

Matthew Baird Civil War Journal

Stevensburg, Va, February 22, '64 – My dear brother; since the army began to move in last June, I have kept a diary and as it will be somewhat difficult for me to carry it with me, I will copy it and send it to you and you may preserve it for me until my return. I would send you the original but it was mostly written with pencil and a great deal of it is so nearly erased that you would not make it out. I shall make a few alterations in it though I shall give it almost entire. I could not write very extensively, but still it will give you quite an idea of what soldiers have to endure. My diary will commence the 25th of last June, and continue up to this present time. The 24th of last March on the 6th Mich. Calvary was ordered to the front and consequently we had to break camp, quitt our comfortable quarters and thenceforth lead in every sense of the word a soldier's life.

Our first camp pitched this side of the Potomac was established about a half mile south of Fairfax CH on the turnpike leading from Alexandria to Aldie, Middleburg, Upperville, and so on through the Blue Ridge Mts. At Smoker's Gap in through the Shenandoah Valley. At Fairfax our regiment was brigaded with the 1st, 5th, and 7th Mich. Calvary and Col. Copeland of the 5th was promoted to Brigadier General and appointed to the command of the Michigan Brigade and the whole was united to Gen. Sthall's Division which formed a portion of the forest designated as the "defense of Washington" under command of Gen. Heintzleman. The 7th regt. did not join the brigade however until some time after we had been at Fairfax. The first movement the 6th was engaged in, was a raid to Vienna and a most disagreeable time we had of it. The picket line there, it was reported, had been attacked by Moseby's guerrillas and we were ordered out to their support. We arrived there in the night, found everything quiet, but throughout the next day (about the 30th of March) which was very stormy, we kept up a strong line and a vigilant watch, and just at night returned to camp at Fairfax. Mind you all this time we were without rations, blankets, or

anything to make us comfortable, and as you may suppose, when we returned to camp, we were, men and horses, a sorry looking set. However, we bore it cheerfully, and the 4th of April, we started out on a raid to Aldie. This was a fruitless move as far as I could see and the next day we returned to camp with this result: weary men and tired horses. About the 7th of April another raid was planed (sic) and the whole brigade left camp around 9 o'clock in the evening. It was long past midnight when we arrived at Aldie where we halted and threw out pickets and scouting parties, the main portion of the brigade dismounting and building fires. Lt. Pendill with about 20 men was sent out on the road to Middleburg to reconnoiter. We went as far as the outskirts of the town, and finding no emeny (sic) we returned to the regiment just about daylight. As soon as day had fairly broke, we were again on the move, and by 7 o'clock we were charging into town but the reb's (sic) had, of course, got wind of our approach, and saved themselves by flight. We pushed on to a small stream called Goose Creek about three miles distant from Middleburg. Five men had been sent out in the advance and running onto a few rebs they charged them. One of them was killed and one or two wounded. These men belonged to Company "C". At Goose Creek Companys K and "G" were left to hold a bridge while the rest of the regiment operated at various points. But we saw only a few rebels and just at night. The regiment joined a brigade at Middleburg, and the whole body moved back towards Aldie. The road at Aldie crosses a point of the Bull Run Mts. And just there we were struck by one of the most severe snowstorms I ever experienced. It came full into our faces and when we dismounted at Aldie the snow was full three or four inches deep. Fortunately Company K did not have to go out, and as soon as we could, my chum (Billy Gordon) and myself, built a little fire scraped away the snow and laying our blankets on the cold damp ground retired for the night. And here, speaking of Mr. Gordon, I will say he was one of the most cheerful men I ever saw. He was the life and wit of Company K,

and his lively sallies often raised a shout from one end of the column to the other. On the night of which I speak, Billy was very unwell, and so covering and snugly tucking the blankets around him I lay down beside him and slept soundly until morning. But to continue, it was ten o'clock the next morning before we left Aldie. Fortunately the weather had moderated and as we had a good pike to march on we were all right when we got into camp. We immediately set about making our quarters as comfortable as possible, splitting up puncheon and laying floors for horses. By the tenth we had all pretty much completed, when hurrah for the picket line was decried. Of course we had to break camp once more and pitched our tents that night on what was called "the Fox farm". The line which was the 6th was appointed to picket extended from Hookers Mill on Difficult Creek through, by way of the Chantilly battleground to Centreville. My first turn on picket was on a post near Centreville where I wrote my "union picket". From this time up to the moving of the army in June we had various adventures, and plenty of experience. We were generally on the picket line from three to four days, and seldom in camp more than 48 hours and sometimes not more than 24. Each company had so much of a line to picket and were relieved from the regiments alternately. The most important movement in which the 6th was engaged while lying at Foxes Farm was a chase after Moseby about the 4th of June. We were called out by daylight and ordered to saddle and before we had time to get breakfast we mounted and the column moved out. As we crossed the picket line at what was called "the Lawyer's Road" we passed the dead carcass(sic) of a horse, the work of Moseby the night before. The column pushed on until(sic) we had arrived at a section of the country called the "frying pan", where we halted, and the commander of the regiment with only one or two men proceeded to a house near half a mile distant, and while he was absent the rear guard was attacked by Moseby himself and banned. Strange to say our force was as little known to them, until their

assault, as their presence was known to us, although we were looking for them. About one hundred shots were exchanged but before the column could be got into position Moseby was out of the way, for mind you he didn't stop to fight us after he learned our strength. The result of this brush was one or two wounded on our side several wounded on the rebel with some horses killed. We should and would have killed or captured Moseby and nearly all his gang, but our commanding officer simply "caved", and Moseby was suffered to make his escape. We got his surgeon, however, but he carried off nine of our men to balance (sic) us. Our failure in this affair was not the fault of the men, for every man was in his place, and of course it could be laid to no one but the officer in charge. We followed on the trail of Moseby very slowly and although his horse was badly wounded he continued to make his escape complete. We were joined at Drainsville, by Company "G", which had been sent out on another route and returned to camp about dark, tired and hungry. Company "K" was sent out on two different scouts afterwards, once about the fifteenth of June. Lt. Tindall with 20 men was sent out on the Alexandria to Leesburg Turnpike a distance from camp of about 25 miles. We charged boldly into Leesburg taking the people by surprise, for it was minus rebel soldiers. Captured several horses and mules and returned to camp, with one or two adventures I have time to mention. By the twentieth June the hill and fields around Fairfax and Centreville were white with canvass, and our brigade was relieved from the picket line and sent out with rest of the division, on a raid to reconnaissance as far as the Rappahannock by way of Warrenton and Bealton Station, and when we returned to Fairfax the 24th we found everything moving. So, of course, we received orders to pack up and make ready from an active campaign. From that up to this we have been identified with the "army of the Potomac", and here begins my diary. June 25, 1863. Today new scenes open up before us. The enemy is on the move and the "army of the Potomac" must move also, to

checkmate him. This morning we were early called from our slumbers, and arose to find that the hills that only yesterday were covered with canvas, are now bare, showing plainly the scars that only an army on the move can leave. We broke camp at 8 o'clock this morning and took up the line of march, our destination being Maryland. The 6th Michigan was detached to act as rearguard to the wagon train, and consequently our progress was slow and tedious. We got along well, however, as the weather was very fine, till 4 o'clock p.m. when a heavy drizzling rain, rendering our ride disagreeable enough. We struck the Alexandria and Leesburg Pike near Drainsville, and from the point until we reached the river the road was good. We reached and crossed the Potomac River, about 8 o'clock p.m. at Edwards Ferry. We were necessarily detained some time in crossing as our force was large, for we had left the train at the pike, some two miles back from the river, and joined the main body of the division. We got over safely, however, and with but little difficulty, and as we were all tired and hungry and our animals very much jaded, we hoped to pause here for the night. But our hopes proved only a delusion. The storm continued with unabated violence, and as the night grew on the air grew colder. We continued our march towards Poolesville, where the head of the column rested rested (sic). By some means our regiment, as it was in the rear, lost its way in the dark and storm, wondering and floundering among the hills and the gullies it was near midnight when we joined the rest of the troops at Poolesville. Overcome with the unusual (sic) task of the day, it was impossible for me to keep my eyes open, and before our column had halted I had indulged in quite a number of cat naps and several times fancied that I was in dreamland. My horse went as he pleased and where he pleased, and it was with some difficulty that I found my company, when the regiment stopped. As soon as I had found my company I unsaddled my poor horse, fed him half the grain I had (for every man on a march has to carry at least one day's ration of grain with him) and spreading a

blanket at the roots of a large tree and wrapping my overcoat and a talma (rubber blanket) about me I lay down and soon fell into a good sound sleep, forgetting all the fatigues of the past day and thoughtless of the toils ahead. 26. Notwithstanding the fatigues of yesterday I awoke early. Felt very much refreshed. The storm had ceased, but there were heavy black clouds overhead and plenty of mud and surplus water underfoot. My first attention was paid to my horse, by giving him the remainder of the oats, and the next was to prepare a little coffee for myself. But on looking for the little pail I usually cooked coffee in, I found that someone had borrowed it and had forgotten to return it, so I had to content myself with a little raw pork and hard bread. We were in the saddle early, marching on toward Frederic (sic) City, which place we reached about 12 m. I shall never forget the surprise with which I was struck as we approached this truly beautiful place. Since morning we had been passing over a very ordinary country, but poorly cultivated, and abounding in rocks and gullies. Frederick City is situated in Frederick Country, and in the most the most (sic) delightful valley it has ever been my lot to cast eyes on. The valley is formed by ranges of high hills that jut or branch out from the Blue Ridge Mts. and is of several miles in extent. We entered the town from the southeast over a mass of rocks and earth which though only a mile from the place, hid it from our view untill (sic) we had arrived at the very crest. Then opened before us a scene that defies description. The whole valley had the appearance of one vast garden conducted on a large scale. The wheat (and such broad fields) had just assumed its golden hue, and stood high above the solid stone fences that enclosed the fields, waving, as it were, a happy welcome to the reaper and his sickle. Contrasted with this were the broad acres of meadow with its rich green color, ever varying as the grass fell and rose with the passing breeze. Then large cornfields, noble orchards magnificent dwellings and spacious homes, betokened a degree of wealth I had never before witnessed. The houses and barns are built

mostly of stone taken from the surrounding hills. The city I cannot so well describe, as we only passed through, and I had no time to mark any particular places. It had, however, the appearance of being well regulated, the streets were clean and the houses new and bright. The brigade halted in a large meadow half a mile north of the town, and we were permitted to pitch our shelter tents. Plenty of bright, clean straw was given us for our tents by the owner of the field, and after securing our horses, and refreshing ourselves with a regular meal, of which we had not partaken since leaving Fairfax, we consoled ourselves with the prospect of a comfortable night's rest. In the afternoon the sun came out bright and warm and we improved the time in drying our blankets clothes and c,(sic) which had become completely soaked in the preceding storm. 27th. (June) This forenoon we employed ourselves in cleaning our arms and accoutrements, which we found had, from exposure in the storm of the two preceding days, become exceedingly rusty and unserviceable. Shortly afternoon the bugle sounded, and we struck our tents, saddled our horses and again fell into line. The column was headed toward Emittsburg and we continued our march until near sunset when we halted at that place, bivouacking in the open air in the edge of town. Emittsburg is situated near the Pennsylvania state line on the Maryland side, and is surrounded by a very good agricultural country, and everything had an air of comfort and even elegance. The most prominent feature of this place is (I believe it is called) the St. Marys College, a Catholic institution. It is situated some distance out of town in a rather retired place. Although I could not get an accurate view of it from our point of observation, still it has the appearance of magnificent structure. The grounds around were beautiful. At this place the farmers from the country brought in wagonloads of corn in the ear for our horses, and the citizens of the place manifested (sic) great interest in our welfare. We slumbered that night in the open air, with no other covering save our blankets and the starry canopy of heaven. 28th. Sabbath morning. This morning we drew

two day' rations for the men and one for our horses. Twelve o'clock m. found us in the saddle, and the column moved out on the road leading to Gettysburg, Pa. We reached Gettysburg sometime in the p.m. and again bivouaced in the open field. Here every demonstration of joy was shown by the people, the streets the windows and piazzas of the houses were thronged, and we were met on every side with cheers and the waving of flags and handkerchiefs. The citizens vied with each other in paying attention to our comfort, and even brought hot coffee and other refreshments to us while we lay in camp (bivouac) by the pailful and basketful. We found the rebels had been here ahead of us, and had distroyed(sic) a railroad bridge, and burnt several cars, the charred fragments of which still remained on the track. They had also burnt a small station on the railroad some distance out. There was a large quanty (sic) of grain at the station. The rebels were reported in strong force at Little York, Pa. and we lay down at night with the expectation of soon crossing steel with the enemy. 29th. About 9 o'clock a.m. we were again ordered into line, and we marched back to Emittsburg, Md. The column passed through town and went into camp, while Company K of the sixth filed off to the right and went out on picket line at _____ Mills. At 2 p.m. we were ordered to rejoin the regiment. The rations issued yesterday were found to fall short, and by this time (2 p.m.) the necessities of nature were rather pressing. So Lieut. Pendell, who was in command halted at a large mill and asked if provision could be obtained there, and received a negative answer; when a robust looking farmer, who stood by, requested the Lieut. to march his company over to his house. Of course the leut. complied, and rations in a liberal quantity, consisting of good fresh bread and apple butter, were issued from his cellar until every man (about 40) was filled. The noble hearted farmer would accept of no consideration for his generosity, so as we turned away we gave him three hearty cheers, that came from hearts big with gratitude. Not a boy in Company K will soon forget the dinner on horseback at the farmer's

gate. When we joined the regiment we found the troupes were moving. We marched on until 11 o'clock in the night when we halted in a large piece of woods. We were allowed to unsaddle and without fire or supper we lay down to pass the few remaining hours of the night in sleep. 30th. I awoke early and as we had no grain for our horses, I cut an armful of grass for my horse, from an adjoining meadow, with my pocket knife. He had not time to eat the whole of it however, before the bugle sounded and the whole column was soon mounted. The head of the column led on the gallop and it was kept up till we reached Littlestown, Pa., a distance of 7 or 8 miles. At Littlestown we were ordered to unsaddle and feed, a plenty of foraged was furnished us. After attending to my horse I made a cup of coffee, the first I had tasted since we left the farmer's gate yesterday (as we had no rations issued to us) and lay down for an hour's rest. It was rumored that a fight was going on at Hanover, and of course we were not allowed to enjoy our quiet but a short time. I had just time to saddle, and fill my canteen with water before the column moved, as in the morning we moved off at the gallop, and for four miles we went as though our lives depended on our speed: and as we knew not how much further we had to go at that rate, many of the men in order to unburden their already jaded animals, loosened their packs from their saddles and threw them out on the roadside. Our rapid march soon brought us within sound of battle. The 6th Mich. was halted at a four corners of the road, about one and a half miles from Hanover. One battalion was sent to the right, while the ballance (sic) of the ballance of the regiment was formed in the column of platoons, for the purpose of repelling any charge that might come from the rebels in that quarter. A battery (rebel) soon opened on the battalion sent out on the right and it was compelled to fall back. It was soon ascertained (sic) that the rebels were getting around to our rear, and we were obliged to make a countermovement in order to extricate ourselves. Company "B" in protecting our rear was mostly cut off and did not join the regiment till night

after the fight was all over. By making a circuitous route we gained the oposite (sic) side of the town, where we joined the main portion of the brigade. Here we were ordered to “dismount to fight on foot” and we were soon deployed into line, with carbines unslung. Every man was in his place, and as we move to the front we had to pass over the dead bodies of several rebel and union soldiers that had fallen in a saber charge earlier in the day. As the boys passed them they would pause, make a few remarks, and push on. The rebels soon caught sight of us, and immediately sent us their compliments in the form of a shell, which came shrieking through the air until it had arrived nearly above our heads, when it burst, scattering its fragments hissing and schreeching (sic) about our heads and feet. The boys ducked their heads, looked a little bit “skeery”, but not a man flinched. We pushed on “double quick” till we arrived at a ditch which afforded us some shelter. Here we halted for some time, when we were again ordered forward and next halted in a wheatfield and lay under cover, the shells in the meantime playing all sorts of capers over us. After awhile we advanced to a fence across the field and halted. There I learned to my surprise, that we were just acting as a support to a line of skirmishers still in front of us. As we lay under cover, I fell asleep and enjoyed quite a nap. This may not be approvable on all such occasions, but I was so overcome by the fatigue of the past three days that I could not resist the temptation. We did not however, remain long at the fence. The fight was concluded, the victory ours, and we returned to our horses and went into camp near Hanover. Our success this day was complete and we lay down satisfied with manoeuver. Dear Bob, I will send this now, and the rest as fast as I can copy it. Preserve this for me, and oblige yours, Brother Matthew. Stephensburg, Va.

February 26, 1864. My Dear Bob: July 1st. This morning after a very scanty meal, we once more fell into line and again directed our course towards Gettysburg, where we were told the rebels were concentrating in force. At noon we halted in a fine farming country (sic), where we found

plenty of hay and grain for our animals and an abundance of provisions for ourselves. After a rest of two hours we again took up the line of march which was continued until near sunset when we were hastily formed in line of battle in a large cornfield, and other fields adjoining. Here we expected to have a fight as large bodies of troops could be plainly seen off on another road, about two miles to the right. They were thought to be Stuart's cavalry, but were soon ascertained (sic) to be our own troops, and the 6th was marched out into a large clover lot where we rested for the night (I am sorry I have not been able to learn the names of all the places through which we passed as it would assist you in tracing out our route on the map.) 2nd. (July) The column was early in motion, and about 12 m. we halted for an hour at the beautiful little town of _____, 10 miles from Gettysburg. At this little place the people came out with milk and water for the thirsty and weary soldiers, cheering them and bidding them God-speed in the coming conflict. Here too, we first learned that the contending forces had met at Gettysburg. About 4 p.m. the heavy booming of canon greeted our ears, but from alternately marching and halting we did not arrive at the scene of action until dark. As we halted near the battlefield several officers rode along the column and reported that Gen. McClellan was in command of the army. The news was greeted with loud cheers by the whole column, but I must confess I could not credit it (and it afterwards proved that I was right) if it did come from officers of high rank. It did not seem possible to me that there would be so sudden a change of commanders just on the eve of a great battle and thus disconcert plans yet undeveloped (sic). Well about dusk we came up to Hunterstown, a village three or four miles from Gettysburg, and where the extreme right of our army lay. At this place there was a hotly contested fight going on, and we arrived just in time to check a spirited cavalry charge from the rebels. This was done by Company "A" Capt. Thompson (now Lieut. Col.) alone, and the rebels were afterwards repulsed by a few rapid

discharges of grape and canister from one section of Battery "M" 2nd U.S.A. on the left, and another section of the same battery on the right. The repulse was complete, and about 11 o'clock in the night the fight at this point had ceased. In the interval however, between the first charge and the hours of which I speak, the wounded, the dead and the dying were being carried by on litters. The groans of the suffering men, mingled with the hissing shells (for the rebels continued to send one occasionally) that went over our heads into the little town below, crashing through the roofs and walls, tearing up trees and fences, formed a scene beyond my power of description. Company "A" lost in the charge 15 men wounded, among them the captain, and several taken prisoners among whom was Lieut. Ballard. At 11 o'clock our regiment was relieved and we retired from the field to a distance of about 2 miles to the rear and lay down supperless to await the events of the coming day. 3rd. Early morning again found us on the field, and the 6th (With the exception of one or two squadrons) was ordered to the support of Battery "M" which had taken a prominent position and already had opened on the enemy. While in this position we witnessed one of the most sanguinary cavalry fights on record. It was the most terrible sight I ever beheld. It took place between Stuart's Cavalry on the rebel side, and Kilpatrick's Division on our side. Three times were our gallant troupes repulsed, and three times successfully did they rally against numbers and position superior to their own, and finally drove the rebels from the field, gaining a complete victory. In this fight the 1st Mich. Cavalry, in particular, distinguished themselves, winning for their regiment a name of which they may well be proud. At 11 o'clock a.m. Company "B" Capt. Weber and Company "K" Lieut. Pendill (of the 6th), Capt. Weber in command, were sent out to picket a road on the right, and to prevent a surprise from the enemy in that direction. At 11 o'clock a.m. began that terrible artillery duel, the like of which the world had never before witnessed. It is said to far exceed that of Waterloo. The discharges were so

rapid that it seemed almost one constant blast, and a dense column of smoke completely enwreathed and covered the lines of the two contending armies, showing their exact position. At 4 p.m. we rejoined the regiment near where we left it. About this time our regiment was ordered off to the right to act in concert with the 1st Mich., Col. Town and 1st Vermont, Col. Sawyer, and in changing our position we had to pass over a piece of ground which exposed our whole column to the shots of the enemy. Nor did they neglect to improve the opportunity, for soon a shell came shrieking and careening through the air, striking and bursting three or four sets of fours behind me, (in Company K) wounding badly two of our men, Geo H. Brownell, and Dana Wilson, and disabling and killing several horses. I had often heard men speak of seeing shells as they came through the air but I could never believe it, until I witnessed it with my own eyes. It could be seen before it got within a hundred feet of the column, and looked as it came plunging and tearing through the air, and as near as I could compare it, like the head of an Indian war club (such as you have often seen in pictures). Even at this short distance no one could tell where it would strike, and all in breathless expectancy awaited until it burst, when its destination and sad effects were revealed. At dark we were again relieved and marched back onto our position of last night, and again lay down supperless, having partaken of nothing through the day, but a few loaves (two or three) of bread which some of the boys obtained at a farmhouse when we were out on picket (in this I speak of Company K in particular). 4th. This morning we obtained a little hard-bread of a battery that lay near us, which we considered a very favorable change in our diet. We lay here until 11 a.m. While here Gen. Sickles of the 3rd Army Corps was carried by on a stretcher, having lost a leg in the fight of yesterday. Scores of rebel prisoners were also sent by, and the road was filled with troupes. At 11 a.m. we were ordered to the wagon train, which lay perhaps, two miles from us. Here we had issued to us three days' full rations, with an abundance

of ammunition. Of course this meant something. We needed the rations, but we felt in hopes we would have a few days' rest after the hard service we had just performed. But the ammunition dissipated all our hopes, and we made up our minds to do our best. As soon as ball and powder had been distributed we were mounted, (that is Kilpatrick's Division – 3rd) and filed off towards the pike leading from Gettysburg, Pa. to Emmitsburg, Md. The weather at noon was beautiful, but about 3 p.m. there was a very sudden and distinct change. One of the hardest rainstorms I ever took shelter under came upon us about midway to Emmitsburg. There was not a man of us that was not wet to the skin, and our horses sunk nearly to their knees at almost every step. But the storm seemed a kind interposition of Providence favoring the object of our march. We had been sent out to intercept and capture a rebel train, then crossing the mountains west of Emmitsburg, and the sequel will show how well we did the duty assigned us. Had it not been for the storm, the train would undoubtedly have got out of our reach, and thus made its escape. We did not reach Emmitsburg till near night, but without halting we took the westerly course towards the mountains, passing on our way the place where we got dinner at the farmer's gate. Six or seven miles, perhaps, from Emmitsburg, the road runs along at the foot of a range of high hills – they cannot properly be called mountains – where we met a squad of men in charge of a wounded soldier, who had been shot on another road on another side of the hills. This warned us that we were in the vicinity of the train. It was not quite dark, but we pushed on till we arrived at a little place in the gap of the mountains called Monterey. There the column halted. It was about 8 p.m. and pitch dark. The command: "Dismount to fight on foot" ran along the line and the clanking of sabres, ringing of carbine slings, and the shuffling of hurried feet was the order for the next minute and a half. The battery was then ordered up, which took position further in the gap above us. We were then ordered to "deploy" as skirmishers, when considerable confusion

ensued. In the darkness it was impossible to tell “head or tail” of company or squadron.

However, we got into line and marched by single file up the road for, perhaps, two hundred yards, where we again halted. Here another confusion ensued, officers got lost from the men, the men became mixed up, and the one company with another, and no one knew his right hand man. Such was the state of things when the general rode up and demanded what we were doing there, who was in command & c. He was informed that we were awaiting orders, that Lieut.

_____ was in command, but no Lieut. was to be found. (I thought then that some of the officers got lost purposely, and sometimes think so still.) The Gen. by this time began to be raffy (?) and swinging his sabre he began to swear tremendously, “that I we wouldn’t fight rebels we should fight him, and c.” he then gave the order, “by the right flank,” and we deployed across a stony, rocky field, non-commissioned officers in charge in many instances. The officers joined their commands, however, after awhile, but the companies were still mixed up. The fault of this delay was not to be blamed on the men, for every man was ready and willing to do his duty. Nor could it be attributed entirely to the dark, and therefore a great share of the responsibility rests, in my opinion, with, at least, a part of the officers. But everything was made right at last, and we moved forward to a piece of woods that lined both sides of the road. The advance guard was already skirmishing with the enemy, but we couldn’t tell friend from foe, only by the flash of arms. Soon we heard the rebels advancing “a big gun” upon us, and in an instant a perfect shower of grapeshot swept past us. Whew! But didn’t it rattle briskly among he rocks and trees! But it went too high, and no one was harmed. Charge after charge greeted us, but strange to say, the ugly missiles swept clear over us, or fell harmlessly at our feet. It makes my very skin crawl sometimes, even now, to think of that fearful night. A few effective shots from a gun or two from the Battery “M” (ours) silenced the rebels’ guns and then began on the severest skirmish fights I

have ever witnessed. The way the bullets flew was equalled only by the “grape”. The firing continued fifteen minutes, perhaps, when all was apparently silent except the rebel train which was making off as fast as possible. At this juncture the General formed the determination to charge the rebels with the naked sabre. Accordingly the 1st Virginia (union) Cavalry was ordered up, and the General placing himself at the head of the regiment, moved forward. They advanced in column of fours, at a brisk trot, till they had crossed a small stream, which formed a dividing line between us and the rebels, when the “charge” was ordered. For about ten minutes nothing but the clanging of the horses’ hoofs on the stony pike, and the cheers of the men as they advanced, could be heard. We all waited in breathless expectation the issue of the daring act. I must confess my soul fairly trembled for the safety of those brave men who were going, they knew not whither. In a short time everything was again still and soon prisoners in scores came flocking back, and we knew the victory was ours. Our loss was very small, while we captured nearly their entire train – some 160 waggons (sic), 400 horses and mules, 900 prisoners, and two or three pieces of artillery. Thus was celebrated and ended the most exciting and interesting “Fourth of July” I have ever seen. The fight had ceased and we returned to our horses and the column marched back on another route till daylight, when we halted to feed and rest. 5th. (July). This morning nearly the whole of the rebel train, consisting mostly of Pennsylvania farm wagons laden with grain, flour, dry goods, and many other things, which they robbed – captured from the citizens along with the route of their army, was burnt. I have not time nor space to give you a detailed account of all we found in the wagons, though it might look interesting to you. As soon as the work of destruction was completed, we again moved forward, we halted about 12 M. at Smithsburg, quite a pretty little town in Maryland. At this place we remained till near night, while the prisoners were sent forward through the mountains toward Frederick, but they soon

returned, the guard reporting that there was a heavy force of rebels advancing from that way. The rebel prisoners were then ordered to proceed on another route to Boonesboro, and we were drawn up in line of battle on the heights around Smithsburg. What a splendid sight we made! Every gun had a capital position, so that they could rake the Gap with either shell or grape, and the cavalry (we had no infantry) was massed at various points, with drawn sabre. But there was no fighting done, save a few shots from the (our) "big guns" as the rebels came up, just to let them know we were prepared for them. But we did not intend to fight them there, for our force was not large enough, and the rebels were reported at 15,000. As soon, therefore, as night set in, we withdrew under cover of the darkness, and marched towards Boonesboro, halting and resting for the night within 3 miles of that town. The 6th. This morning we were again in the saddle and passing Boonesboro on our left, we marched to Hagerstown where we found the rebels. The greater portion of the day till 4 or 5 p.m. was consumed in maneuvering. At this hour we were ordered down the pike (the roads down this way are nearly all pikes) towards Williamsport (for we had driven the rebels out Hagerstown) where we run onto a snag. The rebels greeted us with a perfect shower of shells, one of which struck in our column (Co. "G" of the 6th) bursting and instantly killing Lieut. Jewett, and taking the leg and foot off of each of three men and killing or wounding 7 horses. Now wasn't that a big lick for one shell? The 6th was wheeled to the right, and we again dismounted to fight on foot. We moved forward a half mile, perhaps from our horses, when we came up to the rebel skirmish line. But we didn't long remain there, for the rebels had worsted us on the right and already had gained our rear. We were ordered to our horses, and we retraced in good order, though shells greeted us at almost every step. The ammunition train had been ordered up, and it arrived just as we had to fall back, just then darkness came on adding to our discomforture. However, the skill of our general and the courage

of the men prevailed, and we extricated ourselves from the “box” bringing off with us every wagon and gun, and almost every man. For want of time I will have to omit several pleasing little incidents that occurred during the day. We withdrew about 3 miles from the scene of action, when we again lay down, tired and weary. 7th. We marched to Boonesboro and went into camp at the foot of South Mountain, near the site of the battlefield of that name, of 1862. Here we were permitted to pitch our shelter tents, for the first time since we left Frederick, the 28th of June, being 9 days we had been without shelter. As we were short of rations foraging parties from each company were formed, and sent out into the country in various directions, and in a few hours they returned with an abundant supply of “good things”, nice bread, smoked ham and apple butter. Nothing of interest occurred during the day, so we laid by and rested. The 8th. Last night a tremendous rainstorm came up, and ere morning the water was 2 inches deep under our bunk (John Smith and I chummed together then) and we had to get up and in the pelting rain, find a higher place, and once more lay down to sleep (?) of course. The soldier’s repose is never disturbed by such trifles. He can sleep in the storm, march in the storm, or fight in the storm, all he asks is to have a chance to keep his powder and provisions dry. The morning was very favorable, and we employed ourselves in drying our clothes and cleaning our arms. Noon came and with it the rebels. They attacked our outposts between Hagerstown and Boonesboro. Of course we must go and meet them. By this time the boys had got used to the sound of shell, and the singing of the “Minnie” had become quite familiar (sic) to them. So with light hearts and nimble feet we fell in line. We knew there was work before us, but we fell not out by the way. About a mile from the town we dismounted (in all the fights I have yet been in, we have fought dismounted) and carbine in hand, advanced. The artillery on both sides had good positions, and they were improved to the best advantage. The 6th. Advanced under a heavy fire from the rebel

batteries, though fortunately none were hurt. The battalion to which Company "K" belonged pressed forward through a piece of woods but as we advanced, our company being on the left, we were thrown out into an open field. Here the rebels had a fair rake at us with their big guns. We at first took shelter behind a stone wall, but the shells rattled so loudly around it that we took to the open field for it. We lay under cover of a slight rise of ground where we could see the enemy's guns every time they opened on us. Here we were in a predicament. The rebel shots fell just over us, behind, and a battery of our own, not having proper range, dropped (sic) their shells just in front of us, thus endangering us from both ways. The skirmish here did not amount to much, till the right hand had been forced back, when, of course, we had to fall back also. Then the rebels opened on us, raking us in every quarter, but hurting only a few. As we went towards the woods we paused behind a rail fence, and returned the many compliments sent us. At this point Jonathan Smith received a slight wound near the knee, the ball just grazing skin. As I turned round to get a shot, I felt a sharp stinging sensation on the right side of my neck. I knew it was a bullet that had caused the feeling, for just then a little hissing, shrieking Minnie had swept past, but the sound had died away before the sensation. Well, we fell back into the woods, where we rallied, and we in turn drove the rebels. The fighting all the afternoon was brisk, but we were too much for the Johnnies, and the conflict ended at dark, leaving us complete masters of the field. We retired to our camp with the usual lot of soldiers, tired, hungry and worn: Now, Brother, you have already been with me through some snug little fights, but still the worst is to come. If you find any interest in this, I shall be amply paid for the trouble in copying it, and when I come home, if it pleases kind Providence to thus favor me, I hope I may be able to give you a better narrative, and entertain you with more interest. Love to all, Affectionately, Matthew.

(Beginning a new letter)

Stephensburg, Va. March 1st, 1864.

Brother Robert, I again resume my place at the desk, that I may by way of pen and ink have have (sic) another friendly chat with you, and relate to you a few more of my experiences and adventures, in my soldier life. 9th. Still at Boonesboro. This a.m. we changed our camp, removing to a short distance south of the town. To-day I had the privilege of washing my shirt for the first time since we crossed the Potomac. When we were about to break camp at Fairfax, Va., our officers persuaded us to pack all our surplus clothing, telling us, they would be sent to Alexandria and there preserved for us until we again into camp. Some of us didn't take even a change and I was one of the foolish ones. I have not seen our packs yet – never expect to. But to return, as I hadn't a change, I had to substitute my blouse for a shirt, and after it was washed await the action of the sun to dry it. (I may as well add here that this was the last change also, I had, on the entire campaign.) Large bodies of infantry have been coming in and camping around the town, and are now engaged in throwing up earthworks and digging (sic) rifle pits (sic). Rumor states that we are to have another big battle at this place. But as to this we of course do not know. Events may bring it about but it is barely possible. The weather is again very favorable. 10th. Early this morning the troupes began to move once more, and the projected battlefield was abandoned. Heavy columns of infantry and long trains of artillery passed our camp on its way through Boonesboro towards Hagerstown. Our brigade followed slowly, as occasion required, and near night we bivouacked half way between the two above named places. 11th. This morning we moved on about 2 miles toward the front, where we did picket duty for remaining part of the day. We had lain down last night wholly unconscious that we were in the vicinity of the enemy. But we would have slept as soundly had we known it. We had again run out of rations – one of the indispensables of a soldier's rig – so the boys amused themselves – as well as getting

something, by charging on several fine shoats that were running about the field. Here also, several of the boys, who had been absent from the company since the battle of Gettysburg, came in. Water here was about as scarce as rations, and we had to go a long distance for it. Having obtained permission of our commander, I mounted my horse and rode off perhaps a mile and a half before I could find any. At last riding up to the pump of a large farmhouse, I began to fill my canteen. Soon the old farmer came out, his face the very image of despair. It was not just in the hights (sic) of harvest and the broad fields of yellow grain were being gathered in as fast as busy hands could do it. Our worthy friend owned several of these broad fields, was the proprietor of an elegant mansion, large barns &c. with all their appurtenances. The old gentleman after asking to what regiment we belonged, where we were, and the like, began to express his anxiety about his crops. He was fearful that our troops would carry off his wheat, or trample it all down, that the whole army would move right past his house, barn and destroy his fences, tear down his house and barns, and eve penniless in the world. With all his wealth he was either very ignorant, or his sympathies with those who were doing all they could to ruin the country. I was inclined somewhat to the latter opinion, for he certainly must have known that our government makes restitution to all who may be injured by the moving of the armies. Of course only on the condition that they can prove their loyalty. We (Henry Ward was with me) assured the farmer as much as we could, however, and returned to our company. We remained on picket till after dark when we retired from the line, and lay down on a soldier's couch. 12th. We were early in motion, striking the pike about two miles to the right of us, and two or three miles from Hagerstown. We proceeded briskly up the pike till we came within sight of the town, when we encountered the rebels. Battery "M" soon got into position and the 6th acted as support. The rebels were soon driven out of the place, a large number of them being captured. Our brigade was then ordered

into town, and the regiments took positions in the principle (sic) streets, the 6th on the one leading out toward Williamsport. The rebels, it was expected, would try and retake the town, and we were drawn up in column of fours, with sabres drawn, ready to repel any attack. Imagine one's feelings as he stands thus awaiting, and expecting every moment to hear the leaden hail rattling (sic) about his ears, or to see the stern foe advancing in heavy columns, with gleaming sword or bristling bayonette. Whew! You've never been there, have you? We did not long remain in this position, for the rebels didn't think it prudent to return, so we fell back into the rear of the town, where we remained all day, guarding prisoners, shoeing our horses &c. while some other troops held possession of the place. 13th. We remained on the ground we occupied yesterday today also. We have had the prisoners with us till nearly night when they were sent off under guard. The rebels are fortifying themselves between here Williamsport and rumor says we will have a big fight. Another rumor says that Lee's forces are crossing the river (Potomac) and that the fortifications are only for the purpose of covering their retreat. Our boys all know the rebels are whipped (sic), and think it a shame that Lee is allowed to escape with his already broken and dispirited army. And yet our army is lying right in sight of the enemy looking idly on. The men are all ready for fight, would rather go in than hold back. The water in the river is very high, but Lee will not stop for that when he knows the salvation of his army depends on his getting on the other side as soon as possible. If our army does not move forward within 24 hours, the enemy will be out of our reach, and the game is lost. Shall the fruits so nobly won at Gettysburg, be thus snatched from us when they are within our reach? Shame that it should be so, but I fear it will. 14th. Early this morning the rebels were found to be crossing in earnest, with a great portion of their army already over. Of course, a forward movement was ordered. Kilpatric with his division was ordered to push right on through Williamsport, while Buford was to go

round on the right. So hasty had been the departure of the rebel army that their sick were left in their hospital at Williamsport, and of course fell into our hands. They lost a great many of horses and wagons in crossing and scores of their troops were drowned. Well, we pushed on three or four miles beyond the above place till we reached that point on the Potomac called Falling Waters, when within a mile of the river the column halted, and off on the right a mile distant, could be seen long lines of breastworks and rifle pits (sic) all of which were filled with men. It was the opinion of many of us that they were our troops, and I was so thoroughly convinced, in my own mind, that such was the fact, that I would not believe they were rebels until they began to salute us, half an hour afterwards, with showers of musket bullets. The 6th Mich. Cavalry only was ordered forward from this point, the rest of the division and the battery remaining there. Major Webber with Companies "C", "B" and "F" were detached from the column and ordered to charge the earthworks with the sabre, while the rest of the regiment was ordered to dismount further on the rebels' right and advance on them with the carbine. Here was our little regiment solitary and alone arrayed, as we afterwards learned, against two brigades of infantry and a(?) being breastworks on a high hill. However, our boys advanced spiritedly, and at the command to dismount did so readily amidst a perfect storm of bullets. I was in the act of throwing myself out of the saddle when someone cried out "Corpl. West's horse is shot", and looking round I saw his animal had sunk to the ground, and Milo was trying to extricate himself. I had barely touched the ground when we were again ordered into the saddle. I immediately mounted (as did all) and we remained some seconds (it seemed like hours) in that position, all the time under a tremendous heavy fire, when we once more heard the command: "Dismount". As soon as we were on the ground we were ordered to advance up through a lane, keeping under cover of the fence, while the horses were sent over the hill to the rear. And here I may as well explain to you how we

manage when we fight on foot. When the company falls in, it is counted off from the right (and the cavalry never operates without this) by sets of fours, 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. Well, in receiving the order: "Dismount to fight on foot" No. 1's two and three dismount while No. 4 remains mounted, taking the reins of the other three horses, and leads off wherever directed. No. 4 is generally a lucky dog, but not always, for although he thus gets rid of going out to fight, it very often happens that the enemy gets range on them with their artillery, and of course they don't get off without a good shelling. Our men advanced bravely, notwithstanding the superiority of numbers, but could not long stand the galling fire that was poured in upon them. So we had to fall back but it was done in good order, disputing every inch of ground. In the mountains Major Webber with his squadron had charged the rifle pits on the left, and the rebels thinking our force was larger than it really was began throwing down their arms, but they soon discovered our real strength, when they rallied, and just as our little party was going over the walls they opened on them a fire that no troops of their strength could stand. Major Niches was killed the first thing, a bullet going through his head. Lieut. Bolya of Co. "E", Sergt. Livingston of Co. "F" and many others were killed and most of the party wounded or taken prisoners. Only a few escaped. On the skirmish line Capt. Royce, Co. "D" killed, Lieut. Crawford, Co. – was wounded in both legs, one of which was afterwards amputated, many others were killed and wounded and we were forced to fall back, leaving them on the field. We rallied in and around a large stone barn and held our position until the battery came up, when the tide of the battle turned. Other regiments came up, formed in the line of battle, and the rebels in their turn were compelled to fall back, quit their breastworks, and were at last sent routed back over the fields. We captured nearly all that remained of the two brigades, took a host of small arms and one or two guns, and their commanding officer, Brig. Gen. Pettygrew was killed. The rebel loss in killed and wounded was

heavy. Thus ended one of the most eventful days of my life. I have often looked back with wonder and astonishment to the moment when we were dismounting under that galling fire. I expected then that I should never get out with a whole skin if I did alive. But a stronger arm than mine was thrown around me, warding off the missiles(sic) of death, and I still live to look back upon that scene with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain. The rebel army was now all got over the river, there was no enemy in Maryland, and we retraced our steps 1 ½ miles and paused for the night. 15th. Marched back by way of Williamsport, Hagerstown, and Funkstown to Boonesboro, nothing of importance occurring, where we camped for the night, and then on the 16th. We marched out taking our course towards the river. Here we passed over some of the rockiest country I have ever seen under cultivation. The land seemed to lay ridges, or more properly flats, one above another, with ledges of rocks intervening; so that the land could be plowed only one way. The soil, however, looked rich and productive, and crops seemed abundant. We camped for the night near a little place called Petersville. To-day we got our mail for the first time since we left camp in Virginia. 17th. This morning we were ordered to cross the river. So in the midst of a pelting rain we fell into line, and marched to Berlin, the place of crossing by way of Sandy Hook, near Harpers Ferry. At Berlin were detained some time, as they were many troops to cross. About noon, however, we got under way, and in half an hour we were again on the "Sacred Soil." We crossed on pontoons, the first I had ever seen laid. They make very secure and convenient bridges. We marched about twenty-five miles into Virginia, and again halted for the night, nothing worthy of remark occurred, aside from those incidents usual at such times. 18th. We remained in camp to-day, struck our shelter tents, and were mustered for hay. As we had nothing to do we occupied ourselves in resting, preparing to march on the: 19th. The column will move slowly up along (sic) the foot of the Blue Ridge, encountering nothing to

obstruct our route, and long after dark we halted at Upperville. Company "K" however, was sent out on picket, and remained out till twelve o'clock when we were relieved and rejoined the regiment, and securing my horse, I was soon locked in the arms of Morpheus (sic). 20th. Quite early the 2nd Brigade was ordered to saddle, and we moved out on the pike towards Ashby's Gap. The 6th Mich. brought up the rear. As we neared the foot of the mountains we could see the rebel videttes stationed along their crest. The 1st and 5th Mich. Regts. were dismounted, and formed a skirmish line at the entrance of the Gap, and slowly and cautiously pushed their way towards the summit. We knew not what might be above us to obstruct or resist our passage, so of course great caution was necessary. I must confess I trembled for the safety of our little column, for a small force at the top of the Gap, with a few pieces of artillery, could have cut down almost any opposing force. We therefore wondered afterwards why they did not dispute our passage. As our line of skirmishers approached the summit the rebel videttes disappeared on the other side, and the column immediately moved to the top of the Gap. Here the 1st, 5th, and the 7th Regiments halted and the 6th followed the rebels to the river (Shenandoah) where a brisk skirmish took place. The rebels had crossed and taken refuge behind the stone walls, fences, trees and banks, and as we came up opened on us quite lively. Company "K" were ordered to deploy into line in a wheat field, the shocks of grain still standing. We advanced at "double quick" till near the middle of the field, when we were ordered "under cover" of the wheat shocks, I had barely got my head down behind a shock when "whizz" came a "Minnie" along almost grazing my hair. I thought I was lucky. The word "Forward" soon came, and the boys with a cheer sprang from their frail hiding places, and advanced on the run. We had to go forty rods before we could again get under cover, and all the way, too, under a heavy fire. But we deployed so much that it was difficult to hit any of us, and none was hurt. We soon gained the cover of a large house, a barn, and plenty

of fences. No sooner had we got under cover than the rebels ceased firing, and not one in twenty showed his head without hearing from our Spencer and Burnside rifles. We kept up a desultory firing for, perhaps, two hours, when finding we could not dislodge them, nor ford the river (the rebels had crossed in boats) we fell back to the main column. As we were recrossing the fields we advanced over, the rebels rose poured in a perfect hurly-burly of lead. But we retired slowly, notwithstanding, and soon reached our horses. Our loss was three men wounded. We had no means of knowing the loss of the enemy. We left a sufficiently large force in the Gap to hold it, and returned to camp at Upperville. 21st. We remained in camp to-day, a "right smart" of foraging was done, and fresh mutton, pork, and beef, honey, butter, and milk were among the best dishes on our table. We had issued to us considerable clothing and had the pleasure of laying aside a pair of very much dilapidated pants, and donning a pair, bright and new. Large numbers of infantry concentrated at this point to-day, and to look at the hills, one would think (if he thought no further) the whole United States army train was here; for every rise of ground is covered with wagons. It is the largest assemblage of army wagons I have ever seen. One that has never seen a wagon train can form no idea of the immense trains that follow our army; transporting its provisions, clothing, arms, and munition and in fact everything that pertains to war. Upon these often depends the issues of a campaign. If they are kept within the proper distance of the troops and well-guarded, so that rations can be supplied, in regular quantities and at regular periods, to the soldiers, unless overwhelmed by superior force, an army can maintain itself even against greater numbers, for soldiers have to eat as well as anybody, though they often are without for days. On the other hand, if trains are allowed to straggle, or are not sufficiently guarded, they are liable to be cut off or captured, and in that case an army is reduced to starvation, surrender, or compelled to beat an ignominious retreat. So you see how necessary

are our trains. 22nd. Our forces at Upperville began to move early this morning, and tonight we halt near Manassas Gap. A half-mile out from Upperville the cavalry halted and infantry filed past. They all looked healthy and contented and I observed they were nearly all stout robust, young-looking men. The “extreme youth” and “old age” has long since passed out of our army especially among the old regiments, and only the bone and sinew is left. What little I know about the armies of other countries, I think the “muscle” of ours will compare favorably with any in the world. It was after dark when the 6th halted but the hills all round were lit up with the campfires of advances, for it must have halted early, and the boys were enjoying themselves soldierlike. We soon followed their example, and after a hasty supper we lay down to rest. 23rd. To-day we came to Amesville, a small town laying four or five miles east of the Blue Ridge. The country around is rather poor, as most of it has been since we left Upperville. Nearly all of our way lay along at the foot of the Blue Ridge and is consequently very broken, rocky, and in many places almost sterile. The timber is poor and scarce and stone fences seem to predominate. There are no people scarcely, as they are very shy. They must be in the mountains with their flocks and herds as cattle are as few as the people. The cavalry are alone again, the infantry having gone on, on another route, weather very good. Well, Bob, I will close this letter hoping to have entertained you very agreeably. Remember me as usual to my friends and write to me as often as you can. Your friend and brother, Matthew.

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

had no more than gained our position when the rebels came up and attack the right of the battalion. Here the firing was hot for some time, but our boys held their post manfully, and several of the rebels paid for their temerity with their lives. It was not long before it was ascertained that the rebels were passing around on our left and fast gaining our rear. We could see them from our line, as they filed through a deep revine (sic) below us in heavy columns. It seemed as though there was no end to them. As soon as we discovered the state of things, a dispatch was sent to the commanding officer, but no answer to it being returned another dispatch was sent to headquarters, and we were recalled to our horses. By this time the enemy had gained our rear in large numbers, and were found to be advancing on us rapidly. The 5th and 6th Mich. Regts. were then mounted, and formed in columns of fours in the road; the 6th in the advance and Co. "K" leading the whole. The column was then ordered forward, but we had gone but a short distance before it was discovered that we already had gone too far. We were then ordered to dismount, and the next thing a fire that was impossible for any troupes in like circumstances to stand under assailed us. However we deployed into a field on the left, when to our surprise two heavy columns of infantry were just issuing from the woods on the oposite (sice) side of the field, and a third advancing down upon us in the road. They all opened on us at once, the horses in the road, became frightened, threw their riders and trampling them under their feet, ran pell mell to the rear. Col. Grey was unhorsed and injured considerably. The men became almost panic stricken, and started for the woods behind us. Fortunately the confusion did not extend to the rear of the column. The 5th was dismounted and brought up on the run, and they with their seven-shooters checked the enemy till the battery could be brought into position, a few rapid and timely discharges from which convinced the rebels that "discretion was the better part of valor", and they fell back considerably, giving us time to get around all right again. But they

were found to be much to (sic) strong for us, and having us hemmed in on every side but one, the General thought it prudent to withdraw, leaving our dead, four in number, and those that were so badly wounded as to be not able to remove, on the field. Our entire loss was nine killed and wounded. The rebel loss was heavy, our battery having poured plenty of grape and canister into their compact ranks. How we ever escaped with so small a loss as we did, had always seemed a miracle to me. Before we dismounted, Jimmie Hunt, Fred Bergman, Jonathon Smith and myself were in the same set of fours, I on the right (no. one) and Jimmie on the left, (no. 4) so Jimmie remained mounted. Well, in the confusion that ensued, and in getting some ammunition from my saddlebags, I lost sight of both Fred and Johnathon and did not see them again till after the fight was all over. Johnathan I never saw. After the fight was over I requested the privilege of Col. Foote to go and find Johnathan, but the Col. Thought it not prudent, as the enemy's sharp shooters were out watching for any that might have the rashness to show himself from under cover of the woods. So we had to leave him, to be rifled of his effects by the heartless foe, as he doubtless was, and to be buried by strangers. How many of our poor boys have met with this sad fate. Indeed many of them have been denied a burial. Such, however, is the fate of war. Oh, how many hearts have been made to droop and die and go down with sorrow to the grave, and the end is not yet. Thousands yet must perish, and thousands gather around them the robe of mourning. The subject is, indeed, a painful one. We returned to our camp near Amesville, tired and weary, and with sorrowful hearts. 25th. Early this morning we were again ordered out towards the mountains. The 2nd Brigade only went out. We proceeded in the direction of Thornton's Gap, but for some reason went only about 3 miles when the column returned to camp. The rebels were reported to be just ahead of us but as I had no means of ascertaining myself, I could not say. We were glad enough to return for the continuous marching, scanty fare, and broken rest, had

completely worn us out, and finding it impossible to check the retreat of the rebels we felt as though we ought to rest. Companies "K", however, were immediately sent out on picket. Company "K" did its share of picketing as you may believe. As I have had occasion to speak of our scanty fare, I will say that I think it was just as hard a time as we had on the whole campaign. Our trains were some distance from us, and as the cars had not got under way to Warrenton as yet, it was almost impossible to get provisions to us. So we had to depend mostly on foraging for sustenance. But forage was scarce. The most we got was a little fresh meat, and this we had to cook and eat without salt. 26th Last night was to me one of suffering. Though the day had been warm and mild, just after night a drizzling rain set in with a cold raw wind from the Northwest. I was unwell when I went out, and the inclemency of the weather rendered my condition still more disagreeable. The officer in command promised to have me relieved, but he must have forgotten it as I remained on post all night. Mine was an outpost, I had two companions, and we were to relieve each other every two hours. We received orders to "sleep not", but we didn't follow the letter of the instructions exactly, though our circumstances would not admit of much repose. So of course I watched eagerly for the first "gush of morning light." It came at last and with it an aching brow and weary limbs. About nine o'clock a.m. a relief was sent to my post, and myself and comrade returned to the reserve. Here I found plenty of fresh meat. The boys had foraged a young beef, pig &c. and after a slight breakfast I went out to forage a little hay for my horse. I found a sufficient quantity and returned. My poor animal devoured with surprising avidity, it being the first mouthful of food I had been able to obtain for him for several days. As you may suppose, our horses were in consequence of the unremitting labor required of them, and the lack of proper food, reduced to mere skeletons, and in many instances rendered entirely unserviceable. Nearly half our division, I should say, were dismounted in consequence of

“played out horses”. Therefore it became necessary to turn them over, and draw on “Uncle Sam” for others. Our best horses and men enough to mount them, were retained to hold the front, and the rest were to-day started for Warrenton, where the horses were to be turned into the corall (sic) (a place for herding and recruiting horses). I was one detailed from Co. K to go with them, and immediately left the picket line and returned to camp. First, however, I exchanged my horse, which was a good one, for one entirely broken down. At the camp were detained some time, before we started. We got off at last, about sunset, the distance being about 14 miles. We had not got a mile from camp when one of our poor, jaded animals gave out “by the wayside” and his rider had to trudge along on foot. I found my own beast was fast failing, although we marched very slow yet he was all a reeking sweat, and to favor him I dismounted and ran along at his side, but as I was not well myself, I could not long endure the fatigue, and was compelled to mount my horse again. He went very well till we began to descend a long difficult hill. There he stumbled to his knees, pitching me clear onto his neck. He had enough strength, however, remaining to regain his position. I sprang into the saddle but I saw it was a task for him to carry him. The fall had hurt me considerably, and I felt it imprudent to risk myself on him again, and, as a mercy to him, I threw the reins over my arm and led him along as fast as his weakened condition would allow. My progress was so slow, however, that nearly the whole column passed me when on ascending a hill, more difficult if possible than where he first fell, he again went down. All my efforts to induce him to arise were unavailing, so loosening the saddle girth, securing my pack, and the bridle, I left the poor animal to his fate. We were still four miles from Warrenton, but I trudged along, perhaps half the way, when I became so oppressed with fatigue and hunger that I was compelled to stop. With two or three others, who were in the same fix with myself, I secured quarters in an old deserted house at the roadside. Throwing my blankets on the

floor I soon fell asleep, forgetting everything till the morning light called me from my slumbers. 27th. On awaking this morning I found that considerable rain had fallen during the night, but so much more secure and comfortable were my quarters than I had been used to that I had not discovered it till daybreak. We are so accustomed to lying out in the storm, or at least having our feet exposed (for our shelter tents will not cover the whole length of a “regulation” man) and therefore a part of us is always out of doors – that when we do get under sufficient cover, the rude tempest passes over our heads unheeded. After washing in a little brook nearby, myself and comrade (sic), started in pursuit of our more fortunate fellows. We found them near Warrenton, where they had bivouacked (?) for the night. Many of them were still rolled up in their blankets, oblivious of all that was passing around them. There we drew plenty of rations, the very sight of which gladdened our hearts and strengthened our stomachs. After partaking of a hearty meal the column moved into the town where our horses were turned in. we then pitched our tents and awaited transportation to Washington. The cars had come up to the town the night before for the first time since the return of our army. (Warrenton is in the Fauquier County of which it is the country seat, and one of the finest places I have been in Virginia. It is connected with Alexandria and Washington by railroad, and has changed hands several times during the present war. It is now in possession of the government troops.) 28th. Everything being ready by 10 o’clock a.m. we were marched to the depot and placed aboard the cars. There not being room enough inside a great many of us mounted to the top where we had full benefit of the dual cinders and smoke, beside the “passing breeze”. The road was in poor condition and of course we were obliged to run slow, thereby making it near night when we reached Alexandria. Here we were detained some time changing locomotives, “switching”, &c. and about dark landed at the “Soldier’s Rest”, Washington. This is a place dreaded by all soldiers. It is the receptacle of all

transmigratory (so to speak) soldiers, bad as well as good, filthy as well as clean. There is generally a guard placed around the entire premises, and it is therefore very difficult to get out only at meal time. The 6th Cavalry was quartered here for three days when it first came out. The boys did not soon forget the meager hospitalities of that institution. There has been considerable improvement, however, since then, especially in the "bill of fare". The building where the men are quartered remains about the same, with the exception of large baths in one end, which are plentifully supplied with water from the river I think. 29th. We remained at the "Rest" all day, while the officers were arranging matters about the new horses. I passed a very uncomfortable day. The confinement was more than I had been accustomed to. This evening made out a list of all the equipments wanted by the men. 30th. Everything being ready this morning we marched to the corral, where the government horses are kept, for the purpose of drawing others in the place of those we turned over at Warrenton. This corral is situated near the river, and employs a great many hands. There is a large building in which is ground all the grain fed to the horses. There are several mills, all turned by horsepower. It is interesting to witness the maneuvers of this establishment, but I had only a glance at it, and of course my description of it must necessarily be deficient. We drew a fine lot of horses. I got a beautiful bay, but I found myself minus a saddle, as I lost mine near Warrenton with my horse. So when the boys went out at night I was left behind. Contrary to my desire I had to return my horse to the corral and repair once more to the "Rest". Before the boys went out, however, their horses were taken to one of the government shops to be shod. This one was the largest establishment of the kind I had ever seen. I think I counted eighty to one hundred forges, employing at an average (sic) three men to the forge. A hundred horses were being shod at a time. There is not a second of time that a hammer is not striking the anvil. A great deal of work is turned off in every twenty-four hours. The wages of the

men employed are \$45 per month. 31st. Having nothing else to do I tired of the monotony that constantly brooded over our dismal quarters, we (Johnny Irwin and myself) slipped (sic) by the guard, and taking a circuitous route to avoid the provost, went to visit some friends at the Cower's and Mt. Pleasant Hospitals. We found Jalo Corwin and others belonging to our own company, passed a very pleasant day, and returned to the barracks at the depot. August 1st. All the cavalry remaining at the "Soldier's Rest" this morning were ordered to Dismounted Camp (Dismounted Camp was then situated about half way between Long Bridge and Alexandria, on the Virginia side of the Potomac). We went over on open freight cars. While passing through the city I witnessed one of the most disgraceful scenes that ever fell under my observation. A great many of the men were regulars, some of them had been drinking, and were therefore very reckless. Before the train left the depot the regulars filled their pockets with stones, and as we ran very slow through the city, the boys had ample opportunity for using them. Of course this meant war, the object of their hostilities being the colored people. The first victim of their malicious deeds was a colored boy, of perhaps, seventeen, He was driving a one-horse carriage along, and approached the train unconscious of the salutation that was awaiting him. The men immediately opened upon him. Many of the "shots" taking "effect". Of course the poor fellow could stand such an assault but a short time, and was compelled to "evacuate" and beat a hasty retreat, leaving his horse to manage the carriage to the best of his ability. The next was a young fellow driving a truck, on which he had a large stone column. He too, was obliged to quit his team, and take shelter in a house. Others shared the same fate and in one instance an old gentleman (white) and a lady with her child had to take refuge from the merciless storm that was poured in upon the unoffending darkies. There were officers on the cars but why the affair was not stopped I could not learn. As soon as we reached the river their fun was over, and shortly after we landed at the

camp. 13th. Since my last date there has nothing occurred worthy of note. I have been unwell most of the time, though well enough to keep around and take note of what was passing. When I came to this camp there were 4,000 or 5,000 dismounted men here; but there were sent to their regiments as fast as horses and equipment could be procured for them. Every loyal state in the Union is represented by cavalry at this place. The paymaster had been out and paid the 2nd Brig. off, and on his way back to Washington, paused long enough at this camp to pay all the men belonging to that detachment. I received two month's pay. The weather has been remarkably fine since my arrival here, notwithstanding this, however, there are many at sick call each morning. This is caused by a great number of dead horses that are left even within the confines of the camp to decay, and putrefy the air. There are the horses are quartered within the camp between each row of tents alternately, thus accumulating filth that is never carried away. While here I saw a new kind of pontoon, which though they looked frail, were said to be very substantial. The inventor and the proprietor had just been making a trial of them on the bay that comes up to the camp. The pontoons were constructed of very light timbers. None over four inches square, and six feet long one way by two the other, the whole framed together very much like a fish basket, only it is closed up on every side. The whole is covered with a heavy oil or rubber canvass. When lashed together and covered with plank the form a light buoyant and firm bridge. I think they are not so good as the other kind and the only advantage they possess over the latter is this: They can be constructed on the bank of a stream where they are to be used, thus occasioning no delay on account of transportation. Well, Robert, I have heard since writing the above that you were very sick with the cring fever, but hope that it may find you fully recovered when it reaches you. I have seen quite a number of our old neighbors, but I wrote you of this in a letter a short

time ago, so I will close hoping to hear from you soon. For the present goodbye (sic), Matthew.
Stevensburg, Virginia, March 15, 1864.

Stephensburg, Va., March '64

My dear Brother

I closed and sent of a portion of my diary this morning, and as I am not otherwise busy today I will write a little more though I do not expect it will be as interesting to you as that which has proceeded. The rest of my diary is broken, that is it does not include every day. But to begin:
August 19. This morning I drew a horse and equipments and with about 200 others started for the regiment. Of course our party was made up from almost every cavalry regiment in the Army of the Potomac under the command of Lieut. Blank. As it always is in this month of the year, the roads are very dusty, and consequently, the riding very disagreeable. It was near dark when we halted near Fairfax CH opposite (sic) to our old camp of last June. We were allowed to select our own individual camping ground, and not being called on to do duty it was not long before I rolled in my blankets and fast asleep. The most interesting object we passed today was the camp of the 2nd District Colored regiment. The camp was very regular and neat. A portion of the regiment was out on dress parade and looked remarkably soldierly. Near the road where we passed along was the guardhouse, where was stationed the guard of the camp. Every button, piece of brass, and every strap were brushed up bright and clean, and their muskets and bayonets shown like polished silver. The well-packed "beats" on which the "sentinels tread their lonely round", showed there was no lack of discipline. The darkeys(sic) take pride in soldering. The 1st. District Colored regiment was sent south a short time ago – the first of the month. They marched past our camp 1400 strong. They went off merrily singing as they marched, their feet keeping time with their vocal strains. How few of them will ever return. Most of them will leave their

bones to bleach on the southern shore. They were destined, I think, for the department at Fortress Monroe. 20th. Tonight finds us bivouaced(sic) near Catletts Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad. Our progress has necessarily been slow. We have with us quite a large Sutter's Train, and as they are very heavily laden, it is impossible to press our march. Today we passed over the Bull Run battle ground No. 1 and almost the very ground on which the old Third Mich. Infantry was maneuvered from the 18th to the 21st of July, 1861. Many things interesting crowd upon my memory, as we filed past those old earthworks and seared trees. But I've not time nor space to mention them here. Just across Bull Run I saw for the first time, where we concealed the rebel masked batteries that did such terrible work in the compact ranks of our advancing columns. But for the treachery of men high in command in our own army, the victory that day had been ours. The country around Catletts Station is very flat. Water is very scarce and very poor. I had to go more than a half mile to get water to cook my supper with, and then it was hardly fit. 21st. We continued our march today through the heat and dust, arriving at Gen. Pleasanton's Headquarters about noon. Here we halted and men belonging to the several divisions were formed into as many detachments and sent out. Capt. Blank of Company "A" 6th N.Y. Cavly, on Gen. Pleasanton's Staff, took charge of the detachment to which I belonged. Without taking our refreshments, or feeding our jaded animals, we were ordered into line, and marched off. Up to this time we had been allowed, as the weather was very sultry, and the roads dusty, to march without regard to order, and, of course, pressured to do so still. But our worthy captain, who was a strict disciplinarian, couldn't "see the point". We were formed into close column, though there was no use for it, and every man forbidden to fall out, even to get a drink. But the boys knew his command was a temporary one, and he was not obeyed very promptly. It was long after dark when we arrived at Division Hdqrs. and here, luckily, we were relieved of

our Staff Officer and were sent to our respective regiments under command of non-commissioned officers. We found the 6th at Harwood Church near Falmouth. They were camped in a beautiful piece of woods with plenty of good water, and fortunately were off duty. 22nd. In consequence of the excessive fatigue of the march from Washington to this place I feel rather ill. The horse which I had drawn was a very hard rider, and being to some extent unmanageable, the ride has about used me up. I amused myself today by taking a look around the country in the vicinity of the camp. About a mile east of the camp is a corn field of some extent which just now furnishes an abundance of roasting ears, and potatoes are furnished by the same field. This is only the third field of corn I saw on the whole route from Washington. The rest of the country seemed no more than a barren desolation. (But I will speak of this some other time when I come to speak of Virginia in general.) About two miles from camp is a large house with a fine orchard attached. Of course we didn't lack for apples, while apples lasted, and as there was cider press in the orchard we made some cider on our own "hook". 25th. The regiment received orders to be ready to march at 3 o'clock tomorrow morning, so of course everything had to be prepared, rations, ammunition &c. distributed to the men. We did not get the order until long after dark; consequently little could be done then. You would think it strange that orders should be issued so much at night. But so it is. Very often we are called up when we least expect it, and at all hours of the night. 26th. Much earlier than 3 o'clock we were called from our slumbers by the stirring notes of the bugle. Every man set about getting his breakfast, packing his saddle, arranging his arms &c. But ere we had time to swallow our midnight meal were ordered into line. At three o'clock precisely the brigade had assembled at Gen. Custar's Hdqrs. Here we were dismounted and remained until daybreak. The column then moved out taking the direction towards King George's CH which lies down the river about thirty miles from camp. We passed on our way

through Falmouth and in sight of the rebel pickets on the other side of the river. (Rappahannock)

From what I had heard of Falmouth in connection with the war I had entertained a very exalted idea of it. You may imagine my surprise then as we filed through its dirty streets, and among its old-fashioned smoky dilapidated houses. It is built among the clay buffs on the left bank of the river, and from its location seems to have received but little inducement or encouragement for improvement or progress. On the right bank of the river, just oposite (sic) to Falmouth and somewhat back from the stream, Fredericksburg is situated. It is much larger and far superior to Falmouth, is decorated with several fine steples (sic), and is connected with the Potomac river at the mouth of the Aquia Creek by railroad. It bears many sad scars received in the terrible shelling given it by Gen. Burnside in December of 1862. We passed over nearly all the camping ground occupied by the Union Army last winter. We continued our march till afternoon when the column was halted by the enemy's picket line. The first and fifth Mich. Regts. were sent to the front. The pickets were driven in, one or two prisoners were taken, the strength of the enemy ascertained and we returned to camp, arriving very late in the night. The latter part of the day and night was very stormy, and we came back drenched to the skin. 28th. Were ordered on picket. We took post near Falmouth. Today the camp of the regiment was moved to another part of the same piece of woods which it has occupied since I arrived bringing us nearer water both for ourselves and horses. 29th. Were relieved by the First Vermont Cavl. And were sent to picket Kelley's Ford. Our reserve was posted on a high bluff overlooking the rebel line of picket on the oposite (sic) side of the river (Rappahannock). We soon learned that the line of pickets was composed of cavalry. Their horses were, in some instances, let loose and were grazing over the field quietly, unconscious of the elements of strife that existed on each side of the stream. Here we found some corn and potatoes which went well with our other rations. 30th. I went out on picket this morning

in charge of a post of post of six men. Several of the boys had a friendly interview with the rebel pickets who came down to the bank of the river for that purpose. They seemed very willing to exchange tobacco for coffee, sugar, and other like articles. They are entirely destitute of anything of the like in their commissary department. The blockade cuts them off from all intercourse with commerce, and therefore the almost indispensable luxuries are beyond their reach. 31st. This morning the regiment was mustered for pay. It looked rather novel to see a squadron of men mustered for pay under the very muzzles of the enemy's guns. Just at night the regiment was ordered to camp. Were relieved by infantry. Many were the conjectures as to what the "move" meant. It was long after dark when we arrived at camp, and without unsaddling we lay down to rest, for we were to go out at midnight, no one knew where. At twelve o'clock the bugle sounded and the men once more fell into line (no period in script) I had been unwell for several days and did not go out with them, so I remained in my bunk. Sept. first. I ascertained (sic) this morning that "our boys" had again gone down the river in the vicinity of King George's CH. The entire division went on the expedition. This morning I received a cheering letter from home. Oh! The soldier's friends know but little of the transports the white-winged messenger causes the weary, waryworn man of arms to feel. How vividly it brings to his mind the tender associations of home. It lightens his heart, and makes him feel stronger in the exertions of his duty. Oh! Why don't they write more frequently? 2nd. Rumors, in abundance, to the effect that our division (Kilpatrick's) is fighting severely at King George's CH. But we can tell nothing about it as none of them have been confirmed. Been quite ill all day. Weather fine evening cool. 3rd. The division returned to camp from its expedition down the river, arriving at eleven and a half a.m. The boys came in all covered with dust (for the roads are a complete powder bed and the wind high) and I don't know how much "glory". The object of the expedition was the destruction of two "gunboats" taken from the union flotilla on the Potomac. They had been brought up the river as far as Port Royal where they

were moored. The expedition ended in complete success with the loss of only one killed, a Lieut. in the Fifth Michigan Cavalry. This I think was the first naval battle fought by cavalry. Been very unwell all day, weather today has been very pleasant. 4th. Nothing of importance has occurred today, weather pleasant, health no better. Quite a number of the sick in the regimental hospital were sent to Washington today. The Daily Chronicle of Washing. Came into camp this evening, an unusual (sic) luxury. 5th. All quiet today no news from the picket line. (I forgot to state in my memoranda of the third that the regiment was ordered out on picket not even having time to unsaddle their horses. I was excused from picket duty on account of my health, and remained in camp. Drew fresh beef for supper. We are entitled by the army regulations to fresh meat twice each week but we do not always get it. 6th. The day has passed off very quietly indeed. Been confined to my bed all day. We have only little shelter tents which form but a frail protection from the storm, but do very well in fine weather. Sergt. Norton and myself bunked together, and have our tent arranged in the following manner. In the first place we drove four hooks, each about eighteen inches long, into the ground, one on each corner of the tent. Onto these then, we hooked the tent and with the aid of two crotches, with a small pole across them, for a ridge pole, we stretched it to its proper hight (sic). An extra piece of tent closed up the "head" end of it while the lower end was left open. For a bunk we drove four more crotches within the tend, on which were laid small, springy poles, and these still covered with cedar boughs. When finished we thought we had very comfortable quarters, and in fact, were the best in Company "K" the captain's not excepted. Amos Beach was taken violently ill today. Has the appearance of rain this evening. 7. Nothing worthy of record has occurred today unless it be that Washington and Philadelphia papers have again made their appearance in camp. They reach here generly (sic) about a day old. All very quiet. Been quite smart today. 8th. Today has been anything but pleasant. Health very poor, chills nearly every day. No news of importance from the picket line, all quiet. Weather continues dry and warm through the day with cold nights. 9th. Am better today, no news at all. All quiet. Appearance of rain at nine o'clock roll call. 12th. There seems to have been a very important movement along our whole line today. Early this morning we received orders to break camp, and by twelve m. the entire brigade was in motion. The design of the movement is beyond my comprehension, as we knew

nothing about it until we received orders to march. But we will undoubtedly learn in a few days, its object. The sick of whom there is quite a number, are still left in camp, awaiting transportation to Warrenton Junction. It has been threatening rain all day, but has succeeded in giving us only a few drops. It is still threatening, however. 13th. We have been waiting all day for ambulances from Warrenton Junction but they have not made their appearance up to this time (near sunset) are expecting to remain in camp all night. All has been quiet in camp, though heavy cannonading has been heard, at intervals, up the river, all day. The weather has been delicious, a heavy rain having fallen last night laid the dust, purified the air, making it altogether more agreeable than usual. Have been very ill. 14th. We are still in the old camp near Falmouth. Ambulances did not come last night, but are expecting to start for the "junction" early in the morning. We are nearly out of rations for ourselves and forage for our horses, for the horses of the sick were left in camp with them. Our situation is critical as we are constantly exposed to the incursions of "guerillas", in which case we would undoubtedly be lost by capture. All has been quiet in camp, but the booming of cannon has been heard occasionally in the direction of Culpeper. The winter has been delightful. 15th. No conveyances having arrived, and our provisions having run "short", it was determined to start for Warrenton Junction with such as we had, which was one ambulance that had been left, an old one-horse cart that had been picked up in the country. In these, those the least able to ride, were placed, the rest mounting their horses. We started at seven and a half o' clock in the morning and arrived at the Corps Hospital at 4 p.m. The ride was very hard for me, as we didn't stop to rest the whole distance, some 25 miles. We found no room in the hospital and as a matter of course had to "bunk" in the open air for the night. A little boiled beef, bread and coffee were served to us. Almost nothing would have been better for a sick man. 16th. I passed last night very uncomfortably, and today my condition has been but little better. Have had no medical attendance today. Cavalry Corps Hospital ordered to Culpeper, the union troops having taken possession of that place. The worst cases at this place are to be sent to Washington. Quite a number of wounded was brought in from the front this morning. Just after I had lain down for the night I learned that I was to be sent to Washington. Of all places the most disagreeable, the Corps Hospital is one. It is the most illy conducted institution of the kind I have seen in the whole army.

In the first place it is situated where it is next to impossible to get water, and that is of a very poor quality. And the next is, the surgeon in charge is a man of very immoral habits, reckless in character, and of course the duties of the hospital are conducted in a corresponding manner. Nearly all the bunks are placed on the ground with little or no straw underneath while every tent actually swarms with vermin. These things are not the “force” of circumstances, for they might easily be dispensed with. I felt glad in my heart when I heard my name pronounced “for Washington”. – Stephensburg, Va. March 23, ‘64

My Dear Brother,

It has been a long while since I got a letter from home, but I have heard by way of others that you were very sick but, lately, that you were getting better. I fear my diary has been of little interest to you, but when you get well you may find some interest in it. Trusting you may soon recover I will not try and resume my diary though the last of I sent you has now been through some time. September 17th. Should the eyes of any disposed to criticise (sic) fall on the preceding part of my “diary”, they would lay it down at once that I am a confirmed grumbler. But such is not the case. I am willing to give credit where credit is due. But I cannot cover up the demerits of others and especially those in the public service, for the sake of making a good story. “Give the Devil his due” is a worthy maxim, but when he isn’t worthy of praise I do not feel disposed to flatter. But to continue. This morning after a considerable maneuvering the sick were transferred to the cars, a distance of perhaps 200 yards, and finally were under way for Washington. The cars employed for the purpose were those used as freight cars, and, as matter of course their conveniences and comforts were few. We did not arrive in Washington til in the night, waited some time at the depot for ambulances, which came after a while, where the invalids were conveyed to the different hospitals in the city. I was brought to the Lincoln General Hospital, which is situated a mile east of the Capitol, on quite on elevated piece of ground. I was brought toward “7” and “bed No. 31” was assigned to my use. Oh how cheering it did seem to have the prospect of laying one’s weary bones down on a clean comfortable bed once more. After taking a good wash, and changing my “regimentals” for a clean suit of hospital clothing, I lay down contented. November 7, 1863. As a description of one day at the hospital is

sufficient for all, I will confine myself to a view of the institution in general. And a description of the Lincoln Hospital is composed of two immense “wings”, spreading out in the form of the letter A. Each wing is composed of ten wards, and each ward forms a separate and distinct building of nearly 200 feet in length by 24 in width. There is corridor, or covered sidewalk, running the whole length of both wings, and from each wing is also to the mess room, which stands in the hollow formed by the two wings. The wash room, knapsack room, guard house, and suturer’s shop are within this hollow also. But to return to the ward. At the front end of the ward there are four little rooms. The first belongs to the “Sister” in charge of the ward, and from which she issues the rations and medicines prescribed to those patients not able to go to the “Mess” room. The second is a sort of “Ward Robe” in which is kept all the extra clothing belonging to the inmates of the hospital. No. 3 is the water closet containing a sink, bathing tub, &c., and No.4 is a privy. The beds are arranged on each side of the ward with the head next to the wall. At the head of each bed is placed the No. of the bed, name, company and regiment of the occupant, with the name and nature of his disease, date of admission, &c., &c. The bedsteads are all made of iron covered with wooden slats. They are just wide enough for one man to lie on comfortably. The bed is composed of a hair or husk mattress, two cotton sheets, one or two pillows with as many good, warm blankets as the patient himself may require. The whole is covered with a very nice “spread”. This, however, is taken off at night, and replaced in the morning. Each ward is amply ventilated, and is warmed by five or six large coal stoves placed in the center of the ward, the whole length. And now I will speak of the officers and attendants of the hospital. First there comes the head surgeon or surgeon in charge. He directs the affairs of the whole institution. The surgeon in charge is followed by the ward surgeons each of whom has charge of one ward. They make their rounds twice each day; in the morning at nine o’clock, when the patients are provided for, and their matters attended to, and at six o’clock in the evening. The wards are visited by the surgeon in charge once each week, on Sunday morning. In every ward there are three to five attendants, one of whom is styled “Ward Master”. The surgeon writes out his prescriptions and the “Ward Master” then carries it to the “Dispensary”, or medical department of the hospital, where the prescription is filled out by the hospital “Stewards”. The medicines, properly labeled, are then taken to the “Sister”, who gives

it to her patients according to directions. These "Sisters" are Sisters of Charity, each of whom has the care of one ward, and the whole are superintended by a "Sister Superior". Their services are rendered, I think, without compensation, and better and more faithful nurses could not be found than they are. I have watched with admiration their patient and untiring labors for the sick and wounded soldiers, seeming like so many angels of mercy, ministering to the hearts and cares of the helpless invalids. Every hospital in Washington is supplied with a fine library, access to which may be had by all the patients. There is also a "Chapel" and chaplain. It is the duty of the chaplain to visit each ward every day ministering words of comfort to the sick and dying. Many a mournful scene is he called upon to witness. Dr. Butler of Washington is the present chaplain of the Lincoln Hospital. I made his acquaintance at the "Seminary Hospital" of Georgetown in the fall of 1861. He is a fine man talented and much devoted to the cause in which he is engaged. In addition to the library of this hospital there is also a very fine Melodeon, the use of which is free to anyone's acquainted with music. Quite lately there has been a series of prayer meetings held at the "Chapel" and with considerable success. The grounds around the hospital are being improved as fast as possible, and by another summer will look well. (There is much more I would like to say in connection with this hospital, but my time will not allow, so you will excuse me with this.) Oct. 5. Received 28 dollars from government. Oct 6. Received a letter from home containing three dollars, and Oct. 31st. Was mustered for pay and to-day, the 7th of November, I start for my regiment after a sojourn of nearly two months at the hospital. We were quartered at the "Soldiers Retreat" or "Rest" and are to await here till tomorrow, when we are to go to "Dismounted Camp". Here Mrs. Brainard, visiting agent for the Michigan Soldier's Relief Association, of this city, sent me quite a variety of little comforts, for which she has my sincerest thanks. The "Soldier's Rest" seems pretty much the same as usual, I can see no difference. Sunday, November 8th. This morning the convalescents belonging to the cavalry were marched, under guard, to "Dismounted Camp", a distance of five or six miles. The Dismounted Camp is now situated across what is called the East Branch, which is nothing more than a sort of bayou putting out from the Potomac river. The East Branch separates the District of Columbia, at this point, from Maryland. I do not like the location of the present camp so well as that I visited in the summer, though I think it is

conducted on a much better plan. As we had to walk all the way we were very tired when we arrived. Camp was not very agreeable, will have to go through another initiation. Tent with an old hospital chum (Henry Davis). Monday, 9th. The weather today has been very cold and dry, and the air filled with dust. The evening closed in with quite a flurry of snow, cold night ahead. Sunday, November 15th. Started for the front once more, got as far as Bailie's Cross Roads, and camped for the night. Water and wood plenty, feel tired and unwell; got a hasty supper and will soon "turn in". Bailie's Cross Roads are near Munson's Hill, and about five miles from Washington. Here is where I did my first picket duty as a soldier in the army of the Potomac in September of 1861. I made my coffee this evening from the same spring that supplies us with water during that memorable fall. The rebels then had possession of Munson's Hill which is only a half-mile distance from our camping ground. Wednesday, 18th. Arrived at my company about noon. Found it at Stephensburg, Va. Regiment ordered out on picket, everything packed ready to march. The sick and a few others are ordered to remain in camp. Tired and weary from my long march. I remained behind. Near sunset firing of cannon was heard in the direction of Racoon Ford. The rebels were just amusing themselves by firing a few shots at "our boys" as they went out to relieve the pickets. 19th. Received 23, 25 dollars from government today and this evening joined the company out on the picket line. 20th. Sent an army allotment of 20 dollars home. 23rd. In camp again. 24th. Regiment received orders to break camp and prepare for marching. Remained in camp, however, till 3 p.m. when the Regt. goes out on picket at Summerville Ford. Companies "K" and "F" take the first relief. A drizzling rain has fallen nearly all day. Night closed in rather uncomfortable. Roads in a very bad condition. 25th. On picket all day. Relieved at night by Companies "E and H". Returned to camp tired and weary. 26th. The regiment was roused early this morning and ordered pack and be ready to march at five o'clock. We are still in camp, however, all ready to fall in line at a moment's notice. Quite a heavy firing of cannon has been heard at intervals nearly all day. Rebels reported to be manning their rifle pits (sic), and mounting heavy guns across the river. Movement expected. Report of a great victory in Tenn. by Gen. Thomas. Notwithstanding the circumstances under which we are placed the regiment was assembled for divine worship and thanksgiving, a short discourse by Reverend Mr. Summerville Regimental Saddles. Weather

has been lovely today air cool and bracing. Expect to go out on picket in case we do not march. 27th. Did not go out on picket last night as we expected, and of course had another good night's rest. Took a ride out into the country and returned just in time to find the regiment falling into line. Regt. moved at eleven and a half a.m. down the Rapidan as far as Morton's Ford. Crossed at one and a half p.m., and formed a heavy skirmish line along the bank of the stream. So soon as a picket line had been established and it had become sufficiently dark we withdrew to a piece of woods half a mile to the rear and camped for the night. Nine o'clock p.m. wagon train moving down the river. 28th. The bugle notes ringing on the clear morning air roused us early from our slumbers. Sunrise found us in the saddle, and the brigade once more crossed to the south bank of the river. Formed a strong skirmish line just in front of the rebel's old rifle pits and earthworks. The day passed off, however, without a gun being fired on our line. There was a heavy cannonade, however, kept up in the direction of Raccoon Ford just above us. The First Brig. acted at this place. Drew ration about 4 p.m. and set about getting supper; got almost ready when we were ordered into line, so, coffee, sow-belley (sic) and hardtack had to be deferred (sic). The Regt. then formed a skirmish line just in rear of the Fifth and remained until 9 p.m. when we were withdrawn to the north bank of the river. The greater part of the day has been stormy and consequently the ford was exceedingly difficult to cross and it was quite late before the whole brigade were got over. Through mistake Comp. K was sent out onto the picket line and one o'clock rolled round ere we lay down to rest. The day closed cloudy and cold. 29th. Regt. occupies (sic) the ground it took up last night, and that portion of that portion on picket line was relieved at sunset. Just at dark we received orders to unsaddle. This we did cheerfully, it being only the second time we have unsaddled for the past week. The Pioneer Corps of the Brigade has been busily engaged in repairing the Fort, and reported this evening, in good condition. The brigade has remained upon the north bank of the river all day. Numbers of the rebels have shown themselves on the oposite (sic) hights at various times today. It has been rumored in camp today that Gen. Meade has made a flank movement on Lee's army and is successfully forcing that general back on the Rapidan. Heavy firing was heard this p.m. in the direction of Gordonsville. Meade reported to have captured two rebel brigades and considerable artillery, but the rumors have not yet been confirmed. Weather cloudy and cold.

30th. With the exception of saddling early this morning the regiment has been comparatively (sic) quiet today. A foraging party from Comp. K went out towards night in quest of grain for our horses. Found the country quite destitute, got a little, however and returned to camp after dark. Heavy firing has again been heard by and the river (sic). Companies K and F were detailed this evening to guard the train down the river. Amos Beach who was taken prisoner in a skirmish at Raccoon Ford the fifteenth made his escape from the rebels and returned to the company today. He reports the rebels in a very destitute condition. Though he suffered considerably in making his escape he returns fortunately well. Weather clear and cold. December 1st. The day has passed off with everything quiet along the lines. The reports from Gen. Meade are very conflicting. Company K returned to the regiment this evening. Regiment out on picket. Weather continues clear and cold. December 2nd. Companies "K" and "F" (these two companies formed the fourth Squadron of the Sixth) take posts at Morton's ford at 9 a.m. At 10 a.m. and fired a couple of shots at a pioneer party that was throwing obstructions into the Ford. They retreated, however, on receiving a few shots from our rifle pits. Considerable firing has been heard at Raccoon Ford above us, at one and a half p.m. At 2 p.m. Companies "B" and "C" came out to reinforce us. They report the rebels advancing. Were relieved at 3 p.m. by a portion of the First Vermont Cavly. Regt. moved back into the woods a half mile to the rear. A few shots at Raccoon Ford has (sic) been heard at intervals till dark. Reported that Meade is falling back toward the Rapidan. Expect to fall back during the night. Wagon train moved back this morning. We remained saddled up to this time. (6 p.m.). Weather today has been moderate. Clear sky this evening, regiment out of forage for horses. 3rd. Did not fall back last night as expected. This morning for the purpose of foraging, was detailed from each company. (?) I accompanied the foragers. Our course lay down the river. Found but little grain but obtained enough corn for our horses today. At 12:30 the brigade began to fall back. Fell back to Stephensburg where we halted and went into camp at our old post. We had barely pitched our tents when we were ordered to repack and mount. The rebels, it was reported, were crossing the river and had already attacked our picket line. We were soon in line and marched out toward the picket line. The entire division had moved. But the report was false, as the rebels had been repulsed, for the column has countermarched by the left flank and returned to camp.

We hope yet to get a good night's rest. We found our division train lying at Stevensburg (sic). The day has been delightful. Clear sky this evening. 4th. This has been a busy day in camp. Pitching tents, policing the camp ground, establishing a line for our horses has been the order of the day. We had a short drill this p.m. and an infantry dress parade in the evening. Two letters reached me from home. Washington papers of yesterday came in tonight. Weather moderate. 5th. Inspection of cavalry mounted occupied (sic) the greater part of the a.m. and this p.m. we came out on picket. The Sixth is posted at Raccoon Ford. Sergt. Morton, with five men, myself included, are sent out on a special post, towards Sommerville Ford. A large amount of infantry up to and camped around Stevensburg. They are said to be going into winter quarters. Rebel drums plainly heard from the line. Weather continued good. Signed Matthew, Stevensburg, April 18, 1864. December 6. 2nd Battalion moved to Sommerville Ford and do picket duty at that post. Companies "K" and "F" on picket at sunset. No news. Weather clear, but this evening extremely (sic) cold. 7th. Out on picket early this morning. All quiet along the line to-day. Squadron relieved at 4 p.m. Last night the weather was exceedingly cold, and this morning everything was frozen up hard, but it is more moderate tonight. 8th, Relieved and returned to camp. Rumors in camp in that the 2nd Brigade is going to Alexandria to winter. Wrote a letter to Brother Sammy today. Weather continues clear and cold. 9th. Nothing of importance has occurred in camp today aside from inspection of arms and equipments, and the usual preliminaries attending that exercise. We got hay for our horses today (no period) The first we've had since I returned to the regiment. 10th. Nothing of note has occurred today. Dress parade at sunset. Weather increasingly cold. Bitter cold at dark. 11th. The Fourth Squadron (Co.'s K and F) was unexpectedly called out last night from our warm beds, to go to Culpeper for horses. We left camp at 10 in the evening and arrived at Culpeper at 4 a.m. today taking six hours to accomplish the task of going about five miles. Our being lost was the reason of our being so long on the way. (You would be surprised were you to come into Virginia and behold the entire desolation that reigns) The occupancy (sic) of the country by both armies successively has swept away almost every guide and waymark by which the traveler usually traces his way, such as trees, fences, houses in many instances, and more especially growing crops. You will not wonder then at our being lost, especially as the night was very dark and

foggy). We obtained the best horses I have seen brought to the army. I drew a fine little bay. Returned to camp at 4 p.m. Weather is very cold during the day but more moderate at night. 12th. This morning I felt pretty much used up on account of my ride the night before and yesterday. The morning was bright, but at 12 m. it became quite lowering and this p.m. a drizzling rain has fallen most of the time. Regt. out on picket again today Germnainia Ford. This ford is about two miles below Morton's Ford. Weather warm and mild. 7 p.m. two disserters from the rebel army surprised our line at this late hour. It was wonderful how they found our line at all, the darkness being intense, and the rain falling heavily. They were nearly destitute in point of clothing and represented themselves as being a credit to their army in general. They report their army much discouraged, will be sent to headquarters tomorrow. 13th. After a hasty repast this morning our prisoners were sent to Head-qurs. (sic) Nothing has transpired on our line today worthy of note, unless it be the attempt to exchange papers with the rebels across the river. The attempt proved a failure, however, on account of the swollen state of the stream. The heavy rain of last night had raised the water very rapidly and to a considerable extent. A beautiful rainbow was seen this morning, indicative indicative (sic) of storm, but the day has passed with weather clear and moderate. Evening clear and warm. 14th. With the exception of a slight shower about 3 p.m. the day has been very pleasantly (sic). At the time of writing (7 p.m.) however, a heavy wind is blowing rendering it rather disagreeable to stand post. Nothing has occurred along the line aside from the usual routine of relieving and posting the videtts (a vidett is a mounted picket, consequently always a cavalryman. Videtts are always thrown out in advance of all other pickets.) 4th Squadron relieved relieved (sic) by the first and returned to reserve post. Bright moon tonight. 15th. Today has passed very quietly. The weather has been beautifully warm, unlike the present month of my own northern home. Has every appearance of being cold tonight. Clear and beautiful starlight. 16th. We were relieved at 1 p.m. today by the 1st Mich. Cavlry, and returned to camp at Stephensburg. Dress parade this evening, on which occasion, orders, permitting enlisted men to have a short furlough home, were read to the men. Weather clear and cold. 17th. There are times when the soldier really enjoys himself, and there are times too when his situation is not the most enviable. When the sun went down last evening behind the western hills, not a cloud dimmed the broad canopy above us and the

soldiers lay down confident of another night of quietly cold and refreshing sleep. But alas! his hopes. The northern tempest's rudest blast came howling over our camp, waking us to behold ourselves long-afloat! The pine trees above and around us quaking and writhing beneath their loads of sleet and snow, as the heavy gusts of wind came rushing through their bended tops. Our poor horses, how I pity them! shiver and shake with the unusual cold fairly groaning their agony. Breakfast was got in the rain, over a pine log fire, and was eaten in the rain, but this is only one of the many instances of the same nature. The day continued lowery and the evening closed in stormy enough and now while I write the rain is pouring down in torrents. 18th. Today has been more pleasant cloudy but no rain. Reported this evening that the Guerrilla Mosby, has burnt another train of cars, capturing and cutting off our mail. Rumored that we will move tomorrow the condition of the ground on which our present camp is situated rendering it necessary. Everything is mud, mud, mud, from one end of the camp to the other. 19th. We are still in our old camp. Did not move as was expected. The day has been extremely cold. Indeed, very disagreeably so. Camp inspection tomorrow, for which preparations have been made today. Minus news. 20th. Instead of inspection as was anticipated the regiment was ordered out on picket, and in obedience to orders we relieved the 7th Regt. at Morton's Ford. Prospect rather cheerless as the weather is very cold. 21st. Last night was, I think, without any exception, the coldest we have experienced this season. The weather otherwise, however, was very agreeable, everything being clear as a bell. Companies "K" and "F" were relieved at 4 p.m. by Companies "G" and "H" and we returned to our reserve post. On our way in one of the boys shot a bald eagle, the first I had ever had the pleasure of examining closely. Its wings from tip to tip measured fully four and a half feet. Its beak was half filled with flesh torn from the carcass of one of the dead horses lying around. It was in the act of devouring it when shot. The weather tonight is more moderate. I hope to have a good night's rest. 22nd. All quiet on the lines. Companies "K" and "F" out on post again. Sergt. Norton started for home last night on furlough of 15 days. Weather moderate. 23rd. Regt. relieved at 12 m. today by the 7th Regt. Returned to camp. Ordered to build winter quarters, near the old camp ground. Weather again changed. Quite a fall of snow last night. Extremely cold. 24th. Everything is excitement and bustle in camp today in selecting ground and carrying material for the

purpose of building. Considerable has been done, considering our circumstances, toward the accomplishment of our object. Cold, cold, cold. 25th. Christmas unlike the merry-making Christmas of home, today has been one of labor and toil in the camp. The regiment has been busily engaged in building winter quarters, and several instances of our progress may be seen in several huts already nearly completed. 26th. My bunk mates and myself have nearly completed our house at sunset this evening and I had begun to anticipate considerable comfort this winter, but a detail was made ordering me to Brig. Hd. Qrs. Am detail on Gen. Custar's escort. Reported to my new quarters and will have to camp tonight in the open air. Threatens rain. 27th. Passed last night more comfortably than I expected to. The threatening rain passed round. Inspection of the arms and equipments of the escort by Capt. And A.A. Gen. Green. Heavy storm set in about 11 a.m. and continued all day. Two or three of us went out this p.m. in quest of lumber for the purpose of building winter quarters. Didn't return until after dark. Raining hard at 9 p.m. 28th. Has continued to storm nearly all day with scarcely any intermission, but at sunset has the appearance of a change. Growing colder. Have been on duty at my new post today. 29th. Weather more moderate today. Storm passed off and sky clear and bright, with a lovely sunset. Out in the woods cutting timber for our new houses. Two letters came today from home. 30th. Nothing worthy of remark has occurred today, with the exception that myself and bunk mates have been busily engaged in building our new quarters. Weather has been delightful, but very muddy underfoot. 31st. On duty today and a hard day it has been. Although last night set in so beautifully clear, this morning the last of 1863, broke cloudy and chill, with a light drizzling rain. The rain increased to a storm, however, and continued with greater or less violence all day, and tonight the old year seems to be going out in morning (sic) in clouds and darkness, welcoming the new with a frown. January 1st, 1862. Another year has flown another year has passed into eternity and with thousands hopes have fallen. And thousands noble hearts have been crushed. Our country still feels the oppressive hand of war, the contending elements of deadly strife are still arrayed against each other, and the ravages and desolations left behind the waves of conflict stand as prominent features all over the land. To the Union and Republic, however, the past year has been one of unparalleled success. The national arms, on both land and sea, have been triumphant and peace the boon for which every true

American long, looks not so far distant. The rebellion, so gigantic in its outset so powerful in its operations and so demoralizing in its results, is, we trust, well nigh crushed. The rebellion is on the wane, and ere 1864 shall have flown, we may hope for the restoration of our country to its original prosperity and greatness, and for the final and complete triumph of the old Flag. To this end let us pray. Let us thank God for the success of the past year, and trust to Him and the destinies of our country for the present. He alone can aid us and protect us from internal and external foes, and confound and break the arms of our enemies. Notwithstanding the gloomy nature of the weather last night, this morning broke bright and fair, but as the day advanced it grew colder and now at 8 o'clock p.m. it is extremely so. Snow could be plainly seen on the Blue Ridge this morning. 2nd. Last night was without any exceptions the coldest we have experienced this winter and today has been equally cold. So tedious indeed has the weather been that we could do but little towards the completion of our winter quarters. There is no news of any importance. Everything is quiet and everybody is enjoying himself as well as the cold weather and the circumstances of the soldier will admit. 3rd. Nothing of interest had occurred today. The weather, though, has been more favorable and as I am on duty it comes quite opportune, and is, I trust, gratefully appreciated. 4th. Went over to the regiment. Found everything, excepting quarters for the horses, very comfortably situated indeed. The commanding officer, Maj. Kidd, has got matters so arraigned (sic) that the regiment, doing picket duty, is divided into three reliefs; so the men come on picket duty only once in 9 days. By the former rule they came on every three days. Got two letters from Mich. one containing the photograph of a friend. Some two or three inches of snow has fallen today, making the earth, in its wintry coat, appear in strong contrast with its spring-like garb of yesterday. We are now in our new winter quarters and find them very comfortable. 5th. Today has disappeared about as fast as it came, and this evening the ground is nearly bare. Nothing of importance has occurred. 6th. There has been a rumor today that the rebels are moving down into Shenandoah Valley and that we will soon vacate our comfortable quarters for the tented field. This is in direct opposition to the feelings of most of us, and we most sincerely hope the rumor is without foundation. We do not relish a winter campaign. The second and sixth army corps are said to have already moved. 7th. Went over to the regiment to get my boots repaired at the

saddlers shop. Those who went home on furlough the 23rd of last month were expected to return today and horses were sent to the Brandy Station for the purpose of bringing them to camp. Weather today very cold, indeed, we may be said to be in the highth of winter. The roads, in consequence of freezing and thawing, are in bad condition; and the going even on horseback extremely difficult, and not unfrequently dangerous. Half past eight o'clock p.m. snowing quite fast. 8th. Lieut. Pendill and Sergt. Norton returned from their brief furlough home (.) No news. Weather fine. 9th. Received a letter from Portland, Me. Brings news of good sleighing. Also received a letter from Croton, Mich. All quiet. Day beautiful. 10th. Went to the regiment, all quiet there. The men employed in building stables for the horses. Weather today has been delightful. 11th. We have had delightful weather today. The sunrise was glorious. The Blue Ridge looming up in the distance, the clear valley between here and there, with with (sic) now and then an intervening patch of timber, with the brilliant sky, made a picture worthy of the painter's pencil. There is no news with the exception that the paymaster will be here soon. This we hope for as most of us are in want of money. 12th. Today has passed off very quietly, much as usual. The officers have gay times and Gen. Custar seems to enjoy himself exceedingly. The boys made a "pung" for him today and he has been taking the benefit of it while the snow should last. No news, all quiet. 13th. Weather today has moderated very much and this evening it has the appearance of rain. Received a letter from Croton. Due for news. 14th. This has been washing-day with me. This evening went to Regt. Weather continues mild. Company out on picket. 15th. Have been on duty today. The weather has been very find over head but disagreeable enough under foot on account of the thaw. Threatens law. Sentinel on post observed signal lights in the direction of Pony Mountain. Further than this, however, all has been quiet. 16th. One could not wish for more delightful weather than we are now having, were it not for the disagreeableness under foot, but with the present clear, warm sky this will not long continue. 17th. Two deserters were brought in today and reported at these Hd. Qurs. I have not had the privilege (sic) of speaking with them, but it is reported they represent the rebels to be in distressing circumstances. 18th All has been quiet today. Indeed the monotony of our everyday life renders it impossible to obtain any news worthy of record. We can record a change in the weather, however, and that is something. One of those deep and searching thaws, that loosens

everything congealed,, and so common in January, has brought clouds and rain, raising and swelling the streams tribly (sic), and literally (sic) making mud, and this evening within doors the situation is, by far the more agreeable. On duty today.

Sabbath.

_____near my soul unto thy God. And let his praise thy strength employ. ____ upon these sacred hours Of Sabbath rest with holy joy. Let us vain thought thy heart invade. Nor worldly care thy ____ oppress, But calmly wait on Him who is Thy life, and light and righteousness. So shall these hours of rest be sweet, And Sabbath a delight shall prove In place of care and toil and fears. Thy God shall fill they cup with love. M. Baird. Sabbath Oct. 16, 1885.