To my Comrade,
David W. Leachstead
in memory
of
Dear old Company H.
23½ Mass.

H. E. Valentine
Steamer "Vidette"

H. E. Valentine was "Commissioned" on her from Dec 25, 1861 to May 1862.
Highlander

of Bessemer Expedition Fleet.
Have now a most beautiful spot for an encampment. It is just on the margin of a fine piece of woodland, the tall pines affording us a shelter from the cold winds and storms. Over the
kitchens (log cabins put up by our men and covered with brush) are situated some distance in front of the camp; then just on the edge of the woods come the line of Company tents, extending back into the woods up a gentle slope some three or four hundred feet, each Co. having its street 15 feet wide on the left of its line of tents. The Companies each have six 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 appearance especially at night, the
numerous camp fires burning brightly, the white tents lighted up, and the deep forest affording an admirable back-ground for the picture. Then the music of our fine band with the distant sounds of harmony from the various regiments encamped are around us with the ringing of the voice in their tents, make it to me, a most interesting scene. A little party of us went out this afternoon to get Holly and Evergreen for our Thanksgiving decorations, and our Co. front presents a most charming 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. There we have under the superintendence of Capt. J.A. Smart of the 7th Co. arranged and mortared fire. Under the principal arch and just before the Co. N.G. kept a round tablet with the words "God save the Commonwealth of Mass. Co. 7." Altogether our quarters have been the center of attraction for the Regiment."
1861

When I enlisted in 1861 I exchanged testaments with my friend David B. Pillsbury. We purchased them in 1858 and they were just alike. 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 apart from vanity and sin
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 me open its golden door
Upon the hinge of prayer.

Sometimes during our stay at Camp
"John A. Andrews" 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
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:—

We engaged with the rebels commenced at 6 o'clock AM. 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 trunk of love letters.
Also this tannish thing 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. 

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

H. E. Viatorius
Solom Gazette - Nov. 1, 1861.

"On Saturday afternoon the Drill Club were presented each with a copy of the New Testament and Psalms, the Co. being massed about the Captain's tent to receive the gift, which appeared to be highly appreciated, and which subsequent indications have shown, was proud to be seed sown wherever story pointed or by the wayside."

Solom Gazette Dec. 3, 1861

"Fiddling everywhere!"

Yesterday for the second time a large batch of letters was received at the Solom Post Office from members of Co. F. 20th Vols. signed by John C. Alley, for which notwithstanding, regular postage was charged, and paid by the recipients."
I remember an incident which occurred while the Preussische fleet was lying between the Fortress and the Rip Raps at Hampton Roads in January 1862. It greatly amused the few who saw it. I was on the "Vidette" and near to lay the "Picket" which was H. P. dispatch-boat. General Preussische was flying about on the "Picket" a great deal of the time during those days. On the afternoon of the 11th, a small boat containing four men one of whom was very drunk was rowed up to the "Picket." Two men got out and climbed to the arms deck and dropped a rope to the third man who fastened it securely to the armss race just under the arms. He then climbed to the arms deck and with his comrades raised the
intoxicated man near the upper deck. The boat dropped 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, sending him into the water. This they did several times until he was partially soaked. When they drew him to the deck, snatched the rope and he disappeared down the companionway, a very wet and angry man.

H. B. Valentine
With two or three companies, I left the Stee. "Vidette" 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" 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 our men. We found our friends seated about a fire, engaged in the delightful occupation of cooking pancakes. They had formed quite a quantity of flour and a little bacon.
furnished them with a salable substitute for hard tack although they had no salt and used salt pork to fry them in. Our walk had made us ravenous and we could not refuse the tempting cares 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 bided them in a scathing broadside more ridiculous than harmful. We bought some of the Confederate scrip, giving good Yankee money 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 N.Y. Vol. The breast I describe as typical of the rest. It was built of sand from 10 to 14 feet in thickness of wall, well footed. The works were 6 to 8 ft. high. The magazine was built in a pyramidal form in 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 southeast from the water. 4 - 32 guns made up the arrangement 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
Buried by his Comrades in arms, the Double Guards, Georgia Vol. C.S.A. Another Georgia had been buried within the enclosure, whose name had been written in lead pencil on a marble board standing at the head of the grave.

Most of the houses we passed along the road were deserted, but we now came to one that was occupied and feeling tired and hungry after such long travel, we entered and asked for something to eat, proceeding to pay an Uncle Sam's good currency, improved the tobacco, 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 on the average 6 miles wide. Two
churches, one Baptist and one Methodist— are sustained and 2 stores provide the people with necessaries. The inhabitants do a little farming, but fish the greater part of the year. Irish and Swedish potatoes and cabbages are staple produce. Their market is Elizabeth City, N.C.

One 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 whom was 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, and otherwise maltreating him.
After three quarters of an hour we found no food forthcoming and left for the landing, where we arrived about dusk. While waiting for a boat we approached a boat full 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 "Vidette" and we rowed away passing a small side-wheeler steamer flying the rebel flag at the stern, while a white flag of truce drooped from the staff at the bow. I was told the cause for the bodies of Captains Wise and other officers.

H. E. Valentine
A capsule or house near

April 28, 1862

At this time I was on the steam
Violette serving as Commissary.
Shortly after dinner a party of us
left the vessel, then lying in the
house near New Bern, for a visit to the battle ground.

In the boat were:

1st mate Vars.
3rd " Levi Crapser.
Capt. Newberg - Pilot.
" Page - advance officer.
Fred - a colored boy.

H. Valentine Commissary.

Page was an entitled man from the 8th Co. U.S., while
I was from the 23rd. We spent the afternoon on
the battle ground noting the
shells fired from the vessel.
A late hour took boat
and started up toward the city.
we saw far down the river two steamers coming up, towing barges.
Thinking 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 "Shrapnell" upon which were three men from one more steamer. They had participated in the capture of the "Medora" and were now returning to New Orleans. We let the "Rice" pass us and then rowing across the bay of the "Highland Light," dropped back beside the "Shrapnell." Our crew threw a rope which we caught and was drawn up to the side of the barge, taking in considerable water in the operation. Some one called out "Drop her anchor" and it was done.
As we fell back into the water that was boiling up under the stern of the barge, our boat went over like a flash and all hands went into the water, but Captain Newbury, who acted like a monkey, went up the rope 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 away 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 rails of the half-submerged life-boat into which Chief Wawas climbed and commenced to pull out with his hat. We finally climbed into the big boat and taking our own
Boat in tow rowed up the river reaching the Vedette about dark greeted by cries of “How did you like your duching?” Our excursion probably saved us from heavy tolls, and we were grateful it was so 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 and the oar by my side. As we approached the barge I gave up the steering-oar to the mate and I suppose then put the glass in my pocket, although I did not remember 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 valued relic of those days.

H. Waterman
1862 On the steamer "Vidette" at the time
I was her Comissionary was a
North Carolinian named "White"
who served as Pilot for the Sounds
and rivers of N. 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 Ste.
"Phoenix". We never saw him
again, but we afterwards learned
that he reached home (Somewhere
near Edenton N.C.) and recessed
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.

H.E. Valomier
Pier Rose, Bourrylic, X. C.

A mooring and baggage handler in the North Sea.
Capture of 60 men of the 23rd S.C. Regt.

at Kristow, S.C.

Dec. 13th to 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 snow. Through this opening came a large body of men, the foremost one wearing a headchief 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 came on ahead, receiving the
Surrender of the men the 23rd mass. getting the credit of their capture.

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

Dec. 1863. When we returned from the Goldsboro Expedition, we bore
roughly 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
prompted one of the wagons
for the trip. Among them
were Lewis F. Emileis
John P. Titon and
the writer. Others I forget.

We sat upon a pile of
musselots on the bottom
of that springless wagon.
The canvas cover formed an
immense funnel through
which the cold December
wind went reeling, 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 merry when we started but gradually the effort subsided and we sank into our coats with collars turned up and capes wrapped about our heads in the vain endeavor to keep warm. The ride made us almost absolute silence as far as we were concerned. We reached New Berne between 10 and 11 o'clock, separating at Craven St. Pelton and I went to the Quaintemasters 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 track so Camp Preculeton on the other side of the Great river.
A rest of a few days put us in shape for another jaunt.

H. E. Valentine
The Geo. of
Big Geo. C. S. Heisterman
@ Carolina City N.C.
just previous to departure for S.C.
Jan. 1863.
An incident of the trip to S.C.

When we sailed from Beaufort Harbor N.C. for North Carolina, I was on the S.S. "United States", which was Earl C.A. Hickman'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. 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 his mast. As we went through the white water a sort of anxious expression passed over his face, but he
was there to do but
one thing and that he
did faithfully.

A little heavier sea
than common, finally
unshipped his rudder,
but without any attempt
to save it, he cast loose
the tiller ropes, and grasping
an oar, thrust it out
behind and still kept his
little boat at trie.

The officers subscribed
as they found they could
make no impression upon
me.

The Ste. Exquisite
stirling near us also towed
a small boat which was
captured, and the derelict
who was steering it, went
up the rope to the steamer's
deck in a very sprightly
manner.

K. E. Walshe
View of Beaufort Harbor, N.C., from office windows at
Naval Base, Gen. C.A. Helmich, Morehead City, N.C.,
The building was staff stable.
An incident of the sail to S. C.

When we sailed from Beaufort Harbor, N. C. for North Carolina, I was on the Ste. "United States" which was Genl. C. A. Nebbitt's flagship. It was very rough as we went over the bar. A small boat was towed behind us in which sat a darkey at the rudder steering, and trying to keep it right side up. The staff and regimental officers on the "United States" were disposed to make fun of the poor darkey, 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 watchful expression passed over his face, but he
"Falling in the Relief
in a Colored regiment
near New Bern NC".

1863.

Sunday June 7. In the afternoon
I went with a friend from the
45th misc. Volts. to the camp
of the 1st 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 announced to
watch the Countermarch as
the uncertain were called
by members.

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

"No. 2" "yere."

"No. 3" long pause
and some one pokes No 3
in the ribs. He starts with "

and so on down to No. 16. Who
could not be forced, No. 15."
being (or supposed to be) all right.

`Are you No. 15?` asks the Lieutenant.

Eh! is this my place?

Just then a breathless engine rushes into line, and pushes No. 15 out of the way. Turning to the new-comer, the Lieutenant says, `Are you No. 15?` Eh! is this I be.

Turning to the first one, the Lieutenant asks, `Well, you are No. 16, then, aren't you?` Eh! is this I be.

Exit, Lieutenant. (Saying things inside) while the engine marches off the relief.

H. E. Valentine
On the 13th. of July the 23d Mass. Vols. with other troops under command of Brig. Gen. H. C. Nestor, took post to Yorktown, Va., and then marched to Cedar Point on the White Oak River opposite Annapolis, Md.

From this point on the 15th, Capt. Harris of the 9th U.S. was sent with a platoon of Co. B. of the 9th, in two boats, up White Oak river to find a fording place for cavalry. Being at the hamlet H. G. Harris sent along to make a sketch map of the river and send soundings.

As we passed Annapolis 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 sea of Jones' Island but before reaching it we saw a ground and the men had to jump over and shock 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 back 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, making for the next
clearing.
All the way along we sounded for hard bottoms
and I kept the record and
outlined the course of the
channels. We went as far
as Bill's plantation at the
mouth of Saducut's Creek,
скоелт ѓь ѓь Reasorboro.
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 Commissariat and there pulled on reaching Head quarters at 11 o'clock PM having to report that we had forced no fordng-place the bottom being very

The sketch map was sent up to Department HQ.

H. E. Valvertev
A trip across Hampton Roads.

Feb. 6, 1864

While we were stationed at Getty near Portsmouth, Va., in the spring of '64, it was my pleasure one beautiful morning to take a trip to Newport News across the waters of Hampton Roads. We went in Brigade brigs, Capt. W. H. Steed A.G. Lieut. J.E. McDonnell A.G.M. & myself. We waited quite a while for the 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 & anything warlike is transacted here. Portsmouth on the other hand reminds one of Japan."
The streets are cleaner and more regular. The houses are built mainly of wood and it seems to be a quaint old-fashioned sort of a place. Two old ferry-boats called respectively "Union" and "Portsmouth", of antique build and weakly frame connect the 2 places. Right before her a Federal vessel of war flies her national ensign. Above the town on this side of the river, where that forest of masts seems to rose out of the water is the Norfolk Navy Yard. But here comes our tug, with "J. E. Walford" 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 Fort Norfolk on the right, a large flag flying from one corner of the
harbored. Sentences face to main upon the walls and heavy ordnance that need shell lie in our beautiful profession 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. Savannah 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 post on our right is "Beauregard" where we first saw the rebel flag in January 1863.
But we are now out of the river and begin to feel the waves from the open sea, and our little craft bounds along as if indeed a thing of life. Wild ducks skitter over the surface of the water and hear the gulls soar high and low, quarreling 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 Monroe and at almost an equal distance the "Rip-Raps" soon pop out of the water. When the Bermuda Expedition was here two years ago, there near the "Rip-Raps" looked like an immense pile of stone just dropped into the harbor.
Numerous destroyers were erected upon it and were very busy shaping and forming the entire mass. Now the shapeless mass has assumed a form. Where before we looked chaos, we now see a fortress. Tall, black muzzles protrude over the walls as if warming up 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 has 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 soon rise before us through rocks and open ports and...
over whose solid masonry peer guns of heavy calibre. Sentinels keep vigilent watch and ward upon the parapet. Our beautiful flag flies from the tall flagstaff inside the fortlets. Outside the walls is the town "Old Fort Comfort." The houses are of one story, these cottages with green blinds and the porch so common in the South. Nearly all the buildings are occupied by government officials. We make here a short stay here and cast off for Newport News. We pass the Hospital on our right and the 3 turretd monitor "Roanoke," a little further on. The flagship "Minnesota" anchored near at hand is the flagship of Admiral Lee Commanding the W. Atlantic Blockading Squadron. That black mass protruding from the water near the shore, is all that remains of the gallant frigate "Congress."
April 9, 1862, under the fire of the Merrimac, who gave us pause an hour and half ago. That little ripple further out tells where the "Cumberland" went down with its living freight.

But the bells trill "Honor her" and casting a lance to the wind we are soon made fast. The bluff at this point is 20-25 feet high above the river. That one-story house on the bank was occupied by Genl. C. H. Yelverton, where he commanded here. During the engagement Mar. 9, 1862, a shot from the Merrimac passed through the room we used to use as an office and the marks are still visible. None of our troops, some distance back of the house, was built by the Stars and Bars in 1861 when Genl. Bragg commanded here.
All the buildings at this post were built and occupied by Fort officials, except a few shanties occupied by many “Confederates.” Two or three times a week a flag of truce 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 naval fire, they can be heard to cheer as they come in sight of the flags flying on the fleet, and see the camps at the “Nets” 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 steering down the river. Leaving the fortress on our left we make a short run across the “Flats” and entering 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: "Whoever holds St. Maurice knows how to rise it is master of Virginia and N. Carolina.

At the commencement of the War, Col. Dismuke 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.C. Valentine]
In Camp at Bermuda 100 - Va.

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

May 12, 1864. It was a stormy day with thunder and lightning. Adj. Sherman 23 troops came in about 5 o'clock and reported that our forces had formed line of battle about 7 miles west of our brigade having the extreme right.

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

May 14. Last night A. T. Troth (Co. F) awoke me at 1 o'clock and said he had just come from the post. Hancock had sent orders to the (Co. F) to have everything packed up and sent forward as soon as they should be sent for. Also to send up Capt. Adels and Lieut. Emerson's...
Space horses in the morning. The teams are going out to the posts
with rations 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
leather clock. The boys are
working over the clock now
trying to make it go. One of
them knows anything about it.
Some say, 'He's this and some
'Do that.' and they have got a
striking as if it never would
stop. They stand looking at
it in amazement. At noon an
airship rode in with instruc-
tions to have everything sent
forward. At 2 1/2 P.M. the
team was hitched up, and as
it would wait until the next
team was ready, John D. Swob
of Co K 23nd N.Y. Fairbanks of
8th cor. Hartwell of the 6th or 10th I. N. A. I. W. and I with the General's little reg. Started out. The road was miserable at first but after traveling sometimes we came out at the turnpike, a fine road 3 or 4 rods wide running between Richmond and Petersburg. The telegraph wires were cut all along the road. We saw many dead horses and the stretch from there 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 Half-way House we found Mrs. Wells (Fireman) and Miss 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 Castles' Neighbors'
Heard we in the barn at one o'clock an order to get out Bob. (Robert Aitken of N. J. Geo. Neidhammer's personal orderly) and the rest of the orderlies. Then Bob say that the young horses were to the taken round to the front door, where the rest of the horses were tied to the fence. As there seemed to be something in the wind, I told my bedfellow. Stonewall that it would go out and see what was up. Going to the porch of the house I found Mr. (Gen. J. A. Ambrose, colonel of H. G.) loading up the horses. The Major (Col. Price of Brigade) had ordered up the H. G. team off this twice a company of the 11th Ca. came to the house went down the fence at a trot and filed through the back gate into the woods. As far as I know the General had not slept a wink.
No. 940 and pushed on, the firing becoming more and more distinct. After reaching the next mile-post we took a road to the right for 3/4 of a mile and then turning sharp to the left we came to No. 9 R. Hay stuck up on the ground in front of a house. The house belongs to one Gregory who is said to load torpedoes on the river. His wife and two servants left last Sunday. I asked one old Acenitic who her master told her about the Yankees. “He tol’ me dat you would make me rich cottonseed” but she added “I think you be’f nice jamen. After dark our town came up and we got out table and desk and placed these in the first room, which Capt. Abel made his office.

May 16. Last night we
that night. He was very anxious and had no faith that his boy could hold the position of attacked. He went to Butler on the 16th and told him his brigade had been in the advance the whole time were without bread, 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 some artillery he would hold the position. Artillery was sent there almost as soon as it reported. It was ordered away. He marched up and down the veranda with the utmost injustice. Seeing several of us waiting round he told us we had better come in and get what sleep we could. This we did. Breakin' down on the prairie. When I awoke, the day was just breaking. The General
was still there and nearly all the staff.
The General asked Stores to
Cook (9th B) if he had any
breakfast cooked? Stores said
"No, everything is packed up."
"Well," said the General, "Can
you reach these?" 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 reciting
his case he dashed down the
road followed by the staff. But
Abel stopped long enough to
give nice directions about the
Records of Brigade and office staff and there he
followed.
Before we left with the
14th P.V. from the "Minies"
began to fly about N. Y.
and a rebel shell tore
its way through the barn.
What follows is what Capt. (Coq. Heckman's Brigade) told me. "The staff left their horses in the road with the orderly and entered the woods on foot. When we entered the woods where our lines were formed, all that could be seen were two sheets of flame from the opposing muskets. The General sent me to the right of the 9th I. G. with an order and when I got back, Heckman ordered me to go to General Wentzel (Coq. 7th Division) and tell him to start his force to reinforce us. When I returned, the General was missing and the line broken. A little later a new line was formed near the Nagy 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
mustered 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 letter home at that time are
full of gloomy forebodings. Rumor
with the thousand tongues was
busy making and unmaking the
most dreadful reports. Herds of
killed, wounded and missing
went home to the friends of the
regiments 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 there gave up their lives or went from that dread field to the Southern prison bars.

H. E. Vanderpool

The above read at Co. F. Pennin
June 3rd 1903.
Point Battery on Appomattox River on the right of 18th Army Corps line. Heled in 1864 aug. by H.E. Veluched.
At 3 A.M., July 11, I was awakened by Capt. W. O. Berney, A.A.G., on the staff of Brig. Gen. I. S. Hamblin, commanding 18th Div., 18th Army Corps. Our 4th Gen., were in a spur of the big range that commenced at the river and curved to the left in broad sweeps just within the Union lines.

Together we walked up the range 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 Point of Rocks, then crossing a wide field to the left, reached the woods, leaving the river bank. We kept along the bank toward the point of the Appomattox and the James. It was still
dark and we moved freely and safely, though involuntarily listening to 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 distances 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 silently as we passed the open spaces. We made some observations through the loopholes in the rifle-pits, and could plainly see the rebel caissons, and even moving about, and we heard the bugles sounding, 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 mark 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 on the point. Here was quite a stretch of uncovered ground which we had to cross and we skipped over it in hurry style, our speed accelerated by the gunfire 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 abundantly at that point. Climbing the side of the ravine, we found ourselves in a covered way through which we passed into the battery, it 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 hissing and fluttering as it went.

A large telescope was mounted in one of the embasures through which we looked directly cut into the city. Under the bridge connecting Petriostrov and the White Island, 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 turrets indicated twenty minutes of six o'clock. We lingered here for quite a while, but as we must yet look to old grey and withal were
Somewhat hungry, we left. It was our intention to get into the 2nd tree and get a few nuts down the river, but as we reached the other "snag" to do it, or go a long way round to keep under cover, 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 reached our way back to camp, arriving just in season for a beautiful breakfast of Hard Tack & Coffee.
HEADQUARTERS BRIG. GEN. C. A. HECKMAN, ST. HELENA ISLAND, S. C., FEB. 20, 1863.