



The Civil War Memoir of Charles Dubois

Many of Dubois's recollections are descriptions of everyday military life, but several points may be of interest to Vermont Civil War buffs. Besides offering an odd perspective on the Battle of Gettysburg, he takes issue with, or contradicts outright, three stories of the war particular to Vermont.

By MICHAEL N. STANTON

Nearing seventy years of age, Charles Dubois of Peacham decided to write a memoir of his Civil War experiences for his children. He had enlisted at age eighteen and served in Company G of the Third Infantry Regiment of Vermont Volunteers from the spring of 1861 until the summer of 1864. He and his unit had been at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and Cold Harbor, among many other places. He had been shot at and missed (often), shot at and hit (once, superficially), hospitalized, promoted, and had undergone most of the experiences of war common to the common soldier.

The result of Dubois's decision was a 220-page memoir of about 90,000 words, hand-written in a ledger book that is now in the Special Collections of the Bailey/Howe Library at the University of Vermont. Over the past several years I have deciphered and transcribed these recollections and provided them with an introduction, notes, and other

.....

MICHAEL N. STANTON is associate professor of English emeritus, Department of English, University of Vermont.

Vermont History Vol. 76, No. 1 (Winter/Spring 2008): 47–61.

© 2008 by the Vermont Historical Society. ISSN: 0042-4161; on-line ISSN: 1544-3043

apparatus. Dubois's original manuscript, my printed transcription, and a CD-ROM are all now in Bailey/Howe.

Many of Dubois's recollections are descriptions of everyday military life, but several points may be of interest to Vermont Civil War buffs. Besides offering an odd perspective on the Battle of Gettysburg, he takes issue with, or contradicts outright, three stories of the war particular to Vermont.

First is the incident at Camp Baxter in St. Johnsbury, where recruits raided a sutler's shop. Dubois's narrative of this event is at odds with both George G. Benedict's and Howard Coffin's versions.

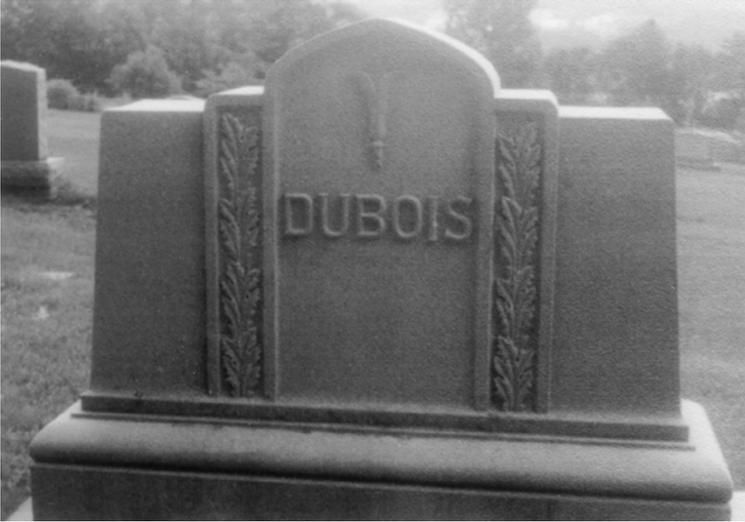
Next is the fate of William Scott of Groton, the "Sleeping Sentinel" whom Lincoln pardoned. The romantic version of this story has Lincoln personally delivering the commutation, which most historians doubt happened. Yet Dubois was one of the troops assembled to witness Scott's execution, and he says he saw Lincoln drive up and hand over the reprieve.

Last is the matter of the heroic drummer boy Willie Johnston, who received the Congressional Medal of Honor as the only musician who brought back his drum—symbolic of his fidelity—from the Peninsular Campaign. Dubois says he was not much of a musician and was by no means the only boy who kept his drum from harm.

In addition to offering these myth busters, Dubois reflects on his own period of service and decides that after three years of slogging and fighting and eating wretched food and following stupid orders, his patriotism has just about reached zero. He is not interested in noble causes, but only in getting home. His main regret, after the waste of three years of his own life, is that so many of his friends and fellow Vermonters have been sacrificed. In other words, Dubois very honestly records the feelings of a tired and disillusioned soldier.

HIS LIFE

The life of Charles Dubois, as both boy and man, was divided between Vermont and New Hampshire. He says he was born in Peacham, Vermont, on February 11, 1843, but he begins his account of his involvement in Civil War issues with the 1856 federal election, when he was living in New Boston, New Hampshire. (At thirteen he was an ardent supporter of the Democratic ticket and hung a home-made banner across the street in front of his house; he drafted his little brother to witness the "flag-raising.") By the time the war actually started, in 1861, he was back in Peacham and he enlisted from there. When he returned to civilian life in 1864 he went to both Peacham and Goffstown, New Hampshire, where he had many acquaintances. In Peacham he was well



Dubois family stone in Peacham Corner cemetery. Courtesy of the author.

known in later years as a furniture maker. Ernest Bogart in his 1948 history of Peacham speaks of Dubois's reputation and of the fact that bedroom sets made by him can still be found in Peacham homes.¹ But as of 1919, according to a letter he wrote a relative, Dubois had been living in Nashua, New Hampshire, for some time, not having visited Vermont for two years.² Yet when he died, on January 17, 1929, he was buried in Peacham, under the same stone as his mother, his mother's parents, his second wife, and his younger brother James, who had died years earlier from illness likely related to Civil War injuries. (James's death certificate records his occupation as "farmer," and "scurvy" as the cause of his death.)³ Many of the gaps in the life record of Charles Dubois can be filled by consulting the compilation called *People of Peacham*. Within its limits (it tends to lose interest in people when they leave Peacham) this account is invaluable.⁴

Dubois's mother was Hepzibah Browning, also known as Hepzibah Ford or Lord; she was born in England in 1806, daughter of Charles and Hannah Browning. She married one Joseph Dubois (the family name was Dubea until Charles entered the army, as he notes early in his memoir). The elder Dubois was born in Nova Scotia around 1816; he died in Maine sometime after 1884, while Hepzibah died in Peacham on August 3 of that year. Dubois mentions his mother only indirectly (thoughts of home, home cooking, and the like) and his father not at all.

Charles was the third of six Dubois children. The eldest, Joseph, born in 1839, disappeared at sea in 1856. The second, Jane, married Charles Whipple of Goffstown, New Hampshire. The next after Charles was James, who died in 1865. Then came Amelia, and last William, born in 1851, and mentioned as having been pressed into service for Charles's political activities in 1856.

Charles Dubois married twice: first, in December of 1864, to Mary Ellen Connor of Goffstown, who died in 1870. Then in 1873 (*People of Peacham*) or 1876 (1880 Census report) he married Mary Alice McLaughlin, or McLachlin, of an old Peacham family.⁵ (William Scott, the Sleeping Sentinel, had once worked at her father's farm, Dubois notes in passing.) By each of these unions Dubois had two children: by Mary Ellen, James Frank, born 1866, and Carrie Bell, born 1868; and by Alice, as she was known, Clarence, born 1880, and Annie, born 1882.

In the 1919 letter already mentioned, Dubois says that all his siblings are dead except for "Willie," who is retired, in poor health, and living in Waltham, Massachusetts. Of the children, Frank is living in Lynn, Massachusetts, Carrie, married to Walter Thorne, is in Peacham, and Clarence lives in Waltham, doing business in Boston. "All seem to be prospering

well," he says. The unmentioned Annie was apparently in Maine, having married William Rowe of Yarmouth.

HIS BOOK

Charles Dubois wrote his Civil War story in a business ledger with a gray cloth cover; the pages are 13" tall x 8" wide, ruled in red and blue. Each page was sequentially number-stamped by hand, and Dubois wrote mostly on the right-hand or odd-numbered pages. He inserted occasional addenda on the left-hand pages, and in the last six weeks of his account he went back some twenty pages and started writing on the left-hand pages in order to get everything into one volume. He began by dividing his narrative into chapters but abandoned that method after a few dozen pages; thereafter only a place name ("Camp Griffin" or "Wilderness") at the top of each page marks his progress.

By and large, Dubois's hand is neat and legible except where blurring and fading have taken their toll. Fewer than half a dozen words still remain undecipherable. There is considerable creativity, however, in his spelling and capitalization, and the syntax is occasionally wayward, as even the few quotations given here will suggest. The level of diction (including a purple patch or two) and range of reference suggest a writer who has read widely without having had much formal education.

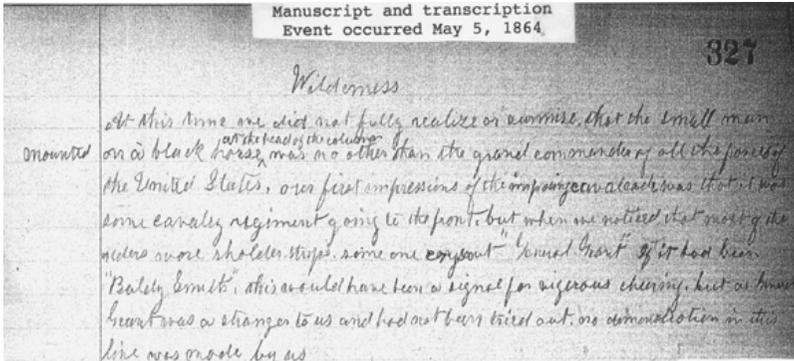
Dubois wrote his story over a number of years. He began it, he says, at almost seventy years of age, that is, sometime before 1913. Later, he quotes a newspaper story about General Ambrose Burnside that seems to have appeared in 1914. Later still, he mentions a reunion of his unit that took place in 1917. The lapse of years can explain some of the features of the manuscript's appearance: the contrasting tones of inks, for example, or the insertions, some of which seem to be afterthoughts.

Dubois uses several sources for his war experiences, but of course the major one is his own memory. The passage of time between the events and the writing, however, created two opposite problems: defects of memory caused by that passage of time, and augmentation of memory made possible by all the written material about the war that has accreted in the intervening years.

Dubois speaks of letters he wrote home; he also mentions a diary he began keeping in early 1864. These materials probably no longer exist, or if they do, their whereabouts are unknown. It is likely, however, that Dubois had access to them as he wrote.

He also cites an interesting range of printed sources; for instance, the *Century Magazine*, the writings of the popular journalist John T. Trowbridge, and a vivid but now nearly forgotten recreation of a scene of horrors, Morris Schaff's *Battle of the Wilderness*.⁶

.....



At this time we did not fully realize or surmise, that the small man mounted on a black horse ↑at the head of the column↓ was no other than the grand commander of all the forces of the United States. Our first impressions of the imposing cavalcade was that it was some cavalry regiment going to the front, but when we noticed that most of the riders wore shoulder straps, someone cry out "General Grant" If it had been "Baldy Smith," this would have been a signal for vigerous cheering, but as General Grant was a stranger to us and had not been tried out, no demonstration in this line was made by us.

Manuscript and transcription of page 327, Charles Dubois Civil War diary. Event occurred May 5, 1864. Courtesy of Special Collections, Bailey/Howe Library, University of Vermont.

Dubois mentions New Hampshire regimental histories but his chief quoted source is one he never names, George G. Benedict's two-volume *Vermont in the Civil War*.⁷ He refers to Benedict as "the brigade historian" or a similar title, and very often disagrees with Benedict's facts and conclusions.

This disagreement with the historian does not prevent Dubois from relying heavily upon him, sometimes too heavily for modern editorial scruples. For instance, Benedict writes of the Vermont Brigade's march north to Gettysburg that the "night was dark; the roads, made slippery by thunder showers, ran for miles through thick woods, and the troops plunged on in the darkness, a long invisible procession of laughing, singing, swearing, and stumbling soldiers." Dubois writes of that same night's march north that "the roads ran for miles through the thick dark woods. The night was dark, the roads wet and slippery . . . the boys plodded along, some singing, others swearing, and a few laughing, but all stumbling along good-naturedly."⁸ Although Dubois has clearly taken Benedict and redecorated him, this example suggests that the borrowing is not plagiarism in any dishonest sense, but instead the reliance of an amateur writer on a seemingly authoritative source.

HIS WAR

On September 17, 2006, the anniversary of the Battle of Antietam, a Civil War monument was dedicated to another bloody and inconclusive battle. At the Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania National Military Park a 17-ton memorial made of Vermont granite honors the members of the Vermont Brigade who struggled and died at the Battle of the Wilderness. From the viewpoint of Vermont's suffering, May 5, 1864, was probably the bloodiest day of the entire war.

Charles Dubois of Company G, 3rd Vermont Infantry, was there along with 2,800 other members of the Vermont Brigade. His company was severely hit: It was just about decimated in a few hours. Dubois quotes Morris Schaff's study of the battle:

[the] Vermont Brigade of [General George W.] Getty's division lost more men on that afternoon of the fifth than the entire Second Corps. Of the officers present for duty, three-fourths were killed or wounded.⁹

Dubois himself was wounded a few days later at Spotsylvania when a fragment from a burst shell ripped his trousers and cut into his thigh. Considering all the fighting the 3rd Vermont Regiment engaged in (twenty-five separate encounters by Dubois's own count), he was remarkably lucky. However, it is one thing to be present at a fight, another to be involved: Dubois's regiment was not used at Antietam (as a full one-third of McClellan's forces was not), was not on the field at Chancellorsville, and was kept in reserve at Gettysburg.

Thus it is no accident that of the more than 500 (typed) pages of Dubois's memoir, the events of the one month of May 1864, take up

about 20 percent. The battles in the Wilderness and at Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor constituted the most intense fighting by far his unit had ever seen. It was also almost the last soldiering Dubois and many members of his unit would have to endure before they could go home.

The impulse to join that unit, as Dubois begins by telling us, arose at Peacham in the spring of 1861 when President Lincoln sent out his call for 300,000 troops. The boys rallied at the starch factory (where as in many small towns starch was made from potatoes) and before long found themselves in the equivalent of basic training at St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Dubois and his fellows went from there to the environs of Washington, D.C., thence with General George McClellan on the Peninsular Campaign, across the Virginia and Maryland hills to Antietam, back south to Fredericksburg in December 1862, afterwards to Gettysburg, and after that to New York City later in the summer of 1863 to suppress the draft riots. The following spring they were at the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg. These are some of the more notable engagements in which Dubois served before his three-year term of enlistment ended and he got out in July 1864. He had resolutely refused to listen to any siren songs about promotions or reenlistment bonuses.

By that time Charles Dubois was thoroughly disillusioned. He pays his due respects to all the noble reasons for the Civil War—freeing the slaves, preserving the Union—but at last his emotions center, as the feelings of private soldiers often do, on his fellow soldiers and their mutual comradeship. A constant refrain in these recollections is how much has been lost by the deaths of friends and fellow Vermonters: So much talent, so much physical and intellectual excellence, so much potential for the future lost in the glut of slaughter that is war.

If there is any one image of himself that Charles Dubois wishes to convey through these memoirs, it is that he is shrewd. He portrays himself as good at catching people out in various peccadilloes, especially when after his promotion to corporal or sergeant he finds men in his charge sleeping on post, and sees through their flimsy excuses. He is skeptical about the qualifications of his superior officers (often, it seems, with just cause), and perhaps most of all he is skeptical of the legends and stories that have circulated through later years about Civil War events. He enjoys having been an eyewitness to some of the small details of history, especially when his testimony contradicts received wisdom. He can see through those stories, too. In discussing events at Camp Baxter in St. Johnsbury, or in talking about William Scott's fate, or in trying to puncture the legend of a boy hero, Dubois enjoys showing the supposed Vermont traits of contrariety and bluntness.

Of the training camp incident, George Benedict wrote that “the

discipline of the camp was somewhat lax, and the six weeks' sojourn of the [3rd] regiment . . . was diversified by more than the usual amount of running of the guards, raiding of sutlers' shanties and other riotous proceedings." In an attack on what Benedict, echoed by Howard Coffin, calls a "refreshment saloon" a guard inside was shot and killed.¹⁰

Dubois's account of this incident is very different and seeks to portray his fellow recruits, not as drink-crazed or undisciplined, but as finally taking up arms, so to speak, against a price-gouging shopkeeper. The man was, says Dubois, "charging exorbitant prices for his goods . . . The men had threatened to clean out this offensive sutler . . . so on the evening of the 20th of July" they secured a long pole and attacked the shop with the guard inside. Shots were exchanged, the guard was fatally wounded, but "they accomplished their object and completely demolished the shanty."¹¹

Dubois goes on to note that another man in his regiment, fifer Julian Scott of Company E, "came out next day after the riot with a pencil sketch of the assault on the sutlers quarters, a very accurate and lifelike production. After the war Scott distinguished himself as an artist of the first order with headquarters in New York City."¹²

Another Scott is the subject of Dubois's next story: William Scott of Groton, Vermont, the well-known Sleeping Sentinel, whose falling asleep on duty led in September of 1861 to a court-martial sentence of death by firing squad. There is no doubt that Scott slept on duty; he certainly did. And President Lincoln did issue a form of reprieve. The question is whether or not Lincoln personally delivered the pardon to the scene of the intended execution, just a few miles outside Washington, D. C. Most historians doubt that Lincoln drove out in person to save Scott, compassionate man though he was.¹³ *The Vermont Encyclopedia*, an authoritative source, says that "a popular poem of the day, 'The Sleeping Sentinel,' by Francis De Haes Janvier, romanticized the incident by having Lincoln race up in a coach just in time to halt Scott's execution."¹⁴

Because it likely had an effect on the shape of the Scott legend, Janvier's poem is worth a cursory look. Here young Scott is being taken to his place of execution under guard:

And in the midst, with faltering step, with pale and anxious face,
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his place.
A youth, led out to die; and yet it was not death, but shame,
That smote his gallant heart with dread, and shook his manly frame!

Time passes as Scott stands waiting beside his coffin:

Then sudden was heard the sounds of steeds and wheels approach,
And, rolling through a cloud of dust, appeared a stately coach.
On, past the guards, and through the field, its rapid course was bent,
Till, halting, 'mid the lines was seen the nation's President.



Monument to William Scott, the "Sleeping Sentinel," on U.S. Route 302 in the town of Groton, Vermont. Photograph courtesy of the author.

He came to save that stricken soul, now waking from despair;
 And from a thousand voices rose a shout which rent the air!
 The pardoned soldier understood the tones of jubilee
 And bounding from his fetters, blessed the hand that made him free!¹⁵

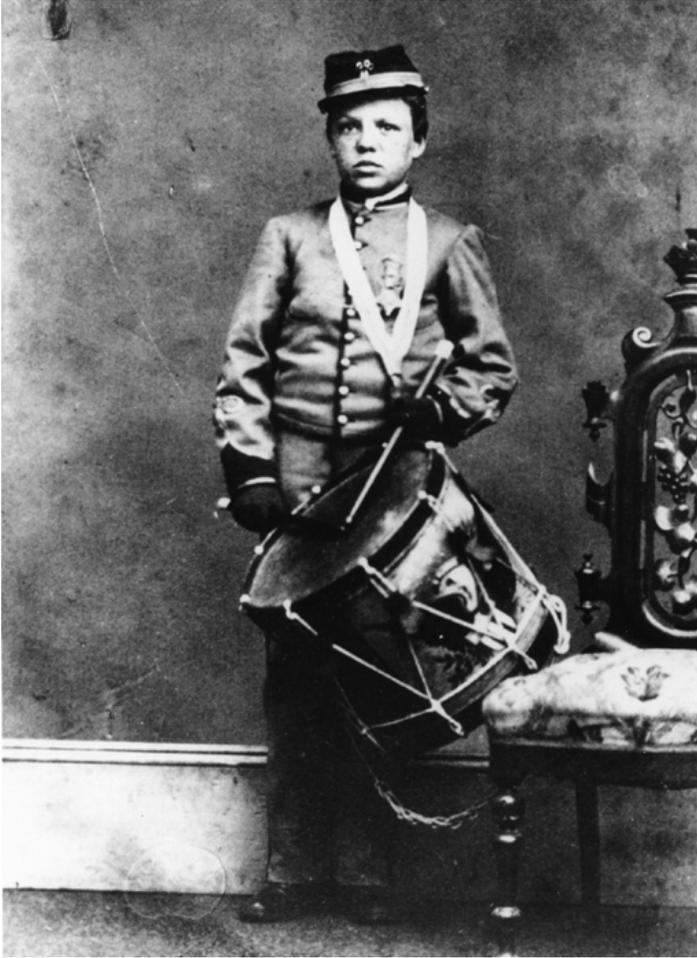
This sounds very dramatic and romantic, but as noted, most historians doubt it happened. But Dubois was there and says Lincoln was there. He writes that the troops stood in formation that morning, and after a long wait, a carriage rapidly approached, halted, and “President Lincoln stepped out and handed a paper to the officer [in charge] . . . It proved to be a reprieve for Scott.”¹⁶

Dubois is writing sixty or more years after the fact, and writing as someone who knew Scott and was sympathetic to his plight, and who also admired Lincoln. Since the whole division was present, according to Dubois, one has to wonder how much he could see. Certainly, his account lacks the emotional color and intensity one might expect from an eyewitness to a stirring event. It contrasts oddly with Dubois’s words when he indubitably did see the “towering figure” of Lincoln, on July 8, 1862, at City Point, Virginia, where “the ever present tall stove-pipe hat made him a conspicuous figure, not soon to be forgotten.”¹⁷ Clearly, Dubois is swimming against the tide of scholarly opinion here, and indeed he may have been influenced over the years by the heartfelt rhythms of Janvier’s ballad—or, of course, his recollection may be accurate.

In scoffing at the story of Willie Johnston, the brave drummer boy who alone in the Second Division, it was said, saved his drum from destruction in the chaos of the Seven Days, Dubois is opposing both the official line (Secretary of War Edwin Stanton did give the eleven-year-old boy a Congressional Medal of Honor) and at least a sector of popular opinion: Willie, who later graduated from Norwich University, is a figure in cadet folklore there. In discussing Willie’s exploits, Dubois seems slightly contemptuous of the easy way to heroism: “he could drum just a little . . . the statement of his drum being the only one brought to Harri-sons Landing is most absurd and does a great injustice to other drummers who brought their drums through the struggle of the seven days. His case is only parallell with hundreds of other ‘Youngest Soldiers’ and Drummer Boys I’ve read of.”¹⁸

It is a fact that Medals of Honor were handed out rather freely, and it is likewise a fact that all the background documentation for Willie’s deed is missing. Thus it is difficult to tell if Dubois is simply being mean-spirited here, or is seriously trying to set the record straight.

It is also a fact that not many pages away Dubois writes of another youngster of incontestable bravery, that same Julian Scott whom he mentioned before. Scott was barely sixteen years of age when he rescued



Willie Johnston, following the receipt of his Medal of Honor in 1863. Courtesy of U.S. Military History Institute through Vermont Historical Society.

several fellow soldiers in a hail of bullets at Warwick Creek during the Peninsular Campaign. For this very public and widely attested act of courage Scott also won a Medal of Honor.

Dubois's treatment of these three incidents shows his willingness to be disputatious and to take positions at odds with various standard accounts.

Most of Charles Dubois's memoir, however, is a repeated tale of marching, camping, bivouacking, marching again, and so on, varied only

by moments of being wet or cold or both, being lost, and becoming disgusted with army life in general.

One example of the concerns of daily life for the average soldier is the matter of food. Military nutrition, according to Dubois, consisted largely of eating uncooked or ill-cooked food and drinking boiled coffee. Hardtack, coffee, and salt pork were the steady diet, with only rare variations. Coffee was hard to come by among the Confederate troops, though, so practicality trumped idealism as sometimes happens, and the Blue and the Gray used to trade across lines, northern coffee for southern tobacco, which the Rebels had in plenty.

Combat has been described as long periods of boredom punctuated by moments of terror. Charles Dubois emphasized the boredom, the long intervals of quiet during which men played pranks on one another, improved the amenities of camp life, had snowball fights, and read, or wrote letters, or collected souvenirs. The moments of terror were certainly real enough, but as already noted, the 3rd Regiment missed out on several important engagements of the war.

At Gettysburg, for example, Dubois's account of his activities suggests his rather sardonic attitude toward the whole business of fighting. He writes that "History tells us that the position we held was a very important one as it protected the left flank of the army from a threatened attack from Longstreet's forces."¹⁹ They stayed in position near Round Top through the day of July 3, serving as a reserve force. They could hear Rebel yells and Union guns, wondering what was going on, and "History tells you all about 'Pickets Charge' as no part of it came under our observation as the round tops hid it from our view."²⁰ Thus they missed one of the most famous scenes of the entire war. Dubois goes on, "Late in the afternoon, we fell into line and marched around to the southeast of 'Big Round Top' . . . I was seated on the ground a little in advance of the main line . . . when I saw a movement quite a distance in front—that had the appearance of a carefully advancing Rebel, and on the impulse of the moment, I threw my gun to my shoulder and let go at this supposed enemy which proved to be the swaying of a branch of a tree by the wind. [Thus] I had the distinction of being the only man in the Third Vermont Regiment who fired a shot at Gettysburg, and I feel that I was entitled to a Medal of Honor."²¹

Dubois's memoir treats more serious matters from time to time. The problem with citing his opinions on military strategy, national policy, the characters of leaders, and the like is that it is impossible to tell whether he is saying what he thought in 1863 or 1864 or what he is now thinking as he writes in 1913 or 1915. He subscribes to the usual opinion of George McClellan as brilliant but vacillating, creating so superb

a fighting force that he could not bear to risk it in a fight. So Dubois writes of McClellan during the Seven Days and at Antietam, but we cannot be sure that his wisdom is not purely retrospective.

Likewise he speaks only rarely on the matter of slavery, but he speaks of the black man as equal in ability and intelligence to the white soldier. He criticizes certain Northern soldiers (from New Jersey) for insulting black servants of Northern officers: “[W]hen the time arrived,” he writes, “and [black men] were allowed to enlist they did it willingly and served faithfully throughout the war.”²² A generous estimate, but was it formed in 1863, or later?

Whenever formed, Dubois’s views are remarkably unsentimental. Near the end of his term of enlistment he expresses the hope that he will never see or hear of the Army of the Potomac again: “To be sure not a very patriotic condition of mind but my patriotism at this stage of my service had nearly reached zero, as I had become completely discouraged by the long drawn-out and bloody conflict that had deprived me of many of my best comrades and warmest friends.”²³

He reflects vividly on his entire service, speaking of himself in the third person:

“A boy, not out of his teens, endowed with a vigerous constitution, in perfect health, in the prime of his young manhood, enlisting in good faith, and no other than patriotic motives, giving his service and his young life if need be, to his country.” Having suffered loss and danger, and grotesquely bad living conditions, and poor leadership, he writes finally:

“Is it any wonder in view of all these hardships and sufferings, that he, on the eve of the close of these body and mind racking experiences should feel a reluctance to [reenlist] with only six . . . days still remaining in his unexpired term of service intervening twixt him and the long cherished hope of once again being at home with friends and kindred, the cloud of uncertainty and doubt still hovering over him, with a faint tinge of silver lining in the distance.”²⁴

So Charles Dubois writes, with feeling overwhelming syntax, of his feelings in July 1864. Of the thousand or more men who left St. Johnsbury with him some three years before, only 125 remained to go home with him. But some of that silver lining materialized for Dubois. He went back to Vermont, married and raised two families, and had a long career as an accomplished artisan. His great distinction may be that he served without any spectacular distinction or heroics, but served ably and well, like millions of his fellow citizens before and after, and did his duty. His memoir well conveys that simple and unpretentious fidelity.

NOTES

¹ Ernest L. Bogart, *Peacham: The Story of a Vermont Hill Town* (Montpelier, Vt.: Vermont Historical Society, 1948), 373.

² Letter to a nephew Walter not otherwise identified, March 18, 1919, in Peacham Town Clerk's office (box 16, folder 8), kindly furnished by Lynn A. Bonfield.

³ Vermont Public Records Office, Middlesex, Vt. James Dubois served in the federal Navy from August 1861, to September 1864; he had been wounded in a sortie at Haynes's Bluff, Mississippi, part of Grant's campaign against Vicksburg, in May 1863. He died at home May 10, 1865, aged 20.

⁴ Jennie Chamberlain Watts and Elsie Choate, compilers, edited by Richard Wood, *People of Peacham* (Montpelier, Vt.: Vermont Historical Society, 1965), 100, 226.

⁵ Confusingly, *People of Peacham* gives the date of the second marriage as 1 January 1873 on p. 100, and 2 June 1874 on p. 226. McLaughlin or McLachlin is also spelled McLachlain on p. 226.

⁶ *Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, published between 1881 and 1930, was one of the most influential periodicals of the Gilded Age; in its heyday it was edited by the essayist and novelist Richard Watson Gilder (1844–1909). John T. Trowbridge (1827–1916), journalist and novelist, notable for *The South: A Tour of its Battlefields and Ruined Cities: A Journey Through the Desolated States . . .* (Hartford, Ct.: L. Steebens, 1866). Morris Schaff, *Battle of the Wilderness* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1910), hereafter cited in the text as Schaff. Schaff (1840–1929), an 1862 West Point graduate, served in the Ordnance Corps during the war; he turned to writing late in life and his account of the Wilderness and the campaign there is horrifyingly vivid.

⁷ George G. Benedict, *Vermont in the Civil War*, 2 vols. (Burlington, Vt.: The Free Press Association, 1886), hereafter cited as Benedict.

⁸ Benedict, 1: 382–383. Transcript of Charles Dubois Memoir, Special Collections, Bailey/Howe Library, University of Vermont, 273, hereafter cited as Memoir; the pagination given is that of my transcription.

⁹ Memoir, 411, quoting Schaff, 197–198.

¹⁰ Benedict, 1: 127; Howard Coffin, *Full Duty: Vermonters in the Civil War* (Woodstock, Vt.: Countryman Press, 1995), 71.

¹¹ Memoir, 17–18.

¹² Memoir, 19.

¹³ See for example Lucius Chittenden, *Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel* (New York: Harper Brothers, 1909), or Waldo Glover, *Abraham Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel of Vermont* (Montpelier, Vt.: Vermont Historical Society, 1936).

¹⁴ John Duffy, Samuel Hand, and Ralph H. Orth, eds., *The Vermont Encyclopedia* (Hanover, N.H.: The University Press of New England, 2003), 263.

¹⁵ Francis De Haes Janvier (1810–1885) was a Philadelphia businessman and amateur versifier. His poem on Scott is available in many anthologies and at www.civilwarpoetry.org among other sites.

¹⁶ Memoir, 36–7.

¹⁷ Memoir, 144.

¹⁸ Memoir, 125.

¹⁹ Memoir, 294.

²⁰ Memoir, 296–297.

²¹ Memoir, 297.

²² Memoir, 145.

²³ Memoir, 497.

²⁴ Memoir, 497–499.