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"Falling in" the Relief  
in a Colored regiment near New Berne N.C.  
1863

Sunday June 7 in the afternoon I went with a friend from the 45<sup>th</sup> Mass. Vols., to the camp of the 1<sup>st</sup> No. Car. Regiment. (Colored.)

We approached the main entrance. The Lieut. Of the guard was trying to "fall in" one of the reliefs. It was amusing to watch the countenances as the members were called, for the men were known by numbers.

Lieut "No. 1" "yere." (here)

"No. 2" "yere."

"No. 3" – long pause – and someone pokes No. 3 in the ribs. He starts with a sudden grunt and says – "I se yere."

"No. 4" "E'es Sur, Ise yere."

And so on down to No. 16 who could not be found, No. 15

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being, (or supposed to be) all right.

"Are you no. 15? Asks the Lieut.

"E'es Sur, dis my place."

Just then a breathless darkie rushed into line, and pushes No. 15 out of the way. Turning to the new-comer, the Lieut. Says. "Are you no. 15?"

"E'es Sur, I be."

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

"E'es Sur, I be."

Exit Lieut. (saying things inside) while the Sergeant marches off the relief.

H. E. Valentine