

Written by William Charles, Headquarters, 154th Reg't N.Y.S.V. Second Division 11th Army Corps, Germantown, Va. Written on Thanksgiving Day. "Mr. J. B. Jones was with us most of the day and of course we were all very happy to see him. What kind of dinner do you think we had? Well, I'll tell you it was a pretty good one considering all things and if you could see us eat you would think it was a very good thing we had a nice piece of beef boiled and beef soup with flour in it boiled potatoes soft bread and a cabbage head cut in vinegar. I would not eat with the Quartermaster because I wanted to eat with the boys although he had oysters and other good things, I shall have some oysters for supper."

No. 2, Bridgeport, Alabama, November 8, 1864. "Had a very good Sabbath school today. I was the only white man there as those friends that labored with me having been ordered to the front or to their regiments. I do wish you could come some Sunday to our Sabbath School so that you might see how pleased and thankful the little black boys and girls are to have a white man come and teach them. Of course they think that I am the best white man they ever saw, and they wonder very much why a white man should teach them. You know it is, or was before the war, the law of this state that any white man found guilty of teaching a black man, woman or child to read shall be punished with death or imprisonment. That is, it was against the law of the state to learn any person of African descent to read so of course it is no wonder that it seem strange to these slaves to see a white man to come openly to teach them. Some of these children are very neatly and comfortably clothed but most of them have nothing but rags and nothing at all on their feet. It is getting pretty cold now too and I feel very sorry for them."

No 3, Ringgold, Ga, May 23, 1864. "I saw four boys from our regiment today on their way to Chattanooga. They were sick. One of them belongs to Co. D. and lives, I believe, in Yorkshire. He is discharged

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and is going home. He said that he would be sure to go see you when he would get home. His name is D. Phillips. I hope he will come and make you a visit. There is no doubt of the death of Ambrose Arnold and most likely S. Moore is also dead but I have not given up all hopes of him yet. He might have been taken prisoner. I do hope that he is and that he may come back to us again. (Note: see Civil War Records) I do not know what has been going on the last two days but I believe our forces are still advancing and most likely they will have to go very near to Atlanta before the Rebels will fight. This side of Atlanta is quite a river called the Chattahoochee. On the banks of that river there will be a desperate battle fought, unless we can out flank the enemy some way and pass by and compel him to fall back to some other place. Our front is by this time within 30 miles of Atlanta. It makes me shudder almost to think of the coming week. Before we get Atlanta a great battle must be fought. When I say that you know why I tremble. If we are successful in that battle, most likely it will be the last for two or three months but if we are not successful 'what then'. I dare not picture to myself 'what then'. But if it be God's Will for us to triumph it will be so. To Him let us direct our prayers because it is 'He alone that can give us the victory'."

No. 3, Camp near Stafford C.H. Va., May 17, 1863. Our Colonel has come back. He is badly wounded in the thigh. He is going home today. I made a pair of crutches for him yesterday. He was in the hands of the rebels for nearly a week. They treated him very kindly and took first rate care of him. He thinks Uncle Tom, Lewis Jones, Richard Lewis and Ben Morgan are going to Richmond. - Tell Tommy and Frances to be good children and Dad will be home as soon as Uncle Sam will let him."

No. 4, Lookout Valley, Tennessee, November 10, 1863. "I would like very much to have some of D----- oats for my poor horse inasmuch that he and the rest of our horses and mules are suffering very much for want of something to eat for the reason that it cannot be brought here fast enough. Food must be brought to the soldiers if all the horses starve. I have, before now, paid 2 cts. for a biscuit and gave the horse half of it. When he came over the mountain he would follow me like a dog. Everytime we would stop he would take hold of my coat button or try to get his nose in my pocket as much as to say 'please give me a hard tack'. Poor horse, he is now hungry night and day and it makes me feel bad that I have nothing to give him, But we may have enough in a few days. Yesterday the rebels from the Lookout Mountain were very lively all day and threw many shells at our wagon trains as they went up the valley but no harm was done although some had very narrow escapes. But today we do not hear much from them. They blazed away for a few hours this morning."
