing to accept whatever was offered which would remove him from the line of battle to a safer place at home or in the rear because he not only preferred to occupy a place in the front line of battle in command of men, which he considered the most honorable place for a soldier in the army at such a time, but because he had grown sincerely attached to the brave men in the different companies and detachments he commanded which comprised the whole regiment and some in others who not infrequently by reason of superior physical endurance and courage led and inspired him in some of the most noted battles of ancient or modern times.

A diary was kept during a portion of 1865 to the close of the war, but its whereabouts if preserved are unknown to the Author; so that in 1865, only a few of the most strikingly dramatic

scenes and battles are given in the addenda as the curtain was falling on the greatest civil conflict of modern times, one of the most impressive of which was General Grant's magnificent bearing as he rode at a goodly pace, silently with his retinue, along among his men inside the enemy's works after they had been captured by the celebrated fighting Sixth Army Corps which he had specially selected, as it was said at the time, to break the enemy's line at the point where it was broken in front of Petersburg, on the morning of the memorable Second of April, 1865. This and other startling and unexpected scenes crowded each other so closely the following week they are indelibly photographed on the mind of the writer never probably to be forgotten so long as time shall last; and they are *not* overdrawn as no pen is sufficiently graphic to anywhere near do the subject justice.

Had there been an artist on the ground to have seen Grant as he then appeared, the very ideal of a silent, unassuming yet stern-looking, determined and dignified conquering hero, who could have reproduced the scene on canvas, his fame would have been established, for the writer never saw him to better advantage nor could anyone else, as the occasion and surroundings were all there, never to be again exactly repeated in any gigantic struggle, i. e. the great battlefield studded with unusually extensive, silent, deserted and partially dismantled, formidable earthworks and military camps, shattered, abandoned and captured ordnance, the defeated, struggling and straggling enemy, the prisoners of war, the wounded, dead and dying, the shocking sight of carnage, and last, but not least, the victorious army headed by its intrepid but humane big-hearted leader – Grant. It would be a historic picture before which the civilized world would pause entranced; it was grandly impressive beyond description. As an entrancing, dramatic incident, the surrender of Lee, a few days later at Appomattox Court House, sinks into insignificance.

The reader is cautioned not to expect too much from this unpretentious diary, as some parts were frequently written by the light of a camp fire or blazing pine knot, sitting on the ground, and generally by a worn-out and greatly exhausted young soldier with no expectation of ever publishing it; and besides, frequently there was very little room or time to write much, so that on important occasions there was no opportunity for entering into details, and especially when shot and shell were whizzing and screeching overhead almost as thick as bees about a hive. Some of it while on sick leave of absence in Vermont on account of wounds, will not probably greatly interest the average reader, but as much of historic interest is frequently given in connection with the killed, wounded, etc., during this time, after due consideration it has been thought best to leave none of it out, and so it has all been printed. It may possibly aid the future historian and genealogist, too, which is another reason why the diary has been published.

It is only by gathering up the fragments from eye witnesses which is too frequently ignored by military historians with the time and opportunity to do such work thoroughly, that a fully rounded out regimental or other war history can be written. The blue pencil is too frequently used by unscientific military historians to get the best results. The opinions of accomplished shirks in battle, because it does not happen to be generally known they were such, having tact enough to cover it up, and of those not versed in military science or with too much honesty and unbiased judgment, are too frequently accepted instead of solid fact as seen by others of reliability, though obscure, who were intrepid enough to at least be with the most courageous of their men who were generally in the vanguard of any assaulting column and frequently individually led it.

But some who write war history unfamiliar with such experiences, can never know of the inspiration and strength that comes to one in command of any part of an assaulting column of grandly brave, undaunted men, or what it is to feel that he is the very point of the wedge of his part of an assaulting column which is perhaps the first to cleave the enemy's line, and that he is conscientiously doing without any thought of shirking whatever he finds before him to do because it isn't his nature to be otherwise.

Finally, what decided the Author to publish this diary now *at once*, old age being upon him, was to try and correct false history in connection with the first assault at Sheridan's battle of Winchester,

Va., Sept. 19, 1864. Besides this, he was requested to publish his personal observations, in July, 1908, just before leaving Washington, D. C. of every battle he was in during the Civil War by the Librarian of the War Department. He stated that as regular army officers were trained in such work their accounts of such battles would not only be of great help to future historians, but better than from most any other source.

The Author.

Washington, D. C., January 1, 1908.

ABBREVIATIONS

Besides the usual abbreviations of States and months, and those commonly used for dispatch in writing and economy of space, the following are made use of in this work: —

Adjt.	Adjutant
A. G.	Adjutant General
A. A. G.	Assistant Adjutant General
Brig. — Gen.	Brigadier General
Capt.	Captain
Col.	Colonel
Corp.	Corporal
d.	Died
Div.	Division
Lieut.	Lieutenant
Lieut. Col.	Lieutenant Colonel
Lieut. Gen.	Lieutenant General
Maj. Gen.	Major General
Priv.	Private
Q. M. D.	Quartermaster's Department
Regt.	Regiment
res.	Resides
R. Q. M.	Regimental Quartermaster
Sergt.	Sergeant
U. S. C. I.	United States Colored Infantry
U. S. C. T.	United States Colored Troops
wid.	Widow

**CIVIL WAR DIARY¹
AND
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS
1864**

—

*In Winter Quarters,
Near Brandy Station, Va.,
Friday, Jan. 1, 1864.*

Although attached to Company B, Tenth Regiment Vermont Volunteer Infantry, (Capt. Edwin Dillingham's of Waterbury, Vt.), Lieut. Ezra Stetson commanding, I am Second Lieutenant of Company D (Capt. Samuel Darrah's of Burlington, Vt.) of the same regiment, having been promoted from First Sergeant of Company B last spring.

All are wishing me a "Happy New Year"! God grant that I may have one. I was awakened long before daylight by the band serenading the birth of the New Year. Lieut. G. W. Burnell took his departure early this morning for Washington, D. C.; he has been promoted Captain of U. S. Colored Troops and is about to take up other duties in Baltimore, Md. It was quite pleasant early in the day but it is very muddy under foot; had a grand New Year's dinner. There has been a very cold wind this afternoon. This evening it is clear and intensely cold. Will Clark has made me a short call; am feeling very well but studying hard.

Saturday, Jan. 2, 1864.

Another day of the new year has passed but a very busy one for me. It has been very cold all day. This afternoon I have been papering my hut so our quarters are quite comfortable now. The band has been out this evening and played some very pretty pieces, and I am thankful for it relieves the monotony of dull camp life. This evening Lieut. D. G. Hill and Captain Goodrich, the brigade Quartermaster, called; they were in fine spirits. It is bitter cold, but no wind as last night; have received no letters which of course is provoking.

Sunday, Jan. 3, 1864.

Quite a comfortable day; no snow yet, but it looks likely to storm in a day or two; wrote to Pert², and had our usual inspection this forenoon. Since dinner, I have read "Washington's Farewell Address", and the "Declaration of Independence". This evening quite a number of recruits arrived for the regiment, but none for Company B. Capt. J. A. Salisbury has been in to call on Lieut. Stetson, and broken my camp chair. This is still more provoking than not to get a letter from home for chairs are not plentiful here. He is a big man.

Monday, Jan. 4, 1864.

It has snowed nearly all day, but not very hard. To-night there is about two inches on the ground and it is still snowing. Lieut. Stetson started for Vermont this morning on the 9:30 train, and Capt. H. R. Steele arrived from there this evening. I am told to-night that Colonel Embic of the One Hundred and Sixth New York Infantry has been reinstated. We have formed a quiz school to-

¹ The most interesting part of this diary commences on May 3rd, 1864, when General U. S. Grant's campaign to Petersburg, Va., begins, and later General Sheridan's Shenandoah Valley campaign, etc.

² Miss P. A. Thomson, a cousin and many years a teacher in Goddard Seminary, Barre, Vt.

night, the members being Dr. Almon Clark, Lieuts. E. P. Farr and C. G. Newton and Chaplain E. M. Haynes. We are to meet every night and ask questions on geography, history, etc. I think it a grand idea. I suspect they think me fresh from school, though, and want me to do most of the quizzing, the same as in the class of about seventy-five enlisted men in tactics and English branches which recites to me daily now, fitting for examination for commission in colored troops.

Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1864.

It has been a beautiful day, but the wind is blowing very chilly to-night; drew clothing for the Company this afternoon; had a very good dress parade considering the quantity of snow and mud under foot. Our school met this evening but we didn't accomplish much. Capt. E. B. Frost, and Dr. W. A. Child and wife dined with us to-day; had a nice time. Herbert George, the band master, has been in this evening relating his experiences during his leave in Vermont. It almost makes me homesick: have got to go on picket early in the morning beyond Culpeper, Va.

Wednesday, Jan. 6, 1864.

Chilly and cloudy but the weather is moderating very fast; got cheated out of my breakfast this morning on account of going on picket; formed line at 7.45 and so remained till nearly 10 a. m. when the officer of the day came and started us for the picket line; got on the wrong road and did not find the line until 3 p. m. It has been quite pleasant all day, but looks likely to storm before morning. No mail to-day.

Thursday, Jan. 7, 1864.

Quite cold and disagreeable; got up about 10 a. m. feeling as well as could be expected after a hard day's march. The men had been to breakfast and were in fine spirits; were relating their experiences in the late engagement at Locust Grove. Banty – a little, jolly, duck-legged Frenchman – started for camp this forenoon for more rations and the mail, but after he had been gone about a half hour a man from Company E. came from camp with both. The weather has moderated and it is snowing this evening.

Friday, Jan. 8, 1864.

It cleared during the night and this morning it was sharp and cold. As I awoke the sun was peeping brilliantly up behind the eastern hills and all nature was beautiful. About two inches of snow fell in the night which added to the beauty of the sunrise. Three deserters stole into our lines from the enemy in the night. They report that many more want to get away; read two letters to-night one from home and one from Hen.

Saturday, Jan. 9, 1864.

Still the weather continues fine. There is not a cloud to be seen or a breath of air stirring, and yet it is quite a sharp morning. The Company got another mail this forenoon but there was nothing for me; was relieved from picket this afternoon about one o'clock: arrived in camp about four p. m.; found plenty of Company work to keep me busy all tomorrow. Lieut. C. G. Newton started for Vermont this morning; have been studying tactics this evening; got my books from home I sent for last week.

Sunday, Jan. 10, 1864.

A beautiful morning. Dan Bancroft came in to see me this forenoon, a private in the Vermont Cavalry; had inspection at 11 a. m. and dress parade this evening. Quite a number of recruits came this evening, but only one for Company B. Col. A. B. Jewett and Lieut. – Colonel W. W. Henry also returned from Vermont to-night. The band has been serenading Colonel Jewett. It is cold and frosty with a little snow still on the ground.

Monday, Jan. 11, 1864.

Another fine day; have been very busy attending to Company matters; also received many calls – in fact it has taken me a goodly part of the day to entertain visitors. Capt. Samuel Darrah, Herbert George of the band and Lieut. W. R. Hoyt have just gone and now comes Lieut. E. P. Farr, and it's after 10 o'clock; haven't studied a bit to-day, yet, but I shall make up for lost time before I sleep.

Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1864.

Retired at 2 a. m. last night; learned by heart before retiring fifty pages in tactics; got up at 9 a. m. and went at it again; have conquered fifty pages more to-day and recited them to Lieut. Farr: had them fairly well learned before; only review; weather warm and comfortable; had a dress parade at 5 p. m. This evening twenty recruits armed and equipped arrived from Vermont for Company B; got some newspapers from cousin Abby Burnham to-night.

Wednesday, Jan. 13, 1864.

It has been very muddy and dull in camp to-day; weather dark and gloomy: no dress parade; have written to Pert; also received a letter from J. R. Seaver, containing a plan of the hospitals being built at Montpelier, now nearly completed. Lieut. Farr has been in this evening and we have been studying tactics together; guess he takes advantage of my being better posted than he, having been a cadet at Norwich University, Norwich, Vermont, where I was well drilled, and can explain things better. I wish they didn't consider me the best drill in the regiment; it makes me lots of extra work and takes much time. But I must be obliging – not mean and selfish.

Thursday, Jan. 14, 1864.

The weather still continues to be warm and pleasant; no wind and not a cloud in sight; have received two letters from Vermont to-night – one from home and another from one of my old scholars in Chelsea. The teachers who succeeded me in my school there had very poor success both last summer and this winter. When the teacher announced to the school this winter one morning that I had died of typhoid fever at Rockville, Md., it having been so reported, the children refused to be reconciled and grieved so they had to be dismissed, the same thing occurring the next morning. Poor things! I never think of it but what my eyes – well, my throat gets lumpy and my lips quiver. I had no idea they were so devoted. It seems as though they would follow me in memory throughout eternity. Still, as their teacher I was strict and firm, but always just, and never struck one of the flock of sixty during either winter with them. Will I ever make such devoted friends again? Alas! it's only a memory now but will ever be a sacred one. May the recollection be as blissful to them as it will be to me throughout the everlasting ages of time. Nothing has occurred to-day worthy of note; have had my cabin full all day. Lieuts. W. R. Hoyt and E. P. Farr have been in this evening.

Friday, Jan. 15, 1864.

It is by far the finest day we have had this year, but very muddy. A part of the regiment has gone on picket to remain three days. It is reported in camp that one entire regiment of "Johnnies" came over from Cedar Mountain this morning and gave itself up. They were miserably clad, a large majority having no shoes at all; they started for Washington this evening. It's a beautiful moonlight night.

Saturday, Jan. 16, 1864.

Another warm summer day; have been at work on clothing rolls, also laying down sidewalk in front of my quarters. One of our new recruits has gone to the hospital to-day sick with lung fever. General W. H. Morris has returned from his home near N. Y. city with his sister and a lady friend. This evening he rode through the camp and was cheered by the men. The bands are serenading him to-night, his headquarters being just about a hundred yards in rear of my hut. It is bright moonlight.

Sunday, Jan. 17, 1864.

It has been a cold and disagreeable day; had Company inspection this forenoon; have written home to-night; received a letter from Carl Wilson and one from Pert; wind blew hard this forenoon, but it is calm to-night; band played this evening. Five more recruits arrived this afternoon for Company B. It's cloudy and looks like rain.

Monday, Jan. 18, 1864.

It has rained hard all day, but is not very cold. The mud is very deep. It's rumored that Governor Smith and Mr. Baxter are to be here to-morrow; have been studying hard all day only when engaged in Company duty; cooler this evening; snows a little; pickets have just come in wet and tired. Lieut. E. P. Farr has not been in this evening to look up tactics.

Tuesday, Jan. 19, 1864.

The wind has been blowing furiously all day from the northwest; has rained very little; commencing to freeze this evening; have been looking over ordnance returns this afternoon; no time to study to-day. Lieut. Ezra Stetson is expected to-morrow, also Governor Smith, as he didn't come to-night. Lieut. D. G. Hill has been in this evening; wind blows a gale.

Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1864.

Quite a fine moon to-night – a little cloudy but no wind; froze quite hard last night; have had so much company all day it has been impossible to do anything but visit; band is serenading General W. H. Morris; are proud of our band, it being one of best regimental bands in the army. Lieut. Stetson has not come tonight; got no letter from home, but received a good one from Carl Wilson. To-night they have the Universalist festival at Barre, Vt.; would like to be there, but my festival will be with tactics.

Thursday, Jan. 21, 1864.

It was quite frosty this morning, but pleasant and has remained so all day; had regimental monthly inspection this forenoon. Company B got the credit of having the best street in the brigade. I am proud of my old Company; it always tries to please me. Nate Harrington and Orry Blanchard of the First Vermont Brigade have been to see me to-day. Lieut. Ezra Stetson has not come to-night, his time being up last Tuesday; no letter from home yet; beautiful moonlight night, but quite cool.

Friday, Jan. 22, 1864.

As pleasant a morning as I ever saw. Lieut. D. G. Hill started for Vermont this forenoon; have made out the final statements of Corporals C. W. Beal, C. B. Lee and Private A. S. Parkhurst, but Lee is dangerously ill in the hospital and not able to receive his discharge papers. Private J. W. Sawyer, a recruit in B Company has been in hospital but is gaining fast; received a letter from home this evening. Lieut. Ezra Stetson has not come yet; fear he will find trouble when he does come.

Saturday, Jan. 23, 1864.

It has been a beautiful day with a light southern breeze; have not had a moment's time to myself all day someone being here all the time. It's provoking for I want to study so much. Beal and Parkhurst started for home to-day, Barre, Vt. Lieut. Ezra Stetson has not come yet. Major C. G. Chandler received a letter from Capt. E. Dillingham to-night, who is a prisoner of war at Richmond, Va. Private George G. Brown was detailed this evening in the Company mess house.

Sunday, Jan. 24, 1864.

The day has been fair; started for picket at 9 a.m.; relieved the One Hundred and Sixth New York Infantry about noon; made my headquarters at Mr. Bowen's, an old man about seventy-five years old; has a son who lives with him, a miller, which accounts for his not being drafted into the Confederate army. A "yaller girl", as we call them, keeps house for him. All's quiet on the picket line. It's a lovely night.

Monday, Jan. 25, 1864.

Still another fine night; have been reading the newspaper to the old gentleman, etc. Ain't I a good Yankee? One Johnny, a deserter, came into our lines last night; reports that an entire brigade of the enemy whose time has expired is fighting its way into our lines. Perhaps this may be true but I can't vouch for it. I take it with a grain of salt. It is evident, though, that a great number are deserting to our lines; have finished my Company clerk book to-day. The moon is shining brightly.

Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1864.

It has been a lovely day. Some of the time it's been really uncomfortable, the sun has been so warm. About 1 a. m. last night when making the rounds considerable firing was heard towards the right of the line. It was probably deserters trying to come into our lines. Sergeant Daniel Foster came to the picket line this afternoon to get some money to send Corporal C. B. Lee's remains to Vermont who died last evening. Banty has come with some rations. Lieut. Ezra Stetson arrived in camp Sunday evening.

Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1864.

It has been a delightful day; expect to be relieved this afternoon. Two deserters came into our lines this morning; they report Lee's army in a miserable condition – no rations or clothing, and the citizens nearly starving. They say that "Secession is playing out." The Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry relieved us about noon; arrived in camp about 5 p. m. The roads are in splendid condition, as good as I ever saw them in Virginia at this time of year. If the weather was fine all the time picket guard would be more desirable than so much camp duty.

Thursday, Jan. 28, 1864.

A fine morning. Most of the companies have been fixing their streets; have been at work all day on Lieut. Ezra Stetson's ordnance returns, and have not got them done yet; will try and finish them in the morning. The regiment got no mail to-night. Corporal C. B. Lee's remains were sent home Tuesday; had a dress parade to-night in which the recruits took part. Those of Company B never had a gun in their hands till this morning.

Friday, Jan. 29, 1864.

It has been really uncomfortable all day, it's been so warm. Lieut G. E. Davis started for Vermont this forenoon; have completed the ordnance return but it's not mailed yet. Most of the officers have been playing ball this afternoon. The non-commissioned officers have given us a challenge to play for the oysters to-morrow, and the Colonel has accepted it; received a letter from brother Roy and wife and one from home; have been reading army regulations, etc. Colonel A. B. Jewett has refused to approve Lieut. E. P. Farr's application.

Saturday, Jan. 30, 1864.

A cloudy, chilly day, but not much rain. One game of ball came off this afternoon in which the commissioned officers won. Two more games are to be played Monday if a good day. It's a cloudy, dark, gloomy evening in camp; haven't studied much to-day, but read army regulations some. Dr. W. A. Child and Lieuts. H. H. Dewey and E. P. Farr have been in this evening.

Sunday, Jan. 31, 1864.

The wind has been whistling around the cabin all day. It's been misty, but we've had little rain; have been to church and written home. We have a goodly sized log chapel covered with the fly of the new hospital tent. Mrs. W. A. Child was present and sang, a rich treat, for it has been a long time since I've heard a lady's voice at church. Sergeant J. M. Read has been in this evening.

Monday, Feb. 1, 1864.

A dull and miserable day, but no rain; have been studying very hard in the second volume of tactics. No one has been in this evening save Lieut. George P. Welch who has notified me I am detailed for picket to-morrow. It is not my turn and is a great disappointment as I have laid my plans to accomplish a good week's work, and had this not happened, I could have sent in my application next week to appear before General Silas Casey's board in Washington for examination for a commission in colored troops. I want to be a field officer and won't accept anything else.

Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1864.

A cloudy morning. The sick have gone to the general hospital to-day which indicates a general move; started for picket at 9 a. m.; fine marching; arrived on the line about 12 noon; heavy wind all afternoon; am in command of Company G on picket; have had a thunderstorm this evening. All's quiet on the picket line to-night.

Wednesday, Feb. 3, 1864.

High wind, cloudy but no rain all day; have moved my tent down by the men's, so am quite comfortable to-night. The officer of the day came along about 4 a. m.; all was quiet along the line during the night. The countersign is "Mexico." My rations are getting very short.

Thursday, Feb. 4, 1864.

A fine morning, Captain Samuel Darrah has been down; have sent to camp for the mail and more rations; quite a comfortable day. All's been quiet through the day, but to-night there's been some firing both sides of my post along the line; mail has come but no letter for me. The countersign is "Vera Cruz." It's a beautiful night.

Friday, Feb. 5, 1864.

It has been very much like a beautiful spring morning in Vermont. I wish that I were there to take a walk on the snow crust, but this at present cannot be; were relieved from picket about 1 p. m. by the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio Infantry. It is quite cloudy this evening and bids fair for a stormy day to-morrow; received a good letter from home this evening, and have reviewed part fourth in the second volume of tactics.

Saturday, Feb. 6, 1864.

I was awoke at 5 a. m. by the long roll; was soon directed to report to Col. A. B. Jewett's headquarters and ordered to break camp and march for the Rapidan, which is no pleasant thing to do at this season; were ordered to march at 7 a. m. but didn't till near 4 p. m.; marched to the picket line and bivouacked; has rained some all day but not hard; considerable firing towards night at Jacob's ford.

Sunday, Feb. 7, 1864.

Resumed our march at daylight; halted about two miles from the river and remained through the day. The Johnnies were on this very ground yesterday in large numbers, but were repulsed by the First Corps and fled across the river; no fighting to-day; got orders about sundown to return to camp which we did without a halt. On arrival there we found there had been a great scare from Mosby but it amounted to nothing; wonder if he thinks guerrilla warfare manly? Some people are born gorillas, though, and have no more conception of honor. I'd go and drown myself before I'd practice that kind of warfare!

Monday, Feb. 8, 1864.

Chilly and cloudy; don't feel very well to-day, nor does anyone else; all stiff and lame; don't wonder at it for we had to march through mud and water ankle deep or more last night from the Rapidan without a rest. The regiments were completely disorganized; officers and men all got lost

from their commands and both struggled and straggled into camp as best they could. It was a mob and a disgrace to the Third Corps.

Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1864.

A chilly south wind has been blowing all day, and it looks likely to snow before night; hope it will for if it does not, I fear we will have to make another Rapidan campaign which I am not at all anxious for. I have been over to Lieutenant Thompson's quarters studying to-day, as I have been so annoyed in my own quarters that I could not possibly study; am with Lieut. Ezra Stetson; got a paper from Pert to-night and a New Year's Address.

Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1864.

The weather has been fine but rather cold with a chilly northeast wind; had a good brigade drill this afternoon. Col. A. B. Jewett had an officers' school this evening in the chapel which is very essential to us all. Lieut. Ezra Stetson has commenced to build an addition to our hut, as he is expecting to have his wife come out and remain with him the rest of the winter.

Thursday, Feb. 11, 1864.

The weather has been clear and pleasant, but intensely cold for this latitude. Lieutenant C. F. Nye returned from Vermont this evening looking as rotund and hearty as ever; received a letter from home; all well; have got to start for a three-days' tour of picket to-morrow. Capt. H. R. Steele is officer of the day; wind blowing furiously to-night.

Friday, Feb. 12, 1864.

Clear and cold but no wind; started for picket at 9 a. m.; arrived on the line at 1 p. m. A part of our detail having through mistake to go to Pony Mountain, has returned this evening, and consequently I have had to move my headquarters up the line; am near Mrs. Battles, historic because of Union officers' escapades there. The house being between the lines the women connived in trying to get them captured; countersign is "Perth."

Saturday, Feb. 13, 1864.

Clear and warm with no wind, and by far the finest day of the month yet. Captain H. R. Steele came along this morning and took a part of Companies B and G for the reserve thus leaving me in charge of only five posts; wonder what he's afraid of? Have received our mail, but none for me. All's quiet on the line to-night; countersign "Bristeau."

Sunday, Feb. 14, 1864.

Clear and chilly but very little wind; fields and woods in front of the line to-day all on fire. A squadron of Cavalry has been out on a scout to-day and captured Billy Scott and two or three of his comrades. He is a noted guerilla. It is also reported that our cavalry ran onto the enemy in force. We are ordered to be on the alert this evening; no countersign.

Monday, Feb. 15, 1864.

A chilly, cloudy morning but no wind; probably will snow before night. At 10 p. m. was ordered by Capt. H. R. Steele to take my command up to the reserve as soon as possible as the Johnnies were advancing in eight (whew!) different lines: think the man who reports this must be troubled with C. W. (commissary whiskey); arrived in camp at 4 p. m.; snowed all the afternoon. But what's become of the eight lines of C. W.?

Tuesday, Feb. 16, 1864.

Cloudy with a furious wind – in fact one of the most terrific gales of the winter – so piercing it's impossible to keep warm in our huts; have called on Mrs. G. E. Davis and Mrs. Ezra Stetson. All

hands have been to prayer meeting this evening but me, and I have been studying; am stopping with Captain Samuel Darrah now; wind still high.

Wednesday, Feb. 17, 1864.

Clear and intensely cold, with high wind; have been studying in Dr. Almon Clark's quarters to-day; had a mock court-martial this evening at the chapel to entertain the ladies; sat up with Lieut. C. G. Newton till 1 a. m. Lieut. H. H. Dewey left for home this morning; no wind to-night, but very cold.

Thursday, Feb. 18, 1864.

Very cold but less wind than yesterday; had our monthly inspection this forenoon at ten o'clock; received no letter from home to-night. Dr. W. A. Child and wife have called this evening. He is a very bright, polished gentleman, but I am afraid of him; probably because he is older than I am; have been studying at Dr. Almon Clark's again to-day; wind abated but cold to-night.

Friday, Feb. 19, 1864.

Cold as ever but no wind to mention. Lieut E. P. Farr left for Vermont this morning; spent three hours this afternoon in the chapel with a class of non-commissioned officers who desire commissions in colored troops, and have requested me to hear them recite in tactics, etc., daily, before going before a board for examination in Washington, D. C. Received a letter from home; all well there. Carl Wilson is about entering a drug store in Montpelier, Vt.

Saturday, Feb. 20, 1864.

A very pleasant day but not warm. The men have been playing ball this afternoon; very dull otherwise; paymaster has come; have been very busy having men sign pay rolls. There is a detail for picket tomorrow, but I am not going.

Sunday, Feb. 21, 1864.

Cloudy, but no wind, threatening rain before night; regiment left for picket at 9 a. m.; very quiet in camp; religious services were held in the chapel at 4 p. m. by Rev. Mr. Parker of Waterbury, Vt. and a prayer service this evening, but I have not attended either. All's quiet.

Monday, Feb. 22, 1864.

Cloudy and warm. The Second Brigade was out drilling this forenoon as well as a battery; very busy this afternoon; paymaster paying off the regiment; rained a little this evening; got a paper from Vermont but don't know who sent it. There is a ball at First Corps headquarters to-night.

Tuesday, Feb. 23, 1864.

A very pleasant day, but lonely in camp; dancing in the chapel this evening; moon shining brightly, and not a breath of air stirring, but for all this I can't study; no letters from home; all's quiet as midnight save the music in the chapel.

Wednesday, Feb. 24, 1864.

Pleasant day with northwest wind. Col. A. B. Jewett and a select party have gone to Pony Mountain; picket guard came in about 4 p. m. First Corps had a review to-day, as well as the Second Corps; no letters from home; fine evening.

Thursday, Feb. 25, 1864.

Pleasant but windy. General French reviewed our division to-day – the Third of the Third Corps; muster and payrolls have come; after review spent three hours with my class at the chapel; reported the ladies will have to leave camp next week; hope it isn't so.

Friday, Feb. 26, 1864.

Cloudy, high north wind but fair; air full of dust all day; had brigade drill this afternoon; dance in chapel this evening; General W. H. Morris present: Governor Smith has arrived in the army.

Saturday, Feb. 27, 1864.

Pleasant but chilly. The Sixth Corps is on the move this morning for Madison Court House – probably a reconnoissance. Governor Smith arrived in camp this forenoon. I started for picket about 4 p. m. to relieve the First Division of our Corps which is to accompany the Sixth Corps to Madison Court House; arrived on picket line at 2 a. m. Feb. 28.

Sunday, Feb. 28, 1864.

Did not get up till 9 a. m.; night march very fatiguing; not feeling well; cloudy and threatening rain. Captain P. D. Blodgett visited the line this morning; several Johnnies came into our lines this forenoon; everything quiet this evening.

Monday, Feb. 29, 1864.

Am feeling better this morning; weather gloomy; chilly south wind; considerable cannonading to-day towards Madison Court House; reported General Kilpatrick has captured a portion of Lee's picket line and penetrated to Orange Court House; pickets ordered to be vigilant, etc.

Tuesday, March 1, 1864.

Commenced hailing about midnight and has continued to alternate with it and rain all day; trees and shubbery ice-covered and the day has been dismal; not as much cannonading as yesterday; relieved from picket about 6 p. m. by the Third Brigade; marched to camp on the pike.

Wednesday, March 2, 1864.

Cleared during the night; ground covered with snow; weather fine; have been making out Lieut. Ezra Stetson's muster rolls; not with my class this afternoon; have nearly completed the second volume of tactics; no mail to-night.

Thursday, March 3, 1864.

The weather continues pleasant. Mrs. C. G. Chandler started for Vermont this morning. Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Henry arrived in camp this evening. Dr. Almon Clark has also arrived from Vermont. The Sixth Corps passed our camp this evening on its return from Madison Court House. General Kilpatrick has made a junction, it is said, with General B. F. Butler; camp very lonely to-night.

Friday, March 4, 1864.

Weather calm and fine; no mud; pickets came in this afternoon; making muster and pay rolls; dance in chapel this evening; got a letter from Pert; has finished her school and all well at home. Lieutenant Thompson arrived in camp this morning.

Saturday, March 5, 1864.

Weather continues fine; completed B Company's muster and pay rolls this forenoon; Sutler George Skiff gave a ball in the chapel this evening; distinguished guests present; fine time. Dr. Child and wife called this evening, also Mrs. Hunt and Morse; no mail.

Sunday, March 6, 1864.

A beautiful day, no wind and quite warm. General W. H. Morris has had lady visitors from New York City. Our band has been playing for him. There were services to-day in the chapel; several ladies were present; good dress parade this evening; cheering news from Kilpatrick's cavalry.

Monday, March 7, 1864.

Very pleasant but colder than yesterday; have been hard at work all day with some men decorating the chapel with evergreens, etc.; got some help from the ladies; reception and dancing this evening. General J. B. Carr and lady were present and other distinguished guests. Captain Samuel Darrah was floor manager. Captain E. B. Frost looked after the supper; brilliant party.

Tuesday, March 8, 1864.

It has been raining quite hard all day. The entertainment did not close last night till 2 a. m. to-day; have been returning the things borrowed for the hall last night; am feeling dull; no drill to-day; expect to be reviewed by General French to-morrow.

Wednesday, March 9, 1864.

The weather has been very pleasant, but it's been a long weary day; have been at work on Company B clothing rolls, etc.; no recitation to-day. The Second Brigade has been having a review and drill this afternoon. The Third Corps review has been postponed till to-morrow, but I expected to go on picket; got a speech from Congressman Woodbridge; wonder what's come over him to be so civil; he's Meader's (my student roommate) law partner, but he was barely civil to me when I saw him in Vermont.

Thursday, March 10, 1864.

A lovely morning with a gentle south breeze; formed line at 9 a. m. for picket. Captain H. R. Steele in command of the detail from our brigade; commenced raining about 11 a. m. and continued all day. Our regiment is on the reserve. Lieutenant-Colonel Egbert of the Third Brigade, a fine man, is officer of the day.

Friday, March 11, 1864.

It has rained hard all day. Lieut. J. S. Thompson and I have charge of the post on the pike. It is not a desirable one to be on, as the cavalry reserve is directly in front and they are continually passing and repassing, and the orders are very strict about passing anyone in or out of the lines. Colonel Ball is officer of the day and a good fellow.

Saturday, March 12, 1864.

It cleared during the night and it's fine this morning. I was on duty the last part of the night, but passed no one; wind blew furiously all day. A large party of citizens came through the lines destitute of nearly everything. A Colonel from the Third Brigade is officer of the day, and a strange fellow.

Sunday, March 13, 1864.

This is truly a fine day. A squadron of cavalry passed on the pike this morning to extend the cavalry picket line to Madison Court House; was relieved this afternoon by the Sixth Maryland Infantry; Major C. G. Chandler is officer of the day; arrived in camp about 5 p. m.; found Lieuts. Kingsley and Hill had returned from Vermont.

Monday, March 14, 1864.

Beautiful day. Most of the officers met at the hall this forenoon to make arrangements for another ball this evening; am on the committee to decorate the hall; have worked very hard all day, but am well repaid as all seem to be pleased with what I have done. Pretty decorations always add to the pleasure of all such gatherings. A large party was present.

Tuesday, March 15, 1864.

Cold but pleasant; no wind; four hours' drill to-day, but I was excused being so busy at the chapel. I forgot to mention that Captain J. A. Sheldon returned from Vermont last night where he has been on recruiting service since November. The Third Corps is to be reviewed to-morrow by Major-General French.

Wednesday, March 16, 1864.

Very cloudy and a high gale all day; formed line for review at 9 a. m.; moved a half mile out of camp, stacked arms, remained two hours and then started for the parade ground about a half mile away on John Minor Bott's farm; review passed off pleasantly, but it was very cold. The Corps made a fine appearance; wonder what Vermont people would think to see such a review; guess their eyes would pop plum out of their head.

Thursday, March 17, 1864.

The weather still continues boisterous. Hon. Portus Baxter's son arrived in camp last evening with several other Vermont gentlemen. They gave an entertainment at the Colonel's mess house this evening for the officers of the Tenth. I did not attend. Lieutenant E. P. Farr returned from Vermont this evening; received a letter from home.

Friday, March 18, 1864.

Am not feeling well; took cold on review yesterday. The wind is blowing furiously, the air is full of dust, and it is a disgusting time. A party has gone to Pony Mountain. The long roll was beat and the regiment was hastily formed in line about 7 p. m. and so remained until 9 p. m. when it broke ranks. It was a scare. Such is army life in time of war.

Saturday, March 19, 1864.

The weather was truly fine this morning at sunrise, but about noon the wind blew a gale. Captain Samuel Darrah's Co. D of which I am second lieutenant challenged the regiment to play a game of ball for \$50 – or rather Captain Samuel Darrah did – which it accepted but lost the game. The regiment goes on picket to-morrow, but I don't expect to go. It looks like rain.

Sunday, March 20, 1864.

Clear and fine but rather cold. General W. H. Morris inspected the regiment this morning. A picket guard of two hundred and fifty men and eight officers left this morning. Captain J. A. Sheldon commanded the brigade detail. Services were held in the chapel at 4 p. m. Rev. Mr. Barnard of Williamstown, Vt. preached; weather cold.

Monday, March 21, 1864.

The weather continues fine but cold. General W. H. Morris inspected and reviewed the brigade. Preparations are being made for an army review; have been working on B Company's clothing rolls. Captain Samuel Darrah has gone over to division headquarters this evening. Captain Leonard, (Brigade Adjutant General), and Lieut. J. A. Hicks, A. D. C., have called. It's a beautiful evening.

Tuesday, March 22, 1864.

The wind has blown furiously from the southeast all day. It's by far the most disagreeable day of the winter; commenced snowing about 5 p. m. and now at 11 p. m. there is eight inches on a level. My application to go before General Silas Casey's board for examination for a field office in colored troops has not been returned yet; shall put in another to-morrow.

Wednesday, March 23, 1864.

Weather fine but very chilly. About eight inches of snow fell last night. Major C. G. Chandler is division officer of the day. A review of the army is expected in the course of two or three days. The army is anxiously waiting to see General U. S. Grant; sent in another application to go before General Silas Casey's board this evening; the pickets returned to-night.

Thursday, March 24, 1864.

Weather fine; some snow on the ground yet. Messrs. Smith and Farra arrived this evening from St. Albans, Vt. The regiment remained in line nearly all day in anticipation of General Grant's visit to the Army of the Potomac. A special train which he was probably on passed about 2 p. m. But what was the use of keeping troops under arms in line all day? It looks like C. W. again, or schoolboy management of which there is too much; got a letter from home to-night.

Friday, March 25, 1864.

Chilly wind from the southeast; very cloudy; looks like rain; Company drill from 10 to 11 a. m. Our Third Division of the Third Corps has been permanently transferred as Third Division of the Sixth Corps, Brigadier-General Prince assuming command of the division. General French is ordered to Washington, D. C. Our regiment was a favorite with him, and the officers met in the chapel this evening to pass resolutions of regret, although we are glad to go to the gallant Sixth Corps if ours must be broken up.

Saturday, March 26, 1864.

It's a fine day; no wind; dull in camp; only ball playing for amusement which isn't half as exciting as being shot at by a Johnny. Our visitors from Vermont returned to St. Albans, Vt. this morning; services were held in the chapel this evening by Rev. Mr. Roberts of Williamstown, Vt.; weather fine.

Sunday, March 27, 1864.

It has been a beautiful day, warm and comfortable; snow all gone; wrote home, also to Captain G. W. Burnell; have not heard from my application yet. Chaplain E. M. Haynes preached a good sermon in the chapel this afternoon; good dress parade tonight; cloudy.

Monday, March 28, 1864.

It has been quite warm all day. The ladies started for home this morning but missed the train. We had a brigade review this forenoon, the first since we joined the Sixth Corps, and brigade dress parade in the evening which General Mead witnessed; picket in the morning.

Tuesday, March 29, 1864.

An order came last night for us to move camp tomorrow. We hope it may be countermanded. The ladies started for Vermont this morning. Colonel A. B. Jewett went with them as far as Washington. A part of the regiment started for picket at 9 a. m.; has rained hard since 11 a. m.

Wednesday, March 30, 1864.

It rained hard all night; didn't sleep a wink; got very wet; men in good spirits and everything working well in spite of the rain; have seen no officer of the day. Lieut. George P. Welch came down to see me this evening; very dark; camp quiet; looks like another storm before morning.

Thursday, March 31, 1864.

Weather quite agreeable to-day. The Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Tenth Ohio Infantry is officer of the day, a very pleasant, agreeable man; think I should like him. The Third Division of our Corps has exchanged camp with our old First Division; have very poor quarters.

Friday, April 1, 1864.

A disappointing day; weather quite fine this morning; commenced raining about noon and has continued all day; was relieved from picket about 1 p. m. by the One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry; marched to the bridge the other side of Culpeper and waited for the officer of the day, but soon found to our disgust that he had gone to camp. He's no soldier! ought to be court-martialed!

Saturday, April 2, 1864.

Arrived in camp about dark last night and found the regiment in a mud hole without quarters fit to live in. How white men could be content to erect such winter quarters is beyond comprehension. Even the Johnnies do better. These quarters are the worst ever seen, besides being dirty. All are indignant and aggrieved at such ill treatment. It has rained or snowed hard all day to add to our discomfort; received a letter from C. B. Wilson and answered it; am disgusted about not being ordered before the Casey board for examination; fear I waited too long before making my application; probably have all the officers they want.

Sunday, April 3, 1864.

It has rained nearly all day; mud very deep in camp: more stormy weather the past two weeks than all winter before; most of the officers are building new cabins, the huts occupied by the previous regiment being uninhabitable. It's a dark and dismal camp, and very depressing.

Monday, April 4, 1864.

It has been a terrible day. The wind has blown a gale, it has snowed or rained incessantly all day, and we miss our old cabins greatly near Brandy Station. I have kept fairly comfortable, though. Such, however, is a soldier's life in the Army of the Potomac. It's a cold blustering evening without and were I not so busy studying I should be depressed and discontented.

Tuesday, April 5, 1864.

The storm still continues, raged all night, and it was a tedious one; no order for Washington yet; alas! I fear I am doomed to disappointment all my life. Ah, well, so might it be, if it's God's will. Dick Moon arrived to-night direct from Vermont. I am glad to see him about again. It has ceased storming but the wind is still high.

Wednesday, April 6, 1864.

Cloudy and windy this morning, but it cleared up about noon; fine evening, too, but no moon; have been over to the theatre, but hardly got paid for my trouble except for the novelty of seeing a theatre built of logs. It is as big as a city theatre, is of fine rustic work and a curiosity. It was built by the Engineers and is handsome. Of course in a big army like this there is plenty of fair theatrical talent and some excellent. The band came out this evening and played a few pieces, the first with their new instruments; am at work on Company B clothing rolls; will finish in about two days.

Thursday, April 7, 1864.

Muddy under foot, but sunshiny and warm; received a letter from home; all well there; have not been very busy to-day; men working hard building cabins in the new camp four or five hundred yards away; will probably complete it in season to break camp in when the spring campaign opens. It's a handsome camp, every cabin being exactly alike, commodious and is symmetrically laid out, the handsomest I ever saw. But the Tenth Vermont leads the army in such a way and is the pride of general officers from army headquarters down; it is just the same in drill, parade, forced marching, fighting or any place it is put. The men have great *esprit de corps*, and strive not to be outdone by any other regiment in anything. Were it not that the men's minds are kept occupied, I should doubt the expediency of putting so much work into a new camp so late in the season, but they seem to enjoy it, so it's all right; it keeps them healthy and hard, too; besides, they will be in splendid shape for the campaign close at hand; there's no moon to-night but it's beautiful starlight; bands are serenading at division headquarters. In the stillness of the night the distance softens the splendid music and makes it enchanting. I sit outside alone in deep thought and dream over it. War is such a strange companion!

Friday, April 8, 1864.

Weather warm and pleasant the fore part of the day, but towards night it hazed up; probably will rain to-morrow; had a long and tiresome brigade drill this afternoon that disgusted everybody,

and I think a useless one; received my order from the Secretary of War to report to General Silas Casey's board; shall not go till Tuesday.

Saturday, April 9, 1864.

My predictions are fully realized, it has rained torrents all day; haven't done a thing but mope over the fire; so muddy outside it's almost impossible to get round even if it didn't rain so; have sent in an application for three days' leave to go to Washington for examination; very busy reviewing tactics; no letters.

Sunday, April 10, 1864.

Storm has ceased, but it's muddy and windy; part of the regiment started for picket this morning. Lieut. Ezra Stetson has gone so I will be alone; have been studying all day; Sergeant J. M. Reed called this evening, also Dick who will stay all night, his quarters being crowded; rather dull in camp all day.

Monday, April 11, 1864.

Rested finely last night; weather fair; had a three hours' brigade drill this afternoon; proved more of a march than a drill; regiment very small owing to so many being on detached service, and on other details; men busy, too, on their log cabins in the new camp. Dick is with me to-night; think he prefers being where he isn't so much crowded as in his own quarters.

Tuesday, April 12, 1864.

Weather comfortable and warm, but few clouds and very little wind. If the weather still continues fine a few days longer the army will make an advance without doubt; have been talking with our sutler's clerk, Huntington, who was a lieutenant in the rebel army thirteen months, but being a Vermonter, on the death of his wife and child who were living in the south, he deserted to our army.

Wednesday, April 13, 1864.

Warm and comfortable; mud drying up finely; application to go to Washington to report to General Silas Casey returned this forenoon, disapproved; had a brigade drill this afternoon, a better one than usual; men busy on their cabins; wish they were done as their present ones are very filthy; a beautiful moonlight night.

Thursday, April 14, 1864.

Weather fine, no wind or clouds and but little mud; had our regimental monthly inspection at 10 a. m.; have written to Major Foster, Chief of Bureau for the Organization of U. S. C. T. in regard to appearing before the Casey board for examination; no letter from home to-night; several callers this evening.

Friday, April 15, 1864.

Weather fine this forenoon but began to cloud up towards night. Major Harper has paid off the regiment to-day. The sutler is also selling off his stock of goods, as to-morrow is the time appointed for all sutlers to leave the army; looks like a move in a few days; am detailed for picket to-morrow; no letter from home to-night, am sorry to say.

Saturday, April 16, 1864.

Corps review was ordered for to-day, but it is raining, so very likely it will be postponed; started for picket about 9 a. m. with Col. W. W. Henry as Officer of the Day, so we will fare well; rained all forenoon; cleared about 1 p. m.; fair since. The Tenth Vermont has the right of the line.

Sunday, April 17, 1864.

Weather fine and warm, but some windy with clouds; all quiet along the line to-day; have very poor quarters; has been very quiet in front; it's doubtless the calm which precedes the storm; have

little doubt but what the army will move within the next week; beautiful, moonlight, calm evening; it seems ominous.

Monday, April 18, 1864.

It has been very comfortable on picket to-day without any fire. The officer of the day has been at my post to-day for the first time. Generals Grant, Meade and Sedgwick, are reviewing the Sixth Corps to-day; regret not being present. One of the bough houses caught fire this evening and burned up; otherwise all's quiet.

Tuesday, April 19, 1864.

The weather is getting uncomfortably warm; no need of fire any more on picket. A skirmish occurred last night about fifteen miles out on the pike. One or two of the enemy were killed and as many wounded. One of our men was wounded in the foot. A detachment of our cavalry came in this morning with some prisoners.

Wednesday, April 20, 1864.

Not very pleasant to-day; brigade drill this forenoon; regiment so busy putting up quarters it is excused from all other duties; officers of Tenth Vermont all ordered out to witness the new movements in tactics at brigade drill. My leave has come back approved, but shan't go to Washington till Sunday; clear moonlight night.

Thursday, April 21, 1864.

A truly beautiful day, warm and pleasant with no wind at all; regiment moved to a new camp this morning; most of the line officers remain here yet. The three left Companies, B, G and K contested for the medal Major C. G. Chandler proposed giving last winter, and B, my old Company and the one I have been with all winter, won it. Of course it would! It always honors itself and me; got a letter from home to-night.

Friday, April 22, 1864.

Weather pleasant and agreeable this morning, but towards night it began to haze up and now it is sprinkling. A part of the regiment went on picket this morning. Major Chandler is officer of the day; had a dress parade to-night. Lieut. J. A. Hicks is relieved from General W. H. Morris' staff. Most of the line officers have moved over to the new camp.

Saturday, April 23, 1864.

It cleared during the night; quite fair this morning, but by noon the wind blew a gale, and the air was loaded with dust and smoke, but the sun was shining; shall start for Washington in the morning; have written Dr. Jones to-night. It's lonely and I'm feeling depressed.

Sunday, April 24, 1864.

It's been a beautiful day; left camp at 6 o'clock this morning and reached Brandy Station at 9 a. m. One would hardly think it was Sunday by the stir about camp and our base of supplies, but war knows no Sunday; arrived in Washington at 4 p. m. and went to the National Hotel. War rumors load the very air here.

Monday, April 25, 1864.

It has been a pleasant spring day; reported to General Silas Casey this morning: will be examined tomorrow; sat at Bradey's this afternoon for pictures. The streets are thronged with moving bodies of troops. General Burnside's Corps passed through the city this afternoon. President Lincoln reviewed it from the balcony over the ladies' entrance of Willard's Hotel on Fourteenth street. This is my first sight of President Lincoln and probably as good as I shall ever have. I was just across the street opposite on the curb and not crowded. He looked pale, very sad and greatly careworn. It

depressed me to look at him. The remembrance will ever be vivid. Burnside's Corps has encamped near Alexandria for the night; saw Othello played at Grover's Theatre tonight (now the New National).

Tuesday, April 26, 1864.

Fine day. Several regiments have passed up Pennsylvania Avenue during the day; have been before the board; am very much pleased with its appearance with the exception of General Silas Casey who is too old and childish for such business. To my surprise I was asked what position I wanted, and I replied a field office; was told the supply was more than the demand and as officers were absorbed in the same order as passed by the board I would never be called on. I replied that I should never accept anything but a field office; was passed for a first class Captaincy, there being three grades, First, Second and Third class; saw Edwin Forrest play *Mattamora* tonight at Ford's Theatre. It was fine.

Wednesday, April 27, 1864.

Pleasant but some wind; started for the front on the 9 a. m. train; passed General Burnside's Corps south of Alexandria en route towards Ft. Albany; arrived in camp about sundown; found everything as I left it; am with my own Company (D) now, Lieut. J. A. Hicks having returned to Company B, which is his own company.

Thursday, April 28, 1864.

A part of the regiment went on picket this morning; am officer of the day. I forgot to mention that on my return I was surprised to find that Col. A. B. Jewett had resigned and that his resignation had been accepted; received a letter from Capt. Albert F. Dodge and one from home tonight; have been very busy making out muster and pay rolls all day.

Friday, April 29, 1864.

It has been warm and pleasant; nothing going on in camp; men seem to be enjoying themselves playing ball; completed Company D muster and pay rolls. Lieut. G. P. Welch relieved me this morning as officer of the day. Capt. E. B. Frost is now acting Major; very dull in camp tonight. Colonel W. W. Henry is division officer of the day.

Saturday, April 30, 1864.

Weather uncomfortably warm this forenoon but cooler since. Major C. G. Chandler mustered the regiment this forenoon; no drill this afternoon. General Burnside's Corps has relieved the Fifth Corps which has been doing duty on the railroad. The Third Division has moved in on our left; all's quiet tonight.

Sunday, May 1, 1864.

Weather fine and pleasant. Major C. G. Chandler made a thorough inspection of the regiment this morning. Lieutenant Clark from the sharpshooters called on me this afternoon; pickets came in about 4 o'clock. Chaplain E. M. Haynes preached a good sermon today; have written to J. R. Seaver.

Monday, May 2, 1864.

Still another fine day, and yet the army remains idle. The query generally is, "when will the army move, and where?" I guess we will wish it hadn't when it does move. General U. S. Grant seems to keep his own counsel, like the silent man he is. It is well. A furious wind-storm occurred about 5 o'clock p. m. but did not disturb us much.

Tuesday, May 3, 1864.

Pleasant in the forenoon, but a gale this afternoon; had brigade drill two hours this afternoon. At last our query for the past two weeks has been answered. A part of the army moved to-day, and no doubt we shall go to-morrow; received orders at 6 o'clock p. m. to march at 4 o'clock a. m. to-morrow. All is confusion in camp.

Wednesday, May 4, 1864.

We were aroused this morning at 3 o'clock, formed line at daylight, and took up our line of march for Germania Ford about sunrise. The whole army is evidently on the move. It looks more like business than ever before; arrived at the ford about 6 o'clock p. m.; found that our cavalry crossed here last night without opposition; are encamped on the south side of the river not over fifty yards from it.

Thursday, May 5, 1864.

Pleasant and warm; remained at the fort until about 8 o'clock a. m. waiting for General Burnside's forces to relieve us, and then marched about two miles up the plank road and formed line of battle in a piece of woods to the right of the road; remained here until noon when Burnside's corps again came up and occupied our line when we pushed on to the front passing many corralled and moving army trains, and through the outskirts of the field hospital near the right of our army's infantry line of battle until we struck the Orange turnpike when we turned to the right and followed it some distance until near enough the enemy to draw the fire of its artillery when seemingly the air was full of solid shot and exploding shells as far each side the pike as could be seen. The road here ran in a straight line ahead of us almost as far as the eye could reach bordered on either side with a dense forest and underbrush which was also being shelled in places. Shortly after, when within shelling distance, the enemy fired a solid shot straight along the pike which tore screeching through the air just a little above the heads of the men in column in our regiment till it struck the pike about midway the regiment, providentially where the men had split and were marching on either side of the road, when it viciously rebounded along the pike lengthwise the column to the great consternation of the men all along the extended column in our own and other regiments. This situation was most trying for every moment I dreaded the effect of a better directed shot which would go destructively through our long column lengthwise and do untold damage.

Soon, however, we turned to the left or southerly into the woods and formed line of battle almost as soon as there was room after leaving the road with the enemy close in our front with a field piece of artillery hardly a hundred yards away through the brush which kept each from seeing the other. Before Captain H. R. Steele had hardly finished dressing his company after forming line a shell from this gun exploded in the ranks of Company K, killing a private and wounding others. The shell had burst actually inside the man completely disemboweling and throwing him high in the air in a rapidly whirling motion above our heads with arms and legs extended until his body fell heavily to the ground with a sickening thud.

I was in the line of file closers hardly two paces away and just behind the man killed. We were covered with blood, fine pieces of flesh, entrails, etc., which makes me cringe and shudder whenever I think of it. The concussion badly stunned me. I was whirled about in the air like a feather, thrown to the ground on my hands and knees – or at least was in that position with my head from the enemy when I became fully conscious – face cut with flying gravel or something else, eyes, mouth and ears filled with dirt, and was feeling nauseated from the shake-up. Most of the others affected went to the hospital, and I wanted to but didn't give up. I feared being accused of trying to get out of a fight.

The Division Commander and staff were about three hundred yards more or less, behind us in direct line with this gun that was shelling us. Another shell from it which went screeching close over us – for we immediately after the first shot lay flat on the ground – disemboweled Captain G. B. Damon's horse of the Tenth Vermont on the Division staff, on which he was mounted, and killed two others. This party could be seen from where I was in line plainly. I was surprised at the quickness with which Company K got into line again after being so disrupted by the exploding shell in its ranks.

Friday, May 6, 1864.

We slept on our arms last night. Report says that we forced the enemy's right flank back about three miles yesterday besides capturing a goodly number of prisoners, but I doubt it. It is also rumored

that the Vermont Brigade of our Corps was badly cut up yesterday afternoon, but I hope it's not true; it was hotly engaged, though, on our left. We were led further off into the woods this forenoon to form another line of battle evidently, but General Seymour who was in charge seemed to be dazed, and while poking around alone in front of and too far away from his command without a skirmish line in his front, was taken prisoner.³ A part of our brigade was finally detached and taken north of and just to the right of the Orange turnpike including our regiment where we formed line behind some natural breastworks with the enemy's earthworks about fifty yards more or less in our front across a pretty, level, green field, in the edge of the woods; this work of theirs was in front, I am told, of the enemy's main line. We were shelled more or less at times through the day until about mid-afternoon when we were let alone.

Later in the day all at once hearing heavy firing on the right flank of our army not far away, Colonel W. W. Henry excitedly called us to attention, faced us to the right and then turning the head of the column directly to the rear we ran with all speed possible – there was no double quick about it – for a mile or more into the woods in rear of where the heavy firing on our right was, stumbling over logs, ditches, brush, etc., till our faces, hands and shins smarted from bruises and scratches, when we were halted all out of breath, faced to the left and ordered to give the charging war cry which, being a good deal wrought up, not knowing what had happened but that a disaster had occurred to our forces as panic-stricken men were hastening to the rear from our defeated right through our lines, and not knowing our own position relatively speaking to any other of our forces, or but what we would be pounced upon any moment, for we had but a small part of our brigade even, with us, so far as I could see in the woods, and annihilated, we, together with the One Hundred and Sixth New York Volunteer Infantry and Fourteenth New Jersey repeatedly gave the war cry as we had never given it before or did give it again afterwards. It reverberated again and again in the forest until the echo died away in the gloaming as softly as a fond mother's lullaby, and it pleased me at the time to think that perhaps it was God's offering through us and the medium of nature, or His lullaby to the thousands of wounded and dying heroes both of the blue and the grey within hearing, for the softly dying echoes certainly were soothing and restful in the quiet twilight even to me. This war cry had the effect not only to stop the enemy's firing but its advance, thinking probably it was a counter-assault to meet theirs, and it saved many a poor fellow from being captured, as the enemy ceased its aggressive tactics in order to reform and be prepared to meet our anticipated assault.

General Jubal A. Early's Division of three brigades had stolen round in rear of General Shaler's veteran brigade of the First Division and the Second Brigade (formerly General Seymour's) of green men of the Third Division, Sixth Corps, which were on the right of our army in the order mentioned, attacked vigorously both in rear and front, threw Shaler's veterans into disorder as well later as the Second Brigade, captured Shaler and created temporary confusion among the trains and hospital corps nearby. Seemingly it was the result of bad generalship by someone on our side. If I had been a General in command there, I'll bet the Johnnies wouldn't have got away with me! It was evidently lack of alertness, and the Johnny fellow got the best of it because the most alert.

Generals Meade and Sedgwick probably returning from an investigation of that part of the battlefield after the fight just after dark near our regiment where I was, inquired what troops were there and on being told it was the Tenth Vermont at that particular point Sedgwick said to Meade, "We are safe enough with that regiment!" as though they doubted the security of their surroundings.

Saturday, May 7, 1864.

³ In a letter to Chaplain E. M. Haynes of my regiment by me which he used in his history of our regiment, I state that Seymour was taken prisoner when the right flank of our army was thrown into confusion late May 6, 1864. From what source I got the information I don't recollect, but supposed it correct. I had not then seen my diary for many years, and had forgotten about the matter. My diary is correct, for I recall having heard of Seymour being taken prisoner that day before the fighting on our right flank later in the day. I wondered when I saw him so far in front of his column why he didn't have a skirmish line in his front. An alert General wouldn't have been captured, I don't think. – L. A. A.

Weather very warm, but suited to the work we have got to do. We fell back about a half mile last night, just after Generals Meade and Sedgwick passed our regiment, to some breastworks in which we lay on our arms all night. This morning we were moved to a stronger position on a ridge just to the left of the position we occupied last night, and threw up very strong breastworks, several brass cannon having been placed along the ridge before our arrival. We have remained as support to this artillery all day, but it hasn't been used. The enemy made an attempt to carry the works to our left on the pike early this morning but were repulsed in less than five minutes with a loss of two hundred. We have remained on the defensive all day. The Second Corps repulsed the enemy just at dark, as it was trying to carry their works.

Our regiment has not been engaged to-day, but the suspense has been wearing. The rebel yell when they have made their various assaults at other places on the line to our left, and the ominous bull-dog-like silence along our lines till the roar of musketry commenced when the enemy got in range, made one at the time almost breathless and his heart to stand still on any part of the line. It is awful! But the rebel yell makes one clench his teeth and determine that it shall be victory for us or death before we will give up our works. But I don't like war and wish it was well over. This is the *real* thing, though! Grant don't *play* fight.

Our casualties in the Wilderness including the Ninth Corps were 10,220 wounded, 2,902 missing, and 2,265 killed, making a total of 15,387. The Confederate loss was 6,000 wounded, 3,400 missing, and 2,000 killed, making a total of 11,400. The Tenth Vermont lost nine wounded and three killed.

Sunday, May 8, 1864.

It has been *very* warm and sultry. Our forces commenced a flank movement last night. We withdrew from the enemy's front about 10 o'clock p. m. and marched, via the Chancellorsville turnpike – where we passed many trains, our wounded and Burnside's Corps – through the old battlefield of Chancellorsville of a year ago, as far as Piney Branch Church, when we left the pike at Alsop's house, and after marching southerly some time on the Todd's Tavern road formed line of battle near Alsop's farm about 3 o'clock p. m., our Division being on the right of the Sixth Corps. We advanced across the Ny river – a mere creek – but meeting with a sharp artillery fire from a rebel battery on the opposite ridge to us skirting the valley, we were ordered to halt. This was about three miles north of Spottsylvania Court House and is called the Battle of Alsop's Farm. Our regiment lost sixteen men here. Generals Robinson and Griffin's Divisions of the Fifth Corps took two thousand prisoners and lost about one thousand.

We continued to change position from one point to another till just after passing Spottsylvania when just before dark we found the enemy in our front in force. It had felled trees across the road which delayed us considerably, but our artillery soon opened the way for us. We proceeded about two miles and found the enemy strongly intrenched across an open slightly rising field from us in the edge of the woods which was fiercely charged by us but without effect except to be repulsed with the field covered largely with our killed and badly wounded. General Meade was in rear of our regiment which formed a rear line in our assaulting column, superintending the assault, and when jocularly reminded by a wag that he (Meade) was in a dangerous place, he graciously replied: "It's safe enough behind a Vermont regiment anywhere!" Which was a clever thing to say to the men and they appreciated it. We threw up breastworks after the assault, uncomfortably close to the enemy and are well fortified, but not in as naturally a strong position as the enemy. Assaulting in the dark is unsatisfactory and very demoralizing. It ought not to be done when it can be avoided, one is so apt to shoot his own men and straggle into the enemy's lines and be captured; it's very trying and nerve-taxing. It has been a strenuous day.

Monday, May 9, 1864.

Our army's line is about five miles long this morning and runs northwest by southeast. General Hancock occupies the right followed by General Warren, Generals Sedgwick and Burnside in the order mentioned. Our batteries have been shelling the enemy fiercely all day and this evening, but the heaviest fighting seems to be on our left. Our regiment was terribly shelled when supporting batteries which has been all day. We were ordered to lie flat on the ground in one instant and there's no doubt but what we did for the ground was a dead level and the shells whistled and shrieked very thickly and closely over us. It was *terribly* nerve-trying. The Johnnies didn't want to see us bad enough though, to come over and call. We could see many dead between the lines in our front a little to the left of where we supported a battery this morning, of both armies, as a result of the assault last night. It is a shocking sight, but such is war.

Tuesday, May 10, 1864.

Warm and sultry. The stench from the dead between the lines is terrible. There has been hard fighting on our right all day. As for the Tenth Vermont it has been supporting a battery most of the time. According to rumor we have captured a large number of prisoners and several pieces of artillery. About 6 o'clock p. m. our batteries opened a tremendous fire on the enemy's works, and kept it up for two hours, but with what result I do not know, except that the guns in our front were silenced. It was a fine artillery duel and the roar appalling even to a practiced ear. We are getting the best of Lee in this battle but it's stubborn fighting on both sides.

The accuracy with which our gunners fire is wonderful. I have seen one piece of the enemy's artillery opposite me turned completely over backwards carriage and all, by a solid shot from one of our guns in front of our regiment; it evidently hit the enemy's cannon square in the muzzle. It is awe-inspiring to see the regularity, the determined set look and precision with which our begrimed artillerymen stick to their work; shot and shell screeching close by don't seem to disturb them. I was spellbound and speechless with awe and admiration for their splendid pluck and nerve for some time, at first. No words can picture such a scene. I'd rather be a "doughboy"⁴ though – anything but an artilleryman, for I hate shells and solid shot. I think I can face anything in a charge without flinching after this splendid exhibition of nerve.

Our regiment relieved the One Hundred and Fifty-first Ohio Volunteer Infantry on the skirmish line to-night. I am on lookout in a grave-like hole about the length of a man some two feet deep on top of a hillock with cut bushes stuck all about as a mask in the soft dirt thrown from the hole. The cheerfully suggestive grave-like hole is wide enough for two, and I have Corporal Shedd with me. Even such a place is *fine* under the circumstances for there is a constant whizzing of bullets and shrieking shells over my abode. We are not more than fifty yards from our main line so close are the two armies at this point. We have to relieve each other at night stealthily under the cover of darkness.

Wednesday, May 11, 1864.

Very sultry until about 5 o'clock p. m. when the heavens became shrouded with dark and threatening clouds and a terrific thunder-storm followed, which continued till about dark, when our whippoorwill again dolefully sang out "Whip-em-well! Whip-em-well!" as our men are pleased to interpret it. A whippoorwill has appeared midway between the lines every evening since we left winter camp, with its solemn song, until the men regard it as a good omen. It don't seem to occur to them that the enemy may regard it the same way, as meant for them to whip us.

There has been a furious cannonading kept up by our side all day. The enemy has made three or four fruitless attempts to plant batteries, and return the fire in our front, but without success; has been hard fighting on our left all day by the rest of the Sixth Corps and General Hancock's men; was relieved from my pit by Lieut. G. E. Davis. I ache all over from having been in the hole twenty-four hours in the same position. It wasn't safe to stand up nor did I try it, as it would draw the sharpshooter's

⁴ An infantryman.

fire up the trees, etc. One could only occasionally raise his head high enough to peek under the bushes, during lulls in firing, which masked our position as the place was almost continually under fire. It is close by on the ground occupied by our regiment and in its front that General Sedgwick, our Corps Commander, was killed by a sharpshooter when locating a battery, and where General W. H. Morris, our Brigade Commander was wounded when changing the position of two regiments which makes us doubly cautious. It's a dangerous point being high and furthest advanced of any part of the line. The stench from the dead is sickening and terrible.

Thursday, May 12, 1864.

Rained all night and incessantly till 10 o'clock a. m. There has been desperate fighting by the Sixth and Second Corps on our left all day at the "Bloody Angle" where they have held the enemy back as well as tried to take its works, but with great loss of life. This will evidently go down as one of the most bloody and desperate battles of the war. The Tenth Vermont was relieved by some of the Fifth Corps about 3 o'clock p. m., our Division having been ordered further to the left adjoining the "Bloody Angle" or "Slaughter Pen." Just after we had stacked arms under the brow of a slight ridge next the bloody angle, Captain H. R. Steele wandered a little distance in front and almost immediately returned hopping along holding up his foot saying he was shot. I ordered some of the men to take him to the hospital.

I am now in command of Company K. The men seem pleased, and I'm sure I am for I like the Company. The men seem sensible, and I know them to be reliable good fighters. I am not sure but what they will win my esteem from Company B, but I never have been fickle; there's room in my heart for all the men of the gallant old Tenth Vermont. They have faith in me and it's mutual. They will never be turned down by me. We are to bivouac on our arms in a dense growth of pine forest with the enemy immediately a short distance in front. *Surely* this fierce struggle of giant armies can't last more than a day more. Either one or the other will have to yield, and as we have had the best of it here thus far, it will be Lee.

It is wet and depressing for the "Slaughter Pen" will be our portion next without Lee withdraws to-night which God grant he may do if it is His will. The thought that we may have to assault into the jaws of death at the bloody angle in the gray of the morning is appalling for I am told there are thousands of dead and uncared for wounded on the field between the lines, and in the rebel works the dead and wounded lay in piles, the wounded bound in by the dead several deep. The rattle and roar of musketry and artillery is dreadful as I write and may continue all night. I am about to lie down perhaps for my last sleep, but I'm too exhausted to have the thought keep me awake for seldom has sleep, sweet sleep, been more welcome. But I have never thought I should be killed in battle. It's delightful to have perfect faith – the faith of a child in such a way. It helps one to go into battle, although I dread being wounded, it shocks the system so. I never go into a fight or take a railroad journey, though, without feeling reconciled to yield up my spirit to Him who gave it if it is His will. This gives one calmness and reconciliation unspeakable. God be praised for giving me such peace. This is my prayer.

Friday, May 13, 1864.

My prayer for Lee's withdrawal last night was granted. Our Division moved to the "Bloody Angle" this morning; it virtually joined our regiment's left last night. The enemy abandoned the angle during the night after three days' *desperate* fighting. No pen can fully describe the appearance of the battlefield – and yet our wounded and dead have been cared for, and some of the enemy's, by us and *such* are mostly out of view. The sight of the enemy's dead is something dreadful. There are *three* dead lines of battle a half mile more or less in length – men killed in every conceivable manner. The wounded are fairly bound in by the dead. Lee abandoned his works leaving most of his wounded, and all his dead in our hands unburied. Several pieces of artillery were taken. Prisoners say that General Lee fought in person as it meant the loss of his army if his line was broken here, as well as Richmond.

No wonder from its present appearance this place has been christened the "Bloody Angle" and the "Slaughter Pen." For several hundred yards – fully a half mile or more – in the edge of the heavy oak forest of immense trees skirting an open field, the enemy's works are faultlessly strong of large oak logs and dirt shoulder high with traverses fifty feet back every sixty feet or so. This breastwork is filled with dead and wounded where they fell, several deep nearly to the top in front, extending for forty feet more or less back gradually sloping from front to rear, to one deep before the ground can be seen. The dead as a whole as they lie in their works are like an immense wedge with its head towards the works. Think of such a mass of dead! hundreds and hundreds piled top of each other! At the usual distance in rear of these breastworks – about ninety feet – are two more complete dead lines of battle about one hundred feet apart the dead bodies lying where the men fell in line of battle shot dead in their tracks. The lines are perfectly defined by dead men so close they touch each other. Many of the bodies have turned black, the stench is terrible, and the sight shocking beyond description. I saw several wounded men in the breastworks buried under their dead, just move a hand a little as it stuck up through the interstices above the dead bodies that buried the live ones otherwise completely from sight. Imagine such a sight if one can! It is indescribable! It was sickening, distressing and shocking to look upon! But, above all, think if one can of the feelings of the brave men who, regiment after regiment, were marched up in line of battle time and again for several days to fight with such a sight confronting them! Could anything in Hades be any worse? Only the misery I imagine, of an uneasy conscience at some great wrong done an innocent person could exceed it. It seems like a horrible nightmare! Such intrepidity is worthy of a better cause. Was there ever before such a shocking battlefield? Will the historian ever correctly record it? No pen can do it. The sight of such a horror *only* can fully portray it.

The First and Second Divisions of the Sixth Corps and Hancock's men have done most of the fighting today at the "Bloody Angle." The Sixth Corps has lost eight hundred and forty wounded and two hundred and fifty killed. The loss of our army at Spottsylvania Court House has been five thousand two hundred and thirty-three of which number nine hundred have been killed. Our Division has lost in this fight to-day twenty-three killed and one hundred and twenty-three wounded. I examined this forenoon an oak tree fully eighteen inches in diameter felled by being cut off by minie bullets at the apex of the "Bloody Angle" occupied by the enemy. I could hardly believe my eyes, but there stood the stump and the felled tree with the wood for two feet or more all eaten away by bullets.⁵

Saturday, May 14, 1864.

We were aroused several times during the night by sharp firing on the skirmish line. About daylight we received an order to move further to the left, and soon found ourselves on the extreme flank of the old line of battle. Soon after we left our old position, the skirmish line that had caused us so much trouble during the night was captured. We found on examination that Lee's army fell back during the night still further. We moved about two miles towards Spottsylvania Court House, charged across the valley and Ny river, and took possession of the heights where Lee's headquarters were this morning relieving the First Division of our Corps which had been hotly engaged. Thus we virtually part with the stage on which was fought one of the greatest battles of modern times if not in history, and no one regrets it; it seems like a horrible dream. But how about the uneasy souls – the remorse of those who are responsible for this war in the hereafter? What does it all mean, anyway? Is man irresponsible? Should he not have a care? Verily!

Sunday, May 15, 1864.

Cloudy, with a bracing air; have thrown up a line of rifle pits along our front. The army is quiet to-day; very little cannonading heard. Divine services were held in nearly every regiment in the Brigade; wrote to Pert this forenoon. The Sixth Corps is encamped on as beautiful a plantation as I

⁵ The stump of this tree is on exhibition at the War Department in Washington, D. C., or was a few years since – L. A. A.

ever saw. It seems a pity to spoil such finely laid out grounds, but such is war. The whole Division got ready to move about 6 o'clock a. m. but as the enemy remained quiet we did. There's no picket firing to-night. I'm so tired and lousy I do wish we could stay somewhere long enough to wash and boil our underclothing. However, the general officers are as lousy as the rest of us for lice in war times know no caste. I saw a General lousing to-day. I hope this won't shock anyone when they read it after I have passed along. It's a part of the history of the civil war though, and should be recorded.

Monday, May 16, 1864.

It was sultry and warm until 4 o'clock p. m. when relief came through a fierce thunder-storm; no fighting; remained quietly in camp all day; much appreciated mail came to-night; got two letters from Pert, one from Abby and one from Dr. J. H. Jones. I know not how long we shall remain in this position, but God grant that this suspense will soon be ended. I dread another such battle as that of last week and hope we may avoid one for a while, anyway.

Tuesday, May 17, 1864.

Cloudy with wind; regiment has been on the skirmish line; have advanced about a mile by swinging our left round nearly parallel with our present line of battle; met with no opposition; enemy seems to be in the valley between the two flanks of our army; no news to-day; army very quiet; can't continue long, as Grant seems to be cautiously working round both flanks of the enemy; things look suspicious to-night; mistrust something's afoot.

Wednesday, May 18, 1864.

We were ordered to withdraw our line this morning at 3 o'clock which we did without difficulty; found our Corps had gone to the extreme right of the line to reinforce the Second Corps, quite a little brush having occurred between it and the enemy this morning which was repulsed and driven back into the valley; occupy the same ground we did yesterday; have orders to march in the morning at daylight; another mail came this evening; all's quiet. Perly Farrer was killed to-day on the skirmish line. He was a good boy, a member of my old Company B, of which I am so proud and fond. His remains will be numbered with the unknown dead, as it will be impossible to send them north now. He was a brave man and died manfully doing his whole duty. We can't even reach his body now.

Thursday, May 19, 1864.

We were ready according to orders to march early this morning. General Burnside moved his Corps to the left of us during the night. We all moved about a mile and a half to the left and threw up a new line of entrenchments: enemy about twelve hundred yards in our front; weather fine; small shower about 5 o'clock p. m. cooled the air greatly; enemy quiet in our front, but heard heavy guns about dark on the extreme left; don't know the cause or result.

Friday, May 20, 1864.

Weather very warm and sultry; showery towards night; enemy in front all day; neither side seem ready for another fight at present; no picket firing to-day to mention. General Meade rode along the line and seemed much pleased with our breastworks; said if we could hold them eight days we should be all right; don't know what he meant by this; mail to-day; all's quiet.

Saturday, May 21, 1864.

Very warm and sultry until about 5 o'clock p. m. when quite a hard thunder-storm come up and cooled off the air; remained in our breastworks until about 4 o'clock p. m. when the first line was abandoned for the second where we remained about an hour when all withdrew. Our Division was in rear and had not gone more than twenty-five rods from our works when the rebs charged on our picket line but without effect in our front, except to make us double quick back and reoccupy our intrenchments where we remained about two hours then quietly withdrew and marched all night.

It's been a worrying day. Since the fourteenth we've done nothing but march and countermarch and change about.

Sunday, May 22, 1864.

The enemy appeared on our right flank about 3 o'clock a. m. evidently with the intention of cutting us off from the rest of the army, but didn't succeed. It has been very warm all day, and by far the most difficult marching we have had during the campaign; encamped near Bowling Green. General Hancock is reported ten miles ahead of us; no fighting to-day.

Monday, May 23, 1864.

We were ordered to be in readiness to march at 4 o'clock this morning, but did not start till near 9 o'clock a. m.; marched until about 11 o'clock a. m., and encamped about three miles from the North Anna river; heavy artillery firing heard in the direction of the river; have not heard the result; very warm all day, but the men bear the heat grandly. General Longstreet's Corps is only about three miles ahead of us from which it would seem we are chasing him – anyway, have captured many of his stragglers. It's intensely hot.

Tuesday, May 24, 1864.

The weather continues very warm, but thanks to the citizens along our line of march for their ice houses we are doing very well by helping ourselves to such needed comforts as happen to be in sight. Probably they would rather the Johnnies should have them, but they are on their last legs – they are playing out. We broke camp this morning about 6 o'clock a. m.; arriving at the North Anna river about 10 o'clock a. m.; found the Fifth Corps had crossed last night after a hard artillery duel which was what we heard. We crossed the river at Jericho Mills and laid on the south side of the river until 6 o'clock p. m., and then moved to the left to reinforce General Russell; saw General U. S. Grant to-day for the first time, at his mess table under a tent fly; was in his shirtsleeves; good view. The men enjoyed the bathing this afternoon greatly. The whole army seemingly has been in swimming. At any rate I never saw so many in bathing at once before or those who seemed to enjoy it more. It was a sight to be remembered. We marched towards the South Anna river till 8 o'clock p. m. when we ran into the enemy's pickets, fell back a little, camped and threw up breastworks.

Wednesday, May 25, 1864.

It has been a very warm day, but we have not had to march much; laid on our arms in line of battle last night behind our works at Quarles' Mills; no skirmishing in front till this morning. A portion of the Sixth Corps passed by us to the left and ran into the enemy a few rods beyond. Our brigade started about 10 o'clock a. m. and marched to Noles Station as did the First Division of our Corps. We burned the depot, destroyed the Virginia Central Railroad for about seven miles, and returned to the train; remained there about an hour, changed position to the left about two miles and camped for the night.

Thursday, May 26, 1864.

We were ordered on picket last night; no appearance of any enemy in our front; men enjoying the novelty of foraging greatly; rained hard about an hour this morning and has been cloudy and gloomy all day; has been quiet most of the time along the line, too; not much going on save the countermarching of troops; possibly General Grant is covering another flank movement; enemy seem to be in force on the south side of Little river.

Friday, May 27, 1864.

As I expected the army has commenced another flank movement to the left. We were ordered to hold the line until 11 o'clock then withdraw quietly and overtake the balance of the army. Goodness! I wonder if we are always to be rear guard? It's worrying, besides, we have to march so rapidly, such

duty should be passed round. We crossed the North Anna about three miles below Noles Station. It has been terrible marching the roads are so blocked with army supply wagons or trains – however we have made a thirty-mile march and find ourselves near the ford at Hanover Court House. The men stood the march well for we are on the road to Richmond. Goodness! but I'm tired.

Saturday, May 28, 1864.

I wrote hastily yesterday, as we were ordered to move about the time I commenced; rested well last night; marched at 7 o'clock a. m.; arrived at the Pawmunky river about noon and crossed at Nelson's Ferry on a pontoon bridge without difficulty as our cavalry held the place; did not advance far south of the river before we ran into the enemy and captured two pieces of artillery; have been building breastworks this evening; are camped on Dr. Pollard's plantation, a lovely place, but much neglected owing to the war. Slight shower just at dark.

Sunday, May 29, 1864.

Weather quite cool and comfortable; no fighting today; only twenty miles from Richmond – Hurrah! The negroes were much frightened when they saw the Yankee army approach, but have become very much tamed in twenty-four hours; said the Johnnies told them we had horns, would cut off their arms, etc. Poor things! they were actually frightened, and showed it by their bulging eyes, looks and manner. It was comical! General Russell has gone on a reconnoissance to Hanover Court House. It's rumored that General R. E. Lee is dead, but I believe it's a fake.

Monday, May 30, 1864.

Very sultry with intense heat; has not rained today as usual. We were ordered to move from Dr. Pollard's in a westerly course to the right about daylight; have been changing positions all day, and yet we have been cautiously advancing on Richmond; are now within twelve miles of the Confederate capital with the rebel army in our immediate front. In order to get here we crossed Crump's Creek towards Hanover Court House. When nearing Atler's Station about noon we were ordered back to support the Second Corps which was engaging the enemy near Totopotomy Creek. We marched in a sweltering and almost exhausted condition to the Hanover turnpike which we had left in the morning but soon again left it cutting cross-lots through a swamp and heavy oak forest where a road was being cut for artillery, and soon went into line of battle on the left of General Birney's Division about mid-afternoon. We were ordered to charge but the order was countermanded. The lines here ran about north and south. The enemy's picket line kept up a sharp fusilade all night, as a bluff to enable its force here to withdraw in order to form another line called the Totopotomy, so as to cover several roads leading to Richmond including the Shady Grove Church road at Hantley's Corners, and the Walnut Grove Church road as well as the Mechanicsville turnpike, etc. Our line was changed to meet the enemy's, but we made no assault. The enemy was evidently greatly worried as it kept up a heavy artillery fire and made one or two fruitless assaults. Did they but know our strength they would know better than to charge our works; but they are plucky fellows.

Tuesday, May 31, 1864.

As beautiful a morning as I ever saw; men are feeling better since they drew rations; had been without two days; heavy skirmishing in front. Our artillery shelled the enemy out of its first line of works about noon. We moved up and occupied them without difficulty; enemy has made several useless attempts to shell us but have done no harm. Our own batteries have been shelling the enemy over us, but have wounded more of our men than the enemy. The Tenth Vermont is on the skirmish line to-night. Today's experience when our batteries threw shells over us at the enemy and hurt so many of our men was the most exasperating of the campaign. Such stupidity ought to be punished, as the artillerymen could plainly see that their shells were exploding close over us and several hundred yards short of the enemy.

Wednesday, June 1, 1864.

It has been a terribly warm day. The enemy being too well posted at Totopotomy to attack, Grant concluded to move to Cold Harbor about fifteen miles away, last night. General Sheridan had taken it yesterday afternoon but being hard pressed by the enemy's Infantry he had started to leave when he was ordered by General Meade not to do so. The Sixth Corps in accordance with this plan started for that point at about 2 o'clock this morning over a narrow road leading a part of the way through swamps which are the source of the Totopotomy and Matadequin rivers, arriving at Cold Harbor which was being held by General Custer's Cavalry, at about 2 o'clock this afternoon. Characteristic of Custer when in a hot place, his band was playing Hail Columbia while his men were fighting like Trojans to hold their ground. He had had a goodly number killed and wounded who lay on the field uncared for because all his men were absolutely required for fighting in order to hold the place. Soon the dry grass and underbrush took fire and the helpless wounded were roasted to death, their charred remains being found afterwards. It was a sad sight for any one, and especially a thoughtful person.

Our line of battle consists of the Sixth and Eighteenth Corps, Major General W. F. Smith commanding the latter of about ten thousand men just from Bermuda Hundred being on the right of the line. Our Corps with its Third, First and Second Divisions in the order named from right to left was on the left of the line. The Third Division, Sixth Corps went into line about 3 o'clock p. m. just west of an old tavern at Cold Harbor Cross Roads or Old Cold Harbor, from which tavern the place probably took its name, owing to its custom of entertaining especially at an early day when its grounds were allowed for camping purposes to travelers and they cared mostly for themselves.

Our part of the line was in an open field behind a narrow strip of woods with the enemy's breastworks just beyond about a mile more or less away in our front. We were formed by regiments four lines deep. Our regiment was on the skirmish line all night on Totopotomy Creek, but was relieved about daylight and after a hot dusty march joined our Division in the foregoing position just in season for the assault at about 6 o'clock p. m., our brigade being on the left of our Division. We were all worn out from being on the skirmish line all night followed by a rapid but all-day march, so near asleep at times en route as to frequently actually unconsciously march into scrub trees by the wayside or anything else in the line of march before awaking. It was simply impossible to keep awake as overtaxed nature had reached its limit.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.