

U. S. Army Military History Institute

WALT WHITMAN'S

*Memoranda During the War*  
[&] *Death of Abraham Lincoln*

*reproduced in facsimile*

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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PROPERTY OF US ARMY

*Keep Carefull*  
Picture  
*Test taken*  
*shot -*  
*factory*  
*I have :*  
*we seen*  
*at over) - Cook's*  
*rest on the Galen*



announcing "Glory" had fought Lee and day before, 10,000 prisoners, &c. modest, and a sort of himself, quite recalling on the peo-

ok along with me y syrup, good and eral of the Wards, a Meade, and gave ice water, quite r- bells are ringing and the usual fusil-

nearly sundown. gnal Service,) just heir night's camp sort of hill, in full e men in their yel- l; the freed horses s. They are to be he little wall-tents ee the fires already m. The laggards wielding their axes huddles of horses, kled sabres yet on , the flames of the dles, harness, &c. en arrive and dis- r horses to them ; are chopping wood,

nd warm. A train ng pontoons, great king for overlaying ve here is flooded, able to get back leed break him to

ess field of observa- he horses, huddled, chewing their hay. ng also. The fires

naps 50 or 60 tents. , (pleasant to-day,) ling, writing—some

cooking, some sleeping—On long temporary cross-sticks back of the tents are hung saddles and cavalry accoutrements—blankets and overcoats are hung out to air—there are the squads of horses tether'd, feeding, continually stamping and whisking their tails to keep off flies.....I sit long in my third story window and look at the scene—a hundred little things going on—or peculiar objects connected with the camp that could not be described, any one of them justly, without much minute drawing and coloring in words.

*A New York Soldier.*—This afternoon, July 22, I have spent a long time with Oscar F. Wilber, Company G, One Hundred and Fifty-fourth New York, low with chronic diarrhoea, and a bad wound also. He ask'd me to read to him a chapter in the New Testament. I complied, and ask'd him what I should read. He said: "Make your own choice." I open'd at the close of one of the first books of the Evangelists, and read the chapters describing the latter hours of Christ, and the scenes at the crucifixion. The poor, wasted young man ask'd me to read the following chapter also, how Christ rose again. I read very slowly, for Oscar was feeble. It pleas'd him very much, yet the tears were in his eyes. He ask'd me if I enjoy'd religion. I said: "Perhaps not, my dear, in the way you mean, and yet, may-be, it is the same thing." He said: "It is my chief reliance." He talk'd of death, and said he did not fear it. I said: "Why, Oscar, don't you think you will get well?" He said: "I may, but it is not probable." He spoke calmly of his condition. The wound was very bad; it discharg'd much. Then the diarrhoea had prostrated him, and I felt that he was even then the same as dying. He behaved very manly and affectionate. The kiss I gave him as I was about leaving he return'd four-fold. He gave me his mother's address, Mrs. Sally D. Wilber, Alleghany Post-office, Cattaraugus County, N. Y. I had several such interviews with him. He died a few days after the one just described.

*Aug. 8.*—To-night, as I was trying to keep cool, sitting by a wounded soldier in Armory Square, I was attracted by some pleasant singing in an adjoining Ward. As my soldier was asleep, I left him, and entering the Ward where the music was, I walk'd half way down and took a seat by the cot of a young Brooklyn friend, S. R., badly wounded in the hand at Chancellorsville, and who has suffer'd much, but who at that moment in the evening was wide awake and comparatively easy. He had turn'd over on his left side to get a better view of the singers, but the plentiful drapery of the musquito curtains of the adjoining cots obstructed the sight. I stept round and loop'd them all up, so that he had a clear show, and then sat down again by him, and look'd and listened. The principal singer was a young lady nurse of one of the Wards, accompanying on a melodeon, and join'd