1864

Matthew Baird Journal

Matthew Baird

to see, for ded men is no man, Then
here to look over that battle feild
it seems like to me that many or none
man could have got off without
being killed for every tree that
that is ~~where~~ is cut all to peices
with holes from the ground up 10
feet and you couldn't put your
fingers on them without putting
it on no bullet hole and this
ain't only one tree for it was
four miles just this way, ~~to~~ it
almost made ~~my~~ the blood stop
in my veins to ~~see~~ so many
soldiers loose their ____, they
was ~~in~~ some other world no
known to me and their wives
a ___ run after them and their
little children a talking about
their fathers and some little
children _____ _____ cryin
for something to eat and their
fathers bones layin on that awful
battlefeild, it makes tears
come in my eyes to think of this
horrible time an it brings a
solemn thought across my mind
to think of so much suffering
and greif this wicked rebellion
has brought on us and I just
turn myself that I ~~will~~ never

will give up to them. There has
been a many better man than me
laid down their lives for this
glorious government and I dont value
my life anything beside this
most grand government that God
ever looked on and I will fight till
I die.

September 7th 7

Camp Elm Creek Mo Carrot Mis

Dear wife hit is wants more that I am blessed with helth and strents and is
good spirits I tale yo that I let yo
kno sufom a bout thime a rabood here in
this onle gadle lasted for hit is the
worst that I ever seen in one land that
I ever sine in mitife well I will tel yo about
this battle ground or pitch burg landing hit is a
nice place there thear id a lanele comes down
to the river and hit is one hundred paces
to the bluffe there the bluffe is over then
mast are trees and then after gites to the
tope of the bluffe the ground is taleble
level heat we cale level ground here but what
yo cale hilles there and then the sine
of bacon and meat pet begin and sum dead
mis hear tha had ben rutted up by the hogs
and thar bones a lawes there for the sun to shine
one them and tha wether to bletch them yo wod
think thes wod a grate site for man to luke at
but hit semes to me that a dead man is nathen
for me to see for dede men is no use then ther
to luke over that battle field it semes like to me that
none man and have got ofe with out beren killed
for ever tree that is her is not ole to pelles with
bales from the ground up to fete and yo cadnet put

September the 7

you fingers on them with out puton hit on me buled
hole and this aunt aul wane tre for hit was fare nice
fest this way hit ole most mad the blue Stap in
mi nanes to see somme Soldjers close thar wiker tha was
in sumu ather world me none to me and thar wifes
a mourn afer them and thier littel children a token a
bout thar fathers and sume little children cetter
chitarnet crinen for supen to eate and thar fathers
bones lawn on that afle battle field a hit makes tres
lum in mi ide to think of this hard time a hit bring
a salem thurth a crost mi mine to think of somuch
suffering and grefe this wicked rebelen has brate on us and
I gest turn mi self that I never will give up to them
thar has bin a mere beter man than me lade down
thar lifes for this glares gumment and I dont wale
mi life are thine be side this most grandest gumment
that god ever liked on and I will fite tel I die be
I will cum home and se that we had to give up our
flag to the rebulls the taren down wilins. Dear aunt
mutch love Cousin Sent have be gun my letter
I had the times to git yor wekly and cine letter
of the 2 and I was truly glad to her that yo was
so yo and rite to me for a letter from yo is beter
than a one thin I reker yo git sum letters from me
I gess that the will make fun of me a bandon
so mere letters to yo but yo mustnt be a frade of
riten to mere letters to me and I will rite
a answer for ever letter that yo send to me I
wod like to git a letter from yo ever day and

then I wod rite ever day and ever thite yo cant
bete me riten meth I can drite fast and this
is mi spesen of mi hand rite I rekend that yo
dont no mi hand rite if mi fithers had chande like mi
hand rite yo wodent no me a tale yo sade that yo had bim
to town and sede ab Geiset and hidat is he dinen
than is he trinen to git one mane or is he sik
he sade that he wod have let me a cum if he cud but
I dont think that he wod have dune hit but hit
is ver ese to tok I am a frade that yo will stire
around sometth that yo will b sik a gine yo sade that
yo was a yonen to see unkl john I wodent go with I
was starte and able to go hom or yo a yonen to ride
yor mar if yo do yo git a buge and take yor mar
and then yo will go ese and hit will do yo gud
to stire around yo sade that Ben had gone to the
war and I wisherd stude yo that he had started for over
rig mant when yo rite a gan tele mi ale a bout hit yo
sede that yo wod like to see me well that is
jest mi complant jest to a nat hele I no I wod like
to se yo mu meth for lure is nice to me than hit ever
was be for but I will drie the bhardes of seven hame sik
bent I will like to see yo and b with yo for hit is
mi harts de lite to b with yo for we have had sum gud
times to gether and I lieke forde for the time when we will
mete to part no more tel we parti to rep the warde that
is lade up for us then we will mete to never parte
agin yo told me a bout yor surprised a hit was.
I urgen to me to her that yo was a serfane sometth

I suppose when I heard from yo and yo was
a Superior So mutch and cudent git to cum and
see yo for we was im Sithe a Sitied try I cudn't
cum home a tal ohit gramed me sur mutch to show
that yo was not ex pede to live and I cudnot git
to see yo we just beated wan of our men hit
is ole mare cuke - Jame cuk So rite Sum and
after yars trouble

Benjamin F Stelle - Great Grandfather

Lydia Stelle Great Grandmother
to
Lavina & Darlene.

~~two~~ written while
in services
1862

Army of the Miss. Near Corinth, Oct. 24th. /62.

To all to whom it may Concern:
I hereby Certify that B. F. Stelle a Sergeant in my Company was with me in the battle of Corinth on 3rd & 4th Oct. 1862, and that he not only deserves to be held in Everlasting remembrance by a grateful Country, but deserves what I hope he will receive — a Lieutenancy, for his gallantry on that Occasion.

W. Reavis Capt. Co.
"G" 56th Regt. Ill. Vol. Infty.

Shady grove
March 23rd 1862
dear husband
it is a gain I
am permited to
write you a few lines
to let you no that
I am well and hope
when you receiv these
few lines they will
find you the same
I would have wrote
to you be fore now
but I heard that you
left Shownetown the
day which left and
I dident no wher to
write til this morning
mary got a letter
from george and he
said that you all was

at padueah and
I set writ down
to write to you
for I no that
you want to
hear from me often
for i no that I
want to hear from
you after I was awatin
to get a letter from you
~~for~~ for I dident no
where to writ we hear
so many tails that
we dont no what to
be lieve we first
heard that you past
padueah and never stope
I was glad to hear that
you looked so well they
said you looked al most
as fat as Mr read I
was so sary that you

boudent get your likeness
while they was down
there I wanted hit so
bad I want to see you
very bad and I hope
bye the helpe of almigh
ty god that the time hant
lang til I can see you
ing of that i could hear
that peace was made
I dont no how I would
behave but we no that
we must look to hiser
power than man may
god bless you and protect
you from all harme and
hed land you safe back home
I want you to write soon
we hear that the small
t pox is at padueah I want
you to write and let us no
weather it is or not

if it is i want you
to get waenated writ
away I must tell you
about cousin biley
lawer he was at the
bt battel at forte donelson
they sa that he stod and
laded and whisled
and shot and said
he wished to god they
would quit til they
could ged dinner they
have got him advertised
at gelashia for his brave
writ son. I still remain
your affection wife
till death

Laydia Stella

to Benjamin Jr

Great Grandparents
to LaVina & Coleene

Stella

Trenton September the 4 1869.

Dear Cousin
It is with plasure I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am well at presant and hope these few lines may finde you enjoying the same great Blessing Dear Cousin I received youre welcom letter this morning and was glad to heere from you and that you was well Dear Cousin I hope you will parden me for not writing to to you sooner Dear Cousin I know you will forgive at least

I hope so Dear cousin
I often think about you
and think O if I could
see you I would be
so glad O Ben I hope
I shall meat you again
that we may have some
swete conversation about
Shadey grove when I
think of shadey grove
and youre dear wife
and Mother how they
rejiced to see us seaking
the Lord and the earnest
prairs they sent up in
our behaf I hope and
pray I never shall
forget Dear Brother
for you felle as neere
to me as a brother my
weak and febel prairs has
ben O that all my Cousins

may prove faithful
in the cause of their
master Dear Brother altho
you are surrounded with
all kinds of weakedness
may the Lord be with
you in the tented field
and give you grace
sufficient to with stand
all temptations and trials
that may come before you
Dear brother we are pasing
through the trials and to
our homes on high then
let us watch and pray
that we enter not into
temptation Dear Brother
I ask an intrest in
your prairs Remember me
and if we should never
meet here on earth may
we all be sohapey as

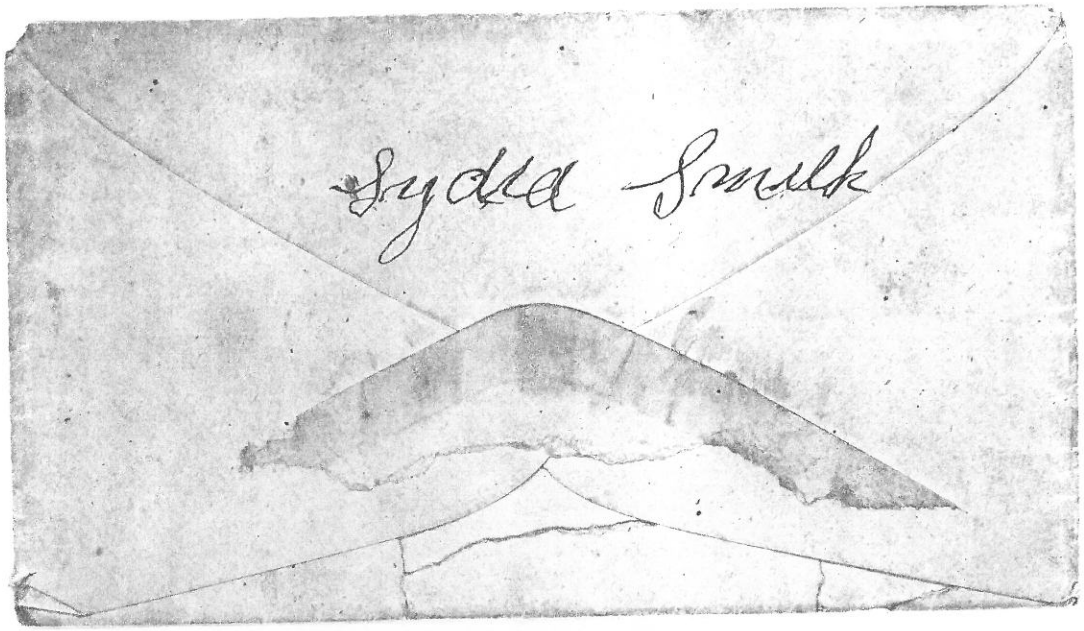
To meet around our
fathers throne in heaven
where parting will be
no more Dear Brother I
am glad to see that you
have made such progress
in writing you can
rite first rate for the
chance you have had I want
you to rite again soon
and let me know how
you are getting along
they all unite in send
ing their love to you
this is from your unwor
thy friend

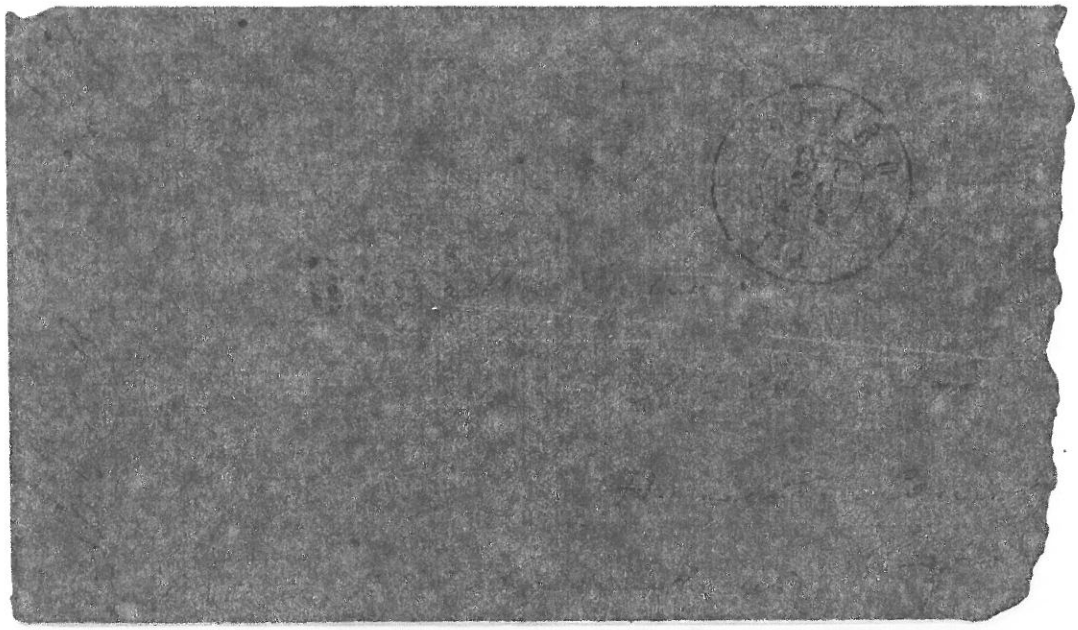
Benjamin F Stille

To Mr Benjamin F Stille
good By

May angels be
thine


Due Mrs. Lydia
Mc Leanshoro
Hamilton County
Corinth Miss
OCT 23 1882


Sydna Smith



Sloan, Letter. Sept 7th 1862
Mr. R. Brown. Col. 50th Ills. Inf

Due 3

Mrs. Lydia Stelle

McLeansboro

Hamilton County

Illinois

SEP 10 1862 ILL

[illegible] September
the 4 1862

Dear Cousin
It is with plasure
I take my pen in
hand to inform you
that I am well at
presant and hope
these few lines may
find you enjoying
the Same great
Blessing Dear Cousin
I received your welcom
letter this morning and
was glad to heare from
you and that you was
well Dear Cousin I
hope you will pardon
me for not writing to
to you sooner Dear
Cousin I know you
will forgive at least

Soldier's Letter
Lydia B. Bowen
Corp.

CAIRO
OCT 23
1863
ILL.

Due Mrs Lydia

Mc Leansboro

Hamilton County

Ill

To A. H. Bowen 16th Ills. 2nd Corinth Miss

Capt. Reain's
Co. E Cert
B. F. Stelle

Stevensburg, Va., February 22, '64--My dear Brother; Since the army began to move in last June, I have kept a diary and as it will be somewhat difficult for me to carry it with me, I will copy it and send it to you and you may preserve it for me until my return. I would send you the original but it was mostly written with pencil and a great deal of it is so nearly erased that you would not make it out. I shall make a few alterations in it though I shall give it almost entire. I could not write very extensively, but still it will give you quite an idea of what soldiers have to endure. My diary will commence the 25th of last June, and continue up to this present time. The 24th of last March the 6th Mich. Cavalry was ordered to the front and consequently we had to break camp, quitt our comfortable quarters and thenceforth lead in every sense of the word a soldier's life. Our first camp pitched this side of the Potomac was established about a half mile south of Fairfax CH, on the turnpike leading from Alexandria to Aldie, Middleburg, Upperville, and so on through the Blue Ridge Mts. at Smoker's Gap in through the Shenandoah Valley. At Fairfax our regiment was brigaded with the 1st, 5th, and 7th Mich. Cavalry and Col. Copeland of the 5th was promoted to Brigadier General and appointed to the command of the Michigan Brigade and the whole was united to ~~General Stall's division~~ Gen. Sthall's Division which formed a portion of that force designated as the "defense of Washington" under command of Gen. Heintzleman. The 7th regt. did not join the brigade however untill some time after we had been at Fairfax. The first movement the 6th was engaged in, was a raid to Vienna and a most disagreeable time we had of it. The picket line there, it was reported, had been attacked by Moseby's guerrillas and we were ordered out to their support. We arrived there in the night, found everything quiet, but throughout the next day (about the 30th of March) which was very stormy, we kept up a strong line and a vigilant watch, and just at night

returned to camp at Fairfax.

Mind you all this time we were without rations, blankets or anything to make us comfortable, and as you may suppose, when we returned to camp, we were, men and horses, a sorry looking set. However, we bore it cheerfully, and the 4th of April, we started out on a raid to Aldie. This was a fruitless move as far as I could see and the next day we returned to camp with this result: weary men and tired horses. About the 7th of April another raid was planed (sic), and the whole brigade left camp about 9 o'clock in the evening. It was long past midnight when we arrived at Aldie where we halted and threw out pickets and scouting parties, the main portion of the brigade dismounting and building fires. Lt. Pendill with about 20 men was sent out on the road to Middleburg to reconnoiter. We went as far as the outskirts of the town, and finding no emeny we returned to the regiment just about daylight. As soon as day had fairly broke, we were again on the move, and by 7 o'clock we were charging into town but the reb's had, of course, got wind of our approach, and saved themselves by flight. We pushed on to a small stream called Goose Creek about three miles distant from Middleburg. Five men had been sent out in the advance and running onto a few rebs they charged them. One of them was killed and one or two wounded. These men belonged to Company "C". At Goose Creek Companys K and "G" were left to hold a bridge while the rest of the regiment operated at various points. But we saw only a few rebels and just at night. The regiment joined the brigade at Middleburg, and the whole body moved back towards Aldie. The road at Aldie crosses a point of the Bull Run Mts. and just there we were struck by one of the most severe snow-storms I ever experienced. It came full into our faces and when we dismounted at Aldie the snow was full three or four inches deep. Fortunately Company K did not have to go out, and as soon as we could, my chum (Billy Gordon) and myself, built a little fire scraped away the snow and laying our blankets on the cold damp ground retired for the night.

And here, speaking of Mr. Gordon, I will say he was one of the most cheerful men I ever saw. He was the life and wit of Company K, and his lively sallies often raised a shout from one end of the column to the other. On the night of which I speak, Billy was very unwell, and so covering and snugly tucking the blankets around him I lay down beside him and slept soundly until morning.

But to continue, it was ten o'clock the next morning before we left Aldie. Fortunately the weather had moderated and as we had a good pike to march on we were all right when we got into camp. We immediately set about making our quarters as comfortable as possible, splitting up puncheon and laying floors for horses. By the tenth we had all pretty much completed, when hurrah for the picket line was decried. Of course we had to break camp once more and pitched our tents that night on what was called "the Fox farm".

~~Difficult Creek through my way on the Chantilly to Centreville~~

The line which the 6th was appointed to picket extended from HookersMill on Difficult Creek through,by way of the Chantilly battle ground to Centreville. My first turn on picket was on a post near Centreville where I wrote my "union picket". From this time up to the moving of the army in June, we had various adventures, and plenty of experience. We were generally on the picket line from three to four days, and seldom in camp more than 48 hours and sometimes not more than 24. Each company had so much of a line to picket and were relieved from the regiments alternately. The most important movement in which the 6th was engaged while lying at Foxes Farm was a chase after Moseby about the 4th of June. We were called out by daylight and ordered to saddle and before we had time to get breakfast we mounted and the column moved out. As we crossed the picket line at what was called "the Lawyer's Road" we passed the dead carcas (sic) of a horse, the work of Moseby the night before. The column pushed on untill (sic) we had arrived at

a section of the country called the "frying pan," where we halted, and the commander of the regiment with only one or two men proceeded to a house near half a mile distant, and while he was absent the rear guard was attacked by Moseby himself and banned. Strange to say our force was as little known to them, until their assault, as their presence was known to us, although we were looking for them. About one hundred shots were exchanged but before the column could be got into position Moseby was out of the way, for mind you he didn't stop to fight us after he learned our strength. The result of this brush was one or two wounded on our side several wounded on the rebel with some horses killed.

We should and would have killed or captured Moseby and nearly all his gang, but our commanding officer simply "caved," and Moseby was suffered to make his escape. We got his surgeon, however, but he carried off nine of our men to ballance (sic) us. Our failure in this affair was not the fault of the men, for every man was in his place, and of course it could be laid to no one but the officer in charge. We followed on the trail of Moseby very slowly and although his horse was badly wounded he continued to make his escape complete. We were joined at Drainsville, by Company "G", which had been sent out on another route and returned to camp about dark, tired and hungry. Company "K" was sent out on two different scouts afterwards, once about the fifteenth of June. Lt. Tindall with ~~twenty~~ 20 men was sent out on the Alexandria to Leesburg Turnpike a distance from camp of about 25 miles. We charged ~~only~~ boldly into Leesburg taking the people by surprise, for it was minus rebel soldiers. Captured several horses and mules and returned to camp, with one or two adventures I have only time to mention.

By the twentieth June the hill and fields around Fairfax and Centreville were white with canvas, and our brigade was relieved from the picket line and sent out with rest of the division, on a raid to reconnaisance as far as the Rappahannock by way of Warrenton and Bealton Station, and when we returned to Fairfax the 24th we found everything moving. So of course, we received orders to pack up and make ready for an active campaign.

From that up to this we have been identified with the "army of the Potomac", and here begins my diary.

June 25, 1863. Today new scenes open up before us. The enemy is on the move and the "army of the Potomac" must move also, to checkmate him. This morning we were early called from our slumbers, and arose to find that the hills that only yesterday were covered with canvas, are now bare, showing plainly the scars that only an army on the move can leave. We broke camp at 8 o'clock this morning, and took up the line of march, our destination being Maryland.

The 6th Michigan was detached to act as rearguard to the wagon train, and consequently our progress was slow and tedious. We got along well, however, as the weather was very fine, till 4 o'clock p.m. when a heavy drizzling rain, rendering our ride disagreeable enough. We struck the Alexandria and Leesburg Pike near Drainsville, and from that point until we reached the river the road was good. We reached and crossed the Potomac River, about 8 o'clock p.m. at Edwards Ferry. We were necessarily detained some time in crossing as our force was large, for we had left the train at the pike, some two miles back from the river, and joined the main body of the division. We got over safely, however, and with but little difficulty, and as we were all tired and hungry and our animals very much jaded, we hoped to pause here for the night. But our hopes proved only a delusion. The storm continued with unabated violence, and as the night grew on the air grew colder.

We continued our march towards Poolesville, where the head of the column rested rested (sic). By some means our regiment, as it was in the rear, lost its way in the dark and storm, wandering and floundering among the hills and the gullies it was near midnight when we joined the rest of the troops at Poolesville.

/ Overcome with the unusal (sic) task of the day, it was impossible for me to keep my eyes open, and before our column had halted I had indulged in quite a number of cat naps and several times fancied that I was in dreamland. My horse went as he pleased and where he pleased, and it was with some difficulty that I found my company, when the regiment stopped. As soon as I had found my company I unsaddled my poor horse, fed him half the grain I had (for every man on a march has to carry at least one day's ration of grain with him) and spreading a blanket at the roots of a large tree and wrapping my overcoat and a talma (rubber blanket) about me I lay down and soon fell into a good sound sleep, forgetting all the fatigues of the past day and thoughtless of the toils ahead. /

26. Notwithstanding the fatigues of yesterday I awoke early. Felt very much refreshed. The storm had ceased, but there were heavy black clouds overhead and plenty of mud and surplus water underfoot. My first attention was paid to my horse, by giving him the remainder of the oats, and the next was to prepare a little coffee for myself. But on looking for the little pail I usually cooked coffee in, I found that someone had borrowed it and had forgotten to return it, so I had to content myself with a little raw pork and hard bread. We were in the saddle early, marching on toward Frederic (sic) City, which place we reached about 12 m.

I shall never forget the surprise with which I was struck as we approached this truly beautiful place. Since morning we had been passing over a very ordinary country, but poorly cultivated, and abounding in rocks and gullies. Frederick City is situated in

Frederick County, and in the most the most (sic) delightful valley it has ever been my lot to cast eyes on. The valley is formed by ranges of high hills that jut or branch out from the Blue Ridge Mts. and is of several miles in extent. We entered the town from the southeast over a mass of rocks and earth which though only a mile from the place, hid it from our view untill (sic) we had arrived at the very crest. Then opened before us a scene that defies description. The whole valley had the appearance of one vast garden conducted on a large scale. The wheat (and such broad fields) had just assumed its golden hue, and stood high above the solid stone fences that enclosed the fields, waving, as it were, a happy welcome to the reaper and his sickle. Contrasted with this were the broad acres of meadow with its rich green color, ever varying as the grass fell and rose with the passing breeze. Then large cornfields, noble orchards magnificent dwellings and spacious homes, betokened a degree of wealth I had never before witnessed. The houses and barns are built mostly of stone taken from the surrounding hills.

The city I cannot so well describe, as we only passed through, and I had no time to mark any particular places. It had, however, the appearance of being well regulated, the streets were clean and the houses new and bright.

The brigade halted in a large meadow half a mile north of the town, and we were permitted to pitch our shelter tents. Plenty of bright, clean straw was given us for our tents by the owner of the field, and after securing our horses, and refreshing ourselves with a regular meal, of which we had not partaken since leaving Fairfax, we consoled ourselves with the prospect of a comfortable night's rest. In the afternoon the sun came out bright and warm and we improved the time in drying our blankets clothes and c, (sic) which had become completely soaked in the preceding storm. /

27th. (June) This forenoon we employed ourselves in cleaning our arms and accoutrements, which we found had, from exposure in the stormof the two preceding days, become exceedingly rusty and unserviceable. Shortly after noon the bugle sounded, and we struck our tents, saddled our horses and again fell into line. The column was headed toward Emittsburg and we continued our march until near sunset when we halted at that place, bivouacing in the open air in the edge of town. Emittsburg is situated near the Pennsylvania state line on the Maryland side, and is surrounded by a very good agricultural country, and everything had an air of comfort and even elegance. The most prominent feature of this place is (I believe it is called) the St. Marys College, a Catholic institution.

It is situated some distance out of town in a rather retired place. Although I could not get an accurate view of it from our point of observation, still it has the appearance of magnificent structure. The grounds around were beautiful.

At this place the farmers from the country brought in wagonloads of corn in the ear for our horses, and the citizens of the place mainfested (sic) great interest in our welfare. We slumbered that night in the open air, with no other covering save our blankets and the starry canopy of heaven.

/ 28th. Sabbath morning. This morning we drew two day's rations for the men and one for our horses. Twelve o'clock m. found us in the saddle, and the column moved out on the road leading to Gettysburg, Pa. We reached Gettysburg sometime in the p.m. and again bivouaced in the open field. Here every demonstration of joy was shown by the people, the streets the windows and piazzas of the houses were thronged, and we were met on every side with cheers and the waving of flags and handkerchiefs. The citizens vied with each other in paying attention to our comfort, and even brought hot coffee and other

refreshments to us while we lay in camp (bivouac) by the pailful and basketful. We found the rebels had been here ahead of us, and had distróyed (sic) a railroad bridge, and burnt several cars, the charred fragments of which still remained on the track. They had also burnt a small station on the railroad some distance out. There was a large quanty (sic) of grain at the station. The rebels were reported in strong force at Little York, Pa. / and we lay down at night with the expectation of soon crossing steel with the enemy.

29th. About 9 o'clock a. m. we were again ordered into line, and we marched back to Emittsburg, Md. /The column passed through town and went into camp, while Company K of the sixth filed off to the right and went out on picket line at ---------- Mills. At 2 p. m. we were ordered to rejoin the regiment. The rations issued yesterday were found to fall short, and by this time (2 p. m.) the necessities of nature were rather pressing. So Lieut. Pendell, who was in command halted at a large mill and asked if provisions could be obtained there, and received a negative answer; when a robust looking farmer, who stood by, requested the Lieut. to march his company over to his house. Of course the leut. complied, and rations in a liberal quantity, consisting of good fresh bread and apple butter, were issued from his cellar until every man (about 40) was filled.

The noble hearted farmer would accept of no consideration for his generosity, so as we turned away we gave him three hearty cheers, that came from hearts big with gratitude. Not a boy in Company K will soon forget the dinner on horseback at the farmer's gate.

When we joined the regiment we found the troups were moving. We marched on until 11 o'clock in the night when we halted in a large piece of woods. We were allowed to unsaddle and without fire or supper we lay down to pass the few remaining hours of

the night in sleep.

30th. I awoke early and as we had no grain for our horses, I cut an armful of grass for my horse, from an adjoining meadow, with my pocket knife. He had not time to eat the whole of it however, before the bugle sounded and the whole column was soon mounted. The head of the column led out on the gallop and it was kept up till we reached Littlestown, Pa., a distance of 7 or 8 miles. At Littlestown we were ordered to unsaddle and feed, a plenty of forage was furnished us. After attending to my horse I made a cup of coffee, the first I had tasted since we left the farmer's gate yesterday (as we had no rations issued to us) and lay down for an hour's rest. It was rumored that a fight was going on at Hanover, and of course we were not allowed to enjoy our quiet but a short time.

I had just time to saddle, and fill my canteen with water before the column moved, as in the morning we moved off at the gallop, and for four miles we went as though our lives depended on our speed. And as we knew not how much further we had to go at that rate, many of the men in order to unburden their already jaded animals, loosened their packs from their saddles and threw them out on the roadside. Our rapid march soon brought us within sound of battle. The 6th Mich. was halted at a four corners of the road, about one and a half miles from Hanover. One batallion was sent to the right, while the ballance (sic) of the ballance of the regiment was formed in the column of platoons, for the purpose of repelling any charge that might come from the rebels in that quarter.

A battery (rebel) soon opened on the batallion sent out on the right and it was compelled to fall back. It was soon acertained (sic) that the rebels were getting around to our rear, and we were obliged to make a countermovement in order to extricate ourselves. Company "B" in protecting our rear was mostly cut off and did not join the regiment till night after the fight was all over. By making a circuitous route we gained the opposite (sic)

side of the town, where we joined the main portion of the brigade.

Here we were ordered to "dismount to fight on foot" and we were soon deployed into line, with carbines unslung. Every man was in his place, and as we move to the front we had to pass over the dead bodies of several rebel and union soldiers that had fallen in a saber charge earlier in the day. As the boys passed them they would pause, make a few remarks, and push on.

The rebels soon caught sight of us, and immediately sent us their compliments in the form of a shell, which came shrieking through the air untill it had arrived nearly above our heads, when it burst, scattering its fragments hissing and schreeching (sic) about our heads and feet. The boys ducked their heads, looked a little bit "skeery", but not a man flinched. We pushed on "double quick" till we arrived at a ditch which afforded us some shelter. Here we halted for some time, when we were again ordered forward and next halted in a wheatfield and lay under cover, the shells in the meantime playing all sorts of capers over us. After awhile we advanced to a fence across the field and halted. There I learned to my surprise, that we were just acting as a support to a line of skirmishers still in front of us. As we lay under cover, I fell asleep and enjoyed quite a nap. This may not be approvable on all such occasions, but I was so overcome by the fatigue of the past three days that I could not resist the temptation.

We did not however, remain long at the fence. The fight was concluded, the victory ours, and we returned to our horses and went into camp near Hanover.

Our success this day was complete and we lay down satisfied with manoeuver. /

/ Dear Bob, I will send this now, and the rest as fast as I can copy it. Preserve this for me, and oblige yours, Brother Matthew. /

Stephensburg, Va. February 26, 1864. My Dear Bob: July 1st. This morning after a very scanty meal, we once more fell into line and again directed our course towards Gettysburg, where we were told the rebels were concentrating in force. At noon we halted in a fine farming country (sic) country, where we found plenty of hay and grain for our animals and an abundance of provisions for ourselves. After a rest of two hours we again took up the line of march which was continued until near sunset when we were hastily formed in line of battle in a large cornfield, and other fields adjoining. Here we expected to have a fight as large bodies of troups could be plainly seen off on another road, about two miles to the right. They were thought to be Stuart's cavalry, but were soon ascertained (sic) to be our own troops, and the 6th was marched out into a large clover lot where we rested for the night (I am sorry I have not been able to learn the names of all the places through which we passed as it would assist you in tracing out our route on the map).

2nd. (July) The column was early in motion, and about 12 m. we halted for an hour at the beautiful little town of --------, 10 miles from Gettysburg. At this little place the people came out with milk and water for the thirsty and weary soldiers, cheering them and bidding them God-speed in the coming conflict. Here too, we first learned that the contending forces had met at Gettysburg. About 4 p.m. the heavy booming of cannon greeted our ears, but from alternately marching and halting we did not arrive at the scene of action until dark.

As we halted near the battlefield several officers rode along the column and reported that Gen. McClellan was in command of the army. The news was greeted with loud cheers by the whole column, but I must confess I could not credit it (and it afterwards proved that I was right) if it did come from officers of high rank. It did

not seem possible to me that there would be so sudden a change of commanders just on the eve of a great battle and thus disconcert plans yet undeveloved (sic).

Well about dusk we came up to Hunterstown, a village three or four miles from Gettysburg, and where the extreme right of our army lay. At this place there was a hotly contested fight going on, and we arrived just in time to check a spirited cavalry charge from the rebels. This was done by Company "A" Capt. Thompson (now Lieut. Col.)alone, and the rebels were afterwards repulsed by a few rapid discharges of grape and cannister from one section of Battery "M" 2nd U. S. A. on the left, and another section of the same battery on the right.

The repulse was complete, and about 11 o'clock in the night the fight at this point had ceased. In the interval however, between the first charge and the hours of which I speak, the wounded, the dead and the dying were being carried by on litters. The groans of the suffering men, mingled with the hissing shells (for the rebels continued to send one occasionally) that went over our heads into the little town below, crashing through the roofs and walls, tearing up trees and fences, formed a scene beyond my power of description. Company "A" lost in the charge 15 men wounded, among them the captain, and several taken prisoners among whom was Lieut. Ballard.

At 11 o'clock our regiment was relieved and we retired from the field to a distance of about 2 miles to the rear and lay down supperless to await the events of the coming day.

3rd. Early morning again found us on the field, and the 6th (with the exception of one or two squadrons) was ordered to the support of Battery "M" which had taken a prominent position and already had opened on the enemy. While in this position we witnessed one of the most sanguinary cavalry fights on record.

It was the most terrible sight I ever beheld. It took place between Stuart's Cavalry on the rebel side,and Kilpatrick's Division on our side. Three times were our gallant troups repulsed, and three times successively did they rally against numbers and position superior to their own, and finally drove the rebels from the field, gaining a complete victory. In this fight the 1st Mich. Cavalry, in particular, distinguished themselves, winning for their regiment a name of which they may well be proud. At 11 o'clock a.m. Company "B" Capt. Weber, and Company "K" Lieut. Pendill (of the 6th), Capt. Weber in command, were sent out to picket a road on the right, and to prevent a surprise from the enemy in that direction.

At 11 o'clock a.m. began that terrible artillery dual, the like of which the world had never before witnessed. It is said to far exceed that of Waterloo. The discharges were so rapid that it seemed almost one constant blast, and a dense column of smoke completely enreaved and covered the lines of the two contending armies, showing their exact position. At 4 p.m. we rejoined the regiment near where we left it. About this time our regiment was ordered off to the right to act in concert with the 1st Mich., Col. Town and the 1st Vermont, Col. Sawyer, and in changing our position we had to pass over a piece of ground which exposed our whole column to the shots of the enemy. Nor did they neglect to improve the opportunity, for soon a shell came shrieking and careening through the air, striking and bursting three or four setts of fours behind me,(in Company K) wounding badly two of our men, Geo. H. Brownell, and Dana Wilson, and disabling and killing several horses. I had often heard men speak of seeing shells as they came through the air but I could never believe it, untill I witnessed it with my own eyes. It could be seen before it got within a hundred feet of the column, and looked as it came plunging and tearing through the air, and as near as I could compare it, like the head of an

Indian war club (such as you have often seen in pictures). Even at this short distance no one could tell where it would strike, and all in breathless expectancy awaited until it burst, when its destination and sad effects were revealed. At dark we were again relieved and marched back onto our position of last night, and again lay down supperless, having partaken of nothing through the day, but a few loaves (two or three) of bread which some of the boys obtained at a farmhouse when we were out on picket (in this I speak of Company K in particular).

4th. This morning we obtained a little hard-bread of a battery that lay near us, which we considered a very favorable change in our diet. We lay here until 11 a.m. While here Gen. Sickles of the 3rd Army Corps was carried by on a stretcher, having lost a leg in the fight of yesterday. Scores of rebel prisoners were also sent by, and the road was filled with troups. At 11 a.m. we were ordered to the wagon train, which lay perhaps, two miles from us.

Here we had issued to us three days' full rations, with an abundance of ammunition. Of course this meant something. We needed the rations, but we felt in hopes we would have a few days' rest after the hard service we had just performed. But the ammunition dissipated all our hopes, and we made up our minds to do our best.

As soon as ball and powder had been distributed we were mounted, (that is Kilpatrick's Division--3rd) and filed off towards the pike leading from Gettysburg, Pa. to Emmitsburg, Md. The weather at noon was beautiful, but about 3 p.m. there was a very sudden and distinct change. One of the hardest rainstorms I ever took shelter under came upon us about midway to Emmitsburg. There was not a man of us that was not wet to the skin, and our horses sunk nearly to their knees at almost every step. But the storm seemed a kind interposition of Providence favoring the object of our march.

We had been sent out to intercept and capture a rebel train, then crossing the mountains west of Emmitsburg, and the sequel will show how well we did the duty assigned us. Had it not been for the storm, the train would undoubtedly have got out of our reach, and thus made its escape. We did not reach Emmitsburg till near night, but without halting we took the westerly course towards the mountains, passing on our way the place where we got the dinner at the farmer's gate. Six or seven miles, perhaps, from Emmitsburg, the road runs along at the foot of a range of high hills--they cannot properly be called mountains--where we met a squad of men in charge of a wounded soldier, who had been shot on another road on the other side of the hills. This warned us that we were in the vicinity of the train. It was not quite dark, but we pushed on till we arrived at a little place in the gap of the mountains called Monterey. There the column halted. It was about 8 p.m. and pitch dark. The command: "Dismount to fight on foot" ran along the line and the clanking of sabres, ringing of carbine slings, and the shuffling of hurried feet was the order for the next minute and a half. The battery was then ordered up, which took position further in the gap above us. We were then ordered to "deploy" as skirmishers, when considerable confusion ensued. In the darkness it was impossible to tell "head or tail" of company or squadron. However, we got into line and marched by single file up the road for, perhaps, two hundred yards, where we again halted. Here another confusion ensued, officers got lost from the men, the men became mixed up, and one company with another, and no one knew his right hand man. Such was the state of things when the general rode up and demanded what we were doing there, who was in command & c. He was informed that we were awaiting orders, that Lieut. _____ was in command, but no Lieut. was to be found. (I thought then that some of the officers got lost purposely,

and sometimes think so still.) The Gen. by this time began to be raffy (?) and swinging his sabre he began to swear tremendously, "that i we wouldn't fight rebels we should fight him, and c." he then gave the order, "by the right flank," and we deployed across a stony, rocky field, non-commissioned officers in charge in many instances. The officers joined their commands, however, after awhile, but the companies were still mixed up. The fault of this delay was not to be blamed on the men, for every man was ready and willing to do his duty. Nor could it be attributed entirely to the dark, and therefore a great share of the responsibility rests, in my opinion, with, at least, a part of the officers. But everything was made right at last, and we moved forward to a piece of woods that lined both sides of the road.

The advance guard was already skirmishing with the enemy, but we couldn't tell friend from foe, only by the flash of arms. Soon we heard the rebels advancing "a big gun" upon us, and in an instant a perfect shower of grapeshot swept past us. Whew! but didn't it rattle briskly among the rocks and trees! But it went too high, and no one was harmed. Charge after charge greeted us, but strange to say, the ugly missles swept clear over us, or fell harmlessly at our feet. It makes my very skin crawl sometimes, even now, to think of that fearful night.

A few effective shots from a gun or two from the Battery "M" (ours) silenced the rebels' guns and then began one of the severest skirmish fights I have ever witnessed. The way the bullets flew was equalled only by the "grape". The firing continued fifteen minutes, perhaps, when all was apparently silent except the rebel train which was making off as fast as possible. At this juncture the General formed the determination to charge the rebels with the naked sabre. Accordingly the 1st Virginia (union) Cavalry was ordered up, and the General placing himself at the head of the regiment, moved forward.

They advanced in column of fours, at a brisk trot, till they had crossed a small stream, which formed a dividing line between us and the rebels, when the "charge" was ordered. For about ten minutes nothing but the clanging of the horses' hoofs on the stony pike, and the cheers of the men as they advanced, could be heard. We all waited in breathless expectation the issue of the daring act. I must confess my soul fairly trembled for the safety of those brave men who were going, they knew not whither. In a short time everything was again still and soon prisoners in scores came flocking back, and we knew the victory was ours. Our loss was very small, while we captured nearly their entire train--some 160 waggons (sic), 400 horses and mules, 900 prisoners, and two or three pieces of artillery. Thus was celebrated and ended the most exciting and interesting "Fourth of July" I have ever seen. The fight had ceased and we returned to our horses and the column marched back on another route till daylight, when we halted to feed and rest.

5th. (July). This morning nearly the whole of the rebel train, consisting mostly of Pennsylvania farm wagons laden with grain, flour, dry goods and many other things, which they robbed--not captured from the citizens along the route of their army, was burnt. I have not time nor space to give you a detailed account of all we found in the wagons, though it might be interesting to you. As soon as the work of destruction was completed, we again moved forward, we halted about 12 M. at Smithsburg, quite a pretty little town in Maryland.

At this place we remained till near night, while the prisoners were sent forward through the mountains toward Frederick, but they soon returned, the guard reporting that there was a heavy force of rebels advancing from that way. The rebel prisoners were

then ordered to proceed on another route to Boonesboro, and we were drawn up in line of battle on the heights around Smithsburg.

What a splendid sight we made! Every gun had a capital position, so that they could rake the Gap with either shell or grape, and the cavalry (we had no infantry) was massed at various points, with drawn sabre. But there was no fighting done, save a few shots from the (our) "big guns" as the rebels came up, just to let them know we were prepared for them. But we did not intend to fight them there, for our force was not large enough, and the rebels were reported at 15,000.

As soon, therefore, as night set in, we withdrew under cover of the darkness, and marched towards Boonesboro, halting and resting for the night within 3 miles of that town.

The 6th. This morning we were again in the saddle and passing Boonesboro on our left, we marched to Hagerstown where we found the rebels. The greater portion of the day till 4 or 5 p.m. was consumed in manoeuvering. At this hour we were ordered down the pike (the roads down this way are nearly all pikes) towards Williamsport (for we had driven the rebels out of Hagerstown) where we run onto a snag. The rebels greeted us with a perfect shower of shells, one of which struck in our column (Co. "G" of the 6th) bursting and instantly killing Lieut. Jewett, and taking the leg and foot off of each of three men and killing or wounding 7 horses. Now wasn't that a big lick for one shell? The 6th was wheeled to the right, and we again dismounted to fight on foot. We moved forward a half mile, perhaps, from our horses, when we came up to the rebel skirmish line. But we didn't long remain there, for the rebels had worsted us on the right and already had gained our rear. We were ordered to our horses, and we retraced

in good order, though shells greeted us at almost every step. The ammunition train had been ordered up, and it arrived just as we had to fall back, just then darkness came on adding to our discomforture. However, the skill of our general and the courage of the men prevailed, and we extricated ourselves from the "box" bringing off with us every wagon and gun, and almost every man.

For want of time I will have to omit several pleasing little incidents that occurred during the day. We withdrew about 3 miles from the scene of action, when we again lay down, tired and weary.

/ 7th. We marched to Boonesboro and went into camp at the foot of South Mountain, near the site of the battlefield of that name, of 1862.

Here we were permitted to pitch our shelter tents, for the first time since we left Frederick, the 28th of June, being 9 days we had been without shelter. As we were short of rations foraging parties from each company were formed, and sent out into the country in various directions, and in a few hours they returned with an abundant supply of "good things", nice bread, smoked ham and apple butter.

Nothing of interest occurred during the day, so we laid by and rested. /

/ The 8th. Last night a tremendous rainstorm came up, and ere morning the water was 2 inches deep under our bunk (John Smith and I chummed together then) and we had to get up and in the pelting rain, find a higher place, and once more lay down to sleep (?) of course. The soldier's repose is never disturbed by such trifles. He can sleep in the storm, march in the storm, or fight in the storm, all he asks is to have a chance to keep his powder and provisions dry. The morning was very favorable, and we employed ourselves in drying our clothes and cleaning our arms. Noon came and with it the rebels. They attacked our outposts between Hagerstown and Boonesboro.

Of course we must go and meet them.

By this time the boys had got used to the sound of shell, and the singing of the "Minnie" had become quite familliar (sic) to them. So with light hearts and nimble feet we fell into line. We knew there was work before us, but we fell not out by the way.

About a mile from the town we dismounted (in all the fights I have yet been in, we have fought dismounted) and carbine in hand, advanced. The artillery on both sides had good positions, and they were improved to the best advantage.

The 6th. Advanced under a heavy fire from the rebel batteries, though fortunately none were hurt. The batallion to which Company "K" belonged pressed forward through a piece of woods but as we advanced, our company being on the left, we were thrown out into an open field. Here the rebels had a fair rake at us with their big guns. We at first took shelter behind a stone wall, but the shells rattled so loudly around it that we took to the open field for it. We lay under cover of a slight rise of ground where we could see the enemy's guns every time they opened on us. Here we were in a predicament. The rebel shots fell just over us, behind, and a battery of our own, not having proper range, droped (sic) their shells just in front of us, thus endangering us from both ways. The skirmish here did not amount to much, till the right had been forced back, when, of course, we had to fall back also.

Then the rebels opened on us, raking us in every quarter, but hurting only a few. As we went towards the woods we paused behind a rail fence, and returned the many compliments sent us. At this point Jonathan Smith received a slight wound near the knee, the ball just grazing the skin. As I turned round to get a shot, I felt a sharp stinging sensation on the right side of my neck. I knew it was a bullet that had caused the feeling,

for just then a little hissing, shrieking Minnie had swept past, but the sound had died away before the sensation came.

Well, we fell back into the woods, where we rallied, and we in turn drove the rebels. The fighting all the afternoon was brisk, but we were too much for the Johnnies, and the conflict ended at dark, leaving us complete masters of the field.

We retired to our camp with the usual lot of soldiers, tired, hungry and worn.

Now, Brother, you have already been with me through some snug little fights, but still the worst is to come.

If you find any interest in this, I shall be amply paid for the trouble in copying it, and when I come home, if it pleases kind Providence to thus favor me, I hope I may be able to give you a better narrative, and entertain you with more interest. Love to all, Affectionately, Matthew. /

(Beginning a new letter)
Stephensburg, Va. March 1st, 1864.
/

Brother Robert, I again resume my place at the desk,that I may by way of pen and ink have have (sic) another friendly chat with you, and relate to you a few more of my experiences and adventures, in my soldier life. /

/ 9th. Still at Boonesboro. This a.m. we changed our camp, removing to a short distance south of the town. To-day I had the privilege of washing my shirt for the first time since we crossed the Potomac. When we were about to break camp at Fairfax, Va., our officers persuaded us to pack all our surplus clothing, telling us, they would be sent to Alexandria and there preserved for us until we again went into camp. Some of us didn't take even a change and I was one of the foolish ones. I have not seen our packs yet--never expect to. But to return, as I hadn't a change, I had to substitute my blouse

for a shirt, and after it was washed await the action of the sun to dry it. (I may as well add here that this was the last change also, I had, on the entire campaign.) Large bodies of infantry have been coming in and camping around the town, and are now engaged in throwing up earthworks and diging (sic) rifle pitts (sic). Rumor states that we are to have another big battle at this place. But as to this we of course do not know. Events may bring it about but it is barely possible. The weather is again very favorable.

10th. Early this morning the troups began to move once more, and the projected battlefield was abandoned. Heavy columns of infantry and long trains of artillery passed our camp on its way through Boonesboro towards Hagerstown. Our brigade followed slowly, as occasion required, and near night we bivouacked half way between the two above named places.

11th. This morning we moved on about 2 miles toward the front, where we did picket duty for the remaining part of the day. We had lain down last night wholly unconscious that we were in the vicinity of the enemy. But we would have slept as soundly had we known it.

We had again run out of rations--one of the indispensables of a soldier's rig--so the boys amused themselves--as well as getting something to eat, by charging on several fine shoats that were running about the field. Here also, several of the boys, who had been absent from the company since the battle of Gettysburg, came in. Water here was about as scarce as rations, and we had to go a long distance for it. Having obtained permission of our commander, I mounted my horse and rode off perhaps a mile and a half before I could find any. At last riding up to the pump of a large farm-house, I began to fill my canteen. Soon the old farmer came out, his face the very

image of dispair. It was now just in the hights (sic) of harvest and the broad fields of yellow grain were being gathered in as fast as busy hands could do it. Our worthy friend owned several of these broad fields, was the proprietor of an elegant mansion, large barns &c. with all their appurtenances. The old gentleman after asking to what regiment we belonged, where we were, and the like, began to express his anxiety about his crops. He was fearful that our troops would carry off his wheat, or trample it all down, that the whole army would move right past his house barn and destroy his fences, tear down his house and barns, and leave him penniless in the world. With all his wealth, he was either very ignorant, or his sympathies with those who were doing all they could to ruin the country. I was inclined somewhat to the latter opinion, for he certainly must have known that our government makes restitution to all who may be injured by the moving of the armies. Of course only on the condition that they can prove their loyalty. We (Henry Ward was with me) assured the farmer as much as we could, however, and returned to our company. We remained on picket till after dark when we retired from the line, and lay down on a soldier's couch. /

/ 12th. We were early in motion, striking the pike about two miles to the right of us, and two or three miles from Hagerstown. We proceeded briskly up the pike till we came within sight of the town, when we encountered the rebels. Battery "M" soon got into position and the 6th acted as support. The rebels were soon driven out of the place, a large number of them being captured.

Our brigade was then ordered into town, and the regiments took positions in the princeple (sic) streets, the 6th on the one leading out toward Williamsport.

The rebels, it was expected, would try and retake the town, and we were drawn up in column of fours, with sabres drawn, ready to repel any attack. Imagine one's feelings as he stands thus awaiting, and expecting every moment to hear the leaden hail ratling (sic) about his ears, or to see the stern foe advancing in heavy columns, with gleaming sword or bristling bayonette. Whew! You've never been there, have you? We did not long remain in this position, for the rebels didn't think it prudent to return, so we fell back into the rear of the town, where we remained all day, guarding prisoners, shoeing our horses & c. while some other troops held possession of the place.

13th. We remained on the ground we occupied yesterday today also. We have had the prisoners with us till nearly night when they were sent off under guard. The rebels are fortifying themselves between here and Williamsport and rumor says we will have a big fight. Another rumor says that Lee's forces are crossing the river (Potomac) and that the fortifications are only for the purpose of covering their retreat. Our boys all know the rebels are whiped (sic), and think it a shame that Lee is allowed to escape with his already broken and disspirited army. And yet our army is lying right in sight of the enemy looking idly on. The men are all ready for fight, would rather go in than hold back.

The water in the river is very high, but Lee will not stop for that when he knows the salvation of his army depends on his getting on the other side as soon as possible. If our army does not move forward within 24 hours, the enemy will be out of our reach, and the game lost. Shall the fruits so nobly won at Gettysburg, be thus snatched from us when they are within our reach? Shame that it should be so, but I fear it will.

14th. Early this morning the rebels were found to be crossing in earnest, with a great portion of their army already over. Of course, a forward movement was ordered. Kilpatric with his division was ordered to push right on through Williamsport, while Buford was to go round on the right. So hasty had been the departure of the rebel army that their sick were left in their hospital at Williamsport, and of course fell into our hands.

They lost a great many of horses and wagons in crossing and scores of their troops were drowned. Well, we pushed on three or four miles beyond the above place till we reached that point on the Potomac called Falling Waters, when within a mile of the river the column halted, and off on the right a mile distant, could be seen long lines of breastworks and rifle pitts (sic) all of which were filled with men. It was the opinion of many of us that they were our troops, and I was so thoroughly convinced, in my own mind, that such was the fact, that I would not believe they were rebs until they began to salute us, half an hour afterwards, with showers of musket bullets. The 6th Mich. Cavalry only was ordered forward from this point, the rest of the division and the battery remaining there. Major Webber with Companies "C", "B" and "F"were detached from the column and ordered to charge the earthworks with the sabre, while the rest of the regiment was ordered to dismount further on the rebels' right and advance on them with the carbine.

Here was our little regiment solitary and alone arrayed, as we afterwards learned, against two brigades of infantry and A behind breastworks on a high hill.

However, our boys advanced spiritedly, and at the command to dismount did so readily amidst a perfect storm of bullets. I was in the act of throwing myself out of the saddle, when someone cried out "Corpl. West's horse is shot", and looking

round I saw his animal had sunk to the ground, and Milo was trying to extricate himself. I had barely touched the ground when we were again ordered into the saddle. I immediately mounted (as did all) and we remained some seconds (it seemed like hours) in that position, all the time under a tremendous heavy fire, when we once more heard the command: "Dismount".

As soon as we were on the ground we were ordered to advance up through a lane, keeping under cover of the fence, while the horses were sent over the hill to the rear.

And here I may as well explain to you how we manage when we fight on foot. When the company falls in, it is counted off from the right (and the cavalry never operates without this) by sets of fours, 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4 &c. Well, in receiving the order: "Dismount to fight on foot" No.'s one, two and three dismount while No. 4 remains mounted, taking the reins of the other three horses, and leads off wherever directed. No. 4 is generally a lucky dog, but not always, for although he thus gets rid of going out to fight, it very often happens that the enemy gets range on them with their artillery, and of course they don't get off without a good shelling. Our men advanced bravely, notwithstanding the superiority of numbers, but could not long stand the galling fire that was poured in upon them. So we had to fall back but it was done in good order, disputing every inch of ground. In the mountains Major Webber with his squadron had charged the rifle pitts on the left, and the rebels thinking our force was larger than it really was began throwing down their arms, but they soon discovered our real strength, when they rallied, and just as our little party was going over the walls they opened on them a fire that no troops of their strength could stand.

Major Niches was killed the first thing, a bullet going through his head. Lieut. Bolya of Co. "E", Sergt. Livingston of Co. "F" and many others were killed and most

of the party wounded or taken prisoners. Only a few escaped. On the skirmish line Capt. Royce, Co. "D" killed, Lieut. Crawford, Co. --was wounded in both legs, one of which was afterwards amputated, many others were killed and wounded and we were forced to fall back, leaving them on the field. We rallied in and around a large stone barn and held our position until the battery came up, when the tide of battle turned. Other regiments came up, formed in the line of battle, and the rebels in their turn were compelled to fall back, quitt their breastworks, and were at last sent routed back over the fields. We captured nearly all that remained of the two brigades, took a host of small arms and one or two guns, and their commanding officer, Brig. Gen. Pettygrew was killed. The rebel loss in killed and wounded was heavy.

Thus ended one of the most eventful days of my life. I have often looked back with wonder and astonishment to the moment when we were dismounting under that galling fire. I expected then that I should never get out with a whole skin if I did alive. But a stronger arm that mine was thrown around me, warding off the missles of death, and I still live to look back upon that scene with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain.

The rebel army was now all got over the river, there was no enemy in Maryland, and we retraced our steps $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles and paused for the night.

15th. Marched back by way of Williamsport, Hagerstown, and Funkstown to Boonesboro, nothing of importance occurring, where we camped for the night, and then on the

16th. we marched out taking our course towards the river. Here we passed over some of the rockiest country I have ever seen under cultivation. The land seemed to lay in ridges, or more properly flats, one above another, with ledges of rocks intervening; so that the land could be plowed only one way. The soil, however, looked rich and productive, and crops seemed abundant. We camped for the night near a

little place called Petersville. To-day we got our mail for the first time since we left camp in Virginia.

17th. This morning we were ordered to cross the river. So in the midst of a pelting rain we fell into line, and marched to Berlin, the place of crossing by way of Sandy Hook, near Harpers Ferry. At Berlin were detained some time, as there were many troops to cross. About noon, however, we got under way, and in half an hour we were again on the "Sacred Soil". We crossed on pontoons, the first I had ever seen laid. They make very secure and convenient bridges.

We marched about twenty-five miles into Virginia, and again halted for the night, nothing worthy of remark occurred, aside from those incidents usual at such times.

18th. We remained in camp to-day, struck our shelter tents, and were mustered for hay. As we had nothing to do we occupied ourselves in resting, preparing to march on the:

19th. The column will move slowly up alon (sic) the foot of the Blue Ridge, encountering nothing to obstruct our route, and long after dark we halted at Upperville. Company "K" however, was sent out on picket, and remained out till twelve o'clock when we were relieved and rejoined the regiment, and securing my horse, I was soon locked in the arms of Morpheous (sic).

20th. Quite early the 2nd Brigade was ordered to saddle, and we moved out on the pike towards Ashby's Gap. The 6th Mich. brought up the rear. As we neared the foot of the mountains we could see the rebel videttes stationed along their crest.

The 1st and 5th Mich. Regts. were dismounted, and formed a skirmish line at the entrance of the Gap, and slowly and cautiously pushed their way towards the summit.

We knew not what might be above us to obstruct or resist our passage, so of course great caution was necessary. I must confess I trembled for the safety of our little column, for a small force at the top of the Gap, with a few pieces of artillery, could have cut down almost any opposing force. We therefore wondered afterwards why they did not dispute our passage. As our line of skirmishers approached the summit the rebel videttes disappeared on the other side, and the column immediately moved to the top of the Gap. Here the 1st, 5th and the 7th Regiments haulted and the 6th followed the rebels to the river (Shenandoah) where a brisk skirmish took place. The rebels had crossed and taken refuge behind the stone walls, fences, trees and banks, and as we came up opened on us quite lively.

Company "K" were ordered to deploy into line in a wheat field, the shocks of grain still standing. We advanced at "double quick" till near the middle of the field, when we were ordered "under cover" of the wheat shocks. I had barely got my head down behind a shock when "whizz" came a "Minnie" along almost grazing my hair. I thought I was lucky. The word "Forward" soon came, and the boys with a cheer sprang from their frail hiding places, and advanced on the run. We had to go forty rods before we could again get under cover, and all the way, too, under a heavy fire. But we deployed so much that it was difficult to hit any of us, and none was hurt. We soon gained the cover of a large house, a barn and plenty of fences.

No sooner had we got under cover than the rebels ceased firing, and not one in twenty showed his head without hearing from our Spencer and Burnside rifles. We kept up a desultory firing for, perhaps, two hours, when finding we could not dislodge them, nor ford the river (the rebs had crossed in boats) we fell back to the main column. As we were recrossing the fields we advanced over, the rebels rose

poured in a perfect hurry-cane of lead. But we retired slowly, notwithstanding, and soon reached our horses. Our loss was three men wounded. We had no means of knowing the loss of the enemy.

We left a sufficiently large force in the Gap to hold it, and returned to camp at Upperville.

/ 21st. We remained in camp to-day, a "right smart" of foraging was done, and fresh mutton, pork, and beef, honey, butter and milk were among the best dishes on our table. We had issued to us considerable clothing and had the pleasure of laying aside a pair of very much delapidated pants, and donning a pair, bright and new. Large numbers of infantry concentrated at this point to-day, and to look at the hills, one would think (if he thought no further) the whole United States army train was here; for every rise of ground is covered with wagons.

It is the largest assemblage of army wagons I have ever seen. One that has never seen a wagon train can form no idea of the immense trains that follow our army; transporting its provisions, clothing, arms and munition and in fact everything that pertains to war.

Upon these often depends the issues of a campaign. If they are kept within proper distance of the troops and well guarded, so that rations can be supplied, in regular quantities and at regular periods, to the soldiers, unless overwhelmed by superior force, an army can maintain itself even against greater numbers, for soldiers have to eat as well as anybody, though they often are without for days. On the other hand, if trains are allowed to straggle, or are not sufficiently guarded, they are liable to be cut off or captured, and in that case an army is reduced to starvation, surrender, or compelled to beat an ignominious retreat. So you see how necessary are our trains. /

/ 22nd. Our forces at Upperville began to move early this morning, and tonight we halt near Manassas Gap. A half-mile out from Upperville the cavalary halted and the infantry filed past. They all looked healthy and contented and I observed they were nearly all stout, robust, young-looking men. The "extreme youth" and "old age" has long since passed out of our army especially among the old regiments, and only the bone and sinue is left. What little I know about the armies of other countries, I think the "muscle" of ours will compare favorably with any in the world. /

It was after dark when the 6th halted but the hills all round were lit up with the campfires of advances, for it must halted early, and the boys were enjoying themselves soldierlike. We soon followed their example, and after a hasty supper we lay down to rest.

/ 23rd. To-day we came to Amesville, a small town laying four or five miles east of the Blue Ridge. The country around is rather poor, as most of it has been since we left Upperville. Nearly all of our way lay along at the foot of the Blue Ridge and is consequently very broken, rocky, and in many places almost sterile. The timber is poor and scarce and stone fences seem to predominate.

There are no people scarcely, as they are very shy. They must be in the mountains with their flocks and herds as cattle are as few as the people.

The cavalry are alone again, the infantry having gone on, on another route, weather very good.

Well, Bob, I will close this letter hoping to have entertained you very agreeably.

Remember me as usual to my friends and write to me as often as you can.

Your friend and brother, Matthew. /

July 24th. This morning the 2nd Brigade was ordered out on a reconnaisance towards the mountains. Our advance encountered the enemy at Moseby's Crossroads (?). Battery "M" was ordered up on the "quick" and commenced shelling the rebels. The 3rd Batallion, Major Foote, was sent out dismounted on the left of the line of battle. We advanced cautiously over a large field, and through a piece of heavy timber and were brought up behind a thick stone wall.

We had no more than gained our position when the rebels came up and attact the right of the batallion. Here the firing was hot for some time, but our boys held their post manfully, and several of the rebels paid for their temerity with their lives. It was not long before it was ascertained that the rebels were passing around on our left and fast gaining our rear. We could see them from our line, as they filed through a deep revine (sic) below us in heavy columns. It seemed as though there was no end to them. As soon as we discovered the state of things, a dispatch was sent to the commanding officer, but no answer to it being returned another dispatch was sent to headquarters, and we were recalled to our horses. By this time the enemy had gained our rear in large numbers, and were found to be advancing on us rapidly. The 5th and 6th Mich. Regts. were then mounted, and formed in column of fours in the road; the 6th in the advance and Co. "K" leading the whole. The column was then ordered forward, but we had gone but a short distance before it was discovered that we already had gone too far. We were then ordered to dismount, and the next thing a fire that was impossible for any troups in like circumstances to stand under assailed us.

However we deployed into a field on the left, when to our surprise two heavy columns of infantry were just issuing from the woods on the oposite side of the field, (sic)

and a third advancing down upon us in the road. They all opened on us at once, the horses in the road, became frightened, threw their riders and trampling them under their feet, ran pell mell to the rear. Col. Grey was unhorsed and injured considerably. The men became almost panic stricken, and started for the woods behind us. Fortunately the confusion did not extend to the rear of the column. The 5th was dismounted and brought up on the run, and they with their seven-shooters checked the enemy till the battery could be brought into position, a few rapid rapid and timely discharges from which convinced the rebels that "discretion was the better part of valor", and they fell back considerably, giving us time to get around all right again. But they were found to be much to (sic) strong for us, and having us hemmed in on every side but one, the General thought it prudent to withdraw, leaving our dead, four in number, and those that were so badly wounded as to be not able to remove, on the field. Our entire loss was nine killed and wounded.

The rebel loss was heavy, our battery having poured plenty of grape and canister into their compact ranks. How we ever escaped with so small a loss as we did, has always seemed a miracle to me.

Before we dismounted, Jimmie Hunt, Fred Bergman, Jonathan Smith and myself were in the same set of fours, I on the right (No. one) and Jimmie on the left, (No. 4) so Jimmie remained mounted. Well, in the confusion that ensued, and in getting some ammunition from my saddlebags, I lost sight of both Fred and Jonathan and did not see them again till after the fight was all over. Jonathan I never saw. After the fight was over I requested the privilege of Col. Foote to go and find Jonathan, but the Col. thought it not prudent, as the enemy's sharp shooters were out watching for any that might have the rashness to show himself from under cover of the woods. So we had to leave him,

to be rifled of his effects by the heartless foe, as he doubtless was, and to be buried by strangers. How many of our poor boys have met with this sad fate. Indeed many of them have been denied a burial. Such, however, is the fate of war. Oh, how many hearts have been made to droop and die and go down with sorrow to the grave, and the end is not yet. Thousands yet must perish, and thousands gather around them the robe of mourning. The subject is, indeed, a painful one. We returned to our camp near Amesville, tired and weary, and with sorrowful hearts.

25th. Early this morning we were again ordered out towards the mountains. The 2nd Brigade only went out. We proceeded in the direction of Thornton's Gap, but for some reason went only about 3 miles when the column returned to camp. The rebels were reported to be just ahead of us but as I had no means of ascertaining myself, I could not say. We were glad enough to return for the continuous marching, scanty fare, and broken rest, had completely worn us out, and finding it impossible to check the retreat of the rebels we felt as though we ought to rest. Company "K", however, were immediately sent out on picket. Company "K" did its share of picketing as you may believe.

As I have had occasion to speak of our scanty fare, I will say that I think it was just as hard a time as we had on the whole campaign.

Our trains were some distance from us, and as the cars had not got under way to Warrenton as yet, it was almost impossible to get provisions to us. So we had to depend mostly on foraging for sustenance. But forage was scarce. The most we got was a little fresh meat, and this we had to cook and eat without salt.

26th. Last night was to me one of suffering. Though the day had been warm and mild, just after night a drizzling rain set in with a cold raw wind from the northwest.

I was unwell when I went out, and the inclemency of the weather rendered my condition still more disagreeable.

The officer in command promised to have me relieved, but he must have forgotten it as I remained on post all night. Mine was an outpost, I had two companions, and we were to relieve each other every two hours. We received orders to "sleep not", but we didn't follow the letter of the instructions exactly, though our circumstances would not admit of much repose. So of course I watched eagerly for the first "gush of morning light". It came at last and with it an aching brow and weary limbs.

About nine o'clock a.m. a relief was sent to my post, and myself and comrade returned to the reserve. Here I found plenty of fresh meat. The boys had foraged a young beef, pig, &c and after a slight breakfast I went out to forage a little hay for my horse. I found a sufficient quanty and returned. My poor animal devoured with surprising avidity, it being the first mouthful of food I had been able to obtain for him for several days. As you may suppose, our horses were in consequence of the unremitting labor required of them, and the lack of proper food, reduced to mere skeletons, and in many instances rendered entirely unserviceable. Nearly half our division, I should say, were dismounted in consequence of "played out horses". Therefore it became necessary to turn them over, and draw on "Uncle Sam" for others. Our best horses and men enough to mount them, were retained to hold the front, and the rest were to-day started for Warrenton, where the horses were to be turned into the corall (sic) (a place for herding and recruiting horses).

I was one detailed from Co. K to go with them, and immediately left the picket line and returned to camp. First, however, I exchanged my horse, which was a good one, for one entirely broken down. /

At the camp were detained some time, before we started. We got off at last, about sunset, the distance being about 14 miles. We had not got a mile from camp when one of our poor, jaded animals gave out "by the wayside" and his rider had to trudge along on foot. I found my own beast was fast failing, although we marched very slow yet he was all a reeking sweat, and to favor him I dismounted and ran along at his side, but as I was not well myself, I could not long endure the fatigue, and was compelled to mount my horse again. He went very well till we began to descend a long difficult hill. There he stumbled to his knees, pitching me clear onto his neck. He had enough strength, however, remaining to regain his position. I sprang into the saddle but I saw it was a task for him to carry him.

The fall had hurt me considerably, and I felt it imprudent to risk myself on him again, and, as a mercy to him, I threw the reins over my arm and led him along as fast as his weakened condition would allow. My progress was so slow, however, that nearly the whole column passed me when on ascending a hill, more difficult if possible than where he first fell, he again went down. All my efforts to induce him to arise were unavailing, so loosening the saddle girth, securing my pack, and the bridle, I left the poor animal to his fate.

We were still four miles from Warrenton, but I trudged along, perhaps half the way, when I became so oppressed with fatigue and hunger that I was compelled to stop. With two or three others, who were in the same fix with myself, I secured quarters in an old deserted house at the roadside. Throwing my blankets on the floor I soon fell asleep, forgetting everything till the morning light called my from my slumbers.

27th. On awaking this morning I found that considerable rain had fallen during the night, but so much more secure and comfortable were my quarters than I had been used to

that I had not discovered it till daybreak. We are so accustomed to lying out in the storm, or at least having our feet exposed (for our shelter tents will not cover the whole length of a "regulation" man) and therefore a part of us is always out of doors--that when we do get under sufficient cover, the rude tempest passes over our heads unheeded. After washing in a little brook nearby, myself and comrad (sic), started in pursuit of our more fortunate fellows. We found them near Warrenton, where they had bivouacked for the night. Many of them were still rolled up in their blankets, oblivious of all that was passing around them.

There we drew plenty of rations, the very sight of which gladdened our hearts and strengthened our stomachs. After partaking of a hearty meal the column moved into the town where our horses were turned in. We then pitched our tents and awaited transportation to Washington. The cars had come up to the town the night before for the first time since the return of our army. / (Warrenton is in the Fauquler (sic) County of which it is the county seat, and one of the finest places I have been in Virginia. It is connected with Alexandria and Washington by railroad, and has changed hands several times during the present war. It is now in possession of the government troups.)

/ 28th. Everything being ready by 10 o'clock a.m. we were marched to the depot and placed aboard the cars. There not being room enough inside a great many of us mounted to the top where we had full benefit of the dual cinders and smoke, besides the "passing breeze". The road was in poor condition and of course we were obliged to run slow, thereby making it near night when we reached Alexandria. Here we were detained some time changing locomotives, "switching", &c. and about dark landed at the "Soldier's Rest", Washington. /

Train Ride

This is a place dreaded by all soldiers. It is the receptable of all transmigratory (so to speak) soldiers, bad as well as good, filthy as well as clean.

There is generally a guard placed around the entire premises, and it is therefore very difficult to get out only at meal time. The 6th Calvary was quartered here for three days when it first came out. The boys did not soon forget the meager hospitalities of that institution. There has been considerable improvement, however, since then, especially in the "bill of fare". The building where the men are quartered remains about the same, with the exception of large baths in one end, which are plentifully supplied with water from the river I think.

29th. We remained at the "Rest" all day, while the officers were arranging matters about the new horses. I passed a very uncomfortable day. The confinement was more than I had been accustomed to. This evening made out a list of all the equipments wanted by the men.

30th. Everything being ready this morning we marched to the corral, where the government horses are kept, for the purpose of drawing others in the place of those we turned over at Warrenton.

This corral is situated near the river, and employs a great many hands. There is a large building in which is ground all the grain fed to the horses. There are several mills, all turned by horsepower. It is interesting to witness the maneuvers of this establishment, but I had only a glance at it, and of course my description of it must necessarily by deficient.

We drew a fine lot of horses. I got a beautiful bay, but I found myself minus a saddle, as I lost mine near Warrenton with my horse. So when the boys went out at night I was left behind. Contrary to my desire I had to return my horse to the corral and repair once more to the "Rest". Before the boys went out, however, their horses

were taken to one of the government shops to be shod. This one was the largest establishment of the kind I had ever seen. I think I counted eighty to one hundred forges, employing at an everage (sic) three men to the forge. A hundred horses were being shod at a time.

There is not a second of time that a hammer is not striking the anvil. A great deal of work is turned off in every twenty-four hours. The wages of the men employed are $45 per month.

31st. Having nothing else to do I tired of the monotony that constantly brooded over our dismal quarters, we (Johnny Irwin and myself) sliped (sic) by the guard, and taking a circuitous route to avoid the provost, went to visit some friends at the Cower's and Mt. Pleasant Hospitals. We found Jalo Corwin and others belonging to our own company, passed a very pleasant day, and returned to the barracks at the depot. /

/ August 1st. All the cavalry remaining at the "Soldier's Rest" this morning were ordered to Dismounted Camp. (Dismounted Camp was then situated about half way between Long Bridge and Alexandria, on the Virginia side of the Potomac). We went over on open freight cars. While passing through the city I witnessed one of the most disgraceful scenes that ever fell under my observation. A great many of the men were regulars, some of them had been drinking, and were therefore very reckless. Before the train left the depot the regulars filled their pockets with stones, and as we ran very slow through the city, the boys had ample opportunity for using them. Of course this meant war, the object of their hostilities being the colored people. The first victim of their malicious deeds was a colored boy, of perhaps, seventeen, He was driving a one-horse carriage along, and approached the train unconscious of the salutation that was awaiting him.

The men immediately opened upon him. Many of the "shots" taking "effect". Of course the poor fellow could stand such an assault but a short time, and was compelled to "evacuate" and beat a hasty retreat, leaving his horse to manage the carriage to the best of his ability. The next was a young fellow driving a truck, on which he had a large stone column. He too, was obliged to quit his team, and take shelter in a house. Others shared the same fate and in one instance an old gentleman (white) and a lady with her child had to take refuge from the merciless storm that was poured in upon the unoffending darkies. There were officers on the cars but why the affair was not stopped I could not learn. As soon as we reached the river their fun was over, and shortly after we landed at the camp.

13th. Since my last date there has nothing occurred worthy of note. I have been unwell most of the time, though well enough to keep around and take note of what was passing.

When I came to this camp there were 4,000 or 5,000 dismounted men here; but they were sent to their regiments as fast as horses and equipment could be procured for them.

Every loyal state in the Union is represented by cavalry at this place.

The paymaster had been out and paid the 2nd Brig. off, and on his way back to Washington, paused long enough at this camp to pay all the men belonging to that detachment.

I received two month's pay.

The weather has been remarkably fine since my arrival here, notwithstanding this, however, there are many at sick call each morning.

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This is caused by the great number of dead horses that are left even within the confines of the camp to decay, and putrify the air. ' There the horses are quartered within the camp between each row of tents alternately, thus accumulating filth that is never carried away.

While here I saw a new kind of pontoon, which though they looked frail, were said to be very substantial. The inventor and the proprietor had just been making a trial of them on the bay that comes up to the camp. The pontoons were constructed of very light timbers. None over four inches square, and six feet long one way by two the other, the whole framed together very much like a fish basket, only it is closed up on every side. The whole is covered with a heavy oil or rubber canvass. When lashed together and covered with plank the form a light buoyant and firm bridge. I think they are not so good as the other kind and the only advantage they possess over the latter is this: They can be constructed on the bank of a stream where they are to be used, thus occasioning no delay on account of transportation.

Well, Robert, I have heard since writing the above that you were very sick with the cring fever, but hope that it may find you fully recovered when it reaches you. I have seen quite a number of our old neighbors, but I wrote you of this in a letter a short time ago, so I will close hoping to hear from you soon. For the present goodby, Matthew. Stevensburg, Virginia, March 15, 1964. /

Stephensburg, Va., March '64

My dear Brother,

I closed and sent off a portion of my diary this morning, and as I am not otherwise busy today I will write a little more though I do not expect it will be as interesting to you as that which has proceeded. The rest of my diary is broken, that is it does not include every day. But to begin:

August 19. This morning I drew a horse and equipments and with about 200 others started for the regiment. Of course our party was made up from almost every cavalry regiment in the Army of the Potomac under the command of Lieut. Blank. As it always is in this month of the year, the roads are very dusty, and, consequently, the riding very disagreeable. It was near dark when we halted near Fairfax CH oposite (sic) to our old camp of last June.

We were allowed to select our own individual camping ground, and not being called on to do duty it was not long before I was rolled in my blankets and fast asleep.

The most interesting object we passed today was the camp of the 2nd District Colored regiment. The camp was very regular and neat. A portion of the regiment was out on dress parade and looked remarkably soldierly. Near the road where we passed along was the guardhouse, where was stationed the guard of the camp. Every button, piece of brass, and every strap were brushed up bright and clean, and their muskets and bayonets shown like polished silver.

The well-packed "beats" on which the "sentinels tread their lonely round", showed there was no lack of discipline. The darkeys take pride in soldiering. The 1st. District Colored regiment was sent south a short time ago--the first of the month.

They marched past our camp 1400 strong. They went off merrily singing as they marched, their feet keeping time with their vocal strains. How few of them will ever return. Most of them will leave their bones to bleach on the southern shore. They were destined, I think, for the department at Fortress Monroe.

20th. Tonight finds us bivouaced near Catletts Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad. Our progress has necessarily been slow. We have with us quite a large Sutter's Train, and as they are very heavily laden, it is impossible to press our march. Today we passed over the Bull Run battle ground No. 1 and almost the very ground on which the old Third Mich. Infantry was manoeuvered from the 18th to the 21st of July, 1861. Many things interesting crowd upon my memory, as we filed past those old earthworks and seared trees. But I've not time nor space to mention them here. Just across Bull Run I saw for the first time, where we concealed the rebel masked batteries that did such terrible work in the compast ranks of our advancing columns.

But for the treachery of men high in command in our own army, the victory that day had been ours. The country around Catletts Station is very flat. Water is very scarce and very poor. I had to go more than a half mile to get water to cook my supper with, and then it was hardly fit.

21st. We continued our march today through the heat and dust, arriving at Gen. Pleasanton's Headquarters about noon. Here we halted and the men belonging to the several divisions were formed into as many detachments and sent out. Capt. Blank of Company "A" 6th N.Y. Cavly, on Gen. Pleasanton's Staff, took charge of the detachment to which I belonged. Without taking our refreshments, or feeding our jaded animals, we were ordered into line, and marched off. Up to this time we had been allowed, as the weather was very sultry, and the roads dusty, to march without regard to order,

and, of course, pressured to do so still. But our worthy captain, who was a strict disciplinarian, couldn't "see the point". We were formed into close column, though there was no use for it, and every man forbidden to fall out, even to get a drink. But the boys knew his command was a temporary one, and he was not obeyed very promptly. It was long after dark when we arrived at Division Hdqrs. and here, luckily, we were relieved of our Staff Officer and were sent to our respective regiments under command of non-commissioned officers. We found the 6th at Harwood Church near Falmouth. They were camped in a beautiful piece of woods with plenty of good water, and fortunately were off duty.

22nd. In consequence of the excessive fatigue of the march from Washington to this place I feel rather ill. The horse which I had drawn was a very hard rider, and being to some extent unmanageable, the ride has about used me up. I amused myself today by taking a look around the country in the vicinity of the camp. About a mile east of the camp is a corn field of some extent which just now furnishes an abundance of roasting ears, and potatoes are furnished by the same field. This is only the third field of corn I saw on the whole route from Washington. The rest of the country seemed no more than a barren desolation. (But I will speak of this some other time when I come to speak of Virginia in general.) About two miles from camp is a large house with a fine orchard attached. Of course we didn't lack for apples, while apples lasted, and as there was a cider press in the orchard we made some cider on our own "hook".

25th. The regiment received orders to be ready to march at 3 o'clock tomorrow morning, so of course everything had to be prepared, rations, ammunition &c distributed to the men. We did not get the order until long after dark, consequently little could be

done then. You would think it strange that orders should be issued so much at night. But so it is. Very often we are called up when we least expect it, and at all hours of the night. /

/ 26th. Much earlier than 3 o'clock we were called from our slumbers by the stiring (sic) notes of the bugle. Every man set about getting his breakfast, packing his saddle, arranging his arms &c. But ere we had time to swallow our midnight meal were ordered into line. At three o'clock precisely the brigade had assembled at Gen. Custar's Hdqrs. Here we were dismounted and remained until daybreak.

The column then moved out taking the direction towards King George's CH which lies down the river about thirty miles from camp. We passed on our way through Falmouth and in sight of the rebel pickets on the other side of the river. (Rappahannock) From what I had heard of Falmouth in connection with the war I had entertained a very exalted idea of it. You may imagine my surprise then as we filed through its dirty streets, and among its old-fashioned smoky delapidated houses. It is built among the clay bluffs on the left bank of the river, and from its location seems to have received but little inducement or encouragement for improvement or progress . On the right bank of the river, just oposite (sic) to Falmouth and somewhat back from the stream, Fredericksburg is situated. It is much larger and far superior to Falmouth, is decorated with several fine steples (sic), and is connected with the Potomac river at the mouth of the Aquia Creek by railroad. It bears many sad scars received in the terrible shelling given it by Gen. Burnside in December of 1862.

We passed over nearly all the camping ground occupied by the Union Army last winter. /

We continued our march till after noon when the column was halted by the enemy's picket line. The first and fifth Mich. Regts. were sent to the front. The pickets were

dirven in, one or two prisoners were taken, the strength of the enemy ascertained and we returned to camp, arriving very late in the night. The latter part of the day and night was very stormy, and we came back drenched to the skin.

28th. Were ordered out on picket. We took post near Falmouth. Today the camp of the regiment was moved to another part of the same piece of woods which it has occupied since I arrived bringing us nearer water both for ourselves and horses.

29th. Were relieved by the First Vermont Cavl. and were sent to picket Kelley's Ford. Our reserve was posted on a high bluff overlooking the rebel line of picket on the oposite side of the river (Rappahannock). We soon learned that the line of pickets was composed of cavalry.

Their horses were, in some instances, let loose and were grazing over the field quietly, unconscious of the elements of strife that existed on each side of the stream. Here we found some corn and potatoes which went well with our other rations.

30th. I went out on picket this morning in charge of a post of post of six men. Several of the boys had a friendly interview with the rebel pickets who came down to the back of the river for that purpose. They seemed very willing to exchange tobacco for coffee, sugar and other like articles. They are entirely destitute of anything of the like in their commissary department. The blockade cuts them off from all intercourse with commerce, and therefore the almost indispensable luxuries are beyond their reach.

31st. This morning the regiment was mustered for pay. It looked rather novel to see a squadron of men mustered for pay under the very muzzles of the enemy's guns. Just at night the regiment was ordered to camp. Were relieved by infantry. Many were the conjectures as to what the "move" meant. It was long after dark when we arrived at camp, and without unsaddling we lay down to rest, for we were to go out at midnight,

no one knew where. At twelve o'clock the bugle sounded and the men once more fell
(no period in script)
into line I had been unwell for several days and did not go out with them, so I remained in my bunk.

Sept. first. I acertained (sic) this morning that "our boys" had again gone down the river in the vicinity of King George's CH. The entire division went on the expedition.

/ This morning I received a cheering letter from home. Oh! the soldier's friends know but little of the transports the white-winged messenger causes the weary, wayworn man of arms to feel. How vividly it brings to his mind the tender associations of home. It lightens his heart, and makes him feel stronger in the exertions of his duty. Oh! why don't they write more frequently? /

2nd. Rumors, in abundance, to the effect that our division (Kilpatrick's) is fighting severely at King George's CH. But we can tell nothing about it as none of them have been confirmed.

Been quite ill all day. Weather fine evening cool.

3rd. The division returned to camp from its expedition down the river, arriving at eleven and a half a.m. The boys came in all covered with dust (for the roads are a complete powder bed and the wind high) and I don't know how much "glory".

/ The object of the expedition was the destruction of two "gunboats" taken from the union flotilla on the Potomac. They had been brought up the river as far as Port Royal where they were moored.

The expedition ended in complete success with the loss of only one killed, a Lieut. in the Fifth Michigan Cavalry. This I think was the first <u>naval battle fought by cavalry.</u> /

Been very unwell all day, weather today has been very pleasant.

4th. Nothing of importance has occurred today, weather pleasant, health no better. Quite a number of the sick in the regimental hospital were sent to Washington today. The Daily Chronicle of Washing. came into camp this evening, an unusal (sic) luxury.

5th. All quiet today no news from the picket line. (I forgot to state in my memoranda of the third that the regiment was ordered out on picket not even having time to unsaddle their horses. I was excused from picket duty on account of my health, and remained in camp.

Drew fresh beef for supper. We are entitled by the army regulations to fresh meat twice each week but we do not always get it.

6th. The day has passed off very quietly indeed. Been confined to my bed all day.

We have only little shelter tents which form but a frail protection from the storm, but do very well in fine weather. Sergt. Norton and myself bunked together, and have our tent arranged in the following manner. In the first place we drove four hooks, each about eighteen inches long, into the ground, one on each corner of the tent. Onto these then, we hooked the tent and with the aid of two crotches, with a small pole across them, for a ridge pole, we stretched it to its proper hight (sic). An extra piece of tent closed up the "head" end of it while the lower end was left open.

For a bunk we drove four more crotches within the tend, on which were laid small, springy poles, and these still covered with cedar boughs. When finished we thought we had very comfortable quarters, and in fact, were the best in Company "K" the captain's not excepted.

Amos Beach was taken violently ill today. Has the appearance of rain this evening.

7. Nothing worthy of record has occurred today unless it be that Washington and Philadelphia papers have again made their appearance in camp. They reach here generly (sic) about a day old. All very quiet. Been quite smart today.

8th. Today has been anything but pleasant. Health very poor, chills nearly every day. No news of importance from the picket line, all quiet. Weather continues dry and warm through the day with cold nights.

9th. Am better today, no news at all. All quiet. Appearance of rain at nine o'clock roll call.

12th. There seems to have been a very important movement along our whole line today. Early this morning we received orders to break camp, and by twelve m. the entire brigade was in motion. The design of the movement is beyond my comprehension, as we knew nothing about it until we received orders to march. But we will undoubtedly learn, in a few days, its object.

The sick of whom there is quite a number, are still left in camp, awaiting transportation to Warrenton Junction. It has been threatening rain all day, but has succeeded in giving us only a few drops. It is still threatening, however.

13th. We have been waiting all day for ambulances from Warrenton Junction but they have not made their appearance up to this time (near sunset) are expecting to remain in camp all night. All has been quiet in camp, though heavy cannonading has been heard, at intervals, up the river, all day. The weather has been delicious, a heavy rain having fallen last night laid the dust, purified the air, making it altogether more agreeable than usual. Have been very ill.

14th. We are still in the old camp near Falmouth. Ambulances did not come last night, but are expecting to start for the "junction" early in the morning. We are nearly out of rations for ourselves and forage for our horses, for the horses of the sick were left in camp with them. Our situation is critical as we are constantly exposed to the incursions of "guerillas", in which case we would undoubtedly be lost by capture.

All has been quiet in camp, but the booming of cannon has been heard occasionally in the direction of Culpeper. The winter has been delightful.

15th. No conveyances having arrived, and our provisions having run "short", it was determined to start for Warrenton Junction with such as we had, which was one ambulance that had been left, an old one-horse cart that had been picked up in the country. In these, those the least able to ride, were placed, the rest mounting their horses.

We started at seven and a half o'clock in the morning and arrived at the Corps Hospital at 4 p.m. The ride was very hard for me, as we didn't stop to rest the whole distance, some 25 miles. We found no room in the hospital and as a matter of course had to "bunk" in the open air for the night. A little boiled beef, bread and coffee were served to us. Almost nothing would have been better for a sick man.

16th. I passed last night very uncomfortably, and today my condition has been but little better. Have had no medical attendance today. Cavalry Corps Hospital ordered to Culpeper, the union troops having taken possession of that place. The worst cases at this place are to be sent to Washington. Quite a number of wounded was brought in from the front this morning. Just after I had lain down for the night I learned that I was to be sent to Washington.

Of all places the most disagreeable, the Corps Hospital is one. It is the most illy conducted institution of the kind I have seen in the whole army. In the first place it is situated where it is next to impossible to get water, and that is of a very poor quality. And the next is, the surgeon in charge is a man of very immoral habits, reckless in character, and of course the duties of the hospital are conducted in a corresponding manner. Nearly all the bunks are placed on the ground with little or no straw underneath, while every tent actually swarms with vermin. These things are

not the "force" of circumstances, for they might easily be dispensed with. I felt glad in my heart when I heard my name pronounced "for Washington".

Stephensburg, Va.
March 23, '64

My Dear Brother,

It has been a long while since I got a letter from home, but I have heard by way of others that you were very sick but, lately, that you were getting better. I fear my diary has been of little interest to you, but when you get well you may find some interest in it. Trusting you may soon recover I will now try and resume my diary though the last I sent you has now been gone some time.

September 17th. Should the eyes of any disposed to criticise (sic) fall on the preceding part of my "diary", they would lay it down at once that I am a confirmed grumbler. But such is not the case. I am willing to give credit where credit is due. But I cannot cover up the demerits of others and especially those in the public service, for the sake of making a good story. "Give the Devil his due" is a worthy maxim, but when he isn't worthy of praise I do not feel disposed to flatter. But to continue. This morning after a considerable manoeuvering the sick were transferred to the cars, a distance of perhaps 200 yards, and finally were under way for Washington. The cars employed for the purpose were those used as freight cars, and, as a matter of course their conveniences and comforts were few.

We did not arrive in Washington til in the night, waited some time at the depot for ambulances, which came after a while, where the invalids were conveyed to the different hospitals in the city. I was brought to the Lincoln General Hospital, which is situated a mile east of the Capitol, on quite an elevated piece of ground. I was brought

to ward "7" and "bed No. 31" was assigned to my use.

Oh how cheering it did seem to have the prospect of laying one's weary bones down on a clean comfortable bed once more. After taking a good wash, and changing my "regimentals" for a clean suit of hospital clothing, I lay down contented.

November 7, 1863. As a description of one day at the hospital is sufficient for all, I will confine myself to a view of the institution in general.

And a description of the Lincoln Hospital will answer for most others in this city. The Lincoln Hospital is composed of two immense "wings", spreading out in the form of the letter A. Each wing is composed of ten wards, and each ward forms a separate and distinct building of nearly 200 feet in length by 24 in width. There is corridor, or covered sidewalk, running the whole length of both wings, and from each wing also to the mess room, which stands in the hollow formed by the two wings. The wash room, knapsack room, guard house, and sutter's shop are within this hollow also. But to return to the ward.

At the front end of the ward there are four little rooms. The first belongs to the "Sister" in charge of the ward, and from which she issues the rations and medicines prescribed to those patients not able to go to the "Mess" room. The second is a sort of "Ward Robe" in which is kept all the extra clothing belonging to the inmates of the hospital. No. 3 is the water closet containing a sink, bathing tub, &c., and No. 4 is a privy. The beds are arranged on each side of the ward with the head next to the wall. At the head of each bed is placed the No. of the bed, name, company and regiment of the occupant, with the name and nature of his disease, date of admission, &c., &c. The bedsteads are all made of iron covered with wooden slats. They are just wide enough for one man to lie on comfortably. The bed is composed of a hair or husk mattress, two cotton sheets, one or two pillows with as many good, warm blankets as the patient himself may require.

The whole is covered with a very nice "spread". This, however, is taken off at night, and replaced in the morning.

Each ward is amply ventilated, and is warmed by five or six large coal stoves placed in the center of the ward, the whole length.

And now I will speak of the officers and attendants of the hospital. First there comes the head surgeon or surgeon in charge. He directs the affairs of the whole institution. The surgeon in charge is followed by the ward surgeons each of whom has charge of one ward. They make their rounds twice each day; in the morning at nine o'clock, when the patients are provided for, and their matters attended to, and at six o'clock in the evening. The wards are visited by the surgeon in charge once each week, on Sunday morning.

In every ward there are three to five attendants, one of whom is styled "Ward Master". The surgeon writes out his prescriptions and the "Ward Master" then carries it to the "Dispensary", or medical department of the hospital, where the prescription is filled out by the hospital "Stewards". The medicines, properly labeled, are then taken to the "Sister", who gives it to her patients according to directions. These "Sisters" are Sisters of Charity, each of whom has the care of one ward, and the whole are superintended by a "Sister Superior". Their services are rendered, I think, without compensation, and better and more faithful nurses could not be found than they are. I have watched with admiration their patient and untiring labors for the sick and wounded soldiers, seeming like so many angels of mercy, ministering to the hearts and cares of the helpless invalids. Every hospital in Washington is supplied with a fine library, access to which may be had by all the patients. There is also a "Chapel" and chaplain. It is the duty of the chaplain to visit each ward every day ministering words of comfort

to the sick and dying. Many a mournful scene is he called upon to witness. Dr. Butler of Washington is the present chaplain of the Lincoln Hospital. I made his acquaintance at the "Seminary Hospital" of Georgetown in the fall of 1861. He is a fine man talented and much devoted to the cause in which he is engaged. In addition to the library of this hospital there is also a very fine Melodeon, the use of which is free to anyone acquainted with music. Quite lately there has been a series of prayer meetings held at the "Chapel", and with considerable success.

The grounds around the hospital are being improved as fast as possible, and by another summer will look well. (There is much more I would like to say in connection with this hospital, but my time willnot allow, so you will excuse me with this.) Oct. 5. Received 28 dollars from government. Oct. 6. Received a letter from home containing three dollars, and Oct. 12th sent home 18 dollars in "greenbacks".

Oct. 31st. Was mustered for pay and to-day, the 7th of November, I start for my regiment after a sojourn of nearly two months at the hospital. We were quartered at the "Soldiers Retreat" or "Rest" and are to await here till tomorrow, when we are to go to "Dismounted Camp". Here Mrs. Brainard, visiting agent for the Michigan Soldier's Relief Association, of this city, sent me quite a variety of little comforts, for which she has my sincerest thanks. The "Soldier's Rest" seems pretty much the same as usual, I can see no difference.

Sunday, November 8th. This morning the convalescents belonging to the cavalry were marched, under guard, to "Dismounted Camp", a distance of five or six miles. The Dismounted Camp is now situated across what is called the East Branch , which is nothing more than a sort of bayou putting out from the Potomac river. The East Branch seperates the District of Columbia, at this point, from Maryland. I do not like the location

of the present camp so well as that I visited in the summer, though I think it is conducted on a much better plan. As we had to walk all the way we were very tired when we arrived. Camp not very agreeable, will have to go through another initiation. Tent with an old hospital chum (Henry Davis).

Monday, 9th. The weather today has been very cold and dry, and the air filled with dust. The evening closed in with quite a flurry of snow, cold night ahead.

Sunday, November 15th. Started for the front once more, got as far as Bailie's Cross Roads, and camped for the night. Water and wood plenty, feel tired and unwell; got a hasty supper and will soon "turn in".

Bailie's Cross Roads are near Munson's Hill, and about five miles from Washington. Here is where I did my first picket duty as a soldier in the army of the Potomac in September of 1861. I made my coffee this evening from the same spring that supplied us with water during that memorable fall. The rebels then had possession of Munson's Hill which is only a half-mile distance from our camping ground.

Wednesday, 18th. Arrived at my company about noon. Found it at Stephensburg, Va. Regiment ordered out on picket, everything packed ready to march. The sick and a few others are ordered to remain in camp. Tired and weary from my long march. I remained behind.

Near sunset firing of cannon was heard in the direction of Racoon Ford. The rebels were just amusing themselves by firing a few shots at "our boys" as they went out to relieve the pickets.

19th. Received 23.25 dollars from government today and this evening joined the company on the picket line.

20th. Sent an army allotment of 20 dollars home.

23rd. In camp again.

24th. Regiment received orders to break camp and prepare for marching. Remained in camp, however, till 3 p.m. when the Regt. goes out on picket at Summerville Ford. Companies "K" and "F" take the first relief. A drizzling rain has fallen nearly all day. Night closed in rather uncomfortable. Roads in a very bad condition.

25th. On picket all day. Relieved at night by Companies "E and H". Returned to camp tired and weary.

26th. The regiment was roused early this morning and ordered pack and be ready to march at five o'clock. We are still in camp, however, all ready to fall in line at a moment's notice. Quite a heavy firing of cannon has been heard at intervals nearly all day. Rebels reported to be manning their rifle pitts (sic), and mounting heavy guns across the river. Movement expected. Report of a great victory in Tenn. by Gen. Thomas. Notwithstanding the circumstances under which we are placed the regiment was assembled for divine worship and thanksgiving, a short discourse by Reberend Mr. Summerville Regimental Saddles. Weather has been lovely today air cool and bracing. Expect to go out on picket in case we do not march.

27th. Did not go out on picket last night as we expected, and of course had another good night's rest. Took a ride out into the country and returned just in time to find the regiment falling into line. Regt. moved at eleven and a half a.m. down the Rapidan as far as Morton's Ford. Crossed at one and a half p.m., and formed a heavy skirmish line along the bank of the stream. So soon as a picket line had been established and it had become sufficiently dark we withdrew to a piece of woods half a mile to the rear and camped for the night. Nine o'clock p.m. wagon train moving down the river.

28th. The bugle notes ringing on the clear morning air roused us early from our slumbers.

Sunrise found us in the saddle, and the brigade once more crossed to the south bank of the river. Formed a strong skirmish line just in front of the rebel's old rifle pitts and earthworks. The day passed off, however, without a gun being fired on our line. There was a heavy cannonade, however, kept up in the direction of Raccoon Ford just above us. The First Brig. acted at this place. Drew ration about 4 p.m. and set about getting supper; got almost ready when we were ordered into line, so, coffee, sow-belley (sic) and hardtack had to be defered (sic). The Regt. then formed a skirmish line just in rear of the Fifth and remained until 9 p.m. when we were withdrawn to the north bank of the river. The greater part of the day has been stormy and consequently the ford was exceedingly difficult to cross and it was quite late before the whole brigade were got over. Through mistake Comp. K was sent out onto the picket line and one o'clock rolled round ere we lay down to rest. The day closed cloudy and cold.

29th. Regt. ocupies (sic) the ground it took up last night, and that portion of that portion on picket line was relieved at sunset. Just at dark we received orders to unsaddle. This we did cheerfully, it being only the second time we have unsaddled for the past week. The Pioneer Corps of the brigade has been busily engaged in repairing the Fort, and reported this evening, in good condition. The brigade has remained upon the north bank of the river all day. Numbers of the rebels have shown themselves on the (sic) oposite hights at various times today.

It has been rumored in camp today that Gen. Meade has made a flank movement on Lee's army and is successfully forcing that general back on the Rapidan. Heavy firing was heard this p.m. in the direction of Gordonsville. Meade reported to have captured

two rebel brigades and considerable artillery, but the rumors have not yet been confirmed.

Weather cloudy and cold.

30th. With the exception of saddling early this morning the regiment has been comparitively (sic) quiet today. A foraging party from Comp. K went out towards night in quest of grain for our horses. Found the country quite destitute, got a little, however and returned to camp after dark. Heavy firing has again been heard by and the river (sic). Companies K and F were detailed this evening to guard the train down the river. Amos Beach who was taken prisoner in a skirmish at Raccoon Ford the fifteenth made his escape from the rebels and returned to the company today. He reports the rebels in a very destitute condition. Though he suffered considerably in making his escape he returns fortunately well.

Weather clear and cold.

December 1st. The day has passed off with everything quiet along the lines. The reports from Gen. Meade are very conflicting. Company K returned to the regiment this evening. Regiment out on picket. Weather continues clear and cold.

December 2nd. Companies "K" and "F" (these two companies formed the fourth Squadron of the Sixth) take posts at Morton's ford at 9 a.m. At 10 a.m. and fired a couple of shots at a pioneer party that was throwing obstructions into the Ford. They retreated, however, on receiving a few shots from our rifle pitts. Considerable firing has been heard at Raccoon Ford above us, at one and a half p.m. At 2 p.m. Companies "B" and "C" came out to reinforce us. They report the rebels advancing. Were relieved at 3 p.m. by a portion of the First Vermont Cavly. Regt. moved back into the woods a half mile to the rear.

A few shots at Raccoon Ford has (sic) been heard at intervals till dark. Reported that Meade is falling back toward the Rapidan. Exp'ect to fall back during the night. Wagon train moved back this morning. We remained saddled up to this time, (6 p.m.). Weather today has been moderate. Clear sky this evening, regiment out of forage for horses.

3rd. Did not fall back last night as expected. This morning, for the purpose of foraging, was detailed from each company. (?) I accompanied the foragers. Our course lay down the river.

Found but little grain but obtained enough corn for our horses today.

At 12:30 the brigade began to fall back. Fell back to Stephensburg where we halted and went into camp at our old post.

We had barely pitched our tents when we were ordered to repack and mount. The rebels, it was reported, were crossing the river and had already attacked our picket line.

We were soon in line and marched out toward the picket line. The entire division had moved. But the report was false, as the rebels had been repulsed, for the column had countermarched by the left flank and returned to camp. We hope yet to get a good night's rest. We found our division train lying at Stevensburg (sic). The day has been delightful. Clear sky this evening.

4th. This has been a busy day in camp. Pitching tents, policing the camp ground, establishing a line for our horses has been the order of the day. We had a short drill this p.m. and an infantry dress parade in the evening. Two letters reached me from home. Washington papers of yesterday came in tonight. Weather moderate.

5th. Inspection of cavalry mounted ocupied (sic) the greater part of the a.m. and this p.m. we came out on picket. The Sixth is posted at Raccoon Ford. Sergt. Morton, with five men, myself included, are sent out on a special post, towards Summerville Ford.

| A large amount of infantry up to and camped around Stevensburg. They are said to be going into winter quarters. Rebel drums plainly heard from the line. Weather continued good. Signed Matthew, Stevensburg, April 18, 1864. |

December 6. 2nd Battalion moved to Sommerville Ford and do picket duty at that post. Companies "K" and "F" on picket at sunset. No news. Weather clear, but this evening extremly (sic) cold.

7th. Out on picket early this morning. All quiet along the line to-day.

Squadron relieved at 4 p.m. Last night the weather was exceedingly cold, and this morning everything was frozen up hard, but it is more moderate tonight.

8th, Relieved and returned to camp. Rumors in camp that the 2nd Brigade is going to Alexandria to winter. | Wrote a letter to Brothr Sammy today. | Weather continues clear and cold.

9th. Nothing of importance has occurred in camp today aside from inspection of arms and equipments, and the usual preliminaries attending that exercise. We got hay for our horses today (no period) The first we've had since I returned to the regiment.

10th. Nothing of note has occurred today. Dress parade at sunset. Weather increasingly cold. Bitter cold at dark.

11th. The Fourth Squadron (Co.'s K and F) was unexpectedly called out last night from our warm beds, to go to Culpeper for horses. We left camp at 10 in the evening and arrived at Culpeper at 4 a.m. today taking six hours to accomplish the

task of going about five miles.

Our being lost was the reason of our being so long on the way. (You would be surprised were you to come into Virginia and behold the entire desolation that reigns) The ocupancy (sic) of the country by both armies successively has swept away almost every guide and waymark by which the traveler usually traces his way, such as trees, fences, houses in many instances, and more especially growing crops. You will not wonder then at our being lost, especially as the night was very dark and foggy.) We obtained the best horses I have seen brought to the army. I drew a fine little bay. Returned to camp at 4 p.m. Weather is very cold during the day but more moderate at night.

12th. This morning I felt pretty much used up on account of my ride the night before and yesterday. The morning was bright, but at 12 m. it became quite lowering and this p.m. a drizzling rain has fallen most of the time. Regt. out on picket again today Germnainia Ford. This ford is about two miles below Morton's Ford. Weather warm and mild. 7 p.m. two desserters from the rebel army surprised our line at this late hour. It was wonderful how they found our line at all, the darkness being intense, and the rain falling heavily. They were nearly destitute in point of clothing and represented themselves as being a credit to their army in general.

They report their army much discouraged, will be sent to headquarters tomorrow.

13th. After a hasty repast this morning our prisoners were sent to Head-qurs. Nothing has transpired on our line today worthy of note, unless it be the attempt to exchange papers with the rebels across the river. The attempt proved a failure, however, on account of the swollen state of the stream. The heavy rain of last night had raised the water very rapidly and to a considerable extent. A beautiful rainbow was seen this morning, indicative

indicative of storm, but the day has passed with weather clear and moderate. Evening clear and warm.

14th. With the exception of a slight shower about 3 p.m. the day has been very pleasantly (sic). At the time of writing (7 p.m.) however, a heavy wind is blowing rendering it rather disagreeable to stand post. Nothing has occured along the line aside from the usual routine of relieving and posting the videtts (a vidett is a mounted picket, consequently always a cavalryman. Videtts are always thrown out in advance of all other pickets.) 4th Squadron relieved relieved (sic) by the first and returned to reserve post. Bright moon tonight.

15th. Today has passed very quietly. The weather has been beautifully warm, unlike the present month of my own northern home. Has every appearance of being cold tonight. Clear and beautiful starlight.

16th. We were relieved at 1 p.m. today by the 1st Mich. Cavly, and returned to camp at Stephensburg. Dress parade this evening, on which occasion, orders, permitting enlisted men to have a short furlough home, were read to the men. Weather clear and cold.

17th. There are times when the soldier really enjoys himself, and there are times too when his situation is not the most enviable.

When the sun went down last evening behind the western hills, not a cloud dimmed the broad canopy above us and the soldiers lay down confident of another night of quietly cold and refreshing sleep. But alas! his hopes. The northern tempest's rudest blast came howling over our camp, waking us to behold ourselves long-afloat! The pine trees above and around us quaking and writhing beneath their loads of sleet and snow, as the heavy gusts of wind came rushing through their bended tops. Our poor horses, how I pity them!

shiver and shake with the unusual cold fairly groaning their agony. Breakfast was got in the rain, over a pine log fire, and was eaten in the rain, but this is only one of the many instances of the same nature. The day continued lowery and the evening closed in stormy enough and now while I write the rain is pouring down in torrents.

18th. Today has been more pleasant cloudy but no rain. Reported this evening that the Guerrilla Mosby, has burnt another train of cars, capturing and cutting off our mail. Rumored that we will move tomorrow the condition of the ground on which our present camp is situated rendering it necessary. Everything is mud, mud, mud, from one end of the camp to the other.

19th. We are still in our old camp. Did not move as was expected. The day has been extremely cold. Indeed, very disagreeably so. Camp inspection tomorrow, for which preparations have been made today. Minus news.

20th. Instead of inspection as was anticipated the regiment was ordered out on picket, and in obedience to orders we relieved the 7th Regt. at Morton's Ford. Prospect rather cheerless as the weather is very cold.

21st. Last night was, I think, without any exception, the coldest we have experienced this season. The weather otherwise, however, was very agreeable, everything being clear as a bell. Companies "K" and "F" were relieved at 4 p.m. by Companies "G" and "H" and we returned to our reserve post. On our way in one of the boys shot a bald eagle, the first I had ever had the pleasure of examining closely. Its wings from tip to tip measured fully four and a half feet. Its beak was half filled with flesh torn from the carcas of one of the dead horses lying around. It was in the act of devouring it when shot. The weather tonight is more moderate. I hope to have a good night's rest.

22nd. All quiet on the lines. Companies "K" and "F" out on post again. Sergt. Norton started for home last night on furlough of 15 days. Weather moderate.

23rd. Regt. relieved at 12 m. today by the 7th Regt. Returned to camp. Ordered to build winter quarters, near the old camp ground. Weather again changed. Quite a fall of snow last night. Extremely cold.

24th. Everything is excitement and bustle in camp today in selecting ground and carrying material for the purpose of building. Considerable has been done, considering our circumstances, toward the accomplishment of our object. Cold, cold, cold.

25th. Christmas unlike the merry-making Christmas of home, today has been one of labor and toil in the camp. The regiment has been busily engaged in building winter quarters, and several instances of our progress may be seen in several huts already nearly completed.

26th. My bunk mates and myself have nearly completed our house at sunset this evening and I had begun to anticipate considerable comfort this winter, but a detail was made ordering me to Brig. Hd. Qrs.

Am detail on Gen. Custar's escort. Reported to my new quarters and will have to camp tonight in the open air. Threatens rain.

27th. Passed last night more comfortably than I expected to. The threatened rain passed round. Inspection of the arms and equipments of the escort by Capt. and A. A. Gen. Green. Heavy storm set in about 11 a. m. and continued all day. Two or three of us went out this p. m. in quest of lumber for the purpose of building winter quarters. Didn't return until after dark.

Raining hard at 9 p. m.

28th. Has continued to storm nearly all day with scarcely any intermission, but at sunset has the appearance of a change. Growing colder. Have been on duty at my new post today.

29th. Weather more moderate today. Storm passed off and sky clear and bright, with a lovely sunset. Out in the woods cutting timber for our new houses. Two letters came today from home.

30th. Nothing worthy of remark has occurred today, with the exception that myself and bunk mates have been busily engaged in building our new quarters.

Weather has been delightful, but very muddy underfoot.

31st. On duty today and a hard day it has been. Although last night set in so beautifully clear, this morning the last of 1863, broke cloudy and chill, with a light drizzling rain. The rain increased to a storm, however, and continued with greater or less violence all day, and tonight the old year seems to be going out in morning (sic) in clouds and darkness, welcoming the new with a frown.

January 1st, 1862. Another year has flown another year has passed into eternity and with thousands hopes have fallen. And thousands noble hearts have been crushed. Our country still feels the opressive hand of war, the contending elements of deadly strife are still arrayed against each other, and the ravages and desolations left behind the waves of conflict stand as prominent features all over the land. To the Union and Republic, however, the past year has been one of unparalelled success. The national arms, on both land and sea, have been triumphant and peace the boon for which every true American longs, looks not so far distant. The rebellion, so gigantic in its outset so powerful in its operations and so demoralizing in its results, is, we trust, well nigh crushed. The rebellion is on the wane, and ere 1864 shall have flown, we may hope for

the restoration of our country to its original prosperity and greatness, and for the final and complete triumph of the old Flag. To this end let us pray. Let us thank God for the success of the past year, and trust to Him the destinies of our country for the present. He alone can aid us and protect us from internal and external foes, and confound and break the arms of our enemies.

Notwithstanding the gloomy nature of the weather last night, this morning broke bright and fair, but as the day advanced it grew colder and now at 8 o'clock p.m. it is extremely so. Snow could be plainly seen on the Blue Ridge this morning.

2nd. Last night was without any exceptions the coldest we have experienced this winter and today has been equally cold. So tedious indeed has the weather been that we could do but little towards the completion of our winter quarters. There is no news of any importance. Everything is quiet and everybody is enjoying himself as well as the cold weather and the circumstances of the soldier will admit.

3rd. Nothing of interest has occurred today. The weather, though, has been more favorable and as I am on duty it comes quite opportune, and is, I trust, gratefully appreciated.

4th. Went over to the regiment. Found everything, excepting quarters for the horses, very comfortably situated indeed. The commanding officer, Maj. Kidd, has got matters so arraigned (sic) that the regiment, doing picket duty, is divided into three reliefs; so the men come on picket duty only once in 9 days. By the former rule they came on every three days.

Got two letters from Mich. one containing the photograph of a friend. Some two or three inches of snow has fallen today, making the earth, in its wintry coat, appear in strong contrast with its spring-like garb of yesterday. We are now in our

new winter quarters and find them very comfortable.

5th. Today has disappeared about as fast as it came, and this evening the ground is nearly bare. Nothing of importance has occurred.

6th. There has been a rumor today that the rebels are moving down into Shenandoah Valley and that we will soon vacate our comfortable quarters for the tented field. This is in direct opposition to the feelings of most of us, and we most sincerely hope the rumor is without foundation. We do not relish a winter campaign. The second and sixth army corps are said to have already moved.

7th. Went over to the regiment to get my boots repaired at the saddlers shop.

Those who went home on furlough the 23rd of last month were expected to return today and horses were sent to the Brandy Station for the purpose of bringing them to camp.

Weather today very cold, indeed, we may be said to be in the highth of winter. The roads, in consequence of freezing and thawing, are in bad condition; and the going, even on horseback extremely difficult, and not unfrequently dangerous. Half past eight o'clock p.m. snowing quite fast.

8th. Lieut. Pendill and Sergt. Norton returned from their brief furlough home (.) No news. Weather fine.

9th. Received a letter from Portland, Me. Brings news of good sleighing. Also received a letter from Croton, Mich. All quiet. Day beautiful.

10th. Went to the regiment, all quiet there. The men employed in building stables for the horses. Weather today has been delightful.

11th. We have had delightful weather today. The sunrise was glorious. The Blue Ridge looming up in the distance, the clear valley between here and there, with

with now and then an intervening patch of timber, with the brilliant sky, made a picture worthy of the painter's pencil.

There is no news with the exception that the paymaster will be here soon. This we hope for as most of us are in want of money.

12th. Today has passed off very quietly, much as usual. The officers have gay times and Gen. Custar seems to enjoy himself exceedingly.

The boys made a "pung" for him today and he has been taking the benefit of it while the snow should last. No news, all quiet.

13th. Weather today has moderated very much and this evening it has the appearance of rain. Received a letter from Croton. Due for news.

14th. This has been washing-day with me. This evening went to Regt. Weather continues mild. Company out on picket.

15th. Have been on duty today. The weather has been very fine over head but disagreeable enough under foot on account of the thaw. Threatens rain. Sentinel on post observed signal lights in the direction of Pony Mountain. Further than this, however, all has been quiet.

16th. One could not wish for more delightful weather than we are now having, were it not for the disagreeableness under foot, but with the present clear, warm sky this will not long continue.

17th. Two deserters were brought in today and reported at these Hd. Qurs. I have not had the privilige (sic) of speaking with them, but it is reported they represent the rebels to be in distressing circumstances.

18th. All has been quiet today. Indeed the monotony of our everyday life renders it impossible to obtain any news worthy of record. We can record a change

in the weather, however, and that is something. One of those deep and searching thaws, that loosens everything congealed, and so common in January, has brought clouds and rain, raising and swelling the streams tribly (sic), and literaly (sic) making mud, and this evening within doors the situation is, by far the more agreeable. On duty today.

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Stevensburg, Va.
February 22nd '64

My dear Brother,

Since the Army began to move in last June, I have kept a Diary and as it will be somewhat difficult for me to carry it with me, I will copy it and send it to you, and you may preserve it for me until my return. I needed before you the original, but it was so much written with pencil and of great deal of it is so nearly erased that you would not be able to make it out. I shall make a few alterations in it though I shall give it almost entire. I could not write very frequently, but this will give you quite an idea of what soldiers have to endure. My Diary will commence the 25th of last June, and continue up to this present time. On the 24th of last March the 1st Mich. Cavalry was ordered to the front and consequently we had to break camp, quite comfortable quarters, and thenceforth had in our share of the hard, a soldier's life. Our first camp, just beyond this side of the Potomac was established about a half mile south of Fairfax C. H. on the turnpike leading from Alexandria to Alda, Middleburg, Upperville, Ashby's or through the Blue Ridge, Vt. at Snicker's Gap, into the Shenandoah valley. At Fairfax our regiment was brigaded with the 1st 5th & 7th Mich. Cavalry regiments, and Col. Copeland of the 5th was promoted to Brigadier General & appointed to the command of the Michigan Brigade, and the whole was united to Gen. Stahl's Division, which formed a portion of that force designated as the "Defence of Washington" under command of Gen. Heintzelman. The 7th Regt did not join the brigade, however, until some time after we had been at

Fairfax. The first Movement the 6th was engaged in, was a raid to Vienna, and a most disagreable time we had of it. The picket line there, it was reported, had been attacked by Mosby's Guerrillas, and we were ordered out to this deployment. We arrived there in the night, found everything quiet, & but throughout the next day (about the 30th March) which which was stormy, we kept up a strong line & a vigilant watch, and just at night returned to Camp at Fairfax. Bad Pay, at this time we were without rations blankets or anything to make us comfortable, and as you may suppose, when we returned to Camp, the men, men & horses, were a dony looking set. However we bore it cheerfully, and the 1st of April we started out on a raid to Alsie. This was a fruitless one, as far as I could see, and the next day we returned to Camp with this result. I carried mail & tired horses. About the 7th of April another raid was planned, & the whole brigade left Camp at 7 o'Clock in the morning. It was a long fast trip, we arrived at Alsie, halted & threw out picket & standing parties, the larger portion of the Brigade assembled & kindling fires, orient & cooked with about 2 men was sent out on the road to Middleburg to reconnoitre, he went as far as the outskirts of the town, and finding no enemy he returned to the regiment, just about daylight. As soon as day had fairly broke, we were again on the move, and by 7 o'Clock we were charging into town. But the rebels had by some, got wind of our approach, and saved themselves by flight. We pursued on to a small stream called Goose Creek, about three miles distant from Middleburg, & we had been sent out in the advance and running ahead of our forces they charged them, and they turned & fled and our as treated. Thirty men attempted to escape, 1st Co. Goose Creek Company K.

and I was left to hold a bridge while the rest of the regiment operated at various points. But we saw only a few rebels & just at night the regiment joined the brigade at Middleburg; and the rebels body crossed back towards Aldie. The road at Aldie crosses a point of the Bull Run Mts. and just then we were struck by one of the most severe snow storms I ever experienced. It came full in to our faces & when we dismounted at Aldie the snow was full three or four inches deep. Fortunately Company K. chef not have to go out, and we secured the cabin, my Orderly Billy Gordon & myself, built a little fire, scraped away the snow, & ~~retired for the night~~ laying our blankets on the cold, damp ground retired for the night. And here, speaking of Wm. Gordon, I will say he was one of the most cheerful men I ever saw. He was the life & wit of Company K, and his lively sallies often relieved a dull moment of the column to the other. On the night of which I speak, Billy was very unwell, and so coming, & snugly tucking the blankets around him I lay down beside him & slept soundly till morning.

But to continue, it was two o'clock the next morning before we left Aldie. Fortunately the weather had moderated, and we had a good pike to travel on, so we made right when we got into camp. We immediately set about making our quarters as comfortable as possible, splitting and hewing floors for horses, & the 6th, the last all preceding Brigade completed, which marched for the picket line, was the very. Of course we had to break camp once more, and pitch down into that night, on what was called "The Iron Gap". The line which the 6th was assigned to picket extended from Hooker's Mill, on, Difficult Creek through, by way of the Chantilly battle ground to Centreville. My first turn on picket was at a post near Centreville where I made my "Union Picket" from this time on to the moving of

of the Army in Virginia, we had various adventures, and plenty of exposures, we were generally on the picket line from three to four days, and seldom in Camp more than 48 hours & sometimes not more than 24. Each Company had do a march of three miles to picket, & were relieved by from the regiments alternately. The most important movement in which the 4th was engaged while lying at Foxes Farm was a Chase after Mosby about the 4th of June. We were called out by daylight & ordered to saddle, and before we had time to get breakfast we mounted & the column moved out. As we crossed the picket line at what was called "The Ranger's Road" we passed the dead carcass of a horse, the work of Mosby the night before. The column pushed on until we arrived at a section of the country called the "Swinging Pan", where we halted, and the Commander of the regiment with only two men proceeded to a house near half a mile distant, and while he was absent the rear guard was attacked by Mosby himself & band. Strange to say our force was as well known to them, until this assault, as their presence was known to us, although we were looking for them. About one hundred shots were exchanged but before the column could be got into position Mosby was out of the way, fortunately for him he did not stop to fight us after he learned our strength. The result of this brush was one or two wounded on our side & several wounded on the rebel with some horses killed. We should, & would, have killed or captured Mosby & nearly all his gang, but our Commanding officer simply "Caved", and Mosby was enabled to clear himself & escape. We got his dispatch, however, and he carried off nine of our men to Libby prison. Our failure in

this affair was not the fault of the Commander, a man was in his place, and of course it could be laid to no one but the officer in charge. We followed on the trail of Mosby very slowly, and although his horses were badly wounded, he continued to make his escape complete. We were joined at Drainsville, by Company "G" which had been sent out on another road, and returned to camp about dark, tired & hungry. Company "K" was sent out on two different scouts after guerrillas; once about the 20th of June, Saint Pendleton with 20 men was sent out on the Alexandria & Leesburg turnpike, a distance from camp of about 25 miles. We charged boldly into Leesburg taking the people by surprise, for it was a rebel stronghold. Captured some horses & mules & returned to camp, once over as two adventures & have only time to mention them.

By the 20th June the hills & fields around Fairfax and Centreville were white with canvas, and our brigade was relieved from the picket line and sent out, with rest of the division, on a raid to Warrenton & Beallton Station. And when we returned to Fairfax, the 24th we found everything changing. So of course, we received orders to pack up and be ready for an active campaign.

From that up to this we have been identified with the Army of the Potomac. And here begins my diary.

June 25th 1863. To-day new scenes open up before us. The enemy is on the move, and the Army of the Potomac must move also, to check him. This morning we were early called from our slumbers, and astonished to find that the hills that only yesterday were covered with canvass, are now bare, showing plainly that not a day, that only an army on the move can have

We broke Camp at 8 o'clock this morning, and took up the line of March, our destination being Maryland.

The 6th Michigan was detached to act as rear guard to the wagon train, and consequently our progress was slow & tedious, but got along well, however, as the weather was very fine, like ~~mo~~ Oct, 'til 4 o'clock P.M. when a heavy drizzling rain set in, rendering our ride disagreeable enough. We struck the Alexandria & Leesburg pike near Dranesville, and from that point till we reached the rivers the road was good. We reached & crossed the Potomac & Potomac rivers, about 8 o'clock p.m. at Edwards Ferry. We were necessarily detained somewhat in crossing, as our force was large, for we had left the train at the pike, some two miles back from the river, and joined the main body of the ~~regiment~~ division. We got over safely, however, and with but little difficulty, and as we were all tired & hungry, and our animals very much jaded, we hoped to pass here for the night. But our hopes proved only a delusion. The storm continued with unabated violence, and as the night grew on the air grew colder. We continued our march towards Poolesville, where the head of the column rested. By some mistake our regiment, as it was in the rear, lost its way in the dark & storm, and wandering & floundering among the hills & gullies it was Midnight, when we found the rest of the troops at Poolesville.

Overcome with the unusual task of the day, it was impossible for Bob to keep his eyes open, and before our Column halted, he had ~~fallen~~ nestled down & quite a number of Cat-naps and several times fancied that he was in dream land. My horse went as he pleased & where he pleased, and it was with some difficulty that I found my company when the regiment stopped. As soon as I had found

(My company I immediately took my from hands, fed him half the grain I had (knowing Cran and Marsh has to carry at least one day's ration of grain with him,) and spreading a blanket at the roots of a large tree, and wrapping my cloak and a talma (rubber blanket) about me I lay down, & soon fell into a good sound sleep forgetting all fatigues of the past day & thoughtless of the tales ahead.

26th. Notwithstanding the fatigues of yesterday I awoke early, felt very much refreshed. The storm had ceased, but there were heavy black clouds overhead, and plenty of wind and surplus water underfoot. My first attention was paid to my horse, by giving him the remainder of the oats, and the next was to prepare a little coffee for myself. But on looking for the little pail I usually cooked coffee in, I found some one had borrowed it, and had forgotten to return it, so I had to content myself with a little raw pork and hard bread. We were in the saddle early, marching on towards Fredrick City, which place we reached about twelve, M.

I shall never forget the surprise with which I was struck as we approached this lovely beautiful place. Since leaving we had been passing over a very ordinary country, but poorly cultivated, and abounding in rocks & gullies.

Fredrick City is situated in Fredrick County, and in the most the most delightful valley it has my lot to cast eyes on. The valley is formed by range of high hills that jut or branch out from the Blue Ridge, and is of several miles in extent. We entered the town from the South east, over a mass of rocks & earth which, though only a mile from the place, hid it from our view, till we had arrived at the very brink. I then afterwards saw that defies discription. The whole valley had the appearance of one vast garden, conducted on a large scale. The wheat, (and

such broad fields,) had just assumed its golden hue, and stood high above the solid stone fences that enclosed the fields, seeming, as it were, a happy welcome to the reaper & his sickle. Contrasted with this were the broad acres of meadow with its rich green color, ever varying, as the grass fell and rose with the passing breeze. Then large cornfields, noble orchards ~~and~~ magnificent dwellings and spacious barns, betokened a degree of wealth I had never before witnessed. The houses and barns are built of necessity of stone taken from the surrounding hills.

The city I cannot so well describe, as we only passed through, and I had no time to search any particular places. It had, however, the appearance of being well regulated. The streets were clean & the houses new and bright.

The brigade halted in a large meadow half a mile north of the town, and we were furnished with shelter tents.

Plenty of bright, clean straw was given us for our tents by the owner of the field, and after securing our horses, and refreshing ourselves with a regular meal, of which we had not partaken since leaving Fairfax, we consoled ourselves with the prospect of a comfortable night's rest. In the afternoon the sun came out bright & warm and we improved the time in drying our blankets, clothes, &c, which had become completely soaked in the preceding storm.

27th. This forenoon we employed ourselves in cleaning our arms and accoutrements, which had, from exposure in the storms of the two preceding days, become exceedingly rusty and unserviceable. Shortly after ten o'clock the bugle sounded ~~again~~, and we again struck our tents, saddled our horses and again fell in line. The column was headed towards Emmitsburg, and we continued our march till near sunset when we halted at a place, bivouacing in the open air in the edge of the town, Emmitsburg

is situated near the Pennsylvania line on the Maryland side, and is surrounded by a very good agricultural country. And everything had an air of comfort and even elegance.

The most prominent feature of this place is (I believe it it is called) the St Mary's College, a catholic institution.

It is situated some distance out of town in a rather retired place. Although I could not get an accurate view of it from the any point of observation. Still it has the appearance of a magnificent structure. The grounds around are beautiful.

At this place the farmers from the country brought in wagon loads of corn in the ear for our horses, and the citizens of the place manifested great interest in our welfare. We slept that night in the open air, with no other covering save our blankets and the starry canopy of heaven.

28th Sabbath morning. This morning we drew two days rations for the men & one for our horses. Twelve o'clock, Mrs found us in the saddle, and the column moved out on the road leading to Gettysburg Pa. We reached Gettysburg some time in the p.m. and again bivouacked in the open field. There was a demonstration of joy manifested by the people, the streets, the windows and piazzas of the houses were thronged, and we were cheered on every side, with cheers and the waving of flags and handkerchiefs. The citizens vied with each other in paying attention to our comfort, and even brought hot coffee and other refreshments to us while we lay in camp (bivouac) by the pike side and bastile fence. We found the rebels had been here ahead of us, and had destroyed a rail road bridge, and burnt several cars, the charred fragments of which still remained on the track. They had also burnt a small station on the rail road some distance out. There was a large quantity of grain at the station. The rebels were repulsed in strong

force at Little York R. and we lay down at night with the expectation of soon crossing steel with the enemy.

29th About 9 o'clock P.M. we were again ordered into line; and we marched back to Emittsburg Road. The Column passed on through town and went into Camp, while Company K. of the 6th filed off to the right and went on picket at _____ Creek. At 2 A.M. we were ordered to join the regiment. The rations issued yesterday were found to be short, and by this time (2 A.M.) the necessities of nature were rather pressing. So Saint Randall, who was in command, halted at a large Grist Mill and asked if provisions could be obtained there. And received a negative answer. When a robust looking farmer, who stood by, requested the Saint to march his Company into his house. Of course the Saint complied, and rations in a liberal quantity, consisting of good fresh bread and apple-butter were issued from his cellar, till every man (about 40) was filled.

The noble hearted farmer would not accept of any consideration for his generosity. So as we turned away we gave him three hearty cheers, that came from hearts big with gratitude. Not a boy in Company K. will soon forget the dinner on horseback at the farmer's gate.

When we joined the regiment we found the troops were moving. We marched on till 11 o'clock in the night, when we halted in a large field of woods. We were allowed to unsaddle and without fire or supper we lay down to pass the few remaining hours of the night in sleep.

30th I awoke early, and as we had no grain for our horses, I cut an armful of grass for my horse, from an adjoining meadow, with my pocket knife. He had not time to eat the whole of it before the bugles sounded.

and the whole Column was soon mounted.

The head of the Column led out on the gallop and it was kept up till we reached Shittlestown, Pa. a distance of 7 or 8 miles. At Shittlestown we were ordered to unsaddle & feed, as plenty of forage was furnished us. After attending to my horse I made a cup of Coffee, the first I had tasted since we left the farmer's gate yesterday, (as we'd had orders issued to us) and lay down for an hour's rest. It was here rumored that a fight was going on at Hanover, and of course we were not long allowed to enjoy an quiet but a short time.

I had just time to saddle, and fill my canteen with water before the Column moved. As in the morning, we moved off at the gallop, and ~~and~~ for four miles we went as though our lives depended on our speed. And as we knew not how much further we had to go at that rate, many of the men, in order to unburden their already jaded animals, loosed their packs from their saddles and threw them out on the roadside. Our rapid march soon brought us within sound of battle. The 6th Corps had halted at four corners of the road, about one & a half miles from Hanover. One battalion was sent to the right, while the balance of the balance of the regiment was formed in column of platoons, for the purpose of repelling any charge that might come from the rebels in that quarter.

A battery soon opened on the battalion sent out on the right, and it was compelled to fall back. It was soon ascertained that the rebels were getting around to our rear, & we were obliged to make a countermovement in order to extricate ourselves. Company "B" in protecting our rear was nearly cut off & did not join the regiment till night after the fight was all over. By making a circuitous route we gained the opposite side of the town where we joined the remaining portion of the brigade.

Here we were ordered to "dismount, to fight on foot" and we were soon deployed into line, with Carbines and Sharps. Every man was in his place, and as we we came to the front we had to pass over the dead bodies of several rebel and Union soldiers, that had fallen in a sabre charge earlier in the day. As the boys passed them they would pause, make a few remarks, and pass on.

The rebels soon caught sight of us, and immediately sent us their compliments in the form of a shell, which came shrieking through the air until it had arrived nearly above our heads, when it burst, scattering its fragments hissing and screeching about our heads and feet. The boys ducked their heads, looked a little bit "skeery", but not a man flinched. We pushed on at "double quick" till we arrived at a ditch which afforded us some shelter. Here we halted for something, when we were again ordered forward. And we halted in a wheat field and lay under cover, the shells in the meantime playing a perfect of caper over us. After awhile we advanced to a fence across a part of the field & halted. Here I learned to my sorrow, that we were just acting as a support to a line of skirmishers still in front of us. As we lay under cover, I fell asleep and enjoyed quite a nap. This may not be approvable at all such occasions, but I was so overcome by the fatigue of the past three days, that I could not resist the temptation.

We did not however remain long at the fence. The fight was concluded, the victory ours, and we returned to our horses, and went into Camp near Hanover.

Our success this day was complete, and we lay down satisfied with ourselves.

Dear Bob, I will send this now, and the rest as fast as I can copy it. Preserve this for me, and oblige your bro.

Brother Matthew.

Stephensburg, Va.,
July 26th 1864

My dear Rob.

I left you at Stevensburg after a hard day's flight and I will now continue.

July 1st This morning after a very scanty meal we once more fell into line and again directed our course towards Gettysburg, where we were told the rebels were concentrating in force. At noon we halted in a fine farming country, where we found plenty of hay & grain for our animals and an abundance of provisions for ourselves. After a rest of two hours we again took up the line of march, which was continued till near sunset when we were hastily formed in line of battle in a large cornfield & other fields adjoining. Here we expected to have a fight, as large bodies of troops could be plainly seen off on a parallel road about two miles to the right. They were thought to be Stuart's Cavalry, but were soon ascertained to be our own troops and the 6th Corps. We remained up in a large clover lot where we rested for the night. (I am sorry I have not time enough to tell the names of all the places through which we passed, as it would assist you in tracing out our route on the map.)

2nd The column was early in motion, and about 12 M. we halted for an hour at the beautiful little town of _____, 10 miles from Gettysburg. At this little place the people came out with milk & water for the thirsty & many a soldier was thanking them & bidding them God speed, in the coming conflict. Here we first learned that the contending forces had met at Gettysburg. About 4 p.m. the heavy booming of cannon greeted our ears, left from all quarters, marching ~~[illegible]~~ and halting we did not arrive at the scene of action till dark. As we halted near the battle field several officers rode along

the Column & reported that Gen. Wm. Slocum was in Command of the army. The news was greeted with hearty cheers by the whole column, but Colonel Cowen & Staff and credit it, (and it afterwards proved that he was right,) if it did come from officers of high rank. It did not seem feasible to us that three months so sudden a change of Commanders just on the eve of equal battle, and thus discouraged plans put in abeyance.

Well, about dusk we came up to Cumberstown, a village three or four miles from Gettysburg, & where the extreme right of our army lay. At this place there was a hotly contested fight going on, and we arrived just in time to check a spirited Cavalry charge from the rebels. This was done by Company "G." Capt. Johnson, (now Lieut. Col.) alone, and the rebels were afterwards repulsed by a few rapid discharges of grape & canister from one section of Battery "M," 2nd U.S.A. on the left, and another section of the same battery on the right.

The repulse was complete, and about 11 o'clock in the night the fight at this point had ceased. In the interval between the first charge and the hour of which I speak, the wounded, the dead & the dying were being carried to ambulances. The groans of the suffering men, mingled with the hissing shells, (for the rebels continued to send one occasionally) rang around us as we heard them into the little town below, crashing through roofs & walls, tearing up trees & fences, forming a scene beyond all my powers of description. Company "G." lost in the charge fifteen killed & wounded, among them the Captain, and several taken prisoners, among whom was Lieut. Ballard.

At 11 o'clock our regiment was relieved, and we retired from the field to a distance of about two miles to the rear and lay down in fields to await the events of the coming day.

31. Early morning again found us on the field, and the 6th with the exception of one or two squadrons was ordered to the support of

Battery "B", which had taken a prominent position, and already had opened on the enemy. While in this position we witnessed one of the most sanguinary Cavalry fights on record.

It was the most terrible sight I ever beheld. It took place between Stuart's Cavalry on the rebel side, and Kilpatrick's division on our side. Three times we charged rebel troops repulsed, and three times successively did they rally against numbers and position superior to this our own, and finally drove the rebels from the field, gaining a complete victory. In this fight the 1st Ohio Cavalry in particular distinguished themselves, winning for this regiment a name of which they may well be proud. At 11 o'clock A.M. Company "B" Capt. Weber, and Company "K" Lieut. Lindell (after) Capt. Weber in command, were sent out to picket a road on the right, and to prevent a surprise from the enemy in that direction.

At 11½ o'clock A.M. began that terrible artillery duel, the like of which the world had never before witnessed. It is said to have exceed that of Waterloo. The discharges were so rapid that it seemed almost one constant blast, and a dense column of smoke completely encircled the land covered the lines of the two contending armies, showing their exact position. At 4 P.M. we regained the regiment near where we left it. About this time our regiment was ordered off to the right to act in concert with the 1st Maine, Col. Davis, and the 1st Ohio commanded Col. Sawyer. And in changing our position we had to pass over a piece of ground which exposed our whole column to the shots of the enemy. Nor did they neglect to improve the opportunity. Shot & shell came shrieking & cutting through the air, striking and bursting in our ranks killing four men (in Co. K) wounding badly two of our men Co. H. Brownell & Dave Wilson, & disabling & killing several horses. I had often heard men speak of seeing balls as they came through the air, but I

could scarcely believe it, until I witnessed it with my own eyes. It could be seen before it got within a hundred feet of the column, and looked, as it came plunging & tearing through the air, as nearly as I can compare it, like the head of an Indian war club. (such as you have often seen in pictures) Even at this short distance none one could tell which way it would strike, and all in breathless suspense awaited its fall, to mark its destination and see effects there revealed. After it was again relieved and we marched back into our position of last night, and again lay down supperless having partaken of nothing through the day, but a few loaves (two or three) of bread which some of the boys obtained of a farmer there in exchange for tobacco (Pretty, I speak of Company "K" in particular.)

4th This morning we obtained a little hard-bread of a battery that lay near us, which made me considered a very favorable change in our diet. We lay here till 11 A.M. While here Gen. Sickles of the 3d Army Corps was carried by, on a litter, having lost a leg in the fight of yesterday. Scores of rebel prisoners were also sent by, and the road was filled with troops. At 11 A.M. we were ordered to the wagon train, which lay, perhaps, two miles from us.

There we had issued to us three days full rations, with an abundance of ammunition. Of course this cheered everything. We ate the rations, but we felt in hopes we would have a few days rest after the hard service we had just performed. But the ammunition dissipated all our hopes, and we made up our minds to do our best.

As soon as half a dozen rounds had been distributed we were marched (that is Kilpatrick's division — 3rd) and filed off towards the pike leading from Gettysburg Pa. to Emmitsburg Md. The weather at that time was

beautiful, but about 3 p.m. there was a very sudden & distinct change. One of the hardest rain storms I ever took shelter under came upon us about midway to Cumberland. There was not a breath of air that was felt. We to the skin, and our horses sunk nearly to their knees at almost every step. But the storm burned a kind of interposition of Providence, favoring the objects of our march. We had been sent to intercept & capture a rebel train, then crossing the mountains west of Cumberland. And the sequel will show how well we did the duty assigned us. Had it not been for the storm the train would undoubtedly have gone out of our reach, & thus made its escape. We did not reach Cumberland till near night, but continued halting, we took the westerly course towards the mountains, passing around many the place where we got the keys of the jailor's gate. Dixon Springs, perhaps, from Cumberland the road runs along at the foot of a range of high hills. — The name properly, be called mountains — when we met a squad of men in charge of a wounded soldier, who had been sent on another road on the other side of the hills. This marked us that we were in the vicinity of the train. It was nearly dark. Luck we finished our till we arrived at a little place in the gap of the mountains called Monterey. There we halted. It was about 8, from a dull pitch dark. The command: "Dismount to fight on foot" ran along the line, and the clanking of sabres, ringing of carbine slings, and the shuffling of hurried feet was the order for the next minute & a half. The battery was ordered up, which took position further in the gap alone us. We were then ordered to "display" as this

Meeting, when considerable confusion ensued. In the darkness it was impossible to tell "head or tail" of company or squadron. However we got into line and marched by single file up the road for perhaps two hundred yards, where we again halted. Here another confusion ensued. Officers got lost from the men, the men became dispersed, and confusing with an attack, and no one knew his right hand man. Such was the state of things when the General rode up & demanded what we were doing there, who was in command &c. He was informed that we were waiting orders, that Lieut. ——— was in command but no Lieut. was to be found. (I thought then that some of the officers got lost purposely, and sometimes think so still.) The Gen by this time began to be very angry, and drawing his sabre he began to swear terrifically, "What if one man of you fight rebels one should fight them, &c". He then gave the order, "To the right flank", and we displayed across a long rocky field, Gen. Commissioner officers in charge, in various instances. The officers gained this command, however, after a while, but the confusion was a little disgraceful. The fault of this delay was not to be attributed to the men, for every man was ready & willing to do his duty. Was it to be attributed entirely to the Gen? I think perhaps a great share of the responsibility rests, in my opinion, with, at least, a part of the officers. But everything was soon righted at last, and we moved forward to a piece of woods that lined both sides of the road.

The Adjutant guard was ahead, & swinging with the company, but we could not get from him, only by the flash of arms. Soon we heard the rebels

advancing "big guns" responses, and in an instant a perfect shower of grape shot swept past us, which but didn't it rattle briskly among the rocks and trees. But it went too high, and no one was hurt. Charge after charge greeted us, but strange to say, the ugly missiles buzzed harmlessly over and past. It makes my very skin crawl sometimes even now, to think of that fearful night.

A few effective shots from a gunner two from Battery "M" (Lieut. Wilmer) silenced the rebel's guns, and then began one of the bravest skirmish fights I have ever witnessed. The way the bullets flew was astonishing by the "grape". The firing continued fifteen minutes, perhaps, when all was apparently silent, except the rebel train, which was working off as fast as possible. At this juncture the General formed the determination to charge the rebels with the sabred sabre. Accordingly the 1st Virginia (Union) Cavalry was ordered up. One of the Generals, bravely at the head of the regiment, rode forward. They advanced in columns of fours, at a brisk trot, till they had crossed the small stream, which formed a dividing line between us & the rebels, when the "charge" was ordered. For about ten minutes nothing but the ringing clanging of the horses hoofs on the stony rocks, and the cheers of the men as they advanced, could be heard. We all waited in breathless expectation the issue of the daring act. I must confess my soul fairly trembled for the safety of those brave men who were going, my brave not whither. For a short time everything was against us, and soon fugitives in droves came flocking back, and we knew the victory was theirs. Over ten wounded, while not

captured nearly this entire train — some 60 wagons
& teams & drivers, & 900 prisoners, and two or three
pieces of artillery. Thus was abruptly suspended
the most exciting & interesting "Fourth of July"
I have ever seen. The fight took place and we returned
to our home and the column marched back on an
other route till daylight, when we halted to feed &
rest.

5th. This morning nearly the whole of the rebel
train, consisting mostly of Pennsylvania farm
wagons, laden with grain, flour, dry goods and
many other things, which they robbed — not captured
from the citizens along the route of this army, was
burnt. I have not time nor space to give you a detailed
account of all the plunder in the wagons, though it
would be interesting to you. As soon as the work
of destruction was completed, we again moved
forward, we halted about 12 m., at Smittsburg,
quite a pretty little town in Maryland.

At this place we remained till near night,
while the prisoners were sent forward through the
mountains towards Frederick, but they soon
returned, the guard reporting that there was a heavy
force of rebels advancing from that way. The rebel
prisoners were then ordered to proceed on another
road to Boonsboro, and we were drawn up in
line of battle on the heights around Smittsburg,
presenting a splendid sight as we awaited Every gun
had a capital position, so that they could rake the
enemy with their shells as they came, and the cavalry
(we had no infantry) was posted at various points,
with drawn sabres. But there was no fighting
done, save a few shots from the big guns, as

The rebels came up, first to let them know we were prepared for them. But we did not intend to fight them there, for our force was not large enough, & the rebels were reported at 15,000.

As soon, therefore, as night set in, we withdrew under cover of the darkness, & of course towards Boonsboro, halting & resting, for the night, within three miles of that town.

6th

6th This morning we marched again in the saddle, and passing Badushow on our left, we marched to Hagerstown where we found the rebels. The greater portion of this day till 4 or 5 P.M. was consumed in manoeuvring. At this hour we were ordered down the pike (the road down this way accurately as pike) towards Williamsport, (for we had driven the rebels out of Hagerstown) where we came to a halt. The rebels greeted us with a proper shower of shells one of which struck right in our column (Co "G" of the 6th) bursting, and instantly killing Saint, Sewell, & ~~[illegible]~~ and taking the leg & foot off of one of Chas Green & Billings's wounding three horses. (Now mind that's big lies for one stick) The 6th was ordered to the right, and we again dismounted to fight on foot. The rebels pressed us a half mile, perhaps, from our horses, when we came up to the rebel skirmish line. But we did not long remain there, for the rebels had worried us on the right, and almost had gained our rear. We were ordered to our horses, and we retreated in good order, though shells greeted almost every step. The ammunition train was then ordered up, and it arrived just as we had to fall back, just then darkness came on, adding to our

discomforting. However, the skill of our leaders and the courage of the men prevailed, and we retreated and emerged from the "trap", bringing off with us every wagon and gun, and almost every man.

The heat of time & miles have to omit several pleasing little incidents that occurred during the day. We retired about two miles from the scene of action, when we again lay down, tired & weary.

7th We marched to Boonsboro, and went into camp at the foot of South Mountain, near the site of the battle field of that campaign of 1862.

Here we were furnished to petitions shelter tents, for the first time since we left Frederick, the 28th of June, being nine days. Thus we had been without shelter. At noon we heard of rebels foraging parties from each company, we formed, and went out into the country in various directions, and in a few hours they returned with an abundant supply of "good things". The luxury of a smoke from our pipes & cigars.

Nothing of interest occurred during the day, so we lay off & rested.

8th Last night a tremendous rain storm came up, and we learning the water was two inches deep under our blanket, John Smith & I drained together, they and we had to get up and in the pelting rain find a higher place, and once more lay down to sleep of course. The soldier's repose is never disturbed by such trifles. We can sleep in a bottom, march in the storm, or fight in the storm. All he asks is a clear chance to keep his powder dry. The morning was very favorable.

and we employed ourselves in drying our clothes and cleaning our arms. Soon came and with it the rebels. They attacked our outposts between Rogers town & Boonsboro. Of course we must go and meet them.

By this time the boys had got used to the sound of shell, and the singing of the "minnie" had become quite familiar to them. So with light hearts and nimble feet we fell into line. We knew that war was work before us, but we felt not, as by the way

About a mile from the town we dismounted (as the pickets had been in, we have fought dismounted) and cabins in hand, advanced. The artillery on both sides had good positions, and they were engaged to the best advantage. The 6th advanced under a heavy fire from the rebel batteries, though fortunately shots were rare. The battalion to which Company "K" belonged pressed forward through a piece of woods, but as we advanced, our company being on the left, we were thrown out into an open field. Here the rebels had a fair take at us with their big guns. We at first took shelter behind a stone wall, but the shells rattled so loudly around it that we took to the open field for it. We by under cover of a slight rise of ground where we could see the enemy's guns among themselves, & we were in a perfect ecstasy. The rebel shot fell just after us, behind, and a battery of Sawyers, that having proper range, drapped their shells just in front of us, thus surrounding us from both ways. The skirmish had did not amount to much, little right to them fought back, when, of course, we had to fall back, also. Then the rebels opened on us, raking us in every quarter, but hurting only a few. As we went towards

the woods & passed behind a rail fence, and returned the enemy compliments sent us. At this point Sanford Smith receiving a slight wound near the spine, the lead just graving the skin. As I turned round to get a shot, I felt a sharp stinging sensation on the right side of my neck. I knew it was a bullet that had caused the feeling, for just then a little hissing, shrinking whinnie of a swift past, but the sound had died away before the sensation came.

Well, we fell back into the woods, where we rallied, and we in turn drove the rebels. The fighting all the afternoon was hard, but we were too crusty, as the saturnine, and the conflict ended at dark, leaving us complete masters of the field.

We retired to our camp, with the usual lot of the wounded, tired, hungry & worn.

Now, brother, you have already been with us through some hard little fights, but these are nothing to come.

If you find any interest in this, I shall be amply paid for the trouble in copying it, and when I come home, if it pleases divine Providence to bless your sister, I hope I may be able to give you a better narrative, and entertain you with more interest. Love to all.

Affectionately,

Matthew.

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Stephensburg Va.
March 1st 1864

Brother Robert.

I again resume my place at this desk, that I may, by way of pen and ink, have some another friendly chat with you, and relate to you a few more of my experiences & adventures, in my soldier life.

9th Still at Barnsboro. This morn, we changed our camp, removing to a short distance part of the town. To-day I had the privilege of washing my shirt for the first time since we crossed the Potomac. When we were about to break camp at Fairfax, our officers persuaded us to pack up our surplus clothing, which we were to be sent to Alexandria and we pressing for warm weather we again went into camp, some of us didn't take enough change and I was one of the foolish ones. We have not been our packs yet — none expect to. But to return, as I had not a change, I had to substitute my blue blouse for a shirt, and after it was washed I went to the trouble of the sun to dry it. (I may as well add here this was the last change, also, I had, on the entire campaign.) A large body of infantry have been coming in and camping round the town, and we now engaged in throwing up earthworks and digging rifle pits. Rumor states that we are to have another big battle at this place. But as to this we of course do not know. Events may bring it about, but it is hardly probable. The weather is again very favorable.

10th Early this morning the troops began to move once more, and the surfeited battle field was abandoned. Heavy columns of infantry and long trains of artillery passed our camp on its way through Brownsville towards Rogers Town. Our brigade followed slowly, as occasion required, and we could see behind us about half way between the two towns.

11th This morning we moved another two miles towards the front, where we did picket duty for the remaining part of the day. We had lain down last night wholly unconscious that we were in the vicinity of the enemy. But we would have slept as soundly had we known it.

We had again run out of rations. — One of the inestimables of a soldier's rig — to the boys amused themselves — as we were getting to anything to eat, by charging an general field & staff that were running about the field, & also, several of the boys, who had been absent from the company since the battle of Gettysburg, came in. Water here was about as scarce as rations, and we had to go along distant part, having obtained permission of our commander, & mounted by horse and rode off in hopes of finding water & wood for cooking. At last riding up to the pump of a large plantation house, we began filling canteens, & soon the old farmer came out, his face reflecting images of despair. He had seen our first skirmishing, saw our burning fields of yellow grain, & we being pelted in as fast as long legs could do it.

Our marching line crossed several of these broad fields, past the proprietor's elegant mansion, large

barns &c, with all his appurtenances. The old gentleman after asking to what regiment we belonged, where we were, and the like, began to express his anxiety about his crops. He was fearful that our troops would carry off his wheat, or trample it all down. That the whole army would make right for his house, burn and destroy his fences, tear down his barns & barns, and leave him penniless in the world. With all his wealth, he was either very ignorant, or his sympathies with those who were doing all they could to ruin the country. He was inclined somewhat to the latter opinion, for he certainly must have known that our government makes restitution to all who may be injured by the running of the armies. Of course only upon condition (strictly we understand) that they cease from this disloyalty. We entertained the farmer as much as we could, however, and returned to our company. We returned remained on picket till after dark when we retired from the line, and lay down on a soldier's couch.

12th We were early in motion, striking the pike about two miles to the right of us, and two miles from Hagerstown. We proceeded briskly up the pike for some distance, right of the town, when we encountered the rebel battery. Our doors got into position and the 6th battery was supported. The rebels were soon driven out of the place, a large number of them being captured.

Our brigade was then ordered into town, and the regiments took positions in the principal streets, the 6th on the one leading out towards Williamsport.

The rebels, it was expected, would try and retake the town, and we were drawn up in columns of fours, with

Sabres drawn, ready to defeat any attack. Imagine our feelings as he stands thus awaiting, and expecting every moment to hear the leaden hail rattling about his ears, or to see the stern foe advancing in heavy columns, with gleaming steel and bristling bayonets, which would pierce us beyond the hope of surviving. We did not long remain in this position, for the rebels did not think it prudent to return, so we fell back into rear of the town, where we remained all day guarding prisoners, shoeing our horses &c. while on the other wings fell back in succession of the force.

13th. The remainder of the ground we occupied yesterday we stay also. We have had the prisoners with us last night when they were cut off under guard. The rebels are fortifying themselves between here and Williamsport. Rumors say we may have a big fight. Another rumor says that Lee's forces are crossing the river (Potomac) and that the fortifications are only for the purpose of covering this retreat. Our boys all know the rebels are whipped, and think it a shame if Lee is so allowed to escape with his already broken and dispirited army. Could get our army in lying right in sight of the enemy looking idly on. The men are already for fight, and would rather go in than to hold back. The water in the river is very high, but Lee will not stop for that when he knows the destruction of his army depends on his getting over on the other side as soon as possible. If our army does not move forward within twenty four hours, the enemy will be out of our reach, and the game lost. What the fruits, do nobly move at Gettysburg, be thus snatched from us by delaying on this side of the river? I know not. What shall be done, time will tell.

14th. Early this morning the rebels were found to be crossing in force, with a great portion of their army already over. Of course formal concert was useless. Kilpatrick with his division was ordered to push right and through Williamsport, while Buford was to go round on the right. So hastily had been the departure of the rebel army that their sick were left in this hospital at Williamsport, and of course fell into our hands.

They lost a great many of horses & wagons in crossing and scores of their troops were drowned.

Well, we pushed on three or four miles beyond the above place till we reached that point on the Potomac called Falling Waters, where within a mile of the river the column halted, and off to the right a mile distant could be seen long lines of breastworks & rifle pits, all of which were filled with men. It was the opinion of many of us that that they numerous troops, and I was so thoroughly convinced, in my own mind, that such was the fact, that I made my staff believe they were rebs till they began to rattle, huff & hail afterwards with showers of musket bullets. The 6th Ohio, Cavalry only was ordered forward from this point, the rest of the division to the halting remaining there. Companies "B" & "F" were detached from the column, and ordered to charge the earthworks with the sabre, while the rest of the regiment was ordered to dismount further on the rebel's right and advance on them with the carbine.

Here was our little regiment left alone and alone assayed, as we afterwards learned, against two brigades of infantry, and they behind breast works on a high hill.

However our boys advanced spiritedly, and at the command to dismount, did so readily, amidst a perfect storm of bullets. I was hit the act by throwing myself and

of the saddle, when down one cricket "caper," went down is shot, and looking round I saw his animal had sunk to the ground, and Mr. Silo was trying to extricate himself. I had barely touched the ground when he were again ordered into the saddle. I immediately mounted, (as did all) and we remained some seconds (it seemed like hours) in that position, all the time under a terrible heavy fire, when at once we heard the command: "Dismount!"

As soon as we were on the ground we were ordered to advance in skirmish through a lane, keeping under cover of the fence, while the horses were sent down the hill to the rear.

And here I'll say as well explain to you how we manage when we fight on foot. When the Company falls in, it is divided off from the right (and Cavalry seems always to have a certain number of fours, 1, 2, 3 & 4, 1, 2, 3, 4 &c.) and, on receiving the order to "dismount to fight on foot," No. 4 in rear of the dismounted, while No. 4 remains mounted, taking the reins of the other three horses, and leads off behind the dismounted. No. 4 is generally a lucky dog, but not always, for although he thus gets rid of going out to fight, it happens that the enemy gets range on them with their artillery. And of course they don't get off without a good shelling. Thus we advanced bravely, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, but could not long stand against the galling fire we was found in upon them, so we had to fall back, but it was done in good order, disputing every inch of ground. In the meantime Pinafore with his Squadron had charged the rifle pits on the left, and the rebels thinking our force was larger than it really was began throwing down their arms, but they soon discovered our weakness when they rallied, and first as our little party was going over the breastworks they opened on them a fire that

No troops of this strength could stand.
Major Nichols was killed the first thing, a bullet
going through his head. Lieut Baker of Co. "D", Sergt
Livingston of Co. "F", and many others were killed, and most
of the party wounded or taken prisoners. Only a few
escaped. In the skirmish line Capt. Royal Co "D" killed.
Lieut Crawford, Co. — was wounded in both legs, one
of which was afterwards amputated. Many others were killed
& wounded & we were forced to fall back, leaving them on
the field. We rallied in and around a large stone barn
and held our position till the battery came up, when
the tide of battle turned. Other regiments came up, formed
in the line of battle, and the rebels in their turn were
compelled to fall back, quit their breastworks, and
were at last driven back over the fields. We captured
nearly all of the two brigades, that ~~were not killed~~ remained
took a host of small arms and one or two guns, and
their commanding officer, Rigdon, Pettigrew was killed.
The rebel loss in killed & wounded was heavy.
Thus ended one of the most unequal days of my life.
& how often I looked back with wonder and astonishment,
to the moment when we were mowing under that
galling fire. I expected then that I should never get out with
a whole skin, if I did alive. But a stronger arm than
mine was thrown around me, warding off the missiles
of death, and I did live to look back upon that scene
with a thrilling emotion of pleasure & pain.
The rebel army was now all gone northward,
there was no enemy in Pennsylvania, and we retraced
our steps to Emmitsburg and stayed for the night.

15th. Marched back by way of Williamsport, Hagerstown & Funkstown to Boonsboro, passing of Reinforcements arriving, again, since we camped for the night, and so to bed.

16th. We proceeded out taking our course towards the river; Here we passed over some of the rockiest country I have ever seen or heard of. The land seemed to lay in ridges, as near perfectly flat, one above another, with edges of rock interwoven, so that the land could be tilled only one way. The soil, however, looked rich & productive, and crops seemed abundant. We camped for the night near a little place called Petersville. To-day we got our mail for the first time since we left Camp in Virginia.

17th. This morning we were ordered to cross the river, so in the middle of a pelting rain we fell into line and marched to Berlin, the place of crossing, by way of Sandy Hook, near Harper's Ferry. At Berlin we halted sometime, as there were many troops to cross. About noon, however, we got under way, and by half an hour we were again on the "Sacred soil." We crossed on pontoons. The first I had ever seen. Said. They make a very secure & convenient bridge.

We marched about twenty five miles into Virginia, and again halted for the night, nothing of moment occurred, aside from the incidents usual to such times.

18th. We remained in camp to-day, struck our shelter tents, and were busy all day. As we had nothing to do, we occupied ourselves in writing, preparing letters to send home.

19th. The Column moved slowly up along the foot of the Blue Ridge, encountering nothing worth mentioning, on route, and long after dark we halted at Asphurville. Company "K" horses, mounted out picket, & remained until twelve o'clock, when we were relieved & rejoined the regiment, and securing my horse, I was soon locked in the arms of Morpheus.

20th. Quite early the 2nd Brigade, was ordered to saddle, and we moved out on the pike towards Ashby's Gap. The 6th Ohio, brought up the rear. As we neared the gap of the mountains we could see the rebel pickets stationed along on their crest.

The 1st & 5th Ohio Regts were dismounted, and formed a skirmish line at the entrance of the Gap, and slowly & cautiously pushed their way towards the summit. We knew that what might be alone we to obstruct or resist our passage, so of course great caution was necessary. I must confess I trembled for the safety of our little column, for a small force at top of the Gap, with a few pieces of artillery, could have cut down all recreating opposing force. We suffered, afterwards, why they did not dispute our passage. As our line of skirmishers approached the summit the rebel pickets disappeared on the other side, and the column immediately moved to top of the Gap. Here the 1st & 5th Regiments halted, and the 6th followed the rebels to the river, (Shenandoah) where brisk skirmish took place. The rebels had crossed and taken refuge behind stone walls, fences, ties & banks, and as the Carines approached we quite lively. Company "K" was ordered to deploy into line in a wheat field, the shocks of grain still standing. We advanced at "double quick" till we came

the middle of the field, when we were ordered "under cover" of the wheat shocks, & had hardly got my head down behind the shock when "Rebs" came & "minnie" along, almost grazing my hair, & thought I was lucky. The Board of Harmon's Iron Cavalry and the boys with a cheer sprang from their fresh hiding places, and advanced on the run. We had to go fairly made before we could again get under cover.

Cost us this day, two, under a heavy fire. But we defeated & drove back that it was difficult to hit any one, and none was hurt. We now gained the cover of a large house, a barn and plenty of fences. We soon had regained under cover that the rebels were firing. Our battery in rear shower his head flattening bursting from our Spencer & Burnside rifles. We keeping a deadly firing for perhaps two hours, when finding we could not dislodge them, (as fast as the wind) the rebs had crossed in boats, we fell back to the main column. As we were crossing the fields we observed ones, the rebels rose & formed in a further hiding cover of bad. But we retired slowly, not unnoticed and soon reached our horses. Our loss has been reported. We had no means of knowing the loss of the enemy, but it is sufficiently large to the Capt to show it, and returned to camp at Upperville.

24th We remained in camp to-day, a "light duty" of foraging was done, and fresh ammunition, pork & hard bacon, butter, milk, pies among the best dishes we ever tasted. We had issued to us considerable clothing, and had the pleasure of laying aside a pair of very much dilapidated pants, and doing

again, bright & early, large numbers of infantry concentrated at this point to day, and to look at the hills, one would think if he thought no further that whole United States army train was here, for every rise of ground is covered with wagons. It is the largest assemblage of army wagons I have ever seen. One, that has never seen a wagon train can form no idea of the immense trains that follow an army, transporting its provisions, clothing, and ammunition & in fact everything that pertains to war. Without these often depends the issues of a campaign. If they are kept within proper distance of the troops and well guarded, so that rations can be supplied, in regular quantities and at regular periods, to the soldiers, unless overwhelmed by superior force, an army can maintain itself even against greater numbers, for soldiers have to eat as well as any body, though they often are without food. On the other hand, if trains are allowed to straggle, or are not sufficiently guarded, they are liable to be cut off or captured, and in that case an army is reduced to starvation, surrender, or compelled to beat an ignominious retreat. So you see how necessary are our trains.

22nd. Our forces at Aspinwall began to move early this morning, and to night our half was Manassas. A half mile out from Aspinwall the cavalry halted and the infantry filed past. They all looked healthy & contented, and I observed they increasingly at stout, robust, young looking men, the "extreme youth" and old age" seen long lines marched out of our army, ~~and~~ especially among the old regiments, and only the hoar

bone & sinew is left. What little I know about the dessines of other Countries, I think the Yankees of any will compare favorably with any in the world.

It was after dark when we reached our hilly hills all round where lit up with the camp fires of Confederates, for it must have called early, and the boys were enjoying themselves boiling their rations for the morrow. Tattoo followed shortly, and after a hearty supper we lay down to rest.

23rd. To-day we came to Pennsville, a small town, lying front of five miles east of the Blue Ridge. The country around is rather poor, as most of it has been since we left Upperville, nearly all of our way lay along at the foot of the Blue Ridge and is consequently very broken, rocky, and for many miles almost sterile. The timber is poor and scarce & stone fences seem to predominate.

There are no people scarcely, or they are very shy. They must be in the mountains with their stocks, for here, as cattle are as poor as the people.

The Cavalry are alone again, the infantry having gone on another route. Weather being good.

Well Pat, I will close this letter, hoping I have entertained you very agreeably.

Remember me kindly to my friends, and write to me as often as you can.

Your friend & brother,

Matthew.

July 27th. This morning the 2nd Brigade was ordered out on a reconnoissance towards the Mountains. Our advance encountered the enemy at Moseby's Cross Roads. Battery "M" was ordered up on double quick and commenced shelling the rebels. The 3rd battalion, Major Foote, was sent out dismounted on the left of the line of battle. We advanced cautiously over a large field, and through a heavy piece of timber, and then brought up behind a thick stone wall. We had no sooner taken our position when the rebels commenced, and delivered the right of the battalion. Here the firing was hot for a time, but our boys held their post manfully, and several of the rebels paid for their temerity with their lives. It was not long before it was ascertained that the rebels were pouring around our left and fast gaining our rear. We countermoved from our line, as they filed through a deep ravine between us in heavy columns. It seemed as though their movement to turn our flank as soon as we discovered the state of things. A dispatch was sent to the commanding officer, but no answer to it being returned another dispatch was sent to Head Quarters, and we were recalled to our horses. By this time the enemy had gained our rear in large numbers, and were found to be advancing on us rapidly. The 5th & 6th pieces, Regiment and mounted, and formed in column of sections in the road, the 6th in the advance, and Co. "K" leading in echelon. The column was then ordered forward, but we had gone but a short distance before it was discovered that we already had gone too far. We were then ordered to dismount, and the next thing of fire that was unpossible for any troops in

like circumstances & stand under assaicases.

Moving in deploying into a field on the left, when to our surprise two heavy columns of infantry were first issuing from a fort the woods on the opposite side of the field and at their advancing order upon us in the road. They approached and we to ones, the horses in the road became frightened, threw their riders and trampling them under their feet, ran pell-mell to the rear. Col. Grey was imbroiled and injured considerably. The men became almost panic stricken, for and started for the woods behind us. Fortuniately the confusion did not extend to the rear of the column, the 5th Pa. was dismounted and brought up on the run, and they with their seven shooters checked the army enemy till the battery could be got into position, & opened rapid & timely discharge from which, combined the rebels were disordered in the better part of valor, and they fell back considerably giving us time to get around a right again. But they were found to be much too strong for us, and having no hamper in reserve aside but as the general thought it prudent to withdraw, leaving our dead, men in number, and those that were so badly wounded as to be not able to remove, on the field. Our entire loss was nine killed & wounded.

The rebel loss was heavy, our battery having poured plenty of grape & canister into their compact ranks. Where we engaged with so much as loss as we did, has always seemed a mystery to me.

Capt. McDiarmond, Lieut. Hunt, Sergt. Burgoyne, Johnathan Smith, and Sergt. Kelly were in the same set of fours, & on the right. (No one)

and Simmis on the left, (Co K.) Lt Simmis remained mounted, Me O, in the confusion that ensued, and in getting some ammunition from my saddle bags, I lost sight of both Capt & Jonathan, and did not let them again till after the fight was all over, Jonathan & Reeves came, after the fight was over I requested the privilege of the Col. Staff to go and find Jonathan, but the Col thought it not prudent, as the enemy's sharpshooters were still firing for any one that might have the rashness to show himself from under cover of the woods, so we had to leave him, to be rifled of his effects by the heathen foe, as he doubtless was, and to be buried by strangers, Poor many of our poor boys have gone to meet this sad fate, Indeed many of them have been denied even burial, Death, horrors, is the fate of war, Oh how many hearts have been made to bleed & die, & go down with sorrow to the grave, and the end is not yet, Thousands yet must perish, and thousands gather around them the robes of mourning, The detail for indian affairs, we returned to our Camp near Prairie Grove tired & weary, & with sorrowful hearts,

24th Early this morning we were again ordered out towards the Mountains, The Rand Brigade only went out, we proceeded in the direction of Thornton's Corp, but performed a mere ~~[illegible]~~ march of only about three miles, when the column returned to Camp, The rebels were reported to be just ahead of us, but as I did not see any of them, I am still in doubt, for the continuous cannonading, & rifle fire, I had heard

completely worn us out. And finding it impossible to check the retreat of the rebels we felt as though we ought to rest. Company "K" however, were immediately sent out on picket. Company "K" did its share of picketing as you may believe.

As I have had occasion to speak of our scanty fare, I will say that I think it was just as bad a time as we had in the whole campaign.

Our trains were some distance from us, and as the R.R. had not got under way to Warrenton as yet it was almost impossible to get provisions to us. So we had to depend almost wholly on foraging for sustenance. But forage was scarce. The most we got was a little fresh wheat, and this we had to cook and eat without salt.

26th. Our first picket was to be one of suffering. Though the day had been warm and pleasant, yet after dark it began to drizzle rain and left in quite a cold, raw wind from the Potomac. It was accompanied with sleet, and the inclemency of the weather and our condition rendered it very disagreeable.

The officer in command promised to have our relieved, but he could have forgotten it, as I remained out about eight or nine hours. My post, I think was an outpost, and I had two companions. And we were to relieve each other every two hours. We received orders to "shoot not," but we didn't follow the letter of the instructions exactly, though our circumstances would not admit of a violation of the spirit. So of course I was wide awake for the "first gray morning light." At dawn I saw a rebel "creeping down" in many times. About nine o'clock, after, I relief was sent

to my tent and myself & Brooks returned to the regiment, here I found plenty of fresh meat. The boys had passed a young steer, pig, &c, and after a slight breakfast I went out to forage a little hay for my horse. I found a sufficient quantity and returned. My poor animal devoured it with a surprising avidity, it being the first mouthful of food it had been able to obtain for him for several days. As you may suppose, our horses were in consequence of the unremitting labor required of them, and the lack of proper food, reduced to mere skeletons, and in many instances rendered entirely unserviceable. Nearly half our division, I should say, were dismounted in consequence of "fly and bazes". Therefore it became necessary to turn them over, and draw on "Uncle Sam" for others. Our best horses, and seemingly to account him, were retained to hold the point, & by restore to dig & strap for harrition, where the horses were to be returned into the Corps (a place for herding & recruiting horses)

I was one detailed from Co. F, and Sergt Mann, and immediately left the picket line & returned to Camp. First Sergeant, I exchanged my horse, which was good one, for one entirely broken down.

At the Camp were detained some time before we started, he got off at last, when Sunset, the distance being about fourteen miles. He had not got a mile from Camp when one of our poor, fresh animals fainted "by the way side" and he was obliged to trudge along on foot. I found my poor beast was fast failing, although he proposed keep slow, yet he manage to reach Camp, and to relate his adventures and travel long at

his side, but as I was not well myself, I could not long endure the fatigue, and I was compelled to mount my horse again. The mule now well became began to decend a long, difficult hill, the horse stumbled to his knees, pitching me clear over to his neck. He had enough strength, however, remaining to regain his position, I sprang into the saddle but I saw it was a task for him to carry me.

I had gone no nearer than a mile further when he again fell, this time flat to the earth, on almost even piece of ground. It required a great deal of urging on my part, and throwing on bits, to get him on his feet again. I did that round. The fall had hurt me considerably, and I felt it impossible to risk myself on him again, and, awakening to him, I threw the reins on my arm & led him along as fast as his weakened condition would allow. My fatigues was so slow, however, that nearly the whole column passed me, while on ascending a hill, I found difficult if possible than when he first fell. He again went down. All my efforts to induce him to rise were unavailing, so loosening the saddle girth, leaving my pack, and the bridle, I left the poor animal to his fate.

We were still four miles from Marion, but I trudged along, perhaps half the way, when I overtook Lieut. Phillips, fatigued & hungry that I was compelled to stop. With me as three men, who were in the same predicament, I found quarters in an old deserted house at the roadside, throwing my blankets on the floor I soon fell asleep, forgetting everything till the morning light faced me from my slumbers.

27th On awaking this morning I found that considerable rain had fallen during the night, but so much more seems to be unfortunately wrong gracious Man I had been and lo, that I had forgot to set the dog break. He was so accustomed to lying out in the storm, and last morning was just as shown, for we rides twenty miles and found the whole length of a "regulation" map, and burrow a hole of it is always in a doubt. That when we do get under sufficient cover, the rude tempest passes and we heads unhurt. After washing in a little brook near by, myself & comrade started in pursuit of our unfortunate fellows. We found them near Massenlong, where they had been marched for the night. Many of them were still rolled up in their blankets, oblivious of all that was passing around them.

Now we drew forth the rations, the very sight of which gladdened our hearts & strengthened our resolves. After partaking of a hearty meal, the column moved into the town, where our horses were turned loose, then fitted on our tents and awaited transportation to Washington. The cars had come up to the town the night before for the first time since the return of our army. Warrenton is in Fauquier County of which it is the shiretown, and one of the finest places I have seen in Virginia. It is connected with Alexandria & Washington by railroad, and has changed hands several times during the present war, but now in possession of the Government troops.

28th. Everything being ready by 10 o'clock A.M., we marched to the depot, and filled close of the cars. There was being loom enough inside a great many climbed on the top, when we had full benefit of the dust, cinders & smoke, besides the "praising breeze." The road was in poor condition and of course we were obliged to wind slow, thus making it near eight when we reached Alexandria. After we were detained sometime, changing locomotives, "switching", &c, and about dark landed safe at the "Soldier's Rest," Washington.

This is a place dreaded by all soldiers. It is the receptacle of all transmigrating (soldiers) nation, bad as well as good, filthy as well as clean.

There is quite a crowd placed around the premises, and it is therefore very difficult to get out only at certain times. The 6th Cavalry has quartered here for three days when it first came out. The boys did not soon forget the meagre hospitality of that institution. There has been considerable improvement, however, since then, especially in the "line of fare." The building since the 6th Mass. Cav. quartered remains above the dam, with the exception of large holes in one end. Inside, are plentifully supplied with water from the river & think.

29th. The remainder at the "Rest" all day, while the officers were arranging quarters for the new horses. A pleasant day, but very uncomfortable day. The confinement was worse than I had been accustomed to. This evening I have set a list of all the equipments belonging to the Com.

Stephensburg Va. March 19th 64

Dear Brother,

I have neither written nor received a portion of my diary this morning and as I did not write last night to-day I shall write a little more than I do when I find it irksome, as intending to pen as much as has passed. The diary of my diary is broken, that is it does not include every day. But to begin.

August 19th This morning I then a hour's requirements I have about two hundred attaches started for the regiment. Of course are fifty was made up from almost every cavalry regiment in the army of the Potomac, under the command of Kilpatrick. As it always is in the event of the guards they are very costly, and consequently, the riding very disagreeable. It was great sport when we started near Spring Ch. opposite to our old camp of last winter.

We were allowed to select our own individual camping grounds and great was my calling on to do duty it was not long before I was rolled in my blankets and fast asleep.

The most interesting object we passed to day was the camp of the 2nd District Cavalry regiment. The camp was very regular. A neat collection of the regiment was put on dress parade. And looked remarkably soldierly. Near the road which we passed along was the guard house, which was stationed the guard of the camp. Every button, piece of brass, every strap, was

bivouacked bright & clean. But their knapsacks & bayonets shone like polished silver.

The well packed "Wagons", on which the Rebels had their lovely "round" shown, there was no lack of discipline. The Rankin battery in Lee's Division. The 1st. District Colored Regiment was sent South a short time ago. The first of the Country. They marched past our Camp, four hundred strong. They sang off cheerily, singing a Hymn. Marching. This fell keeping time with their Martial strains. Rions for them welcome return. Cheers of thousands this home to bleach on the Southern shore. They were destined, I think, for the Department at Fortress Monroe.

20th. To-night finds us bivouacked near Catlett's Station, on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. Our progress has necessarily been slow. We have with us quite a large Rebel's Train. And as they are very heavily laden, it is impossible to hurry our march. To-day we passed over the Bull Run battle ground. Not far, almost the very ground on which the 2d Thirsd Corps Infantry was mustered, from the 18th to the 21st of July 1861. Many things, interesting, crowded upon my memory, as I filed past that sad scene of carnage & death. But I am not time or space to commit them here. Just across Bull Run I halted, for the first time, where I could see the rebel marked battlines that did duty, visible mark in the compact ranks of our advancing columns.

But for the treachery of Longstreet in command, in our own army, the victory that

day hot & humid. The country around called a station is very flat. Roads is very bad & very poor. I had to go more than a half mile to get water to cook my supper with, and that was hardly fit.

9th. We continued our march to-day through the heat & dust arriving at Gen. Pleasanton's head-quarters about noon. There we halted, and the men belonging to the several divisions were formed into as many detachments, and sent out. Capt. — of Company "C" 6th Pa. Cavalry, and Gen. Pleasanton's staff took charge of the detachment to which I belonged, without taking any refreshments, or feeding our jaded animals. We were marched into line, and marched off. Up to this time we had been allowed, on the marches, no very hurry, & the roads dusty, to march without regard to order, and, of course, presumed to do so still. But our marching Captain, who was a strict disciplinarian, couldn't see the point. We were formed into close column, though there was no use for it, and every man forbidden to go out, even to get a drink. But the boys knew his command was a temporary one, and he was not always very promptly. It was long after dark when we arrived at Division Headqrs. and here, luckily, we were relieved of our staff officers & were sent to our respective regiments under command of Corporal officers. We found the 6th at Harwood Church near Falmouth. They were encamped in a beautiful piece of woods with plenty of good water, and fortunately were off duty.

22nd. In consequence of the excessive fatigue of the march from Washington to this place I feel rather ill. The horse which I had drawn was a very hard rider, and being to some extent unmanageable, the ride has almost used me up. I recover myself to-day by taking a walk around the country within the vicinity of the camp. About a mile east of the camp is a cornfield of some extent which just now furnishes an abundance of roasting-ears, and potatoes are furnished by the same field. This is only the third field of corn I have seen on the whole route from Washington. The rest of the country seems no more than a barren desolation. (But I will speak of this some other time when I come to speak of Virginia in general.) About two miles from camp is a large house with a fine orchard attached. Of course we diligently beg for apples, while apples besides, and as there was a cider press in the orchard we made cider an ans avon "treat."

25th. The regiment received orders to be ready to march at 3 o'clock tomorrow morning. So of course everything had to be packed, rations, ammunition &c distributed to the men. We did not get the orders till long after dark, consequently could not be done then. I am inclined to think it strange that orders should be issued to march at night. But so it is. Many times we are called up when we least expect it. But at all hours of the night

26th (Much earlier than I desire) we were called from our slumbers by the stirring notes of the bugle. Every man set about getting his breakfast, saddling his saddle, arranging his arms &c. But we had time to spare our brigade and regimental commanders order into line.

At three o'clock precisely the brigade had assembled at Gen. Custis's Brigade where we were dismounted & remained till day break.

The column then moved out taking the direction towards King George's C.H. which lies down the river about thirty miles from camp. We passed on our way through Falmouth and in sight of the rebel pickets on the opposite side of the river, (Rappahannock) from which we had heard of Falmouth in connection with the war & had entertained a very exalted idea of it, I can only imagine my disappointment, as we filed through its dirty streets and among its old fashioned, smoky, dilapidated houses. It is built among the clay bluffs on the left bank of the river, and from its location seems to have received but little encouragement or as encouragement for improvement or progress. On the right bank of the river, just opposite to Falmouth and somewhat back from the stream Aquia creek landing is situated. It is much larger and far superior to Falmouth, to record a little more, and fine stores, and is connected with the Potomac River, at the mouth of Aquia Creek, by railroad. It was many days ere we reached in the terible shelling given it by Gen Burnside in December last 1862.

we passed over nearly all the ground occupied by the union army last winter.

We continued our march till after noon, when the column was halted by the enemy's picket line. The 1st & 2nd Corps, Regs. were sent to the front. The pickets were driven in, & two prisoners were taken. The strength of the enemy ascertained & we returned to camp, arriving very late in the night. The latter part of the day & night was very stormy. Lost the road back & blundered to Leakin.

28th. We ordered another picket. We took post near Spalsburg. To-day the camp of the regiment was moved to another part of the same piece of woods which it has occupied since & which bringing us many mates both for men & horses.

29th. Were relieved by the 1st Mass. Cav. and were sent to picket at Kelly's Ford. Our Reserve was posted on a high bluff overlooking the rebel line of pickets on the opposite side of the river (Rappahannock.) We soon learned that the line of pickets was composed of cavalry.

This horses were, in some instances, let loose & were grazing over the fields quietly, unconscious of the element of strife that existed on each side of the stream. We found some corn & potatoes which went well with our rations.

30th. I went out on picket this morning in charge of a post of Six men. Several of the boys had a friendly interview with the Rebel pickets who came down to the bank of the river for that purpose. They seem very willing to exchange tobacco for coffee, sugar & such like articles. They are entirely destitute of any thing of the kind in this Commissary department. The blockade cuts them off from all intercourse with Commerce, and therefore their almost indispensable luxuries are beyond their reach.

31st. This morning the regiment was mustered for pay. It looks rather more like a squadron of cavalry mustered for pay under the muzzle of the enemies guns, than it does like the regiment was ordered to Camp. We are relieved by infantry. Many are the conjectures as to what the "move" means. It was long after dark when we arrived at Camp, and without unsaddling we lay down to sleep, for we were to go out at midnight, no one knew where. At twelve o'clock the bugle sounded and the men once more fell into line. We had been mustered for several days and did not go out with them, so I remained in Camp behind.

Sept. 1st. I ascertained this morning that "our boys" had again gone down the River in the vicinity of King George C.H. The entire division went out on the expedition.

This morning I received a cheering letter from home. Oh! the sodden friends know but little of the transports the white ring occasions

surgeon cannot the army, may move person of arms to feel. How kindly it brings to his mind the tender associations of home. It lightens his heart and makes him feel stronger in the execution of his duty. Oh! why don't they write oftener frequently?

2nd. Rumors in abundance to the effect that our division (Kilpatrick's) is fighting nearly at King Georges C.H. But we can't see nothing about it as none of them have been captured.

Been quite ill all day. Weather fine, evening cool.

3rd. The division returned to camp, from its expedition down the rivers, arriving at 11½ A.M. The boys came in all covered with dust (for the roads are a complete powder bed, and the wind high) and I don't know how much glory. The object of the expedition was the destruction of two "gun boats" taken from the Union flotilla on the Potomac. They had been brought up the rivers as far as Port Royal where they the Guard.

The expedition ended in complete success, with the loss of only one killed, a Sergt. in the 5th Michigan Cavalry. This I think was the first naval battle fought by cavalry.

Been very unwell all day. Weather to-day has been very pleasant.

4th. Nothing of interest has occurred to-day. Weather pleasant. Health no better. Squirts & Crumbs of the sick in the regimental hospital were sent to Washington to-day. The Daily Chronicle of Washing. came into camp this evening. An unusual luxury.

5th. All quiet to day. No news from the picket line. I forgot to state in my memorandum of the 3rd that the regiment was ordered on picket, I, not even having time to unsaddle my horse; I was spared from picket duty on account of my health. And remained in Camp.

Drew fresh beef for supper. We are entitled by the army Regulations, to fresh meat twice each week but do not always get it.

6th. The day has passed off very quietly indeed. Been confined to my bed all day. We have only our little shelter tent, which forms but a frail protection from the storm, but do keep pretty fair warm. Sergt Cranston and myself share it together, and have our tent arranged in the following manner. In the first place we drove four forks, each about eighteen inches long, one in each corner of the tent. Into these forks, we hooked the tent, and with the aid of two crotches, with a small pole across them, for a ridge pole, we stretched it to its proper height. An extra piece of tent closed up the "head" end of it, while the bottom was left open.

Over a chunk we drove four more crotches, in the tent, on which were laid small springy poles, & these were covered with cedar boughs. When finished, we thought we had very comfortable quarters, & in fact, quite luxurious considering the Capitol is our exception.

Amos Beach was taken violently ill to day. Has the appearance of rain this evening.

7th. Nothing worthy of record has occurred to-day, unless it be that Washington and Philadelphia papers have again made their appearance in Camp. They reach here, quickly about a day old. All being quiet, Bean gets Mail to-day.

8th. To-day has been anything but pleasant, Sleet and rain prevail, Chills constantly every day. No News of importance from the picket line, All quiet, Weather continues dry and warm, but cold nights.

9th. Musters to-day, Cos inspected all. All quiet. Appearance of rain at Sixes o'clock Roll Call.

12th. There seems to have been a very important movement along our whole line today. Early this morning we received orders to break Camp, and by 12 M. the entire brigade was in motion. The design of the movement is beyond my comprehension, as we know nothing about it. We received orders to March, But we will undoubtedly learn, in a few days its object.

The sick, of whom there is quite a number, are still left in Camp, awaiting transportation to Warrenton Junction. It has been threatening rain all day, but has succeeded in giving us only a few drops. It is still threatening, however.

13th. We have been waiting all day for ambulances to take us to Warrenton Junction ~~[illegible]~~ but they have not arrived. This appearance up to this time, (noon) we are expecting

to remain in Camp all day. All has been quiet in Camp, ~~today~~, though heavy Cannonading has been heard, at intervals, up the river, all day. The weather has been delicious, a heavy rain having fallen last night, laid the dust, purified the air, making it altogether more agreeable than usual. Many have been very ill.

14th We are still in the old Camp near Falmouth. Ambulances did not come last night, but are expected to start for the "Junction" early in the morning. We are nearly out of rations for animals and forage for our horses, for the horses of the sick men left in Camp with them. Our situation is critical, as we are constantly exposed to the incursions of "Guerrillas", in which case we would undoubtedly be lost. Capt. All has been quiet in Camp, but the booming of Cannon has been heard occasionally in the direction of Culpeper. The weather has been delightful.

15th On Ammunition having arrived, and our provisions having run short, it was determined to start for Brandy Junction, with what we had, which was one Ambulance that had been left, and a few horse Cart that had been picked up in the Camp. Dr. Thus, who was the least able to ride, was placed, the sick, mounted on his horses.

The starting at 7½ o'Clock in the Morning and arrived at the Corps Hospital at 7 o'Clock P.M. The ride was very hard, for one, as we did not stop to rest the whole distance, some 25 miles,

We found no room in the hospital & as a matter of course had to "hunk" it, the afternoon & for the night. A little bacon & beef, bread & coffee was served to us. Almost nothing material has been heard for a sick man.

16th. I passed last night very uncomfortably, and to-day my condition has been intolerable hotter. I have had no medical attendance to-day. Canacy Corps Hospital ordered to Aquia Creek. The Union troops having taken possession of that place. The worst cases at this place are to be sent to Washington. Quite a number of wounded men were brought in from the front this morning, just after I had lain down for the night & learned that I was to be sent to Washington.

Of all places the most disagreable the Corps Hospital is one. It is the most illy conducted institution of the kind I have seen in the service. In the first place it is situated where it is next to impossible to get water, and that is of a very poor quality. And the chief is the Surgeon in charge is a man of very immoral habits, reckless in character and of course the duties of the hospital are conducted in corresponding manner. Nearly all the bunks are placed on the ground with little or no straw underneath, which every night actually swarms with vermin.

These things are not the "fore" of circumstances, for they might easily be dispensed with, I felt glad in my heart when I heard my name pronounced "for Washington"

Stephensburg, Va.
Sept. 23d 1863

My dear Brother,

It has been a long while since I got a letter from home, but I have kept up my diary, that you know, and I am getting letters. I feel very much as though I had been a little interest to you, but when I get tired you may find some interesting reading in my diary. I am now writing in it, and commencing at the beginning through the last of August, you have seen that good old Domelina.

Sept. 17th. Should the eyes of any disposed to criticise fall on this, reading my diary, they may set down Lance Wolf and Ann a confirmed gambler, but such is not the case. I am willing to give credit where credit is due, but I can not see the advantage of other acts especially those in the public service for the sake of making a good story. "Sam the Daniel Lo." is a martyr compared when he gives warning of gamblers and don't get disturbed to fight. But to continue. This morning after a considerable maneuvering the Lieut. was transferred to the car, a distance of perhaps 200 yards, and finally was unloaded for hospital. The consequence of the surprise was that we are frightened, I, as always of course, the communities & complaints are fewer.

We did not arrive in Washington till quite Night. Matters sometime at the Depot for Ambulances, which came after a while, when the Invalids were conveyed to the different hospitals in the City. I was brought to the Lincoln General Hospital, which is situated a mile east of the Capitol, on quite an elevated piece of ground. I was brought to Ward "J" and Bed No. 31. Was assigned to Cinq-cas.

Oh, how ~~congratulate~~ Thankful it did seem to have the prospect of laying one's weary bones down on a clean, comfortable bed once more.

After taking a good wash, and changing my "regimentals" for a clean suit of Hospital Clothing, I lay down contented.

November 7th 1863

As a discription of one day at the Hospital is sufficient for all I will confine myself to a view of the institution in general.

And a discription of the Lincoln Hospital will guarge for most others in the City.

The Lincoln Hospital is composed of two immense "wings", spreading out in the form of the letter A. Each wing is composed of ten wards, & each ward forms a separate & distinct building of nearly 200 feet in length by 24 in width. There is a corridor, or covered walk, running the whole length of both wings, and from each wing also to the Mess room, which stands in the hollow formed by the two wings. The wash room, knapsack room, guard house, and cutters shop are within the hollow also. But to return to the wards.

At the front end of the Ward there are four little rooms. The first belongs to the "Sisters" in charge of the Ward, and from which are issued the rations & Condiments, prescribed, to those patients not able to go to the Mess Room.
The second is a sort of "Ward Rats" in which is kept all the extra clothing belonging to the inmates of the Hospital. No. 3, is the Patients Closet, containing a sink, bathing tub, &c. and No. 4 is a spring. The Cots are arranged on each side of the Ward with the head next to the wall. At the head of each bed is placed the No. of the bed, Name, Company & Regiment of the occupant, with the Name & Nature of his disease, date of admission &c. &c. The bedsteads are all made of iron covered with wooden slats. They are just wide enough for one man to lie on comfortably. The bed is composed of a hair or husk mattress, two cotton sheets, one or two pillows with as many good, warm woolen blankets as the patient strictly may require. The whole is covered with a very nice "Spread." This, however, is taken off at night, and replaced in the morning.
Each ward is amply ventilated, and is warmed by five or six large coal stoves placed in the centre of the ward, the whole length.
And now I will speak of the officers & attendants of the hospital. First, they have the Head Surgeon or Surgeon in Charge, who directs the affairs of the medical institution. The Surgeon in Charge is followed by the Ward Surgeons, each of whom has charge of one Ward. They are in this service

We did not arrive in Washington till late in the night. We lay sometime at the Depot for Ambulances, which came after a while, when the invalids were conveyed to the different hospitals in the City. I was brought to the Lincoln General Hospital, which is situated a mile east of the Capitol, on quite an elevated piece of ground. I was brought to ward "J" and "Bed No. 34" was assigned to my use.

Oh, how ~~comfortable~~ chilly it did seem to have the prospect of paying one's weary bones down on a clean, comfortable bed once more.

After taking a good wash, and changing my "regimentals" for a clean suit of Hospital Clothing, I lay down contented.

Wednesday Jan 18 63

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Each ward is amply ventilated, and is warmed by fires in six large cast stoves placed in the centre of the ward, the whole length.
And now I will speak of the officers & attendants of the hospital. First, they have the Head Surgeon or Surgeon in Charge, who directs the affairs of the hospital institution. The Surgeon in Charge is followed by the Ward Surgeons, each of whom has charge of one ward. They make their rounds

twice each day, in the Morning at Nine o'Clock. When the patients are prescribed for, and in the Evening at Six o'clock in the evening. The Wards are visited by the Surgeon in Charge once each week, on Sunday Morning.

For every Ward there are three to five attendants, one of whom is styled "Ward Master". The Surgeon writes out his prescription, and the "Ward Master" then carries it to the "Dispensary", or Medical Department of the hospital, where the prescription is filled and by the hospital "Stewards". The Medicines, properly labeled, are then taken to the "Sister", who gives it to her patients according to directions. These "Sisters" are Sisters of Charity, each of whom has the care of one Ward, and the whole are superintended by a "Sister Superior". This service are rendered, I think, without compensation. And better & more faithful nurses could not be found than they are. I have watched with admiration their patient & unwearying labors for the sick & wounded soldiers. Running like so many angels of Mercy, ministering to the wants & care of the helpless invalids. Every hospital in Washington is supplied with a fine library, access to which may be had by all the patients.

There is also a "Chapel" & Chaplain. It is the duty of the Chaplain to visit each Ward every day, ministering words of comfort to the sick & dying. Making a solemn & impressive scene the occasion of his visit. Dr. Butler of Washington is the present Chaplain of the Lincoln Hospital. I made his acquaintance in the "Seminary" Hos

pital" of Georgetown, in the fall of 1861. He is a fine Orator, talented, and earnest devoted to the cause in which he is engaged. In addition to the library of this hospital there is also a very fine Melodeon, the use of which is free to any one acquainted with music. Quite lately there has been a series of prayer meetings held at the "Chapel", and with considerable success.

The grounds around the hospital are being improved as fast as possible, and by another Winter will look well. (There is much more I would like to say in connection with this hospital, but my time (this morn) allows. So you will excuse me with this.) Oct. 5th Received 2 clothes from Government. Oct. 6th Received a letter from home containing three dollars. And Oct. 12th Sent home 18 dollars in "green backs". Oct. 31st Was mustered for pay due to-day, the 1st of November. I start for my Regiment after a sojourn of nearly two months at the hospital. We have gotten at the "Soldiers Retreat" as "Rest" and we to-morrow hurried tomorrow when we are to go to "Dismounted Camp". While here (Mrs. Brainard visiting agent for the Michigan Soldiers Relief Association, of this City) sent me quite a variety of little comforts, for which I was very thankful. The "Soldiers Rest" seems pretty much the same as usual. I can see no difference

Sunday Nov. 8th. This morning the convalescents belonging to the Cavalry were marched, under guard, to "Dismounted Camp", a distance of five or six miles.

The Dismounted Camp is now situated across what is called the East Branch, which is nothing more than a foot of bayou putting out from the Potomac river. The East Branch separates the District of Columbia, at this point, from Maryland. I do not like the location of the present camp as well as that I visited in the summer, though I think it is considerably improved since. As we had to walk all the way we were very tired when we arrived. Camp life, very agreeable, will have to go through another initiation. I met with an old hospital chum (Lang Davis).

Monday 9th. The weather today has been very cold, dry & the air filled with dust. The evening clear & we have quite a flurry of snow. Cold night attack.

Tuesday, Nov. 10th. Started for the front once more, got as far as Bullis's Cross Roads, & camped for the night. Water is mud & plenty. Lock Lind & Answell, get a hearty supper & will soon "turn in".

Bullis Cross Roads we near Chancellorsville, and about five miles from Fredericksburg. Here is where I did my first picket duty as a soldier in the Army of the Potomac in September of 1861. I made my coffee

This morning from the Rome Spring that supplied us with water during that Cannonade fall. The rebels then had possession of Cannon's Hill which is only a half mile distant from our Camping ground.

Wednesday, 18th Arrived at my Company about noon, found it at Stephenson, No. Regiment assigned out picket, everything packed ready to move. The sick and a few others are ordered to remain in Camp. Tired & weary from my long march & remaining.
Great Internal firing of Cannon was heard in the direction of Raccoon Ford.
The rebels were first annoying themselves by firing a few shots at "indiags" as they went out to relieve the pickets.

19th Received 29.25 dollars from government to-day & this morning joined the Company on the picket line.

20th Sent on Army Allotment of 20 dollars home.
29th Back Camp again.

24th Regiment received orders to break Camp & prepare for marching. Remain in Camp however till 9 P.M. when the Regt. goes out on picket at Summerville Ford. Companies "A" & "F" take the first relief. A drizzling rain has fallen nearly all day, night set clouds in rainy uncomfortable. Roads in

a very bad condition.

25th On picket all day. Relieved at night by Companies E & C. Returned to Camp tired & weary.

26th The regiment was roused early this morning saddled packs & be ready to march at five o'clock. We are still in camp, however, all ready to fall into line at a moment's notice. Quite a heavy firing of cannon has been heard at intervals nearly the day. Rebels reported to be marching this way in force, and mounting heavy guns across the river. Strongly expected. Report of a great victory in Tenn. by Gen. Thomas. All taken into consideration which we are placed, the regiment was assembled for divine worship & thanksgiving. A short discourse by Rev. Mr. Summerville Regimental Saddler. Weather has been lovely today. Dis coal & blessing. Expect to go out on picket to-morrow as we did last night.

~~at last night as we~~ 27th Did not go out on picket as expected last night as we expected, and of course had another good night's rest. Took a ride out into the country & returning just in time to find the regiment falling into line. Rgt. moved at 11½ o'clock A.M. down the Rapidan as far as Morton's Ford. Crossed at 1½ p.m. & at 4½ P.M. we crossed to the north bank of the river, and formed a heavy skirmish line along the bank of the river. So soon as a picket line had been established and it had become sufficiently dark we retired to a place of safety behind the bank & camped for the night. 9 o'clock P.M. wagon train moving down the river.

28th. The brigade began marching in the Clear morning air roused us early from our blankets. Dennis found us in the saddle, & the brigade marched around to the South bank of the river. Formed a strong skirmish line first in front of the rebels and rifle pits. Breakfast. The day passed off tolerably without a gunning fire on our line. There was a heavy cannonade, shrieks, kept up in the direction of Rappahannock and fire at times. The 5th Brig. acted as the place. Dispersation about 4 P.M. & not about getting supper. Got almost ready when the men ordered into line. No coffee, Dog-trotting & hardtack had to be dispensed. The Regt. then formed a skirmish line first in rear of the 5th & remained until 9 P.M. when the line was drawn to the North bank of the river. The greater part of the day has been stormy & consequently the road was exceedingly difficult to cross. It was quite late before the whole brigade was at ease. Through Crooked Comp. & Mosby out on the picket line. One o'clock rolled round as we lay down to rest. The day closed cloudy & cold.

29th. Regt. occupies the ground it took up last night, & that portion of the first position on picket was relieved at sunset, just at dark we received our commodoll. This we did cheerfully, it being only the second time have commodoll for the past week. The Pioneer Corps of the brigade has been busily engaged in repairing the roads, & report it this morning in good condition. The brigade has remained upon the North bank of the river to-day. Plenty of the rebels have shown themselves on the opposite heights at various times to-day.

It has been rumored in Camp to-day that Gen Meade has made a flank movement on his army & is successfully forcing that general back on the Rapidan. Heavy firing was heard this A.M. in the direction of Gordonsville. Meade reported to have captured two rebel brigades & considerable artillery, but the rumors have not been confirmed.
Weather Cloudy & Cold.

30th Nothing the exception of saddling early this morning the regiment has been comparatively quiet to-day. A foraging party from Comp K, went out towards night in quest of grain for our horses. Scanned the country quite destitute, got a little, however & returned to Camp after dark. Heavy firing has again been heard beyond the rivers. Company K & others detailed this evening to guard a train down the river. Amos Beverly who was taken prisoner in a skirmish at Rappahannock Ford Nov 15th, made his escape from the rebels & returned to the Company to-day. He reports the rebels in a very destitute condition. Though he suffered considerably in making his escape, he returns, fortunately, well.
Weather Clear & Cold.

December 1st. The day has passed off very quietly along the lines. The reports from Gen Meade are very encouraging. Company K returned to the regiment this evening. Regiment out on picket.
Weather continues Clear & Cold.

Dec 2nd Companies "B" & "C" (the two Companies from the 1st Squadron of the 6th) take post at Stanton's ford at 9 A.M. A few rebels made their appearance at 10 A.M. and fired a couple of shots at a picket party that was throwing obstructions into the ford. They retreated, however, on receiving a few shots from our rifle pits. Considerable firing was heard at Beaver Creek about ½ P.M. At 2 P.M. Companies "D" & "E" came out to reinforce us. They report the rebels advancing. Were relieved at 3 P.M. by a portion of the 1st Vermont Cavalry. Right Wing marched into the woods a half mile to the rear.

A few shots at Beaver Creek was heard at intervals till dark. Reported that Custer is falling back towards the Rapidan. Expect to fall back during the night. Wagon train moved back this morning. We remain saddled until this time (6 P.M.) Weather today has been moderate. Clear sky. This evening Regiment out of forage for horses.

3d. Did not fall back last night as expected. This morning a detachment of Big Mun, for the purpose of foraging was detailed from each company & accompanied the foragers. Our boys say down the river.

Obtained but little grain. Not obtained enough for our horses to-day.

At 12 M. the brigade began to fall back. Fell back to Stevensburg where we halted and went into Camp at dusk and frost.

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We had been fitted out tents when we

were ordered to unpack & prepare. The rebels, it was reported, were crossing the river, and had already attacked our picket line.

We came soon in line & marched out toward the picket line, Fourth Division had moved. But the report was false, as the rebels had been repulsed, for the Columns Counter-marched by the left flank & returned to Camp. We hoped yet to get a good night's rest, but found our division again lying at Stevensburg. The day has been delightful. Clear sky this evening.

4th. This has been a busy day in Camp. Pitching tents, forming the Camp ground & establishing a line for its boundary has been the order of the day. We had a short drill this P.M. & an Infantry dress parade in the evening. Two letters reached me from home. Washington papers of yesterday came in tonight. Weather continues pleasant.

5th. Brigade of Cavalry mounted occupied the greater part of the A.M., and this P.M. we came out on picket. The 6th is posted at Raccoon Ford. Sergt. Porter with five men, myself included, went out on a special detail, towards Summerville Ford.

A large amount of infantry up to the Camps around Stevensburg. They are said to be going into winter quarters. Rebel drums plainly heard from the line. Weather continues good.

Pleasant.

Stevensburg, April 18th, 1864.

December 6th. 2nd Battalion moved to Sammuville and took picket duty at that post. Companies B & F on picket at Sammuville. No news. Weather Clear, but very cold.

7th. Out on picket duty this morning. All quiet along the line to-day. Squadron relieved at 4 P.M. Last night the weather was exceedingly cold, and this morning everything was frozen up hard, but it is now moderate to-night.
Returned to Camp. Rumors &c. Relieved & returned to Camp. Rumors in Camp that the 2nd Brigade is going to Alexandria to winter. Wrote a letter to home Sammy to-day. Weather continues Clear & Cold.

9th. Nothing of importance has occurred in Camp to-day aside from inspection of arms & equipments, and the usual preliminaries attending that exercise. We got hay for our horses to-day. The first mess I had since I returned to the regiment.

10th. Nothing of note has occured to-day. Dress parade at sunset. Weather increasingly cold. Pitts Cold at dark.

11th. The 4th Squadron (Cos H & K) was unexpectedly called out last night from our warm beds, to go to Culpeper for horses. We left Camp at 10 in the evening and arrived at Culpeper at 4 A.M. and busily taking six hours to accomplish the task of going about five miles.

Our baggage train was occasionally fired upon by the rebels of our baggage train. We crossed the Potomac into Virginia & beheld the entire devastation that reigns. The occupancy of this country by both armies has evidently swept away almost every guide & landmark by which the travelers usually traces his way, such as trees, fences, houses in many instances, & more especially growing crops. You will not wonder at our being lost, especially as the night was very dark & foggy. We attained the first houses & have seen many of the army. We threw a few little boys. Returned to camp at 4 P.M., weather very cold during the day, but more moderate at night.

12th. This morning I felt pretty much used up on account of my ride the night before yesterday. The morning was bright, but at 12 M. it became quite cloudy & this P.M. a drizzling rain has fallen most of the time. Rgt. went out picket again to-day as Gen. Ewell's Ford. This Ford is about two miles below Morton's Ford. Weather warm & mild. 4 P.M. Two deserters from the rebel army came in at this late hour. It was wonderful how they found our lines at all, the darkness being intense & the rain falling heavily. They were very destitute in point of clothing & represented themselves as being a credit to the rebel army in general. They report this army much discouraged. Will be sent to Head Quarters tomorrow.

13th. After a hasty repast this morning, our prisoners were sent to Headquarters. Nothing has transpired on our lines to-day worthy of note, now that the attempt to exchange prisoners with the rebels across the river. The attempt proved a failure, owing, on account of the sudden state of the stream. The heavy rain of last night raised the water very rapidly 3 to 4 considerable upstream. A beautiful rainbow was in the morning, indicative of stormy weather, but we have had quite pleasant weather, clear & warm.

14th. With the exception of a slight shower about two P.M. the day has been very pleasant. At the time of writing (7 P.M.) a heavy wind is blowing, returning it rather disagreeable to stand post.

Nothing has occurred along the line aside from the usual routine of relieving & posting the picquets. (A picquet is a mounted picket.) Consequently always a paradox. Picquets are always thrown out in advance of all other pickets.) 4th Squadron relieved & relieved by the 1st & returned to Reserve post. Night cool & bright.

15th. To-day has passed very quietly. The weather has been beautifully warm, in fact the present month of May has been warm. Has every appearance of being cool & bright. Clear & beautiful at 7 P.M.

16th. Was relieved at 1 P.M. to-day by the 4th Cavalry, and returned to Camp.

at Stephensburg. Dress parade this evening, on which occasion, Orders, permitting a list of men to have a short furlough home, were read to the men. Weather Clear & Cold.

17th. Sometimes when the soldier seems enjoyed himself, and there are times too when his situation is not the most enviable.

When the sun went down last evening behind the western hills, not a cloud darkened the broad canopy above us, & the soldier lay down confident of a quiet night of quiet before the fighting day. But alas! this hope. The northern tempest in rudest blast came howling across our camp, waking us to behold ourselves — afloat! The pine trees above & around us quaking & writhing beneath this load of sleet & snow, as the heavy gusts of wind came rushing thro' their bending tops. Our poor horses, hood & fifty blanket skins & shelter tents unusual cold, fairly groaning thro' again. Breakfast was got in the rain, over a pine log fire, & was eaten in the rain, that this is only one of the many instances of the same nature. The day continued dowry, & the evening closed in ~~[illegible]~~ stormy enough, & now while I write the rain is pouring down in torrents.

18th. To-day has been more pleasant. Cloudy but no rain. Reported this evening that the Guerrilla, Mosby, has been another train of Cavalry & driving off our cattle. Rumored that Pres. Lincoln is now to-morrow the condition

of the ground on which our present Camp is situated, rendering it necessary. Everything is moved, mind, quick from one end of the Camp to the other.

19th. We are still in our old Camp. Did not move as was expected.

The day has been extremely cold, snowy, very disagreeable, as Camp inspection to-morrow, for which preparations have been made to-day.

Primus Novo.

20th. Instead of inspection as was anticipated the regiment was ordered out on picket, & in obedience to orders we relieved the 7th Regt. at Stanton's Ford. Prospect rather cheerless as the weather is very cold.

21st. Last night was, I think, without any exception, the coldest we have experienced this season. The weather otherwise, however, was very agreeable, everything being clear as a bell. Companies "K" & "F" were relieved at 4 P.M., by Companies "G" & "B" & we returned to our Reserve Post. On our way in one of the boys strayed back a little, the first & last one had the pleasure of examining closely. Its wings, from tip to tip, measured fully five & a half feet. Its beak was half filled with flesh torn from the carcas of one of the dead horses lying around. He was in the act of devouring it when shot.

The weather, tonight, is extremely cold. Hope to have a good night's rest.

22nd Alleguit on the lines. Companies "K, & F." on post again. Sergt. Cratton started for home last night on furlough of 15 days. Weather moderate.

23d Regt. relieved at 12 M. to-day by the 7th Regt. Returned to Camp. Ordered to build winter quarters, near the old Camp ground. Weather again changed, quite a fall of snow last night. Extremely Cold.

24th Everything is extremely busy in Camp to-day in selecting ground & carrying material for the purpose of building. Considerable has been done, considering the circumstances, toward the accomplishment of our object. Cold, Cold, Cold.

25th Christmas. Yesterday the Army Market of Christmas of home, to-day Sodden ordered off logs & sticks in the Camp. The regiment has been busily engaged in building winter quarters, & several huts are in progress. Many huts in several huts already nearly completed.

26th Our Shanks Orderly Sergeant had nearly completed our house at Sunset this evening & I had begun to anticipate considerable comfort this ~~[illegible]~~ winter, but a detail was made ordering me to Brig. Hd. Qrs. as detailed on Gen. Custis's staff. I Reported to my own quarters & will leave to Camp to-night in the open air. Weather rain.

29th. Passed last night more comfortably than I expected to. Methodist Minister visited us.
Inspection of the arms & equipments of the Guard by Capt. R. O. Lee. Heavy storm set in about 11 A.M. & continued a day.
Two of the men went out this p.m. in quest of lumber for the purpose of building winter quarters. Did not return until after dark.
Raining hard at 9 P.M.

28th. Has continued to storm nearly all day with scarcely any intermission; but at sunset has the appearance of a strong growing cold. Have been on duty at my office post to day.

29th. Weather more moderate to-day. Storm passed off & sky clear & bright, with a lovely sunset. Out in the woods cutting timber for our new houses. The men came to-day from Stone.

30th. Nothing worthy of remark has occurred to-day, with the exception that myself & three others have been busily engaged in building our new quarters.
Weather has been delightful, and very pleasing for feet.

31st. Dull day to-day & cold day it has been. Although last night was beautifully clear, this morning the sun rose dark & cloudy & disappointed a light drizzling rain. The rain increased to a storm towards evening & continued with greater or less violence

all day. And to night the old year seems to be going out in wailing in clouds & darkness, & will come in the new year from

January 1st, 1863. Another year has flown; another year has passed into eternity. And now afterwards shall be its fate, and thousands of noble hearts have been crushed. Our country, the cruel & offending hand of war, the contending elements of deadly strife are stretched against each other, and the ravages & devastations left behind the waves of conflict stand as prominent features across the land. To the Union & Republic, morning the past year has been one of unprecedented success. The National arms, on land & sea, have been triumphant, & peace the boon for which every true American longs, looks out so far distant. The Rebellion, so gigantic in its outset, so powerful in its operations, so demoralizing in its results, is nigh crushed. The rebellion is on its wane, and ere long shall have flown. We may hope for the restoration of our country to its original prosperity & greatness, & for the final & complete triumph of the old flag. To this end let us pray. Let us thank God for the success of the past year, & trust to him the destinies of our country for the present. He alone can aid us, & protect us from internal & external foes, & confound & break the arms of our enemies.

Notwithstanding the gloomy nature of the weather last night, this morning

bright & fair, but as the day advanced it grew colder & soon at 8 o'clock P.M. it was extremely cold. Snow could be plainly seen on the Blue Ridge this morning.

2nd. Last night was without any exceptions the coldest night we have experienced this winter & to day has been a quiet cold, bracing day & the weather seems to be cold little towards the completion of our winter quarters. There is no news of any important character things go quiet & everybody is enjoying himself as well as the cold weather & the circumstances of the case will admit.

3d. Nothing of a great nature has occurred to day. The weather, though, has been one favorable for a change which it comes quite opportune, & is, I trust, gratefully appreciated.

4th. Went out to the regiment, found everything excepting quarters for the horses very comfortably situated indeed. The Commanding officer Capt. Kirk, has got matters so arranged that the regiment in doing picket duty, is divided into three relays, so the men come on picket duty only once in 9 days. By the former method they came on every two days.

Got two letters from home, one containing the photograph of a friend. Some two or three inches of snow has fallen to-day, making the earth, in its mantle, look quite strong contrast with its spring like garb of yesterday. We are now in our

new Winter quarters & find them very comfortable.

5th. Snow has disappeared about as fast as it came & this evening the ground is nearly bare. No news of importance has occurred.

6th. There has been a report to-day that the rebels are moving down into Shenandoah Valley, & that we will soon be ordered to our comfortable quarters for the winter. Reports in direct opposition to the feelings of most of us, & we most earnestly hope the rumor is without foundation. We do not want a winter campaign, & the 2nd & 6th Army Corps are said to have already moved.

7th. Went with the regiment & got our boots repaired at the saddler's shop.

Those who went home on furlough the 23d of last month were expected to return to-day. Horses were sent to Brandy Station for the purpose of bringing them to Camp.

Weather today fine. Cold indeed, we may be said to be in the depth of winter. The roads, in consequence of constant freezing & thawing, are in bad condition; and the going over them is extremely difficult & at times frequently dangerous. Half past 8 o'clock P.M., sitting quite warm.

8th. Lieut. Kendall & Sergt. Norton returned from their brief furlough home. No news; weather fine.

9th Received a letter from Pattie & Ore. Brings news of a raid & skirmish. Also received a letter from Cretton, which all quiet. Day beautiful.

10th Went to the regiment, all quiet there. The men employed in building stalls for the horses. Weather to-day has been delightful.

11th We have had delightful weather to-day. The sunrise was glorious, the Blue Ridge looming up in the distance, the clear valley between here & there, with now & then an intervening patch of timber, with the brilliant sky, makes a picture worthy of the painter's pencil.

There is no news with the exception that the paymaster will be here soon. This we hope for as more dear as infantry of money.

12th To-day has passed off very quietly, more so than usual. The officers have gone home, & Lee, Cus & Jim are trying to enjoy themselves exceedingly.

The boys broke a "fuzing" fuse for him to-day. She has been taking the benefit of it while we are now & then at Ore's Creek. All quiet.

13th Weather to-day has moderated very much & this morning it hardly appears as if rain. Received a letter from Cretton. Due for Ore's.

14th This has been a rainy day with Ore. Visiting went to Regt. Weather continues mild. Company out on picket.

15th I have been on duty to-day. The weather has been very fine, and I should be disagreeably enough in addition on account of Tell Cain. The steamer Cain, lighted on first absurd signal lights in the direction of Dry Mountain. Further this morning we had been guilty

16th. Can and not wish for more delightful weather than we are now having, but it cost for my disagreeableness in this fact, but with the present Chaparral by this time not long Continue.

17th. No deserters were brought in to-day & reported at Div. Hd. Qrs. I have not had the privilege of speaking with them, but it is reported they represent themselves as in distressing circumstances.

18th. All has been quiet to-day, & had the monotony of our everyday life been broken it is impossible to obtain any more than a record of the day's events. We have received a change in the weather, however, & it is snowing. One of those dull & searching storms, that appears anything but congenial. A Sabbath in January has brought clouds & rain, raising & swelling the streams rapidly, & literally choking the fords & fords running within doors. The direction is by Fredericksburg agreeably. Fair Quiet to-day

Sabbath

Draw near my soul unto thy God.
And let his praise thy strength employ.
Enter upon these sacred hours
Of Sabbath rest with holy joy.

Let no vain thoughts thy heart invade,
Nor worldly care thy mind oppress,
But calmly wait on Him who is
Thy life, and light, and righteousness.

So shall these hours of rest be sweet,
And Sabbath a delight shall prove,
In place of care and toil and fears,
Thy God shall fill thy cup with love.

M. Baird

Sabbath Oct. 16th 1881.