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1862

The Civil War Diary

1862-1865

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DURING the spring and summer of 1862 the war fever was running very high. Great excitement prevailed. Darkness and gloom seemed to cover the country. Men were urged to enlist, go to the war, and help save the country. It was preached from the pulpits, printed by the press, talked about at great war meetings that were held by day and nights. Business at times was suspended. Drums and fifes were heard continuously being paraded through the streets and followed by men and boys. Churches were open in country towns, giving men an opportunity to enlist.

Mr. Isaac H. Bromley, City Editor of the Norwich Morning Bulletin, at a great war meeting held at Breed's Hall, had enlisted to go to the war. He came out with a card in the Bulletin asking one hundred young men to go with him and organize a company for the 18th Regiment that was forming at the time.

On the evening of August 6th, 1862, I visited the recruiting office with my mind fully made up to enlist for the war and go in Bromley's company.

On the 12th the members were requested to meet at the recruiting office at 1 P. M. to form company and march to the fair grounds where camp had been located. Distance about two miles. At 2 P. M. with drum and fife we began our march to the camp. Cheers greeted us all along the line of march.

The camp was known as Camp Aiken, so named in honor of General Aiken, son-in-law of Connecticut's war

Governor, William A. Buckingham. At camp we were assigned two rows of tents, mattresses and army blankets included. After the medical examination, uniforms were given to us. Then began the life of a real soldier, learning how to march and drill and also doing guard duty.

A meeting of the company was called to elect officers. Isaac H. Bromley was elected Captain, Samuel T. C. Merwin, a lawyer, 1st Lieutenant, Henry F. Cowles, 2nd Lieutenant. In due time we were selected as color company, also known as Company C. It was considered a very great honor to be the color company of a regiment. With cheers and congratulations we pledged ourselves to be true and to carry the flags with honor. We are now getting the new experience of a soldier's life in camp.

August 17th. Sunday in camp. Most of the members of the regiment were allowed to leave camp and visit homes and the city. It would be our last Sunday in the state. I was detailed for guard duty and could not leave camp. Many visitors in camp during the day. I was on duty two hours and off four during the day and night.

August 18th. Monday. Regiment mustered into the United States service, William G. Ely, Colonel, having been promoted from Lieutenant-Colonel of the 6th Connecticut Regiment. A resident of Norwich. The remaining days in camp brought many visitors and peddlers. Those were sad and very exciting days while we were preparing for the life of a soldier. The weather hot and dry in camp.

August 22d. Friday. Early this morning great crowds began to arrive in camp as we were to leave for

the war. About 10 A. M. a large delegation of Norwich ladies came into camp with fine flags, National and State, which they presented to the regiment, Governor Buckingham making the presentation for the ladies from whom the flags came. The flags were received by Colonel Ely and then turned over to the color-sergeants who had been selected to carry them. Then assigned to Company C, our company. This event over, the regiment broke ranks.

About 3 P. M. the regiment broke camp, formed in line, and began our march to the city. Business was suspended. Great crowds lined the streets as the regiment marched along. Near five hundred young men from Norwich were in the regiment, leaving home for the life of a soldier in the great war. It was a very sad day in old Norwich. The boys marched on, going on board the large, fine steamer City of Boston, of the New York and New London Line. Many sad farewells as we marched on board the boat. The Norwich Brass Band volunteered its services as far as New York. About 7 P. M. the boat left the dock, going slowly down the Thames River. The music by the band, cheering by the people, roaring of cannons, and the great crowds made a scene that could not be forgotten. As the steamer rounded a bend in the river our view of Norwich was cut off and the shades of night were coming on. The lights of New London began to show up. Passing on, the steamer was soon out into Long Island Sound.

August 23d. Very little sleep on board the boat last night. Passing around New York the boat landed at Pier No. 2, North River, at about 6 A. M. The transport steamer Kill-von-Kull was at the pier waiting for us. Marched across the pier on board to the music of

the band. When all were on board the Kill-von-Kull, the City of Boston sailed away and with it the band. The last tune we heard the band play was "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the strains in the distance coming across the water to us were "Home, Sweet Home."

The Kill-von-Kull soon got under way. Reported that we were going to Elizabethport, N. J. It proved to be a very pleasant trip. The weather fine. We were saluted by passing boats and the people along the shores. Late in the day we arrived in Elizabethport, safe and sound. We found a long train of cars waiting for us. All railroad lines leading to Washington were crowded with troops hurrying on in response to the President's call for three hundred thousand more men.

August 24th. Sunday. It was after eight o'clock last night before the train got under way. At midnight we passed through Harrisburg, Penn. The night very dark. Did not get much sleep. A slow, tiresome journey. Passed through York, on over the state line into Maryland. Soldiers are on guard along the railroad. The train moved along very slowly, making many stops. About noon-time arrived in Baltimore. The regiment soon formed in line and marched through the city, stopping at the Soldier's Rest on Camden Street, where dinner was served, bread, salt-beef, and coffee. Then waited for transportation to Washington. Late in the day orders were received to report at Fort McHenry for duty, and relieve the 48th New York Regiment. A march of four miles. That put our regiment in the 8th Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, General John E. Wool, Commander, Brigadier N. W. Morris, commanding the fort.

August 25th. After a short drill by officers of the 48th Regiment, I was detailed for guard duty. A large number of Confederate prisoners were confined in one of the old buildings near which I was posted. That kind of duty I did not like. It had to be done.

The fort was located on a point of land extending out into the Patapsco Bay. A high stone wall from water to water enclosed it. Company drill during the forenoon, battalion drill and dress parade in the afternoon, and all other duties incident to camp life had to be done as each day came along. By our stopping at the fort we escaped the battle of Antietam, at which time we had to do extra duty and be ready to march at any time, if wanted.

September 1st. The fort was historic ground. The flag flying over it caused Mr. Key to write the song "The Star-spangled Banner," in 1814. Many British shells and solid shot were piled up in the fort as relics. After the battle of Antietam many rebel prisoners were brought to the fort to remain as prisoners of war until exchanged. Sympathetic friends from Baltimore were allowed to visit them giving them supplies and encouragement.

A camp for sick and wounded Union soldiers was located in the enclosure. No notice was taken of them. That was more than the Connecticut boys could stand for. A raid was made on the Baltimoreans, they were run out of the fort, the supplies confiscated and given to the disabled Union soldiers who were in need of some comforts. Fort McHenry was like being in prison. We were not allowed outside of the walls. We had quite a number of callers from Connecticut. They were always

welcome. Citizens were allowed passes to enter the grounds.

October 1st. I was detailed with twenty members of our company under the command of Lieutenant Merwin to take boats and to row to a long bridge over a branch of the Patapsco River, there to remain on guard duty for ten days. It was about eight miles from the fort. It proved to be a picnic for us. Our duty was to guard the bridge. When off duty we tramped through the country for miles. It was a fine fruit section of Maryland. We bathed in the fine, clear salt water and white sandy beach. The ten days passed quickly when we were relieved and obliged to report to our company at the old fort, when we resumed our duty of various kinds, drilling and guard duty, also keeping the camp clean.

Our rations remained the same from day to day, fresh beef, salt beef, pork, hard-tack, and soft bread. Our supper remained the same every night, a cup of black coffee, a plate of boiled rice with very black molasses, called by the boys coal tar, two slices of soft bread. We became so tired of rice that we could not eat it.

October 29th. Marching orders received. Our last day and night at Fort McHenry. Great rejoicing over the prospect of leaving the old place. Packing up and getting ready for an early start on the morrow. Singing and very happy in camp.

October 30th. Camp fires were kept burning very late last night. The boys are singing, dancing, making speeches, and having a very merry old time. All seem happy. This morning the regiment formed in line for our march out of the old fort. When outside of the walls cheering began as the happy boys went marching on.

The regiment made a fine appearance as they marched through Baltimore. Every man seemed to be trying to do his best. Stopping for a rest in one of the streets, a grocer treated us to apples. Citizens cheered us as we marched along. Passed through Baltimore on out to the east side, going into camp near Fort Marshall on Snake Hill. Camp being established it was named Emory in honor of the General. Seven companies sent out for guard duty along the Baltimore & Philadelphia Railroad. Bridges had been set on fire at times. There was much sympathy for the South in Maryland. Companies A, B, and C remained in camp. Regimental headquarters a pleasant location for a camp. Guard duty, drilling, dress parade, with an occasional tramp through the country on skirmish drill was about the daily routine of duty, weather permitting. One of the very pleasant things about camp life was the writing and receiving of letters.

Our duty at Camp Emory was not very laborious. Allowed to visit the city quite often on passes. After Sunday morning inspection no more duty required of us until dress parade. Guard duty must be done all the time.

November. The most important event was our first Thanksgiving in camp. Passed very pleasantly. A good dinner, with games of foot and base-ball. The day closing with dress parade. Many visitors from Baltimore and some from Connecticut. The weather during November was very fine for camp life. Barracks were built for winter quarters to take the place of tents.

December. Much cold rain and snow-storms. Near our camp was a great neighborhood for pigs. They were allowed to roam about, running through our camp.

Colonel warned the people to keep them out. It did no good. Colonel shot one, wounding it. Members of our company captured and dressed it. Company C had fresh pork for dinner. The owner tried to collect pay. The Colonel promised if the pigs were kept out of camp for two weeks he would pay. In less than three days the pigs were in camp again.

The routine for each day. Roll call at 6 A. M. Breakfast at 7. Guard mount, 8.30. Company drill, 9 to 11. Dinner, 12. Battalion drill, 2 to 4. Clean up for dress parade at 5 P. M. Supper at 6. Roll-call, 9. Taps, 9.30. On guard duty every other day and night. Much sympathy in this vicinity for the South. Railroads are kept well guarded.

December 30th. Marching orders. Reported the rebel cavalry leader J. E. B. Stuart about to raid into Maryland along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The three companies of our regiment and other troops here are suddenly ordered out on the line of the B. & O. R. R. Left camp tonight in a warm rain storm.

December 31st. We passed a very uncomfortable night in old dirty box cars. After a ride of sixty miles we reached a station known as Monrovia very early in the morning, just before daylight. Pickets were soon posted on the roads crossing the railroad. A sharp lookout was kept. After daylight we took possession of a small Quaker church and sheds for our quarters. We were obliged to, as we did not have any tents. Started off in light marching order. Most of the inhabitants were Quakers, very fine people. Kind to us. The warm rain turned to snow with freezing weather, making us feel very uncomfortable for picket duty.

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January 1st. When off picket duty try to keep comfortable by the picket fires and chopping wood for the large camp fire just outside the church. No place in the church for fires.

January 2d. Late last night, our second night out, pickets began firing. We were called out and soon had line formed. The supposed enemy proved to be Union scouts with orders for the Colonel to return to Baltimore. The enemy did not come into Maryland. The command was complimented for the way it turned out into line ready for duty. This morning, in line by the railroad waiting for the train. After a long wait in the cold the dirty train of box cars came along which we soon boarded. On to Baltimore. Arriving in the city, ordered to the west end, going into camp in Stuart's woods. A surprise and disappointment as we expected to return to Camp Emory, our good quarters, in good warm barracks. Many disappointments come to soldiers.

In our camp was located Battery L, 5th U. S. Regulars. The battery boys did not like being inside the guard line of volunteers. Would run the guard line, making trouble for us. A sergeant of the battery, under the influence of drink, attempted to run the guard. Was halted, grabbed the sentinel's musket, resulted in the sergeant's being badly wounded. The wooden plug in the muzzle, with the bullet, passed through the sergeant's body. He was not killed. (After a time he recovered.) After that event the battery boys and the 18th Regiment were friends. All were sorry over the event. No one blamed the sentinel. Cold rain and snow making the life of a soldier a very disagreeable one in tents, sleep-

ing on the ground. Deep mud and very sticky all through our camp.

January 6th. Last night, while on guard duty, I was taken suddenly ill. Had to be relieved from duty. Placed in an old barn, used for a field hospital, with a leaky old roof, the rain coming down on me. Colonel, I was informed, came to the barn, saw my condition, ordered me carried to a general hospital known as Stuart's Mansion, afterward named the Jarvis Hospital, at the west end of Baltimore. At the hospital I was examined by a surgeon who pronounced my illness typhoid fever and the pleurisy. I was placed in Ward 4. I was very ill. My side was cupped for the pleurisy. Received good care from the nurses, one woman and four men, two by day and night. My comrades of Company C called on me quite often until the company was ordered to Fort Marshall at the east end of Baltimore, about five miles from the Hospital. In good quarters. All were very sorry I could not be with them. While in the hospital the officers of the company called on me. I also received a call from our good Governor Buckingham. Promised friends at home that he would call on me, see that I was having good care. His home was in Norwich.

I told the Governor that I had no fault to find and for him to tell the folks at home that I was receiving good care. Also received calls from Mrs. Henry Bingham, the wife of a comrade of our company and an old friend at home. Comrade Bingham was very ill in the same hospital with me. On the wall, at the head of our beds, was a card with our name, company, and regiment. The loyal people of Baltimore often visited the hospital, furnishing entertainment for the patients in songs and

recitations. Was very much enjoyed and appreciated as the time dragged slowly along.

April. Having been an inmate in the hospital for three months, at my own request, I was allowed to join my company, located at Fort Marshall, east end of Baltimore. Reported to Lieutenant Merwin, commanding company. He would not allow me to go on duty. Wished me to remain at Regimental Hospital for a while until I could get stronger.

April 29th. Our company was ordered for guard duty to guard the railroad bridge over the Gunpowder River, on the Baltimore & Philadelphia Road. A very pleasant change and much enjoyed in the fine early spring weather. The fishing and sailing were fine. Many boats at that point we were allowed to use. Many attempts had been made to burn the bridge. It had to be kept well guarded. (It was later destroyed by rebel guerillas making a raid through Maryland.)

May 20th. We remained here until this date having the finest of times, when orders were received to pack up and report to the regiment at Fort Marshall. Orders having been received for the regiment to report to General Robert H. Milroy at Winchester, Virginia.

May 22d. We bid farewell to Fort Marshall and Baltimore. Marched across the city to the Camden Street railway station, Baltimore and Ohio R. R. After a long wait a train of box cars ready to receive us, into which we were packed and started on our journey. A slow tiresome ride in the old cars.

May 23d. After an uneventful ride we arrived at Sandy Hook at four o'clock this morning, getting our first view of the Potomac River. Orders received to turn out and form in line for a march. The road was along

the side of the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal, under the Maryland Heights. The march continued on over the iron railroad bridge crossing the Potomac River into Harper's Ferry. Here we first put foot on what was called the sacred soil of Virginia. Harper's Ferry was historical ground. Here John Brown started an insurrection to liberate the slaves. Our march through the town was by way of Shenandoah Street, then by file left into a large open lot in town. Here we prepared our breakfast. Later we were allowed to visit the town and the points of interest. The old brick fire-engine house, known as John Brown's Fort was one of the points of interest. Saw where the bricks had been knocked out for port-holes to fire through. A government arsenal had been located here. Destroyed by the rebels, only the old walls remained standing. Some severe fighting had taken place in this side hill town. At 5 P. M. we left the town on the march for Winchester. After a march of eight miles camped for the night in woods. Not being strong, after my illness, I was obliged to fall out by the roadside. Lieutenant Merwin wished me to return to the hospital. I answered no, I would rather die in the field, I wanted to stay with the boys. The Lieutenant was very kind to me, he taking my knapsack and the boys my equipment. After a short rest and a bath in a brook I was able to follow on, finding the regiment in camp for the night near Charlestown.

May 24th. After a night's rest and breakfast I was very much improved, taking my place in the company. We left the camp at 6 A. M. Sunday morning with drums and fifes, to the tune of Old John Brown, which was kept up until we passed through the town. In this town John Brown had been tried and hung, which event

had become history. The town was pleasantly located but showed the effects of the war by its ruined buildings. The scenery was fine looking up the valley. The march continued on towards Berryville, a hot dusty one. It caused many of the boys to fall out by the roadside. After a march of about ten miles we camped for the night near Berryville.

May 25th. Again on the march after an early breakfast. Marched in good order through the town, by music of the drum corps. The town is an old Virginia one. Many old buildings, some showing the effects of the war. Reaching the center of town, filed to the right, going west, on the Winchester Pike. On the march we were obliged to ford three small rivers, or creeks, as the natives called them. Passed a number of large mansions. Many small outhouses, the homes of slaves in prosperous times. We surely are now in the enemy's country. In conversation with the natives we would try and keep them talking, on account of their peculiar dialect. We never could find out how far it was to the next town, in miles. The answer would be "Right smart aways, I reckon." After a tiresome march we reached the town of Winchester late in the afternoon. After a halt in the town for a while, until the Colonel could report to the Commander, General Milroy, we again were on the march, out the south side of the town, to locate camp about two miles from town.

On the Front Royal Pike at the Shawnee Springs. A fine supply of good cold water. The location was fine and the camp was known as Camp Shawnee. Severe duty began right away. Picket, scouting through the country, working on the fort and rifle pits, with axe, pick, and shovel. The large fort was known as the Star Fort.

Many of the boys had never used or handled that kind of tools. It was hard work. After a hard day's work came the march back to camp, a distance of about four miles. Then clean up and get something to eat. Various duty came to us each day. Made out to get some pleasure out of the life of a soldier as the days passed by.

May 30th. The regiment, with cavalry escort, ordered up the valley. After a march of ten miles came to a halt at Newtown. Muskets stacked along the main street. The cavalry continued to advance with flag of truce. After a few hours' wait the cavalry returned and with them were some poor people who were ordered out of the rebel lines. They were Union people, mostly women and children. They were nearly famished and were known as refugees. Their faces brightened up when they saw us and the flags. We divided our rations with them and made coffee for them. We guarded them back to Winchester. Later on they were sent North. Not very much change in our line of duty from day to day. Scouting, picket duty, working on the forts and rifle pits which kept us very busy.

June 11th. Orders received to prepare for three days' scouting up the valley. A sharp lookout must be kept for the enemy through the valley and the mountain passes. Tonight we have three days' rations all prepared for an early start on the morrow.

June 12th. All is ready for our scouting trip, rations, with a good supply of ammunition, and equipment all in good condition. Tonight finds us still in camp, ready to start.

June 13th. Turned out very early this morning. Waiting for orders to march. While waiting for orders our cavalry scouts are coming in, reporting the enemy

coming down the valley in force. Somewhat of a surprise, they having come through the mountain passes in the night, making a forced march. While near the Colonel's quarters I saw a scout coming, almost flying, down the pike. Jumped his horse over a stone fence that surrounded our camp. Headed straight for the Colonel's tent. Without any ceremony rushed in, informed the Colonel the enemy was almost upon us. I ran to the Colonel's quarters and heard the report. With a shout the Colonel called out "Fall in, fall in, double quick." We soon formed in line, ready for orders. Left our camp on double quick time to meet the enemy. They opened fire on us and our camp with a battery well posted on a high hill about one mile from our camp. We held them in check for a while when orders came for us to fall back and take position in the line of battle that had been formed near the town. In the meantime the enemy had taken possession of our camp with all its equipage and our knapsacks that contained all our belongings, making a great loss to every man. The sudden appearance of so large a force was a surprise. We were under fire all day and were obliged to change our position at different points to meet the enemy, who were trying to get into Winchester. It was plainly seen that a large force of Confederates were surrounding the town and that we were in a bad fix, as we could see the gray in all directions and knew that we were more than outnumbered.

June 14th. Last night our position was changed from the south to the east side of the town, on the Berryville road. The night was a very dark, stormy one, with severe lightning and thunder. We were wet through. Not allowed fires as it might draw the enemy's fire.

Passed a very uncomfortable night. This morning, at daylight, our position was again changed, extending our lines further towards the north, under fire from the enemy as we attempted to enter the rifle pits. In the movement Lieutenant Merwin commanding our company was wounded in the foot.

The enemy had possession of a large brick house a short distance in front of our position in the pits. Their sharpshooters made it hot for us. A charge on the house was ordered. The enemy ran, but we captured a few prisoners. Later in the day the rebs again took possession of the house making it hot for us in the pits. We had to lie low or zip would come a bullet, and at times many of them. Colonel ordered a section of a battery. Two guns putting a few shells through the house, the enemy left it. No more trouble came from that point, the house was ruined. About 6 P. M. General Milroy called in all his forces and formed them around the Star Fort, the largest fort. A fierce battle came on. It was a hot place. The roaring of the big guns, explosion of shells, rattling of musketry, was something fearful. The charging of both sides was hot work. We drove the enemy back and they also forced our lines back. Darkness put an end to the carnage and I had passed through the battle unharmed. The end of the second day. The casualties were great as I could not help seeing. It gave me an opportunity to see what a horrible thing war really was. We were fighting Jackson's old corps, now commanded by General Ewell, reported to number forty thousand.

June 15th. Last night we were under arms, ready for a call to duty at any moment. Prisoners report that Ewell has about forty thousand men with eighty cannon

under his command. While in the fort waiting for orders we talked over the events that might happen when daylight came. About 2 A. M. we silently marched out of the Star Fort to the Martinsburg Pike. The movement was very slow which kept us guessing, wondering what was in store for us. When out on the road about four miles, just at break of day, at Carter's Farm, near Summit station on the Harper's Ferry & Winchester Railroad, the enemy opened a fierce fire upon us. The cavalry were to the right of us, marching in fours or parallel to the infantry lines. They broke and ran through our lines, causing much confusion. While we were re-forming, the enemy kept up a severe fire on us. They were well posted across a deep railroad cut. A case of ambush, waiting in the dark for us, having a good range of the pike. Our regiment soon had line formed, with the 5th Maryland on our left. Ordered to charge on the battery which the enemy had well posted and supported. Charging through the woods and the severe firing of the enemy, our lines became broken, when we were ordered to fall back and re-form. The second charge in the woods on the battery. We were again ordered to fall back and re-form. The 18th Connecticut was now the only regiment left on the field with General Milroy. After a short drill by our Colonel, under fire all the time, I heard him report to the General that he was now ready for orders. Our company, C, being center and color company, the Colonel's position was right in our rear, so that we heard all his orders, even in battle. The Lieutenant-Colonel and the Major were on the right and left of the regiment to repeat orders. The 18th Connecticut Regiment made the third and last charge unsupported, all others having left the field. We held the enemy in check until the General, his staff, and escort,

left the field, guided by scouts through fields, on to Harper's Ferry. That was a hot fight in that early June morning. The cannon and musketry firing was a grand and awful sight to us young fellows, who were getting our first lessons in a real battle, a hard one and against great odds.

Coming out of the woods after the third and final charge, our Major Peale directed us to go to the right and get away. I followed his orders. For some reason, best known to himself, the Colonel ordered a halt and a surrender to the enemy, when he and between four and five hundred were made prisoners. Major Peale and between two and three hundred got away. I was one of those who followed the Major and reached Harper's Ferry after a long and tedious march. Tired and discouraged, we dropped to the ground for rest and sleep. Our regiment was badly broken up. Many killed, wounded, and prisoners. The trials of the past few days were something fearful to endure. It was wonderful that we came out as well as we did. Short of rations, sleeping on the ground. Cool nights follow the hot days. On the march through Charlestown. Saw the Confederate cavalry on the Berryville Pike. In case of an attack we are ready. While marching on to Halltown a force of cavalry came to meet us from Harper's Ferry. Stopped for the night on Bolivar Heights.

In the battle I lost my pocket-book, containing over five dollars with gold pen and silver pen-holder. We were obliged to fill our pockets with cartridges. As they were loose we used them first, so must have pulled my pocket-book out in the excitement.

June 16th. Up very early this morning. All Major Peale could muster of the 18th Regiment was only thirty members. The rest of those who escaped were with

Captain Matthewson, they taking a different route from Major Peale who followed the route taken by General Milroy.

After breakfast of hardtack and coffee, the Major marched us on through Harper's Ferry, crossing the Potomac River on a pontoon bridge. On, up Maryland Heights, halting under low pine trees, well up to the top of the Heights. Here we were allowed to remain for rest and sleep. General Dan Tyler, a Connecticut man, was in command of a large force at this point. From the top of the Heights we could see the enemy crossing the Potomac River at Williamsport into Maryland. Our detachment was detailed for headquarters guard at the quarters of General Tyler. The duty was easy and made very interesting about all the time.

June 20th. Scouts brought in many prisoners. All were obliged to report to the General at headquarters. I very often heard the conversation. One question always asked. "Whose command do you belong to?" While on duty at the General's headquarters we received a call from two citizens from our home town, Norwich, Dr. Charles M. Carleton and Henry H. Starkweather. Came to learn all the particulars about our regiment's part in the three days' battle at Winchester. There was much excitement at home over the results. A full report had not been received. The casualties at this time were not really known. We were questioned as to what we knew about the disaster that had overtaken our regiment. Those of us who escaped received many letters from home asking for information about members of the regiment. At this time the regiment was well scattered, prisoners, a detachment reported at Hancock, Md., and ours at Maryland Heights.

June 24th. Orders received from General Hooker to evacuate the Maryland Heights. All supplies and munitions that could be moved loaded on canal boats and taken to Washington by way of the Ohio & Chesapeake Canal. Great quantity of stores was left, salt beef, pork, beans, rice, coffee, and sugar. Some of it was gathered up by people from Harper's Ferry. A guard was sent with the boats but most of the troops were ordered to join the Army of the Potomac on its march up through Maryland to meet the Confederates who seem to be pushing on up into Pennsylvania. Our detachment was sent on guard with the canal boats. We left on the last two boats. There were about thirty in all. The rebels, under the cavalry leader J. E. B. Stuart, captured the first fifteen boats. After helping themselves to the supplies the boats were burned up. We passed the boats that had been destroyed. It took us two days and one night to complete the trip, a distance of sixty miles. Left the boats at Georgetown, then marched through the town to Tenallytown, going into camp. At the time our brigade consisted of the 12th West Virginia, the 5th Maryland, and our detachment. These regiments having been with us at Winchester and had lost many members.

July 5th. Left camp very early this morning. A heavy downpour of rain. Passed through Georgetown, on through Washington. The mud in Pennsylvania Avenue was ankle deep. Marching very hard and disagreeable, so much so that we were obliged to take off our leggins and throw them away. Our first time in Washington. Boarded a train at the B. & O. R. R. station, going north. Nothing important taken place. At the Relay House, near Baltimore, train switched to

the west bound track. After a long tedious ride we reached the Monocacy Junction, thence to Frederick City, where we left the train and began a march out on the South Mountain Road, passing New York's crack regiment, the 7th, on picket duty. Stopped at the top of South Mountain.

July 7th. Near where General Reno fell, during the battle of Antietam. Passed down the west side of the mountain into the Antietam country, becoming a part of the 3d Corps, Army of the Potomac, General French commanding, taking part in the battle of Boonsborough, and supporting the cavalry at the battle of Falling Waters. Both armies are back in Maryland from the battle of Gettysburg.

July 10th. Continual skirmishing going on with the rebs between Sharpsburg and Hagerstown, Maryland. Reported that General Lee is trying to cross the Potomac River into Virginia. We are either skirmishing or changing our position most of the time so that we are kept on the go about all the time and most of the movements are at double quick time. The most important subject under discussion is, "Why doesn't Meade attack Lee?" as we have a number of regiments here who were not at Gettysburg, having come as re-inforcements.

July 14th. General Lee and the rebel army have crossed the Potomac River into Virginia. I saw a number of prisoners who were taken at the river. They informed us that we were too late, Lee was pushing up the valley. We are again on the march, going south, up and over the South Mountain. A hot, hard, dusty march as we go pushing along. A soldier's life in the field is a severe one. Came to a halt in the valley, near Sandy

Hook. The 2nd Corps passed. Met some of the 14th Connecticut as the corps came to a halt. I had friends in that regiment who I was anxious to see. One who I expected to meet was Walter Standish. I asked for him, was informed that he was killed at Gettysburg. Again on the march. Passed through the town of Sandy Hook, on over the Potomac into Harper's Ferry, crossing the Shenandoah River, up Loudon Heights, into the Loudon Valley, Virginia. Pushing right up the valley to guard the gaps in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

July 19th. The enemy are marching up the Shenandoah Valley. They seem to have the lead. Came to a halt at Snicker's Gap, twenty miles south of Harper's Ferry, after making a forced march. Here Major Peale received orders for us to report at Sharpsburg, Maryland, where another detachment of our regiment was on duty.

July 20th. We left Upperville, near Snicker's Gap, very early in the morning, having served in the 3d Corps, Army of the Potomac about five weeks. On the march back we met the 12th Corps, meeting the 5th and 20th Connecticut Regiments of that corps. Met Charlie Corey, a boyhood friend from my old home in Hanover, New London County. It was a short meeting but we talked fast. Charlie had been in service a little over two years in the 5th Regiment, while I had been in eleven months. His mother often read his letters to me before I came to be a soldier. A pleasant meeting for a few moments. On our backward march we kept pushing along, stopping to rest at one point. Blackberries grew wild, we picked our coffee cups full and ate them while we marched along. Nothing of special interest took place, but by the time we reached Harper's Ferry,

twenty miles march, we were tired and foot-sore. After a short rest and rations we were obliged to push on toward Sharpsburg, twenty miles further on. Darkness coming on we did not have the hot sun beating down upon us. The marching was over rough, stony roads, up hill and down. Reaching Sharpsburg along in the night, we learned the boys were in camp about two miles out of town, so we pushed on, reaching the camp at midnight, a march of about forty miles. The boys were sleeping, except the guard and the pickets. They did not know that we had arrived. We were glad to drop down on the ground and get sleep and rest after the severe march from Upperville, Virginia, to the town of Sharpsburg, Maryland. The command now numbered about two hundred. Consolidated into two companies. Our meeting was a very happy one. We talked over the events that had taken place during the past few weeks that we had been separated, and wondered how our boys in prison were getting along.

July 24th. Marching orders. Broke camp. After a short march, go into camp on high ground near the Potomac River. Plenty of water here where we could bathe and wash our clothes, hang them on the bushes and wait for them to dry. We also used the river water to drink and make coffee. The current ran very swift at this point.

(During my army life I drank, made coffee, fished, bathed, washed my clothes, waded through, its blue waters. When clear it was blue as one looked at it. When storms came it was yellow, the color of Virginia and Maryland mud.)

We only enjoyed our camp near the Potomac for a few days, when marching orders were received, to report

at Hagerstown, Maryland, about ten miles from Sharpsburg, or about eight from our camp. At Hagerstown the Seminary and the grounds were used for a rebel prison and hospital, where we were to do guard and picket duty. Many of the poor fellows confined there died from wounds and disease. While the duty was not very laborious, it was not very pleasant. This is a fine section of Maryland, scenery fine. A large spring, walled in, in the center of the city, from which we obtained water. Quite a large number were confined here as prisoners of war. Here we also came in contact with an army of pedicules, which kept us very busy fighting them. Our boys claimed they bore on their backs the letters C. S. A., Confederate States America. The Seminary and grounds covered quite a tract of land. Our camp was placed as far as could be and still be on the grounds enclosed.

August 15th. A field hospital and camp was established to the north on the Chambersburg road, about two miles from town. A fine location. Plenty of good, clear, running water. The change was not only good for us but very beneficial to all the prisoners, and they enjoyed it very much. Good air and grounds for them to walk about. A provost guard was on duty in town to preserve the peace and protect the town. We were on the alert all the time. Reports of cavalry raids from Virginia into Maryland caused us to turn out in the night and double the line of pickets on the road to Williamsport, near the ford crossing the Potomac. We have very pleasant recollections of Hagerstown. Nothing very serious happened while we were there. Some of the people were very strongly in sympathy with the South. The 4th Connecticut Regiment was at that town a year

before we were. They left a good impression there and were well spoken of by the people. We became well acquainted in Hagerstown and vicinity. We traded with farmers coffee, sugar, and hardtack, for eggs, butter, and vegetables. We lived well at that place. All things come to an end. Marching orders received. The prisoners were ordered to be sent to Chambersburg, Penn. At this camp we conquered the army of the pedicules, and became free of the pest.

September 25th. Our regiment with supplies and munitions ordered to Martinsburg, West Virginia. Packing up, getting ready to march.

September 27th. Left Hagerstown, leaving a detail for provost duty in town. Marched through Williamsport, wading the Potomac, over into Virginia, pushing along in our wet clothes over very rough roads. After a march of about ten miles, we reached the town, going into camp on the west side. Here we erected our camp and began duty. Provost guard in town, picket, and guard duty, drilling, dress parade. When off duty, allowed to visit town on a pass from the company commander.

October 1st. Our duty for Sunday, besides picket duty and guard, was Sunday morning inspection, attend church in town, weather permitting. The day's duty closed with dress parade.

October 10th. Our boys who had been prisoners since the fifteenth of June, had been released and exchanged. Lieutenant-Colonel Peale, commanding regiment, ordered to Camp Parole, Annapolis, Maryland, to bring the boys to camp for duty. A happy meeting talking over our past experience. Guns and equipment given out. All were ready for duty. Drilling, picket, and scouting. The guerillas in the valley keeping us busy,

as they often raided the trains on the B. & O. R. R. Our boys made friends among the towns-people. Were made welcome in many homes. The town was considered a Union town. Many loyal people in it.

No important events have taken place during the past few days. November coming in brought cold rain and snow, making mud. Reminded winter is coming on. Duty must be done in all kinds of weather. Daily routine with its various duties must be performed as the days come and go. Looking forward to the coming of Thanksgiving, hoping it will pass pleasantly.

November 25th. Thanksgiving Day. Weather fine. Our second one in the U. S. service. Some of the boys received boxes from home containing good things which they divided with others. Connecticut mince pies were all right. We had baked chicken prepared by a baker in town. Our Thanksgiving in camp passed very quiet and pleasant. Excused from all duty except picket and guard. These days are passing quietly, nothing extra so far to perform. Kept busy most of the time.

December came in quite pleasant. Weather permitting, drilling is kept up.

December 8th. Marching orders received. Must prepare three days' rations in haversacks. Ordered to Charlestown for duty. We are informed the cavalry under General Averill are to raid upon the enemy's country. The General is a dashing cavalry officer. He is all right.

December 10th. Left camp early this morning. Passed through Martinsburg, going east, bound for Charlestown. Weather good. After a march of about eight miles, came to a halt at Leestown for rest and rations. Again on the march, forded the Opequan

Creek. Not very pleasant at this time of year. Soldiers must not stop for wet feet. Pushing on. After a march of about eighteen miles we reached the town of Charlestown, Virginia, eight miles south of Harper's Ferry, just after dark, tired. Took possession of an old church for our quarters, the weather growing colder. No place for a fire. Trying to make ourselves comfortable for the night.

December 11th. The morning opened up with a cold rain. I am detailed for picket duty. Posted on a back road, just south of the town. Took possession of an old building for the reliefs and the reserves, when off duty. Manage to keep very comfortable. All quiet.

December 12th. Off picket. Cold rain continues, making life miserable. A large campfire near the church. When off duty do some scouting around the vicinity. The 1st Connecticut Cavalry in camp near the town. Visited the cavalry boys at their camp.

December 14th. On picket, which comes every other day and night. All things seem to be very quiet. Bought a watch. The first one I ever owned. Paid one of the boys ten dollars. Wrote many letters to friends at home. When off duty visited the many points of interest around the town. Here old John Brown was tried and hung for treason against the state of Virginia. I visited the court house where he was tried, the jail where he was confined, and the ground just outside of town where he was hung. These places were pointed out to us by old residents of the town.

December 17th. A severe, cold storm, rain freezing on the ground and trees. The people in town say the Yankees brought the cold weather with them. Claim the weather is colder than it has been for years. Most of

the houses here not built very warm. The people suffer from the cold, have only wood fires.

December 20th. Bitter cold. Out on picket last night on the Duffield road. Duffield is on the line of the B. & O. R. R. about eight miles from this town. Detailed to go out for wood. Teams going outside of camp must be kept well guarded, owing to bushwhackers and guerillas. While some of the boys cut wood, the guard must be on the alert. Keep up the large campfire in front of the church. Try to keep comfortable. My tent mate at this time is Lem Manning. The guerillas know every path over the mountains and all fords in the Shenandoah River.

December 22nd. Detailed with twenty under the command of Lieutenant John Lilley, Company I, for a night's scout and picket duty with four cavalry scouts from the 1st New York (Lincoln) Cavalry. Left late this P. M., marching across lots through woods. Ordered to keep very quiet as we went marching on, so that our presence might not be known. After a march of between seven or eight miles we came to a small town called Cabletown, at a ford in the Shenandoah River. The cavalry boys were good scouts, on the alert, keeping our Lieutenant well posted as we advanced. We reached the town just after dark, as it began to snow. Pickets were soon posted at the ford. Our quarters were a wagon shop, where we kept very comfortable when off picket. A few citizens spent a part of the night with us. A good fire was kept burning in the stove all night.

December 23d. All quiet through the night. This is known as a very loyal town. The Johnnies call it Little Massachusetts, so we were informed by the people, who were very kind to us. With daylight our duty

ended. We remained until noontime, when we left for Charlestown. Have been sorry that I did not keep the names of the cavalry scouts. The detail from our company, C, Thomas A. Loomis, Lemuel A. Manning, Charles H. Lynch. Arrived at headquarters late this P. M. Tired. Pleased with the trip. Enjoyed scouting when everything went well.

We are all the time watching the mountain passes and the fords. The guerillas know every foot of this country and section of Virginia. They make many raids on the B. & O. R. R., and are generally successful, capturing and wrecking trains. All is quiet at this point. Some of the boys managed to find skates and are having a great time on a pond. Women and children watch the tricks on the ice performed by our boys and seem pleased.

December 24th. General Averill and his troops returned today after a raid of fifteen days. The boys and horses show the effects of hard service as I saw them pass through town on to Harper's Ferry. They did an immense amount of damage to the enemy. Hard fighting, fording many streams in extreme cold weather during cold rains, and snow. A soldier's life in the field is a very severe one. The poor horses suffer as well as the men. Orders received for the regiment to return to our camp at Martinsburg. Christmas Eve.

December 25th. Christmas Morn. The boys made very happy last night over the prospect of returning to our camp. Spent the evening singing, making speeches, having a good time. It was late when the tumult ceased and we lay down for a little rest and sleep. Our second Christmas in the service. We bid goodbye to old Charlestown as we go marching on, singing and cheer-

ing, on to Martinsburg. Weather fine, a perfect day. Hard marching over a very rough road. At 1 P. M. stopped for rest and rations. Again on the march, passing through Leestown, fording the Opequan Creek. Pushing right along, anxious to reach camp. About two miles from Martinsburg passed the picket line. With music by the drum corps and every man in line, we marched through the town, reaching camp just before dark. The guard left in charge of our camp gave us a hearty welcome. Very tired, glad to tumble into our tents after an absence of sixteen days.

December 30th. On our return regular duty was resumed. Fourteen new recruits came to the regiment from Connecticut. Nine assigned to our company, C. Recruits were known as fresh fish. That was the way they were greeted. Most of them had relations and friends in the regiment. The recruits were always welcome and used kindly. Some were very young boys.

December 31st. Orders received to prepare for a three days' scout. Reported we go up the valley. A cold rain storm set in before we started. Caused the marching orders to be countermanded. The regiment to remain in camp. I am detailed for picket duty. The last day of the year 1863.

1864

January 1st. New Year. Last night on second relief, going on post at eleven o'clock. Remained until one o'clock. Saw the old year out and the new in. This morning before daylight the outposts were attacked. A sharp, hot firing. All the forces around town were ordered out, double-quick time. All under arms. Later it was learned there was a large force of rebel

cavalry near North Mountain, about five miles out. Reported to be under Generals Imboden and McCausland. The rebel scouts and our pickets caused the sudden firing. The cold rain turned to snow, and was bitter cold, causing much suffering while waiting in line of battle. According to reports from prisoners, they suffered worse than we did. Standing in line all day, ready for action. The boys are anxious to give the enemy a hot welcome. Double picket line ordered.

January 2nd. In line all night. Not much sleep. Prisoners brought in this morning, captured by scouts, report the enemy going south, owing to the severe weather. Late this P. M. all is quiet. Our company ordered on picket for the night. A double picket line will be maintained for the night. Cold weather holds on.

January 3d. Sunday. All quiet last night. Ordered to our camp early this morning. Weather a little more mild. Cleaned up. Attended church in town. All is quiet at this time. Enemy reported well up the valley. Plenty of snow on the ground.

January 5th. Cold with more snow. Detailed as guard with brigade teams going about five miles out on the Williamsport road for wood. Severe, cold weather. Wood choppers and teams must be kept well guarded. Rebel scouts and guerillas often reported in this vicinity. Wood must be collected for our camp. We pass most of these winter evenings very pleasantly in camp, visiting, singing, reading, telling stories, writing, study, discussing the war question, and wondering what the outcome will be, and when we will get home. The song "Home Sweet Home" leads all others. Often hear the war

called a cruel war. I think all wars cruel, from what little experience I had.

January 6th. While in town I saw and bought a pair of kip leather boots. Keep them well greased. They are good for walking through snow and water as well as Virginia mud. Try to keep my feet warm and dry. The enemy is reported to be again making raids in this vicinity. The 3d and 4th Pennsylvania Reserves came here as reinforcements. In camp near our regiment. A good gang of fellows. Soon get well acquainted with them.

January 8th. Twenty new recruits arrived from old Connecticut. Welcomed as fresh fish. They were assigned to the different companies which are being filled up for the coming campaign.

January 10th. Sunday. A very pleasant day. Attended church in town morning and evening. Service conducted by Chaplain, 3d Pennsylvania Reserves. Attendance by the towns-people and soldiers good. Chaplains from the different regiments were invited to occupy the pulpits in the churches. Special service was held evenings during the week, when no extra duty was demanded.

January 10th-17th. Weather fine. Weather permitting, company drill in the forenoon, battalion drill in the afternoon, also dress parade. No matter what the weather conditions were guard and picket duty must be done. Mild weather brings on the sticky Virginia mud, disagreeable. My greatest trouble at this time is an ingrowing toe nail, causing me much trouble. Doctor trying to cure it. At times forced to wear an old shoe. Wrote and received many letters, also reading everything that we can get in the way of reading matter.

Everything being quiet along the lines, furloughs are granted for a short visit home. Two to four are allowed at a time, for an absence of ten days, from each company.

January 18th-25th. Rain, sunshine, snow, very windy, has been the weather for the past week. At times very disagreeable. Target practise has taken the place of drilling. Daily routine does not change very much from day to day. Many are ill at this time, in hospital. Occasional death takes place.

January 26th. In camp today we have a visitor, a minister from Woodstock, Connecticut, Rev. Mr. White. The day being fine, our regular routine was carried out. At dress parade, Mr. White delivered an address, a message from home. A pleasure to hear direct from old Connecticut.

January 28th. This morning the Pennsylvania boys are packing up to leave, they having received marching orders. Ordered to New Creek, West Virginia. Our boys lined up, bid them good bye, good luck, with hearty cheers. These regiments, the 3d and 4th were known as the reserves and the Buck Tails, they having seen hard service. We found them a good lot of boys, and visited back and forth very much while they were in camp near us.

January 31st. The weather for the past few days has been very bad, making our duty very severe. Picket and guard must be done. These cold storms make the life of a soldier a bitter one. Wood must be brought to camp, trees cut down, then worked up into fire-wood. Must go out about five miles from camp for the wood. All must take a hand at the axe. Teams and wood-choppers must be kept well guarded. Each tent is pro-

vided with a small cylinder stove set on the ground, pipe up, out the top of the tent. Once in a while a tent takes fire, which makes lively work for the boys. We keep prepared for such an emergency. Manage to keep comfortable in our tents when off duty. Visit the town quite often when off duty.

Orders received that our old commander, General Robert H. Milroy, will visit our camp this afternoon and review our regiment. Much excitement getting everything in order. All are happy and pleased at the prospect of seeing the General, whom we have not seen since the battle of Winchester, June 13th, 14th, 15th, 1863. At 4 P. M. the General, with staff and escort, came into camp. The regiment being in line, received him with hearty cheers and a welcome and a salute. He addressed the regiment, which I copy.

Soldiers of the Eighteenth. Since I last saw you, you have suffered captivity in rebel prisons. We have been separated since then, but I have come to see you and to praise you for your gallantry.

I saw you in the second day's fight, as you charged the enemy from your rifle-pits and drove them back upon their reserves, holding them in check until night, when you fell back but with your face to the foe. Again I saw you the next morning facing as hot a fire as I ever witnessed. I looked in vain to see you waver. Boys, it was a hot place — a hot place. I saw you go where none but brave men dare to go, saw you make three successful charges, preserving your line as well as if on dress parade. I witnessed it all. I saw you as you broke the first line of rebel infantry, and charged up to their batteries, driving away their gunners, still pressing on and breaking their reserves. But a third line was too strong for you. I knew it was.

Only then did you fall back, when your lines were broken, and many brave Connecticut men lay bleeding on the field. But you only fell back to re-form, and give them another taste of your steel. I knew it was madness to order you forward again, it was ordering you to death and annihilation. But I watched you with pride as you charged the third time, but when I saw your ranks withering, and your comrades falling, it made my heart grow sad within me, and I ordered you to fall back. You know the rest. You were surrounded and there was no escape.

But I miss your noble commander, Colonel Ely, may he soon return to you.

Boys, to your valor I owe my safety. You come from a state whose soldiers never disgrace themselves nor their flag. I am proud of you.

February 1st-5th. This month so far has brought snow and cold rains. Regular duty kept up from day to day. Our regiment has been without a chaplain for several months. The Rev. William C. Walker, a Baptist clergyman of Putnam, Connecticut, having been appointed chaplain, arrived in camp and began the duties of that office. Believe that he will make a good chaplain. We all welcome him.

The 123d Ohio Regiment having received orders, left our brigade and camp. Ordered to New Creek, West Virginia, following the 3d and 4th Pennsylvania Regiments. Andrew Washburn, 1st Sergeant of our company, having been appointed a Captain in the 29th Connecticut Colored Regiment, left us to join that regiment. Albert Green, Company A, organized a singing school in town. It is very much enjoyed by the townspeople and the soldiers, passing the evenings very pleas-

antly. I attend once in a while when off duty. Enjoy it very much.

February 6th. Martinsburg, West Virginia. Cloudy, cold. Detailed for picket duty. Located on Charlestown Pike, southeast of town. On post two hours and off four. So I passed the day. Along in the evening, while out on post, was relieved from duty, informed that I had been granted a furlough for ten days, giving to me an opportunity to visit old Connecticut. On my return to camp, found that Edwin White of our company had also received a furlough. After a bath and a change of raiment, we decided to journey together. We left camp about eleven o'clock at night. At the depot was informed that the next train North would leave at 2 A. M., which would be Sunday morning. About midnight we started up town to find something to eat. The town being under martial law, provost guards were at every corner to protect the town and preserve order. I was in possession of the countersign, having received it early in the evening while on picket duty. Did not find anything to eat, had a good time walking around while waiting for the train. Whenever challenged by the guards, I would advance and give the countersign. Few trains were run on the B. & O. R. R. in the night. Shall not be able to get anything to eat until our arrival in Baltimore, where the train is due about 7 A. M. We are very happy over the prospect of seeing home and friends once more, having been in the service for eighteen months.

February 7th. Arrived in Baltimore at 7 A. M. Had breakfast, then made our way across the city to the Philadelphia R. R. Station. There learned that we could not get a train out of the city until 9 P. M. A great disappointment. When leaving camp thought we

could connect right through to New York. As we had a long time to wait, we put up at the Union House. Made a few calls, as we had acquaintances in the city. Called at the Stuart Mansion Hospital, where I was during my long illness, early in 1863. I found the nurses still on duty. All were pleased to see me. One woman and two men, in charge of ward 4. At this time it was known as the Jarvis Hospital, west end of Baltimore. The day passed very pleasantly.

February 8th. My birthday, 19 years old. Left Baltimore at 9 o'clock last night. Passed through Philadelphia about midnight. Arrived in Jersey City at 8 A. M. Made my way to the home of my relations, taking breakfast with my grandmother. All were surprised and glad to see me. New York was my early boyhood home, having been born in that city, but left it when eleven years old, going to Connecticut to live. My time passed quickly and very pleasantly. Nothing happened to mar the pleasure of my visit.

February 10th. Norwich, Connecticut. Left New York last night by boat. Arrived here all right. Came from New London to Norwich on the engine with my cousin Sidney Williams. Made my way to the home of my aunt, Mrs. Jane Tubbs. Gave the family a great surprise. Did not have time to let them know that I was coming.

February 15th. Called on friends in and around Norwich. Visited my country home in Hanover, near Norwich. Time passed quickly and very pleasantly. Must again set my face southward, and join the regiment. Weather very cold during my vacation.

February 16th. In New York. Left Norwich last night by boat. A cold sail on Long Island Sound. Re-

main here today and tonight. My cousin Theodore Luyster enlisted in the 10th New York Regiment. His father and mother feel very badly over it. Many other mothers and fathers have been made to feel sad over the same thing. Boys seem bound to enlist.

February 18th. Arrived at Martinsburg at 2 A. M. Left Jersey City early yesterday morning. After an uneventful trip arrived in Baltimore at 4 P. M. Left at nine o'clock. Met other members of the regiment bound for camp. When we got there lay down for a little rest and sleep. At daylight attended roll-call, after which I was given a hearty welcome by the boys of Company C. Thankful for the furlough and the good time. Connecticut did look good to me as I again turned my back to it, facing southward, bound for old Virginia. Again writing letters home after my safe arrival in camp.

February 20th. Detailed for picket duty. It again fell my lot to be located on the Charlestown road and the same post I left on the eve of the 6th when I received my furlough. Weather fine at this time. All is quiet in this vicinity. No one knows how long it will last. Business improving in town.

February 22d. Washington's Birthday. Orders to prepare for parade and review. All the troops around town ordered to take part. The march will be through the principal streets. Quite a celebration in honor of the first president, George Washington. Wrote several letters to friends at home.

February 28th. Nothing important has taken place since the last date. Sunshine, cold, rain, and snow has come to us weatherwise. Certain duties must be kept up regardless of weather. Attended church in town. Masonic funeral in town this afternoon. The drum-

corps of our regiment furnished the marching music. Many soldiers taking part in the parade who were Masons. They helped to carry on the service. The citizens were pleased to have the help of the soldiers.

March 1st. Martinsburg, West Virginia. March brought a severe snow-storm. Out in it, on picket duty. The duty must be attended to no matter how severe it may be. This is a soldier's life. War is cruel.

March 2nd. Came off picket duty. My laundry and repairs on my clothes I have done by a German woman in town. Called for my laundry. Had a bath, put on clean clothes, for which I am very thankful. Received a pass, visited town. No soldier can enter town without a permit, excuse and pass must come from the company commander. Coming off picket or guard duty a soldier is excused from all duty during the day, except dress parade. Much pride is taken in dress parade, then we wear our good clothes.

March 4th. Received a number of letters from friends at home. Snow has disappeared. While the weather is fine, the mud is very sticky and plenty of it. A large quantity will stick to one's feet, or rather to our army brogans, as we attempt to walk in it. This all comes in the life of a soldier. We are not serving our country for pleasure. We are very anxious to have the war stop. We are not in love with the life but the war must be stopped right, so that we can have a free country.

March 5th. Cold rain storm. A disagreeable day in camp. We are ready for duty at any time, no matter how bad the weather may be. We are starting on the fourth year of this awful war. Many more brave men must fall before the end comes.

March 6th. Sunday. Cloudy and cold. Attended church in town. Wrote letters. Late this afternoon marching orders received. Leave camp on the morrow for parts unknown to us. Soldiers must obey orders and not ask questions. At times some movements look very foolish to us. We often wish the war was over and we could go marching homeward. The people suffer very much from the effects of the war. Thankful it is no nearer to old Connecticut. The guerillas and scouts keep us on the alert all the time as they are liable to show up at any time. They raid trains on the B. & O. R. R. Seem to know when they can make a good haul.

March 7th. Broke camp early this morning. Marched through town. Boarded a train of box cars at the station. Headed east. Stopped at Harper's Ferry. Five companies ordered to go in camp on Bolivar Heights. The train with five companies proceeded on, over the Potomac River into Maryland about ten miles farther, stopping at the Point of Rocks, near the Potomac, ten miles from Harper's Ferry. Companies C and I ordered off the train. The other three companies continued on to Monocacy Junction. As soon as our company was ordered out I was detailed for picket duty. Posted near the ford leading over into Virginia. Here we were obliged to use the river water. The current ran very swift at this point.

March 8th. A cold, wet, disagreeable night for picket duty. We are about as miserable as we can be. When off duty we find shelter in an old barn, until the arrival of our tents. Maryland mud is fully as bad as Virginia. Trying to make the best of our condition, hoping for sunshine and warmer weather. All is quiet along the picket line. Once in a while the boys take

chances and shoot at the turkey buzzards, sailing through the air.

March 11th. Up to this date the weather has been very bad. We are also short of rations. On picket every other night. Late today our tents arrived, and a good supply of rations. We shall have to put in another night in the cold old barn. Somewhat discouraged over our present condition. It is all in the life of a soldier, who must meet all discouragements and make the best of it as the days come and go.

March 12th. This morning opened up bright and pleasant. Camp located and tents put up. A busy day. We have here with us a battalion of cavalry known as the Loudon Rangers, composed of loyal Virginians and Marylanders. They make good scouts. Some few have been in the rebel service. They often ford the river, going into the Loudon valley, watching the enemy. At this point the B. & O. R. R. turns to the north, leaving the Potomac River. The scenery at the Point of Rocks is grand. When clear the water of the river looks blue. It is either blue, or yellow from the rains which come pouring into it from the brooks and creeks in Maryland and Virginia.

These nights are cold for picket duty along the Potomac. While wishing the war was over, I have no desire to go back to old Connecticut until the end comes. I enlisted for the war and am doing my duty as it comes from day to day. I must make mention of the Loudon Rangers who are a plucky crowd and who have some very severe and dangerous duty. I met one who had been in the rebel service and was up against us at Winchester. Said that our firing at Carter's Farm was a severe one. We put up a good fight. We were fighting Jackson's

old corps, commanded by General Ewell. It was considered as among the best fighting corps in the Confederate Army. At that time it numbered among thirty and forty thousand, with a large number of heavy field guns.

A large flock of wild geese passed over our camp, going north. They know a good country. There are large flocks of turkey buzzards in this vicinity. Known as scavengers. On picket tonight.

March 14th. Cold, disagreeable morning. All quiet along the Potomac at this place. Received a number of letters from friends at home. These letters bring much comfort to a fellow. Some of our boys are being appointed officers in the colored regiments. These regiments must have white commissioned officers. L. A. Manning and I, of Company C, climbed to the top of the Point of Rocks, where we had a fine view of Maryland and Virginia, and for miles down the Potomac. From this point the river appeared to be running up hill. We enjoyed the scenery and the quietness of the surrounding country. Not far away battles were being fought. War is liable to break out at this point almost any day. At times rebel scouts and guerillas can be seen across the river, causing us to keep a good lookout and be on the alert. We very seldom exchange shots across the river.

March 18th. Nothing important has taken place during the past few days. Weather very good, but very cold nights along the Potomac. Out among the farmers buying straw for our tents. Ground too cold to sleep on. Try to keep comfortable. Large campfires kept burning nights and days. When too cold to sleep sit around the fire.

March 19th. L. A. Manning and I off duty. Weather being fine, we decided to take a long walk out into the country. Passed a few farm houses. Came to a small school house where we heard the music of a violin. Looking at the building and listening to the music, a gentleman came out and invited us in. He was the teacher. It being Saturday there was no school. He was practising on the violin. A fine looking young man. Inclined to ask us many questions, which we avoided answering. His sympathy was with the South all right. We were about four miles from camp. Returned very much pleased with our tramp. Maryland is a fine country. We had passed through different sections of it.

March 20th. Sunday. Detailed for picket duty. Posted about two miles up the river, between the river and the canal, on the tow path. Our company, C, and the Loudon Rangers ordered to ford the river for a scout into Virginia. Returned quite late. Nothing important obtained. Bad time of the year to ford rivers. Snow squalls still greet us. It doesn't last very long, but helps to increase the circulation of the mud. Camp-fire burning all the time. We often burn our clothes by keeping too close to it. We live close to the earth. In warm weather we have a better show to keep clean, bathe, and wash our clothes.

March 25th. Marching orders received to report at regimental headquarters, Camp Hill, Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry. A cold rain storm on at this time. On account of a hard cold, with a number of others, went to Harper's Ferry by cars. There met by ambulance and rode to camp. My first ride in an ambulance. Bad getting around in camp on account of the deep mud. Harper's Ferry is a side hill town. The

Potomac and the Shenandoah on either side. Here the B. & O. R. R. crosses the Potomac into Maryland. Above Harper's Ferry is located the Jefferson Rock, where one gets a fine view. The scenery at this point is grand. The mountains, rivers, and the valley, and also the great Maryland Heights.

March 28th. Camp Hill, Bolivar Heights. Early this morning received orders to prepare three days' rations. Reported we are to go up the valley, scouting. Waiting for orders. At noontime rumors began to circulate that the regiment was ordered home to vote. The news seemed too good to be true. Orders came to detail two men from each company to remain as camp guard. Those who were detailed to remain felt very badly. All were anxious to see home. At this time the anti-war party was very strong in Connecticut, which may seem very strange. They were called copper-heads. Late in the afternoon orders came to fall in. A gay and happy crowd, marching and singing as we go down through Harper's Ferry, where a train was in waiting. Did not take us long to board the train, which soon got under way, bound for Baltimore. Singing, cheering, making merry as the train began to move, on over the Potomac River into Maryland.

March 29th. Arrived in Baltimore early this morning. Nothing happened to mar the pleasure of the journey. All were soon out of the cars, line quickly formed, ready to march from the Camden Street station to the Philadelphia R. R. station, on the east side. Our march led through Pratt Street, the scene of the attack on the 6th Massachusetts regiment in April, 1861, by the Baltimore toughs, who claimed to be in sympathy with the South.

March 29th. At the Philadelphia station a train was soon made ready for us, which we quickly boarded, and were soon under way, passing the scenes of our first soldier life, Camp Emory and Fort Marshall. These were points of interest to us, and very pleasant recollections. After an uneventful trip we arrived in Philadelphia late this P. M. Ordered out of the cars, line formed for marching, stopping at a place known as the Cooper Shop, where a good dinner was served by the ladies of Philadelphia. It was a very pleasant occasion in our lives, never to be forgotten. Again journeying on towards New York. Our train being special was often side-tracked and we were forced to wait.

March 30th. After an all-night's ride on a slow train we reached Jersey City at eight o'clock this morning. We were due in Connecticut this morning in time for the men to register, so they could vote, this being the last day. At Jersey City marched on board a small transport. By the time half of the regiment was on board, the old craft began to sink. Not fit to take us around New York, and surely not through Long Island Sound. We returned to the dock. Informed the officers we were ready to pay our fares home by cars, as we would not risk our lives on that frail craft. After waiting awhile orders came to fall in. Then marched on board a Cortlandt Street ferry-boat for New York, thence through Cortlandt Street to Broadway, on up to 14th Street, then up 4th Avenue to 27th Street, to the station, to the New York, New Haven, and Hartford R. R. Going on board train we were soon bound for Connecticut. Passed on through New Haven, out on the Shore Line road. The train was often side-tracked, making the journey a tedious one. Nothing important happened during the

journey until we reached the Connecticut River. Up to this time cheers and congratulations had been shouted for good old Connecticut. It was believed that the managers of the railroad were in sympathy with the South and were copper-heads. The crossing of the Connecticut River was by ferry-boat. It was obliged to make two trips in order to get the regiment over. The river was very high and very swift, owing to the spring freshet. Our company went over in the first load with safety. The second boat-load was carried out into the Sound. Great anxiety was felt for those on board as the boat struggled in the swift current to make the dock. After making slow progress the boat finally reached the dock, after a long time. It began to grow dark before the train started again. After many delays the train arrived in Norwich about midnight, in a cold rain-storm. Forming in line we marched to Treadway's Hall on Water Street, a good lunch having been provided. Many people were out, waiting to greet the regiment. After the reception at the hall many made their way home. Those from out of town remained in the hall until morning. All were happy, being home once more. Pretty well tired out. Not much sleep for the past three days and nights on the cars, homeward bound. My home was with an aunt on Franklin Street, where I received a hearty welcome.

March 31st. Norwich, Connecticut. It is good to be home once more among friends. Wishing the war was over. I am afraid that many more of the 18th Regiment must fall before the end comes. Some will never see home again. These are dark, sad days, but we are trying to enjoy our visit at home, visiting relations and friends. The cemeteries in the cities and the country

show that many young fellows have given their lives for our country.

April 3d. Sunday. Attended church and Sunday School at Hanover, New London County, where I spent my boyhood days.

April 5th. Governor Wm. A. Buckingham re-elected. Pleasing to the boys in blue. The body of William Town, Company A, having arrived, was given a military funeral by the regiment in Greenville, Norwich. Bought one dollar's worth of postage stamps. Writing letters is one of the pleasing features of the army life. Orders for our return tomorrow. All members must assemble here tomorrow morning.

April 6th. Soon after noon the regiment formed in line for parade through some of the principal streets. Received a great reception all along the line of march. After the parade marched on board the steamer City of Norwich, which soon got under way and moved slowly down the river. With cheers and waving of handkerchiefs we again said goodbye to home and friends. Sadness came over the men as we looked back on the scene, the crowds on the dock and the city. How we did wish the war was over. We were in for three years, or during the war, and are bound to stick until the end comes and peace reigns throughout our land. All is quiet on board the boat. Hunting for some place to lie down for sleep.

April 7th. Arrived in New York early this morning. Crossed over to Jersey City by ferry-boat. Soon on board train, bound for Philadelphia. Making good time, much better than when home-bound. On arrival had another good dinner at the Cooper Shop, after which we again boarded train for Baltimore. Everything go-

ing well, making good time. Nothing important has taken place.

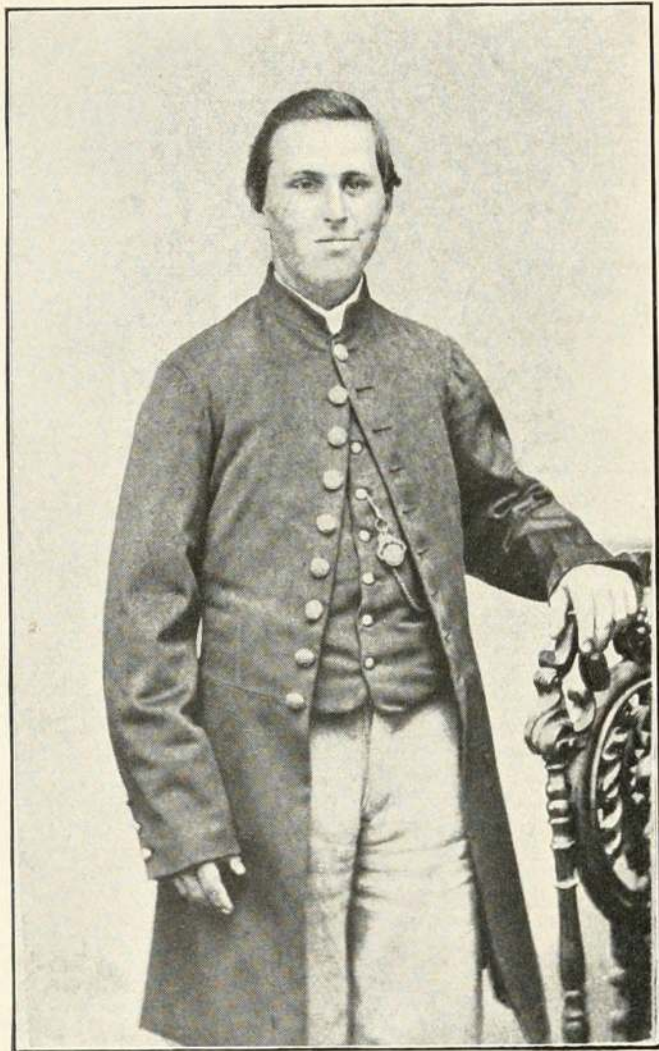
April 8th. Arrived at midnight last night. Marched to the Union Relief Rooms. Here we wait for transportation to Harper's Ferry. Wishing we were in our camp.

April 9th. Still waiting at the Union Relief Rooms for transportation to our camp. Rain — cold — disagreeable weather. Cannot leave the place for we don't know just when a train will be ready for us. Late this P. M. we go on board train for Virginia.

April 10th. A cold, damp, disagreeable morning. Passed the Point of Rocks early this morning. Saw that the Potomac River was on a rampage owing to the recent heavy rains. On arrival at Harper's Ferry formed in line for a march to Camp Hill, Bolivar Heights. During our absence the 34th Massachusetts Regiment was ordered to take our place, so took possession of our camp. We were forced to take quarters in old buildings until camp could be located and tents put up. A large mail was waiting for us. I received a number of letters.

April 12th. Nothing important has taken place. Our regular routine of duty goes on from day to day. A strong picket guard is kept up owing to the guerillas in these mountains. Mosby is the chief among them. This seems to be the rainy season, judging by the way it comes down. Mud, mud, sticky Virginia mud. At every step one must lift a load of it, as it sticks to our army shoes. It helps to add misery to our camp life. Well, we are Uncle Sam's soldiers, doing our duty from day to day.

April 14th. Sunshine for this morning. Came off picket duty. Visited town on a pass, a lonesome old place. The old buildings show the effects of the war, broken down and ruined. Some must have been fine ones



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in their day. At dress parade a new national flag was brought out for the first time. Colonel Ely surrendered to the enemy the one given us by the ladies of Norwich. Some things in this life are hard to understand. It could have been saved as well as the state flag, at Winchester, June 15th, 1863. Received my pictures, taken when I was at home. Sending them out.

April 19th. All quiet in camp for the past few days. Detailed for picket duty this morning. Weather fine. Located at the bridge over the Shenandoah River. Officer of the guard a Lieutenant from the 5th New York Heavy Artillery. General Max Weber, a former colonel, 20th New York Regiment known as the Turner Rifles, in command at this post. A fine old German officer. Military rules require that the reserve guards turn out and salute the General. I had never seen him, did not know him. Did not see the star denoting his rank until it was too late to call out the guard. The Lieutenant, a fine young man, felt very badly about it. I was generally on the lookout, but got caught this time. After the General left I went to the Lieutenant and made an apology, informing him how badly I felt over it, because I always prided myself on being on the lookout.

April 20th. A very pleasant morning. Came off picket. After a good clean-up, obtained a pass permitting me to cross the Potomac River into Maryland, as I wished to visit and climb to the top of Maryland Heights, which I had done before. One gets a fine view of a tract of country which is very pleasant to look at, the Blue Ridge Mountains, the Loudon Valley, the Shenandoah Valley, up and down the Potomac River, Pleasant Valley, Maryland. The pleasure was well worth the labor and the trouble I went through. Much

fighting had taken place in this vicinity but now quiet and peaceful. Battles are liable to take place here most any day. I always felt that Pleasant Valley, Maryland, was rightly named, for it is a beautiful country.

April 23d. Early this morning the Johnnie Rebs made an attack on the outposts on the Charlestown Pike. A hot fire was kept up. Our pickets holding them in check while our regiment was ordered out, double quick. We made a forced march out about two miles but the enemy had left. It was thought to be a scouting party, who came near the outposts. Our scouts reported the enemy going up the valley. Our regiment returned to camp. Two large field guns were mounted in our camp, pointed towards the Loudon Heights. Can be seen by the enemy. They are ready for work at any moment. Weather permitting drill and dress parade are kept up. Spare time devoted to reading and writing letters and discussing the war question. Wondering what the outcome will be and when the end will come. All is quiet in our camp.

April 26th. Marching orders received. Ordered to report at Martinsburg. Now under General Sigel, who has been put in command of all the forces in the Shenandoah Valley, for an advance up the valley.

April 27th. Camp Hill, Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry. Broke camp. I am detailed to go by train with regimental baggage, to load and unload and also to guard it. The regiment on the march. By noon-time we had the baggage loaded and the train under way, which makes a good run. On arrival baggage was unloaded. Put up tent near railroad station. Must wait for the regiment. Called on the German people who did my washing and mending whenever we were in this

vicinity. Mrs. Shults invited me to remain and have supper with the family. Such invitations did not come very often, but I accepted and enjoyed it.

April 28th. Martinsburg, West Virginia. Up early this morning, waiting for the regiment which soon came marching into town, having camped for the night about five miles out of town. Weather fine. Ordered to camp out on the Williamsport Pike, north side. Just got camp located, tents up, orders came to strike tents, turn them over to the Quartermaster's Department, and in place to receive shelter tents, also known as pup tents by the soldiers. Ordered to be ready to march early on the morrow. We are in for business now. Weather fine tonight.

April 29th. Reveille at daylight, then roll call, breakfast. Packed up waiting for orders to march, while in line. The command being given, we began our march, passing through town, out on the Winchester Pike. Macadamized roads were known as pikes. Going towards Winchester it was named after that town. Going from Winchester the same road was known as the Martinsburg Pike because it led to that town. Just outside of Martinsburg the 8th Corps was forming, under the command of General Sigel. This corps was also called The Army of West Virginia and the Shenandoah Valley. Our regiment was the last to arrive. Received hearty cheers from the Ohio and West Virginia boys, which we returned in good old Yankee style. We *could* cheer. At this point we were brigaded with the 28th and 126th Ohio Regiments under the command of Colonel Moore, 28th Ohio, a German officer. About nine o'clock we began our march, the day being very hot and the road very dusty. Pushing up the valley. After

a slow, tedious march, late in the day, a halt was made at Bunker Hill, a small village on the main pike. A supply of good water. Tired and leg weary. Our record for today's march, ten miles.

April 30th. At Bunker Hill. Only doing picket duty and resting. Weather cloudy. Liable to march at any minute. All is quiet and nothing important has taken place up to this time. Camp made up with our shelter tents.

May 1st. Marching orders this morning. Pushing on towards Winchester. Passed over the battle-field known to us as Carter's Farm, or Summit Point, on the Harper's Ferry and Winchester R. R. On this field we did some hard fighting against great odds, June 15th, 1863. Many of our boys were made prisoners. Talked over the events of the battle as we marched along, pointing out the places where our boys fell and were buried. We are very familiar with this section of Virginia. Pushing along, passed through Winchester. Very few people in sight. Those we saw said they hated the Yankees. Hope we would all be captured and taken to Richmond. Out on the main pike, came to a halt near the Union Mills. Our regiment detailed for picket on the advance, near Kernstown. We are now in the enemy's country. Liable to meet trouble at any time. The signal corps is kept very busy. I do not know the code but it is very interesting to me as I watch them work. They seem to find every high point of ground where they get a fine view of the country.

May 2d. Severe rain storm this morning. Came off picket wet through. Tents no good, leaking very badly. Our regiment still on the advance, holding the picket line from the main pike to the Romney dirt road on the west.

May 3d. Received three days' rations. On picket post near the Romney road. A dangerous point, as the rebel scouts and cavalry take the dirt roads instead of the pikes. Cannot be heard as they advance. Horses make more noise on the pike.

May 4th. On the third relief last night from 1 to 3 A. M. Visited by the grand-rounds about 2 A. M. All was well. Relieved this morning. Weather clear and fine. Saw one of our cavalry scouting parties pass along the pike, having captured a rebel Major and twelve men up near Strasburg. Drilling and dress parade kept up when the weather permits.

May 9th. Nothing important has transpired since the last date. Our regiment was kept on the advance picket line. Orders to march. The army again on the march. Pushing on up the valley. Getting farther from our base of supplies as we march over the old pike where we have marched before, while doing scouting duty. Our cavalry on the advance are continually skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry who try to contest every mile as our advance pushes on. Marched through Newtown and Middletown. Hot dusty marching. Much suffering from the extreme heat. Every time we halt, run for water. Many good springs in this section. Once in a while we find a sulphur spring. Don't like the taste of it but are obliged to drink it in order to quench our thirst. I am in the best of health. Rugged enough for this kind of life. Thankful that I am so well. Our advance are continually skirmishing with the enemy. Sometimes it sounds as though there was a hot time. We are looking for a battle as we advance. Notice and talk about the points of interest as we go marching on. Fine country is this Shenandoah Valley. Blue Ridge

Mountains on our left. Came to a halt on the north bank of Cedar Creek, about three miles from the town of Strasburg. Make camp here for the night. Pleased when we halt for the night.

May 10th. Turned out early this morning. Orders to prepare for inspection and drill. Officers seem bound to keep us busy. This afternoon while enjoying a bath and a swim in Cedar Creek, felt something around my leg under water. It did not take me long to pull the thing off, which proved to be a water snake. With a jump I was soon out of the water. My leg bled freely from a small wound. First thought that I had been bitten. No bad results coming from it, decided that the wound was made by a sharp stone. Comrade Charlie Geer of our company was with me.

May 11th. Marching orders. Left camp early this morning. The army on the move. Waded Cedar Creek, on through the town of Strasburg, up Fishers Hill. The boys are all in good spirits as we go marching on. Halt and go into camp near the town of Woodstock, in the valley. Marched about ten miles.

May 12th. A severe rain storm set in last night. Detailed for picket. Wet through. Between the rain and the mud we are in misery. Duty must be attended to. We are in the field, the enemy's country. What sleep we can get in the mud and rain doesn't amount to very much, as we must lie on the ground. We are enduring hardships for our country. Very little growling or complaining from the boys. Some of the boys will call out, good natured, "Boys, it is three years or during," meaning during the war. Most generally creates a laugh, in spite of our condition. Some changes in our company. Color-sergeant Geo. W. Brady made first

sergeant, Corporal Sylvanus Downer made color-sergeant.

May 13th. Rain continues. No prospect of a let up. I helped our wagoner, Wm. Wetmore to water the mules. Had to go about a half mile from our camp. My first ride on a mule. Rode one and led others. We are wondering if it will ever stop raining. Wet through. Must attend to our duty and sleep on the wet ground. Mud, mud, Virginia mud. Sticks like glue. Rain, rain.

May 14th. Rain. Broke camp at 4 o'clock this morning. Again on the march, pushing up the valley. Heavy cannonading going on at a distance. By the sound, hot work must be going on at the front. Marching on, passed through the town of Edenburg. Go into camp about a mile from the town. Our regiment detailed for picket duty. Relieved the 12th West Virginia Regiment. I was detailed with two hundred others to go on post. The rest of the regiment formed the reserves. Lieutenant Robert Kerr in command of the outposts. Posted in the woods about one mile from headquarters. Hot, muggy, wet weather. We are very anxious about the morrow, as we listen to the heavy artillery firing. We are about fifty miles from Harper's Ferry, our base of supplies, with no prospect of re-enforcements, if needed. The enemy have the advantage of railroads direct to Richmond. Report comes that our cavalry are putting up a hard fight at New Market, sixteen miles south of Edenburg, and about fifteen from our picket line.

May 15th. Rain. Rain. On picket, wondering why we do not get relieved. It is past time for the relief to show up. Lieutenant Kerr sends a detail to camp to learn the cause. Returned in a short time, reported the regiment had left for parts unknown. The Lieutenant

called in the pickets to the reserve headquarters in the woods. Formed company and were ready for action as we marched out of the woods to the pike, expecting to meet the enemy's scouts. Instead we met our own cavalry scouts who reported our regiment left in the night, going up the valley towards New Market. We started on after them, making a forced march, wet, tired, hungry, well used up. Some misunderstanding of orders was the cause of our being left on picket. It was a wonder to us that we did not meet the rebel cavalry and have a hot time, as they had been in this vicinity, scouting all around us. We were determined to put up a hot fight, had we met the enemy. Lieutenant Kerr kept urging us on, making a forced march up the pike. Duty having been so severe, and the lack of rations for the past few days, we were near used up. The last two miles of the march we ran, and joined the regiment as they were going into action, having made a march of sixteen miles with hardly a rest, and very little to eat.

Colonel Moore, Commander of our brigade, pushed our regiment and an Ohio regiment, with a section of a battery, two field guns, about six miles in advance of the main army, bringing on a general engagement. We could not hold the enemy in check as they advanced with a long line of battle. Our battery fell back. The Ohio regiment followed, when our commander, Lieutenant-colonel Peale, gave the command to our regiment, "By the right of companies, to the rear in column," so we continued to march until we met the 34th Massachusetts Regiment, coming running up with a battery, taking a good position. The enemy was held in check, but for a short time. Sigel managed to get his main force in line, batteries posted, so the enemy was held in check.

Our brigade suffered heavy loss. Some of the field pieces had to be abandoned as the horses had been killed and we were in too much mud to draw them away, or back to the main line. It looked to us like a case of mismanagement.

May 16th. Last night we fell back to Mount Jackson, when orders were given to fall back, or to continue the march. I am about worn out for the want of sleep and rest. This is war and the life of a soldier. With all our troubles it continues to rain very hard and the mud is deep. Hard work to keep on the march. We surely are suffering for our country. Reverses will come, we cannot help it. We try to do our duty. I am so tired and worn out that I fell asleep on the march last night. This may seem almost incredible. These are true facts that I am writing.

After a continuous march we reached the town of Strasburg late this afternoon. Passed through the town, wading Cedar Creek, going into camp on the north side, close to the creek. As soon as we halted, dropped down on the ground and fell asleep, so tired and worn out. Thankful for the privilege. The ground for a bed and the sky for a covering. We are now thirty miles from yesterday's scenes. Our scouts brought in a bushwhacker, a tough looking specimen of humanity. Not much mercy is shown to them.

May 17th. Near Cedar Creek. Took account of stock this morning. A requisition goes to the quartermaster for a supply of clothes, rubber blankets, shelter tents. Much of our luggage gets lost on the march and in battle. Captain Wm. L. Spaulding, Co. B, killed at Newmarket. Body brought along by members of his company. Buried today near Cedar Creek, with military

honors, the regiment taking part. It is intended to send the body home later. I expect to sleep tonight in an army wagon, near camp.

May 20th. Nothing important has transpired since the last date. Weather warm and fine. Getting rested. A soldier must obey orders, not ask questions, keep his eyes open, be on the alert ready for the call to duty. Our company, C, loss at New Market, twelve wounded, five prisoners. General Sigel relieved of the command. A good officer. Kind to the men under his command. From a soldier's view we need more men in this, the Shenandoah, valley. Major-General David Hunter now in command. Dark complexion, black moustache, stern looking. We don't like his looks. We are doing picket duty and drilling as the days come and go. Writing many letters. We manage to keep our writing paper dry.

May 21st. Colonel Ely and other officers who have been prisoners since June 15th, 1863, returned and assumed command of the regiment. We are again in good condition for any kind of duty that we may be called upon. A good rest here, near Cedar Creek.

May 24th. Nothing of importance has taken place in camp since the last date. Marching orders received in the shape of general orders. Advance up the valley. Four days' rations to be issued, with instructions to make it last eight. That puts us on half rations, and we are also put in light marching order. All extra baggage, with knapsacks, sent to the rear, at Martinsburg. Regiment on skirmish drill. Our company, color company, remains on the reserves. When the regiment forms in line the formation is made on center company and the colors.

All things are now ready for the advance. Waiting for orders.

May 26th. Broke camp very early this hot morning. Once more on the march. Again waded Cedar Creek, passing through Strasburg, on up Fishers Hill, hot and very dusty. Again camp near Woodstock. Some of the boys come from the town of Woodstock, Connecticut. There are many incidents that remind us of home. As soon as we halted for the night, began to hunt for wood for our fires, to boil coffee, fry our bacon and hard tack. We seem to be always hungry and ready to eat. The health of the regiment at this time is good.

May 27th. Rain. Regiment ordered out into line about 3 A. M. This is done to guard against a surprise while we are in the enemy's country. Remained in line about two hours, then stacked arms and were dismissed and allowed to get our breakfast. This is a dark, rainy, dismal day in camp. Late this afternoon a battalion, 5th New York Heavy Artillery, came into camp, they having made a forced march, being ordered to join the army. We were old friends, having been in the same brigade during the winter of 1862-3. We greeted them with hearty cheers which they returned, while our Colonel and their Lieutenant-Colonel, who was in command, were shaking hands, while on horseback. Our company detailed for picket duty. Located on the extreme right of the picket line.

May 28th. Nothing important occurred last night. All quiet this morning. In an open country where we have a good view. We are located west of the pike. Ordered to keep a sharp lookout for the enemy's cavalry and guerillas. Late this afternoon we were relieved from picket duty. This is a fine country as we continue to see.

May 29th. Left camp early this hot morning. Pushing up the valley. Passed through Woodstock. Very few people to be seen. They still inform us that they hate the Yankees. Hope we will all be captured and be sent to Richmond. Came to a halt at Mount Jackson. Line of battle formed. The advance are having a hot time, as we can plainly hear the boom of the guns. Passing over the battle-field of the 15th, stopping near New Market. I am in the best of health. Rations running low. Would like more to eat. Hot, cloudy, muggy weather. Our march today covers twenty miles.

May 30th. Owing to our rations running very low some of the boys took the liberty to go foraging, going without a permit from the General's headquarters. They were rounded up by cavalry scouts, placed under arrest, taken to headquarters, where they received a severe reprimand from General Hunter. All were punished. Non-commissioned officers reduced to the ranks. Privates made to carry a heavy fence rail over the shoulder and walk a beat for four hours. The lack of rations and seeing the boys undergoing a severe punishment made a gloomy time for us. The life of a soldier in the field is no picnic. We can stand most anything but hunger. It did seem very strange to us that we could not forage in the enemy's country. We are seventy miles from our base of supplies, which must be brought to us in wagons under a strong guard. Cavalry must do that duty. Reported that they have much trouble from the guerillas under Mosby and others. They keep concealed in the woods along the pike. From the hills they can be seen far up and down the valley. Weather cloudy and muggy.

May 31st. This morning still finds us in camp on the battle-field, near New Market. Orders from the General's headquarters. Details have been made to forage and sent out from headquarters. Inspection and battalion drill by our Colonel, Ely. The first since his return from prison. The Colonel, on the quiet, restored to their former rank the non-commissioned officers reduced by General Hunter for foraging. They were all good boys, and driven to it by hunger. I often wonder why we must have this awful war. This is a beautiful country, at this time quiet and peaceful, but the horrors of war liable to come at most any time.

June 1st. In camp waiting for orders to advance. Skirmish drill during the forenoon. This afternoon went to the Shenandoah River. Gave my clothes a good washing, which they needed. Remained in the water, having a good bath and swim, until they were dry. It did not take long in the hot sun. No change of raiment for a soldier in the field. Managed to carry one extra pair of woolen stockings. Army brogans for soldiers. Marching orders received.

June 2nd. On the march again, on through New Market. As we go pushing up the valley, our advance are again having a hot time, judging by the booming of the guns. Passed the Lincoln Springs, a fine body of water coming out of the ground. The force is strong enough to drive a mill. A good drink from its cold water. There are many fine springs in this valley. Our boys are driving the Rebs as they advance. Report comes that our cavalry boys have taken Harrisonburg. Hard marching over these rough, stony roads. Very tired to-night.

June 3d. In camp near Harrisonburg. Sat up very late last night watching the Signal Corps using rockets and roman candles. A wonderful sight. Reported General Hunter is trying to get in communication with General Crook who is in the mountains making for Staunton, the same point that we are headed for. Hospital in town, containing a few wounded Union soldiers. Held as prisoners, were re-captured. Among them was Charlie Avery, a member of our company, wounded through the chest. He surprised us by coming into our camp asking for his brother Jim, also a member of our company. Up to this time we did not know whether he was alive. Could not remain with us, was obliged to return to the hospital. The weather hot, muggy, with heavy rain storms. Our shelter tents are poor protection in these hard storms, as the rain pours down. We try to keep as dry and as comfortable as we can. The boys keep in good spirits and do not growl very much.

June 4th. Saturday morning. Up early and on the march, going on through the town. About ten miles up the pike is Mount Crawford, at which point the Shenandoah River crosses the pike. The enemy have the mount strongly fortified, a commanding position. About three miles out of Harrisonburg we file to the left over a dirt road. The intention seems to be to flank the mount. We are now making for Port Republic, near which we were obliged to cross the Shenandoah River. Owing to the recent heavy rains it was very high, running swift. A canvas pontoon bridge was made by drawing canvas over boat frames which had been made and brought along. The boats were made and placed in the river, when the bridge was completed like any pontoon bridge, except the canvas boats. (The first and only ones I ever saw, and

was the only time I ever saw that one used.) It was a frail thing for an army to cross on. General Hunter sat on his horse very close to the frail bridge, anxiously watching us cross, and shouting, "Men, break step." That would divide the weight while we were on the bridge. That seemed to be a duty that the General would not trust to any one else. (I well remember that scene.) As far as I know the army all passed over in safety. The cavalry crossed at some other point. A young cavalryman attempted to swim his horse across the river near the bridge, slipped or fell from his horse and was drowned. Many boys jumped in and dove for him. The high, swift-running, dirty water was too much for them. The Shenandoah River was his grave, as it was the grave of many other Union soldiers. Some were members of our regiment, the 18th Connecticut. The enemy was driven out of Port Republic, losing a large wagon train filled with supplies, captured by our cavalry. The supplies were distributed to us. A number of packages of coffee came to our company, which gave to us a great surprise as they were put up in our home town by Selden & Willard, Norwich, Conn. Here we were, one hundred miles from our base of supplies, in the enemy's country. It has often been reported that there are people in the North getting rich by running supplies through the blockade. These people are anxious to prolong the war when they should remember that every battle kills a soldier, and by the help they give to the foes. These soldier boys have dear friends at home. Passed on through Port Republic, camping near the town. Hunter forced the enemy to leave Mount Crawford and change front. Judging from what we can learn the enemy is in strong force in our front. Night sets in dark and raining.

June 5th. Late last night our company detailed for picket duty. Located at the ford, near the town. It was a fearful, dark, rainy night. Every man was on duty and on the alert all night. By order of General Hunter a large woolen mill was burned this morning. I noticed a number of women were crying as the mill burned. It had been used to make cloth for the South. Death and destruction follows in the path of war. This is a quiet Sunday morning in old Connecticut. Here a battle is about to begin. Came off picket, ordered to join the regiment. After a forced march, about six miles, overtook the regiment, taking our position in the line. Soon skirmish firing began and grew hot. Our boys driving the Rebs as we advanced. About 7 A. M. the enemy opened fire on our line with batteries well posted on high hills, distance about two miles, getting range on our colors. At the time we were advancing by division front, when the shells began to come lively. Our Colonel's voice rang out clear "By division, into line, right and left, half wheel, forward, double quick." The command was quickly executed as the regiment advanced in line through the open lots, taking the extreme right of the line of battle. We could plainly see all that was taking place in the open country. The enemy's line of battle was formed in a wooded field at the top of the highest hills. We were forced to jump brooks, some quite wide, and climb over fences, all this time under fire. We could not return the fire because of our skirmish line in our front, between us and the enemy.

Reaching the foot of the hill on which the enemy was posted, we were ordered to crawl up it on our hands and knees. Reaching the brow we were ordered to rise, at the same time the enemy poured a deadly volley into our

ranks. A number fell, and the stock of my gun was shot off. As we started on a charge for the enemy in the woods they broke and ran. As we poured a sharp fire into their ranks, they left their first line of earthworks and fell back to the second. We continued the charge on through the woods, coming out into an open lot. Our Colonel being mounted, saw the second line of earthworks in the edge of another wooded field, commanded a halt, which was done after a while. Then we were ordered to fall back and re-form in the edge of the woods and to wait for orders. My gun having been shot and no good, I picked up another one on the field. I was very sorry to lose the old musket. A number of our boys had fallen. The enemy was strongly posted on another hill across an open field which we must charge through in order to get at them.

Orders came for us to take their works. A charge was again ordered, but we were ordered to fall back and re-form. Another attempt was made to capture the works. Owing to our heavy loss the Colonel ordered us to fall back. Our regiment was holding the extreme right of the line. In the second charge across the field a bullet pierced my tin coffee cup, hanging on my haversack, making, as the boys said, two close calls for me. After the second charge our Colonel called for a battery, posted it in a good position on our right, where it did great execution. The enemy attempted to take the battery but we drove them back. A third charge was ordered across the open field. We were again obliged to fall back. The enemy's fire was too hot for us and we were losing many good fellows. In the third charge the colors went to the ground, the corporal of the color-guard, who was

carrying them, being shot down. I jumped and picked up the flag, waving it and holding it up.

Later, orders came to prepare for another charge on the enemy's earth works. A desperate effort must be made to capture those works. As a signal, a cheer would ring out from the left of the line, extending to the right, for the entire length of the line, to charge. It was quickly done and the battle was won.

The enemy threw down their arms and were prisoners. In the fourth and final charge, the Confederate commander, Major General Wm. E. Jones, was killed. He was known as Billy Jones. I saw the dead commander lying on the field, he having been shot through the forehead. I also saw the flag of truce when the Confederates came for the body. I spoke to the escort, they telling me who the dead General was.

The day had been a long, hard one. We were under fire from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sorrow came to us over our loss, but we must have something to eat in order to keep up. I carried several canteens over to the Shenandoah River, filled them. On my return I stopped to see a young wounded Confederate. Bathed his wound on his foot with the water from my own canteen. He thanked me kindly as he lay on the ground, patiently waiting for his turn to be cared for. After having rations I picked up a few blankets, visited the field hospital, and covered our boys over with them, as the nights were cool. It was a sickening sight to me. No more desire to visit a field hospital after a battle. I made my way back to our company in the dark. Lay down on the battle field for the night, for rest and sleep. Dead and wounded around us.

June 6th. Up early this clear, hot morning. During the night the wounded had been removed and cared

for, and the dead buried. Our company's loss, twenty killed and wounded. The loss in the regiment, one hundred and thirty killed and wounded. None taken prisoners. The color-sergeants and the guard were all killed or wounded except one. They were a part of our company, as we were the color company. Very sad over our loss. Such is the life of a soldier. Rations running very low.

This morning, fifty rounds of cartridges given to each man, forty for our boxes, ten for our pockets. Left the battle field. Again on the march, rather slow, through wood-land, wondering what was in store for us. After being under way for about two hours, suddenly, great cheering was heard. The regiment came to a halt as the cheers came nearer to us. Reports came to us by scouts that our cavalry was in possession of Staunton, where we expected to meet with stubborn resistance. We were soon pushing for the town, said to be twelve miles away, at the upper end of the Shenandoah Valley. The march takes us over a rough, stony, hilly road, sometimes through the lots, giving up the roads to the artillery and wagon train. As we marched along there was much to be seen by inquisitive Yankees. We entered the town from the north, passing through what seemed to be the main street, going into camp on the west side.

The scenery in this vicinity is grand. Town located on hills and hillsides. Reminds us somewhat of our home town, Norwich, Connecticut. We are soldiers, doing hard service for our country in a cruel war, but for all that we cannot help but take in the fine scenery. We are living close to the earth, as we eat and sleep on the ground. We try to improve every opportunity to take a bath, wash our clothes, and swim. At this time the

weather is very hot, dry, and dusty, which seems to come very soon after the rain. Thunderstorms, in this valley, are very fierce at times.

June 7th. Called up very early this morning. After a light breakfast, ordered to fall into line. All sorts of reports are in circulation, that guerillas and bush-whackers infest this section. We are one hundred miles from our base of supplies, right in the enemy's country. Our work today is to destroy the Virginia Central Railroad by burning bridges and other property. It is hard work, tearing up the track and ties. After being out on the line all day we did not see any armed rebs. A guerilla chief, known as Mudwall Jackson, is reported to be in this vicinity. Late this afternoon we returned to town and camp for the night. We put in a hard day's work and were glad to have night come, for we needed the sleep and rest. The ground makes a good bed.

June 8th. Again routed out early. Into line on the march through town to continue our work of destruction. Piling up ties, place the rails on top, set fire to the ties. When the rails become hot in the center, they warp or bend, making them useless. The march out of town, along the railroad, destroying it, makes very hard work for us, as we put in a long day, and not very much food. We manage to pick up some corn meal and a little flour, which we make into pan-cakes, called by the boys, Toe-Jam. Some of the boys received bruises and jams in the work on the railroad. There is much kicking over the hard work.

In camp tonight, talking over the events of the day, wondering what the morrow has in store for us. Many buildings and much property in town have been destroyed by fire, by order of General Hunter. Many

of the women look sad and do much weeping over the destruction that is going on. We feel that the South brought on the war and the State of Virginia is paying dear for her part. The loss of our good boys brings us many sad hours. We cannot help think, and wonder who will be the next one to give his life for our country.

June 9th. This morning still finds us at Staunton. Called out early. Marched through the town. Destruction goes on. It certainly looks bad for this town. It seems to be a part of war. A large Confederate hospital is located here, also a retreat for the insane. Among the buildings destroyed are large tobacco warehouses, much of the contents thrown into the streets. Tobacco plenty. Many of our boys carried much of it into the Confederate hospital, giving it to the poor fellows confined there. They were pleased and thankful, some even saying they were glad we came, so I was informed by those who went to the hospital.

Our regiment scouting through the country along the line of the railroad, picking up horses and cattle wherever we found them. Also protect the boys of the 5th New York Heavy Artillery who were busy destroying the railroad. By the time we leave here there won't be much left in this vicinity.

Our scouts manage to find some meal and flour. We are getting a part of our living in this vicinity. We use a half of a canteen for a frying pan, a stick for a handle, so we have pancakes, or, as the boys call them, toe-jam, and fresh meat. The buildings destroyed in town and along the line of the railroad were factories and warehouses, and some public buildings. To my knowledge no dwelling houses were burned up. In camp tonight.

June 10th. General Crook joined forces here with

Hunter, coming into town from the west. It is now reported that the combined forces numbered about eighteen thousand and that we will advance on to Lynchburg. All sick and wounded who can be moved, including two thousand prisoners, will be sent with guards to Beckley, West Virginia, one hundred miles to the northwest. After they were well under way the army began its march, going to the southeast of the town. The day a hot one, and very dusty as we marched over the rough roads. The boys keep up good courage, taking in the points of interest, and at the same time going farther into the enemy's country. All cattle and horses that can be found are taken in charge by the Quartermaster's Department. Some of the cattle are butchered in the night, the meat given to us in the early morning. If we have time, we fry or broil it before we begin our march.

After a march of about twenty miles, we stop for the night. The next town that we are headed for is Lexington. We take notice and comment on the various movements of the army and can most generally tell when the enemy is near and in force.

June 11th. Up and on the march by daylight. After a few hours marching, judging by the cannonading, there is hot work going on. We are pushing on for Lexington. Find the town is located on the south side of the James River. The enemy burned the bridge, delayed our crossing. The Engineer Corps provided a way for us to cross on the ruins of the bridge. The cavalry and artillery crossed at some other point. The Engineer Corps used lumber from nearby buildings to make the bridge safe for us to cross.

At this point we received a great surprise. A wagon train overtook us with supplies. Our rations at this time

were very low. The enemy were run out of town. We go in camp on the east side. Lexington is a beautiful town. The scenery grand. Reported to us that the sound of Yankee guns had never been heard here before, or until today.

Stonewall Jackson and many prominent rebel officers lie buried here in the town's cemetery. The Washington Military Institute is located here, the pride of old Virginia. Governor Letcher resides here. Many other fine residences are located here. The weather clear, but hot. Scouts are bringing in prisoners. Detailed for picket duty tonight.

June 12th. Sunday. Came off picket. General Hunter is applying the torch to many buildings. I watched them burn. Among them were the Washington Military Institute, and the home of Governor Letcher. It was a grand and awful sight to see so many buildings burning at the same time. A bronze statue of George Washington was removed from the front entrance and saved. It was put in one of the wagons, and in time was to be sent to Washington, D. C. After the fires were out I visited the ruins. The cavalry brought in to our lines many slaves, the owners trying to hide them in the surrounding mountains. They were a husky lot, and could run as fast as a horse. I saw them keep up with cavalry. Visited many points of interest in and around this fine looking town.

June 13th. A hot morning. All is quiet. Gave my clothes a good washing, hanging them on the bushes to dry. A good swim and bath while waiting for them to dry. Dry quickly in this climate. No change of raiment, only one suit, we are in light marching order. A soldier's life in the field is not always one of cleanliness,

marching in the dust and dirt, wading brooks and rivers, sleeping on the ground.

Orders from the Colonel. I have been made a corporal, for bravery on the battlefield of Piedmont, June 5th, 1864. So the orders read. I donned my chevrons for the honorable position, 4th corporal, Company C, 18th Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, at Lexington, Virginia, June 13th, 1864.

Marching orders received. We leave here tomorrow morning.

June 14th. Called up by daylight. This morning a hot one. Must bid farewell to this town. The people will no doubt be pleased to see us leaving. We had a very quiet time here. Roads very dusty. Our scouts report the enemy in all directions. The boys are in good spirits as we go marching along, taking observations, looking for points of interest. Passed within four miles of Virginia Natural Bridge. Was in hopes that we could see it. These are rough, stony roads. After a hard march we reached the town of Buchanan, near high and lofty mountains. Here the enemy had burned the bridge. The Engineer and Pioneer Corps made the ruins strong enough for us to cross. We camp for the night in a wheat field. Thankful to stop for a rest, after marching about twenty-four miles. It looks to us as though we shall be obliged to climb the mountains tomorrow. The road leads in that direction. This is a wild looking country. The scenery grand. Very few people can be seen as we pass through the towns and villages on the line of march, going farther in the enemy's country, and away from our base of supplies. It makes us feel that we are in for much hard work and marching.

June 15th. Up and early on the march this hot morning. Going up the narrow road over the mountains we make very slow progress. The Rebs and bushwhackers have cut down large trees and fell them across the road. The Pioneer Corps are having hard work to clear the road. As we pass slowly along the bodies of dead Rebs are lying beside the road, having been killed by the advance scouts. They looked frightful, with their long black beards and white faces, in death. The road is very narrow and winding as we go on up the mountains. At the side of the road one can look away down into the valley and ravines. Army wagons can be seen down among the trees. We suppose they must have broken down and been pushed over to get them out of the way. It was cause enough to set the boys talking and to help make them forget their own troubles. A hard, tiresome march over the mountains, stopping for the night between the Peaks of Otter, having marched only fourteen miles. Orders are to keep very quiet and not make any fires. Must go without our coffee for the night.

June 16th. Last night some member of our company started a small fire close to the root of a pine tree. It was decayed through the center, which quickly caught fire, the blaze shooting out at the top, like a high chimney. The tree being away up the mountain, the blaze could be seen for miles along the Lynchburg Valley. Attempts were made to put out the fire with dirt.

This morning finds us in the mountains, between the Peaks of Otter, the highest mountains in Virginia. Our signal corps climbed to the top of one of the peaks. We get an early start, on down the mountain over a rough stony road. At the same time we get a grand view of the

surrounding country. It certainly is fine. Good growing crops in all directions. Passed through a large peanut field. The vines were fine but not much left of them after the army had passed through the field. The advance are skirmishing, as we can plainly hear. Fifteen miles from the Peaks of Otter, we pass through the town of Liberty, after a hot, dusty march. Out on the Lynchburg Pike we go. Hungry, tired, foot-sore, we stop for the night in a cornfield, near New London, after a march of about twenty-four miles. Sharp skirmishing kept up all day, showing the enemy is contesting our advance on Lynchburg. We hear it reported that the Yankee army has never visited this section of Virginia before. With us, it is now on for Lynchburg, which we seem confident that we can capture. We hope so.

June 17th. A cornfield was a rough place to sleep for a night, and try to rest. Up early this morning. After a hasty feed, again on the march, along the main pike to Lynchburg. Our advance is slow most of the time, as we drive the enemy along. At times it is hot work. General Hunter, for reasons best known to himself, has ordered the burning up of many fine old Virginia mansions with all the contents. Many fine appearing ladies weep while their homes are burning. All they can do is to look on. One cannot help but feel sorry for them. That is cruel war. When told it was done by order of the General, I heard one woman say, "I would like to pull the General's nose." There were some great fires along that Lynchburg Pike. One report was that our men had been fired on from the houses that were burned. They were not all burned, along the pike. It is fight as we advance, at times, making a forced march. Late this P. M. we go into battle near Lynchburg. A

hot one. The enemy routed, retire to their main earthworks, near town. We capture two field pieces and a number of prisoners. Darkness put an end to the fight. The battle is known to us as Quaker Church, four miles from Lynchburg. A line of battle having been formed, our guns were stacked, with orders to keep close in line. Getting a little feed, we dropped down on the ground to try and get a little sleep and rest. In front of Lynchburg, Virginia.

June 18th. Not much sleep and rest for us last night. Pickets kept up a ceaseless firing, with an occasional shell dropping in our midst. Could also hear the trains running into town all night. Beating of drums, pounding and hammering, and much noise. Estimated our lines are formed within three miles of the town. Our regiment holds the extreme left of the line. In the early morning the enemy dropped a shell in our midst. Two of our boys were severely wounded, one having his leg shattered, from which he later died. With us on the left was Captain Snow, with his Maryland Battery, which we had to support. The enemy made two attempts to take the battery. We charged them and drove them back into their earthworks both times. That battery did good service, as we could see, when the shells exploded in their works.

Lieutenant Robert Kerr, Company A, had command of our skirmish line. A cool, brave man in charge of a responsible duty, which he performed well. Our national flag was made fast to the roof of a large barn, in plain view of the enemy. They tried to dislodge it. It afforded us some amusement as we watched them waste their ammunition. Later, when they ceased firing, it was taken down. Our Colonel was wounded in the

neck by a piece of shell. While painful, it was not very severe. He left the field, putting us under the command of Major Peale, our Lieutenant-Colonel being a prisoner at Richmond. At this point, on the left of the line, in our rear, was a peach orchard. So severe was the firing of the enemy that hardly a tree escaped the enemy's shells, some being cut down and others had limbs cut off, while many bore marks.

Our regiment, when not called up to protect the battery, was lying down in a road, which afforded us protection. We did lie close to the ground and were protected by a two foot knoll of gravel. At one time the enemy tried to sneak through a ravine to get our battery. We were ordered to charge them. As they fell back we followed them, until we were under a cross fire by our own men and the enemy. Our boys, seeing our colors, ceased firing, as we came to a halt, when orders were given to right face, and forward, by file right, double quick, which soon brought us in our position, just in the rear of the battery. We put in a hard day and were only holding our position, nothing gained. Supplies and ammunition running very low. No prospect of help as far as we could learn, and night coming on.

Orders received that we fall back tonight. We are a sick, tired, discouraged lot of Yankee soldiers. After dark the army began the return march. Our regiment detailed for the rear guard. We cannot leave our position until the army is well under way. Our duty is a very dangerous one.

June 19th. Last night, by a forced march, we overtook the army. It was a fearful night. Dark, a part of the time marching over rough roads, through lots, wading small streams, fighting back the rebel cavalry. Glad

when daylight came, but no time to stop for rest this hot Sunday morning. Tired, foot-sore, hungry, and about played out, but must keep pushing on or be taken a prisoner. The cavalry are now covering the rear. Again passed through Liberty. A few miles from town, our regiment ordered to lie down behind a hill in ambush, to support the cavalry, they having got in the rear of the enemy. After a sharp fight they were routed, and many made prisoners. After these events we had a short rest and a feed of fresh meat. Detailed for guard with the wagon train for tonight.

June 20th. A hot morning. Traveled all night. Most of the time at a lively gait, at times on the run, to keep with the wagons and artillery. Sometimes we would hang on to the tailboards in order to keep up. Don't know how many miles we have covered since we left in front of Lynchburg. Stopped this morning for rest and rations, which consist only of fresh meat, broiled and fried. We have been informed that this part of Virginia is known as the Blue Gap country. We have not stopped long enough to learn the names of the places that we pass through. We are along the line of a railroad leading to Lynchburg. This railroad, its bridges, and property, are destroyed as we go along. Some of the bridges are over deep ravines. When the bridge is gone, the cars are run over into the deep ravines. They go down with a great crash.

Constant skirmishing is kept with the rear guard and the enemy. The rear guard reports that many of our boys are falling into the hands of the rebels, as they are worn out and cannot keep up with the army. The suffering of our men is something fierce. Clothing and shoes are wearing out. Many are barefoot while we go pushing

over these rough roads. We are still guarding the wagon train. At times we are obliged to trot in order to keep up. There is room in many of the wagons so that the guard might ride. It is against orders. Soldiers must obey orders. On the road we pass a few houses once in a while. Inhabitants very few in this rough country. Mostly old men, women, and children. Young men are in the rebel army. These people look as though they were suffering for the southern cause. Very little forage can be found in this mountainous country.

June 21st. After an all night's march, we reach the town of Salem, Roanoke county, Virginia, located near the mountains. The scenery good. After we came to a halt by the roadside, tired — worn out — hungry, leaning up against a rail fence, I soon fell asleep. Later I was awakened by the cavalry, then had to find my company. By the buildings I should judge that this is a college town. Our regiment detailed as rear guard. Colonel Ely again in command, the wound in the neck having improved. Ordered, with a battery, to march back about one mile, pushing the enemy back and holding them in check while the army wagons and artillery passed through the gap near Salem, Blue Ridge Mountains. While we are holding the enemy in check our Colonel acts as though he was nervous. If the enemy is strong enough, we may get cut off and perhaps captured before our turn comes to march through the gap, we are so far in the rear with the battery. Late in the day orders came for us to march on through the gap into the mountains where we were surprised to see some of the wagons and a battery badly damaged. A portion of the train was not guarded when a dash was made by guerillas who were in ambush in the woods. A detachment

of our cavalry was soon on the ground with the Spencer carbine, routed and captured a number of the guerillas. Reported we are headed for a place called New Castle. After a short rest we received a small piece of fresh meat. Pushing along, expecting to stop for the night. Hungry and thirsty. Very little water to be found in these mountains. Footsore and very tired. Wonderful what men can endure. It is either push ahead or be left and made a prisoner.

June 22nd. In camp late last night after a long hard march. A good night's rest. The ground for a bed and the sky for a covering. Sadly in need of rations. On the march pass the ruins of many army wagons being burned up to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy. Many horses and mules are giving out, drop for the lack of feed and rest. It is hard pulling those wagons over these rough mountain roads. All horses and mules that cannot be driven or led are shot to prevent the enemy from getting them, as all they need is rest and feed for most of them. War is a cruel thing. I wish it was over.

In conversation, while on the march, with Captain Meigs, Engineer Corps, he thought we ought to break up the gang of guerillas following in the rear. Asked us boys if we were ready to fight them, the answer was yes. Many are dropping out by the roadside, too weak and used up. Reported we march from ten to thirty-five miles a day. Clothing and shoes giving out. Very little forage can be found in these mountains and valleys. Our route takes us over the Potts Mountains, very high. Our suffering is intense, as many are barefooted.

Just at dark we reach the town of New Castle and go into camp for the night.

Thankful that we are to get a night's rest. Two of

our company found a bag of flour. It was portioned out to each member. Mixed with water we had pan-cakes (toe-jam). We have plenty of coffee, no sugar. A little coffee goes a good ways. Some of our boys stole a bag of coffee from General Sullivan's headquarters. He was our division commander. Of course it could not be found, as it found its way in many haversacks.

June 23d. Left New Castle very early this hot morning. No air in these valleys of Virginia and West Virginia. Most of our rations consist of fresh meat. It is brought in to us in the night and cooked in the night, broiled on the end of a ramrod. It is hard to keep out of our minds, but is generally believed that we are eating horse and mule meat. When we left Cedar Creek on this raid, General Hunter informed us that we might be obliged to eat horse flesh before our return. At that time we were ordered to be careful of our rations.

All the roads in the mountains and valleys are bad, hard for our feet. It is now thought that we are in the Alleghany Mountains. In spite of all our hardships we cannot help admiring the scenery. How we could enjoy it if we had plenty to eat and could take our time marching along. Up and down, over the mountains we go, until we reach the Sweet Springs, twenty-six miles from New Castle. Here we are to stop for the night. Large fine buildings here. A resort. Deserted. Generals Hunter and Crook located headquarters in a large, fine building. Our regiment stopping nearby. Rations for tonight, plenty of fresh meat and coffee. While we are all tired, foot-sore, and near used up, there is but little growling or fault-finding. Keep up courage very well as we endure these hardships, all for our country. While the days are hot, the nights are cool.

June 24th. Did not have to hurry up this morning. After breakfast, orders were, we remain here for the day. I started out to find water where I could take a bath. While hunting for such a place I met Sergeant Samuel Lee, Co. A, who was on the same errand. Together we hunted for water through the lots. We were rewarded by finding a small brook with a deep hole, close to the foot of a high mountain. A good clean place. Water enough for a good bath but not for a swim. Remained in the water for a long time. After the bath we visited the springs. Drank freely of its waters. Walked around the grounds and in some of the buildings. The soldiers raised havoc with the place. It was a fine property, badly ruined. At the springs we met our Colonel and Colonel Rodgers, 2nd Maryland. Our Colonel said, "Boys, you ought to find a place for a bath." We informed him, "We just came out of the water." "Where?" he asked. We pointed out the place across a lot. Thanking us, they made tracks for the place. We lay down under the fine trees for a rest. This is certainly a beautiful place. On returning to the regiment, orders had been given that we leave in the early evening for an all night's march. It is done on account of the extreme heat. After a feed of fresh meat and coffee, line was formed and ready for the march.

June 25th. After an all night's march we stopped to rest at a place known as Dry Run, near the White Sulphur Springs. Another severe march over bad mountain roads. Up to this morning reported we marched eighteen miles. Passed many horses and mules down and out. Poor things must be shot. Must die for the need of a rest and feed. Many wagons continue to be burned up. Many of the boys drop out, weak and faint, who will

be captured by the mountain guerillas following in the rear. So I was informed by a scout. The White Sulphur Spring was another fine resort ruined as the results of the war. I am often reminded that death and destruction follow the path of war. Our marching continues, on across the Green Brier valley. Waded seven rivers, as we supposed. Later we learned that it was all one river, the Green Brier, and a very zig-zag one at that. This is known as the Green Brier country. It is surely rightly named. I never saw such a quantity or such high green briers. We try to observe all these points of interest as we go pushing along but we cannot forget our suffering, and it is all for our country. It certainly is a fearful time as we tramp on, through and over these mountains.

Reported that the next town we are headed for is Lewisburg. It is also claimed the town is in possession of the enemy. Later reports come that our advance has the town. Four miles from the town we found General Crook's division in camp. We file from the road and go into camp. Eighteen miles from Dry Run and thirty-six from Sweet Springs. Almost a continuous march. Foot-sore, tired, hungry. The lack of rations is getting to be a serious thing to men as near played out as we are. Report comes, supply wagons are on the way to meet us. We are glad to get out of that rough green-brier country. I am detailed for picket duty tonight. It is a serious thing when one is so near played out. Well, this is war, we are in it until it closes, no matter how long it may last.

June 26th. Lewisburg, West Virginia. Very early on the march. Nothing to eat except a cup of hot, black coffee, on a hot morning. Dragging ourselves along. Trying to keep up our courage. Our next stopping place

will be Meadow Bluff, where we expect to find rations. After a slow, tiresome march over mountains, we came to a halt at Meadow Bluff.

Rations of fresh meat were given to us. Remained here six hours. Very little water and very poor. Late this afternoon we again began to march. After dark, small fires were made along the roadside. It made us think that the advance was in camp, so the boys would take courage and push along. Fifteen miles from Meadow Bluff, along in the night, we came to a halt, dropped on the ground, and were soon asleep.

June 27th. Again on the march. I will be thankful if I can hold out until we get rations. Progress is very slow over these mountains. Roads are badly washed by the heavy rains. This is no time to repair roads. They are very dangerous, not only for the men, but also for the poor horses and mules drawing the cannons and heavy army wagons. Very few houses and not much settlement along these mountain roads, so that we see very few people.

After a forced march, about eighteen miles, came to a halt at the foot of the mountains. In the distance we saw what looked like wagons coming towards us. It proved to be farm wagons. The farmers offered their services to bring us rations. How thankful we were to meet them. Each man received two hardtack and a small piece of fresh meat. We were a foot-sore, hungry, ragged, dirty crowd of Uncle Sam's soldiers. Our suffering has been intense, over the mountains. The farmers informed us it was reported that Hunter's army was starving in the mountains. Raining very hard tonight.

June 28th. Again on the march this hot, muggy morning. Still climbing the mountains. After a march,

about twelve miles, came to a halt. Do not know the name of this section of Virginia. At this point rations are piled up by the roadside. Waiting for our turn to be supplied, which was slow work. Becoming impatient and could not wait, some of the boys made a raid on the supplies, helped themselves. After a good feed of bacon, hardtack, and coffee, we felt much better. After a short rest we are again on the march, taking more interest in the mountains and scenery. After a march reported to be nine miles, we camp for the night well up the mountains. Don't know the name of the place. Reported we are headed for the New River and Gauley Bridge, West Virginia.

June 29th. Up very early this morning and on the march. A hot, muggy morn. After being under way about two hours, we could hear in the distance the popping of guns. Sounded like skirmishing firing. We thought there was music ahead for us. We kept pushing on. After a time the road rounded a curve on the mountains, where we could see ahead for a short distance. We could see the men leave the road and some running back. As we came near the point, saw that it was a cliff, a great overhanging rock. We learned that it was known as the Hawk's Nest, giving a grand view of the New River, the mountains and valleys. We were allowed a look and permission to shoot, and listen to the wonderful echo our old muskets made. The view was something grand and awful. Shall never forget that scene. We learned there was a legend connected with its history. Indian lovers jumped from the cliff because the father, a chief, would not let his daughter marry the man of her choice. The story was told us by people living near.

After a time we began to descend the mountains,

which I learned were the Gauley Mountains. At the foot of the mountains we came to a halt at the Gauley River, the bridge having been destroyed at the breaking out of the war, when General Rosencrans drove the rebel General, Robert E. Lee, out of West Virginia. We went up the river a short distance, where we managed to cross. The New River and the Gauley meet at this point and form the Great Kanawah River. A short distance from the Gauley River, on the bank of the Kanawah River, an ideal spot, camp was located. At this point rations had been stored for Hunter's hungry army. Good bacon, salt beef, salt pork, rice, beans, coffee, sugar, hardtack. Good water. Fine place for bathing. The Kanawah River was as clear as crystal. Plenty to eat, a chance to bathe, wash our clothes, rest, made a great improvement in our condition in a very short time. This is a very interesting point here, as we learn its history from the old residents. They seem pleased to meet us and give us all the particulars about the location. Great lofty mountains on each side of the rivers. More inhabitants here than we have seen in any place for a long time.

June 30th. Up very early this fine morning. A good bath in the waters of the Great Kanawah. A good place to dry our clothes on the bushes. We remain in water for a long time. So refreshing and good. At this point a great battle had taken place when General Rosencrans drove the rebels out of West Virginia, who were under the command of General Robert E. Lee. The bed of the river was covered with shells, solid shot, pieces of exploded shells, and bullets. I never saw anything like it before. This battle took place the first year of the war. I have a bullet picked from the bottom of that river by myself. Received orders to clean up for inspec-

tion, and muster for pay. Having a good time and a much needed rest. We are all in good health in our company. Wonderful what men can endure. Thankful for a good rest in this quiet, ideal place where there is so much of interest.

July 1st. This hot morning finds us still in our good camp on the banks of the Great Kanawah River, surrounded by lofty mountains. We have been informed of a fine spring of water over the river, upon a mountain. Some of the residents wish that we would try it and drink of its good waters. They offered us the use of a boat. We rowed over, taking a number of canteens. After a good drink from the spring coming out of the side of the mountain, we had a most wonderful view of this fine valley from another point. The pleasure we had paid us well for our trouble. At this point the river is very wide and deep. We were informed by old residents that soundings had been made and failed to find any bottom.

Wrote many letters from here. Weather fine for camp life. Shelter tents are all right in fine weather. Since the battle of Piedmont, June 5th, our company has been under the command of a sergeant. Two of our officers are prisoners, and one absent on account of wounds.

Marching orders received. Must leave this ideal spot early tomorrow morning. Here we have plenty of good rations and a good rest. Late this afternoon a hard shower came up, a regular mountain shower. The clouds broke loose right over this spot. So hot we don't mind it very much, will soon dry up. It all comes in the life of a soldier.

July 2nd. Routed out early this morning, a hot one. Packed up, ready to march. We bid farewell to our good camp, where we received so much pleasure in this section of West Virginia. After a march of twenty-six miles over a very rough, stony road, along the banks of the Kanawah River, we came to a halt at a place known as Camp Piatt, near the river. The march was a hot one, causing much suffering to the men. No air in this valley.

Informed we take boat at this point for Parkersburg, West Virginia. Rations very plenty at this point. All horses and wagons are to be sent overland, a distance of one hundred miles. Waiting for the boats to arrive.

July 3d. No boats showed up last night. This morning finds us still waiting at Camp Piatt. Yesterday's march was a hard one. We are resting while waiting. Up and down hill over these old stony roads makes a fellow tired and used up. At noon two boats arrived. They had large stern wheels and flat bottoms. The first I ever saw. About two o'clock we marched on board and were soon under way, leaving Camp Piatt, sailing on down the Kanawah. Weather fine and we were enjoying the trip. A pleasant change. Scenery grand on the river through this mountainous country. Salt, iron, coal, in these mountains along each side of the river. The boats are going very slow down the river. We are in no hurry. We make good use of the time, eating and sleeping whenever we feel like it. Night coming on, reported we will tie up for the night and start by daylight tomorrow morning.

July 4th. The day we celebrate. At dark last night the boat tied up at Charleston. Went ashore for a while. The town is located on a bluff, which we had to climb to reach it. As we saw it in the dark, it was a dirty

looking place. Perhaps because it was a mining town. The boat left at daylight, going on, down the river. The boat being flat bottomed, to sail in shallow water, we came near tipping the thing over as we made a rush to one side, something having attracted our attention. The officers of the boat let out a yell "Trim ship!" and then explained that we must not do such a thing. We got our lesson, the way the boat tipped. We were careful after that.

Having a good time, as the boat goes slowly down the river, taking in all the points of interest. As we are near the Ohio River we pass Point Pleasant, on the Virginia side. Here we leave the Kanawah River and are out on the O-hi-o. Surprised when the boat headed down the river, as we supposed we were going up. After a run down the Ohio, about four miles, we landed at Gallipolis, and were ordered to go ashore. In the early morning, on the Kanawah River, we were allowed to celebrate for a while, by discharging our muskets.

At Gallipolis, Ohio, we were ordered to wait for a larger boat to take us up the river. Here the people were very kind, tried to make our stay happy. I bought a quart tin pail to use, taking the place of the one shot through at the battle of Piedmont. It had a cover, bail-handle. Up to this time I had used an old fruit can to make coffee in. While waiting for the boat, conversed with the people, who were very kind to us. Informed us it was reported Hunter's army was starving in the mountains of West Virginia. He was censured by the people and the press. It was also reported he could have taken Lynchburg, had he got there the day before. That could have been done by not stopping so long at Staunton and Lexington. I often wonder whether a true history of Hunter's raid to Lynchburg would ever be written and published.

As soon as the large boat arrived we were quickly on board, going up the O-hi-o. This being a holiday, many people were along the banks celebrating. They greeted us with cheers, firing guns. Whenever the boats came near the shores, the people came with baskets, filled with bread, cakes, and pies, and threw to the soldiers. It was laughable to see us catch pies. As our hands caught one, they would generally go to pieces, making many a hearty laugh. The people seemed to enjoy the fun while watching us eat whatever we caught. This trip up the Ohio River is very enjoyable, except when the boat runs aground or sticks on a sand bar. Then we were obliged to wade ashore, and perhaps walk from one to two miles, or until the boat got into deep water. At this time the river is very low. The boat seems to find all the sand-bars. Shouting and cheers greet us as we go up the river. The boats carrying the soldiers were overloaded. A memorable trip for the 18th Connecticut Regiment. Owing to the low water, the boat will tie up for the night. The rest and change is very beneficial, also gave us time to talk over the past two months. It am very thankful that I was able to keep my place in the ranks, and not obliged to fall by the wayside. It is claimed we marched over seven ranges of mountains. Passed through four battles, six skirmishes, since we left Martinsburg. At times our suffering has been intense. Feel that we have suffered much for our country.

I am detailed to take charge of the guard for tonight, on board the boat, while tied up to the shore. Guard duty is kept up at all times. At times must act as a sergeant.

July 5th. At daylight this morning the boat got under way, pushing on up the great Ohio. Passed the

towns, Middlesport, Pomeroy, Syracuse, on the Ohio side, and Hartford, West Virginia. The farther up the river we go, have more trouble with low water. Sand bars are many. Again obliged to wade ashore. Later, go on board a smaller boat. It seems to make good time as it pushes along. Reported the boat will push along all night. This will close our second day on the water. A very pleasant and interesting trip. A good rest, good food, and very plenty. We are now in good condition, ready for duty. This will no doubt be our last night on board the boat. Another good rest, provided all things go well with us during the night.

July 6th. A very pleasant morning. A good night's rest. The boat pushed along all night. Must be getting near our journey's end, or destination, Parkersburg. Soon after noon the boat grounded and held fast. We were again obliged to wade ashore, on the Ohio side. Later it was decided, we give up the boat and march on to Parkersburg, distance, from five to six miles. The march was over a good road through a fine country. The field officers, not having their horses, set the pace, which was very slow. We had them that time, for we could march right away from them. The horses and wagons were coming overland from Camp Piatt. During the march we were among friends. Some of the old settlers were from Connecticut. The old and young people were pleased to see Connecticut soldiers. We came to a halt quite often to talk to the people. One very old gentleman brought out an old powder horn which he claimed was once the property of General Putnam, of Revolutionary fame. He also made claim to be a descendant of General Putnam.

The march through Ohio was very pleasant, the people were so kind. Parkersburg was in West Virginia, we were in Ohio. Were carried over the river on boats. At this point, while waiting for a train, we received a large mail. I received two letters. A long time since we heard from home. Hunter's army took train at this place. A train of box cars was made ready for us, into which we were packed like a lot of animals. At times we were made to feel that we were cattle. Hope I can live to see the finish up of the war. This is a strenuous life. It's all for our country.

July 7th. Rain this morning. Late last night the train got under way. Kept running all night. Soon after daylight a number of us climbed to the top of the cars. I always did that when I could. It relieved the packed condition of the inside. I have slept many miles while riding on top of the old box cars. The B. & O. R. R. leads through a mountainous country, West Virginia. As we rounded a curve we saw a large hole in the mountain. There came a shout for every man to lie down as the train entered a tunnel, a long one. We lay face downward. Thought the heavy smoke from the engine would smother me. A fearful experience. Before I could get down into the car we entered another. As soon as we passed through the second one, I made haste, got inside. That was tunnel riding enough for me.

Passed through Clarksburg and Grafton. Nothing important transpired during the run so far. The train moved along very slowly with its human freight, packed in filthy old box cars, soldiers who were fighting for our country. Wonderful how patient the men are, and what we have to endure. In the filthy box cars we came in contact with an army of pediculers.

July 8th. A bright morning in the mountains. Up to last evening we were two hundred miles from Parkersburg. At nine o'clock this morning we arrived at Cumberland after a very slow journey. We are now in Maryland. A great coal mining country. Here we left the cars. Could not proceed any farther, the rebels having destroyed the railroad on beyond this place. Many bridges cross the mountain streams. Later in the day we march on to Cherry Run. Go into camp. Reported that the enemy, in strong force, are at Martinsburg. Late this P. M. I am detailed for picket duty.

July 9th. This fine morning finds me on picket near Cherry Run, Maryland. Nothing important occurred so far. Late this afternoon relieved from picket. Ordered to join the regiment, it having left Cherry Run and advanced east along the line of the railroad, towards Martinsburg. After pushing along from six to eight miles, found headquarters located at Back Creek, the regiment having reached here in the early morning. Companies A and C were out on scout duty in the direction of Martinsburg. They returned late tonight without having found the enemy. The railroad is badly damaged. Business on the line is suspended east of Cumberland, as far as Harper's Ferry. This is an important railroad through to the west. It has met with great losses on account of the war.

July 10th. Back Creek, seven miles from Martinsburg. Some of the companies are out scouting about all the time. The enemy must be near. All sorts of rumors are in circulation. Our scouts do not run up against the Confederates. Bridge over this creek has been destroyed. When we cross it, must wade. We are well acquainted in this section, having done much duty along the line of this railroad.

July 11th. Called up early this morning. Orders to march. Left Back Creek. After a slow march of about seven miles we came to Martinsburg. We call this our home town, having served in this section of the Shenandoah Valley for two years. Marched through the town, meeting a few old friends. Camped on the south side, near the Winchester Pike. The enemy left town early this morning. Our knapsacks, with extra clothing, left here when we began our march up the valley in May, were taken by the rebs, so we lost our clothing that we expected to find here on our return. On picket. Strict orders for tonight, as the enemy is reported a short distance south. Keep a sharp lookout.

July 12th. A fine morning. When relieved from duty went to the large spring for a bath. Called on Mrs. Shults, my wash-woman. A fine old German woman. Always did my washing and the mending of my clothes. Her old father lived with her. Owned a small home on the Winchester Pike, close to the town. They were pleased to see the Union soldiers in the town again. So far all things remain quiet. The enemy must be in this section.

July 13th. Routed out by daylight. After rations, while waiting, wrote a few letters. The mail was most generally looked after by the Chaplain. Marching orders, "Fall in," came the command, line soon formed. Down through the town we go, out on the Harper's Ferry Pike. Weather fine. Soon take the route step, an easy gait. We take that step when there is no immediate danger of meeting the enemy. About ten miles out on the road we were surprised to meet our old commander, General Sigel, and staff, with a large escort. He was headed west while we were going east. Nothing im-

portant occurred during our march over rough roads. Night coming on, we halt for the night within a few miles of Harper's Ferry. It is thought we have marched fourteen miles.

July 14th. We have to turn out at daylight. Soon after rations, again in line and marching. We are getting very ragged. Many are barefooted. Clothes will wear out in this rough life. Pushing along. Marched over Bolivar Heights, down through Harper's Ferry, over the Potomac River on the railroad bridge, into Maryland, taking the river road along the canal through Sandy Hook, camping near Knoxville. A mail received. Very tired tonight. It is thought we have marched about fifteen miles. Detailed for picket.

July 15th. Came off picket very early. A fine morning. The army again on the march. Our regiment in the rear, waiting for orders. Passed through Knoxville, pushing on to Berlin, Maryland. Coming to a halt discovered the advance wading the Potomac River, over into Virginia, the Loudon Valley country. At this point there was a stony ridge running diagonal across the river. At low water it could be forded. At this time the water was about waist deep and the stones were very slippery. In order to keep our ammunition and rations dry we carried our equipments and haversacks fastened to the muzzle of our muskets, over our shoulder. Some of the boys lost their footing, went down under the water, getting a ducking. There was much laughing, joking, and shouting, in spite of the wetting we were all getting. On reaching the Virginia shore no time to halt, not even to stop and pour the water out of our shoes. Must push on in our wet clothes over dusty roads which soon formed a mud covering. After a time our clothes began to dry as we marched

on in the hot sun, the dirt dropping off. By night our clothes were all dry and we were all in better spirits. Many reports are in circulation that we are following on after the rebs under the command of Jubal Early, who have been raiding into Maryland. Late tonight camp near Hillsborough.

July 16th. Yesterday we had a long tedious march, putting in a hard day. Last night we were glad to drop on the ground for rest and sleep. This is a hot morning out here in the open fields. Our cavalry boys brought in a captured rebel wagon train. The rebel teamsters were driving as directed by our boys who held guns in their hands. The teamsters knew what that meant. Orders came for us to move into the shaded woods which we found cool and fine.

General David Hunter relieved of his command. General George Crook now our commander. The 8th Corps. Six pointed star. We are also known as the Army of the Shenandoah.

July 17th. Sunday morning. Late last night we were ordered to march. Estimated we marched about five miles, when we came to a halt in a wooded field. Fine large trees. During the night we heard the rattling of the wheels of artillery and wagons, being driven very rapid, going south. This morning report reached us that it was the enemy's guns and wagons. No doubt there is hard work before us. Don't just know our present location except that we are somewhere in the Loudon Valley, Virginia. Orders for Sunday morning inspection. It won't be a very clean one. After that duty was performed we rested and slept. Large stacks of grain were burned in this vicinity to prevent the enemy from getting. It made a hot fire and a great loss. It will no doubt cause much

suffering among the people. Women and children in these parts must suffer by the war which is a cruel thing. I am sorry for them. As soon as they hear the reports of the guns, they take to the cellars for protection. Shot and shell go through many houses that are in range of the guns. I have seen many houses that were damaged by the field guns. This Sunday night finds us in the woods, cool and good air, while the sun was red hot, out in the open.

July 18th. Up and early on the march this fine morning. Pushing on to the south in the direction of Snicker's Gap, Blue Ridge Mountains, eighteen miles south of Harper's Ferry. We cannot tell what an hour may bring forth. As we approach Snicker's Gap we came to a halt. Here we meet a part of the 6th Corps, Army of the Potomac, and a division under Colonel Mulligan, the Colonel of the 23d Illinois Regiment. After a few hours' halt up the side of the mountains came orders to advance slowly through Snicker's Gap. Then proceeded slowly down the west side of the mountains on towards the Shenandoah River. A battle seems to be imminent. Ordered to wade the river. At that point the river was waist deep. When over, a line was quickly formed. Ordered to lie down, our clothes being wet. Before our division was all over, the enemy made a furious attack on us from the woods, in our front and on our right. Our regiment had the extreme right of the line. We fought them desperately and were losing many of our boys. We held on as we expected help from the 6th Corps and Mulligan's division, which did not come. We saw plainly the enemy massing a large force on our right, as our regiment was holding that point. Our Colonel saw the dangerous position that we were trying to hold and no prospect of help, ordered left face, and

to re-cross the river under a galling fire of musketry and cannon. It was a fearful thing to re-cross that river, as it was deep in places. Some of our boys who were wounded, drowned as they attempted to re-cross before reaching the ford, or the place where we crossed. In this battle it was claimed the rebs used explosive bullets on us. The opposite bank where I crossed was about eight feet high, very slippery, made so by the men who had climbed up before me. As I made my way almost to the top of the bank, pulling myself up by the bushes, an explosive bullet struck near me. The report and the fire from it caused me to loose my hold on the bushes and slip down the bank into the river. At that time I thought I was a goner. Soaking wet, I made another attempt to reach the top of the bank and was successful.

We were then forced to ascend through a large open field under fire. Shot and shell flew furiously. General Wright finally ordered a battery into position to protect us. As seen by the men in the ranks, it was strange that a small force was ordered over that river to cope with Early's force, and the 6th Corps near by.

Camp tonight at Snicker's Gap with the 6th Corps. Discussed the events of the day. Discouraged and mad, saying hard things about General Wright, Commander of the 6th Corps. Some things are hard to understand in the life of a soldier.

July 19th. This hot morning finds us at Snicker's Gap. Everything quiet. The enemy on one side of the river and we the other. Both armies where we see one another. Later in the day batteries were put in position on both sides, and occasionally open fire on one another. One shell from the enemy seemed to go farther than any other, as I saw it explode in the ranks of the 6th Corps.

Several were wounded. They were over a hill and supposed to be out of range of the enemy. The batteries in position make us feel a little uneasy. Don't know when a shell may come over our way, for we are in plain sight of the enemy. Night coming on finds us at Snicker's Gap. Hope for a quiet night, a good rest, and sleep.

July 20th. Called up early, this hot, muggy morning. The 6th Corps early on the move. Watching them cross the Shenandoah River at Snicker's Ford. No enemy in sight. We follow on after the 6th Corps. As we wade the river I think it was never known to rain harder. We were soaked from head to foot. Crossing the river we filed to the right, going down the river into camp on the battlefield of the 18th, two days before. Looking over the field we were surprised to see that the enemy had not decently buried our dead who fell into their hands. Our boys gave them a decent burial.

Camp in the woods that were occupied by the enemy during the battle. Raining very hard. We build a large campfire which helps to keep us more comfortable during the night.

July 21st. The sun came up this morning bright and warm. The morning finds us in the same woods where we passed the night. A foraging party, sent out last night from our regiment, returned with flour, bacon, hams. The officers appropriated the best sugar-cured hams. Late in the night the hams were taken from the officers' mess. No one seemed to know what became of them. Officers put up a great kick, were mad through and through. Of course the boys were all innocent. Punishment was in store for the rascals who stole the hams. A fine nice piece found its way into my haversack. I did not put it there but thought I could guess who did. I did not ask any questions. It sure was good to eat.

I visited the river to take a look at the place where we crossed during the battle of the 18th. Thought it another case of mismanagement, although it did seem at times that men must be sacrificed in order to find out the plans and location of the enemy. No troops should have crossed that river at the time without being well supported. That was the way we felt about it. The bed of the river was the grave of some of our boys. Marching orders for early tomorrow morning. Hope to get a good night's rest.

July 22d. Early on the march. After a march of about five miles, passed through the town of Berryville. A raid was made on bee-hives that looked inviting near the town. Honey for a change. The boys could eat most anything. Pushing on along the Winchester Pike, fording the Opequon Creek and a wide brook, entered Winchester from the east. Passed through the main street, out on the Strasburg Pike, came to a halt at the Union Mills, about four miles from Winchester, having marched about fifteen miles. For rations tonight we had pancakes (toejam) and honey, brought from Berryville. From observations we think we are near the enemy. It don't take us long to catch on. We watch the movements of the Signal Corps. They seem to have plenty of work when the enemy is near. The 6th Corps has left us, having been ordered to Washington. Only the 8th Corps left here. Greatly reduced in numbers owing to its severe duty for the past three months. Reported that General Early and his forces are still in the valley, and they number about thirty thousand.

July 23d. Routed out early this morning. Picket firing has commenced. Our boys are driving the enemy. We advance in line of battle for quite a distance through the open lots, coming to a halt at Kearnstown, going right

at work digging rifle pits and throwing up earthworks. Our regiment ordered out on the skirmish line. Later, orders received to fall back and prepare camp for the night. At this time I am barefoot, shoes and stockings worn out. No prospect for any more as we are on the march about all the time. My feet are very sore as I must go through stubs and briars, cannot pick my way, must keep in line. Many of the boys are also in the same condition as I am, no shoes or stockings. Try to keep up courage.

July 24th. Sunday morning, Kearnstown, hot. Ordered out into line early for inspection. Instead orders came to advance. Hot skirmishing began right off. Our regiment placed at the right of the line, west side of the pike. Colonel Mulligan with his division form the left of the line. Our position is on high ground where we can overlook the field. Orders came to charge into the woods. There we found the enemy en masse. They poured their fire on Mulligan's division. Mulligan was killed, his division losing very heavy. They were ordered to fall back. Orders came for our regiment to fall back to Winchester. We marched back and later the enemy came out of the wood, when we saw plainly the large force they had. Owing to my naked feet I could hardly keep up, but kept pushing. There are many hills around Winchester. Before we could reach the earthworks the enemy had field guns posted on hills commanding our position. As I could not keep up with the boys I came near being captured. I made a running jump over into the rifle pits near the old Star Fort. As I landed in the pits a solid shot also struck there. As I looked at it was thankful it was not a shell. Running around in the pits I was able to get out on the opposite side from the enemy and take my place

in our company, line being just in the rear of the fort, where we formed. Shells began to drop all around us. Finally one came in our midst, doing much damage, some being killed and wounded. It caused great excitement as the dust and dirt flew over us. A peculiar numbness came to me, making me think I was wounded. Picking up my gun that had fallen to the ground, I discovered that it had been hit by a piece of the exploded shell, the barrel being flat and bent. I threw it down and picked up another on the field. That was no doubt the cause of my numbness. Orders came for a change in our position and to fall back to Bunker Hill. Up to this time we had been fighting and falling back for about sixteen miles. Had the 6th Corps remained in the valley it would have given us more show against Early's large force, as they are in plain sight and we can see them from the hills. We will hold Bunker Hill and remain here for the night. I am in agony with my feet. We are in a ragged, dirty condition. The life of a soldier is a hard one. Our suffering at times is intense. It's all for our country that we all love.

July 25th. Bunker Hill. A very severe rain storm set in last night. We are wet through. Orders to march on to Martinsburg. My feet keep me reminded of the rough roads, stubs and briars in the lots. We reach Martinsburg after a march of ten miles. After holding the enemy in check for a while we are again on the march. I picked up a pair of old boots, no doubt discarded by some cavalryman. They were much too large for me, and not having stockings I could not wear them as they galled my feet, making them worse. Was obliged to throw them away.

After a very tedious march we reached Williamsport on the Potomac River, twenty miles from Bunker Hill.

Will remain here for the night. Foot-sore, weary, glad to lie down for the night on the wet ground for rest and sleep. Often wonder how the men can keep so patient. Sometimes we are made to feel that much of our trouble is brought on to us by jealousy and mismanagement on the part of our officers high up in rank. Our boys are always ready for any kind of duty. We have made marches over this Williamsport Pike before. Like all the pikes it is hard marching over the rough stones, up and down hill. That's our experience.

July 26th. Called up early this morning. Wade the Potomac River over into Maryland. Marching on down the river road, across the Burnside Bridge, over Antietam Creek and the battlefield, passing the Dunker Church, located in the woods on the right. The rail fences were riddled with bullet holes, showing how fierce the battle must have been. Marched on through Sharpsburg, going into camp near the town, which shows the effects of the battle. The battle is known in the South as Sharpsburg. A fearful hot day, and a hard march. Our record for today is a march of about fifteen miles. Many of us fellows are marching shoeless.

July 27th. Up early this hot morning. On the march along the river road, going south. Nothing important has taken place since we waded the river at Williamsport. After a march of about six miles we came to the Maryland Heights. Passing on down, the road runs along beside the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal. Opposite is Harper's Ferry. Here we stop for rest and rations, making coffee from the water in the canal. After a short rest we continue our march on down the road beside the river and canal, on through Sandy Hook into Pleasant

Valley, Maryland, where we go into camp on high ground, overlooking the river and the canal.

Owing to the severe service many of the boys are giving out and are sent to a hospital. I would be all right, only for my feet. This is suffering for one's country. We are in it to the finish, in spite of what we must endure. I doubt at this time, if any man would take a discharge. I have not seen or heard of any who would. We are all very anxious for the finish, when peace will reign over our fair land. We remain here for the night, but don't know how much longer.

July 28th. Pleasant Valley. All one can see from this point is mountains, trees, grass, the Potomac River, great flocks of turkey buzzards sailing through the air. About noontime orders came to fall in for a march. Our march led back over the river road, through Sandy Hook, on over the railroad bridge, through Harper's Ferry, up over Bolivar Heights by Camp Hill, out on the Charlestown Pike, going into camp near Halltown. A march of ten miles. Here we find a wagon train loaded with supplies. Orders to draw five days' rations. This will pass for another hot, dry, and dusty day, and I marching barefooted over the rough, stony roads, up and down hill. Orders to put up our shelter tents. A large mail received. The 6th Corps showing up again. Trouble must be brewing. They are camping near our Corps, the 8th. Drew a pair of shoes and two pairs of woolen stockings. My feet are in bad condition to break in new shoes, or army brogans. Hope to get along all right now. Wrote a few letters. Our camp is on high ground, and all is quiet while we try to sleep and rest.

July 30th. This morning opens up very hot. Having a rest. Trying to break in my new shoes. A bad job

for the feet, which are very sore. Early this afternoon, marching orders received. Confederate cavalry reported to be raiding into Pennsylvania and upper Maryland. Ordered to make a forced march. Fearful hot as we break camp and begin the march. Pushing on over Bolivar Heights down through Harper's Ferry, over the railroad bridge into Maryland. Many of the boys are dropping out on account of the severe heat, the sun beating down on us, and no air. New shoes, woolen stockings, sore feet, make me about sick, while pushing along. I was obliged to drop out by the roadside. A member of our company, George W. Cross, said he would drop out and stick to me. After the sun went down we pushed along. Came to a brook of good cold water. Gave my feet a good bath, after which I was able to push on. Found the regiment in camp for the night, after making a forced march of sixteen miles. Glad to get my shoes and stockings off for the night and get a little rest.

July 31st. Sunday morning, but hot and dusty. Early on the march. About 9 A. M. we marched through Middletown, a fine place. There are many people in this town, dressed in their good clothes, watching us as we pass on, a dusty crowd. They all have a sad look in their faces. Keep very quiet, not a smile nor a cheer. We cannot tell whether they are in sympathy with us or are against us. We are reminded of our old homes in good old Connecticut. We soon passed through the town, out on the dusty hot roads. Between the hot sun and the dust many of the boys are giving out, dropping by the roadside. Some are picked up by the Ambulance Corps. Those who need a little rest, push on. This is a fine section of Maryland.

Night coming on we go into woodland to camp. Don't know the location, but believe we must be near the Pennsylvania state line. It is estimated we have marched about fifteen miles.

August 1st. Cloudy, muggy morning. After a good night's rest, am feeling fine. Early on the march. After a march, about four miles, came to a halt on a road leading through woodland of very large trees. Later we camp in the woods, near the town of Wolfsville, Maryland. A report has reached us that the rebs have burned the town of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Reported the enemy may come through this section and we may get a crack at them. Infantry cannot pursue cavalry. Mounted men have a great advantage over us fellows on foot. Weather very fine, water very poor, and not very much of it. We appreciate good water, where we can have plenty of it.

August 2d. A fine morning. All is quiet in camp. Found a place where I could wash my clothes and dry them. Drew rations. Am feeling fine. A hot sun and dusty roads to march over, a fellow cannot keep very clean. Having a good rest in the good cool woods. We cannot help to wonder why we are in this section of the woods, unless the enemy are somewhere about here. Private soldiers are not supposed to know anything, but to obey orders.

August 3d. Called out very early this morning. Left camp and on the march at 3 A. M. Enjoying the march through this fine country. After a time we began to ascend the mountains. Said to be the South Mountains. A fine view of the surrounding country. Peaceful and quiet. The inhabitants along the line of march seem to be very friendly. Maryland has regiments on both sides,

Union and Confederate. After marching along the top of the mountains for a few hours, we began to descend, coming out on the Frederick City Pike, which we had traveled before. Passed on through the city, out on the Monocacy Junction Pike, which we reached after a short march. Crossed the Monocacy River, going into camp near the river. Here we were surprised to see the 19th Corps, just arrived from New Orleans. In the corps was the 9th, 12th, 13th Connecticut Regiments. Pleased to meet the Connecticut boys. Our record for today's marching is estimated about twenty miles.

August 4th. Fine morning. Had an early swim in the good clean waters of the Monocacy River. Later hunted up some bait, sat under a large tree to try my luck at fishing. Always keep a hook and line by me. Had very good luck. Dressed the fish at the river, went back to the camp, cooked them, and shared the fish with the boys. Only trouble was, I did not have enough for all our company. A battle had been fought at this point a few weeks before, between the forces of General Lew Wallace and the Confederate leader Early. Additional rations were given to us, one potato, one onion, large size. A long time since we had vegetables. They were all right. We boiled and ate them.

August 5th. Early this morning had a good swim, after which I lay down under a large tree near the river. Had a good nap and rest. Then wrote a few letters. Very late in the afternoon orders came to fall in and form line. We marched into a large open field and formed three sides of a square, when orders came that a deserter from the 34th Ohio Regiment was to be executed at sunset. After waiting a while we heard the band playing a dirge. Soon the whole party came in sight, six armed

men in front of the deserter and six in the rear. At his side walked a Chaplain. Behind all came an ambulance with a coffin. When all was ready the deserter sat on the coffin, blindfolded. Orders came to fire. I saw him fall over on the coffin. Don't wish to witness anything more like that. Besides being a deserter, it was reported that he was a spy, having enlisted in the rebel service. All I know about it is the talk about our camp and other regiments.

August 6th. Anniversary of my enlistment. Two years in the service. Rain this morning. Marching orders came early. Left camp, crossed the Monocacy River and the B. & O. R. R. Roads very muddy. Hard marching as we go up and down hills. On over South Mountain, descending into the Pleasant Valley. After marching about fifteen miles we go in camp near the Potomac River. Late this afternoon the weather became clear and fine. Camp located on high sandy ground. A number of the boys are ill at this time and must leave for hospitals. All is quiet tonight. Hope to get a good rest for we don't know what tomorrow may bring to us.

August 7th. A very hot morning. Early in the Potomac River for a good swim. Nothing like it. At the Quartermaster's I drew an army hat. The first I ever had. They are worn by the western boys. Much better than caps. Trying to keep cool during this hot day. Wrote a few letters. Mountains on all sides. Turkey buzzards in the air.

August 8th. General Phil Sheridan takes command. Reported he will organize a large force in the valley. I witnessed the cavalry corps as they passed along the tow path, along the canal. Marching orders. Again on through Harper's Ferry, along the Shenandoah River.

After marching about eight miles, came to a halt near Halltown, on the river road. Here we find the 6th, 19th, and our own, the 8th Corps. A good place to bathe in the river. Foot of Loudon Heights.

August 9th. Pleasant morning. Camp near the river. Just at this time we are taking life easy. The boys wade the river, taking long tramps through the lots, up the mountain sides. Don't seem to have any fear of the guerillas who are said to be in the mountains. Perhaps they don't wish to make their presence known, and are watching the movements of the army now under the command of General Sheridan. All is quiet in our camp this evening.

August 10th. A hot morning. Marching orders came early, to be ready to march at the report of a signal gun. It will be our first movement under the command of General Sheridan. The advance is in three grand divisions, the 19th Corps on the right, the 6th center, the 8th on the left along the river road. Signal Corps and cavalry on the advance. A part of the time we advance in line of battle. We watch, but do not understand, the work of the Signal Corps. Those boys seem to find the highest hills to work from. After advancing about ten miles, ordered to camp for the night. While all is quiet we are reminded there is trouble brewing for us. The boys talk and discuss all the movements of the day, as night comes on, and wonder what the morrow will bring.

August 11th. Early on the march. A hot dry morning. Passed on through Berryville, pushing south through open lots and woods. Skirmishing on the extreme right, at Stony Point. A hot, hard, day's march. Suffered very much for water. After marching about twenty miles, late tonight came to a halt near a large

spring. Many of the boys were obliged to fall out. We are all very tired and about exhausted as we lie down for the night.

August 12th. When near the enemy we are always routed out very early in the morning before daylight, in line to guard against a surprise. A hot dry morning. On the march across country. At noon, stopped near Cedar Creek for rations and a rest. Soon we began to advance in line, to the left of the pike, coming up against the rebel skirmish line. Soon a hot fight was on. We drove them back. As usual they had the shelter of the woods. Night coming on, the enemy having fallen back, our regiment detailed for picket and the skirmish line. Our company, C, remains at headquarters with the colors, being color company. Located on the north side of Cedar Creek, on high ground. The enemy, under Early, at Strasburg and Fisher's Hill, about four miles from our position. The battle of this date is known to us as Cedar Creek.

August 13th. Early this morning our regiment took position in line, having been relieved from picket and skirmish duty. We can see the enemy over on the hills near Strasburg. Skirmish fighting is kept up between the lines during the day. We watch one another from the hills. Both sides open up once in a while with field guns. All is quiet this hot night, firing ceased.

August 14th. This morning finds us still in line near Cedar Creek, and skirmish firing continues, but we are reminded that every battle kills a soldier, some one's dear friend killed, as we see them brought in from the skirmish line. We continue to watch one another from the hills. Sometimes the enemy will run a section of field guns up a high hill and throw a few shells over our way. A hot skirmish at Hupp's Hill. Near our line is a very

high hill. Our boys have a habit of going up it to watch the enemy. Guards have been placed there to keep us away, as we might draw the enemy's fire. A shell coming over that hill would no doubt drop in the midst of our regiment. The weather is fearful hot, day and night. No trouble to sleep.

August 15th. This morning finds us still in line near Cedar Creek. Not much firing along the skirmish line. Sometimes both sides seem to get tired of the continual popping of the guns and cease firing. A large mail came for our regiment. Wrote a few letters to friends at home. All is quiet tonight near Cedar Creek.

August 16th. Line of battle still maintained. The boys are discussing the question of a probable battle at this point. It seems to be a question of watching and waiting. Marching orders received to march back to Winchester tonight. General Sheridan is now in command. Many movements and manœuvres are often made that are puzzling and hard to understand by the average soldier. It is our duty to obey orders and not ask questions. Our Corps, the 8th, also known as the Army of West Virginia, the Mountain Creepers, Foot Cavalry, and the Buzzards, so called by its making so many forced marches over the mountains and valleys of Virginia.

August 17th. This morning finds us at Winchester after an all night's march. The night was hot. Did not have the hot sun beating down upon us. The return march was slow. After a few hours' rest and something to eat, pushed on to Berryville, east of Winchester. Reached there at night, tired out. A march of thirty miles from Cedar Creek. The enemy following on after us. Orders to remain here over night. Owing to the hot dry weather, the brooks and creeks are dry, no wading.

August 18th. Rain came during the night and this morning. While we do not like to get wet, it is welcome. Will lay the dust, provided there is not too much, to make mud. Again on the march. Left Berryville by way of the Charlestown Pike. After a march of about six miles, came to a halt in woods, a field of corn nearby furnished us with plenty to boil and roast. Rain continues. All is quiet tonight in camp.

August 19th. Rain all night and this morning. Camp located a few miles south of Charlestown. Lieutenant Hinkley, Company I, returned today having recovered from wounds. Edwin S. Fitch promoted to sergeant in our company, C. Pleasing to all of us. A very stormy day in the life of a soldier.

August 20th. No rain this morning, very cloudy. Keeping quiet in the woods. Late this afternoon, marching orders. Marching on towards Charlestown. The enemy must be near. Halt near the town on the Berryville Pike. Reported we remain here for the night. Very cloudy. Nothing important has taken place. All is quiet.

August 21st. This morning opens up bright and fine. Early we go on the march. Cross the Smithfield road, southwest of Charlestown. Line of battle formed. Ordered to intrench by digging rifle pits. Working while under a heavy fire, solid shot and shells dropping all around us. The enemy was forced to retire. This battle was at Smithfield and the Opequon Creek. We are waiting for orders. While waiting, surprised to receive a large mail for our regiment. We put in a hard day, digging rifle pits under fire and battle, changing position at double-quick time. The brunt of the battle was fought by our cavalry.

August 22d. Early on the march. Passed through Charlestown. Pushing on, after a march of about six

miles, came to a halt at Halltown. A line of battle was soon formed under a hot fire from the enemy. Go right at work building intrenchments made of logs and dirt. The strongest we were ever behind. Hot skirmishing going on. Rain and darkness put a stop to the firing. Trying to get sleep under arms, ready for an attack at night.

August 23d. Sun shining bright this morning. Skirmishing firing began at daylight. A number of the enemy's sharpshooters are up in high trees. They annoy us very much. Not safe to show one's head above the rifle pits. Saw General Sheridan pass quickly along the line, just as a shell dropped inside our intrenchments. No damage from it, as it exploded just beyond our line. We are on the watch, as the skirmishers are kept very busy.

August 24th. Routed out before daylight. Our brigade ordered outside the intrenchments to charge and drive the enemy out of the woods, also to burn a number of haystacks behind which the enemy kept reserves. As we started on the charge they fell back to their main line at Charlestown. The sharpshooters came out of the trees in a hurry. Later, orders came for us to return inside the intrenchments, taking our position. The enemy followed slowly on after us, taking their old position, but not behind the haystacks, which had gone up in smoke.

August 25th. Last night, under cover of darkness, a detail was made, about twenty men, ordered to advance and intrench, to try and dislodge the enemy's sharpshooters who were up in high trees and making trouble for us, shooting at the boys, by improving every chance they could get. When the opportunity came, our boys were to give them a volley. They did so, but did not harm the rebs. I heard them call out, as soon as our boys fired

on them, "How are you Horace Greeley?" showing that no harm came to them. It made quite a laugh at the time. The rebs often called to us "How are you Horace Greeley? Does your mother know you are out?"

Late in the afternoon all firing ceased and everything became quiet. We could hear the enemy's drum corps and they could no doubt hear ours. Our boys and the Johnnies on the skirmish line entered into an agreement not to fire on one another. For proof they fixed bayonets on their guns, sticking them in the ground, butts up. Both sides could see. Agreements made at such times were kept. Both sides kept outside the earthworks. Sometimes the boys would meet between the lines, exchange tobacco for coffee. The rebs were always very anxious to get hold of New York papers. Night coming on, both sides would resume duty. A hard shower came late this afternoon.

August 26th. This morning finds us still in line at Halltown. A large force of skirmishers ordered outside the rifle pits. Must charge on the enemy, drive them back. The enemy in strong force, well posted. The skirmish was hot while it lasted. A number of our boys were wounded, carried inside our lines. Late in the day all became quiet. I am detailed for picket duty tonight. The boys are sleeping tonight with equipments on, ready for a sudden call to duty. We are often obliged to sleep with our guns in our arms.

August 27th. Came off picket duty very early this morning. It was discovered that the enemy was on the march southward. Some of our boys having recovered from wounds and sickness, returned today for duty. Some have died, others discharged from the service. Owing to the severe duty our regiment is greatly reduced in num-

bers. We can only muster at this time, fit for duty, one hundred and twenty. Commanded by Captain Martin V. B. Tiffany, Co. I. No field officer on duty except Adjutant Geo. W. Brady. Some of the officers of the regiment are still prisoners of war. Surprised when orders came for a dress parade outside the earthworks.

August 28th. Left Halltown and the earthworks very early this morning, following on after the rebel hordes who are under the command of General Jubal Early. We are pleased to be under the command of the Gallant Phil Sheridan. There will come a time when he will grab Early by the neck, we believe. Came to a halt at Charlestown. Again on the march, going southward through woodland and across fields. Judging by the roar of the field guns and musketry firing in the direction of Winchester, our boys have overtaken the enemy. We came to a halt in the woods. Ordered to remain here for the night. Weather fine. Our marching record for today about eight miles.

August 29th. Called up very early this morning after a quiet night. We are about four miles south of Charlestown. Heavy cannonading in the direction of Winchester, which lies about ten miles southwest of Charlestown. All is quiet with us as we rest and sleep. Rations are good and plenty. Consist of hardtack, pork, coffee, sugar. Report reaches us that our boys are in possession of Winchester. Weather fine. Taking life easy in these woods.

August 30th. This fine morning finds us in the woods. We need this rest and sleep that we are having at this time. This is fine timber land. Great large trees, mostly white oak and black walnut. We are enjoying this very quiet time. Very thankful for it.

August 31st. Camp in the woods. Called up very early. Our regiment detailed for picket duty. We advance towards the west, near Smithfield and the Opequon Creek. A strong picket line maintained. While everything is quiet with us, must keep a good lookout. Cannot tell what an hour may bring forth. We have been in the service for over two years on this the last day in August.

September 1st. Thursday. A very hot morning. Our regiment relieved from picket. Marched back to our camping place in the woods. A good bath in cold spring water coming out of the ground clear as crystal. There are many fine springs in the Shenandoah Valley. After my bath had a good sleep. Ready to eat and sleep at most any time. All sorts of rumors are passed along the lines. One report comes that we are to receive a visit from the paymaster. A poor place for us to receive six months' pay, which is more than due. The families at home are in need of the money.

September 2nd. A very pleasant morning. Now wondering why we still remain in the woods. Believe the enemy must be in this vicinity in a strong force. Wrote several letters to friends at home. Later a surprise came when orders came to fall in for pay, the Paymaster having shown up in our camp. Too much money for a fellow to carry while in front of the enemy. The Confeds liked to get hold of greenbacks. We usually sent money home by the Adams Express Company. The men with families were very anxious to send money home. All I send home is banked for me. Men of families often worry and wonder how they are getting along at home, as they must wait for the money, which comes very slow and not very much of it for men with families.

September 3d. Routed out very early this morning. On the march by daylight, moving slowly on towards Berryville. Reached the town at noon. Stop for rations. Sharp cannonading to the west, in the direction of Winchester. While waiting, orders came to camp on the west side of the town. Put up our shelter tents. Weather very cloudy and windy. While preparing rations orders came suddenly to strike tents immediately and get into line. Our pickets on the advance were attacked. A hot skirmish was on. After a hard run for about a mile, line was formed and we were in a hot engagement. Making a charge, orders came to halt. The battle continued until darkness, when we ceased firing, but the artillery kept up their work long after dark. Both lines are very near each other, while we are under arms, ready for a call at any moment. When the firing ceased it did not take us very long to drop off to sleep.

September 4th. About midnight last night I was called up by the Adjutant to take a detail of ten men, go to the rear, find the ammunition train, obtain five thousand rounds of cartridges, five boxes. It was estimated the train was about a mile in the rear, owing to the enemy's firing from field guns very late in the night. The boxes were very heavy. The detail ought to have been twenty men, as we had so far to carry the boxes. It was a fearful dark night. Going back we lost our reckoning. Began to think we were approaching the enemy's line. I ordered a halt. Told the boys I would go forward and investigate and locate the regiment if I could. Going forward carefully, listening, looking in all directions, believed I was approaching the enemy's line. I knew when darkness came on both lines were very close to each other. To the right I could see the outline of trees.

Approaching them I saw horses, and men sleeping on the ground. Owing to the darkness I could not see who they were. Putting on a bold front I called out "What regiment?" For answer I received a glorious reply, "The 18th Connecticut." Overjoyed I near dropped to the ground. I ran back to the boys and the ammunition was delivered to headquarters in safety, for which I was very thankful. On our return from the ammunition train we had worked off to the left, approached the regiment from the south instead of from the north side, where we left. Lay down for a rest. Had a talk with some prisoners captured last night on the charge. They were from Mississippi. Claimed they did not know we were in their front. They were on their way to cross Snicker's Ford and the Gap. It seemed to be a surprise all around. We are now under the command of General Sheridan. The enemy won't fool him. At daylight the ammunition was given out and the line of battle was changed. Ordered to fall back and change our position. Passed the 12th Connecticut, in the 19th Corps. We are under the command of Captain Tiffany. Owing to severe service for the past eight months our regiment greatly reduced in numbers. Less than one hundred men fit for duty and not a field officer except the Adjutant. Our regiment detailed to guard the wagon train. Don't like that kind of duty. Must take our turn at it. Guerillas keep us busy. As many of them dress in blue uniforms we cannot tell them from our own men. Sometimes they manage to cut out of a train three or four wagons loaded with supplies. The drivers will most generally obey orders, whether from friend or foes, when they see a gun pointed at their heads. Sometimes it is most impossible to keep the teams close together, but at this time the train is

parked, so we stand guard around it. All is quiet at this time along our lines at Berryville.

September 5th. Cold cloudy morning. All is quiet. We have a long line of earthworks near Berryville, facing south. This seems to be another case of waiting and watching. Guarding the wagon train which remains parked. Nothing special has taken place today, only a cold rain tonight, making us uncomfortable.

September 6th. A cold rain storm set in last night. Relieved from guarding the wagon train. Orders for us to proceed to the front. Company A ordered out on the skirmish line, under command of Lieutenant Robert Kerr. Regiment in line in the rifle pits. Rations issued. Cold storm continues. No tents up. Out in the open. Clothes wet through. Late this P. M. our company, C, detailed for picket duty. Picket fires not allowed as it might draw the enemy's fire, by sending shells over our way.

September 7th. Storm cleared up this morning, for which we are very thankful. Relieved from picket by a company from the 12th West Virginia Regiment. Wrote a few letters. Weather clear and cool. Trying to get rest and sleep. When off duty call on members of other regiments. Very pleasant to become acquainted with soldiers from the different states.

September 8th. This morning comes in cool and very cloudy. An opportunity given us to send money home. I sent seventy dollars to put in bank. Did not wish to carry so much with me. One cannot tell what might happen to a soldier, for we remember that every battle kills a soldier. Orders came about ten A. M. to fall in, double quick. The result was we made a forced march across country, through muddy lots, until we came to

Summit Point, near the Winchester Pike. A hard march that put us on the right of the line of battle. A march of about ten miles from Charlestown to Winchester Pike. Why it was a forced march in a cold rain storm, we cannot tell. It was through Virginia sticky mud. At this point all things seem to be quiet. Orders to make camp and put up our shelter tents. This all comes in the life of a soldier in the field during war. Obey orders and don't ask questions.

September 9th. Camp near Summit Point, our old battlefield, June 15th, 1863. Company drill this morning. Very strange to us. No other regiment out, in the face of the enemy. Battalion drill this P. M. The boys are all mad over it. The men need the rest. It is thought Captain Tiffany wished to make a show, because we are well drilled. Dress parade at 5 P. M. A number of new recruits joined our regiment today, coming from Connecticut. They were assigned to our company, C, we having the least number of any company in the regiment, owing to losses during the severe campaign for the past eight months. Wrote a few letters. Draw four days' rations. The day closes clear and pleasant. All is quiet along the lines.

September 10th. This morning brings rain, making camp life very miserable again. Heavy cannonading to the south, in the direction of the Winchester and Berryville Pike. The enemy is still in the valley. General Early will have to keep a sharp lookout for our gallant Phil Sheridan. A large mail received today. A very great pleasure to receive letters from home and friends in good old Connecticut. The weather clear at noon. Fine.

September 11th. Marching orders came early this morning. On the backward march towards Charlestown. Go into camp on the south side of the town. A good bath in a large brook over on the east side of the town. Remain here for the night.

September 12th. Cold cloudy morning. Ordered to the east side of the town, to make camp. Shelter tents put up. Picket line established out near the Shenandoah River. The fords must be guarded. Must keep a sharp lookout for Mosby and his guerillas. They know every foot of this country and all the fording places, so it is reported to us. A cold rain has come. I am detailed for picket. Have charge of the outpost, near the river. Captain Tiffany in command of our regiment. The town and vicinity in command of our Brigade Commander, Colonel Rodgers, 2d Maryland Regiment. Many army wagons are parked here.

September 13th. Clear cool morning. On picket. A shot rang out last night on the still air, fired by one of the pickets. Caused a little excitement. There was no real cause for an alarm. All became quiet. Pickets make a mistake at times. The regiment guarded a wagon train on to Halltown, about five miles. Returned quite late this afternoon, when we were relieved from picket duty.

September 14th. A quiet morning in our camp. Resting and trying to get a little comfort out of life. Talking and living over our service during the past year, not forgetting our unfortunate comrades who were killed and wounded, prisoners. The life of a soldier in war is a severe and sad one. Wonderful what men can endure.

September 15th. Weather fine. At this time duty is light in our camp near this town. Getting all the com-

fort we can out of our soldier life. Writing many letters to friends in good old Connecticut.

September 16th. All is quiet in camp and on picket duty. General Sheridan and the main part of the army are near Winchester. Long wagon trains with supplies pass through town, to and from the main army. Must be kept well guarded. Guerillas are liable to attack the trains at most any point and time. One can get a good view of the valley and surrounding country from the mountains and hills.

September 17th. Pleasant morning. Detailed for picket duty. Located northeast of town, between the Harper's Ferry Pike and the Shenandoah River, on the ground where old John Brown was hung in 1859. About noontime saw a company of cavalymen come flying down the pike from Harper's Ferry. Wondered what it meant. Later we learned that General Grant and General Sheridan were in town. Caused much excitement and comment as they held a conference at a large house just southeast of town. The company I saw from our picket post was General Grant and his escort. All is quiet tonight.

September 18th. Relieved from picket. Late in the day long wagon trains passed through town, some being parked here. Those passing on went to Harper's Ferry. Things begin to take on a mysterious look which created much comment and talk among the boys. Either a battle was coming or Sheridan was to fall back. We had heard that Early was holding a strong position between the towns of Berryville and Winchester. All is quiet with us tonight.

September 19th. Roused up at daylight by heavy cannonading in the direction of Winchester. The battle

was on. Those of us who were off duty, with some of the towns-people, went to the top of a high hill to listen to the roar of musketry and the field guns. It was something frightful as it continued. We were ordered to hold ourselves ready to fall in at any moment. The inhabitants as well as the soldiers wore an anxious look as the battle was on. After a time the firing ceased and we began to wonder how the battle was going on. Later we heard it again but knew from the sound that it was farther away. Then we began to rejoice and the inhabitants, with a sad face, went to their homes. Late in the afternoon the news came that Early was routed and was fleeing up the valley. Then our boys began to wish that we were in it. Sheridan placed us at Charlestown to guard and care for the wagon train. It is not our fault to miss the battle.

September 20th. Great excitement and talk among our boys over Sheridan's great victory. It is now our gallant Phil Sheridan who is master of the Shenandoah Valley. Early has run up against a good soldier who has the men at his command. Too small a force has been in the valley for the past three years. Sheridan has a good cavalry corps, just what is needed here. We cheer and sing for our gallant Phil Sheridan. Keep a good watch for the large number of wagons, horses, and mules parked at this point. That's our duty, to care for them.

September 21st. Pleasant, quiet morning in our camp. Nothing special to cause any alarm. Waiting and wondering what's coming, as the wagon train is slowly leaving. Was somewhat surprised, when ordered into line, to hear Colonel Ely read his resignation as colonel of the 18th Regiment, he having been in the service for three years and six months. At this time I am fourth

corporal, acting first sergeant, so greatly reduced is our company and regiment.

September 22d. This morning prisoners began to show up. They were guarded from here to Harper's Ferry by a portion of our regiment, who relieved the cavalry escort, or guard. Our boys joking with them. Some of them we had been up against at Lynchburg, during Hunter's raid. The wagon trains have left here, going on to Harper's Ferry. Nothing for us to do here. Reported late tonight we leave here in the morning.

September 23d. Called up very early. Marching orders received. Report at Martinsburg, a distance about eighteen miles from Charlestown. The road led along the B. & O. R. R., a very rough road for marching over. We entered the town late this afternoon, making good time but very tired. The town was well deserted, having been occupied by the rebels. Our regiment, the first to enter after the enemy left. Marched through the town to the south side. Go into camp in the Faulkner's woods, owned by Charles J. Faulkner, a leading Virginia secessionist, one who did much damage to the Union people in this part of Virginia. Faulkner and his son went south, casting their lots with the Confederacy. His wife and daughter remained at home to hold the large plantation and property. The home was a great resort, from all accounts, for Union officers, who were entertained there. Much valuable information went south from that home. So it was always reported by the Union people in Martinsburg. I put in many hours on picket duty in those woods, while stationed in Martinsburg and vicinity.

September 24th. This morning details were made for picket duty and working on the railroad and the telegraph lines, doing the work laboring men ought to have

done. The enemy destroyed about everything connected with the railroad. I was detailed, with twenty men, to report at the station to the road-master. Our equipments were left at the station, while we loaded telegraph poles on flat cars, distributed them along the road, and helped to set them. We were obliged to throw the poles off from the slowly moving train. It was hard and very dangerous work for inexperienced men who were so near used up from hard service during the year. We were thankful when night came and we could return to our camp to rest and sleep.

September 25th. Hard work and picket duty continues. There is much kicking by the boys over the hard work. It's out of our line. We are soldiers and here for that purpose, not laboring men working for a railroad company to help build up the line, doing very dangerous work.

September 26th. Weather fine. Nothing of a special nature has taken place so far, but the hard work continues. Our camp is in a pleasant location. We enjoy it all we can, but do get very tired with the hard work put upon us.

September 27th. All quiet in our camp. Martinsburg is beginning to resume business again. Stores are opening up. As far as can be known, no enemy in this vicinity at the present time. Trains are running to this town.

September 28th. A provost guard of our regiment is on duty in town to preserve the peace and protect the business interest, which is improving. Service is now held in all the churches. All is quiet. Many seem to think that the war is about over. The rebel sympathizers do not, say they will never give in.

September 29th. Early this morning our regiment ordered out in light marching order. After line was formed we marched out on the Winchester Pike. About a mile out we came to a halt at the roadside, waiting for some cause, under arms. After waiting a long time, late in the afternoon, a marching column could be seen coming down the pike. It proved to be a large number of prisoners under cavalry escort. We relieved the cavalymen, taking charge of the prisoners. Marched them through the town to the railway station. Loaded them into box cars. Guarded them to Harper's Ferry where we arrived about midnight.

September 30th. At Harper's Ferry with the prisoners, having been on duty all night. Had a great time talking to the rebs over past experiences. Met one, formerly from our old home town, Norwich, Conn. Turned the prisoners over to the commander of the post, when we returned to Martinsburg. As soon as we arrived went right on duty, after being up all last night. Picket duty and working on the railroad. The guerillas are at work. Old Mosby keeps us busy. They managed to steal horses, and get the best. Our boys are kicking over the hard work on the railroad. Trains are running regular again over the road. This is an important line, through, on to the west. Business is improving, judging by the number of trains.

October 1st to 12th. Nothing special has taken place between these dates. Picket duty, and plenty of hard work, has been the order of each day as they come and go. Business is improving in the town. Many places are opening up, ready for business. Trains running quite regular. Lieutenant-Colonel Peale returned to the regi-

ment, taking command, after being absent about two months in Washington, D. C.

October 13th. The long roll called us up very early, before daylight. We turned out on double-quick time leaving camp on the run, out on the Winchester Pike. When out a short distance came to a halt. After waiting a while, was ordered to return to camp. Wondering what it meant. Later in the day we heard that Mosby and his guerillas captured a train on the B. & O. R. R. between Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry. The train was badly damaged, passengers robbed. Mosby knows every road and path in this section.

October 18th. All quiet since the last date. Nothing special to record. Our regular routine has been going on through the days, picket and labor. When time permits we have to drill and have dress parade. Sunday morning inspection comes regular.

October 19th. Early this morning, at daylight, we heard the guns at a distance. We knew by the sound that a hot battle was on, up the valley. We waited for a report but none came. We knew by the sound that our boys were falling back. It was an anxious time for us. Our regiment under arms, ready for duty as soon as called upon. There came a time when the firing seemed to cease, all was quiet. Later on the battle was on again. The sound became less. We could hardly hear it. Then we began to feel that our boys were driving the enemy. Quite late, reports came that a battle at Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill was on. At first our boys were surprised and driven back, but became victorious.

October 20th. Many reports of the great battle came late last night and this morning. Great cheering and rejoicing. Our gallant Phil rode from Winchester to the

army and saved the day. Expressions on all sides, General Sheridan was never defeated. Jubal Early found out that our gallant Phil Sheridan was in command of the Shenandoah Valley and he had the men to back him up. The talk in camp is the war will soon be over.

October 21st. We are rejoicing over the defeat of Early, and Sheridan's great victory. We are also happy over the part our corps, the 8th under Crook, had in bringing about the great victory. It was not our fault that we were not there. We continue our picket duty and laboring for the good of Martinsburg and the railroad.

October 22d. Report comes to us of the death of our Brigade and Division Commander at Cedar Creek. We are all sorry that he was killed. He was one of the best officers in our corps. Colonel Thoburn, 1st West Virginia Regiment, a good friend to our regiment, a medical doctor by profession.

October 23d. Our regular routine is kept up day after day. A part of the duty of a soldier and laboring man. Everything quiet in this vicinity except reports that come to us about the guerillas. Don't think they care to come near infantry.

October 26th. All quiet up to early this morning, before daylight, when the long roll sounded out calling us out under arms. It makes much excitement in the dark. We were quickly in line and on the Winchester Pike. In line waiting for orders. After waiting some time, later on, we learned the cause. General Duffield, a cavalry commander, left Winchester last night for Martinsburg, with a small escort. A few miles out on the Pike the General and his escort were captured by Mosby. The General was riding in an ambulance to get sleep and rest. That's the report as it came to us. That dashing business

was carried out on both sides. After a time we returned to our camp. General Duffield is no doubt on his way to Richmond. All is quiet tonight.

October 29th. All things have been quiet with us since the last date. The regiment voted for President. Commissioners were here from Connecticut. Each voter was given two ballots and an envelope. One for Lincoln and one for General McClellan. The voter, taking his ballots to his tent or anywhere he chose, put in the envelope the one of his choice, seal and return to the Commissioners who carried the vote home. I was not old enough to vote. I could carry a gun and do as much duty as any man.

The excitement through the North is great, so it is reported to us, and trouble is expected in the large cities, owing to the anti-war spirit that is cropping out. According to reports many regiments are being sent to the North to hold the toughs in check. Reported late this afternoon we may be sent to New Haven. Hope there won't be any trouble, for the sake of good old Connecticut. Later orders came for us to prepare to take train for New Haven. Great excitement in camp tonight as we are getting ready to leave in the morning.

October 30th. Not much sleep last night. Early in line this morning. Relieved by an Iowa Regiment. Cheers were given for each regiment, then all together for Honest Old Abe. The Iowa boys shouted, "A good time and good luck." Soon reached the train where a crowd gave cheers for Old Abe, and wishing us a happy time. Singing and cheering as the train moved on towards Baltimore, where we arrived about noon. Nothing important happened as we journeyed along. Pushed across the city to the Philadelphia R. R. station. Then on

to Philadelphia, where we arrived late this afternoon. Dinner at the Cooper Shop. Received kind treatment from the people of Philadelphia. A pleasant journey so far. Discussing over the election as we journey along, on towards good old Connecticut.

October 31st. Arrived at Jersey City all right, this morning. Crossed the Hudson River by Cortlandt Street ferry. On the march up Cortlandt Street we were hooted and jeered at by the toughs. We passed along without taking any notice of it. Our march was up Broadway. At Martinsburg, West Virginia, we were sent off with cheers. In New York City which had many thousands of its good citizens in the Union army, Union soldiers were insulted as they marched on through the streets. At the railroad station, Fourth Avenue and 27th Street, we were soon on board train for New Haven.

We enjoyed the trip. When we crossed the line cheers were given for good old Connecticut. We arrived late this afternoon. Line formed, we marched through the streets, making a good appearance, every man doing his best, from the drum corps all down the line. Passed under a large Lincoln banner, cheered by each company as we passed along. We marched out to Grapevine Point, East Haven, going into camp at Conscript Camp, there to remain on duty until further orders. This camp is used by the state. All recruits are sent here and sent from here to the different regiments.

November 1st. On duty at the camp. Waiting for the election to take place. I was one of the three corporals in charge of the main gate. The grounds and barracks are surrounded by a high board fence. A number of recruits are here, waiting to be sent to the different regiments.

November 7th. Nothing special has occurred up to this date. On duty most of the time as corporal of the guard.

November 8th. This is the great day, election taking place. We are under orders to respond if wanted.

November 9th. The election passed off very quiet yesterday. No trouble. Great rejoicing over the re-election of Honest Old Abe. We feel that it was a great victory, and do believe that the war will soon be over. Allowed to go home for a short visit. Ordered to assemble at the camp on tomorrow night, and by the morning of the 11th, to return to Martinsburg.

November 11th. Had a very pleasant short visit at home. The regiment assembled this forenoon, soon in line, on the march through New Haven, to the railroad station. We received a great send off by the citizens of New Haven, cheering and wishing us good luck. Soon on board train bound for New York. Made good time. Marched through the city. All quiet. No toughs in sight. Mr. Lincoln's election made things quiet. Crossed the Cortlandt Street ferry to Jersey City. Soon on board train, bound for Martinsburg, which we were anxious to reach.

November 12th. After an all night's ride, arrived at Baltimore this morning. Marched through Pratt Street to the B. & O. station, Camden Street. Up to this time nothing special occurred to make mention of. All are anxious to reach camp. Leave Baltimore tonight.

November 13th. Arrived in camp early this morning. Pleased with our trip to Connecticut. Happy that our regiment was selected. Again on duty. Hope to remain here during the coming winter. In camp in the Faulkner's Woods, a good place.

November 15th. Nothing special just at this time. We enjoy our camp and this town. Hope we go into winter quarters and remain here for duty. The town and railroad must be protected. No bad winter weather so far. Regular duty is kept up from day to day. Picket, guard, drilling, cutting wood for camp. The health of our regiment, at this time, is good.

November 22d. Everything has been quiet with us up to this date. The daily routine comes and goes on from day to day. Weather good for this time of the year. Late today, marching orders received. Must leave here for Halltown, four miles south of Harper's Ferry.

November 23d. Called up early this morning. Sorry to leave our good camp in the Faulkner's woods, Martinsburg. Our boys often repeat, "There is no rest for the wicked." Soldiers must obey orders and not ask questions. Left camp, on the march for Halltown. After an uneventful march of about eighteen to twenty miles we reached Halltown at night, tired, foot-sore, marching over rough roads. This town consists of a railroad station and a few old houses, which show the effect of the war. General Sheridan will open up the Harper's Ferry and Winchester Railroad, as it is reported his army will go in winter quarters at Winchester. Our regiment must hold this point, owing to scouting parties of the enemy, who may attempt to capture his supply trains.

November 24th. Our camp located on a high hill, west of the town. Fine scenery at this point. Our picket line will cover from Halltown to Charlestown, a distance of about five miles along the railroad.

November 26th. Orders are that we prepare for winter quarters, as we are to remain here. A good supply of good, clear, running water. Halltown is half

way between Charlestown and Harper's Ferry. All our supplies come from Harper's Ferry.

November 30th. Very busy since the last date. Preparing to keep comfortable for the coming cold weather. A steam sawmill near town, where we can buy lumber to make our shacks. The government only furnishes tents, so we have to chip in and buy the boards. Our quarters are six feet wide, nine feet long. The roof made of tents drawn over rafters. Bunks made for four, filled with straw. Some of the shacks were made larger. Ours was occupied by Sergeant Fred Spencer, Corporals Restcome, Peckham, Charles H. Lynch, and Private Edwin Washburn.

December 1st. Time is passing very pleasantly with us. Duty so far mostly picket and guard. There are many points of interest in this vicinity that were connected with the Revolutionary War, so we have been informed. The raid of old John Brown, and his death by hanging, in December, 1859, by the State of Virginia, for treason. Trying to liberate the slaves.

December 3d. Our duty continues to be the same from day to day. When off regular duty, work in the woods cutting up wood for camp. Everyone must take a turn at the axe. George A. Weaver, of our company, received a bad cut in the leg from an axe slipping from the hands of one of the boys. Weaver was carried to the hospital, where a number of stitches were taken in the wound. General Sheridan has posted notices along the Harper's Ferry Railroad that if the road, or trains going to and from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, are in any manner molested, he will burn every house and barn within a circle of five miles. I read the notice on trees along the line of the road.

December 5th. Orders to keep a sharp lookout for guerillas and raiding parties. The Blue Ridge Mountains and hills are in plain view, and the valley for miles. Chaplain Wm. C. Walker returned after a long illness. We were all pleased to welcome the good Chaplain. We believe Sheridan's notice will be a good thing, as the inhabitants can help to protect the road.

December 10th. All things have remained quiet as we go through our regular routine of duty from day to day. We get newspapers quite regular from home, furnished by good people, for all of which we are very thankful.

December 12th. Report comes this morning that guerillas crossed Sheridan's railroad last night and captured a train on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, near Duffield Station. They passed near our picket posts. Did not molest us, as we did not see or hear anything of them. Trains with passengers, mail, and supplies pass over this road. The rebs no doubt read Sheridan's notice, for many of them have homes in this vicinity.

December 25th. Christmas at Halltown. We hope this will be our last Christmas in the service, and that the war will soon be over. We write many letters and receive a large mail every day, coming from Harper's Ferry. All our shacks have small stoves, so that we use much of our time cutting wood. When off duty we visit the farmhouses, buy eggs and butter, vegetables. We are living well, passing the time very pleasantly for camp life. We are dressed warm, as we can have things sent from home, coming by Adams Express to Harper's Ferry.

December 31st. This is the last day of the year. All is quiet at our camp on this high hill. Not very much snow or real cold weather. We manage to keep comfort-

able. At our reserve picket post we have built a large inclosure, made of logs and dirt, surrounded by small evergreen trees, a large fire in the center around which we sleep and rest when our reliefs are off duty. The inclosure is so large and high it cannot be seen from the outside, making it safe from the shots of the guerillas, scouts, and bushwhackers. The farthest post out from the reserves is about one mile, while the pickets are within hailing distance. We go on picket duty at 3 P. M. instead of 9 A. M. I don't know why the change was made. I am on duty every other night.

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January 1st. Camp at Halltown, where we are going through life doing the duty of a soldier, in winter quarters. Many new recruits are being added to our company, and the regiment. The sick and wounded who have recovered are also coming back. All returning members and recruits are greeted as fresh fish. Our camp being on high ground, none can enter without being seen. At the call of "Fresh fish," the boys turn out and welcome all who come. Many questions are asked about home, as most of the recruits have friends in the regiment. Some have relations. With the returning members and the recruits gives us more men for duty, which helps to make duty more easy for the men, while the sergeants and corporals must be on picket duty every other night. Religious service is conducted every Sunday, and evenings, by our Chaplain. The chapel is also used for a reading room. Tables, pen, ink, and paper for the boys who wish to use it for writing letters. We are the only regiment in this vicinity. Others are at Harper's Ferry and Charlestown.

January 3d. Weather permitting, we have company, battalion drill, and dress parade. Weather very cold at this time. We have to lie close to the fires when off duty or post. Sergeants must keep awake all night. Corporals get sleep and rest when their reliefs are off post.

January 10th. During the past few days we had all kinds of weather, starting in with a cold rain, turning to hail, and winding up with a heavy snow storm. Now we have to go through about twelve inches of snow. The surrounding country for miles does look gloomy enough. Heard bells and saw one sleigh going down the pike. Lieutenant Joseph P. Rockwell elected, or rather made, Captain of our company, C. Our Lieutenants, Merwin and Cowles, are still held as prisoners of war since June 15th, 1863. We are all hoping this will be our last winter in the service. Our time will be out when the war is over, we are in for three years, or during the war.

January 20th. Severe cold weather since the last date. Deep snow and plenty. The inhabitants have always claimed the Yankees brought the cold weather. Such severe winters do not come to Virginia but once in many years. Our regular routine of duty is, and must be, kept up in spite of the severe weather. It is two hours on duty and four off. The report of a gun calls up the other two reliefs. The corporal must investigate and find out the cause of the alarm. If more than one gun is fired, the camp guard reports firing on the picket line. The Colonel is notified. He orders the sounding of the long roll, calling out the regiment. Everything is kept ready for a sudden call in the night. We turn out very lively, soon in line.

January 25th. All quiet since the last date. I am in the best of health, ready for duty at any time, and for any

call. The general health of the regiment at this time is good. Company A ordered to Harper's Ferry for provost duty under command of Lieutenant Kerr. Companies D and I to Duffield Station on the Baltimore & Ohio R. R., west of Harper's Ferry. Their quarters are in block houses, bullet proof, about seven miles from our camp. Guard the railroad.

January 30th. Seven companies remain at regimental headquarters. The change makes extra duty for the companies at headquarters. Five prisoners were brought to camp, having been captured by our pickets. They were sent under guard to Harper's Ferry.

January 31st. When off duty read, write letters, wash and mend my clothes. Try to keep clean and in good condition. Do my part handling an axe. We use up a whole lot of wood during this extreme cold weather. Try to keep as comfortable as we can. All sorts of questions come up for discussion. The close of the war is the most important. All companies do much singing during the evening. There are some violins and banjos in camp.

February 1st. The Christian Commission, with headquarters at Harper's Ferry, furnish the chapel tent with pens, ink, paper, books, magazines, and newspapers. Our duty remains about the same from day to day. All is quiet these days. Occasionally we have a visitor from Connecticut. Always pleased to meet and welcome them.

February 8th. While everything is quiet with us, time goes on. This is my birthday, twenty years old. Weather cold at this time.

February 18th. A hard snow storm greets us today. Those not on duty are sticking to our quarters, keeping comfortable, while the snow and wind howl through our camp.

February 19th. This morning we find eighteen inches of snow on the ground. Wading through the deep snow reminds me of a picture that I have often seen, Napoleon Bonaparte before Moscow. Duty must be attended to, no matter what the weather may be. The snow makes camp life very unpleasant. The heavy fall of snow at this time of year is a very great surprise, so the inhabitants report.

February 20th. The deep snow is settling down very fast, weather very mild. General Seward from Martinsburg a visitor in camp. The commander of our brigade and this section of the valley.

February 21st. Snow melting very fast. Must wade through the wet snow. Orders to fall in and to report at Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry, a march of about four miles. When we arrived we were surprised to learn that we must witness the execution of two deserters. Strange that we must march so far to witness such a sad thing. Just before all things were ready, and in the nick of time, a pardon was received from President Lincoln. When it became known that a pardon was received there were a few faint cheers from some of the boys. For my part I was thankful that I did not have to witness the execution. Returned to camp late this afternoon.

February 22d. Routed out early this morning to prepare for a review and inspection by General Crook and staff. Report came to camp that Company I, at Duffield Station, had been attacked, but succeeded in driving the guerillas away.

February 24th. Detailed for picket. Corporal in charge of one relief. Located about three miles from camp on the line of the railroad, all quiet.

February 25th. About midnight last night we were aroused by sharp firing. Made us open our eyes and ears. Ready for any sudden call. All we could do was to listen and wait. Soon all became quiet. Those of us off duty soon dropped asleep again. This morning we learned the cause of the firing last night. Two scouting parties of the 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry met, each taking the other for the enemy. Opened fire on one another. No harm was done in the dark. It created some excitement on the picket line.

March 1st. Since the last date we have been visited by a cold rain, hard wind, hail, snow, mud. Very disagreeable weather for army life, but it must all be endured by soldiers. On picket duty. Corporal in charge of the outpost, about one half of a mile from the reserve quarters. On duty twenty-four hours from 3 P. M. We like the change from 9 A. M., the old custom.

March 2d. Last night a shot was heard beyond our outpost. Could not learn the cause. It seemed to be in the direction of Charlestown. About nine o'clock this morning I received a call from Captain Kibbe, Officer of the Guard, asked for any information that I could give. I could not give him any as it was beyond our outpost. Putting a man in charge of the outpost, the Captain ordered me to go with him for an investigation. The people we called on had not noticed it. They became used to the report of a gun and did not pay any attention to it. At the home of a Mr. Snyder we were invited in and received very pleasantly. As it came time for us to go, as it was getting near noon, they urged us to remain to dinner. The invitation was accepted. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Snyder and two young daughters. Mrs. Snyder was in very poor health, the

daughters doing the house work. A fine chicken dinner was served for which we were very thankful. After dinner Mr. Snyder invited us out to take a look over his place. He was the owner of a grist and saw mill, and a large farm. We were treated very kindly by the whole family. All expressed sorrow over the war. The location was near Charlestown. When the time came for us to go, we received a very cordial invitation to call again. We made our way back to the picket post after our very enjoyable time and good dinner, on Sunday, March 2d, 1865.

At 3 P. M. we were relieved from picket duty. Made our way to camp with pleasant recollections of the good time that came to us on this Sunday on picket duty along the line of the Harper's Ferry and Winchester Railroad.

March 4th. A camp has been located a short distance north of ours. Reported that General Hancock will organize a veterans' corps at this point. It will be composed of men who have been in the service and wish to re-enlist. All is quiet in our camp.

March 5th. While on duty out in the lots and woods, we see many wild animals such as foxes, fox and gray squirrels. Some of the boys cannot resist the temptation to shoot them, which they dress and boil and eat. Our routine of duty is kept up.

March 9th. All is quiet. Our regiment voted for governor today. Ballots sealed in envelopes, to be opened in Connecticut on the day of election. Commissioners here to receive the ballots. We hope our war governor, Buckingham, will be re-elected.

March 13th. A little excitement this morning. Rebel cavalry made a dash for our picket line. Regiment called out, soon in line. We saw the rebs going up the

valley, running their horses. More fresh fish received, as we call the recruits. A muddy time in camp, and bad weather.

March 14th. This morning the 131st Ohio Regiment located near our camp. A new regiment. Just organized. Real young, fine looking fellows. Hope they won't be obliged to see hard service, for war is a cruel thing.

March 15th. Orders received for our regiment to report at Martinsburg. Must leave our winter quarters at Halltown. We are relieved by the 144th Indiana Regiment. Busy packing up, as we are to march tomorrow. Will pass one more night in our winter quarters. Time has passed very pleasant in this camp during the winter.

March 16th. Routed out very early this morning. Soon in line and on the march, taking the road on to Harper's Ferry. A great surprise to us when informed we go by train. Soon loaded into box cars, during a cold rain. A few miles out on the road the train came to a stop. Detained by the breaking down of a bridge. Cold and very uncomfortable in the cars. On the road all day. Arrived at Martinsburg just before dark. Relieved the 95th Ohio Regiment, taking their camp on the Winchester Pike, near the home of Mrs. Shults, my wash-woman, a fine old German lady.* Detailed for picket duty tonight, soon after our arrival.

March 17th. Martinsburg. Weather clear, but very windy. Putting camp in order. Hoping for good weather. Lieutenant Merwin returned today, having been a prisoner of war since June 15th, 1863, most of the time at Richmond, Va.

* A picture of her home can be seen on page 330, *History of the 18th Connecticut Regiment.*

March 20th. Pleased with change from Halltown. Everything quiet. We believe the war is about over. Crowds of rebel deserters are coming inside our lines. They are sick and tired of the war, believe their cause is lost. We send them under guard to the Provost Marshal's office in town. Weather permitting, we drill and have dress parade. Our regiment in good condition for duty.

March 24th. The past few days have been windy, with a cold rain, turning to hail and snow. The wind howling through our camp, coming from the North Mountain. Winter is hanging on. Every day we are led to believe that the war is about over with. No enemy has been reported in this vicinity for a long time. Picket duty is kept up.

March 30th. Nothing special for the past few days. Daily routine is kept up. When off duty tramp through the country, calling at the farms, meeting the old men. The young men are mostly in the army, either in the Union or the Confederate. Religious service is held in the log chapel, conducted by our good Chaplain, Walker, assisted by Chaplains from other regiments and the Christian Commission.

April 1st. Weather improving, for which we are thankful. Good reports come from General Grant's army, pushing General Lee. General Sheridan left the valley with his cavalry corps. Infantry left at Winchester. Great excitement over reports that come to headquarters. Many visitors from town witness our dress parade. Boys are doing their best to make a fine appearance on parade, which takes place at 5 P. M.

April 2d. New recruits continue to come to our regiment. Some are assigned to our company. Our regiment in good condition, and ready for any kind of duty. Good

news continues to come from the front. All are happy over the prospects of the war ending soon.

April 3d. Detailed for picket. Located out on outpost on the Tuscaror road, leading to the North Mountain, about one mile out of town. Have done picket duty on this road many times. At the edge of town all roads are barricaded and closed for the nights, to prevent a sudden dash from the guerillas and Confederate scouts. Report comes tonight that General Grant has taken Richmond and that General Lee has retreated. Good news.

April 4th. Relieved from picket this morning. On reaching camp there was great rejoicing over the good news. Reports continue to come about General Grant's success. Shouting and singing, glory hallelujah on all sides. Citizens and soldiers cheering over the good news. Bands and drum corps making all the music they can. We are at liberty to go and come as we please. Duty suspended as far as can be. In and out of town as we please. A happy time. The Union people in town are keeping open house. The soldiers are made welcome. The glorious Yankee Army are surely in Richmond. We are all thankful for the good news. This summer will surely find us in good old Connecticut. The singing and cheering is continuous.

April 5th. Orders received this morning to fall in without arms for a march into town and report at headquarters. Surprised to hear that we were to receive four months pay. It was overdue. No one left in camp but the camp guard. We were allowed more liberty than ever before. We remained in town all day. I was the only corporal in town with the company. Many of the boys are on the sick list. I was ordered to receive the pay for those of our company in the hospital, visit the hospital

and give the boys their money. All were thankful to get the money and pleased to see me and were made happy over the good news I brought to them about General Grant's success in routing the enemy. Returned to camp late tonight. I felt that I had put in a very busy day. Weather damp, cool, and very cloudy.

April 6th. A cold rain storm this morning. Nothing to do but try and keep comfortable. Discussing the war question, and what the indications are about our getting home. General Lee has not surrendered as yet. Perhaps there may be much more fighting. One question is, it may turn into a guerilla warfare, owing to so many mountains in the South.

April 9th. Detailed for picket duty. Located out on Tuscaror road, in charge. One duty I had to perform was to examine all citizens who enter town, as the town is under martial law, and they must have passes to go in and out, which are obtained from the Provost Marshal. They must take the oath of allegiance to the United States. They can then go in and out on business.

April 10th. The firing of heavy field guns at midnight aroused everybody. Great rejoicing when we learned that General Lee has surrendered to our Grant. Crowds of people began to come to town very early to hear the latest news. It was hard for some to believe it. We hope the four years of struggling with death and destruction are at an end. As the people returned to their homes, informed me that they would again have an open road, and not be stopped to answer questions and show a pass. They won't be any more pleased about it than these same soldiers who are very anxious to return to our homes in Yankee land. This is a fine country. We are happy over the prospects that the war is coming to an end.

Passed a very pleasant time in charge of the picket post, out on the Tuscaror road.

April 12th. Not much duty done since the last date. Talking and rejoicing over the events of the past few days. Orders to resume drilling. It creates opposition and much kicking. What's the use. The war is over although peace has not been declared. Our term ends with the close of the war. Three years, or during the war.

April 13th. Our happiness continues. Ten minutes walk from camp, towards town, is a pump where we are obliged to go for water. Good water. A great meeting place for the people and the soldiers. News of the day is talked over. It is known as the news pump. Newspapers are not very plenty. They come from Baltimore and Ohio. Those who are first at the pump in the morning bring the news and stories that can be picked up, and are soon circulated through camp. So we look for the morning news from the pump.

April 14th. Orders to clean up and prepare for a parade in town to celebrate the surrender of General Lee, and the capture of Richmond. The parade to take place in the afternoon. All troops in this vicinity to take a part in the big parade. Our company, C, color company, made a fine appearance in the parade, every man doing his best. During the parade there was great excitement, cheering, and rejoicing, all along the line of march. After the parade we were allowed our liberty for the rest of the day and evening. In the evening the townspeople illuminated the best they could under present conditions. Returned to camp quite late tonight, tired but happy.

April 15th. Early morning news from the pump. Reported the assassination of our beloved President. At

first it could not be believed. I saw an orderly galloping into camp, going right to the Colonel's quarters. He brought the official report. It was soon known through camp. It was a great shock and cast a great gloom over our camp. How sudden the change. Joy turned to sorrow, when we were rejoicing over the prospects of peace and the end of the cruel war. At first it was reported that he might recover. Later report he was dead. We could not do anything but talk over the sad event. We all became angry and hated the South worse than ever. Thought all the leaders should be condemned to death. Indignation and rage was expressed alike by citizens and the soldiers. We wondered who could do such an awful thing. Later we were informed who the assassin was. Excitement continues in our camp as this sad day comes to a close.

April 16th. Sunday. No inspection. All is quiet in camp. After breakfast, cleaned up, ready for service in the log chapel. Sermon by our Chaplain. A good attendance, with several visitors from town. A good sermon on the sad event. All is quiet, and a very sad day in our camp. All duties suspended for the day. Went for a walk. Evidence of mourning on many houses and public buildings, by placing crape on them.

April 19th. All duty except guard and picket suspended since the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. These are days of mourning. Officers wear crape on the left arm and on the hilts of swords for thirty days. The funeral takes place today in Washington. The towns-people have arranged for a funeral parade and service to be held in the Court House. Our regimental band is engaged to furnish the music for the procession. On the march a coffin was carried, making a solemn appearance as the

funeral procession marched to the cemetery where the coffin was buried. The whole thing was in charge of the towns-people. It was a very strange proceeding in the eyes of down-east Yankees. It was a very solemn occasion all through, to the burial of the coffin.

April 20th. Weather fine. Real spring. All is quiet in camp. The body of the martyr President is being carried across the country to his home town, Springfield, Illinois. These are days of mourning. The sudden taking off of Mr. Lincoln is the topic of conversation in our camp. It is generally believed there was a conspiracy among the leaders of the rebellion to murder Mr. Lincoln, so the cry is that the leaders must be punished.

April 25th. Weather good. Regular routine of duty is now on again. Drill, dress parade, picket, and guard. Not much interest taken in these duties at this time. No danger now from the enemy. The only real interest is taken in our dress parades, as we have many visitors from town. Confederate soldiers are now on their way home, all having been paroled. Halt them at the outposts, send a guard with them to the Provost Marshal, when they are allowed to proceed to their homes in Virginia and Maryland. Many were glad the war was over. Some were very bitter. Would not admit they were beaten. We laughed at the poor fellows. Many having tramped for miles to reach home. Some shed tears when they were forced to admit that the war was over, and their cause was lost.

April 30th. Fine growing weather. The leading topic in camp is, when do we go home. Picket duty suspended. Camp guard kept up, and provost duty in town to keep order and protect government property. Many

horses and mules are corralled and guarded. This duty comes to our regiment. There is much that we must do to assist the government officers in collecting the property. The town has not been turned over to the civil authority yet, so we must do the duty of civil officers and protect the town, and do the duty of policemen. Guards on the different streets.

May 1st. Weather fine, and we are enjoying it. Our company remains at camp as headquarters' guard. The other companies are going through surrounding towns, picking up all government property, and all that is collected is put in wagons and brought to this town. Everything marked U. S. must be collected and stored here. In time it will be sold by government officers at public auction. This is a fine country. Our boys are enjoying these collecting trips. We are all so happy over the close of this awful, cruel war.

May 5th. Detailed for guard duty in town. Placed in charge of a rebel Major, who made claim of being on General Early's staff. I was informed that he was placed under arrest because he had broken his parole. Appeared on the streets of his home town, Shepardstown, Virginia, in full uniform, making a show of himself, and insulting loyal people, for which he was waiting to be tried by a court-martial. He was confined in a room in the basement of an old church. I had three men on duty with me, making three reliefs. Guarding him was a tiresome job. When night came he told me not to sit up all night, he would not attempt to get away. I made up my mind that he would not get a chance, as I would not take any chances with a rebel. I did my duty. Sat up all night and changed my reliefs every two hours. While he

was agreeable to me I formed an opinion of him. Thought him rather mean, but I used him well.

May 6th. About 9 A. M. I was relieved from duty. Turned the prisoner over to the relief guard. The prisoner asked me to shake hands with him, and thanked me for my kindness. Said that he had been used very kindly by the boys of the 18th Connecticut. After being relieved returned to camp. I was excused from all duty except dress parade. Turned into my bunk, had a good sleep and a fine rest. Cleaned up and took part in our dress parade. A fine evening. Visited among the other companies.

May 10th. These are quiet days. Nothing special for the past few days. Getting all the pleasure we can when off duty. Take long walks out in the country. Detailed for duty in town. Report to the Provost Marshal. Guards posted on the principal streets continue. Must keep peace by preserving order. Headquarters in the Court House. Duty light and easy.

May 11th. About midnight of last night, while I was in the Court House, I heard the cry of fire. Looked out and saw a great blaze to the south. Ran to the fire. It was a large barn on the Faulkner place. Watched it burn, as it could not damage other buildings. The Faulkners had many enemies in the neighborhood, whom he treated bad at the outbreak of the war. I heard Mr. Faulkner repeat "Poor revenge." Sometimes revenge is sweet. The soldiers did not have any sympathy for the Faulkners. Looked upon as arch traitors. Soldiers were placed on guard over his property at the time of the fire.

May 20th. Our regular routine has been kept up for the past few days. Guard duty, drill, dress parade, Sunday morning inspection. When at liberty continue to take long walks out into the surrounding country. Call on

the farmers. They laugh about the Yankee soldiers making friends with the cows. We tell them that's because we like milk. We found out the cows would eat hardtack. We fed and petted them while they were out to pasture. Women do the milking in this section. I heard a woman say that she was a good milker but the Yankees could beat her and milk into a canteen at that.

May 21st. As we have plenty of rations we trade with the farmers, coffee, sugar, hardtack, for butter, eggs, and vegetables, and some milk. The cows eat garlic which gives to the butter and milk a bad taste, but we manage to eat the stuff, if we don't really like the taste. We paid money for some things to the farmers. They were always anxious to get hold of a little ready cash. Some soft bread was furnished us in place of hardtack, but could most generally get hardtack. While we suffered much from hunger and thirst, we had good feed whenever near our base of supplies.

Detailed for guard duty in town. Charge of the third relief. When off duty could get excused for one hour. Visited a bookstore for something to read. Surprised to find a copy of the History of Connecticut. Paid one dollar for it. The Waverly magazine was quite a favorite with the boys. Much pleasure working out the enigmas, and reading the short stories and the poetry.

May 26th. At one o'clock this morning the guard was called out to stop a negro dance, some trouble having broken out, caused by outsiders. The guard must act as police, keep things quiet. At 9 A. M. relieved and returned to camp.

June 1st. Fine weather. All is very quiet. The country has on its summer dress. Looks fine. The most important question with us is, home, sweet home, when

do we go. Soldier's life at this time is a dull one. Our only interest is our dress parades. We have many visitors from town.

June 2d. Our regiment is the only one left at this post. Details continue to hunt and collect government property. Some western regiments pass through this town on the B. & O. R. R., bound for home, singing and cheering, happy.

June 3d. Still having a pleasant time at this town, and continue our walks through the country. Berries and cherries are beginning to ripen. Allowed to help ourselves with all we can eat, as we do much work for the farmers, helping at various kinds of work. Stores are opening up in town, as are also all the churches. Buildings are in bad condition, the result of the four years of the war.

June 5th. The anniversary of the battle of Piedmont. Thank God the cruel war is over. Playing ball, pitching quoits, helping the farmers, is the way we pass the time while waiting for orders to be mustered out. We have many friends in this town and vicinity. Helping in various kinds of work and also in the churches.

June 15th. Nothing special has taken place since the last date. Public auction in town today. All government property must be sold. An agent here in charge. Horses, mules, saddles, wagons, ambulances. Some of our company have been on duty and in charge of the corral for several days. Will be glad to see the thing closed up. Some of the horses and mules were kickers, as well as some of our boys, who did not like that kind of work.

June 20th. By the disposal of all the government property our duty seems to come to an end. Nothing

more for us to do. We may now be ordered home, or to some other point for duty. We are all anxious to get home.

June 23d. Our Colonel, Henry Peale, in command of this post. Headquarters in town. Our regiment ordered into town for a dress parade at 5 P. M., at the public square in front of headquarters. Our service in the army is no doubt about over with. We shall be glad to leave old Virginia for good old Connecticut.

June 24th. Yesterday afternoon our regiment formed at camp, marched into town. Line was formed fronting headquarters, for dress parade and review by our Colonel. To our great surprise, sitting on the veranda at the house used for headquarters, with Colonel Peale, was the arch-traitor, Charles J. Faulkner, hated by the Union people and despised by the soldiers. The home in this town was reported to be a great resort for spies. Much information went from that home, south. On the march back to camp the boys were mad through and through. Did not want to be paraded and reviewed by a mean rebel like Faulkner and family.

June 25th. Orders received to prepare for muster-out. Details have been made from each company to help make out the muster-out papers. The companies that were out of town on duty, ordered to report at regimental quarters. All duties given up. Peace and quiet reigns in town and through the country.

June 26th. A bright Sunday morning. Everybody happy. Our last day in camp at Martinsburg, the Shenandoah Valley, where we have seen and passed through hard service during the past three years. As the time draws near we are anxious to go home, but there is somewhat of a feeling of sadness on leaving old Martins-

burg, where we have made many friends. Our camp is about deserted. A few men remain on guard in charge of the camp. Some of the boys are in town visiting, and attending church. Others are tramping through the country, bidding good-bye to the farmers and taking a look at the fine scenery and country. We must all report back to camp in time for our last dress parade, at 5 P. M. At our dress parade was a large attendance of people from town. A short religious service was held by our Chaplain, Rev. Wm. C. Walker. It was made somewhat solemn by the good man, as the journey home was laid before us. Orders were also read to be ready to leave camp early on the morrow, at 5 A. M. This is a happy evening in camp. Singing all through the camp.

June 27th. Taps sounded later than usual last night. When the lights were put out we could not sleep for joy, as we were all so happy over the prospect of going home. I cannot write and do justice to those happy hours. Will remain with me as long as memory lasts. The hymns heard mostly last night were "Oh Happy Day" and "We are going home, to die no more." Everybody can sing at this time if they never can again. Reveille sounded very early this morning, for the last time at Martinsburg. Broke camp very early this morning. In line, waiting for orders to march. This is a fine morning. We shall soon be homeward bound. When orders were given to march great excitement prevailed. Cheers and shouting as we marched along, on through the town. The waving of flags, handkerchiefs, and "Good-bye boys" from the towns-people. On reaching the depot it did not take us very long to board the train, a gay and happy crowd. I was soon on top of a car, where I enjoyed riding when the weather would permit. In this section

we always rode in box cars. The train left about 7 A. M., with cheers and shouting to and from old Martinsburg friends. The train soon rounded a curve and that scene was closed forever. We knew this railroad and country, having been over it a number of times by rail, and marching through it, during our service in the Shenandoah Valley. About 10 A. M. we arrived at Harper's Ferry. Soon out of the cars and in line ready to march. Passed through Shenandoah Street. Entering an open lot, close in town, came to a halt, stacked arms. Must remain here until we are mustered out of the United States service. When we first entered Virginia, near three years ago, at Harper's Ferry, our first stopping place was this very same place, or lot, where we are now waiting to be mustered out. Late this afternoon we were mustered out. Expect to go on board of train tonight, homeward bound.

June 28th. Harper's Ferry. A fine morning. Early on board train, waiting for it to move. At 8 A. M. the train began to move slowly along the banks of the Shenandoah River, on over the iron bridge across the Potomac River, into Maryland. The cheering was loud, with shouts of "Good-bye old Virginia." The cheering echoed and re-echoed between the mountains of Maryland and Virginia. I knew all the points of interest in this vicinity. We are in passenger cars, running along the banks of the Potomac River. At the Point of Rocks, about ten miles from Harper's Ferry, the road turns to the left, headed to the north. At this point we bid farewell to the old Potomac. No more picket duty along its banks in all kinds of weather, watching for the enemy, and looking at the turkey buzzards as they go sailing through the air. Many times have I waded the old Potomac, swam in its water, drank it, made coffee, fished in it. When clear its

waters appeared blue, or yellow from the storms. Either blue or yellow we were obliged to use it and make the best of it.

The country looked fine with its summer dress on, as we passed through it. Arrived in Baltimore this afternoon. Marched from the Camden Street station, across the city to the Philadelphia Railroad station. Passed through Pratt Street, the point where the 6th Massachusetts Regiment was attacked in April 1861. Soon on board train where hilarity continued. No one allowed to go to sleep. All are in good spirits and very happy as we go speeding on towards Philadelphia, bound for home.

June 29th. After an all-night's ride we arrived in Philadelphia early this morning. Left the cars, taking up the line of march, on through the city. Stopped at the refreshment rooms of the Cooper Shop, when a good breakfast was served by the good people of the city. Many soldiers will remember the Cooper Shop refreshment rooms at Philadelphia. After breakfast again on the march through the city, going on board a ferry-boat, and like Washington we crossed the Delaware River, to Camden and Amboy Railroad station, boarding a train for South Amboy, so we were informed. Leaving Camden, our journey was a continuous ovation by the people along the railroad line through Jersey. Cheers, waving flags. Cities and villages had erected arches with "Welcome home to our soldier boys." Whenever the train would stop people came with refreshments. They knew the boys were ever ready to eat the good things. The journey across the state of New Jersey was a grand reception. Through a fine country. It was a happy time, and nothing happened to mar the pleasure of the journey. It was a very happy time. Arrived at Amboy

all right. It was a great port for coal, an interesting sight for us, never having seen so much coal at any one time. Here we left the cars. After a short march went on board a government transport, bound for New York City. The journey on boat was very pleasant and enjoyed. The trip was along the south side of Staten Island, on through the narrows between Long Island and Staten Island, passing Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth. Large camps were located at the forts. Cheers greeted us as we passed on to the city, landing at the Battery, where the trip ended. At Castle Garden we were served with rations, after which we marched to Peck Slip, along South Street, boarding the steamer Granite State, bound for Hartford. A disappointment to us, as we had expected to land at Norwich, our home town, from which point we left on going to the war. We were used to disappointments and got out of the trip through the East River all the enjoyment we could. Long after dark we lay down on the decks for a little sleep and rest, that we needed very much. We knew that in the night we would be sailing up the Connecticut River. The evening was fine, and the steamboat had on board a happy crowd.

June 30th. Very early this fine June morning our fife and drum corps went to the uppermost deck and beat the reveille, and played at all the river landings as the boat proceeded on up the river. It made good time, landing at Hartford about 7 o'clock, after a very pleasant journey from Martinsburg, West Virginia.

After we landed people began to come to the dock. After a time a detachment of the Hartford City Guard came to the dock as an escort. The regiment formed and with the escort, marched up State Street, thence up Main,

countermarching to the State Capitol on Central Row, where Governor Buckingham, members of the legislature, and a few leading citizens, welcomed us home, and extended the thanks of the state for our patriotism and service. After the welcome and the addresses, breakfast was served at the hotels, our company going to the City Hotel. In the afternoon, regiment formed, marched out Park Street to a camp. Late in the afternoon we were allowed to go to our homes and remain over July 4th. Report back on the 6th for final discharge. Norwich. Home again.

July 1st. Arrived home last night at 9 o'clock. Great was the welcome home. Crowds were in waiting to receive us. Hearts full of thanksgiving that we were permitted to return to good old Connecticut. Soon made our way to our various homes.

July 4th. A great parade and reception to our regiment. The welcome home was a grand time. During the march, on the parade, many people were in tears, and we knew the reason why. Their husbands and boys did not come home. While we were happy we did not forget the good fellows and the homes that contained a vacant chair. It was a great day in old Norwich. A Fourth that cannot be forgotten by those who participated in the parade. It was the last parade of the Eighteenth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers. Our guns and equipments were laid aside. No more cruel war for us.

July 6th. Returned to Hartford to receive our final discharge. Waiting. Reported we must pass one more night in camp. We won't mind a little thing like that. Tomorrow we will go free.

July 7th. Up early this morning. Waiting for our turn to come for our pay and discharge.

July 7th, 1865.

The Eighteenth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, disbanded. Its members free citizens again. The separation was somewhat sad. We were happy that the end had come. Now came the last good-bye, as we grasped each other by the hand, looking into each other's face, sad but happy. Our soldier life had come to an end. No more picket and guard duty. No more marching by day and night in all kinds of weather. No more camp life, sleeping on the ground in all kinds of weather. No more the long roll to call us out in the night. No more the danger from battle, sickness, or suffering from hunger and thirst. These things all helped to make the life of a soldier a very serious one. Left Hartford at 6 P. M. bound for Norwich, singing "Oh Happy Day."

I served with the 3d Corps, Army of the Potomac, in the campaign in western Maryland, following the battle of Gettysburg, up to July 20th, 1863.

Membership in our company, C, on leaving home	
for the war	98
Recruits added	22
	<hr/>
Total	120
Killed in battle, died from wounds and disease and in rebel prison	20
Wounded	30
In prison during our service	80

Some were taken prisoner twice. A few members were held prisoners for two years and died in Andersonville.

Passed through the following battles and skirmishes.

1863

June 13, 14, 15, Winchester, Va.
 15, Summit Point, Va.
 16, Carter's Farm, near Winchester, Va.
 July Boonsborough, Md.
 Falling Waters, Va.

1864.

May 15, New Market, Va.
 June 3, Harrisonburg, Va.

- June 5, Piedmont, Va.
 5, Mt. Crawford, Va.
 11, Lexington, Va.
 14, Buchanan, Va.
 15, Liberty, Va.
 17, Quaker Church, Va., near Lynchburg.
 18, Lynchburg, Va.
 21, Salem, Va.
 July 10, Hedgersville, Va.
 18, Snickers Ford, Va.
 23, Kearntown, Va.
 24, Kearntown, Va.
 24, Winchester, Va.
 25, Martinsburg, Va.
 August 11, Stoney Point, Va.
 12, Middletown, Va.
 12, Cedar Creek, Va.
 13, Hupp's Hill, Va.
 21, Opequon, Va.
 21, Smithfield, Va.
 22, Charlestown, Va.
 22-26, Halltown, Va.
 September 3, Berryville, Va. Our last real battle.

During the campaign of 1864, from May 1st to November 1st, the 18th Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, are credited with having marched over thirteen hundred miles, and I marched every step of it. Did not lose an hour's duty.



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