



Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
Library





SPOTSWOOD HOTEL
CORNER OF MAIN & EIGHTH STREETS
RICHMOND, VA.

JOURNAL

OF AN

EXCURSION,

FROM TROY, N. Y.,

TO

Gen. Carr's Head Quarters,

AT WILSON'S LANDING,

(FORT POCAHONTAS,) ON THE JAMES RIVER, VA.

DURING THE MONTH OF MAY, 1865.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

(W^m H. Young)

TROY, N. Y.:

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

1871.

F.234
R5Y6

147658
/ 10

21

K.F. May 14/10

P R E F A C E .

THE following description of our trip to Richmond and vicinity, was written immediately after my return from the scenes and incidents given in the following pages, from notes and letters addressed to friends at home, for my own entertainment, and without the least idea at the time of putting into print, and now only at the solicitation of some of our party on that occasion have I consented to its private publication, that we may occasionally refer to it, as an episode in our lives, and to remind us of the generous hospitality of our host and hostess, Gen. and Mrs. J. B. Carr, and of our visit to scenes such as had not been before witnessed by us, and in all human probability we would never look upon again, from the same cause, in our land.

I would also state in this place what would almost seem unnecessary from the foregoing, that it is but a simple narrative of what we saw and heard during our brief trip, without the least attempt at rhetorical display, but merely narrating what came under our observation during our ten days visit to the James River, and the vicinity of Richmond.

I shall feel compensated for what little labor and time has been devoted by me in the preparation of this paper,

if I have succeeded in recalling some trifling incident or reminiscence that would have been forgotten but for its brief notice in these few and imperfect pages.

MARCH, 1871.

W. H. Y.

JOURNAL.

On the tenth day of May, 1865, Mr. William Kemp received an invitation from Major General J. B. Carr to visit, with a few friends, his head-quarters on the James River, at Fort Pocahontas, previous to his being mustered out of the service of the United States, which from the then present appearances, (the war being virtually ended) would occur before the coming fall. Upon its receipt, Mr. Kemp made known the contents of his letter to the following named persons, who accepted the invitation as stated by Gen. Carr, and appointed the following Monday as the day on which we should set out upon our excursion.

The following persons composed our party :

WILLIAM KEMP AND WIFE,	D. W. TUTHILL,
MRS. ROBERT MORRIS,	WM. H. YOUNG,
JNO. B. GALE,	JAMES C. SPENCER,

Who left the city of Troy on Monday evening, May 12th, 1865, at 7 o'clock, on board the steamer Vanderbilt for New York. We arrived in New York about 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and after a comfortable breakfast at Delmonico's reached the cars of the 8 o'clock A. M., Philadelphia train, which passed through Philadelphia and set us down at Baltimore about four o'clock P.

m. of that day (Tuesday). The steamer Adelaide, for Fort Monroe, lay about 200 yards from the depot, for which we started on foot over dusty streets and through lumbering piles of merchandise to the wharf, where we felt quite relieved. When once safely on board we placed our little carpet bags upon the deck, and our ladies occupied them for temporary seats, while Mr. Kemp, our indefatigable master of ceremonies, made a raid on the officer of the boat to secure our state rooms, for which we had telegraphed from New York. After a few moments his genial countenance appeared, with the keys of our respective rooms in his possession, to which we then proceeded, and after disposing of our parcels went out upon deck to view the motley crowd of passengers jostling each other upon the wharf. We could not but express our surprise at the unusual number of the Hebrew persuasion, who appeared to outnumber even the contrabands and soldiers on board. Soon after 5 o'clock the order was given to cast off, and the plank drawn on board, when we observed quite a respectable number of those who had come on board with us picking up their baggage and going on shore again, which circumstance tended to cause a sensation of a vacuum about the regions of the diaphragm in, at least, one of our party, and we could not help asking ourself the question whether anything had happened to the machinery, or other reason except scarcity of state rooms, that they felt obliged to quit our vessel? While thus musing, the engine was put in motion, and in a few moments we were headed for the Chesapeake, and passing Fort McHenry, were soon out upon the broad waters of that bay.

After tea we repaired to our state rooms, and soon were stretched upon the mattresses, but were allowed to sleep but little, as the constant slamming of the door leading to the deck precluded all idea of a comfortable night's rest, our room being next to the quarter deck. About 4 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday we were aroused by one of our party rapping vigorously at our window, urging us to open the sash that we might look upon one of the most beautiful sights we ever beheld; upon which the sash was thrown back and the window opened. He pointed toward the sun, which was about to rise from the water, apparently from a splendid pool of blood. The only response he received in return for his pains, was from one of the party inside, who said that was nothing new to him, for he once saw the sun rise while at College, which had the effect to spoil the romance of a sunrise at sea with our friend.

We arrived at the Fortress about 8.30 A. M., (Wednesday,) where we remained about an hour, discharging freight and passengers for that point, and where we witnessed an incident that was not a little amusing to our party, although a serious disappointment to the officers of the Adelaide. Among the many articles of freight which were being put on shore, was a beautiful iron safe of medium size, which, with the aid of six stalwart negroes had been dragged about half way up the plank, when, from its weight, it settled down and refused to budge another inch. At this moment several negroes on shore seized the hands of those on the plank, and they gave the word, when the sudden jerk given by those on shore caused it to careen a little, and in another instant, with

one bound, it plunged into the water between the boat and wharf, sending up a column of water which showered us beautifully as the spray descended. The contrabands looked first into the water, then at each other, then concluded that it was *safe* at the bottom, and continued their work as if nothing had occurred.

We soon cast off, and were on our way to Norfolk. Our course lay through numberless government vessels, of as great a variety as were ever imagined. There were four iron-clads, including the rebel iron-clad slanting-roof Atlanta, taken by our forces near or at Savannah last winter: one double turret, and the others single turrets. They lay basking in the sun, with their awnings spread, looking to us as if sunk, their decks even with the water, and as we passed them the swells from our boat would wash over them. There were also two double-enders, as they are called, (one the Pawtuxet) iron-plated, and painted lead color, looking like two-story canoes with masts and smoke stacks, and there seemed to be a fleet of small tugs moving about the roads, such as are common in our river, which reminded us of the home we had lately left.

After passing through these vessels, our attention was called to the Rip Raps, the works of which are still in an unfinished state, the derricks for raising stone pointing in all directions, while immediately on our left, Sewell's Point earthworks were plainly to be seen, although dismantled of their guns. On our right, a square buoy painted black is anchored, to designate the place where the Merrimac found a resting place after her fatal encounter with our little Monitor. We then entered the

Elizabeth river, passing on our route several gun boats, and one double-turretted monitor, which appeared so quiet that it seemed to be taking a comfortable snooze. Passing by the marine hospital, which is a magnificent building, beautifully situated among fine shade trees and shrubbery on our right, we came to the landing at Norfolk, and as our boat neared the shore (10.45) our eyes were gladdened by beholding on the wharf Maj.-Gen. Jos. B. Carr, wife and son, who had come down to the landing to meet us. We were not long in paying our respects to them on shore, and after a short time spent in disposing of our carpet bags, we were taken charge of by the General. Our first stopping place after landing was at the Post Office, E. W. Whipple, P. M., (a former Trojan,) to mail the letters that we had prepared on our way down, after which we called upon a friend of Gen. Carr, Mr. Cole, President of the First National Bank of that place, and a fine gentleman in every respect we found him to be.

After a short call made there, we walked through the principal street, where we found the contrabands monopolizing every available cellar-door or street corner, disposing of their wares,—molasses candy in huge sticks on a board predominating, varied however, with cakes, cherries, strawberries, tarts and other edibles not possible to enumerate, while all along our way lay basking in the sun negroes of all ages and shades, principally, however, of the true Ethiopian stamp.

We were now reminded by the General that the time had nearly arrived when we must embark in order to take advantage of the tide to reach his quarters before

sunset, and at 12 o'clock, m., we proceeded on board the good propellor Ironsides, Capt. Vanderveer, and steam being up, we were off at once. We retraced our route up the Elizabeth until we reached the James River, where some of our party observed several fishing boats, and on learning that they were fishing for oysters, the Captain suggested that he had a dredge on board, and would scrape up a few barrels if desired. Slowing up a little, the dredge, being secured by a line on board, was thrown overboard, and running along two or three times the length of the vessel, it was hauled on board with about one bushel of oysters as the result. It was then thrown out a second and third time, and each time with better success than the first. The Alderman and Mr. Spencer were the first to ascertain what those bivalves contained, and not being satisfied with one or two trials with hand saws, jack knives, and hatchets, the Alderman impressed a cavalry soldier into his service, who intimated that as the war was over he would have but little use for his sabre in future, so with one well-aimed slash he would trim off the *bill* of an oyster, and with the end of the blade would insinuate it between the shells, and *presto*, oyster would front face on the Alderman, only to be engulfed in his capacious maw.

By this time we were fairly upon the James river, and were gradually nearing Newport News, on our right, before reaching which, the wreck of the Congress, or what remains of it, is distinctly seen, with a sloop lying by it taking off her copper, and saving such portions of the wreck as could be made available. The spot is also pointed out where the Cumberland succumbed to the

powerful blow given her by the Merrimac, shattering her and sending her to the bottom in less time than any vessel of her size in any previous conflict between naval vessels. Passing by Newport News landing two or three hundred yards, we observed a spar standing out of the water at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and full fifteen feet high, directly on our track, which we were told was all that was visible of the rebel steamer Florida, captured at Bahia, Brazil, by one of our war vessels and sent as a prize to Fortress Monroe, creating quite a sensation at that time. While lying in her position, she was found to be in a sinking condition, and before the valuables on board could be removed, and barely giving the crew time to escape, she went down where she now lies.

Our trip up the James was a delightful one, the weather beautiful and a fine breeze accompanying us. One of the most interesting objects, historically, on the James, is Jamestown Island, upon which the first settlers of Virginia erected the first church in the State, and other buildings, all of which are now in ruins. All that remains of the church is simply a single arch or doorway of brick, and as seen from our boat it appeared to be about twenty or twenty-five feet high, immediately in front of enormous trees, as if they had grown up from the body of the church, forming a beautiful background to the archway.

We reached Wilson's Wharf (Fort Pocahontas), Gen. Carr's headquarters, about 7 o'clock, P. M., where we disembarked, and proceeded to his quarters, formerly the property of a Dr. Wilson, who skedaddled on the ap-

proach of our army, but has since returned, and taken the oath of allegiance, and is quietly awaiting the departure of Gen. Carr, when he intends to take possession again of his property, and try and be a loyal and law abiding citizen in future. The house was built about one hundred and fifty years ago, is of wood, steep roof, dormer windows in front, a large hall in the centre, with rooms corresponding on each side, with a dining room and kitchen off the room on the left as you enter from the hall. The view from the piazza in front, looking out upon the James river is very pleasant, the house being situated in a bend in the river affording a delightful view for several miles up and down.

After enjoying the hospitalities of the table abundantly supplied by the General and his accomplished wife, we take our meerschaum, and under the shelter of the front piazza we rehearse and discuss the perils and hairbreadth escapes of our journey thus far, and arrange our plans for the succeeding day, and it is now suggested that we each seek our downy couch, or in the event of our not being fortunate enough to find a downy one, we accept such as may be prepared for us. Two of our party, Spencer and Young, are invited to accept quarters with the Quartermaster, who occupies Dr. Wilson's office for his sleeping apartments, and we find it to be much more comfortable than we had any idea of, for we were led to believe that we were to occupy tents, and have soldiers' fare only, while we find nearly all the comforts of a home, surrounded with all the luxuries of the season. The others of our party, Mr. Kemp and wife, Mrs. Morris, Mr. Tuthill, and Mr. Gale, occupy apartments in the house with Gen.

Carr, there being ample room and accommodations, and here we propose to leave them to sweet slumbers and pleasant dreams in anticipation. While most of our party have retired there are two of them at least engaged in writing to their families, at home, previous to retiring for the night; and with the aid of a good kerosene lamp, quill pen and violet ink, we indite our thoughts upon paper, and prepare them for the mails, that leave this port early in the morning. And now our camp bed is being prepared for us and we are prepared for it.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 18TH.

We were lulled to sleep last night by the soft note of the whip-poor-will, and all else appeared to be as quiet as a church yard, except the occasional tramp of the guard as he passed in front of our quarters. Once we were awakened by the guard challenging some one to *stand*, who after a short parley was allowed to proceed. From that time until about 4 o'clock we slept soundly. Then the birds began their morning songs, and the air seemed filled with music from those feathered warblers, and our friend Spencer could not content himself to lie there, but insisted upon treating himself to the concert outside the quarters.

We took our breakfast about 8 o'clock, immediately after which we received orders to be in readiness to accompany the General on his tour over or around his fortifications. We were ordered on board the Ironsides, where we all proceeded, together with our cavalcade of about fifteen saddle horses, one ambulance and several orderlies. Our first visit was to Fort Powhatan, a few miles up the river

under the immediate charge of Col. Sewell under Gen. Carr. We visited all the objects of interest in and about the Fort and were handsomely entertained by the Colonel, and soon re-embarked on our boat for the next fortification a few miles still further up the river, Harrison's Landing, which place we reached in about an hour after leaving Fort Powhatan. The late John Tyler's residence can be seen from this point. On landing we were shown the house, immediately fronting us, about forty rods from the shore, where one of our Presidents was born, William H. Harrison, his father Benjamin Harrison residing there at that time. It is an old fashioned brick house, large and airy, two stories and an attic with a splendid cellar under the whole house. It has the marks of a few shot and shell on its front, thrown from our gun boats as they passed up the river, and one large one directly through the roof. The building is now used as a hospital for our sick soldiers, many of whom were out upon the stoop and door-ways, and some lying upon the grass about the house. In passing near the house we observed the cherry trees, full of ripe fruit, but every thing else appeared to be running to waste, as if there were no one who cared for it enough to give it their attention.

From here we took horse and visited the Westover House, about two miles distant, our horseback party consisting of about thirty, among whom were Tuthill, Kemp, Spencer, Gale and Young, neither of whom had ridden on horseback for a long time, and all expected to see some ground and lofty tumbling. Much to our astonishment Young was the only one of our immediate party who made any display and he being in the rear had the sport

all to himself. He was the last one to mount his horse, the others having got well under way. At the time the General gave the word to forward, Young had got only his left foot in its place, and was about to throw his right over the saddle, when his horse wheeled and started for the cavalcade ahead. He secured his seat, but his right foot was kicking the big basket stirrup on that side, his horse unmanageable and on a keen run, and did not slacken his speed until he came up with the party, when Y. gained his stirrup, but was obliged to have a curb put on his horse in order to keep him in his place, after which he was able to keep his position in line without any difficulty. Mr. Spencer here changed his horse from the fact of his being too gay for him, his pants having an aspiring turn, already bade adieu to his boots, and *gracefully* appeared about his knees.

We soon arrived at the Westover House,* a noble old brick structure, beautifully located, about three hundred feet from the banks of the James. It was built by the British Government about two hundred years ago, for Mr. William Byrd, senior. His son (bearing the same name), whose tomb is situated in the middle of a once magnificent garden, covered with a neat looking summer house overgrown with evergreens, from the inscription on the monument, must have been a very loyal subject, and universally respected. Below we give *verbatim* the inscription on two of the four sides of the monument :

* *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1871, contains an interesting article on the Westover Estate.

The following inscription is on the front :

Here lyeth
 The Honourable WILLIAM BYRD, Esq.,
 being born to one of the amplest fortunes in this country,
 he was sent early to England for his education,
 where under the care and direction of Sir ROBERT SOUTHWELL,
 and ever favoured with his particular instructions,
 he made a happy proficiency in polite and various learning.
 By the means of the same noble friend,
 he was introduced to the acquaintance of many of the first persons of the age
 for knowledge, wit, virtue, birth, or high station,
 and particularly contracted a most intimate and bosom friendship
 with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery.
 He was called to the bar in the middle Temple.
 studied for some time in the Low Countries,
 visited the Court of France,
 and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society.

On the opposite side :

Thus eminently fitted for the service and ornament of his country,
 he was made Receiver General of his Majesty's revenues here,
 was thrice appointed public agent to the Court and Ministry of England,
 and being thirty-seven years a member,
 at last became President of the Council of this Colony.
 To all this were added a great elegance of taste and life,
 the well bred gentleman and polite companion,
 the splendid economist and prudent father of a family,
 with the constant enemy of all exorbitant power,
 and hearty friend to the liberties of his country.
Nat: March 28, 1674; *Mort:* Aug. 26, 1744; *An. Aetat* 70.

The vandals who have visited this tomb from time to time, have so defaced it by breaking off portions of it, that it seems ready to tumble from its place. Large pieces are now lying upon the ground near it, and Mr. Tuthill proposed that one of our party should carry home a piece weighing about fifteen pounds and divide it up among our curiosity seeking friends. The house is now occupied by Union refugees who have here found a temporary home, until they can return to their own, unmolested by their

former neighbors. Much of the furniture remains in the house, just as it was left by its former occupants. We observed in the large hall an old fashioned spinning wheel. In the drawing-room on the left stood a piano forte, upon which one of our lady visitors, Mrs. Angel, gave us some excellent music and favored us with a song accompanied by Dr. Thomas and Col. Angel. On the opposite side was a parlor organ, which also was made to send out its tones to edify our party.

The walls were all wooden paneled and painted, and the ceilings were frescoed in relief. The ornament over the fireplace had been torn out by one of our shot or shell, and its place supplied with rough boards. Our gun boats in passing had paid their compliments to this house also, by sending a ten inch shell through the front wall immediately below the second story window, near the east end, tearing open the wall and passing into the front chamber, where it exploded, tearing away an immense chimney and riddling the room, shattering the wall and giving it the appearance of having been visited by an earthquake. The refugees occupying this house resembled lunatics. There was a vacancy in their expression such as you commonly find in the inmates of such asylums, and they looked upon us with that vacant stare so characteristic of peaceable madmen and women. In the yard near the house sat an old negro, a perfect idiot. One of our party inquired his age. His reply was incoherent and ended with an idiotic horse laugh.

After satisfying ourselves with examining everything connected with the house and its surroundings, we again mounted our horses and proceeded to visit an old burying

ground some three hundred yards from the house, where we came upon a flock of Turkey Buzzards, the first many of our party had ever seen. These being frightened at our appearance from a repast upon the offal of a bullock which lay in the woods near the tombs, left their meal and soared above and around us with their peculiar peckery. Gen. Carr informed us they were the canary birds of the army, and their song was a short and alarming one apparently. After a short time spent in examination of the inscriptions upon the tombs, which were principally in Latin, we retraced our steps to the Landing, stopping a short time in the fortifications.

We there witnessed an artillery drill by a squad of soldiers, who went through the evolutions of loading and firing with as great regularity, precision and dispatch as though the enemy were outside our breast works, and were determined to keep them there or destroy them. After paying a parting and hasty visit to the old Harrison Mansion, our horses were put on board the Ironsides together with the ambulances. We turned our steps in that direction and soon our boat was headed for Fort Pocahontas, after having a very interesting visit in and about the vicinity of Harrison's Landing.

On our way down the river the place was pointed out to us where Gen. Grant crossed the James with his army upon a pontoon bridge on the occasion of his last visit to Gen. Lee. At the landings on each shore were still to be seen remains of a portion of the elevated trestle work upon which the bridge was laid a few rods from the water, while here and there may be seen a pontoon boat that had been rendered unfit for use by accident or design. This spot

will be pointed out to the traveler as he passes up and down the James, as one of the landmarks in the history of this rebellion in which Gen. Grant made a forward movement only to secure a victory. When once upon the track of his foe, he has never been known to turn his back upon him.

A little incident occurred just previous to our embarkation at Harrison's landing in which the Alderman played a very conspicuous part. Just before going on board of our boat a little shower came up, when our municipal friend, either from fatigue or fear of a little fresh water damaging the choicest selection of his wardrobe, sought refuge in one of the ambulances with the ladies of our party, without first obtaining an order from the commanding officer, whereupon the Provost Marshal was ordered to bring charges against said Alderman for such conduct, (Charges and specifications herewith.)

HEAD QUARTERS FLAGSHIP IRONSIDES, }
May 18th, 1865. }

GENERAL ORDER No. 101.

A general Court Martial will convene on board the Flag-ship Ironsides at 3:30 P. M. May 18th, 1865, for the trial of William Kemp, citizen of Troy, an Alderman, and President of the Board of Education of said city of Troy upon the annexed charges and specifications.

Detail for the Court :

SURGEON W. THOMAS, 38 Inf.
CAPTAIN W. S. HOWE, A. Q. M.
WILLIAM H. YOUNG, Civilian.

None other than the above named can be detailed without manifest injury to the service. Capt. W. S. Howe, A. Q. M. will act as Recorder.

By command of MAJ.-GEN. CARR.

A. W. ANGEL, A. A. A. G.

CHARGES PREFERRED AGAINST MR. KEMP, OF TROY, N. Y.
CHARGE.—Conduct unbecoming an Alderman and a Gentleman.

SPECIFICATION.—In this, that William Kemp of Troy, did intrude upon the company of ladies, by riding in an ambulance from Harrison house to the wharf. All this on or about May 18th, 1865.

JOSEPH GREEN, Provost Marshal.

MRS. CARR,	MR. GALE,	} <i>Witnesses.</i>
MRS. KEMP,	GEN. CARR,	
MRS. MORRIS,	DR. THOMAS,	
MRS. ANGEL,	QR. MASTER HOWE,	
MR. TUTHILL,	COL. ANGEL,	
MR. SPENCER,		

After hearing witnesses on both sides, the Alderman was allowed to be heard in his defence. The principal point taken by him was, that he was invited to take a seat in said ambulance by Mrs. Gen. Carr, and that under the circumstances he justified himself from the fact that Gen. Carr was absent at that moment, and he considered an invitation from Mrs. Carr as equivalent to an order from the General. After a severe reprimand from the Court he was allowed his liberty from that moment. His position at that time in the Councils of the city of Troy as chairman of the committee on Streets and Alleys was of so important a character, that they waived the punishment he so richly deserved, (drowning), and dismissed the case with a reprimand. Upon the rendition of the verdict, he manifested in a very feeling manner to all present his heartfelt thanks, after first appealing to his tearless wife for her sympathy in his trying situation.

After the court had completed their labors we had nearly reached our head quarters, where we soon disembarked and a few minutes' walk brought us to our former quarters. We then arranged our plans for the succeeding day, deciding upon a visit to Petersburg. Our orders were to be in readiness at 6 o'clock, on the following morning, (Friday 19th.) During the remain-

der of the evening, the General received several of the former residents of this vicinity, who had lately returned and taken the oath of allegiance, and wished to present their claims for their property, then in the possession of our forces, particulars of which I propose to give at length in their proper place, one of which however I will mention here as it occurred at this particular time. Two very seedy looking individuals came up to the General, one of them removing from his head what would be called a miserable apology for a hat, and requested that they might be allowed to visit the family burying ground, but a short distance from the fort through which they would be obliged to pass. The General gave them a pass, and they proceeded on their way. They had gone but a short distance when one of them turned around, and I observed the tears trickling down his sun-burned cheeks, as he turned his face again towards the hallowed ground, which had been left undisturbed by our forces.

The balance of the evening was spent by our party in writing to our friends and families, after which our exhausted bodies sought repose upon our couches, in the hope that we might be refreshed and ready for the duties and fatigues of the day following.

We arose early on Friday morning, which was bright, clear, and full of promise for a pleasant day's excursion. At 6 o'clock, precisely, we were all on board our flagship Ironsides. Capt. Howe, our Quartermaster, had attended to getting our supplies, horses and ambulances on board at an earlier hour. Our craft being headed up the James, we soon left Fort Pocahontas, with Broadway

landing for our destination. On reaching City Point we were all disappointed to see so large an amount of shipping lying at the wharves and anchored in its immediate vicinity, while the utmost activity prevailed on the part of the stevedores in loading and unloading materials for the army. Without being able to give the exact number of vessels, I should say there were from eighty to one hundred of all classes, steam-tugs, ferry-boats, ships, gunboats, schooners, brigs, and in fact every conceivable thing in the shape of a vessel could be seen from our steamer. There must have been from twenty-five to thirty locomotives on board vessels anchored in the stream, waiting their turn to proceed to the wharves and discharge their cumbrous freight, while on all sides were barges, sloops and schooners, with their decks covered with freight cars, among which Mr. Tuthill recognised quite a number that were built by Gilbert, Bush & Co., of our own city. We also saw at the Point a brig lying upon her beams ends, that had been run foul of the day before, capsized and sunk, with men at work upon her, preparatory to raising her.

Passing by City Point, our vessel turned her head from the James, and headed for Broadway Landing, situated but a few miles from City Point on the Appomattox, and after a short time we found our craft making preparations for coming to at the landing, which was not particularly interesting to us, as it appeared quite uninhabited, with the exception of a few Union soldiers and several huts. Our landing effected, orders were immediately given to disembark, and in a very short time all were on shore, Gen. Carr and staff, ladies and gentlemen,

the ladies taking their ambulances, and the gentlemen their horses. When the order came to mount, each gentleman appeared to be at once in his seat in the saddle. When the word forward was given, we all started at the usual rate, full gallop, the ambulances following, with a corps of orderlies in their rear.

We now ascended a hill, through a ravine, our horses jumping the streams and ditches, and threading our way through underbrush, until we reached a fine plateau, stretching out over a vast territory of table land for two or three miles. We then came upon what was once a beautiful forest of pine trees, but is now a wilderness of stumps, ranging from two to three feet high, through which we made our way as best we could, often being obliged to change our course to the right or left to avoid the carcasses of dead horses or mules that were scattered promiscuously along our path. On our course we were often reminded of the desolation of war, in the total destruction of fences, but a solitary one of which we observed during our whole journey of eight miles into Petersburg, (and that one was being built,) the debris of abandoned camps, little mounds designating where some poor soul had found a resting place, and been mustered out of service in this army to join the innumerable hosts that have preceded them to another and a better world. Thoughts like these would thrust themselves upon us while journeying through this field of death and destruction, marked as it was at every footstep, until some more wonderful sight impressed upon our vision the ruins that were constantly brought before us; trees cut down with shot, others so cut up that it seemed as if another bullet

could not find a resting place unless disputed by an occupant already lodged there,—broken and twisted rails, from the City Point and Petersburg railroad.

As we neared the city, Gen. Carr and party visited his bomb-proof cabin, made under ground, which was his headquarters for nearly six weeks, and where, by the light of a tallow candle, he issued his orders to his army. Part of this rude structure still remains, as he left it at the time of his advance on Petersburg.

We now ascend a little hill, and the steeples of Petersburg are plainly to be seen rising up, with a fine background. As we came up to a little old farm house, occupied by contrabands, we halted for a few moments, and indulged in the first cool and refreshing draught of well-water that we had tasted for a long time, our sable friends vying with each other in administering to our wants. The remainder of our journey was through a valley as bare of vegetation as if a fire had passed over it. Here, for the first time on our route, a solitary grave marked with a head and footboard, near a tree, met our eyes. I endeavored to read the inscription, but from my seat was unable to distinguish the letters painted upon the headboard. Passing along a short distance we came to a little stream, clear and rippling, where we halted to give our horses a hurried draught, and again we were reminded of the destructive elements of war. A foot-bridge had been made of the iron rails from the roadbed running to Petersburg just above us, five or six of which had been carefully laid abreast of each other, being just long enough to span the stream at that point.

Ascending the hill immediately in front we come upon

the direct road leading into Petersburg, just before entering upon which we pass under a beautiful and graceful iron bridge, which the railroad crosses. Passing under it, and a short distance from it we enter the outskirts of the city. Upon either side of the road are scattered the residences of the poor whites or contrabands, principally the latter. As we ride along, not a house could we discover but that had received a shot or shell, and in many instances dozens of them, through their sides or roof. We noticed one particularly, the Gas house, which the General told us had been a fine target for our guns, as it was on an elevated position. It had received many compliments, tearing it open and throwing down its massive walls, ripping up the tin roof from end to end. The trees, too, bore evidence of having stood in the way of our bullets at the time they were sent in that direction. We rode along quietly, looking at the sad havoc thus made, until our eyes grew tired of looking at the ventilated dwellings. We then turned our attention to the inhabitants, who looked upon our cavalcade as a "military necessity," and proceeded listlessly along about their calling. Now that the despised Yankee had possession of this city, the people were subdued, and like Micawber, seemed "waiting for something to turn up." At short intervals we would meet the patrol on guard, and as they recognized the stars on the General's shoulder, they would stop and present arms until he had passed, when they would resume their duties as before.

We rode through the principal streets, but saw very few ladies out, and those we did see looked as if they were not familiar with the Ladies' Book for 1865, for their

dresses and general costume looked as if they belonged to a different era.

The General and party called upon Gen. Ferraro, who entertained us at his quarters as well as circumstances would permit. They were in a very comfortable and commodious house, built of brick, and had a fine yard, in the middle of which was a two-story brick building, intended for the slaves of the family in former times, we supposed, as on examination we found quite a number of the African species assembled in and about it.

After a short time spent very pleasantly with the General, we mounted our horses again and made our way to the residence of General Potter, who was so seriously wounded at Fort Hell, near Petersburg. We found him at a fine mansion, situated in the centre of a square surrounded by beautiful shade trees. We rang the bell, which was answered by a middle-aged white lady, who informed us that the General would see us in his room. We found him sitting up in his arm-chair, very pale and weak, although gaining rapidly. He informed us he had indulged in riding out for the past two or three days, and hoped to be able to leave for New York the following week. After paying our respects to him, we proceeded to visit the rebel fortifications about the city.

Our first visit was to the mine, but a mile or so from the city. On our approach to it we passed through the rebel's camp-ground, their rifle-pits and fortifications. At this point the two armies were not more than five hundred feet distant from each other. We visited the tunnel which our men dug from their lines under and into those of the enemy. After putting in the

powder and exploding the mine, killing and wounding many of the enemy, the affair resulted in a disastrous calamity for our forces, from an order not being promptly obeyed by subordinates of our army. The opening made in the earth by that explosion I should judge to be about the size of one block in our city, although the size of the mine where the magazine was exploded was not more than twenty-five feet square. We picked up quite a number of pieces of shell, some small shot, and a few bayonets at this point, but the ground had been visited by thousands already, and all small arms and other relics had become quite scarce. There was plenty of shot and scraps of shell still to be picked up there, however, and could we have had the means of transportation at hand, we could have collected a ton in a very short time.

We visited all the works in this immediate vicinity, including the cemetery, which our forces intended to occupy immediately after the explosion of the mine, and we observed holes cut in the sides of the road where the rebels sought refuge from our shot. Riding back by another road, we beheld evidences of our well-aimed shot upon the most prominent buildings as we passed.

The most common conveyance used by the peasantry in that vicinity was the old-fashioned two-wheeled cart, drawn by as poor a lot of mules as one would wish to see, with harness that might have been made a century ago, tied together with ropes or strings as the case required, with ropes for lines, and everything connected with it of the same character. We now commenced retracing our steps, and taking a different road bade farewell to Petersburg and its ruins, first however stopping

at a house familiar to the General for a draught of well water, and then turned our horses' heads towards Broadway landing. We soon came upon a train of army wagons numbering nearly one hundred, in route for City Point, six mules in front of each, driven by a contraband without lines, but armed with a long black snake whip which they would handle with considerable skill talking in a sort of jargon to their mules. It was a sight worth seeing, to those of us who had never beheld a train of army wagons before, and who will not probably see their like again. We have looked at the pictures of an army train in the illustrated papers, but they must be seen moving to give anything like a correct idea of them. After proceeding about two miles from the city the General took us to visit another battle ground with which he was familiar, having been present during several engagements. At one time their works were but a few hundred feet from those of the enemy. On this field, which was quite near the railroad, we picked up several guns, shot, shell, bullets, and other relics. Gen. Carr called our attention to little spots all over the field where the grass had grown up quite rank and high, stating that at each of those little spots a man had fallen, and been buried there. We examined many of them. In some, the earth that had been thrown upon the remains had been washed off by the heavy rains, leaving, in many instances, whole bodies exposed to view, others only portions, but quite enough to give us a realizing sense of the horrors of war. Beside each little mound could be seen some portion of the clothing worn by him who was sleeping so unconsciously by. One we remember, whose

face was turned upwards, and whose skull was as white as alabaster, had but a few shovelfuls of dirt thrown upon the body. One shoe with the bones of the foot inside it, a few feet from the body, a flannel shirt torn and soiled, told too plainly what manner of death and burial he had received. That man had once been a little prattling boy, his mother's pride perhaps, nursed, cherished, schooled and prepared for active life. Perhaps he had died a father, and his children can never know when and where he fell. How sad, if we allow our thoughts to dwell upon the realities and vicissitudes of this life, in all its varied scenes.

While musing thus upon the battle-field, the screaming locomotive comes thundering along, and our horses prick up their ears, and we must give them our attention. We here select a few relics, and deposit them in the keeping of our orderlies, and take up our line of march for the landing, once more striking out at this place upon the road we passed over in the morning. Mr. Tuthill had abandoned his horse at Petersburg, becoming a little fatigued from the exercise, and had taken a seat in one of the ambulances with the ladies. The weather was exceedingly warm—the sun was pouring down upon us his most scorching beams, which drew upon us who were on horseback many a doubtful compliment from some of our more fortunate companions in the ambulances. We here came upon a small stream, into which we all dashed with our horses, and while refreshing them the Alderman's horse, which had been wounded in one of our engagements, feeling a little more fatigued than the rest, made a feint to lie down in the

water, and in doing so splashed the water over his neighbor, Young. Kemp at that instant observed his disposition, and giving him a hearty kick in the sides, he recovered his feet, while our whole party enjoyed a hearty laugh at the Alderman's expense.

We reached the Landing without any further incident, and at half past three o'clock we started once more, on board our flagship, for the General's headquarters at Wilson's Wharf, Fort Pocahontas, where we arrived in safety about 6 o'clock, feeling quite fatigued with our day's excursion to and from Petersburg.

On our return, Gen. Carr received orders to break up his camp at Fort Pocahontas and Harrison's Landing, and proceed to City Point to take command of that position, which interfered a little with our arrangements, as our programme was made out to visit Richmond on the day following. But the General insisted upon our making the visit as anticipated, although his late order would prevent him from accompanying the party. It was arranged, however, that Mrs. Carr should accompany us, and we were to leave in the morning for City Point, and there take the steamer for Richmond.

Early on Saturday morning the General made arrangements to visit Brandon House, on the opposite side of the river from his quarters, as we would have time to do so before the boat from the Fortress reached City Point. Accordingly after breakfast the Ironsides was called into requisition again, and we steamed across the James, and about two miles below we effected a landing near the shore, making our steamer fast to the remnants of a pier that had been burned, leaving only a few piles stand-

ing, after which we took the small boat and reached the shore.

We were conducted by the General to the broad walk leading from the river to the mansion, on both sides of which was the choicest variety of flowers, of all descriptions apparently, and in the most profuse quantities. We selected boquets from the assortment, only to cast them aside on finding others more beautiful. We reached the house, which stands about three hundred feet from the river, shaded with noble old trees, and on coming to the portico of the front door we found marks of musket shots all around the door way and against the stone steps leading to it. The front door was closed, but an orderly was sent to open it, and soon our voices were heard commenting upon the devastations that had run riot through this once happy home. The family had abandoned it, carrying off all the valuables possible, leaving much of the bulky portion on the premises, and when our soldiers visited it, they completed the work of destruction by tearing up the inside work, smashing windows, and throwing down the doors. We noticed quite a quantity of broken bottles and demijohns, which had been used for targets by our soldiers, in the wine closet, and picture frames from which the paintings had been cut standing against the walls or thrown upon the floor. In one room a large pile of papers was heaped up, and on examination we found them to be letters addressed to the Harrisons, Ritchies, and other F. F. V.'s, from which some of our relic collectors selected such as they desired, regretting that they could not take the whole collection for curiosity's sake.

After making a few selections from the other articles that were strewn upon the floors, and thoroughly examining the rooms of the mansion, we again proceeded to the garden, and there found a fine strawberry bed, where we feasted upon the choicest variety of that luscious fruit to our entire satisfaction. While thus engaged, several reports of fire-arms were heard in close proximity to us, and being informed by the General that a guerilla had been shot and left in his tracks but a few days before in this vicinity, we felt a little anxiety lest we might be exposed to the range of one of their leaden messengers. The General sent one of his orderlies to ascertain who were the parties engaged in that pastime. He soon returned and informed us that some of the men from the Ironsides had brought their own fowling pieces, and had secured some quails in the neighborhood, which quieted our fears.

Among the many varieties of fruit we found a number of fig trees, the fruit of which was about the size of robins' eggs. The magnolias were the largest specimens ever beheld by any of our party, one of which was secured by Mr. Gale, the flower measuring full ten inches across, and his only regret was that he could not preserve it in its present state until he could reach home. In the garden in the rear we observed a beautiful little rocking horse that had been thrown there by some of the vandals who had visited the place, which recalled to our mind the fact that here too, children had sported and gambolled, and we could only imagine in our minds where they had found a place free from the invaders' ruthless hands. We inquired of an old negress how

many slaves her master had on this plantation. Her reply was, "Lor, Massa! you could not count 'em in all day." It was said there was more than six miles of railway on this estate, laid down by the proprietor for the transportation of his products, and for other plantation purposes.

After luxuriating among the flowers until we became satiated, the General informed us it was time to return. We proceeded to the beach where we found three of the former slaves belonging to this estate who had returned to their former home, and were living as best they could upon the premises. They offered us some excellent butter-milk, upon which some of our party indulged, for which we tendered them some fractional currency. They looked at it again and again, turned it over and examined it carefully, when one of our company asked one of the females if she knew what it was. She replied it was money, "Yank money; we money no good; Yank money buy." Without knowing the value, not being able to read, she hid it away about her person, seemingly quite satisfied. Our sailors gave the old slaves a few loaves of bread, and we embarked again on board the Ironsides, bidding adieu to one of the loveliest spots we had visited up to this time. We soon reached our landing, and made immediate preparation to proceed to City Point to take the boat for Richmond.

We made a brief visit only at Fort Pocahontas on our return from Brandon House, and were soon on our way to City Point, which place we reached amid a violent shower in time to take the Government boat Red Jacket for Richmond.

We shortly started, our boat carrying about two hundred passengers. The first point of interest after leaving City Point was the celebrated Bermuda Hundred, and from that place to Richmond we were shown by some of the passengers particular parts of the shore and river memorable for historical events connected with the war. All along on the bluffs were formidable fortifications, many of them very prominent, others where masked batteries were planted to intercept our gunboats, while all along the shores on either side were scattered torpedoes that had been fished up and cast ashore. Here and there were visible sunken vessels lying where they were placed in the river by both armies, while at other places little flags were visible, apparently floating on the surface of the water, denoting that there torpedoes were sunk and had not yet been removed. We passed the wreck of one of their iron-clads, which had been disabled by the fire of our heavy guns, making it a complete wreck, leaving a solitary gun upon the quarter-deck, dismounted, pointing to the Northern shore. A little farther up we passed the famous Dutch Gap Canal, with its bomb-proof casemates dug in the sand all along the banks of the shore in the vicinity, (resembling swallow-holes, only on a larger scale, in some of our sand banks at the lower part of our city,) where the men engaged in digging the canal would hasten for refuge when the enemy's shell began to whistle about their ears. The opening for the canal is but two hundred and twenty feet long, and the cutting perhaps thirty feet deep. The water is about seven feet deep, and vessels drawing six feet have passed through, saving thereby seven miles of river travel. It was sug-

gested that one of Osgood's steam dredging machines should finish the job, as in a short time it would give them ten or twelve feet of water through it, and make it a permanent and serviceable canal.

A few miles further up two ocean steamers, the Jamestown and the Yorktown were sunk side by side, their paddle-wheels and walking-beams still above the water, serving as an anchorage for drift-wood only, as the channel is sufficient to admit of vessels passing by them on either side. These two vessels served as tenders to the Merrimac at the time she made a raid upon our war vessels at Newport News. As we neared Richmond, the Howlett Battery, once a very formidable one, was being dismantled and the guns placed upon schooners lying at the landing immediately below. A few rods from the battery is the Howlett house, or what remains of it; a mere skeleton, having been riddled by shot from our gunboats, the chimneys and a few upright timbers only remaining, reminding us of an airy and well ventilated building. Obstructions from this point to the city of Richmond are quite frequent, consisting of sunken vessels, and in some instances large piers filled with stone, sunk even with the water's edge are to be seen, with the current of the river rippling over them, making it at the present time difficult for pilots to attempt to pass through them, especially at night. As we approach Richmond, and but a few miles below it, a rebel ram lies upon its side, its deck, apparently made of railroad iron, presenting itself to us as we pass by, and as we are about to make our landing at the wharf, the wreck of a very large iron-clad, the Virginia, which was blown up at the time the

rebels evacuated Richmond, its hull and machinery a mass of wreck and ruin, still lies in the position left by them after the explosion. Just previous to landing, an officer recorded the names of all the passengers, place of residence, and their business to Richmond. When we came to the landing, which bears the name of "The Rocketts," we soon found our way on shore, and while waiting for the Alderman to secure us a conveyance to the hotel, an elderly contraband accosted one of our party with, "Massa, shall I tote your baggage?" to which he replied that he would "tote" his own baggage, when our sable friend retired in disgust. We had now taken Richmond in earnest, and the next thought was "What shall we do with it?" for it seemed very like an elephant, when our musings were abruptly interrupted by the appearance of the Alderman with an omnibus, or we should say, an apology for one, but we had no choice but to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and accepted the apology. It was now about six o'clock in the evening of Saturday, and as we rode along towards the hotel, objects of interest were pointed out to us by a very clever Ohio Quartermaster General. A large barge was lying in the canal, with its sign in large letters near the bow, "U. S. Sanitary Commission," its deck covered with crutches, while tin cups, blankets, boxes and barrels could be seen through its windows; then the Libby Prison with its sign painted in large letters, so that he who ran might read; Castle Thunder also bore its name in a similar-looking distinctly lettered board, both of which had been recently placed upon them. Next came the walls of the ruins of the late fire, resembling very

much that of our own great fire of May 10th, 1862, which did not attract our particular attention from the fact that we were all too familiar with such scenes. We were set down at the Spotswood House, a steel engraving of which faces the title page. This hotel was destroyed by fire on the night of Christmas, 1870, a description of which appeared in the daily papers of that date. The rooms occupied by most of our party were on the northwest corner of the fifth story. As we entered the office we could not help noticing the uniforms of the rebel and Union soldiers as they passed and re-passed, while occasionally some of them might be observed enjoying a quiet *tete-a-tete*.

After tea the gentlemen of our party proceeded to the office, where we found boys selling Confederate money put up in one hundred dollar packages, for fifty cents, or one-half cent on the dollar. We invested a few greenbacks of the fifty cent denomination, and stuffed our depleted pocketbooks with the legal-tenders of the Confederate persuasion.

Two of our party, on learning our friend Merriam's residence, started for his headquarters, and were not long in discovering his whereabouts. We found him the same jolly, good-natured, jovial individual he always appeared to be while conducting one of our city journals before the war. We found him engaged, and promising him another visit on the following morning, returned to our hotel.

We met several Trojans, some military and others civilians. The latter, like ourselves, had come to see the sights, while the former were there on duty. Mr. Gale visited the billiard saloon in the basement of the Spots-

wood Hotel, and played a couple of games with a stranger there. After he had finished playing, we asked him what they charged a game for the use of the tables, to which he replied he did not know, but referred us to the stranger, who was paying the score at the other end of the table.

After writing to our friends at home, and enclosing several hundred dollars of the rebel emission, being part of our recent purchases, we retired to our rooms, to prepare for our visit, on the following day, to the principal points of interest in and about Richmond. Our rooms were located in the first story as we descend from the balcony on the roof.

In the morning we arose quite refreshed, and after having secured our breakfast, began our observations. The first thing that attracted our attention was the absence of glass from every window sash in the house, and the besmeared and blackened appearance of the walls throughout the entire building. Upon inquiry we learned that at the time of the blowing up of the rebel rams, and the explosion of the ammunition at the State Armory and elsewhere in and about the city, hardly a house escaped having the glass in its windows more or less shattered. What astonished us more than all was that up to the present time there was not a box of glass to be had in all the city. The consequence was that with every driving storm the rain would beat into the rooms thus exposed, and the halls and rooms would be flooded with water, which would soak through the floors and ceilings, giving them the appearance referred to.

We now set out, and our first visit was to the late

rebel Capitol, which we approached through the side gate. Just as you enter between the gate and the State House, is Crawford's statue of Washington, which is said to be thirty feet in height, and is pronounced the finest equestrian statue in this country. Washington is seated on his horse, facing the south, his left hand grasping the reins, his right arm extended, pointing to the south. Immediately beneath the statue and surrounding it, are six pedestals, three of which are occupied respectively by statues of Patrick Henry, Mason and Jefferson; the other three would have been occupied, we presume, had the rebels been successful, by Jeff. Davis and some of his cotemporaries. At a short distance, and in the same grounds, is a life-size, full-length, white marble statue of Henry Clay, enclosed in an iron railing, covered over with a circular roof to protect it from the weather. It is an excellent likeness of the original, but looks a little antiquated, dressed as it is in a swallow-tailed coat. The right hand of the statue is minus one finger.

We then visited the State House, lately used by the rebel Senators and Representatives as the capitol of the so-called Confederate States of America. We approach it by a flight of stone steps, in front of which is stationed a guard of soldiers. As we reached the landing, our eyes beheld one of the dirtiest looking halls we ever entered. Confusion worse confounded presented itself. We made our way through the crowd to the hall of the House of Representatives, and here the climax of poverty in regard to furniture and carpets was to be seen. We were informed that everything remained just as it was left by the rebels with the exception of the Speaker's chair,

which had been divested of its covering by the curious, and now presented a dismal looking mass of curled hair. One of our party seated himself upon its ruins, and while there secured *a lock of the hair* from beneath it, which he managed to secrete in one of his capacious pockets. Any attempt to describe the utterly dilapidated appearance of the hall would be futile. It must be seen to be appreciated. The Senate Chamber was closed to visitors. We were allowed, however, to look through the sash, and see it just as it was left by that body at the time they evacuated it. We observed in the halls several cases of paper of English manufacture, some of which were opened, which furnished us evidence of British neutrality.

After doing the State House, we next proceeded to the quarters of the "Herald" establishment, presided over by our townsman, Major Wm. H. Merriam, and his faithful dog Pepper. The Major received us with that cordiality for which he is justly celebrated by all his friends who have paid him a visit. He kindly proposed to furnish us with ambulances, with which we might visit the most important localities in and about the city. After an hour or more spent in listening to his hair-breadth escapes and humorous as well as instructive conversation, our ambulances came up to the door, and we set out upon our explorations.

Our first visit was to the notorious Castle Thunder, where so many of our prisoners were crowded into dark and damp dungeons, to starve and die by slow torture and cruelty at the hands of their keepers, and at the instance and with the knowledge of the rebel authorities.

We gave this building but a hurried and cursory examination, it being occupied by but few prisoners and these were principally deserters and bounty-jumpers from our own army. In one room we observed shackles, handcuffs, and balls and chains, used by the rebels upon some of our men while confined there, which made our blood curdle in our veins to behold.

From there we visited the loathsome Libby Prison, which at this time contained but two prisoners, Colonels Ould and Hatch of the rebel army. The crime for which they were incarcerated was that of robbing our prisoners of money and clothing sent to them by their northern friends, while confined there. The money they appropriated to their own use, and the clothing and articles of food were either sold or given to the rebel commissioners for their own half-starved army. They occupied a large room in the third story, and by peering through a crack in their door, and sticking our finger through the paper they had placed against it, we could see them in a reclining position, reading, unconscious that we were looking at them. On entering this prison we were told by the guard that we could not visit certain portions of it, which only increased our desire to do so, and here again the Alderman, who never despaired of accomplishing his purpose when he once set about it in earnest, suborned a sergeant, and *invited* him to go through the building and point out to us all its wonders, of which we had heard and desired to see. He accordingly went with us through the building, and showed us, in the cellar, where Col. Straight and about one hundred others escaped through the wall, and then under the

street into an adjoining yard, by the way of their tunnel, made during many a long and tedious night. On the same floor was the cell of the notorious Dick Turner, the turnkey of the Libby, who it is said by some escaped through the window of his cell by removing one of the perpendicular iron rods that were in front of it. Some, however, assert, with a knowing leer, that he will never be heard of again. He is gone, at all events, and his bedding and part of his clothing still remain on the floor, just as he left it at the time of his departure. The floor of this cellar is paved with cobble stone, and the dirt removed from the tunnel made by Col. Straight and his party, had been carefully scattered over its surface and trampled down so as not to excite the suspicion of the guard. It was ingeniously planned and successfully carried out, as the accounts of it published at the time fully show. The only comfortable article of necessity in the whole building was a plentiful supply of water, everything else being of the most disgusting character.

Our authorities were engaged in cleaning the building from cellar to garret, and such a mass of filth as was heaped up on the street in front of this building was sickening to both sight and smell, remnants of old clothing, shoes and rags forming a large proportion. In the building were scores of Union soldiers, visiting it, and a large majority of them were engaged in splitting off from the doors or the upright posts supporting the floors large pieces of them as relics from their once prison home. We were shown a place where one of our own soldiers was confined for nearly a year; it was under a small stairway, where the ceiling was so low that he

could not stand upright. We secured, by the aid of a soldier's jack-knife, a piece of the door leading to this cell, and before we left the building the entire door was thrown down, and was being divided among the eager chip-hunters. We were fortunate in securing the services of the Sergeant, for we were enabled to visit the entire building, with the exception of the room occupied by Colonels Ould and Hatch. On our departure we thanked our worthy cicerone, and we saw one of our party showing him some of our new currency, leaving him to examine it at his leisure.

Our next visit was to the recent residence of the late President of the Confederate States of America, at present the headquarters of General Halleck. On entering, we were told by the Sergeant stationed at the door that we could only visit the reception rooms of the late President, and that we must not go upon the back piazza. We walked into the main room, so recently occupied by Jeff. Davis, President, and which was in the same state as left by him, the furniture the same precisely. We sat in his chairs, lounged on his sofas, and viewed our noble selves in the same mirror on the chimney piece. The furniture was covered with rich brocatelle, but in other respects everything was of a plain, substantial character. We *looked* out upon the piazza and into the garden, but saw nothing to warrant their forbidding us to *put our foot into it*.

Here President Lincoln held his levee while on his visit to this place, which brought to our minds the fears entertained at that time of the possibility of his assassination before he left, fears which found their fulfillment

in his assassination soon after reaching his home in Washington.

From this point we visited the cemetery, very pleasantly located, on the outskirts of the city. No carriages were allowed in the grounds, unless on funeral occasions, so we left our ambulances and strolled about the walks. We came across the tomb of President Monroe, which was by far the most elaborate tomb we saw in the grounds. A little to the right was the resting place of John Tyler, of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" fame. No tomb or head stone marks the spot where rests the remains of the former President. It is distinguished by a deal board fence, painted white, enclosing a single grave, and is pointed out to strangers as the grave of John Tyler. In this enclosure there is a solitary rose bush, bearing a green rose, and one of our party secured one full blown from it, as the first of the kind he had ever seen.

From this point we have a good view of Manchester, on the opposite side of the river, now only accessible from this side by a pontoon bridge, the long bridge having been burned at the time of the evacuation by Lee's army. The piers alone are standing, monuments of the ungratefulness of their own people.

Belle Isle, another slaughter-pen of Union prisoners, lies out before us, near the middle of which is a white board fence, enclosing perhaps an acre of ground, where so many of our brave soldiers found a resting-place, being released by death from the terrible sufferings endured at that place.

We retrace our steps, again take our ambulances, and ride down towards the Tredegar Iron Works, of which

we heard so much in connection with the manufacture of munitions of war for the rebels, which remain unharmed, and appear to be very fine and substantial buildings.

Immediately north of these works are seen the ruins of the Virginia State Armory, which resembled somewhat the ruins of the Union Depot after our great fire of May, 1862, covering about the same space. At the time it was fired, it was filled with ammunition, and its bursting shells filled the inhabitants with terror, as explosion followed explosion in rapid succession. Just before the rebellion broke out, the Meneely Brothers hung a large bell in the tower of this building, and one of them informed us that up to the present time they had not received its equivalent from these high-toned chivalrous F. F. V.'s.

We now proceeded to take a look at some of the prominent residences, and rode through the principal streets. We passed by the house occupied by Gen. Lee, and here we will merely mention that our ladies occupied the handsome ambulance formerly owned by the General, which was captured at the time of his surrender, and is now in the possession of our officers and used for their benefit.

We now left our ladies at the hotel, and proceeded to Major Merriam's headquarters, to thank him for his kindness and deliver up our ambulances. We learned he had just retired for his usual nap about this time in the day, so we wended our way back to the hotel, having finished Richmond in the short space of a few hours.

While waiting in the office of the hotel, Mr. Gale was accosted by the son of a former postmaster of Troy. Recognizing Mr. Gale, he introduced himself, and was

in turn introduced to other members of our party. He informed us that he had been in the rebel service ever since the rebellion broke out, in some capacity or other, and his full suit of gray uniform was evidence enough that he had recently been engaged in some position in their service. In alluding to the war he invariably used the terms, "your army," and "our army," showing to us conclusively that his sympathies were still with the subjugated and whipped section. We became disgusted with his conversation, and two of us left him abruptly for the tea-table, which was ready for us. We did not mince our words when talking to the rebels whom we met, but were as free in the expression of our views as if we had been in the streets of Troy, and without the least apprehension on our part of being garroted or disturbed by them. We could not help thinking how different would have been our case had we used such expressions a short month previous.

Mr. Spencer visited the Zion M. E. Church in the evening, unaccompanied by any of our party, and his description of what he saw, which is given below, is worthy of a place in this connection in our journal.

Much had been said during the rebellion on the matter of "firing the Southern heart." This was specially the case after some important Union victory on the field, or when it was apparent that "the cause" was losing ground in the esteem of their own people. Then it was that the leaders saw the necessity of fanning the flame by appealing to the passions to keep up the hot blood of rebellion. In Richmond, the place of meeting generally selected for this purpose was the Zion Methodist Episcopal African

Church. So frequently had reports of meetings of this nature been made in our Northern papers, that it had been almost impressed on the mind that this particular church contained in itself some electrical power to "fire the heart." It was proposed, therefore, by some of our party, on Sabbath morning, that in the evening we attend service in this famous place. As the day advanced, however, other and more important matters presented themselves, so that this was forgotten. When the hour for starting arrived, Mr. Spencer endeavored to find some who were ready to go. Only the Alderman could be found, and he was so pleasantly engaged in conversation with the ladies in the parlor that it seemed ungallant to interrupt the meeting. Mr. Spencer, however, resolved to start out alone; but where to find the place, or in what direction to go, he was utterly at a loss to know. Not one out of the many applied to at the Spotswood were able or willing to give the information. Not being disposed to give up the project, he started out.

After going a short distance, he met a couple of colored women, mother and daughter, of whom he made inquiries. It was really amusing to see, even in these women, the apparent simple ignorance of everything asked of them, until they had satisfied themselves that it was friends with whom they were talking. Satisfied of this, they would suddenly discover that they knew all about what you asked. "Lor' a bless your soul, massa! yes," they would exclaim, and then answer your question. It was so amusing, that before he reached the church he interrogated a number of colored people, old and young, whom he met, and in every instance the same kind of

shrewdness was manifested. The church was quite a long distance from the hotel, but was finally reached, and then for the first time the thought of getting back home safely after the service, occurred. There were strong indications of rain, and the whole atmosphere foretold a severe storm. After the great effort made to see this famous place, Mr. Spencer determined also to witness the services of the evening.

The edifice is large, built in the form of a cross, with a deep gallery, and altogether capable of seating a large congregation. The place was well filled, principally of course with colored people, but quite a number of Union soldiers came in and took seats in different parts of the house. Everything was conducted with the utmost decorum. A minister from Maryland, who was totally blind, preached. He went through the form of reading the Scriptures and giving out the hymns, as though he had perfect eyesight. The sermon was, so far as theology was concerned, quite deep and profound, so much so that at least one of the audience was quite at a loss to comprehend it. His counsel to his colored brethren, however, more than made up for what was dark in theology. He spoke of the changed condition of their relation to society; how they were now thrown upon their own resources; what were their privileges, and what the country would expect of them; advising them, first of all, to be loyal to their country, peaceful towards all, industrious and temperate in their habits, and strive for improvement in intellectual attainments, so that the time for their elevation as citizens might not be far distant. The entire services were interesting, and the singing particularly fine.

Being seated near the door, Mr. Spencer was for some time annoyed by a low whispering behind him, and becoming tired of it, turned to ascertain what was the cause. There sat two fine looking contrabands, one of whom it appeared, by his own engagement, was to have been married *that* evening, the second Sunday in the month, but he himself thought the next Sabbath was the appointed time, until corrected by his friend. This was the cause of the dispute. Appealing to a third person for a decision as to the date of the month, &c., it was decided against him, when the poor fellow seemed completely cast down ;—what would his betrothed think of him ?

The sermon being finished, and there being unmistakable indications that the storm was about to fall, Mr. Spencer thought it best to make his way back to the hotel. On gaining the street a darkness indescribable was found to exist. After leaving the church, not a light was to be seen, and not knowing the way, he was obliged to stop and wait for a flash of lightning to be guided a few steps, and then wait a repetition. Owing to the deep darkness, and an utter ignorance of the streets, he wandered quite out of the way, which was not pleasant, especially when the fact was recalled to mind that it was not an unfrequent thing to see reported a dead Yankee's being found in the streets in the morning. Two things, however, quieted his fears in a measure ; first, that it was so dark that he could not well be told from a first-rate rebel, and second, he was well armed with a good revolver, (the revolver being safely stowed away in a carpet bag at the hotel.) The Spotswood was safely reached

at last, and if ever there was inward rejoicing, it was in this case.

Soon after tea we repaired to our rooms, where we spent the evening in writing home, and preparing for an early start for Wilson's Landing. At four o'clock on the following morning we were awakened by the servant, for the boat, and we prepared to bid adieu to the late rebel Capital. At six o'clock we were at the Rocketts again, and here in a rain storm we were obliged to pass through the Provost Marshal's office and register our names and places of residence; after which, passing through a side door, we found ourselves upon a wharf leading to the steamer. While passing along towards the City Point boat, one of the crew of the Ironsides hailed us, saying the General had sent her up for us. We had just time to get Mr. Tuthill from the other boat before she left. We then proceeded on board the Ironsides, with our faithful Captain Vanderveer, and all felt as if we were at home again. We started at once, passing down the James, and re-viewing the obstructions with eager interest. We reached Wilson's Wharf in time for dinner, for which we were all prepared. After dinner, General Carr, Mr. Gale, Mr. Kemp and the ladies, took the ambulances and rode over to and around the fort, while Tuthill and Young retired for a little rest, both being very much fatigued.

Here I propose to relate a few incidents that occurred at the General's headquarters at different times during our visit, which were so different from the ordinary business transactions of civil life, that it may be interesting

to recall them. At one time, a lady, her daughter, and a colored servant once their slave, came to the General to reclaim a mule, which our forces had confiscated on one of their raids. The first question asked her by the General was, "have you taken the oath of allegiance?" to which she replied that she had not. The General, pointing to the Provost Marshal's office, informed her that it would be necessary to take the oath before he could do anything towards restoring her mule, stating at the same time that she was not obliged to do so—that the act was voluntary. She stepped aside with her daughter, and they discussed the subject by themselves, and started for the Provost Marshal's office. In a few moments they returned with the necessary paper, and the mother said she would now take the mule, when the General asked her if she had taken the oath; she said her daughter had, but the General informed her it would be necessary for *her* to take it, as she claimed the mule, and she could not have it unless she did. Another *tete à tete* between mother and daughter, and off they started a second time for the Provost Marshal. During all this parleying the colored girl stood near the stoop apparently extremely pleased at her own thoughts, when Mr. Kemp asked her name. She replied "Sara Ann." He remarked that she seemed pleased at something she saw or heard, and inquired what it was. "Lor, Massa, I was tinkering what a bitter pill it was for ole Missus to take dat oat, for oh, how Missus hates dat oat, and I'se so glad she has got to take it," and then she smiled audibly, *a la* African, in which we all joined. And now "ole Missus" came back armed with the paper she so dreaded to execute, but

it was mule or no mule, and she thus secured him. That lady was the owner of sixteen hundred acres of land in that vicinity, and when she came into the General's quarters she brought one dozen eggs, and wished to exchange them for twenty-five cents worth of sugar, which exchange she effected with Mrs. Carr, and when about to leave she asked the General if he had an old coffee-pot about his quarters that he would give her. Such is the case with most of those residing in that vicinity, arising from their secession proclivities. At another time an old white-haired man, Mr. Ferguson, came to see the General in relation to a silver communion service, which he had understood the General had possession of, and which he wished to reclaim for the Parish of Westover. Gen. Carr had learned but a few weeks before that one of the captains in his camp was using a silver goblet he had obtained of a contraband for drinking his whiskey from, and immediately ordered the captain to send it to him, which order was duly complied with, when it was found to be part of the communion plate formerly used by Westover Parish. The General informed some of the neighbors that he had such pieces of silver-ware in his possession, and this old gentleman came to ascertain if it was the property of his Parish. It was brought out and shown him, when he grasped the goblet, at once recognizing it, saying at the same time that he had often prayed that he might once more grasp the sacred emblem, and restore it to the parish, as it was placed in his keeping at the time he felt it his duty to fly from our approaching army. He said the clergyman of the parish called upon him with the vessels, and stated

that he was about to leave for Richmond, and wished him to take charge of them until such time as they could be restored to their proper place, upon the restoration of peace. He at first declined to accept the trust, but upon being persistently pressed, he finally agreed to do the best he could. He immediately went out to his barn with them, put them up in a box securely, as he thought, and placed the box in a hole dug under the barn, and left them there, fervently praying they might one day be restored to their former place. Soon after this occurred he was arrested by the Union forces, and sent to Point Lookout, for his rebel proclivities. There he remained nearly a year, as a prisoner, and he said that during the whole time he was in our hands he was kindly treated, and when he was allowed to leave for his home, had it not been for his *six motherless daughters* who needed his care, he would have regretted leaving so comfortable a home and so many pleasant acquaintances as he had made. We each examined the service, comprising but two pieces, and on each piece we found engraved, in plain letters, of the old style: "Presented to the Parish of Westover by Colonel Frans' Lightfoot, 1727." They were of solid silver, the goblet being ten or twelve inches high, and the plate about eight inches in diameter. He appeared wonderfully pleased upon obtaining possession of them again, and was profuse in his thanks to the General for their preservation and restoration.

As it had now become generally known among the inhabitants in that immediate vicinity that the General and his army were about to evacuate this post, they came flocking in to see him, with claims for their property held

by him and his officers. Some with claims for furniture, bedding, horses, mules, carts, and indeed everything that had been gobbled up by our army as they passed over the country. One of the officers had a piano in his quarters; that, too, had its claimant. The Quartermaster had a fine little blood horse, that he had secured and used for his own purposes, and had him well cared for, so that it had become quite a pet of his. One evening a long, lank, whiskey-visaged individual, wearing a very coarse straw hat, came into camp, stating that he had a claim for a horse that formerly belonged to him, and that he wished to prove the property and reclaim him. The General told him to describe the horse, stating his age and all he knew about him, which description was something like this: he was nine years old, of a dark bay color, with an imperfection in one eye, and was a little vicious withal. The only horse in camp that answered to his description was the one referred to above, of the Quartermaster's. So he was sent for, and brought up before the General's quarters, when an old contraband was called upon to state the age and qualities of the animal. He gave his age as seven years; was told to look again, which he did, and gave the same answer. He was then asked which eye was injured or imperfect. He grasped the horse by the nostrils, looked him steadily in one eye, and passed his clenched fist near it, opening his hand just as he passed it by the eye. The same operation was performed with the other eye, when he pronounced him sound on the eye in all respects, the claimant all the while gaping and listening, with an occasional wag of his head. The General weighed the testimony in his mind, and

decided that this was not his horse, and ordered him back to the stables, while the claimant went away, muttering to himself and friend that that was *his horse* anyhow.

Such was the character of many of the claims that now poured in upon General Carr; he decided their cases promptly, and if the evidence was conclusive, and they had taken the prescribed oath, their property was immediately handed over to them.

We now began our preparations for our departure and on Tuesday morning we gathered our relics together in the Quartermaster's quarters, consisting of old muskets, shot and pieces of shell, bayonets, and such other relics as we had collected, and piling them together in a heap, the General ordered a box made large enough to contain the whole of them, which after being packed and secured with iron straps, was forwarded by express to one of our party at Troy.

The General had telegraphed, the evening before, for the City Point boat to stop at Fort Pocahontas for us on her way down to Fortress Monroe, on Tuesday morning. The telegraphing was by means of the army signals, which is done during the day by the use of a flag, and at night with a flaming torch. The distance from this Fort to City Point was about thirty miles, and in order to have the line of communication complete, Gen. Butler had caused the trees on the direct line to be cut away so as not to interfere with the signals. Viewing, from the top of the tower at the Fort, the line thus cut through the woods, (which is about four miles long,) it had the appearance of a canal, and seemed as straight as a line could be drawn, and apparently fifty feet wide, although

it must have been twice and perhaps three times that width.

We had hardly finished packing our box, when we were notified that the boat was in sight that was to break up our visit with the General and his family, civil and military. We lost no time in wending our way to the landing, and stepping on board the faithful Ironsides we put out into the stream. Meeting the boat there we transferred ourselves and baggage on board, in a very short time, bidding our friends a reluctant good-bye, and in a few minutes we left Wilson's Landing behind us, never more to see it again with that company, in all human probability. The General's dog, Molly, accompanied us on the Ironsides, and as soon as the boats came together, jumped on board the Fortress Monroe boat, and it was with some difficulty that it was secured and returned again, and then only at the last moment.

We found the officers of the boat very gentlemanly, and we were provided with good accommodations. The day was beautiful, and we amused ourselves with viewing again the peculiar localities along the river, made memorable by their former history and their connection with recent events during the war. We reached Fortress Monroe about 4 o'clock, where we were told we would have to wait from one to two hours for the boat from Norfolk for Baltimore. So we passed on shore, and there we learned that Jeff. Davis had arrived only the day before, and was at that time safely ensconced in a casemate of the Fort. We visited the Fort only so far as to look into the moat, about thirty feet wide and some twelve feet deep, immediately in front of the angular wall, where,

upon the outer end of a bridge leading to a sally-port was stationed a guard whose instructions were not to let any person enter without a proper pass from the commanding officer. Not having the necessary document at our disposal, we retraced our steps in search of some strawberries, which we were not long in procuring from an old Amazonian wench, who supplied us with a saucer of cream and berries, for twenty-five cents each, which were despatched in a hurry. She gave us a vivid description of Jeff. Davis's march from the river to the Fortress, through the principal thoroughfare, with a chuck-chuck-chuck, as she described it, suiting the action to the word.

After examining the main stores on the wharf, and taking a hasty survey of the vicinity, we made our way to the landing, and in a few minutes the steamer from Norfolk was reported in sight, and shortly after arrived. We were not long in finding our way on board, and the Alderman proceeded at once to the Captain's office to secure staterooms for our party, which proved to be a more difficult matter than was anticipated. They were secured, however, and our party were under many obligations to the perseverance of the Alderman for his success in obtaining them, for it is doubtful whether another one of the party would have succeeded as well as he did, in securing rooms for us all.

After securing our tea, which was the next thing in order, we found it was becoming dark and we were well on our way up the bay for Baltimore. We all sought our staterooms at an early hour, and awoke on Wednesday morning at the Baltimore wharf.

Here it was decided our party should *disband*, or in

other words separate, as Messrs. Gale and Young determined to visit Washington and witness the grand review of Sherman's army which was to take place that day, while the rest of the party would spend part of the day in Baltimore, and visit Philadelphia in the evening.

Messrs. Gale and Young proceeded to the Eutaw House, got their breakfast and took the early train for Washington, arriving there about nine o'clock. Much to their surprise, they found that the head of the column, with General Sherman, had commenced moving at eight o'clock and had consequently reached a point outside the city. It is useless here to attempt a description of the remainder of the fifty thousand men that passed up the avenue. Suffice it to say that from eight o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon it had not all passed any one given point, and they were still coming when we took the cars for Baltimore at that time, for we were satisfied that Washington was no place for us to stop in, hungry and weary as we were. Sullivan's Band, of our own city, was among and a part of the procession on that occasion.

We reached Baltimore in time to take the night train of the same day (Wednesday), for New York, and having secured a good meal near the depot, we took our seats in the cars, and made preparations for a night's lodging under weary circumstances.

We omitted to mention that we visited the Capitol at Washington; it being our first visit to that memorable city, we of course could not leave it until we had paid our respects to that wonderful piece of architecture. We had formed some idea of the magnificence of the build-

ing, but we never read any description that gave us an idea of the wonderful structure, or that would compare with our observations of it. Its marble halls and staircases surpassed anything that we had ever conceived of. The Rotunda, with its historical paintings, and dome still in an unfinished state, was marvellous in our eyes. In fact we were lost in admiration of its grandeur, and we left it, promising ourselves another visit at a time when we could devote more leisure to its examination.

We reached New York about six o'clock on Thursday morning, after a night of very questionable rest, and at once proceeded to take the cars for our homes.

In due time our whole party reached their homes in safety, and many a time and oft have we met and recalled the pleasant visit on the James, so full of incident and interest, never to be forgotten by us, but ever alluded to as an excursion for which we all feel greatly indebted to our fellow citizen, General Carr, and his estimable lady.



Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
Library