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GIFT OF
Oscar T. Smith
To my Comrade,

David W. Burckstedt

in memory of

Dear old Company F.

23rd Mass.

H. E. Valentine
H. E. Valentine was "Commissary" on her from Dec 26, 1861 to May 1862
of Brannide Expedition Fleet,
Carried right wing of 23rd mass. Vol.
1861

Have now a most beautiful spot for an encampment. It is just on the
margin of a fine piece of woodland, the
trees forming a shelter from the
cold winds and storms. Over ten
kitchens (log cabins put up by our men
and covered with boughs) are situated
some distance in front of the camp;
then just on the edge of the woods
come the line of Company tents, ex-
tending back into the woods up a
gentle slope some three or four hundred
feet, each Co. having its street 80
15 ft wide on the left of its line
of tents. The Companies each have
twelve tents for the rank and file, and
one for the commissioned officers.
In the rear of the encampment
are the quarters of the field and
staff. The wagons, Hospital teams
and Ambulances, as well as
the horses are arranged and
the rear of all, and the Camp
presents a most picturesque ap-
pearance especially at night.
numerous camp fires burning brightly, the white tents lighted up, and the deep forest affording an admirable background for the picture. Then the music of our forlorn band with the distant sounds of harmony from the various regiments encamped are around us, with the singing of the men in their tents, made it to me a most interesting scene. A little party of our women at midafternoon to get Holly and Evergreen for our Thanksgiving decorations, and our constant presents a most cheerful appearance. Each tent has on the top outside a fine branch of Holly, the bright red berries contrasting finely with the dark green leaves of this most beautiful shrub. Then we have under the superintendence of Capt. J.A. Smarton arranged arches and mottoes etc. Under the principal arch and just before the Co. No. 7, keeps a round tablet with the words "God save the Commonwealth of New Co. 7." Altogether our quarters have been the center of attraction for the Regiment."
1861

When I enlisted in 1861 I exchanged testament with my friend David B. Pillsbury. We purchased them in 1858 and they were just alight. In the one I carried to war was his address viz:—

David B. Pillsbury
370 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

and on the fly-leaf I pasted a newspaper slip containing the following poem:

I
How calm the Sabbath stands;
As if our Father held it in
The hollow of his hand.

II
How calm! a vestibule before
Of work-days and of care,
Oh let us open its golden door
Upon the hinge of prayer.

Sometimes during our stay at Camp
"John A. Andrew" near Annapolis, I
lost the book, and although I
searched long for it I could not
find it years after the war
I received a letter from Mr. Pillsbury's
close friends, saying that a lady in
Lawrence had the testament.
and would give it up to the owner. I replied at once, describing the book and quoting the poetry thus proving my claim and the book was sent to me.

Upon the fly leaf had been written the following:

"Found in an old trunk on Roanoke Island, N.C., the day of the battle of Roanoke Island, Feb. 8, 1862 by Alonzo Falls Co. I 23rd Mass. Regt."

Corporal Falls wrote me as follows:

Aug 22, 1891

Dear Comrade:

Our engagement with the rebel commenced at 9 o'clock A.M. and lasted some 3 hours. That evening we first went into the log houses for quarters. After we had cooked our supper from food left by the rebels, we began looking over the things they had left. In a trunk we found a brevett of love letters.
Also this testamant 3 3 3 I kept the book a few weeks and then sent it to my wife in Lawrence, supposing at the time that it belonged to some Yankee Soldier who had been taken prisoner. This is all the information I possess about the matter. 3 3 3

When we were in camp at Annapolis Md., it was currently reported that there were rebel soldiers in our camps. My theory is that some of them formed the book in the Company Street or about the camp where I may have dropped it, and looking upon it as of a rebel (just as I would in such a case) caused it with mine when he returned to his quarters at Reamore Island.

H. E. Valterton
Saline Gazette - Nov. 1, 1861.

"On Saturday afternoon the drill-clay were presented each with a copy of the New Testament and Psalms, the Co. being murtered about the C. to receive the gifts. Which appear to be highly appreciated, and whose subsequent indications have shown, will prove to be seed sallen upon stony ground or by the wayside."

Saline Gazette Dec. 3, 1861.

"Swindling everywhere."

Yesterday for the second time a large batch of letters was received at the Saline Postoffice from members of Co. F. 20th N.Y. Vol. Franked by John B. Alley, for which notwithstanding regular postage was charged and paid by the recipients."
I remember an incident which occurred while the Pensacola fleet was lying between the Fort and the Rip Ratle at Hampton Roads in January 1862. It greatly amused the few who saw it. I was on the "Violet" and near to lay the Pecket which was N.F. dispatch boat. General Pensacola was flying about on the "Pecket" and dealt of the twice during those days. On the afternoon of the 11th a small boat containing four seeres one of whom was very drunk was rowed up to the "Pecket." Two men got out and climbed to the after deck and dropped a rope to the third man who fastened it securely to the anchor rope just under the armo. He then climbed to the after deck and with his comrades raised the
intoxicated man nearly to the upper deck, the boat dropping astern the length of the painter. When nearly at the top, at the word of the leader, they let go, dropping the poor fellow 12 or 15 feet soundig hisriu into the water. This they did several times until he was partially sobered, when they drew him to the deck, unreeled the rope and he disappeared down the companionway a very wet and angry man.

T. B. Valentiny
of the Chesapeake Squadron Fleet.
Feb. 13th, 1862

With two or three companions, I left the Ste. "Violette" at 9 A.M. for a run through the Island. We obtained a pass at Head Quarters, and took our course through the woods intending to visit the camps of the 23rd and 24th Mass. Vols.

A long and tedious tramp brought us to the upper battery near which the Steamer "Pilot Roy" was taking on board a large number of rebel prisoners, officers and enlisted men guarded by a detachment from one of the Mass. regiments. Another rapid walk brought us to the barracks occupied by over one thousand of our friends seated about a fire, engaged in the delightful occupation of cooking peanuts. They had formed quite a quantity of flour and a little labor.
Furnished them with a substantial substitute for hard task although they had no salt and could not bear to try them on. Our march had made us ravenous and we could not refuse the tempting cakes offered us. We afterward strolled through the camp getting an opportunity to talk with some of the prisoners who seemed willing to talk, many seeming glad they were captured. Occasionally we found one who bitterly denounced the "Yankees" and branded us a reckless broads more ridiculous than harmful. We bought some of the Confederate scrips giving good Yankee currency for it. Leaving the camp we walked back to the beach and took our way toward our landing place intending to visit the shore batteries.
The first battery mounted 12 guns and was now guarded by a detachment of the 57th R.V. The breastwork I describe as typical of the rest. It was built of sand from 10 to 14 feet thickness. The walls were 6 to 8 ft. high. The magazine was built in a pyramidal form at the centre of the fort, of solid logs, closely joined, covered with sand and outside of this thick layers of sod. It is 12 ft. high and 12 to 15 ft. thick square at the base. The door is on the side farthest from the water. It is 32 ft. made up of the arborvitae of the fort. Near the path by which we left the fort we saw a marble slab inscribed to the memory of Thos. Fitzgerald who died in August 1861 and was
joined by his comrades in arms, the Southern Guard, Georgia Vol. C.S.A. Another Georgia had been buried within the enclosure whose name had been written in lead pencil on a temple board standing at the head of the grave.

Most of the houses we passed along the road were desolate, but we now came to one that was occupied and feeling tired and hungry after such long travels, we entered and asked for something to eat, processing to pay at Uncle Harry's Good Canteen. I improved the occasion, while waiting, by talking with the proprietor. He told me there were about 300 people living on the island which was 12 miles long and an average 6 wide. Two
churches, one Baptist and one Methodist—are sustained and 2 stores provide the people with necessities. The inhabitants do a little farming, but most of the greater part of the year Irish and Scotch potatoes and cabbages are staple products. Their market is Elizabeth City.

This informant had lived on the island about 15 years. He owned quite a large number of acres, most of which he had cleared, and had built several buildings. He had 3 children, one of them a little girl who was quite ready to go with me, for she was 'tired tending the baby.'

The Georgians robbed him last Fall, destroying his potatoes, killing his cow besides otherwise maltreating him.
After three quarters of an hour we found the food fortiifying and left for the landing, where we arrived about dusk. While waiting for a boat we approached a Beach-fire of the 5th R.I. boys who gave us a soldier's welcome, sharing with us their hard bread and coffee, although they were not overstocked. A boat soon came off from the "Widette" and we rowed away passing a small side-winder steamer flying the rebel flag at the stern, while a white flag of truce21 hooked from the staff at the bow. I was told the cause for the bodies of Captain Wise and other officers.

H. E. Valentine
A Captive in Nauvoo River.

April 28, 1862.

At this time I was on the steamer Violette, serving as Commissary. Shortly after dinner, a party of us left the vessel, then lying in the house river near New Bern, to visit to the battle ground about 6 or 7 miles down the river. In the boat were:—

1st mate Vars.
Capt. Newberry—Pilot.
Page—advance officer.
Fred—a colored boy.

H. Valentine, Commissary.

Page was an interested keen from the 8th Co. Vts., while I was from the 23rd Me.

We spent the afternoon on the battle ground noting the havoc made by shell and shot at a late hour took boat for our vessel. We started up toward the city.
we saw far down the river two steamers coming up, towing barges. Having to get a tow, we waited for them. They proved to be the "Alice Rice" and the "Highland Light," lashed to the side of the latter was the large "Strapell" upon which were three men from one more steamer. They had participated in the capture of "St. Michael" and were now returning to New Haven. We let the "Rice" pass us and then rowing across the bow of the "Highland Light," dropped back beside the Strapell. Our niece threw us a rope which we caught and were drawn up to the side of the large barge. Taking us considerable water on the operation, some one called out "Drop her astern, and it was done,
As we fell back into the water that was boiling up under the stem of the barge, our boat went over like a flash and all hands went into the water but Captain Newbury, who like a monkey went up the rope one to the barge. The line was immediately cast off and our boat, a life boat with air tanks at both ends remained in our midst and was a help to us in our extremity. A large boat with two men was sent back from the steamer, which kept our line way, after seeing that we were all right. But we were not all out of the water. By much effort the non-swimmers of the party were helped to a hold upon the sides of the half-submerged life-boat into which Chief-boat Varz climbed and commenced to baint out with his hat. We finally climbed into the big boat and taking our own
Boat on tow rowed up the river reaching the Vedette about dark greeted by cries of "How did you like your anchoring?" Our escape probably saved us some heavy loads, and we were grateful it was no worse. Shortly before this adventure I received from home a fine field glass, which I carried with me that afternoon in the breast pocket of my blue flannel shirt, wearing no coat. When we left the shore I took the steering oar and laid the glass on the seat by my side. As we approached the barge I gave up the steering oar to the mate and suppose then put the glass in my pocket although I did not remember to do it. As I went over backwards into the water I thought...
"There goes my glass to the bottom.

When I was safe in the boat again I found the glass in my pocket — all right i.e. not lost. It never was as good as it was before. It is in my possession still and a valid relic of those days.

[Signature: W. Waterton]
On the steamer "Vidette" at the time I was her Commissary was a North Carolinian named "White" who served as Pilot for the Sounds and rivers of NC Carolina. In April 1862 he became possessed with a desire to see his family and on the 30th of April he started for Roanoke Island on the "P. Phoenix". We never saw him again, but we afterwards learned that he reached home (Somewhere near Edenton NC) and deserted himself in the woods. In the darkness of the night, his friends carried food to him, as he did not dare to sleep at home. He was discovered by the rebels, who hanged him almost in the presence of his family.

K.E. Valentine
View from Beaufort, N.C.
Hatteras and Roanoke Banks in the distance.
Capture of 60 men of the 23rd S.C. Regt.

at Kinston N.C.

Dec. 13th or 14th, 1862.

I well remember the taking of these men. The 23rd was halted near one side of a large field close by a wall that ran down the slope at right angles to another wall which made one side of the field. Near the intersection of the two walls was an opening between the two fields. The bars being down. Through this opening came a large body of men, the foremost one waving a handkerchief or a piece of white cloth. Major Chambers of our regiment made a dash for the squad, and a Captain of a battery followed closely. The Major cane ahead, receiving the
Surrender of the men of the 23rd Mass. getting the credit of their capture.

H. E. Valentine
A ride in an Army Wagon.

Dec. 1862. When we returned from the Goldsboro Expedition, we bicnchacked the last night out at Deep Gully. The wagon train was to keep on to New Burn and some of the Co. F. boys aided by a friendly officer propped one of the wagons for the trip. Among them were Lewis F. Emeril, John P. Tilton, and the writer. Others I forget.

We sat upon a pile of boxes on the bottom of that Springfield wagon. The canvas cover formed an immense funnel through which the cold December wind went rushing, chilling us to the very marrow.

We had abandoned our blankets during the march and had only our overcoats to protect us from the cold night air. There was...
Some effort to be necessary when we started but gradually the effort subsided and we sank into our coats with collars turned up and caps wrapped about our heads in the vain endeavor to keep warm. The ride was made in almost absolute silence as far as we were concerned. We reached New Berne between 10 and 11 o'clock, separating at Craven St. Dillon and I went to the Quaette house on Johnston St. where we had a hearty welcome from the West clerks. They gave me a good bed for the night and a hearty breakfast the next morning, which as it was Sunday consisted of baked beans and brown bread. The troops returned Sunday and that night
Found our back at Camp Pendleton on the other side of the Creek River. Rest of a few days but no in shape for another jacout.

H. E. Valoriing
Lt. Gen. of
Brig. Gen. C. A. Hecker or
Carolina City N.C.
just previous to departure for S.C.
Jan. 1863.
When we sailed from Beaufort Harbor N.C. for South Carolina, I was on the Ste. "United States," which was Gen'l C. A. Helmman's flagship. It was very rough as we went over the bar. A small boat was towed behind us in which Mr. a darkie at the rudder steering, and trying to keep it right to the up. The staff and regimental officers on the "United States" were disposed to make fun of the poor darkie, and tried to get his attention by calling to him and inviting him to come on board. But he knew better than not to attend to his work and without a smile paid strict attention to business. As we went through the white water a sort of anxious expression passed over his face, but the
was there to do but once thing and that he did faithfully. A little keaver Sea than common, finally unshiped his bedding, but without any attempt to save it, he cast loose the tiller roper, and putting an oar, thrust it out behind and still kept his little boat at a pace. The officers subdued as they found they could make no impression upon him. The ste. Exposedter diligence near us also towed a small boat which was captured and the despot who was steering it wound up the rope to the steamer deck in a very snubly manner.

K. E. Wettstein
View of Beaufort Harbor, N.C. from office window at
N.C. s.s. Brig. Gen. C. A. Richardson,
Moubead City, N.C.
The building was staff stable.
An incident of the sail to S.C.

When we sailed from Beaufort Harbor S.C. for North Carolina, I was on the Str. "United States" which was Genl C.A. Nevins's flagship. It was very rough as we went over the bar. A small boat was towed behind us in which sat a darkie at the rudder steering, and trying to keep it right side up.

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"Falling in" the Relief
in a Colored regiment
near New Berne NC.

1863.

Sunday June 7. m. the afternoon
I went with a friend for the
45th Near. Vols. to the camp
of the 1st Mo. Car. regiment.
(West.)

We approached the
main entrance. The Lieut.
of the guard was trying
to "fall in" one of the relief.

It was necessary to
watch the constellations as
the men were called
by number.

Lieut. "No 1" "yere." (here)
"No 2" "yere."
"No 3" long pace
and someone poles No 3 in
the hts. He starts with a
sudden grunck and says
"Lie yere."

"No 4" Eco tell Eco yere.

and so on down to No. 16. who
could not be found, No. 15.
Being (or supposed to be) all right.

"Are you No. 15?" asks the Lieut.,
"'E's fur, dis my place.
Just then a breathless man rushes into line, and pushes No. 15 out of the way. Turning to the new-comer, the Lieut. says, "Are you No. 15?"

"'E's fur, I be."

Turning to the first one, the Lieut. asks, "Well, you are No. 16. then, aren't you?"

"'E's fur, I be."

Exit. Lieut. (saying things inside) while the bugle-call marches off the relief.

H. E. Valentine
Reconnaissance up White Oak River N.C.

On the 13th of July the 23rd Mass. Vol. with other troops under command of Brig. Gen. C. H. Heckman took care to Newport Bassards and thence marched to Cedar Point on the White Oak River opposite Newbern N.C.

From this point on the 15th Capt. Harris of the 9th U.S. was sent with a platoon of Co. B. of the 9th to two boats, up White Oak river to find a fording place for cavalry. Being at the Swansboro N.C. Harris sent alone to make a sketch map of the river and scout surroundings. As we passed Swansboro we saw men on the roofs of houses watching us, and some men in all covered carriage drove furiously away from the town into the country.
Crossing a wide space we first noticed a great cloud of dust back of the town, which we thought to be a section of artillery coming toward the river at full speed. As we would have made a fine target, we accelerated our speed for the lee of Jones' Island and before reaching it we saw a ground and the men had & jewelry over and shook the boat off. Changing our direction a little we soon found ourselves behind the Island and a man who was put ashore to reconnoitre discovered that the section of artillery (as we thought) it was a squad of rebel cavalry.

We kept on up the river the enemy keeping ahead of us on the bank. We were too distant for their carbines, but they were
evidently took on preventing our landing on their side. Most of the time they were hidden by the woods but we could see their dark out into the openings and watch us as we swept by; their dart into the woods again, watching for the next clearing.

All the way along we steered for hard bottoms and I kept the record and outlined the course of the shore. We went as far as Bill's plantation at the mouth of Nacato's creek, 5 miles from Hawkinsboro. This point was the limit of our expedition, and landing here we took a short rest and then started back down the river.

We stopped at Jones Island and picked some
come for our Company's and there pulled on reaching Head quarters at 4 o'clock PM. Having to report that we had forced no fording-flows the bottom being necesary.
The sketch map was sent up to Department H.Q.

H. E. Valentine

[red ink] 5.100
While we were stationed at Getty near Portsmouth, Va., in the spring of '64 it was my pleasure on a beautiful morning to take a trip to Newport News across the waters of Hampton Roads. We went in Brigade breeches. Capt. W. H. Still AG, Lieut. J. E. McDonnell AG and myself. We waited quite a while for Lieut. to secure transportation. I quote from one of my letters:

"Directly across the river one mile distant is Norfolk containing before the war 20,000 inhabitants. It is built almost entirely of brick. Streets are narrow and badly kept. The crookedness of its streets remind one of Boston. A great deal of business entirely foreign and anything warlike is transacted here. Portsmouth on the other hand reminds one of Lake..."
The streets are cleaner and more regular. The houses are built mainly of wood and it seems to be a quiet old-fashioned sort of a place. Two old ferry-boats called respectively “Union” and “Portsmouth” of antique build and weakly pumps connect the two places. Right before us a Federal vessel of war flies her national emblem. Above the town on this side of the river that forest of masts seems to rise out of the water is the Norfolk Navy Yard. But these masts are tiny, with “J. E. Murfond” painted upon her Pilot house, and we are soon steaming down the “Elizabeth.” That fine white building on the left with extensive grounds and fine shade trees is the Portsmouth Naval Hospital. We pass for Norfolk on the right, a large flag flying from one corner of the
parks. Scarcely space to at all upon the walls and heavy ordnance that need shall lie in beautiful position upon the landing. We are now passing the Oyster grounds. At this point every fine morning may be seen boats with one, two or three men close to the high bank and over the shoals dredging for the delicious bivalves. Erance island which we are passing at the left is of some note in the history of the war. Rebel batteries extend its entire length now manned by less colored troops. Off that point is where the rebel Merrimac went down after its raid when our fleet in 1862. That far-reaching point on our right is "Beawall's" when we first saw the rebel flag in January 1862.
But we are now out of the river and begin to feel the
waves from the open sea,
and our little craft bounded
along as if indeed a thing
of life.” Wild ducks dotted
over the surface of the water
and screaming sea-gulls soared
high and low, greasing over
bits of food that in provident
hands have “cast upon the waters.”
Ever and anon poring themselves
in mid-air for a sudden
descent when some fish they
see beneath them.

A good half-hour sail
from us is Fortress Maree
and at almost an equal
distance the “Rip-Raps”
loom up out of the water.
When the Brunswick Expedition
was here two years ago, these
“Rip-Raps” looked like
an immense pile of stone
just dropped into the harbor.
Numerous deserts were erected upon it and men were busy shaping and forming the entire mass. Now the shapely mass has assumed a form.

Where before we looked chaos, we now see a fortress. Fifty black umbrellas protrude over the walls to keep off; and still it is unfinished. But our little ship is threading its way through the fleet. We are passing the only Russian vessel of war left in the harbor, the last of the fleet which so lately made an amicable visit to our shores. Her national flag, a blue cross on a white field, flies from the peak. On our right is another vessel bearing the red cross of England.

But the massive walls of the fort loom up before us through whose open posts and
over whose sod mockery peers guns of heavy calibers. Centinels keep vigilent watch and ward upon the parapet, and our beautiful flag flies from the tall flagstaff inside the fort. Outside the walls is the town "Old Fort Comfort." The houses are of one story, and the porches are common in the South. Nearly all the buildings are occupied by government officials. We made back a short stay here and catch off for Newport News. We pass the Hospital on our right and the 3 towered monitor "Ranoke" a little further on. The Eegate Minnesota anchored near at hand is the flagship of Admiral Lee Commanding the NC Atlantic blocking squadron. That black mass protruding from the water near the shore, is all that remains of the gallant ship "Congress."
Arrived on the 5th March 1862 under the fire of the Mercurian, who twice we passed an hour and half ago. That little ripple further on tells where the "Cumberland" went down with its living freight.

But the bell's trill "low her" and casting a glance to the shore we are soon made fast. The bluff at this point is 200-25 feet high above the river.

That one-story house on the lot was occupied by Genl. C. A. Starkman where he commanded here. During the engagement March 5, 1862 a shot from the Mercurian passed through the room we used to use as an office and the marks are still visible. View of town some distance back of the house was built by the busy troops in 1860 when Gen'l Butler commanded here.
At all the buildings at this point were built and occupied by boat officials, except a few shanties occupied by many "Cotton-Binders". Two or three times a week a flag of three boat goes up the James bound for City Point with rebel prisoners, bringing from there our own poor fellows just released from Libby or "Belle Isle." Sometimes through their fanaticism, they can be heard to cheer as they come in sight of the flags flying up the flock, and see the camps at the "New" where are the first Union soldiers they have seen for many long weary months.

But a whistle from the tug recalls us and hastening to the wharf we jump aboard and are soon streaming down the river. Leaving the forts on our left we make a short run across the "flats" and enter the
Elizabeth river are soon at our starting point. The places at which we have touched, and the incidents to which we have referred are matters of history. As Paxton says in his "History of Butler at New Orleans" "whosoever holds St. Marie in knows how to rule; it is master of Virginia and N Carolina. At the commencement of the war, Col. Dimmick kept the rebels from taking possession of it, and it was well for our cause. May it never fall into the hands of the enemies of our Government."

[Signature]

H. E. Valentine
In Camp at Bermuda 100 Va.

Extracts from diary of the undersigned during the Derry’s Bluff period.

May 12, 1864. It has been a stormy day with thunder and lightning. Adj. Sherman 23d hours. Came in about 5 o’clock and reported that our forces had formed line of battle about 7 miles south, one brigade having the extreme right.

May 13. Lt. Foster, Brigade Camp came in after dark and reported that Grant had formed junction with Butler and that Butler’s army formed the left of Grant’s army. The dispatch was read to the troops. A very rainy night.

May 14. Last night A.D. Trout (Co. F) aroused me at 1 o’clock and said he had just come from the fort. Hackett had sent orders to the (Co. H) to have everything packed up and sent forward as soon as they should be sent for. Also to send up Capt. Avelis and Lieut. Emerson’s
Space horses in the morning. The teams are going out to the pastures and forage.

May 15. The N.G. ambulance came in from the post last night. Stores the General's cook brought in a big turkey, a box full of chickens, some honey in a glass jar and a teakettle clock. The boys are working over the clock now trying to make it go. None of them know anything about it.

Some say, "Do this" and some "Do that," and they have got a striking one as if it never would stop. They stand looking at it in amazement. At noon an orderly rode in with instructions to have everything sent forward. At 2 1/2 P.M. the plaice was hitched up and as it would wait until the rear team was ready. John D. Storrs of Co K 23rd NY Fairbanks of 23rd NY.
8 o'clock. Harford of the 6th or 13th. Lt. Hanks and I went to Harford’s little reg. started out. The road was miserable at first, but after traveling sometimes we came out at the turnpike, a fine road. Fort roads under presidency between Richmond and Petersburg. The telegraph wires were cut all along the road. We saw many dead horses and the stench from them was almost unbearable. After walking some distance we began to hear firing and as we came to the top of a hill where stood the Halffway House we found Rev. Mills (Fireman) and Jere May (23 years). Many regimental surgeons were here and everything looked as if they expected business. Here too was a line of field-pieces in position stretching on both sides of the turnpike as far as the eye could reach. We got directions as to how to reach...
Threw me in the barn at one o'clock am orderly and routed out Bob. (Robert Arlow 9th U.S. Gen. Neffsmans personal orderly) and the rest of the orderlies. Told Bob, say that the spare horses were to be taken round to the front door, where the rest of the horses were tied to the fence. As three seemed to be something in the wind, I told my bedfellow, Thomas, that I would go out and see what was up. Going to the porch of the house I found Mr. G. (Gen. J. ambulacnc demix for H.Q.) loading up the Teams. stuff Mr. Dingall (2d Res. of H.Q.) had ordered up the H.Q. team of this twice a company of the 11th Ca. came to the house, went down the lane at a trot and filed through the back gate into the woods. As far as I know the General had not slept a wink.
Ned. go. and pushed me, the firing becoming more and more distinct. After reaching the next mile-post we took a road to the right for 3/4s of a mile and then turning sharp to the left we came to No. 9 Hay stuck up on the ground in front of a house. The house belongs to one Gregory who is said to have attended an officer of the river. His wife and three servants left last Sunday. I asked one old Auntie whether her master told her about the Yankees. "He told me that you would make me eat cottonseed," but she added, "I think you are nice gentlemen after dark our bans came up and we got out table and desk and placed these in the front room, which Capt. Abel made his office.

May 16. Last night we
that night. He was very anxious and had no faith that his leading General held the position of attack.
He went to Butler on the 16th and told him his brigade had been in the advance. The whole time they were without rations and asked that it be relieved. He was told they could not be relieved. He then asked for reinforcements saying if they would give him one artillery he would hold the position. Artillery was sent back almost as soon as it reported it was received away. He marched up and down the veranda with the utmost exasperation. Seeing several of us waiting around he told us we had better come in and get what sleep we could. This we did. The General broke "tune on the plaza. When I awoke, the day was just breaking. The General
was still there and nearly all
the staff.
The General asked Stokes to
cook (? W.J.) if he had any
breakfast cooked? Stokes said
"No, everything is packed up."
"Well," said the General "Can
you reach there?" Just then
the firing began at earnest,
and we heard the never-to-be
forgotten rebel yell.
"It's a charge" shouted
the General and recouping
his breast he dashed down the
road followed by the Staff. But
Abel stopped long enough to
give me direction about the
Records of Brigade and the
office staff and then he
followed.

Before we left with the
HQ. Jr. from the "Minies"
began to fly about N. Y.
and a rebel shell tore
its way through the barn.
What follows is what Capt. A.A. (A.A. Heckman's Brigade) told me. "The staff left their horses in the road with the orderlies and entered the woods on foot. When we entered the woods where our line was formed, all that could be seen were two sheets of flame from the opposing muskets. The general sent me to the right of the 7th N.Y. with an order and when I got back, Heckman ordered me to go to General Wentzel (Commanding Division) and tell him we must have reinforcements. When I returned, the general was missing and the line broken." A little later a new line was formed near the Hay's Way house. The force that came down on our right that morning was variously estimated. A Rebel prisoner said, in answer to the query as to how many men
they had "Twenty thousand and more a coming." Our brigade marched that morning about 2800 men.

I suppose none of us can forget the fog of that morning or the gloom of the few days following the disaster at Drury's Bluff. My letters home at the time are full of gloomy forebodings. Rumor with the thousand tongues was busy making and unmaking the most dreadful reports. Horrors of killed, wounded, and missing that went home to the friends of the regiment composing the brigade must have caused even greater gloom than we experienced. But the Red Star Brigade did not lose its reputation nor its efficiency. Bad as was the disaster we are certain that it was not the fault of the men themselves, nor of...
its immediate Commander and the boys who passed through that terrible ordeal and lived have reason to be proud; while not a stain remains upon the shields of those who gave up their lives or went from that dread field to the Southern Prison Bencs.

H. E. Valentine.

The above read at Co. F. Rcn. June 3rd, 1903.
Point Battery on Appomattox
Ruins on the right of 18th Army Corps Line
Held in 1864 - Aug. - by H. E. Valentine
An early morning reconnaissance along the Appomattox River near Petersberg, 1864.

At 3 A.M., July 11, I was awakened by Capt. W. B. Bensey, A.G. Gen. on the staff of Gen. Geo. B. Stannard, Gen. 13th Dec. 18th A.C. Our 1/47th were on a spur of the big ravine that commenced at the river and curved to the left in several miles just within the Union lines.

Together we walked up the ravine to Capt. Long's quarters. Capt. Long was in command of the Division sharpshooters. After he joined us we took the road along the river for half a mile or more toward Court of Roses; then crossing a wide field to the left, reached the roads leading the river bank. We kept along the bank toward the plantation of the Appomattox and the James. It was still
dark and we moved quietly and safely, though involuntarily listening for our steps across the open spaces where we were exposed to any observers on the other side. We passed a 2-gun battery and occasionally a pit dug for the sharpshooters. As it began to grow light we came to a large tree just opposite the rebel fort, which marked the limits of the present trip. Here we crept about very cautiously, exposing ourselves as little as possible to the enemy's sharpshooters, the river being quite narrow at this point.

As the dawn came on, we got a very good view of the rebel works, and I began a sketch-map of the river, batteries and camps and their position in relation to our own works, estimating distance as accurately as possible. As soon as it was broad daylight...
and the sketch completed we began our return trip, and here came the excitement. We had to move very carefully, keeping behind the bushes and trees which lined the river’s bank, running very swiftly and singly as we passed the open spaces. We made some observations through the loopholes in the rifle-pits, and could plainly see the rebel camps, and men moving about, and we heard the bugle blowing, perhaps the “Reveille.” At the 2 gun battery we stopped quite a while getting a good view of the works and making some additions to the map. The Sergeant in charge reminded me that my white paper made a good work and suggested that I carry it under cover.

Keeping on we soon came to the place where we struck the river on our way out.
but instead of crossing to the road we kept along the river to the battery or the point. Here was quite a stretch of uncovered ground which we had to cross and we skipped over it in lively style, our speed accelerated by the firing of the “minies” which at least proclaimed the good intentions of our friend the enemy.

Passing down into the ravine we regaled ourselves on the delicious blackberries which grew very abundant at that point. Climbing the side of the ravine, we found ourselves in a covered way the which we passed into the battery which was known as Don’s battery sometimes called the “Point battery” as the point upon which it was located was somewhat prominent just a
the bend of the river. The battery mounted 21-30 pounder Parrott guns and several mortars. We watched them fire several rounds from the mortars.

Standing directly behind, we could see the bomb leave the mortar and sail majestically into the air, the fuse burning and sputtering as it went.

A large telescope was mounted in one of the embrasures through which we looked directly out the city. Under the bridge connecting Petersburg and the opposite shore, we saw a man in his shirt sleeves carrying a bucket of water which he had just dipped from the river. A clock on one of the steel rails indicated twenty minutes of six o'clock. We lingered here for quite a while but as we must get back to Yorktown andwhatever there
Someday tomorrow, we left. It was our intention to get into the 2. tree and get (a we thought we could) a fine view down the river, but as we must go across the "new" to do it, or go a long way round to keep under tree, we gave it up. Walking for a little distance along the edge of the bluff, we descended into the ravine, and, once hidden by the trees made our way back to camp, arriving just in season for a beautiful breakfast of hard tack & coffee.

H. E. Valentine
HEADQUARTERS BRIG. GEN. C. A. HECKMAN, ST. HELENA ISLAND, S. C., FEB. 20, 1863.