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*Letters*

*From Two Brothers*







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# LETTERS

FROM TWO BROTHERS SERVING IN THE  
WAR FOR THE UNION

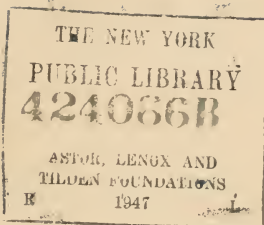
TO THEIR FAMILY AT HOME

IN WEST CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

22

CAMBRIDGE  
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

1871



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PRINTED BY H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

## NOTE.

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It is not easy to know just what to do with letters after they have once been read. They have a value to the person receiving them which makes one reluctant to destroy them, and yet if they accumulate it is difficult to preserve them carefully and at the same time to re-read them, for there is hardly anything that goes to ruin so fast as a letter sheet of paper which is repeatedly unfolded and handled. On this account, and in order to preserve for family use the record of two boys, Warren H. Freeman, who served as private in the Thirteenth, and afterward in the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts, and his brother, Eugene H., who was an engineer in the transport service, the familiar letters which they wrote home, when in service, are here printed without change. The letters require no explanation or table of contents; they record the daily life of patriots who did their duty and made no fuss about it. That they passed safely through the war and returned home was the gift of God, and their father has found a pleasure in having this little book printed for himself, his family, and a few friends.

Warren H. Freeman - Sep 24, 1941

recover; his name is James Kenny, a Boston boy. When we arrived we found our cannon had driven the enemy off, or most of them: there were a few of their pickets left, who were on the side of the hill which rises quite abruptly up from the river; they continued to fire upon us, while our men returned the compliment. I had the satisfaction of firing a few shots at them, with what effect I do not know, but two or three of their balls came whistling quite near my head. Our two pieces of cannon shelled a very large mill on the opposite side of the river. The rebels used to get in there and fire out of the windows: it made a very good fort, the main part being of stone, and about six feet thick at the bottom. We could not set it on fire with shell, so five men went over in a boat and burnt it; it made a splendid fire.

These dams are built across the Potomac, and raise the river so that it fills the canal; if they should break this dam it would let the water down some ten or twelve feet, and of course stop navigation on the canal.

Well, I have "smelt gunpowder," and been "under fire," and "roughed it" with the army long enough to judge a little what a soldier's life is, and certainly it is a hard one, yet I think I can stand it, and must say I like it pretty well.

I have seen many of the regiments in Banks's Division, but none equal to the famous Thirteenth Mass. Rifles. Our Colonel Leonard is very popular, and his regiment is quite full; we have one hundred and two men in Company A. Some of the men, a few days since, crossed over to the "sacred soil" on a foraging expedition; I intended to have been among the number, but missed the chance by being off hunting in the woods after partridges, etc., at the time. They were quite successful, bringing back several wagon loads of spoils, such as pigs, turkeys, geese, potatoes, corn, etc., and a live peacock. Dyer (you remember Dyer, he was in the *West Wind* with Eugene) got a lot of secesh money. I inclose to you some of this trash and a peacock's feather. I do not think of anything more to interest you, so farewell.

WARREN H. FREEMAN.

## II.

WILLIAMSPORT, MD., *January 4, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — Our detachment, consisting of companies A, B, E, and H, left Hancock January 2d, at ten o'clock A. M., in two canal-boats, and arrived here at eight o'clock in the evening; had a pleasant trip down the canal; the weather was rather cold, though the sun was out clear; we made the twenty-six miles without any serious accident; four or five of the men, while fooling and trying to jump on shore, fell into the water. One man made a jump from the stern of the boat and struck the edge of the tow-path, lost his balance, and made a back somersault right into the canal; he looked comical, I can assure you. Another man lost his rifle in the canal and could not recover it again. We passed old Fort Frederick: this is quite a large fort, and was built during the Revolution, I think. Arriving at Dam No 5, we expected an attack from the rebels, as at this point we leave the canal, enter the river, and pass a point of land, then enter the canal on the other side. Although our boats were very much exposed, the enemy did not attack us. This is the place where the fight took place alluded to in my last letter. We landed and visited the contested ground. I counted twenty holes made by shells in one brick house, so you will judge the fight was rather severe, but we did not lose a man. Judging from the newspaper accounts of what is going on here, you must think the rebels have not allowed us much rest since I wrote last. Hancock, Dam No. 5, "and the d——d Thirteenth" (as the rebels style us), are objects of their especial hatred; and Dam No. 5, they say, they are bound to destroy yet.

My previous knowledge of canal-boating, as you are aware, was in the capacity of deputy cook, during a few trips made with my cousin, Captain Sam. Holt Brown, on the canal between Bridgton and Portland; but here the canal-boats and dams are on a grand scale, throwing the Cumberland quite into the shade. As it was about eight o'clock when we arrived, we took up our quarters in the Lutheran

church; next day went up to the head-quarters of our regiment, which is about a mile from town, and there pitched our tents. It is quite a job to pitch tents on frozen ground: stakes are driven within about a foot of each other, leaving them about three or four feet out of the ground; then weave in straw, and bank up with earth all around; then pitch your tent on the top of that; in this way we get more room and the tent is much warmer.

I have not heard anything of the Webb boys since I came here, but presume they have gone into winter-quarters at the Relay House. I shall certainly like very much to meet with them and Captain Bailey. . . . Just finished my dinner; had beefsteak and rice, not cooked as mother would have done it, but nevertheless it was quite good. Notwithstanding all the grumbling that we hear, I think we live quite well in the army: we have sugar in our coffee; milk of course we do not expect. While at Hancock, some of our boys went over into "the land of Dixie," and borrowed nine sheep; they lasted us for two days, and we lived high.

I am perfectly well; have gained in flesh seven pounds since leaving home, and weigh 147 pounds in my thin coat. But I will close by wishing all the dear ones at home a "Happy New Year," or, as a Marylander would express it, "New Year's Gift."

Kindly remember me to all who may inquire after Warren, and believe me to be,

Your affectionate son,

WARREN.



### III.

WILLIAMSPORT, MD., *January 9, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER,—I regret to learn that mother feels so badly on account of my joining the army. The news came suddenly and unexpectedly upon her, I know, but having made up my mind to enlist, I thought it better to come here and

join a Boston regiment that had seen six months of active service, rather than join a body of raw troops at home, and spend two or three months in drilling, preparatory to taking the field. It appears to me that the dangers of the camp are not so great as you imagine — the Thirteenth have had only one man (John S. Spencer) killed, and James Kenny dangerously wounded in battle, and two deaths from natural causes, since they came here, more than five months since. It is true they have been in no great fight but have seen considerable skirmishing, and the men, while on picket guard, are often shot at by the rebels; but we think our officers value their own lives too highly to lead us into any such affair as that at Ball's Bluff.

James Kenny came into our tent yesterday; he is getting along well — he is very weak, but does not suffer much pain from his severe wounds; three rifle balls struck him, making six holes, all flesh wounds; five balls passed through his overcoat; it is said here he stood a "right smart chance" of losing his life.

They have had some warm work at Hancock since we left there. The Illinois regiment, posted at Bath, have been driven across the river by the rebels, and it is said they lost their new tents; we all think if they had stood their ground they might have driven the enemy off. They used to brag a great deal, when we were up there, about what they could do, but I reckon they will keep pretty quiet now. The rebels threw a few shells over into Hancock, then proceeded to tear up the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and burnt the Big Capin Bridge, — this is the news as it came verbally to us; the newspaper accounts differ somewhat. The boys have been regretting that we were called away from that locality quite so soon. Four companies of our regiment were ordered to make a forced march to Hancock when this news came; they left here about three o'clock in the afternoon — arrived at Hancock at three o'clock on the following morning — twenty-eight miles by the road they went; it was bad travelling, and snowing hard all the time. They returned yesterday covered with mud. These are not holiday soldiers, I can assure you. They found a great number of men belong-

ing to Banks's Division at Hancock quartered in churches, barns, etc.

It has been quite cold here lately; we have had some six inches of snow in all, and the ice has formed quite thick. I tell you it is cold, rising early in the morning and going about thirty rods to the brook, breaking the ice and washing face, neck, and hands.

*January 11.* — Our tents are quite comfortable. I am sitting on my knapsack, with a board for a table on my knees, in my shirt sleeves, writing; the day is very warm, and the snow is disappearing quite fast. We have not heard much about going into winter-quarters yet, but intend to put up a small house for our better protection in severe storms.

*January 12.* — Everything is quiet in camp to-day — nothing but the usual routine of duties within our tents; it has been so very muddy for some days that there has been no drilling of any kind. This mud is the worst of a Southern winter, and it must retard, if not entirely prevent our operations in the field during a large part of the winter.

Now as to the number of troops in this grand army of the Potomac, I cannot inform you; you may guess as well as I, but we might both be wide of the mark. The Sanitary Commission report that they visited 118 regiments; how many they did not visit I cannot tell.

Rebel currency has become quite scarce here, — it being sought after by the boys to send home as matter of curiosity, — so some cute Yankee at the North has counterfeited it, and will, without doubt, make a good speculation out of it. I have seen a note for *ten cents*; it was all engraved, filling up, signatures, etc. The possessor of it thought it was the genuine article; but it was too well got up altogether. I inclose a genuine secession shin-plaster for Mr. Noyes of the "Reporter;" it is of the nominal value of *ten cents*, but certainly looks as if it had passed its day of redemption.

The other day one of our mess received a box from home, containing, among numerous other things, a large plum pudding — a nice one, too; I, of course, came in for a share; it brought up home recollections, which a soldier is not insensible to, I can assure you.

WARREN.



## IV.

CAMP JACKSON, WILLIAMSPORT, MD., *January 19, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — I received your kind letter of the 14th this morning, and will try to improve this time (as it is quiet for a wonder) in answering it. It is rather difficult to keep one's mind sufficiently collected to write where there is so much talking and laughing; and quite impossible for me to write a long letter at any time, though some of the boys will get off four or five sheets.

I am sorry you object to my smoking. I don't think I could give it up now; it is one of the greatest comforts I have. I can't see as there is any harm in it unless indulged in to excess. Every man in our mess smokes, and our chaplain — why I have never seen him off duty (at home I should say, "out of the sacred desk") but what he had a pipe in his mouth, and the boys all call him a most excellent man.

Since I wrote last our mess have put up a small house, twelve by fifteen feet; it is rather close quarters for eighteen men, but we are getting used to it; we have also got a "contraband," on low wages, to cook for us, and are really beginning to live in quite good shape.

On account of the mud, drilling is omitted altogether. Guard duty is about one day and night out of eight: there are seventeen posts, three reliefs to a post, so that each man has two hours on and four off. It is rather tough these cold and stormy nights, but a soldier is expected to stand it without flinching — that is duty. Visions of home, and the loved ones there reposing, during these solitary hours, of course spring up in the imagination, and if a tear comes unbidden to the eye, it only shows that in becoming soldiers we do not cease to be men.

Yesterday they signed the pay-roll, and the pay-master is expected along to-morrow. They make quite a *sell* out of this affair; somebody will start the cry, *Pay-master! Pay-master!* when it will be taken up and echoed through all parts of the camp; then the boys will all rush out of their tents into the mud, but to see that they are *sold*.

This is the kind of life to stretch a fellow out, sleeping on boards. I am in Mess No. 1, which is the head of the line, where the tall fellows are. There is one six feet four, two six feet three, and four more over six feet; and though I am only eighteen years old, I am fast being drawn out among the six-footers — only lack one inch of it now.

The Potomac at this place, I should think was between two and three hundred yards wide; the water is rather shallow, as there are ripples in many places; the rebels at Dam No. 5, that I shot at, were on the opposite side, and about one third of a mile off, but as our sights were elevated for a range of 900 yards, they were within range — at least they gave me palpable evidence of being within reach of their rifles.

*January 26.* — Mud, nothing but mud. I hope my boots will arrive soon so that I may have dry feet once more. We cannot leave here until the earth is in better condition for marching, and drilling is out of the question; so we have much idle time on our hands, and the boys say, "Tell your friends to send on the papers; we shall be thankful for anything to read."

Baked beans for breakfast this Sunday morning, first I have seen since leaving Boston, and the way the boys went into them, and the vast quantities they put out of sight, would have astonished my Bridgton cousins, I am sure. I certainly never saw anything like it while I officiated on board the canal-boat.

But I must close. Letters will find me at Williamsport for some weeks to come, I think.

WARREN.



V.

WILLIAMSPORT, MD., *February 3, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — I received yours of the 29th ult. yesterday; the box from Boston was received at the same time. I can assure you it does seem good to get these things from home. The box "opened rich," as they say.

There was a roast turkey, fat and plump, from Aunt Susan ; two loaves of sponge-cake from mother ; a box of figs from Albert ; half a peck of seed-cakes, etc. ; also a worsted under-garment and prime pair of boots, and kind remembrances from Susy and Georgy. The rule of our mess is that all eatables that come in this way are common property ; so they were spread upon the table, and after the boys had partaken freely, they pronounced the sponge-cake tip-top, and the turkey A No. 1.

I have been troubled some with a cough lately ; should an opportunity of sending to me occur I should like some cough candy. It is snowing to-day, rained yesterday, and was awful muddy the day before — that is the average run of the weather out here in the winter ; the snow never collects to the depth of more than two or three inches. Company G struck their tents this morning ; they are going down to Falling Waters to relieve Company F, which is there on picket duty.

We had religious services in the open air yesterday for the first time since I have been here ; they seemed very appropriate, but quite short on account of the weather overhead, and mud and “slosh ” under foot. Our chaplain expressed his belief that we were soon to see more active service and meet the rebels face to face.

*February 9.* — I received a copy of the “ Boston Journal ” of the 5th inst. this morning, and as it was the latest Boston paper in the mess it has been in constant demand all day : other papers have been received for which I thank you, also for your kind letter of the 5th, received to-day. Mother asks if I should not like to have her send me a *pillow*. When I read that to the boys they shouted and said it was a capital joke — a “ soldier with a pillow ! ” Why, the knapsack is a soldier’s pillow the world over ; and then I could not carry it about with me ; we have enough to carry as it is. When a boy carries his trunk upon his back he must discard all superfluities. I have already the following articles which I wish to take with me, and if we leave in heavy marching order, I suppose I can carry them, namely : four pairs of socks, two extra pairs of drawers, and under-shirts, extra pair of

pants, one heavy army blanket weighing six or seven lbs., one rubber blanket, haversack with two or three days' provisions, canteen, and writing materials, with numerous little *et cæteras*; then there are those absolutely necessary articles, as rifle, cartridge-box, with forty rounds of ball cartridges, belts, etc. A soldier thus loaded down, in the mud as deep as it is now, would present a sorry picture; still we could move on, make several miles a day; but our baggage train, loaded down with camp equipage, stores, etc., and our heavy battery of twelve-pounders, with solid shot, shells, and other ammunition that must accompany a well-appointed army, — think of these things, you stay-at-home bodies that are continually crying "Onward! onward!" and tell us what we should do with our wheels sunk to the hub in mud, and horses and mules floundering in the mire. No, it will be better to leave these matters to the brave officers in command; when the great day of battle shall come, I trust they will be equal to the emergency. As soon as the earth will permit us to move over it with safety we shall embrace the opportunity.

We had considerable excitement in our camp on Thursday last. At four o'clock P. M. we had orders to move in light marching order at seven o'clock. We went to the captain's tent and received forty rounds of ball cartridges; as there was no time to cook beef, each man was served with a loaf of bread — this, with one blanket and equipments, was all we were to carry. Seven o'clock came and no order to march; at nine o'clock all lights were ordered to be put out, and the men allowed to sleep if they could; the night wore away without our being called out, and the alarm subsided. We afterward learned that it was intended to send us over to Martinsburg. It seems that General Lander had made an attack on Jackson's forces and were driving them down in the direction of Martinsburg; but Jackson burnt the bridge over the South Potomac River. This put an end to the pursuit by Lander, and Jackson and his army escaped. Had not this taken place we should have crossed over and attacked Jackson on his retreat, but as he has an army of from 8,000 to 10,000 men, it would not be prudent to attack him with the few regiments that could be thrown across the Potomac from this point.

To the question about the loyalty of the people about here, I would observe, that they seem to be for the Union while we are here, but secession when we are away. There are not many slaves here, and but few free negroes; the free negroes, I think, come from neighboring towns to seek employment about our camps. Private soldiers can get a pass to visit Williamsport (one mile distant) about every week; it is quite a pretty place of at least, I should think, 1,000 inhabitants. There are a number of women and children around our camp with poyes, as they call them, at a levy, twelve and a half cents, a piece; they also have different kinds of cakes, and what they call pones, a kind of apple turnover.

We are about thirty miles from Colonel Fletcher Webster's regiment; they are near Frederick.

There is a photograph artist about the camp, but he has such a crowd about his saloon all the time that I have not been able to get a picture yet.

I would renewedly thank our kind friends at home for the substantial comforts and luxuries furnished us in camp. I not only speak in my own behalf but also for the boys, whose happy countenances express how much gratitude they feel for those mothers, aunts, and brothers and sisters who fill those boxes with creature comforts, etc. But I must close. Do write often to your undutiful son. WARREN.



## VI.

WILLIAMSPORT, MD., *February 23, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — I have just received the large box you sent me from West Cambridge; the contents of apples, doughnuts, sponge-cake, mince-pies, snaps, cough-candy, raisins, etc., and one quart currant wine (for the sick I suppose) were all in good order. The boys praised mother highly for her skill in making doughnuts; they said they were the best that had been received yet; everything relished finely, and I thank you many times for this acceptable present.

We celebrated Washington's birthday yesterday by firing a salute of thirty-four guns, part of them from the thirty-two-pounder that we captured at Bolivar: also fired two shells from this gun; they were cut with ten-second fuse so as to burst in the air; they exploded over the Potomac. We then formed a battalion and marched to the centre of the town for a drill; it was very muddy, but we had quite a number of double quick movements that started the sweat out freely; after this we went through with dress parade. We have a very fine band, one of the best in the service.

It is very uncertain when we shall move from this camp: you probably know as much about it as I do. When we do leave, it will probably be at short notice; but I shall leave my letter open for a day or two for some more news to write, as it is evident there is something in the wind.

MARTINSBURG, VA., *March 3, 1862.*

Well, here we are in the midst of rebels, and upon their sacred soil. We left Williamsport Saturday morning, March 1st, and crossed the Potomac about noon; we went over in a kind of flat-boat, guided by a wire stretched across the river. The boat could only carry about sixty men, so the process was rather slow. As we have the right of the line we were the first to cross. We halted about half a mile from the river, and waited for the rest of our regiment to come up. We were on a hill in full view of the opposite bank of the river, where were grouped together a part of our regiment, the Twelfth Indiana and First Maryland, with one battery, and all the baggage train, etc., with numerous fires: viewed from our position it was quite an imposing scene.

It was nearly night before the whole brigade was over; the Indiana regiment joined us, and we took up the line of march at seven o'clock P. M. The road was in pretty good condition, but frozen hard, which made our feet sore. We were in heavy marching order, with two days' rations. I should think we carried a weight of seventy-five pounds; we marched in quick time with very few halts. The country was quite level, which was all in our favor. When we arrived within about a mile of Martinsburg, our quarter-

master and commissary sergeant, who were half a mile in advance of the regiment, were fired upon by a squad of rebel cavalry; they immediately wheeled and fell back on the regiment. Company A was then ordered off through the fields round the town, to come up on the Winchester road, and cut off the retreat of the rebels. We had rather a severe time of it, I can assure you — through the fields, over fences and ditches, and through one large piggery, where the mud was nearly over my high-legged boots. We probably went over three miles before reaching the road where we were to halt. We here drew up in line to intercept the fleeing enemy, but they had scattered in some other direction. After a brief rest we marched into town. Two prisoners only were taken.

It is about fourteen miles from the river to the town, but the route we took would make it about seventeen miles, and we arrived here before midnight — or in less than five hours from the time we left the river. The boys say this is the hardest march yet. I thought several times I should be obliged to give in, my feet were so sore, and great pain across my shoulders; but have got over it now, and next time shall stand it better. Soon after our arrival we were quartered in a church that had just been vacated by the rebels. Next day were removed to a brick house on a back street. This building had also been occupied by the enemy.

Martinsburg is a very pretty town, of, I should think, about four thousand inhabitants. When the rebels left, they burnt the bridges, railroad stock, cars, engines, etc. The stores are all cleaned out; what few things that are for sale they charge enormous prices for.

Our army now here numbers about four thousand infantry, one battery, and a squadron of cavalry. More troops are expected to arrive to-night. The rebels, in force, are entrenched at Winchester, which (as you will see by the map) is but a few miles from here. What General Banks's designs are in regard to them we do not know, but I hope they will wait for the mud to dry up before any very extended movements are made; however, we are in for it

now, and may the God of battle protect and defend us, for we have the consciousness of being in the right, and we feel that we must prevail. There is much on every side to write about, but time will not admit of saying more now, so farewell.

WARREN.

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VII.

MARTINSBURG, VA., *March 7, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — I received your letter of March 2d, yesterday. I had been out on picket on the Winchester turnpike, and found that and two papers to welcome me on my return. These frequent letters from home are truly gratifying, I can assure you. Wednesday last all the troops received orders to march immediately with twenty-four hours' rations; when we got ready there was one company detailed from each regiment to remain and do guard duty, — Company A being the unlucky one from the Thirteenth. The main body then took up the line of march for Bunker Hill, distant about ten miles; the guard were then sent off on picket. We went in squads on the different roads leading out of town; our squad took the Winchester road for about two miles. Our orders were to allow no person to leave the town without a pass. At night those not on duty took up their quarters in an old barn. The next day we were relieved by an Indiana company and returned to town. You can form no idea of the wholesale destruction of property here by the rebels. I counted upward of forty locomotives of the largest kind, partially burned and stove up, in one heap; there were large depots, engine-houses, etc., burnt or otherwise destroyed, together with bridges and everything else pertaining to a large railroad business.

Our orders now are to be ready to march to join our regiment to-morrow morning at nine o'clock.

WINCHESTER, VA., *March 14.*

We are here at last, all safe and well but a little footsore. We did not have the fight we expected, as the rebels re-



treated again on our approach to this place. We left Martinsburg last Saturday at about ten A. M., and marched to Bunker Hill. The road was in pretty good condition, so that it was not a very hard march. We pitched our tents in a grove and made all comfortable before night, though we had nothing but "army pies," as the boys call the ship-bread, to eat.

We remained here till Tuesday forenoon, when we resumed our march to Winchester. The roads now became very muddy. You have no idea of the travelling here in some places; the creeks, instead of being bridged over as they are in New England, run across the roads, so that you have to wade through them. Though the water is not very deep, yet it is bad for those that wear shoes. As there were so many troops and large baggage train, and from other causes, we only made about eight miles this day. The rebels were hovering about us and there was some skirmishing; we had four killed and several wounded. Quite a number of prisoners were brought in by our cavalry. At night the army encamped in a hollow with hills all around us. There were about 6,000 men, and as every tent had a large fire in front of the opening to the tent, it made the most splendid sight I ever beheld. At three o'clock the next morning we were turned out, and were ready to move at daylight. Companies A and D of our regiment were then deployed out as skirmishers; we were thrown forward about half a mile in advance of the main body. The road to Winchester runs along a valley, with hills on each side. The width of this valley, or from hill-top to hill-top, was about two miles, and the skirmishers, about five paces apart, extended this whole distance. We had not advanced two miles when we came upon a very large earthwork for artillery, with a rifle-pit nearly a quarter of a mile long in front. Now I thought we were to have a battle. We knew before leaving Martinsburg that the enemy were in force in this vicinity, so we closed our ranks and waited for our regiment and the Fifth Connecticut regiment to come up. We then marched directly up in front of the fort to within about fifty yards, gave a yell and dashed forward into the fort; but

lo! the rebels had fled, leaving only some pickaxes, shovels, etc., behind. The forward march was continued toward Winchester; a contraband came in and informed us that the main body of the rebels had left during the previous night. We continued our march and soon captured quite a number of rebels who had lingered behind; they were taken by our cavalry. We reached Winchester about noon, and entered the barracks just deserted by the rebels. We were soon ordered out to scour the country for rebels; we went through fields, over fences, small streams of water, etc., for about four miles in one hour. It was very warm, and I never sweat so much in my life before.

Winchester is a large and beautiful town, and, you may recollect, was the residence of the rebel Mason; his house is among the largest in town. Some of the houses that had been vacated by the richer classes had their doors and windows removed so as to render them uncomfortable to us if we had been disposed to occupy them.

Our Colonel Leonard has been appointed provost marshal, and we are now doing guard duty in the town. I have got a lot of trophies, but have no way to send them home.

Soon after our arrival some of the people of the town desired to trade with our sutler. There is some good money left among them, and if they are loyal to our cause we shall at once extend to them all the rights and privileges which we enjoy.

I hope you will continue to write often; as the distance increases between me and home, so does the desire increase to hear from those I hold most dear. My cold is almost well, and I am in good condition, excepting my sore feet.  
Farewell.

WARREN.



## VIII.

WINCHESTER, VA., *March 17, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — I received your letter of the 9th this noon, and will try to improve this leisure evening in answering it. We are quite comfortably quartered in a hall that

was used by the "Independent Order of Red Men." There is a room up-stairs full of Indian dresses, masks, bows, arrows, war clubs, etc. The boys amuse themselves by dressing up in native costume and enacting Indian dances, sitting in council, smoking the pipe, etc. In the same building the "Odd Fellows" have a hall; there are also rooms occupied by the "Winchester Virginian" printing-office. This part of the building we use for our cook-room. I like the town very much; but it is strong for secession. We, however, take no notice of this. The main streets are quite wide, so that we have a battalion drill and dress parade almost every day.

Last Saturday morning they took us out for a walk, for our health I suppose, before breakfast, of between sixteen and seventeen miles; we were woke up at four o'clock, but did not start till daylight. It was a reconnoissance. We had five companies from the Thirteenth, 200 cavalry, and a battery of four Parrott guns, rifled, the whole under command of Lieutenant-colonel Batchelder of our regiment. We started on the Strasburg Turnpike at a stunning gait. The road was in good condition, being very firm and hard; and as we were in light marching order, the march was rather exhilarating. After we had proceeded about five and a half miles, we came in sight of a company of rebel infantry and one of cavalry, drawn up in line on the side of a hill. Our cavalry being in front shut out a view of our other troops from the rebels; one of our guns was unlimbered and hauled near to the front; when all was ready the cavalry opened right and left, and we sent a shell whizzing amongst them. This seemed to surprise them, and the infantry scattered. The cavalry, being under the command of the noted Colonel Ashby, stood their ground; another shell was sent, which caused them to fall back, but they were soon rallied by their officers; a third shell threw them into confusion, and they retreated. The reason our infantry did not engage them was because our colonel did not wish to show his force. We followed in pursuit for about three miles, rather cautiously, for we almost knew the whole of Jackson's army were encamped in the neighborhood of Newton. On our

arrival at this small village, and after we had passed nearly through it, we saw the enemy draw up with four pieces of artillery. A halt was immediately ordered. Soon we heard a bang, and a shell fell 200 yards from us. Soon another shell came whizzing past the infantry and struck in the front yard of a large brick house, and within less than thirty feet of some of our men. It buried itself in the earth and then exploded, throwing the dirt all over us; the pieces of shell flew in all directions, tearing away the fence and making sad havoc all around; it was almost by miracle that none of our men were killed. The villagers were terribly frightened, and fled to their cellars for safety. As the rebels were out of range of our rifles, we were ordered to disperse, and every man take care of himself. Our battery was moved off into a field on our right, and soon opened on the enemy with round shot and shell. The action was brief, the rebels retreated as usual, and we were ordered not to pursue them. I picked up several pieces of shell. One of the gunners found a shell that did not explode; it buried itself in the earth directly under his piece; he has got it now. Our colonel could not pursue the enemy, because we were even now beyond the point we were ordered to reach in this reconnoissance. We were eight miles from Winchester, which is farther than any Union troops have yet penetrated into Virginia in this direction.

We did not make any unnecessary stop in Newton, but, in the midst of a rain storm, started back in quick time and reached Winchester in two hours, completely wet through. We had one man wounded. As to the rebel loss we do not know. The people here have reported that we brought back twenty-nine killed, and wounded to match. I mention this that you may judge of their truthfulness in whatever relates to the Union side. They say now that one Southerner is equal to two Northerners any day; and saying this, they really seem to believe it. They read the rebel accounts of the battles now being fought, and will not believe any other. They keep up their courage under the belief that Jackson and his army will yet rout us out of this place.

My health is good. My feet have become quite tough, and

a march of fifteen miles I do not mind. You say that no doubt I have regretted the step I have taken in joining the army. I have not regretted it in the least, because I believe it is in the line of my duty to my country. It is true we are put to great hardships, and some of my sufferings I will not attempt to describe; and then the privileges of the city that I was in the enjoyment of, the good dinners that I daily received at Aunt Susan's, — these cannot be forgotten; but I freely put them by, and fry my slice of salt pork, which, with a bit of ship-bread, satisfies my necessary wants. While the army is being moved rapidly from one point to another in the enemy's country, of course our stores, camp equipage, etc., cannot be accessible at all times just when needed; we must at times be deprived of some of the few comforts which the Government furnishes. I, for one, do not complain.

Until recently we have been in General Hamilton's brigade; but are now changed to General Abercrombie's — at least so I understand. We are still in General Banks's Division. The day after our return from Newton we learned that it was fortunate we did not proceed any further in that direction, for soon after we left General Jackson with his brigade entered the town, in expectation of capturing our whole party.

But it is after *taps* and I must draw to a close. I am rather sleepy too, so good-night.

WARREN.



## IX.

BATTLE-GROUND OF BULL RUN, *March 30, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — I have but a few moments before the closing of the army mail; but I will try to improve this brief period in letting you know that I am well and all right every way. Our brigade left Winchester on Friday, March 21st, at about sunset, for Manassas. We marched about seven miles and bivouacked in the woods; pleasant overhead when I laid down, but woke up in the morning to find myself

lying in a puddle of water, it having rained hard during the night; dried myself by a large fire, and we were soon on the march. A part of our route lay through the valley of the Shenandoah; the scenery was splendid indeed. At about noon we had reached the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains and pitched our tents; we started again on Sunday morning, crossing the mountains, and marched seventeen and a half miles to the town of Aldie; halted here till four o'clock on Monday afternoon, when we had orders to return to Winchester. We started on our return at sunset, and reached our old camp ground on top of the mountains at three o'clock on Tuesday morning; rested here till eight o'clock, when we resumed our march and soon reached the Shenandoah River; but the bridge was partially carried away, and we had to wait nearly all day for repairs. At night we crossed over, and had marched but a short distance when we met a messenger who had been sent to inform us the battle at Winchester was over and we were not wanted, so we turned back again and encamped on the mountains — crossing it three times. While on the mountains I received a letter from Frankie and one from Uncle Washington, assuring me that, though far away, the soldier boy is constantly held in fond remembrance. These frequent letters from home and dear friends go far toward ameliorating the hardships of the camp and the march.

We now made easy marches, and reached Centreville on Friday, March 28th. Halted here for one hour. I can assure you that this is a strongly fortified place; I have not seen anything like it before.

We are now encamped on the battle-field of July 18th, 1861, — a place memorable in history. I made a search around the field and officers' barracks for relics; but the place had been carefully gleaned by those that came here before us, and I only found the inclosed map of the grounds. By it you will see just where we are encamped.

During the week we must have marched about 100 miles; but I stood it first-rate. To-morrow we go to Manassas Junction: beyond that I know nothing about our destination.

We have first-rate news from Winchester. Jackson was

soundly whipped ; but it was our luck not to have a hand in it. Well, I suppose you are glad of it. But we shall get enough of it before the war is over ; it has now fairly begun. Don't you "hear the thunder all around the skies."

I hope I shall be able to write a more detailed account of the past week's proceedings, but cannot tell now. These are stirring times, and I know not what a day may bring forth ; so I bid you all farewell.

P. S. I forgot to mention that on our way hither we captured one prisoner ; he was a captain in the rebel army ; we brought him along with us.

We had quite a smart snow-storm yesterday ; it is raining now. The travelling for our baggage train and batteries is awful. The cavalry can pick their way a little ; the infantry take to the fields by the roadside at times ; so you will perceive there cannot be much order in our marching.

MANASSAS, VA., *April 7, 1862.*

We left Bull Run on Monday afternoon, March 21st, and marched four miles over one of the worst roads I ever saw, arriving here at sunset. Here we met Sergeant Howe with his forty recruits for our regiment from Boston ; they had just arrived and were awaiting our arrival. Sergeant Howe brought me a letter from Uncle Washington, and also one from home with a gold-piece inclosed. I thank you for it ; it came very acceptable, as I have not received a cent of money from "Uncle Sam" since I joined his numerous family of boys.

Soon after our arrival we made large fires in an old fort, to make us comfortable till the baggage train arrived, they being delayed by the bad roads. They got along about nine o'clock, when we pitched our tents and "turned in." Next day, as we could get no straw, we made floors to our tents with boards. Wednesday our regiment — all but Company A — proceeded to Warrenton, a distance of some sixteen miles. We were left here to guard the commissary stores. Manassas, the reputed stronghold of the rebels, is not equal to my expectation. In its fortifications it does not compare with Centreville. There the forts extended nearly round the

town; here there are numerous small round forts scattered all about. I have examined all of them, and do not find any indications of there ever having been any guns in them; in one fort I saw two Quaker guns — logs of wood painted black.

This is the most deserted looking place that I ever saw; there is not a house standing, nor buildings of any kind. There are numerous trenches and ditches all about; some were intended for rifle-pits, I suppose. There are hundreds of dead horses lying about, filling the air with an awful stench. There is a railroad here; that is all that keeps the place from sinking into utter insignificance. In the brief time that we have been here thousands upon thousands of infantry have passed through the place. On Saturday, Captain Porter's Battery arrived. I saw Dan Bannon, Joe Yates, Bill White, Eber Hill, and Johnny Gardner, all West Cambridge boys; Jim Kenney I did not see, as he remained to take charge of some things that were left behind. They have had an easy time, lying in camp, and seeing no active service. This is the first time they have left camp to go away any distance since their arrival last fall. The Second Battery of Regulars and the Eleventh New Jersey Battery have passed here. In addition to the above, 4,000 cavalry have arrived and departed. Among the number was the somewhat famous Maine regiment; they appeared well. I went among them but could not recognize a single man that I had seen before, however. They were from a section of the State where I am a stranger.

I presume you see in the papers frequent mention made of the Maine Cavalry and Porter's Battery. They are said to be composed of superior men, to be ambitious of excelling in the art of arms, etc. Well, I confess to feeling more interest in troops that come from near my own home, than from a distance, or from a section of country where I am an entire stranger. Porter's Battery has become very noted indeed. I shall watch their career upon the field with great interest, not only because they were encamped for a long time near my own happy home, but more particularly from the fact that they have in their ranks about ten of our hardy



West Cambridge boys, and their commander is a son of the somewhat noted hotel keeper in your vicinity. The battery, officers and men, look as though they could be relied upon in the day of trial, and that day is near at hand.

There was a railroad accident below here last night; two trains ran into each other, producing a general smash-up. One train contained a regiment of soldiers; there was one soldier killed and several wounded.

We expect to join our regiment at Warrenton soon. We are anxious to get away from this disgusting place; no person would live here an hour unless duty compelled him.

Please remember me to all my friends, especially those that write to me. It is truly gratifying, in my long and weary marches, to find at different points letters awaiting me. I cannot answer all these letters for reasons that must be obvious to all, though I would gladly do it did circumstances permit. My health was never better.

From your affectionate son,

WARREN.



X.

MANASSAS JUNCTION, VA., *April 13, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — There is no special news to communicate at this time. Large bodies of troops continue to pass this station. On some days whole brigades pass, then in a day or two return, then perhaps on the next day they will return again: this is something I do not understand, but suppose they are strategic movements. It makes quite lively times, and gives active employment to cake and pie venders. Porter's Battery returned through here day before yesterday, but I was out on guard duty and did not see them. The Fifth Maine went by yesterday; they expect to go to Yorktown. I wish we were relieved and could get away from this disagreeable place. One of our boys that is off duty part of the time on account of poor health, has, by count and estimate, made out that there are in this vicinity about 1,500 dead horses and mules, unburied; in some cases

they are piled up in large heaps, fifty or more in a pile. Of human graves there are supposed to be more than 3,000 ; in some instances hands and feet of buried soldiers may be seen above the surface of the ground.

Yesterday there were a number of visitors to our camp ; some came from Boston. Colonel Wm. Raymond Lee, of the Massachusetts Twentieth, with his wife and daughter, were among the number. Colonel Lee is a fine looking gentleman. He was taken prisoner at Ball's Bluff, and imprisoned at Richmond, you will recollect. I tell you it does one's heart good to see such nice folks, and to be spoken kindly to by those who can appreciate our situation, surrounded as we are by the lower class of rebels. The poor whites of the South are a grade lower than anything we have at home, and are only fit for the miserable station they fill here. Colonel Lee's party offered, in the kindest manner, to deliver, personally, any letters the boys might wish to send home ; I regretted I had none ready. They picked up quite a number of relics among our mess. One of the boys gave a rusty rebel bayonet, that we used in the mess for a candlestick, to a Mrs. Bigelow of Boston ; she offered him a gold dollar and insisted upon his taking it.

Last week we had a snow-storm ; it lasted two or three days, rain and snow together ; the snow was two or three inches deep. It was quite cold. I did not expect such a storm at this season and in this latitude ; but it is dry and pleasant here now, however.

The boys are quite engaged, in their leisure hours, in working up the root of the laurel (taken from the battle-field) into rings, crosses, hearts, pipes, etc. I inclose to you a ring. We have nothing but the common pocket-knife to work with, but some of the articles are really quite neat.

We caught a rebel spy in our camp last week, disguised as a newspaper vender. Papers were found in his boots that convicted him beyond doubt, and he was hanged up by the neck, with very little ceremony.

WARRENTON JUNCTION, VA., *April 20.*

We left Manassas last Wednesday, the 16th, and came by rail within one mile of the encampment of our regiment at this place. The road is the poorest I ever saw; the grades are heavy and the cars do not make a high rate of speed. There are several engines here from the Worcester, Providence, and Fitchburg railroads; some of them look quite natural.

We have quite a pleasant camp ground; the water is near by, but it is said to be unwholesome. There are seven or eight different camps in view, embracing 7,000 or 8,000 men. The bands are playing and drums beating most all of the time, and everything has a very lively air. We have a morning drill, and in the afternoon we have battalion drill and dress parade.

Last week a force of about 3,000 men were sent over to the Rappahannock on a reconnoissance. They fell in with the rebel pickets and drove them in, but soon encountered a rebel army strongly fortified, who opened on our men with heavy guns; our army not being prepared for such a reception retired in good order. No lives were lost on our side.

Please tell Georgy that one of our boys has got a tame gray squirrel; he is a very pretty little fellow and as lively as a cricket; he is perfectly tame, though he has had him but two weeks; he is now sitting by my side nibbling a piece of hard bread. I am going to try to catch one. I don't like to be without a pet of some kind.

We were paid off yesterday; but "Uncle Sam" took all my wages but twenty dollars to pay for my uniform. I will inclose half of that in this letter, which you will please take care of.

Walter H. Judson is dead; he had been ill for some time past. There were four deaths from natural causes in the month of March; there are about forty on the sick list.

Farewell.

WARREN.

## XI.

MANASSAS JUNCTION, VA., *April 27, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — I received your letter of the 20th instant to-day; also a letter from Eugene, and a letter and paper from Uncle Washington. I am glad to hear that you are all well, and will again repeat my thanks to all those who hold me in remembrance, manifested by these letters, and in other ways. It does go far, I can assure you, in lessening the toils of this varied life of the soldier. I have no news to write, all being quiet here; the main body of our army, more directly under the command of General Banks, are several miles in advance of Warrenton. Our boys dislike our Brigadier-general very much, and as the Twelfth and Sixteenth Indiana regiments are twelve months' men, and their time is out on the first of May, when they go home we are in hopes of being transferred to some other brigade, and thereby coming under another general—one that is not quite so much disposed to shun danger as our present commander.

Dyer (Eugene's friend) has got a master's mate's berth in the navy; his discharge from the army has been received, so we shall lose him from our mess. Dyer had been at sea more than six years before entering the army one year since. I shall send my heavy winter blanket by him to Alexandria, where he will put it in Adams's Express, for Boston. I have bought a lighter one for \$2.75, more suitable for the coming season; and it will be less cumbersome while on the march, a very important consideration as we advance to the South.

The pocket-knife in Eugene's letter came safe; it is a nice one. Since I lost my old one I have been put to much inconvenience, for a Yankee without a knife is but half a Yankee: so it seemed to me.

Our chaplain has been to Cincinnati on business and has just returned; so after dress parade this afternoon we had religious services.

While we were at Manassas one of Frank Leslie's artists was in our camp four or five days and took several sketches —

one of the old fort where we were stationed. I was standing, with two or three others, on the parapet, to the right of where the artist is seated. It is quite a good picture of the place; you will find it in the paper of the 12th instant.

It has got to be quite dark, and as it is not time to light the mess candle, I will lay by my paper for the present.

CATLETT'S STATION (NEAR WARRENTON JUNCTION), *May 4, 1862.*

Our company left the old camp ground at Warrenton, which is about a mile and a half from here, on Friday forenoon, May 2d, and came down here to guard commissary stores. There are but one or two houses and one store-house. All we have to do is to guard the stores. The duty is rather light, and we have the first chance at those travelling sutlers that are about every camp, and who vend pies and cakes for a living.

We have pitched our tents in an apple orchard, about three hundred yards from the station. There is a very pretty brook running in front of our tents, and a spring of pure water near by, so there can be no pretext for uncleanness now. The apple-trees are in full blossom; beneath the shade of one of them I am now writing. Owing to some delay the wagons did not bring up our tents in season, and we did not commence pitching them till afternoon, and we were then hurried in our movements considerably by the appearance of a large black cloud in the South. We had barely got our tent pitched, and before we had a chance to trench it, there commenced a violent thunder-shower. I never saw it rain harder than it did for fifteen minutes; I certainly thought we should be all drowned out. After the shower we started off and obtained some boards for a floor, and some hay to lie upon; then, with the addition of a good fire, we made ourselves comfortable.

I have no news whatever; everything is quiet; they all seem to be waiting to hear from Yorktown. I hope our army will take it soon. Some of our boys have got a notion that we shall all go home soon; but I don't think the war will end without more hard fought battles. The Indiana regiments are about leaving for home — the Twelfth and Six-

teenth. I have not heard whether they have been requested to stay longer.

The soldier is allowed \$40 a year for clothing. The Government furnishes the articles at the following prices, namely, overcoats, \$7.20; dress-coats, nearly \$7; blouse, \$2.15; pants, 3.03; drawers, 50 cents; shoes, \$1.95. Payment for these things is deducted from the first six months' wages, and then all made right at the end of the year.

You can send me a Boston paper occasionally, if you please; it seems good to get a paper from home, though the news is anticipated by the Baltimore papers, which come to camp quite regularly.

I must draw to a close; I am so sleepy. I was on guard duty last night; so farewell.

CATLETT'S STATION, VA., *May 12, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — Company A has been stationed at this place since I wrote you last; it is on the Alexandria and Orange Railroad.

I see by the papers that the Maine Fifth and Porter's Battery were in the battle at West Point, Va., and did good service. You will recollect that I saw these troops when I was at Manassas.

I hear that young Dunn, the only boy in the Thirteenth from West Cambridge, besides myself, is dead; he was ill some time. I also learn that Andrew Kenny, also from West Cambridge, was killed at the battle of Williamsburg.

We are under marching orders, and shall probably start for the Rappahannock to-day; we expect to join McDowell's forces. We have a new brigadier-general by the name of Hartsuff. The story is that he petitioned the War Department to be put into active service. Whether that is so or not, I do not know, but one thing sure, we are going to move.

Captain Fox has not rejoined our company yet; he has been absent four months.

The two Indiana regiments that have been brigaded with us for some months, having served out their time, have gone home. Farewell.

WARREN.

## XII.

FALMOUTH, VA., *May 18, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — We left our camp at Catlett's Station last Monday afternoon, and marched about six miles and camped for the night. We pitched our tents, but as it was very warm four of us preferred sleeping outside; we fixed our rubber blankets so as to keep the dew off, and turned in. We took up the line of march at about six o'clock the next morning, and at four o'clock P. M. we had made seventeen miles. I tell you it was terrible hot; several of the men were sunstruck, and four horses died on the road.

Out of the three regiments of infantry in our brigade, I don't think more than four hundred men came in. I never saw so many fall out before; some threw away their blankets, overcoats, rations, etc. However, by midnight nearly all the stragglers came in. When the teams arrived we pitched our tents and prepared our supper; after this I went to a brook near by and took a bath; this, with a good night's rest, made me all right.

We started at seven o'clock the next morning and marched to Falmouth, seven miles. It rained about all the time; but this was not so bad as the burning sun of the previous day. On arriving at Falmouth we found no convenient camping ground, so we had to proceed about two miles further before we could be accommodated in this respect; then we had to stand about two hours in a drenching rain before the wagons with our tents came up. On their arrival, with the aid of our stoves, which fortunately were not left behind, we made ourselves as comfortable as the nature of the case would admit. From these brief details you can form some idea of the hardships of a soldier's life.

We are now in McDowell's Corps; and I learn there is to be a new order of things; he intends taking away our tents and substituting the smaller ones, such as the men carry on their backs. There are to be but five wagons to a regiment; the officers are to give up their trunks, and we are

to be cut down in every way — brought to a level with the regular army.

Fredericksburg is quite a large city, I judge from its appearance from our camp.

There are the remains of three burnt bridges in view. We have got the two pontoon bridges across now, and there is a railroad bridge almost finished. The river is quite wide, and deep enough for small steamers. Three of us got a pass and went down to the river fishing, did not have much luck; caught a dozen smelts, some white perch, etc.

Two of our brigades are encamped on the opposite side of the river; they have had their pickets driven in two or three times by the rebels, who are in considerable force a few miles beyond the town.

I am in as good health as could be wished. Please excuse bad writing, etc., for I am in a very uncomfortable position for that purpose, seated on the ground with my knee for a table.

WARREN.



### XIII.

IN CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, VA., *May 23, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — I wrote you from this place a few days since, and was not intending to write again so soon; but there are indications that we are to make a forward movement soon, and I may not have another opportunity of writing. The weather is very warm; we have a marching drill of two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon, in heavy marching order. We make about ten miles a day. Our general says it is to make us tough; but we think we are tough enough to perform all the necessary labor that ought to be required of us, and that this extra marching only tends to break us down in body and spirit.

I have been overhauling my knapsack and throwing out everything I do not absolutely need. It now weighs eighteen pounds, and to this will be added an extra pair of shoes, and a shelter tent weighing five pounds. They are going to take away our Sibley tents and substitute what is called



a "shelter tent" (or dog-huts, as the boys call them), and each man will be required to carry one on his back; so that the labor heretofore performed by horses will now be transferred to the men. The new tents are but a very poor protection against the weather, but McDowell is much opposed to a baggage train.

Five or six of our boys have put their overcoats into a box, mine with the rest, and sent them to Boston. We cannot carry them about with us, and have no place to leave them here. I have cut off the tails to my dress-coat and made a spencer of it. Coat-tails, Sibley tents, and overcoats now come under the head of luxuries which are not to be indulged in by private soldiers.

A few days since the whole of General Ord's Division was reviewed by General McDowell; it was a grand affair. McDowell is a noble looking man, and fully competent to command this great army, numbering, the newspapers say, 60,000 men. But I don't know anything about the number; it is a big army, I can safely say that. I never have seen anything approaching it in magnitude before.

Some think we are about to move on Richmond, to reinforce McClellan; others suppose there is an army now before that city large enough to crush the rebellion as soon as the word is given. There is much speculation in camp about the mighty contests that must inevitably take place about these days; and there is much going on in our immediate presence that leads me to suppose that we are not to be idle spectators in this terrible conflict of arms. But here comes an order for us to strike our big tents; it is the last we shall see of them I suppose. So I bid you all farewell.

WARREN.



#### XIV.

FRONT ROYAL, VA., *June 6, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER,—I received yours of May 24th and 28th this morning. I have not written for two weeks for reasons that will be obvious before you finish reading this letter.

We left our camp opposite Fredericksburg on Sunday afternoon, May 25th, at about five o'clock, and about midnight reached Aquia Creek, nearly thirteen miles distant; a part of the road was of the roughest kind. The next morning I went over the deserted batteries there; they were in a very commanding position. After some delay we went on board the steamer *John Brooks*, and came up to Alexandria. Part of our brigade took passage in the *Vanderbilt*, but she got aground and did not arrive till the day after we did. We remained on board the boat that night, and at day-break started for the cars that were to take us to Manassas; we passed the "Marshall House," where Colonel Ellsworth was murdered, but did not have a chance to enter it. We left in the cars between seven and eight o'clock, and did not reach Manassas till the middle of the afternoon, only twenty-seven miles; so you will perceive that this is not a fast road. Manassas has greatly improved in appearance since we left there a few weeks since. We remained there two nights, then marched to Thoroughfare Gap, distant fifteen miles, and encamped for the night; started next morning and marched about the same distance, to within about three miles of Piedmont; next morning marched to Piedmont; here we left our knapsacks, taking only one rubber blanket and three days' rations; this day we marched about twenty-three miles, over a very bad road, and the last four or five miles was in a most violent thunder storm. It is about five miles through Manassas Gap, and the scenery is exceedingly grand. I tell you that when we halted there was a gloomy prospect for a night's sleep: it was raining like sixties as we filed into a grove of pines, and dark as Egypt. We soon made a rousing fire, and after taking a drink of coffee felt much better. We then sheltered ourselves in the best way we could with our rubber blankets and got a little sleep. We here met General Ricket's Brigade, General Durgee's Brigade, and General Shields's Division — quite a formidable army, the various batteries numbering nearly one hundred guns. Sunday noon, June 1st, we all took up the line of march, but only remained together for a few miles. General Shields, with his

division, went across the country in a westerly direction to intercept Jackson, who was supposed to be retreating that way. Part of our forces encamped on the banks of the Shenandoah. On the next day we crossed the river and went about five miles on the railroad, when it commenced raining, and we halted for the night. I took a railroad sleeper and lay on that, throwing my rubber blanket over me. I had a cold and wet time of it, as it rained all night. The next day we went about three miles and camped again. Four of us made a little shanty and slept quite comfortable: fortunately it was on rising ground, for when we turned out in the morning we found the water over shoes all over the camp ground. The storm continued and the river was rising fast, causing fears that the bridge might be carried away, which would cut us off from our supplies. Although the rain was falling in torrents, they started some of us off on the railroad track, and even here the water was over shoes; but those that marched with the baggage train were plastered all over with mud; the boys said that the mud in some places was almost knee deep. I noticed one small house on the bank of the river where the water was several feet above the first floor; it was probably soon after carried away.

It was fortunate we hurried on as we did, for we had only fairly got all over, baggage train and all, when the bridge went down stream. There were two bridges carried away at this place.

When I left Falmouth I weighed all that I had to carry on the march, which was forty-three pounds. This weight, on a march of eighteen miles in a day, rather drags a body down.

Front Royal is a pleasant place. It was here, you will know, that the Second Maryland regiment was cut up and nearly all captured by the rebels, about two weeks since. There are about 170 rebel prisoners here now. I saw some of the rebel officers out on parole yesterday; they had on quite handsome uniforms.

We got our knapsacks yesterday, and I have embraced the first opportunity of writing that offered after getting my

writing materials. I saw our major sitting on the ground with his cap on his knee, writing; this was the best accommodation furnished to a major by our camp. A private would not expect to fare any better; still, it is a very awkward position to scribble a letter in.

Captain Fox got back to his company last night; he has been absent four months.

During the last eleven days of hardship and scant fare I have lost nearly nine pounds in weight. This is the kind of training to take the flesh off, and will enable us to stand the intense heat of this climate that will soon be upon us, as I think the rainy season is about over. My health is good — never felt better.

There have been two deaths in the regiment since I wrote last, namely, Albert A. Rice and E. Winslow.

We do not expect to remain here long, but are held in readiness to march at an hour's notice; in eleven days we were encamped in ten different places — all but the camps.

Please direct letters as heretofore.

WARREN.

P. S. — I have just heard that John F. Fuller, of Freedom, Maine, and Charles B. Cushing, both of our regiment, were drowned while crossing the river in a small skiff to-day.



XV.

FRONT ROYAL, VA., *June 15, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — I received two letters from home last Thursday, also one from Uncle Washington; for these repeated favors you will please thank him. I also received two Boston papers and a copy of the "Bridgton Reporter."

We still occupy the same camping ground as when I last wrote. When we change we are in hopes of going back to General Banks's Corps. Our colonel has been to see him upon the subject; and he returned last night and said it was "all right." I tell you the boys will be mighty glad to get away from McDowell's command: a few more such marches as I wrote you about in my last would entirely use

up our brigade; 140 men have been sent to the hospital, and one man fell dead in the ranks, all in consequence of the fatigue and exposure. I mentioned in my last letter that two of our boys were drowned; they belonged to the Pioneer Corps, and got left behind when our brigade crossed the river, and they tried to cross over in a small boat which got turned over, and as they had their equipments on they went down and did not rise again; there was a member of the Twelfth Regiment drowned at the same time. We are still in General Hartsuff's Brigade.

When the Thirteenth left Boston, eleven months since, they numbered 1,011 men; now we have not more than 600 fighting men, — a great many are sick, some have been discharged, but few have been killed in the skirmishes that we have had with the rebels. At this rate, how many original members of the Thirteenth will return home when our three years are up? It must be apparent to every one, I think, that we have been in the hands of incompetent generals.

Among the many excellent young men in the regiment, I have become more particularly interested in Charley A. Drew. We have messed together for a long time, and I like him very much. I speak of him now, because if any accident or disaster should befall me he will write to you, and you may put confidence in what he may say in regard to my situation, etc.

Some of our boys were across the river yesterday, and fell in with some of the Maine Tenth boys; one inquired of our boys if they had a member named Warren H. Freeman, and on being answered in the affirmative, they were requested to bring a note to me. It was from John Webb, saying that they were all well, and inviting me to come over and see them; they are encamped about three miles from Front Royal. If I can get a pass I shall go to see the Bridgton boys.

I understand that General Banks is to have command of a large force — sufficient to control the whole valley of the Shenandoah; and that he has said that after the affair at Richmond is settled the most active operation of the war will be transferred to this valley; and this appears very rea-

sonable, as the rebels depend mainly on this section of the State for their supplies.

Some of our officers express the opinion that, let the impending battle at Richmond terminate as it may, they see no indication of the war being over at present, but rather that we are now fairly in the midst of it.

Prisoners are being brought in every day, and they are almost daily sent away; the officers are well dressed, but the privates are dilapidated specimens of humanity.

Please excuse the writing: I am now seated in the woods, and the ants, and other insects that I know not the names of, have half eaten me up. It is also just beginning to rain, and I must close in a hurry. I am as well, that is, as you might expect, under the circumstances. WARREN.



## XVI.

MANASSAS JUNCTION VA., *June 22, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — Here we are back at old Manassas again; this makes the third time we have been here. We are encamped about two miles from the Junction, with wood and water handy; the place has very much improved since we were first here. There is a Government Bakery in operation; you can purchase a loaf of bread for five cents, — quite as cheap as you can buy bread in Boston.

I received your letter of the 15th last Friday. You draw my attention to letters and statements from members of our regiment, printed in the "Journal" and inquiring if they are correct? They are not strictly correct; there is much exaggeration in some of these I know. We have enough to eat of wholesome food, besides good coffee and sugar; but when on a forced march, and two or three days' rations are served out at the same time, men will sometimes come short on account of their improvidence in the care of their rations, or perhaps eating up or wasting in two days what has been served out for three days. In my last letter I spoke of our scant fare during a forced march of eleven days. But this

could not be guarded against on account of severe storms, rendering the roads almost impassable for baggage trains. What we complain of was that we were compelled to make the march at all in such weather.

We left Front Royal on the 7th of June by rail, on platform cars. The ride, if it had not been very dusty, would have been pleasant. I think the army has all left there. Shields's Division came in yesterday; we are now 20,000 strong. I suppose we are to be held here as a reserve, this being a central point, and troops can be sent off as reinforcements by rail in several directions.

John Webb, with the leader of their band, came across the river to see me last Monday. Of course I was glad to see them; John and his brother are well. He said there was no truth in the story about their losing their instruments when pursued by the rebels a few weeks since.

Those rings that I sent home, you will dispose of as you please. I wrought them out with my pocket-knife; though you seem to doubt my ability to do it. They are chiefly valuable from the fact that they were wrought from the root of the gorgeous laurel, taken from the battle-field of Bull Run. The laurel is found growing by most all the streams here; it has a beautiful white, bell-formed blossom.

*June 29.* — We are still at Manassas — faring very well, as we have been paid off, and can buy pies, cake, eggs, cheese, etc., of the sutler. We have two drills a day, — battalion drill in the morning, brigade drill in the afternoon; we do not have much idle time. We are now in the "Army of Virginia," under General Pope. I am glad he is over McDowell; I do not think he was the right kind of man to have so important a position as he held, but I may be mistaken; we are still under him, but he does not have so much power as formerly.

I see by the papers that cousin George Brown's regiment has been in a severe battle; I was glad not to see his name on the list of killed and wounded.

We had a smart shower here one day last week; our tent did not leak much from above, but a stream three inches deep and the whole width of the tent came through it. I had

to prop my knapsack and other things up on a stick to keep them from being swept away. After the shower we started off after rails, then made a large fire to dry our blankets, etc. I tell you we slept bully that night; it was the softest bed we have had for a long time. We sank into the mud about two inches, but our rubber blankets kept much of the dampness out.

On a march, in a rain-storm, we pin our rubber blankets over our shoulders, letting them fall below the knees; this affords considerable protection from the weather. When we halt for the night, if there is a rail fence in sight, you ought to see a regiment of boys break for it; it takes just five minutes to level half a mile of Virginia rail fence. Soldiers look upon them as a perfect godsend; besides using them to cook our suppers, when the ground is wet, we can lay upon them, or make a little frame-work and throw our blankets over them to protect us from the weather, etc.

But here comes a rumor that we are to pack up immediately and start for Richmond to reinforce McClellan. If this proves correct, I may not be able to write again so soon as usual, so I bid you all farewell.

WARREN.



## XVII.

WARRENTON, VA., *July 5, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — I received your kind letter Sunday, also one from Uncle Washington and one from Louise. For these favors you will please thank them for me; it is the only return a poor soldier boy can offer. The letters were brought from Alexandria by our quartermaster, J. C. Smith. Eugene will remember him; he was bow oarsman at several of the regattas on Charles River.

I received the two boxes the night before the Fourth, just in the nick of time. I am very much obliged; the things could not be better selected, or any nicer.

We left Manassas the morning of the Fourth, and marched over the same railroad we rode over on the 17th of



June; it was terrible hot and we only made twelve miles. Reaching Warrenton Pike, we encamped here for the night. On the next day marched to within half a mile of this place, when we halted and formed our camp. I got my boxes carried in the baggage train; so I had them when I got here. It has been awful hot for the past three or four days; I never experienced anything like it before; its effect is very depressing.

Recently while on picket guard, during the stillness of midnight, and being seated on a rail fence in the midst of a cornfield, I heard a slight rustle among the leaves, and on turning my head in the direction from whence the sound came, I perceived a slight movement among the cornstalks, and felt quite sure that some object must be approaching; the first impulse was that it might be a cowardly rebel creeping up, rifle in hand, to pick off his man. And though usually insensible to fear, still I will admit that I felt the cold chills, and a slight perspiration coming on; but I did not leave my seat, only brought my rifle to the "make ready," and in a moment after a great black dog sprang over the fence quite near me, and went on his way regardless of my presence. I congratulated myself in that I did not blaze away at this imaginary danger and thereby alarm the whole camp, as is often done by the raw recruit when there is much less cause.

There are immense quantities of blackberries in the neighborhood of our camp, just in their prime, being dead ripe. I can pick four quarts, and not be absent from my tent one hour. The boys in the tent just back of mine have come in with their dippers and a large bucket full. There are also "dead loads" of nice cherries that can be had for the picking. Our army grub is quite forsaken for these berries; in fact we about live on them; we make sauce of them; and the blackberry juice with sugar and water is a very pleasant and wholesome drink. I have not been to the town yet, but they say it is quite a beautiful place, and not quite so strong secession as some places we have visited. What we were sent here for I do not know, nor how long we are to remain. I have not one word of news; and as there

is a reporter for the "Journal" here, and you have that paper every day, I will refer you to its columns for matters of general interest.

July 15. — I have not received a letter from home this week, but have got two papers. Boston papers are rather old when they reach us; we can get the Philadelphia papers on the same day they are printed. Everything remains about the same as when I wrote last week, — hot days, and plenty of them. There is not near so much sickness in our regiment as there was a month since, — this ripe fruit is just the thing for the boys. The blackberries are very abundant. I am sitting on the bank of the stream where we bathe, about half a mile from camp; and, honestly, there has been over two bushels of berries carried by since I commenced writing; no boy has less than eight or ten quarts.

The Maine Tenth Regiment are encamped about three miles from us. I intended to have got a pass and made a visit to Captain Bailey and the Webb boys to-day; but it is so hot that I thought I would put it off till to-morrow.

What our destination is I do not know. We are now about 100 miles from Richmond; and I supposed we were to reinforce McClellan or attack the city in the rear. We are not to be idle many days longer, I think.

I must close now and hurry back to camp, as there is a thunder shower coming up.

I am as well as usual. Please give my love to all who may inquire in regard to me.

WARREN.



## XVIII.

WARRENTON, VA., July 20, 1862.

DEAR FATHER, — I received yours of the 13th last Friday, also the "Traveller" and "Bridgton Reporter." I have lent the "Reporter" to a boy in our company that hails from Bridgton Centre; his name is Dorman; he is well acquainted with all our relations there. He used to

live on the road from the head of the pond to the Centre, in the house just before you enter the town, with the fancy work round the eaves.

General Banks came to see us last Thursday night. I tell you we gave him a rousing reception; the boys in our regiment all placed lighted candles on their bayonets — reminding one of the torch-light processions of 1860. The general made us a short and very good speech, saying he was “proud to have the old brigade with him again.” As he rode off he said, “Good-by, men; I hope you will remember this night.” He looked well; he wore an overcoat and fatigue cap.

There are four regiments of infantry in our brigade: the Eleventh Pennsylvania, Ninth New York, and Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts; three batteries, and a squadron of cavalry. The Twelfth Massachusetts, you are aware, is commanded by Colonel Fletcher Webster, only surviving son of the deceased Daniel. March this force through the quiet village of Bridgton Centre, extending, as it would, twice over its length or breadth, and it would create quite a sensation; but here we are absorbed in the many thousands around us and are but an insignificant affair.

The Maine Tenth have moved off without my having a chance to visit the Webb boys. I am much disappointed, but I could not get a pass. For the same reason I have not visited the town of Warrenton yet. Those that have been there say it is a very pretty place; there are many wealthy people there, and it is strong secession. This town and immediate vicinity, although numbering but a few thousand inhabitants, has sent 700 men to the rebel army. That is the way they turn out soldiers here. Conscription is the order of the day in all the rebel States; and the North must wake up to a similar system, or the rebellion will never be put down. There are no young and able-bodied men to be seen anywhere now, nothing but old men and very young boys — and but few of them are seen about our lines.

You say that volunteering rather drags in West Cambridge, notwithstanding a bounty of \$125 is offered by the town to each man who will enlist. It ought not to be so.

We need reinforcements now. Will not the brave sons of the free North come to our rescue? You say James Fred. Clark was the first to place his name on the roll. Well, there is hope of West Cambridge yet, for he is the last man in town that I should expect to see foremost on such an occasion. I shall be glad to see him out here.

The blackberries hold out yet, and the health of the regiment is very good.

We were paid off yesterday. Inclosed I send fifteen dollars, which you will please take care of for me. I am as well as usual. Good-by.

WARREN.



### XIX.

WARRENTON, VA., *July 29, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — I received two letters from you last week, and yesterday two papers, for all which, of course, I am greatly obliged. I had seen the "Reporter" before yours arrived; Dorman lent me his copy. Uncle Chad's matter-of-fact letter was entertaining; his "dottings down" quite original; and I doubt not his fellow passengers must have been well entertained by his quaint remarks during the protracted journey, and while the iron horse was being "refed."

We left Warrenton on the 22d of July, and marched eight miles, when we encamped on a hill; on the 27th we moved about half a mile and encamped again. We are now very pleasantly situated, water handy, and there is a stream where we bathe, within about a quarter of a mile of our camp.

In reply to your inquiries, and for the information of the numerous young men about entering the army, I will briefly describe our mode of life and duties for one day; and will begin with our tents — "shelter tents," I believe, is the proper name — known in the army as "dog-huts." They are made of thick cotton cloth, about five feet square, and fit together by buttons and button-holes. Each man is allowed one piece — a tent. Two pieces will weigh five pounds.

They are raised from the ground about two feet, and you cannot sit up in one comfortably. The floor is made of poles resting on crotches two or three inches from the ground, and when covered with straw, hay, or leaves, makes quite a comfortable bed. These tents will protect you from the dew and light showers, but in a smart rain-storm you will "catch it." At five o'clock in the morning, at this season of the year, and on ordinary occasions, the duties of the day begin. The *reveille* is beat; the men turn out and in double ranks for roll-call. This occupies a short time, and sometimes we turn in again till six o'clock, when the *break-fast* call is beat, when we make our coffee and eat our hard bread. Once or twice a week we get stewed beans, the best dish we have. *Drill* call sounds at seven o'clock, and a few moments after, the *surgeon's* call, when the sick, who are able to go out, are conducted to the hospital. Eight o'clock we have *guard* call; it takes about half an hour to get through guard-mounting; at half-past eight the *recall* for firing drill; at twelve o'clock the *dinner* call, when we may, or may not, find something to eat; at one o'clock *orderly* call. Sometimes we have a drill in the afternoon. At seven o'clock a call for dress-parade; nine o'clock *tattoo* or roll-call; and at half-past nine *taps*, or *put out those lights*.

It is one year to-day since our regiment left Boston, and eight months since I left; they have quickly sped away. You ask if I could not get a furlough to come home and spend a week? I cannot do it. When we were at Warrenton a boy in our company had a letter from home, saying that his father was not expected to live but a few days, and desiring him to come home if possible. He went to the general and stated his case, and asked for a furlough to go home. He was told that he could not have one, but a hint was given that he might be absent for a week, if he would run the risk of being apprehended as a deserter. So he got a suit of citizen's clothes and started off; he was arrested in Alexandria, but managed to get away from the provost guard and reached his home in Boston; he found his father alive, but very ill: he has since returned to camp. I have no means of knowing the number of troops in this army;

but within sight of the spot where I am now writing there are at least 10,000 men.

IN CAMP NEAR CULPEPPER, VA., *August 11, 1862.*

I improve this opportunity to let you know that I am alive and well. We left Waterloo Tuesday, August 5th. At three o'clock the reveille was beat, and at five the march began. At four P. M. we reached the Rappahannock, thirteen miles, and halted for the night. It was terrible hot. I thought I should melt down. And the dust was almost suffocating. Some of the men fell down in the road perfectly exhausted, and many were left by the way-side, to follow on when their strength would permit. After cooling off, some of us took a bath in the river and felt much refreshed. Took an early start next morning and marched seven miles, to Culpepper; passed through the town and about two miles beyond, where we encamped. Culpepper is quite a pretty place, about as large as Warrenton. On Friday we started again but halted in the road most all day, where we drew rations. The rebel army under Stonewall Jackson, supposed to number 10,000 men, were entrenched on Cedar Mountain, about two miles in front of us, and General Banks was ordered to attack him; and the battle with artillery was going on. But at about four o'clock the infantry fight began, and was very heavy for some time; and as far as I can learn, we got the worst of it. But then the rebels had the advantage in position and number of men.

At about six o'clock we were ordered forward. We left our knapsacks in a cornfield by the road-side, with two men detailed from each company to guard them. When we reached the battle-ground the fight was about over. We halted in a large open field for about an hour, where we were ordered to advance again. Soon after starting, the rebels opened on us with artillery from a battery in the woods. We advanced toward the woods a short distance, then filed to the right, and took up the double-quick right by the battery. We received a volley of musketry as we went by, but the shots were rather wild, for it did not do much execution. We now got a position on the side of a

hill, and the rebels shelled away at us, but without much effect. Our general, Hartsuff, is an old artillery officer, and has smelt powder before to-day. He seemed to understand just how to handle his brigade; for as soon as the enemy got us in range of his guns he knew how to change our position for one of greater safety. We had but one battery in position, and the rebels were silenced after a fight of about two hours. They were so close at one time that the voice of the officers could be heard while giving orders. When we passed the rebel battery we were within 200 yards of it. We had about a dozen killed and wounded in our brigade.

I have just come from where the rebel batteries were stationed. They left two officers and seven horses just where they fell. They are bringing in the killed and wounded now. I should judge, from what I have seen, that our loss is about 600 men. The rebels are on a mountain about two miles from here. I saw a portion of their army drawn up in line this morning. We are expecting another battle to-day or to-morrow.

As we have letter-writers for the press in camp, you will get all details of the battle through the newspapers; and as I hear them singing out after "letters for the mail," I must draw to a close.

I saw the Webb boys before the fight commenced, but have not heard from them since. The Maine Tenth suffered severely.

From your affectionate son,

WARREN.



## XX.

IN CAMP NEAR WARRENTON, VA., *August 25, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — You will be perhaps surprised to learn that we are back here, especially as we are under a general who has always been accustomed to look on the backs of the rebels; but here we are encamped about five miles from the town. We left Cedar Mountain soon after the battle,

and marched round the south side of the Rapidan, or Robinson River, I suppose it should be called. It was seven or eight miles: there were graves all along the road where the rebels had buried their dead. We remained here for a day or two, then changed camp to a level field about three miles to the eastward. Here the recruits from Boston joined us, Eddie C. Reed being among them. We remained here one day, then struck our camps on the middle of the afternoon and formed in line, then stacked arms and laid round till eleven o'clock in the night, and then commenced the march; and after proceeding about a mile we halted and lay in the road the rest of the night — it was too cold to sleep. In the morning we took up the line of march, passing through Culpepper and over the Rappahannock River, making twenty miles, most of the way in quick time — carrying our knapsacks the whole distance; it was very dusty, and gave our raw recruits a foretaste of what is in store for them.

*Tuesday, August 26.* — I could not finish my letter, as we had to move camps. We marched about three miles in a northerly direction and camped for the night; started back this morning, and, on arriving near the spot we left yesterday, we changed front and marched back again. I suppose the movement of the rebels on our front is the cause of this countermarching.

When we crossed the Rappahannock last Tuesday, we camped about a quarter of a mile from the river. Wednesday I saw Harry and John Webb. They were well, and are expecting to go home soon — have seen enough of soldiering — said they would try and come out to West Cambridge to see you.

Toward night we packed up in a hurry and went at double-quick across the river and took possession of a knoll near the bridge. Mathews's Battery crossed immediately after the Thirteenth. We threw out two companies of skirmishers on another knoll to the front and right. The Eleventh Pennsylvania crossed after the battery. They took possession of the hill where our skirmishers were; they supported two pieces of the battery, while we supported the other four.



The advance of the rebels could now be seen in the distance. We had the advantage of position, as they would have to advance across an open field to attack us. Two regiments besides the battery were the only troops across the river that night. We sent out four companies of pickets; everything was quiet during the night. The next morning at daylight the rebel artillery opened on our right, and soon after on our right and centre. While the cannonading was going on I received your letter of the 17th; rather a singular time and place to get news from home. But those who brought the letters got frightened and ran across the bridge, taking about half the letters with them; but I was fortunate to secure mine, though it took a long time to read it, as I had to make my manners to the rebel shell and shot as they came along. The rebel batteries were finally silenced. There were four killed and wounded in Mathews's Battery; and the adjutant of the Eleventh had his horse shot. During the day the other two regiments of our brigade crossed the river. At night it was our turn to go on picket duty. Next day we had to dig trenches on one of the knolls. During the day we got twenty-three head of cattle; they got away from the rebels and came toward our lines; we made a rush, and they made a rush — but we got the cattle. Towards night a rain-storm came on, and by the next morning the river had risen to such a degree that we were fearful that the bridge would be carried away, so we all passed to the opposite bank and posted our artillery on the high ground near the river. When the enemy saw we had left the knolls, they advanced to take them, — our artillery played upon them as they advanced to take possession of the first, — and was advancing on the second, when some of our guns that were masked poured a terrible fire of grape and canister into their ranks, killing and wounding large numbers, causing them to break ranks and run in all directions. Some of their shot and pieces of railroad iron came fearfully near to our heads, but we had only one man wounded.

We have been within half a mile of Warrenton, and are now within three or four miles of Waterloo; it seems our luck to visit all places twice. We have not had a chance

to send off letters for some time, but our band goes home in the morning and will take letters, I presume. But I must close; this constant marching tires a fellow so that he does not feel much like writing.

I am in good health. Farewell all.

WARREN.



## XXI.

HALL'S HILL, VA., *September 4, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — There are some Boston gentlemen in our camp, and they have offered to take letters home, so I have borrowed a piece of paper and will give you a very brief account of what has transpired within the past week, using, in part, the language of one of our wounded boys; but I intend writing you in detail an account of the late battles when I feel more composed and time will permit.

“ On Tuesday, August 28th, McDowell was ordered to drive Longstreet back through Thoroughfare Gap, and prevent his effecting a junction with Jackson. Hartsuff's Brigade, composed of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts, Eleventh Pennsylvania, and the Ninth New York, were in the advance. They marched from Warrenton to Haymarket, and from thence to the Gap. There they found Longstreet's forces posted. Driving in his pickets, the Eleventh Pennsylvania was deployed as skirmishers, the Twelfth Massachusetts was on the left, and the Thirteenth Massachusetts in the centre, with the Ninth New York as support for either. Afterwards the Pennsylvania regiment and the Thirteenth advanced in column to enter from both sides. As they approached the buildings, amongst which was a stone mill, a heavy fire of musketry was opened upon them from all sides, and a battery commenced firing from the woods. They were ordered to act as skirmishers, as the effect of the fire was too plainly visible in their ranks. In this way they advanced up the road, the rebels keeping up a continuous fire. The Thirty-Fourth New York, from Tower's brigade, was now ordered to their support, and Mathews's

and Thompson's batteries were got into position and commenced shelling the woods.

"The rough nature of the country, and the great quantity of underbrush, rendered military operations extremely difficult; and after more fighting, it being found impossible to dislodge the enemy, the troops were ordered to fall back toward Manassas.

"On Saturday Hartsuff's Brigade marched out from Manassas to the old battle-field of Bull Run, where McDowell's Corps had the centre. About three o'clock P. M. they received an order to charge the enemy, who were strongly posted in front, and who were disposed to make trouble upon the left of the centre.

"The troops advanced in the form of a wedge, Hartsuff's Brigade having the advance. They charged upon the rebel infantry in face of a deadly fire from both infantry and artillery, and succeeded in driving the rebels back. As our troops retired, fresh batteries opened upon them, and the rebels rallied. Another charge was made with similar result, but as our troops retired this time, a column which had succeeded in flanking the left centre, gave them a cross-fire, and then charged, thus routing our troops, who were forced to give way. At this juncture, McDowell ordered the Ninth New York into the woods to form and check the rebels. After they had entered, and while forming, the woods seemed suddenly alive with rebels, and volley after volley was poured in upon them from behind trees and bushes. The whole division then retreated, and the rebels held possession of the field. Colonel Leonard commanded the Thirteenth on Thursday, but was ill and in an ambulance on Saturday. Major Gould was in command. The officers and men behaved admirably; there was no flinching, and some of the wounded fought through the contest."

The above was written for the press — and is a simple narrative of our disasters in the battles of Thoroughfare Gap. We left our knapsacks in the woods before going into the fight, and they were lost; so I have saved nothing but what was on my back, and that was precious little.

Major Gould has made an official report of the loss in

our regiment. The whole number of killed, wounded, and missing is 189 men.

Hall's Hill, where we are encamped, is in sight of the Capitol. We shall remain here just long enough to recruit and refit a little, when we shall move on the rebels again. I am in good health. I bid farewell to all. WARREN.



## XXII.

NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD., *September 21, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER,—I improve the present opportunity to let you know that I came safe out of the great battle of Antietam, near this village, on Wednesday the 17th inst.

On Sunday the 14th it was determined to drive the rebels from South Mountain, between Middletown and Boonsboro', the same range of mountains as the Blue Ridge. The forces in front were directed by McClellan; and although the rebels were strongly posted and fought obstinately for two hours, they were driven, at all points, up the mountain and over it, and finally down the slope toward Boonsboro'. We were not in this part of the battle, as we were stationed about a mile beyond Frederick. In the forenoon our division commenced the march over one ridge of the Blue Mountains, through Middletown. The scenery in the valley is the most splendid I ever beheld. From several points on the march we had good views of the battle then raging between our army and the rebels. Soon after our division got through Middletown, we filed off to the right of the road and went round three miles to flank the enemy. We left our knapsacks at the foot of the mountain, and about sunset commenced an upward movement; it was very fatiguing, indeed, as we had to climb over rocks, fallen trees, fences, etc. Bullets from the contending armies not very far distant fell in our ranks, killing one or two in the Twelfth Regiment. We now halted for the night, as it had become very dark, and lay on our arms; we had no shelter from the weather, having left our blankets with our knapsacks. I

did not sleep any ; it was necessary to be awake to keep from freezing. When morning came we found the rebels had fled, leaving knapsacks, etc., scattered all around ; it was a mystery to us why they did not make more resistance, but " Little Mac " was in command of our forces, and he can drive the rebels if any one can. We now moved forward and followed up the rebels till they made a stand at Antietam Creek. We halted near the creek and lay there most all day ; toward night we moved on to the right and took a position in a wood, under a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries : we advanced through a cornfield, the shot and shell taking the corn down all around us. We lay on our arms all night. At six o'clock in the morning we advanced and went into battle. After our brigade had been fighting two and one quarter hours our ammunition gave out, and, the enemy having been reinforced, we were compelled to fall back a short distance ; at this moment we were reinforced, and then we drove the rebels, recovering our ground again. We were in General Ricketts's Division, — and I will borrow the words of another to describe what took place at this time, for a private in the ranks oftentimes has a rather limited view of what is going on around him.

" General Ricketts also went forward through the woods in his front, and Doubleday, with his guns, held front against a heavy cannonade. Meade advancing, finally met a heavy body of fresh troops thrown suddenly and vigorously against him, and was driven back over part of the ground he had just won. Ricketts's line was at the same time hard pressed, and fell back. Mansfield, who had come over the creek the night before, was ordered into the woods to Ricketts's support, and Hartsuff's Brigade, part of Doubleday's command, was sent to sustain Meade. Mansfield took the greater part of his troops to Ricketts's help, but they were unable to extend their line, and in the effort to push forward his men General Mansfield was mortally wounded. General Hartsuff advanced to the relief of Meade with the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts and another regiment. The Pennsylvania troops were retiring in haste and some confusion. General Hartsuff seized a bridge, in front of the field over

which the rebels were pressing, and held it in splendid style for more than half an hour against a greatly superior attack. His men behaved most gallantly, standing on this exposed ground, firing steadily and never wavering once.

“General Hartsuff was soon severely wounded. His troops retained their position, and finally, by the precision and rapidity of their fire compelled the enemy to retreat.”

It was at the taking and defending of the bridge spoken of above that we had the hardest fight and suffered most. But in the detailed account of the great battle you will see that Hartsuff's Brigade had their full share of the work to do. We went into the fight with 301 men: of this number 136 were killed or wounded, leaving us, at the close of the day, but 165 men fit for duty. I fired between fifty and sixty rounds, and had a good mark to aim at every time. I did not waste any ammunition, I can assure you.

I suppose the battle of “An-tee-tam” must be set down as the greatest ever fought on this continent. Each army numbered about 100,000 men, their lines extending between four and five miles. Our loss in killed and wounded will exceed 10,000 men. That of the rebels will never be known, but it exceeds ours by thousands. They spent the whole day after the battle in burying their dead and removing the wounded; and after their retreat the ground for miles was strewn with their dead, and houses and barns filled with their wounded.

We have been in the advance and on picket duty since the battle began till yesterday, and have been in active service since we left Falls Church, and the men are thoroughly worn out. I have never felt quite so much exhausted before since I have been in the army. My prayer is that we may never cross the Potomac again, but I suppose we shall have to. We have now 190 men in camp, but many of these are sick,—our colonel has gone home sick, our adjutant was killed,—and this is all that remains of the gallant Thirteenth Regiment. I am told that our whole brigade can number but 1,200 men.

The rebels are in full view on the opposite bank of the Potomac.

Mr. Leeds, a gentleman from Boston, is in our camp, and will take this letter to the nearest post-office. We have not had our usual mail facilities lately. My latest news from home is to the 9th inst. Good-by. WARREN.



## XXIII.

NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD., *October 3, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — I have not heard from home since I last wrote, and have received no paper — seen only the “Reporter” sent to Dorman, which is my latest news from Bridgton. I have not been well for the last two weeks; have been troubled with headache, pain in my limbs, and am very weak; am not confined to the camp hospital, though I have not been in the ranks lately.

We have changed our camp twice since I last wrote, so as to be nearer water; we now have to go to the river for water, which is a quarter of a mile distant. I hope we shall not have to cross the Potomac again. The boys are about discouraged, I can assure you. I wish I may never set foot on “sacred soil” again; we are now within eight miles of where we were last March.

Our division has gone out to be reviewed by President Lincoln. They went out yesterday, but the President did not make his appearance, so they have had to try it again this morning.

We have about 250 men in the regiment; there are thirty-five in Company A. As to officers, we have but two captains and four lieutenants in the regiment; one company is commanded by a corporal; however, there is quite a number of officers and men that will return to the ranks when their health is recruited.

*Monday, October 13.* — Yesterday morning at one o'clock there was an alarm, and our division was routed out and marched off about a mile and a half, when we halted and lay in the road the rest of the night and till near the close of the day, when we marched back to camp again. I sup-

pose they expected a rebel raid, or something of that kind. My health is better and I have gone into the ranks again.

I have recently received two letters from home, and I was right glad to get them. You ask if I could not send home some trophies of the Antietam battle-field. I could have picked up any number of guns, swords, knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, etc., but had no way to carry them. I found several rebel letters and brought them away, but have lost them. All I have got is some flag-root which I took from a rebel knapsack. I have not been on the battle-field since we left it several weeks since. I was sick and not able to go with the boys, who have been there frequently.

One of the boys, who was on the field a few days after the battle, told me that in the part he visited he saw eight or ten heaps of dead rebels that our men had gathered together to bury; and he counted the bodies in one heap, and there were 130. Our men were engaged between four and five days in burying the dead of both armies and carrying off the wounded. When the rebels retreated from the Antietam battle-field they took all their wounded that they could carry, or that could hobble along on foot, and then left more than 4,000 for our army to take care of.

You ask if any one was shot near me? Yes, my file-leader, the man who stood directly in front, was shot in the head and fell heavily upon me. I supposed at first that he was killed, but he is living now. Samuel S. Gould stood within five feet of me when he was mortally wounded; he had been in the company but four or five days. He was fresh from Harvard College, and I got quite well acquainted with him; he was a wide-awake, noble fellow, about as tall as I am. He has relatives in West Cambridge. The color guard and colors were between our company and Company F, and as I am very near the right of the company I was quite near the colors. There were seven out of the eight color guard and one of the color bearers killed or wounded, they dropped pretty fast at one time. One of the color bearers was shot in three places; he was a Belmont boy, named David Chenery. We had forty-one men in our com-



pany, twenty-one of whom were killed or wounded. My rifle was so hot that I could hardly touch the barrel with my hand, but it worked well; that was the reason I was able to fire so many rounds. Some of the boys only fired thirty times; their rifles got foul, and it took a long time to load. After I had fired forty rounds I went to Gould and got some of his cartridges; he was living, but not able to speak; he died before the battle was over. During most of the day we were between 300 and 400 yards of the rebel lines — a good easy range for our rifles. I came out of the battle very well. Of course I had many narrow escapes from death during the day: a ball grazed me just below the temple, taking off the skin, drawing blood, and stunning me for some moments; and I was struck on the shoulder by some hard substance, which whirled me round and lamed me for some days, but I never thought these casualties worth mentioning in my previous letter, and should not speak of them now, only as you wrote of *Eastman's* having a ball lodge in his blanket.

I felt quite cool and collected, and had no personal fear during the battle. The scenes of blood and strife that I have been called to pass through during the months that are passed, and my "baptism in blood," have nearly destroyed all the finer feelings of my nature.

We have a new brigadier named Taylor, in place of Hartsuff, who was badly wounded, as I have mentioned before. We are to have a brigade drill this afternoon, and as it is about time to be getting ready I must draw to a close.

*October 25.* — We have just received our new uniforms, blankets, etc.; we needed them long since. I have not had a chance to write before for some days; our new general keeps us drilling so much of the time that we have hardly an opportunity to cook our food. There is to be a division review this afternoon, but as I am on guard I get clear of it. I am pretty well, but this river water does not agree with the boys. We are to move into Virginia immediately, and then may fare better in this respect.

I must bid you all farewell.

WARREN.

## XXIV.

IN CAMP NEAR WARRENTON, VA., *November 8, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — Well, here we are for the fifth time back near our old camp ground on the Rappahannock station road. We left Sharpsburg on the afternoon of October 26th, in a rain storm, and marched about seven miles, crossing the mountain, and halting about midnight. I sat by the fire the remainder of the night as it was too wet and cold to sleep. We reached Berlin on the 28th, and crossed the river on the afternoon of the 30th; we followed along the south side of the Blue Ridge across the country until we brought up here; the distance is about twenty-five miles. It snowed part of the time, and the nights are very cold; our shelter tents are poor protection from the weather, and when off duty it is necessary to keep very near the fire to prevent freezing. We expect to move from this place in a day or two.

NEAR RAPPAHANNOCK STATION, VA., *November 17.*

We left Warrenton on the afternoon of November 8th, and, after marching about fifteen miles, came to a halt here at about one o'clock in the night. It snowed part of the time while we were on the march. Our brigade is here on picket duty. I was on picket the other morning at the ford just above the bridge; the rebel cavalry pickets were in plain sight, about 400 yards off, and I could plainly see their sabres; they all had on overcoats. In the night their pickets and ours are within five rods of each other, — a very convenient distance for conversation, but they seem disposed to keep a quiet tongue. We expect to be on the march toward Fredericksburg as soon as Pleasanton's cavalry comes to relieve us; they will be along in a day or two.

NEAR BROOKS'S STATION, VA., *December 4.*

Our brigade left Rappahannock Station on the afternoon of November 19th, and after marching about five miles through mud and rain, we at eleven o'clock encamped for

the night. On the next day we marched about ten miles through mud two inches deep — on guard that night in a rain storm; started next morning and marched ten miles in mud three inches deep. It rained nearly all day with great violence. After a halt of two days we came down here to draw rations; we had a march through mud about five inches deep. During our halt we were posted on a hill where the winds blew bitter cold, but we fixed our tent up in such a way that we slept warm. We were constantly drilling, leaving us hardly time to cook our food. To-day we broke camp and moved into a warmer position, and the boys commenced putting up their tents with a view of remaining here for some days, but orders came to-night to be ready for a march in the morning.

I thank you for sending me a copy of Albert Blanchard's letter. I was much interested in reading it; he seems to have got into active service at last.

Chase, our sutler, arrived last week, he did not bring the boxes you sent me. He could not obtain a conveyance for his freight. The government are in possession of every available means for forwarding ammunition, stores, etc., for the immense army in this vicinity.

In a recent letter from home I am informed of the death of my dear cousin Sophronia. How sad and unexpected this event to me is, I cannot well make known to you. When we parted in Boston, one year since, Sophronia to return to the bosom of the family where she was all but idolized, while I bent my steps to the camp of our army on the Potomac, where I have been constantly engaged in active service in the camp, on the march, and in several hard-fought battles, my life has been preserved; while my cousin, dwelling in peace and safety, has by insidious disease been laid low. Such are the inscrutable decrees of Providence.

But I must close. I am well, with the exception of a headache to-night. Our next move will be toward Fredericksburg, to participate in the grand battle expected to take place there in a few days.

Please give my remembrance to all who inquire after

WARREN.

## XXV.

NEAR BELL PLAIN, *December 25, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — You must excuse this long delay ; I should have written had I been well. I was sick some days before we left Brooks's Station, but marched with the regiment the first day, and on the second day rode in an ambulance on account of the swelling of my lower limbs. When we arrived at Fredericksburg the sick were put in a barn near the river ; here we found some corn-stalks and made ourselves tolerably comfortable on them, with the addition of our blankets ; but about midnight, after the battle, we were turned out of the barn into the field, as the barn was wanted for the badly wounded. We kept our cornstalks, however, and lay on the frozen ground two nights and one day. The field was covered all over with wounded men groaning and calling for water ; some attempted to crawl on their bellies to the river side for a drop of water to relieve their thirst. In the course of two days these wounded men were carried away and we were put in the barn again ; here we suffered terribly from the cold, as we had no way to warm ourselves. After about ten days we were carried to the hospital of the regiment, and I feel some better, and have quite a good appetite. I think my lameness was brought on by marching in the mud so long with army shoes with very thin soles. I wish you would send me a pair of thick boots and two pair of wool socks — put them in a box with a can of condensed milk, some butter, sugar, etc. I received two boxes from home while at Brooks's Station ; everything was in good order but two or three of the apples, which had rotted.

I give you many thanks for these acceptable presents ; will write again soon.

From your affectionate son,

WARREN.

## XXVI.

BELL PLAIN, *December 30, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER,— My feet are a good deal better ; the doctor says he thinks it is erysipelas.

I bathe them every day in warm mustard water ; I have got so that I can walk quite comfortably. I do not find any fault with the quality of our food, it is only the quantity, which is rather small for a man with a good appetite ; we hope Chase will be along soon with plenty of good things for New Year.

Our regiment was very fortunate in the late battle at Fredericksburg. They acted as skirmishers all day, and their loss was small ; no one killed in my company.

I got a brief note from Eugene last week, dated at Aquia Creek ; he is quite well.

*January 11, 1863.* — Yours of the 2d inst. came to hand a few days since. I regret you were so much worried about me while I lay in that old barn and on the field with the wounded ; but although my physical pains were severe, still they would not compare in any degree with the poor fellows all around me — to the number of perhaps 1,200 — with all manner of gunshot wounds, and to be compelled to listen to groans, their cries for help, and not to be able to lift a hand to administer to their wants. O ! it is worse than any battle I was ever in ; but I presume there was no one to blame in the matter. Our losses were said to be very great, and well men could not be taken from the ranks to care for all the wounded.

Chase has not arrived yet ; nothing for sale but a few small apples — price five for a quarter, such as you get at home for a cent apiece ; I am anticipating a feast off those you say are on the way here in my box.

I have heard nothing more from brother Eugene.

With love to mother, brother, and sister, and a kind remembrance to all who inquire, I remain

Your affectionate son,

WARREN.

## XXVII.

NEAR BELL PLAIN, *January 16, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER,— I have not got out of the hospital yet, but my feet are much better. The hospital is quite comfortable; we have good brick fire-places, and wood fires make the tent quite warm and pleasant. I hear that we are to march very soon. Chase has come up, he sells his apples at two and three cents each; he has got cake, butter, cheese, etc., but at pretty good prices. I never got the letter with \$1.15 in it that you say was sent to me.

WINDMILL POINT, VA., *January 21, 1863.*

On Saturday the order came for all those not able to join their regiments to be sent to Aquia Creek, so Sunday morning we started for Pratt's Landing; there were some 600 or 800 of us. While waiting to get on board the steam transport I was so lucky as to get my box, just as it was about being sent to the regiment. I tell you it came just in good time, as the hospital is just being established, and we did not get any rations the first day. The hospital here is on a large scale, intended to accommodate 6,000 or 7,000 men; it is for the whole Army of the Potomac.

I am feeling well; and the boys tell me I am getting fat as a pig. My feet do not trouble me but little, unless I walk some distance, say half a mile or so, when they begin to ache. We are very much exposed to the wind here: I thought the tent would fall down last night; part of the roof of the cook-house was blown off.

I am very much obliged for the box; everything was very nice but the grapes, which were spoilt.

*January 30.*— I am truly grateful to Uncle Washington for interesting himself so much in my behalf in regard to a furlough.

My feet, from outward appearance, seem to be all right, but there is a kind of numb dead feeling yet. I think come to march a mile or two they would swell up again; I have some touches of the rheumatism.

I have not run across Eugene yet; I shall try to get a pass and go up to Aquia Creek and see if I cannot find him.  
Love to all at home. WARREN.

P. S. I heartily thank you for the intimation that I may expect another box soon.



## XXVIII.

WINDMILL POINT, VA., *February 3, 1863.*

DEAR UNCLE WASHINGTON, —I received your kind letter of the 20th ult. last Sunday; it was brought from the regiment by a Mr. Howe, of Malden. He has been here to see his sons; one of them is sick in this hospital, and the other is in the Thirteenth Regiment. I received the "Traveller" last night.

I feel very grateful for all your kindness, and believe me, if I cannot express it in as good terms as some, I can *feel* it. I know that you have done a great deal for me and been to considerable trouble, for which I can only at this time thank you.

I have not heard from the regiment in regard to my furlough yet; I hardly believe I shall get one as I am well enough to return to duty now. The regiment has been paid off for four months. I shall not be in a hurry to get back until we are paid off here, which I suppose will be soon. They owe us for seven months.

There is very little news in this camp. We manage to pass away the time quite pleasantly in-doors when it storms by playing checkers, cribbage, and doing puzzles, etc.

When it is pleasant I generally take a stroll down to the river and landing. It is very pleasant on the beach; you can watch the vessels as they glide slowly by. I keep a good lookout when I am down there for the *Uncle Sam*, the steamer that Eugene is on board of.

They have had a large drove of cattle here on the point lately; they were brought here in vessels. They could not

get very near in shore on account of the shallowness of the water, so they had to shove them overboard; there were about 4,000 in the drove, fifty-two of whom were drowned.

We are in a regular sea of tents, our division being in the centre. Each ward is intended for twenty-four men, so that we have plenty of room: in each ward there are three tents placed close together, opening into each other at the ends, so that it looks on the inside like one long tent; there are two stoves in each tent so that we can keep very comfortable.

We live very well, get plenty of food, if it is not of the best quality. They have inspections of quarters every Sunday morning. The surgeon remarked, while passing through our ward last Sunday, that *I was fat enough to kill*; so you will think by that I am in pretty good condition.

I cannot think of anything more to write now; I hope you will write again soon, as a letter from Boston, especially from No. 4, is very highly prized. Please give my love to all.

From your affectionate nephew,

WARREN.



## XXIX.

WINDMILL POINT, VA., *February 11, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — On a pleasant morning about a week since I went, with one of my comrades, to the surgeon and got leave of absence (or a pass) for a few hours: we then started off on the beach up the river to hunt for brother Eugene. We enjoyed our liberty very much, and amused ourselves by picking up all the curious looking shells, stones, etc., that lay in our way, and then, as we could not carry them, we would skip them off on the surface of the river. We kept on in this way for about two or three miles till we came to the wharves where the vessels lay. We went out on the longest one and looked round for a few moments and then inquired for the *Uncle Sam*; we finally found her, she lay outside of three or four other boats, at the end of the



wharf. We went on board and found Eugene sitting musing in the engine-room; you can hardly imagine the surprise and joy he expressed at seeing me. This was partly because I came upon him unawares, and in fifteen months I have grown very fat and rugged. He of course remembered me only as I appeared in November, 1861, and would naturally suppose, after being two months in the hospital, that I would have some appearance of an invalid; but my complaint has been entirely in my lower limbs, and they are now about well. How fortunate we were in not being an hour later, for in about that time the boat was ordered off, and this is my last chance to visit the Creek. I am sorry to say Eugene is not looking very well; he thinks it is the river water that produces almost constant bowel complaint, and gives him an emaciated appearance. After taking leave of Eugene and seeing the steamer off, we walked leisurely down the river back to camp.

HOSPITAL CAMP, THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, NEAR BELL PLAIN,  
*February 16, 1863.*

I have just arrived back to the hospital of the regiment. All those that were able to rejoin their regiments were sent off in ambulances, the others I think are to be sent to Alexandria, and the hospital broken up. I am not on an allowance of food now. I have eaten my ration of raw pork and hard tack, and have shared with the boys in some of their cooked food, so I think I shall do; and after the surgeon has been round and pronounced me "all right," I shall go into the ranks again.

I believe there is nothing more worth communicating at this time; so I will close with a kind remembrance to mother, Susie, George, and all others that may inquire.

WARREN.

## XXX.

MOUTH OF THE ST. MARY'S RIVER, VA., *February 11, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — On Sunday we took our steamer to Aquia Creek, and soon after received an order to coal up and report at Bell Plain, for a tow to Fortress Monroe; we left the Creek in the evening and soon reached Bell Plain. On the afternoon of Monday, in company with the *Colonel Santelle*, a boat about the size of the *Uncle Sam*, we started down the river with eight large barges, loaded with two batteries of artillery, the Second and Third regulars; they had twelve guns, rifled twenty-pounders. The baggage wagons, caissons, guns, etc., were covered with mud. I heard one of the officers say that it took thirty horses to draw one gun while on the march. Virginia is an awful place for mud at this season. We kept on till about seven o'clock, when the appearance of the clouds indicating a storm, we put back and anchored under the lee of Cedar Point, where we lay till the next morning, when we got under way and arrived here at about two o'clock in the afternoon. This place is at the mouth of the Potomac River, and is an excellent harbor; it is between fifty and seventy miles below Aquia Creek. There being appearances of a coming storm it was thought prudent to anchor here, as these barges, being all open, could not live in a rough sea. A few hours later it came on to rain and blow with much violence. There are a number of steamers here now, with about twenty-five barges filled with men, horses, field-pieces, wagons, etc. There was a great blunder made somewhere; this great expedition was sent off with only two days' rations, when a week is sometimes consumed in a tow from the Creek to the Fortress; but fortunately for all concerned there are large beds of oysters in this vicinity, and the slaves bring them off in their dugouts and sell them for twenty-five cents a bushel.

We have been rowing up the creeks all day and firing at ducks, geese, etc., but as we have nothing but ball-cartridges for our guns, we have not been very successful; if we only

had duck shot we might kill any number. Sometimes after a storm the banks of the river are almost black with different kinds of fowl, the delicious canvas-back duck among their number. I reckon Mr. Hapgood would like to be here; it would be rare sport for him. We have also tramped over some miles of Maryland plantations, conversing with planters and their slaves. They are all strong for secession here: I think this is the strongest secesh county in Maryland. The scenery is beautiful, with its perfect net-work of creeks and bays, deep but narrow. Oysters in any quantity may be had for the picking up, and wild fowl in abundance. The woods, too, are very beautiful: the laurel and holly with their bright green leaves and red berries, stately pines, chestnut and oak of the largest size. The slaves all appear to be contented and satisfied with their lot; say they "are a heap better off than their brethren at the North." Many of them hire their time of their masters, paying therefor one dollar per day: they then engage in the oyster trade, and usually clear something for themselves. When they earn less than this sum, their masters receive what they have earned and release them from their obligation.

FORTRESS MONROE, *February 14.*

We left St. Mary's yesterday morning at about six o'clock, kept on down as far as Cape Lookout, when it blew so hard we had to give it up, and cast anchor under the lee of the Point. At about nine o'clock A. M. we made ready for a start, and at three o'clock were off; and arrived at the Fortress at half-past three this morning. We got our tow through safe on account of the great speed of our boat, for within an hour of our arrival it began to blow, and is now blowing a gale. We had quite an exciting time or race down the river. There were some dozen tow-boats at anchor where we were; the *Uncle Sam* had the heaviest tow of any except the *Santelle*. We started in company with her, but it being considered inexpedient to keep together on the bay, we separated, each taking four barges. We did not get started until half an hour after the rest, and then on a low head of steam; but *Uncle Sam* was game to

try her best, and the way we forced her fires was some. At this time the fleet were some miles in the advance, steaming along according to their different powers, and poor *Uncle Sam* far behind, but plucky. Every boat was evidently striving to do her best. Pretty soon, as we began to gain faster and faster as steam came up, you could have heard her snort for miles around. We soon passed the first tow, and then one after another, until at sunset only one was ahead of us, the *William Fisher*; she had every advantage of us, having only three small light barges, while we had four heavy ones. She did her best, but at half-past nine we were abreast of her, at ten we were a little ahead, and at two o'clock this morning she was five miles astern; and so we came into Hampton Roads first, the others straggling after, some such a long way after that they have not got here yet.

Fortress Monroe appears about as it did when I was here in September — a few more buildings, and some wharves only have been added. I hope we shall not stay here long, as salt water is bad for boilers using high pressure steam.

While lying in Aquia Creek a short time since, and seated in the engine-room, I was almost overcome by surprise and joy at the entrance of my long absent and dear brother Warren. Ever since I heard he was in the hospital at Windmill Point, about two and one half miles from here, I have been trying to get leave of absence from the boat long enough to visit him, but without success. You will all be gratified to learn that he is looking so well and robust after fourteen months of service, much of it of the severest kind, and that he has been carried safely through all the dangers and hardships of seven battles. Warren said he would like much to come home and see you all once more, but did not expect to have this wish gratified. He was well dressed and neat in his person, and in fact the best looking soldier I have seen since I have been here. He did not want anything, as the Sanitary Commission, and the box from home have furnished about all that was necessary for his comfort.

Warren's principal difficulty has been with his feet, but

they are about well now ; still, I think he will not be able to make long marches for some weeks to come. He will go back to his regiment very soon. He had only been on board our boat one hour when we were ordered to leave the Creek, and I was obliged to separate from him. I trust I shall be able to see him again before I return home, but do not know how long I shall be able to stay here, as this river water does not agree with me, and we get no other to drink : it produces constant pain in the bowels, and I was quite sick for several days.

But I must close. An order has just come to go to Norfolk to coal up, and then start back to Alexandria. So I bid you farewell.

EUGENE H. FREEMAN.



## XXXI.

AQUIA CREEK, *January 25, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — We were glad to get in here to-night, as we are all very much exhausted, for we have had a hard time of it on account of the ice in the river. We got stuck in the ice last night, and it was only by continued exertion that we got through at all.

We brought from Washington a part of a deck load of coffins and a company of soldiers. An odd freight to go together, you will say, I suppose ; but the fitness of things is not observed very rigidly here. The soldiers thought it was all right I suppose, for they picked out all the big coffins — and what do you suppose they did with them ? nothing, only crawled into them, and, pulling on the covers, slept there soundly, I hope, till morning. There is nothing in this world like accommodating ourselves to existing circumstances, and the soldiers are quite inventive, and readily see where a point may be turned to their advantage ; for no sooner did their eyes fall on these boxes than they began to overhaul and appropriate them as above described.

We tested the strength of our boat pretty well last night by breaking a passage through the ice with her ; in fact, the whole passage from Washington was hardly safe to make.

In war times they force these boats beyond all rules of prudence ; but we have met with no very serious accident yet, and perhaps we shall escape in the future. With much love to mother, yourself, and the children, EUGENE.



## XXXII.

IN CAMP NEAR BELL PLAIN, *February 24, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — Your letters, Nos. 61, 62, and 63, came duly to hand — the last about a half hour since. I am doing full duty in the regiment now and feel quite well. I was out on picket Saturday ; the day was very pleasant until near night, when it clouded in, and at ten o'clock P. M. it commenced snowing very fast, and kept it up till the next night. It was a regular Downeaster ; the snow was about fifteen inches deep, and of course we had an uncomfortable time of it. I feel very grateful to you and Uncle Washington for your endeavors to get me a furlough to come home — although you were not successful. I think it will be in vain to try again, especially as I am now in good health.

The contraband you met in Boston, that said he was acquainted with me, came to us when we were in Williamsport, and our mess hired him for a cook ; his name is Warner Cunningham, and he is quite a likely fellow ; he served us well.

But I must close for to-day ; I have a bad headache, it is very cold, and our hut is full of smoke.

*March 6.* Nothing worth mentioning in the way of news.

When off duty we have been busy getting in fuel for some days past. We live well for soldiers now ; since we have been under Hooker there is a decided improvement in this respect ; we have had warm bread for some time ; the bakery is close by our tent.

I saw a balloon off in the direction of Falmouth yesterday ; I suppose they were taking a view of the rebel camp in that vicinity.

It is very cold, and we have had flurries of snow for some

days past. It is rather rough for the boys on picket; they go off about two miles towards the river — are absent forty-eight hours. I am feeling first-rate, weigh over 150 pounds. My box has not come yet; I feel quite anxious about it.

Love to all.

WARREN.



### XXXIII.

FLETCHER'S CHAPEL, VA., *March 29, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — I received my box last Tuesday; it came very quick, I think. Doughnuts and cake, nice and fresh— nuts and raisins also — but those apples — well, they are the best I ever saw. I and the boys thank you many times for them.

We got all ready for a corps review last Thursday, but it was postponed till Friday, when it rained like time, so we have not had it yet.

*April 5.* — Last Thursday our division was reviewed by General Hooker (Fighting Joe). It was a very windy and dusty day, and we were soon covered with dust, so one man looked about as well as another; but we had a splendid line as we marched by the general. Colonel Leonard had command of the division — we marched by division front. General Hooker praised the Thirteenth; he said we looked the best of any regiment he had seen that day.

Hooker looked better than he used to; he reminds me very much of an old country farmer; he is clean shaved, and has a broad red face; he rode his old white horse, and had a large and very gay looking staff.

We still continue to have soft bread and potato rations. The sutler keeps potatoes at five cents per pound, also very nice ham at 35 cents per pound, and eggs at fifty cents a dozen.

I have received the new watch you sent me by Lieutenant Howe; it is a very nice one, and has kept good time thus far. I thank you for the present.

I believe there is nothing more worth mentioning, so you must excuse me for not filling out this sheet.

From your affectionate son,

WARREN.

## XXXIV.

IN CAMP NEAR FLETCHER'S CHAPEL, VA., *April 13, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — I have received another box of nice things since my last. Everything was in prime order and just as good as could be; the apples were splendid. I do not think the box had been opened on the way, but I have received two or three boxes that I thought had been tampered with. I think they do not open many boxes — only the suspicious ones.

Our corps was reviewed last Thursday by President Lincoln and General Hooker. Our regiment had the extreme right of the line; about every man in our regiment wore a paper collar, and the color guard and guides had white gloves. We marched in the morning about four miles to a level plain on the banks of the Potomac, where we waited some hours for the President; but at last he came along, and we had a grand review. The weather was very pleasant; we got back to camp about five o'clock, and about sunset I started off on picket and was gone three days.

*April 27.* — On picket near Rappahannock River. Yours of the 20th came duly to hand, also one from Uncle Washington about the same time. I am greatly obliged to you for writing so often. I tell you it does seem good to get a letter from home or from any of my friends. I sent home eighty dollars by express last Saturday; please take care of it for me. Some weeks since I received a corporal's warrant, — this is not much, but is a little better than being a high private.

We are expecting to move now every day. I suppose General Hooker thinks it is about time to be doing something. The cavalry and artillery moved some days since. We are ordered to be prepared with eight days' rations.

I have nothing to send home this spring in the way of clothing. I intend to keep my overcoat. Please excuse bad writing, as I have nothing but a small book to write on.

From your affectionate son,

WARREN.



## XXXV.

NEAR RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER, ABOUT FOUR MILES BELOW  
FREDERICKSBURG, VA., *May 17, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — Well, here I am feeling pretty well, having just eaten breakfast — and, for a novelty, having plenty of time to eat it in. We have had a severe time of it for the last ten days; but as you have received all the particulars of the battle at Chancellorsville in the papers, it is not necessary for me to go into details.

I have recently received two letters from home, also one from Uncle Washington, and one from Mr. Hapgood. Now I do not expect to be able to answer all these kind remembrances, but I must assure you again that it does awaken the warmest feelings to receive such evidence of kindly regard for the humble efforts that I am able to render for the preservation of our glorious flag, and I want to assure all the loved ones at home that, whether on picket, the march, or amidst the din of battle, they are with me always. The photographs of George and Susie are good, the long dress of the latter reminding me how much she must have grown while I have been away.

I wrote home a few lines while on picket the 27th April. The next day we returned to camp; and on the next day, or Wednesday, April 29th, the First Corps, General Reynolds, to which we are attached, broke camp and moved down toward the river, part of the corps crossing over. We lay here for about twenty-four hours, when the rebels commenced throwing shells among us, one of which exploded and killed Captain George Bush and Lieutenant Cordwell of the Thirteenth. I was sitting within a rod of them at the moment. They had just returned from Boston, and were giving us an account of the news there. We then fell back to a more secure position, where we lay till Friday morning. We then moved on to the right. It was terrible hot, but during the day and part of the night we marched about twenty miles, and took up our position on the extreme right, four or five miles from where we crossed the river. We threw up en-

trenchments and occupied the position till Monday morning, May 4th. On this day, in company with the Webster Regiment and a section of Captain Hall's Second Maine Battery, we went off on a reconnoissance, and during the expedition we had five of our boys wounded. I do not know what the loss was in the Webster Regiment and battery.

Towards night we fell back towards our entrenchments and remained there until the next night, when a most violent rain-storm came on and lasted all night. At about two o'clock in the morning we commenced to fall back; the mud was about eight inches deep on an average, and five times as deep in some places. We marched sixteen or eighteen miles this day and camped in the rear of Falmouth, and yesterday we came down here. I am just beginning to feel dry and like myself this morning. What we are to do next I cannot tell.

Our corps was so fortunate as not to have much fighting to do. But the rebels got the worst of it. I am satisfied, from what I saw and heard, that their loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners must be more than 25,000 men, though General Hooker does not set it as high as that. With a few thousand more men we should have gained a splendid victory.

The Sixth Corps captured the heights in the rear of Fredericksburg, but lost them again. Porter's Battery is in this corps. Sergeant James Kenny is with them; I met with him the other day.

I am well in body, but rather foot-sore and lame. I think this is the hardest time we have ever seen — marching in deep mud and a heavy rain-storm is awful. But I must close, as I have nothing but a small book to write upon, and there are indications of another rain-storm, which I am not prepared to encounter just at this time.

WARREN.

## XXXVI.

IN CAMP NEAR FITZ-HUGH MANSION, VA., *May 18, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — I am in receipt of none of your favors since I received yours of May 2d. I do not know the reason, but suppose they may be detained on the road; I shall expect one or two letters from home in to-night's mail sure. I have recently received a letter from Aunt Hettie, dated Madison, May 4th; she and Uncle Samuel are well.

We now have a nice camp in a pine grove, which makes it quite pleasant; there is a brook of good water running near by, where we frequently bathe. There is not so much prospect of a move as there was the first day or two after we got here, although I suppose we shall get routed out of these cozy quarters on some fine morning when we least expect it. The following is the order of the day at this present writing: roll-call at four o'clock A. M.; sick-call at five o'clock; breakfast at half-past five o'clock; then drill from six to eight o'clock; then we have nothing to do till four o'clock P. M. (unless it is fatigue work), when we drill for two hours, and finish with dress parade.

I made a visit to Porter's Battery the other day, and saw the West Cambridge boys, — Sergeant James Kenny, Dan Benham, Fred Bloxham, and Bill White; they are all well, fat and hearty; Kenny had his horse killed at the storming of the heights in the rear of Fredericksburg; they are in Sedgwick's Sixth Army Corps, and, you will recollect, they saw hard fighting in the late battles. By the way I should like to write you a full account of the week's fighting at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville (or what I saw of it), but then you have had so much better accounts of it from those whose vocation it is to use the pen, that I apprehend I could not produce anything readable. Carleton, of the "Journal," is the best and most reliable of all the army correspondents that I am acquainted with.

I think General Hooker has gone to work the nearest right of any general we have yet had, and if he could have the coöperation of the other generals, victorious results

would follow ; but it does seem as if we could never do anything in concert.

All of our ambulances have been over the river to get the wounded ; they lay on the field for two nights and one day without care ; those that are wounded the most severely of course were dead ; about 1,000 of our poor fellows were brought over. I am told by one of our ambulance drivers that the rebels offered fabulous prices for boots, watches, pipes, etc., and offered to pay in greenbacks, of which they seemed to have a plenty.

Our papers speak about the prisoners that we take as looking half-starved, ragged, etc. Now I could never see this. Those that I saw, and I should think there were 2,000 of them, were fully equal in looks and condition to the average of our men ; they say we can never subdue them, that they will fight till there is not a man left. Their gray uniforms give them a kind of dirty appearance, and they nearly all wore felt hats, but some of them had on very neat and handsome uniforms. They lost heavily in the late battles, especially in officers, the most prominent of whom was Stonewall Jackson.

I am well, and enjoying myself here in camp first-rate. In writing please inclose a little *black pepper*, or send some in a paper occasionally, it comes right handy when the sutler is not round.

I should have mentioned before that some of our forces are placing big guns and mortars in position, on the heights this side of the river ; they are going to try Johnny Reb with Dutch ovens soon, I believe.

WARREN.



### XXXVII.

NEAR WHITE OAK CHURCH, VA., June 7, 1863.

DEAR FATHER, — There is no particular news in camp to-day. Part of the Sixth Corps crossed the river day before yesterday. On Thursday morning last, at daylight, we were routed out and ordered to pack up our duds and

strike tents; soon after fell into line and stacked arms, then in the middle of the forenoon were told to pitch our tents and make ourselves comfortable. We had a brigade drill in the afternoon at four o'clock. Next morning had reveille at three o'clock, and had the pleasure of turning out and packing up and striking tents again. Towards night it looked like rain, so we pitched our tents; shortly after we had quite a thunder-shower, the first rain we have had in sufficient quantity to lay the dust for three weeks. The dust is very annoying; it sifts into our tents and keeps us constantly dirty.

We have just finished our Sunday inspection. We do not have religious services now, Chaplain Gaylord having left us.

Our company has had in all about 130 men since we have been in the service; we now report twenty-six men for duty. Some of our absent comrades have been killed in battle, many more were wounded and carried to hospitals to die or be sent home; some have been promoted, several are on detached service, and a few have deserted. We number in the regiment 280 men for duty.

NEAR BROAD RUN, AT GUILFORD STATION, VA., *June 20.*

I have received no letter from home since the one dated June 7th, we have had no mail lately, but have had some severe marches.

On Thursday night, June 11th, we were out on picket, when the order came to march; we got into camp at one o'clock, and at six in the morning we were all ready to move. We marched twenty-two miles this day; it was terrible hot and dusty, and during one of the halts we shot a man for desertion. He belonged in the First Division; he was taken prisoner from the rebels at Chancellorsville. Next day marched thirteen miles, to near Rappahannock Station. On the next day, Sunday, the 14th, we marched through Catlett's Station to Manassas Junction, arriving at about three o'clock Monday morning; distance twenty-one miles, weather still very hot. Monday marched to Centreville, distance seven miles. Lay there the remainder of

the day, and also the following day. On Wednesday we marched to within three miles of this place; the distance was about fourteen miles. Quite a number of our poor fellows, while on the march, fell dead in the road, being overcome from the excessive heat and dust.

When on the march I had the pleasure of meeting with two West Cambridge boys, George H. Cutter and Joseph P. Burrage. George is in the Third Wisconsin. Joseph is in the Eleventh Corps. He did not seem at all natural, and was not inclined to say much. Yesterday we came to this place. Saturday night we had a severe rain-storm, and in the midst of it we had orders to pack up and be ready for a march. Our pickets were drawn in, but we did not move; still we are expecting to leave every moment. I do not know what we are going to do, neither do I know what the rebels are about, not having seen a paper lately. I think the rebel army is not far off; I hear cannonading frequently. I presume we must have a brush with them soon, but we will hope for the best. You had better not send me another box at present.

Colonel Leonard is in command of the regiment now, and General Paul commands the brigade. I have seized a few moments to write these lines, not knowing when there will be a chance to send them off.

I bid you all farewell.

WARREN.



### XXXVIII.

GETTYSBURG, PA., July 6, 1863.

MR. J. D. FREEMAN: *Dear Sir*, — Knowing that you must feel very anxious in regard to your son Warren, it gives me great pleasure to inform you that he came out of the late hard fought battle unharmed. But as the First Corps fell back, on account of the enemy flanking the Eleventh Corps, a large number of our regiment were taken prisoners, and among them was Warren. This I did not know till this morning, as on making inquiry for him on the

day after the battle I was told that he was with the regiment. I was with him in the first part of the fight, but assisted General Paul, who was dangerously wounded, off the field, before our regiment left. This morning a member of the regiment, who was taken prisoner with Warren, informed me that he had been in the same party of prisoners for three days, and that on the second day after capture there were a few of the prisoners paroled and Warren was among them; those that took the parole were to be sent to Carlisle, Pa.; at that time they were about twenty miles from this place. This, sir, I am sorry to say, is all the information I can give in regard to Warren; but I believe he will soon be able to return home to you. We have messed together for a long time, and I feel a particular friendship for him, and I do trust and believe he will come out of this free of harm.

I remain, sir, very truly yours,

SERG. C. A. DREW,  
*Company A, Thirteenth Regiment.*



## XXXIX.

PAROLE CAMP, WEST CHESTER, PA., *July 7, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — Well, I am safe after some pretty hard marching and harder fighting, but, as usual, I will refer you to the "Journal" for the particulars. It is my ninth battle, and the hardest I have been in yet. Our corps with the Eleventh fought the rebels at Gettysburg on the first day of the series of battles. After a stunning fight of about five hours our ammunition gave out, and being pressed by the enemy in overwhelming numbers, we fell back on the town, but could not escape, so we were compelled to surrender. I think there were about 100 of our regiment taken prisoners, and about 100 killed and wounded. So you will see there were not many escaped destruction or capture.

While in full retreat I passed near a rebel officer lying

on the ground ; he was a very large man, badly wounded, and not able to move. He spoke to me and wished I would remove him to some place where he would be less exposed to the shot that was falling around. I declined for want of time and strength to lift him. Then he requested me to take his handkerchief and wipe the sweat from his face and around his eyes. This I did cheerfully, and it was all I could do for him. We were pursued by the rebels in large numbers, and there was considerable danger of his being hit by the balls intended for us. When exposed in this way to the hot sun and the perspiration starting out freely, it will soon form quite a thick crust, and unless wiped from the neighborhood of the eyes it soon becomes very painful.

Our corps general (Reynolds) was killed, our new brigadier-general (Paul) was killed, our colonel (Leonard) was wounded and taken prisoner, our lieutenant-colonel was taken prisoner, and Major Gould was wounded ; and I do not know how many line officers are among the killed and wounded. Edgar Reed is among the prisoners. He would not go into the fight, but went down into the town, and got taken in one of the hospitals ; he has hardly pluck enough for a fighting soldier.

While being marched off the field we passed through a farm-yard, where I saw a rebel wounded officer seated. He looked at me rather sharp, and then said he had seen me before, that I was a paroled prisoner, had broken my parole, etc. I simply denied the assertion ; and there was nothing done about it, though it made me feel a little uncomfortable at the time.

I was used first-rate by the rebels, better than their men are used by ours, I think.

We were kept about two days, then paroled and sent within our lines. We came through Carlisle and Harrisburg to West Chester. I will write at greater length in a day or two. I must close now, as it is beginning to rain, and fix up some kind of a shanty to protect me from the weather.

Please direct to Parole Camp, West Chester, Pa. Thirteenth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. WARREN.



## XL.

PAROLE CAMP, WEST CHESTER, PA., *July 12, 1863.* ♀

DEAR FATHER, — I have received no letter from home for a month, but suppose it is because we have changed round so much during that time.

I think I intimated in my last that I would write a long account of the Gettysburg battle; but although only a few days have passed since it took place, yet it seems like an old story, and no doubt you are weary of hearing about it. All things considered, it is a wonder the boys fought so well as they did; we had been making forced marches for several days, with little sleep and scant supply of food. On one day we marched from one mile the other side of Frederick City to half a mile this side of Emmetsburg — most of the way in mud, as it rained nearly all day. The distance was more than twenty-five miles, and we made it in twelve hours. If that is not good marching I should like to know what is? On the next day, July 1st, we marched to Gettysburg, arriving at about one o'clock, and our corps, the First, was hardly drawn up in line of battle before an attack was made on us by the enemy. Our regiment was posted on the extreme right, and the battle raged furiously for several hours. During one charge that we made we captured 132 prisoners. Of the color guard (seven men) four were killed and three were taken prisoners, but the colors were saved; Lieutenant Howe seized them and bore them off the field.

Of the severity of this battle you will judge by the loss in our regiment. We had 260 men: 100 were killed or wounded, and 103 taken prisoners, leaving but fifty-seven men to answer to roll-call on the following day: so I have been told; of course I being in the hands of the rebels, was not there to see. There were but fifteen officers able to report for duty at the same time. The battle on this day settled the question of our superiority over the rebels in a fair stand-up fight, and was a sure presage of victories that were to follow on the two following days. Now the triumph is with us; and the haughty foe, broken and discomfited, with a

loss of not less than 33,000 men, will seek their fortifications around Richmond, or some other stronghold, and lament over the day they encountered the Federal army on free territory.

We have moved camp since I wrote you last; we are now about a mile and a half from the town, on the West Chester and Philadelphia Railway; the cars run about as often as they do at West Cambridge, and I can lay in my tent and see them pass by — the prospect is quite pleasant.

I understand we are to have clothing issued to us tomorrow — of which we are much in need; some of the boys are quite ragged, and all of us need more or less covering for our backs.

West Chester is a very pretty place; and we can buy articles at the stores on very reasonable terms. Many of the inhabitants are retired Philadelphia merchants, and quite rich; there are some very beautiful residences in town.

I tell you this is a great place for cherries; I never saw the like before. It beats old Warrenton (where we were encamped one year ago); but there are not so many blackberries as there were there. I go out every day and eat my fill of cherries, then fill my dipper full, bring them into camp and stew them.

One of our boys wrote to Adjutant-general Schouler to see if we could not all come home and stay till we were exchanged; the general replied that he would do all in his power for us. It may be several weeks before we are exchanged, and it would be rather pleasanter to be at home than to be lying round here.

But I will close with a kind remembrance to all.

WARREN.



## XLI.

PAROLE CAMP, WEST CHESTER, PA., *July 17, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — I acknowledge the receipt of two letters from home, also one from Uncle Washington, and one

from Eugene. For these favors you will please accept a soldier's thanks.

In reply to your queries about my treatment by the rebels, I would say that they did not take my watch nor money, — nothing, except, of course, my rifle and equipments; neither did they laugh and jeer at us, as I have seen our men do to them under similar circumstances. After our capture we were marched back on the pike road about two miles, and halted at the side of the road near one of the wagon trains, the Eleventh South Carolina Regiment, which was the guard, doing duty over us. We stayed there that night; the next day they took our names. There were between five and six hundred in our squad, when we were paroled after this manner: we were drawn up in line by states, and asked if we were willing to take the parole that we would not take up arms against the confederate government until we were fairly and legally exchanged; the answering to our names as they were called, is considered the same as an oath: all of our squad took the parole.

On Friday, July 3d, we were marched down toward the front of the rebel army. Here we found another squad of prisoners, about three times as large as ours. Part of these men took the parole and part would not. We halted quite near the rebel line of battle. The artillery fight was then in full blast; we could see the shells burst very plain; some of the shells from our side burst almost over our heads.

Have you seen the rebel description of the battle? I will quote a few lines which describe the fight at about the time I speak of: "At twelve o'clock the signal gun was fired and the cannonading commenced. The fire of our guns was concentrated upon the federal line on the heights, stormed on the day before by Wright's Brigade. Our fire drew a most terrific one from the federal batteries, posted along the heights from a point near Cemetery Hill to the point in their line opposite to the position of Wilcox. I have never yet heard such tremendous artillery firing. The enemy must have had 100 guns, which, in addition to our 115, made the air hideous with most discordant noise. The very earth shook beneath our feet, and the hills and rocks

seemed to reel like a drunken man. For an hour and a half this most terrific fire was continued, during which time the shrieking of shells, the crash of falling timber, the fragments of rocks flying through the air, shattered from the cliffs by solid shot, the heavy mutterings from the valley between the opposing armies, the splash of bursting shrapnell, and the fierce neighing of wounded artillery horses, made a picture terribly grand and sublime, but which my pen utterly fails to describe."

The above is from the "Richmond Enquirer's" war correspondent, and I can testify to its truthfulness. Toward sunset those of us that were paroled were marched off the field toward Carlisle; there were about 1,400 of us. I did not know the rebels were beaten till I reached Harrisburg and read the account of their defeat in the papers.

*July 26.* — An order has just been issued, saying that our parole was good for nothing, and that as soon as we were armed and equipped we must join our respective regiments again without being exchanged. Now I don't understand about this. I think there will be serious trouble if we should be taken again by the rebels, for they may take a notion to hang us for so gross a violation of our parole. But I will not borrow any trouble till I understand better about it.

I have recently received photographs of mother, Eugene, Susie, George Henry, and Albert Gould. Now, although a soldier, still I will confess to a little weakness, and admit that I have looked with undimmed eyes upon all the horrors of many battle-fields, with my brave comrades torn and bleeding on every side, without experiencing those tender emotions which the little cards never fail to produce.

Farewell.

WARREN.



## XLII.

PAROLE CAMP, WEST CHESTER, PA., *July 26, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — I got my box of nice things in good order, and only three days from West Cambridge. The

shirts and drawers came in good time, for I am quite destitute of those things. The condensed milk I will keep till I go back to the regiment, as I can buy milk here for five cents a canteen full, or three cents a quart. The Bolognas, snaps, etc., were first-rate. We draw soft bread now, and are living well.

We have not got our new uniforms yet, but expect them every day ; I will then go into the town and get a picture taken.

I have not heard anything more about our parole not being valid or our being sent to the regiment ; it may all blow over yet, so I shall not worry about it. The guard that do duty over us are raw Pennsylvania militia, and seem disposed to grant us, not only a full run of the camp, but the largest degree of liberty. Consequently, some of the men have gone home, others work for the farmers in the neighborhood at haying, etc. Some of our regiment talk of stepping out some day and going to Boston and reporting to General Schouler and our Colonel Leonard for duty. They must look upon such an act as a very grave matter, but I think they would not arrest us for desertion. But perhaps they will say : " Well, boys, you have done wrong in coming away from camp without a furlough from the proper officer. We must report you to the government, but will give them the facts, and recommend that your offense be looked upon in a favorable light," etc. Colonel Leonard was not severely wounded, and I suppose he will return to his command in a few weeks. We could report to him occasionally, and return with him, etc. Well, I don't know what will come of it, but if you do not hear from me soon you may think there is something in the wind.

From your affectionate son,

WARREN.

## XLIII.

IN CAMP NEAR RAPPAHANNOCK STATION, VA.,  
September 13, 1863.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — Well, here I am back safe and sound to the regiment, but not to the regiment I left, for two thirds of the men are conscripts, and a rough looking set at that.

We did not arrive in New York till about ten A. M. Tuesday, owing to the thick fog. We had to lie outside Hell Gate two or three hours; we lay near the *Great Eastern* for some time. When the fog lifted we steered for Jersey City and took the train for Philadelphia, where Eugene left me. We arrived in Baltimore in the evening; remained till ten A. M. next day, and arrived in Washington about noon, where we were detained for want of transportation till the next morning. Colonel Leonard got us passes from the provost-marshal's office, so we could go round the city without being picked up. Started Thursday morning and got to Bealton Station in the afternoon. We then footed it about four miles to the regiment; on arrival found Charley Drew had got back two weeks before me. I think about all the boys that took French leave of the parole camp, as well as those that did not, have returned to the head-quarters of the regiment. The camp here is fixed up in good shape, but we are not to remain in it long. There was a strong force of cavalry, artillery, and infantry crossed the river this morning, and there has been considerable artillery firing during the day, some six miles distant I should think.

On my way out here I found a gentleman's travelling shawl and sent it home by express. The boys brought most of the things of any value I left at parole camp. The condensed milk I buried in the earth; I suppose it is there now.

But I will close with a kind remembrance to Susie, Georgy, and all friends.

WARREN.

## XLIV.

IN CAMP NEAR CULPEPPER, VA., *September 21, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — We are back near old Culpepper again: it was near here that I saw the Webb boys a little more than a year since. We left Rappahannock Station on Wednesday, I think, and marched here; it was a very hot day, and a hard march, if it was but twelve miles.

I received No. 97 last night, with Aunt Mary Anne's letter inclosed. She is very kind to take so much interest in my welfare; I hope I may live long enough to see her again.

On Friday there is to be one of Company E's conscripts shot for desertion; his name is Sullivan. There is another deserter belonging to the Ninetieth Pennsylvania in our division to be shot at the same time. There were ten deserters shot last Friday, but none of them were out of our corps.

We were paid off the other day, and I will inclose thirty-five dollars, which you will please take care of for me.

NEAR RAPIDAN RIVER, *October 3.*

The man that was to have been shot in our regiment Friday has been reprieved, but the one from the Ninetieth Pennsylvania was shot on that day. Our division was turned out in a violent rain-storm to witness the execution. We marched to a field about half a mile from here, and were drawn up so as to form three sides of a hollow square. In a short time the prisoner came along in an ambulance with his coffin in front; there was a priest with him. In front of the ambulance were twelve men of the provost guard, and a band playing a dirge. They halted at the open space, or fourth side of the square, when the prisoner got out and the ambulance drove off. He was then placed in the proper position on his coffin, when the priest conversed with him for a few moments. His hands were then bound, and a bandage placed over his eyes. The guard were within about ten paces when they fired; he seemed to die instantly; four balls passed through him.

I think we have changed camps three or four times since I returned to the regiment; this, with constant drilling, keeps us quite busy.

With remembrance, etc.

WARREN.



#### XLV.

IN CAMP AT BRISTOW STATION, VA., *October 29, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — After this long lapse of time I again resume my pen to let you know that I am in the land of the living. During the last three or four weeks we have been driven about from pillar to post with so much rapidity that there has been no chance for writing during the day, and the nights are so cold that it is almost impossible to use the pen. We left our camp near the Rapidan on the 10th instant at about three o'clock A. M.; the night was dark, the road muddy, so we made slow progress till daylight. We marched down the river to Raccoon Ford, and lay there the remainder of the day, and at night orders came to pitch tents. We had just got them up when orders came to down with them and pack up again; when this was done we lay round till about eight o'clock, when we started on the back track and marched several hours, but on account of the darkness did not make much progress, so we lay down for the rest of the night; rolled up our blankets at daylight, but did not march till late in the forenoon, when we started for Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock. The rebels were quite close behind us on this march; at times we could see them shelling the rear-guard. Our division had to ford the river; the water was nearly up to our waists and rather chilly. We halted about half a mile from the ford and made fires to cook our coffee, when we had to move about half a mile further back behind a hill, where we lay all night. Next morning went back down to the river on picket; lay there that day and night, till one o'clock next morning, when we marched to Warrenton Junction; got there at ten o'clock, when we got some breakfast; lay there



in line of battle till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when we started on and reached Bristow Station a little after dark: marched this day about twenty-seven miles. Routed out before daylight next morning to cook our breakfast and draw more rations; marched that day to Centreville, about twelve miles, got there a little before noon, and soon had our tents pitched, when we had to pack up and go out on the Bull Run road about four or five miles: our regiment was deployed as skirmishers. By this time I felt about used up, but in the course of the night I got a little rest. In the morning we fell back to Cub Run, about a mile and a half from Centreville; we lay there till Monday, when we marched to Haymarket, about ten or twelve miles; lay there till late the next afternoon, when we marched through Thoroughfare Gap in the night. We halted here till the 24th, when we marched to this place in a heavy rain-storm. The roads were very bad, and we had to ford one stream up to our knees; the distance was about twelve miles. We are camped right on the spot where the Second Corps had their fight. There are a number of rebel graves all around here — there are eight quite near my tent; they belong to the Fortieth North Carolina Regiment, I perceive by the head boards. Well, I think this will give you some idea of a soldier's life. Contrast it with your own pleasant home, abounding in peace and comfort. I trust I may live to get out of it; time will tell, but certainly matters look rather dark just now, — so it seems to me. Personally, I have much to be thankful for: I am one of eight of the boys that were in Company A, when I enlisted; then the company numbered more than 100 men; some are on detached service, others in hospitals and rebel prisons. A few of these men will return to us again, but the number will be small. The conscripts that go to make up the company are of little account, and not to be relied upon in battle. But I must close,

With a kind remembrance to one and all,

WARREN.

## XLVI.

IN CAMP NEAR BRISTOW STATION, VA., *November 5, 1863.*

DEAR PARENTS, — I received your kind letter of October 30 (No. 104) in due time: glad to learn that you are all as well as usual.

I went on picket last Friday and came in Sunday; found the regiment had moved camp about a mile further up the railroad toward Catlett's.

A lot of boxes for the boys came in yesterday. I wish you could start one for me about the 14th of this month. I would not put in anything that would be likely to spoil if the box should be detained a few days on the way. I would like some figs, raisins, and nuts, condensed milk, butter, one or two pies, and a little cake; I wish you would send a coffee-pot, a stout one, — have the handle and nose riveted on; also one pair wool socks — that will do.

Colonel Leonard has returned and taken command of the brigade.

WARRENTON JUNCTION, VA., *November 13, 1863.*

Yours of the 10th was received yesterday while on picket, — announcing the death of Joseph P. Burrage. This is sad news indeed, and must cause great sorrow among his numerous friends, for he was truly a noble, generous, and brave soldier, — yielding up college honors, a luxurious and cultivated home circle, to meet death upon the battle-field that his country might live. He was certainly a pure-hearted boy, and I shall always cherish his memory and his friendship. I think we have never been encamped near together, but I have casually met him several times while on the march. You will recollect that in a previous letter I spoke of our last meeting and of his appearing rather reserved or taciturn, for which I could not account. Now it may be that it brought up thoughts of home, the church and Sabbath-school where we had always met, and the possibility that we might never meet again on earth; such thoughts may have produced such results, which is the only way I can

account for the want of that cordiality manifested at previous meetings. His corps was associated with our corps in the battles of Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, but we did not meet personally on those occasions.

We left Bristow Station on the same afternoon I wrote you last; we marched to Catlett's Station and remained there till the morning of the 7th, then marched to within about three miles of Kelly's Ford, making a very hard march, as we went a roundabout way. We were nearly suffocated by smoke part of the way, as the woods were all on fire; I suppose the fire was set by the rebs to prevent our advance; there was some cannonading in front and on the right of us that day. The first division of the Third Corps had the advance on Kelly's Ford, where they had quite a brisk fight and took 400 prisoners; while the Sixth Corps, which had the advance on Rappahannock Station, took 1,500 prisoners and four guns. We crossed the river at Kelly's Ford on the right and went to within a mile of Brandy Station. We lay here twenty-four hours, and were then ordered to fall in and take the back track; the night was cold and we had frequent flurries of snow; add to this a sharp wind, and you may imagine it was rather an uncomfortable march; we came back to guard the railroad.

I do not know how long we shall stay here, but I think you may venture to send my box. Love to all.

WARREN.



## XLVII.

IN CAMP NEAR WARRENTON JUNCTION, *November 17, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — There is no news whatever since I last wrote; everything is quiet in the "Army of the Potomac," I believe. I do not think it will remain so long, however, as they have got the railroad about finished, and I presume it is intended to offer battle to the rebs once more before we settle down in winter-quarters. I suppose you have sent my box. If we do not move before Thanksgiving there will be no trouble in getting it, as they will try to get our boxes through by that time.

We have a very comfortable place for a camp, being in a pine wood where the wind does not reach us; and we have got our huts fixed up so they are quite warm. We have drawn soft bread and potatoes and beans several times lately.

We had a kettle of baked beans recently. The way we bake them is this: we dig a round hole in the ground about two and a half feet in depth by two in diameter, then make a fire of hard wood in the hole and keep it up till the hole is nearly full of coals and very hot. In the mean time we parboil the beans in a large iron camp kettle, put in the pork, and get them all ready; then shovel the coals out of the hole and put the kettle in; put a piece of paper and a board over the top of the kettle and then fill in with the coals all around the pot; next, cover the whole with earth. In about ten hours they will be about equal to those we could get at home.

We were paid off the other day. I will inclose twenty-five dollars; please take care of it for me.

But I will close, as I can think of nothing to interest you.

WARREN.

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XLVIII.

IN CAMP NEAR KELLY'S FORD, VA., *December 7, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — In my last letter I mentioned that our generals supposed it would be necessary, in order to satisfy the press and public, for the "Army of the Potomac," before going into winter-quarters, to offer battle to the rebel army on our front, whether we gained anything by it or not. So we broke camp November 24th, at Warrenton Junction, and marched to near Rappahannock Station, where we lay till the morning of the 26th, when we crossed the Rappahannock River and marched all day, going into camp for the night about a mile south of the Rapidan. We crossed this river at Culpepper Ford, I believe. The weather was pleasant during the day. This is the first time our regiment ever crossed the Rapidan, although, you will recollect, we

have been very near it several times. The next day, November 28th, we marched about twelve miles, part of the way on the Gordonsville plank-road. Halted just before dark and cooked our suppers, supposing we were to remain here all night; but were disappointed, as we were soon ordered to fall in. We marched through a kind of cart path that struck off to a pike road some three miles from the plank-road. We moved very slowly till midnight, when we lay down for the rest of the night. Started bright and early in the morning and marched about two miles, when we came in view of the rebel fortifications, at a place called *Mine Run*. The rebels were plainly to be seen occupying a position that rivaled the famous heights of Fredericksburg. The army was now drawn up in line of battle, and we were sent out on picket. It rained about all day; we were called in soon after dark, and lay a little back of the skirmish line that night. The next morning, Saturday, November 30th, the battle with artillery begun. The "New York Herald" gives a good account of the fight. I will make a brief extract from it, remarking that our regiment is in the First Corps under General Newton:—

"At eight o'clock the attack opened on the right. The booming of cannon in that direction was answered at other points along the line until every gun down to the left of General French's position was engaged. When the attack begun the enemy was plainly visible on the opposite elevations, working like beavers, prospecting and extending their position; but the missiles thrown from about one hundred cannon, bursting in their midst, ploughing up the ground about them, tearing down the breastworks they were throwing up, killing or wounding their comrades, worked a general demoralization in their ranks. Many of them could be seen flying to the woods in the rear of their position, while others crouched close to the ground behind their works. While watching the effect of this terrible cannonading, I was suddenly and greatly aroused by the stampeding of the rebel skirmish lines, which had occupied a position immediately opposite ours, on the west bank of the stream. The cause was soon apparent, as our skirmishers, in double line,

emerged from the thicket in the bottom, and steadily moved up the opposite slope in pursuit of the flying rebels. The skirmishers boldly pressed forward and were soon in undisputed possession of the enemy's first line of rifle-pits.

"General Newton also advanced the skirmishers of the First Corps, and occupied some of the enemy's works in the vicinity of the turnpike. Here a ghastly sight met his brave troops. A score of rebels were found in their works, stiff in death, having perished with cold during the preceding night.

"Whenever we advanced the rebels gave way. But, unfortunately, our advances were only on the centre of the front, and, with the enemy securely lodged on either flank, the positions we gained were untenable. And the attacks were not made on the flanks.

"The right and centre of the line had been engaged for more than an hour with most gratifying results, demonstrating our ability to dislodge the enemy in those positions, when an order was received from head-quarters announcing that the attack on the left would not be made. Why, did not appear. Everywhere that the attack had been made it had been eminently successful. Sedgwick had not advanced, but was preparing to do so. Birney and Newton were in possession of the rebel outworks. But with the information now received it became necessary to withdraw, which was safely accomplished, and so ended the grand assault."

We now buckled on our knapsacks again, and moved about a quarter of a mile to the left, where we lay the remainder of the day and night. There were only a few wounded in our brigade; no loss in our regiment. I do not know the whole loss in the different corps, but think it was about 600 men killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Tuesday morning we moved back to the position we occupied the day before; halted there till near night, when we marched back to within half a mile of Germania Ford; crossed at the Ford the next morning and marched to within a few miles of this place. The next day came to our present camp ground. We are now quartered in the huts that the rebels were recently driven from.

I have not received my box yet. The late movement deranged all our plans for Thanksgiving. As soon as we become fixed to one spot for a week or so I shall endeavor to hunt up the box.

But I must close.

WARREN.



### XLIX.

IN CAMP NEAR KELLY'S FORD, VA., *December 18, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — I should have written some days since, but there is no news, and we have been very busy fixing up our camp. We have made a corduroy sidewalk all up and down the line in front of our huts; it is about ten feet wide, and we receive great benefit from it in muddy weather.

I have recently met several times with Charles Gould, an old playmate of mine, son of Deacon Gould of North Bridgton; he is in the Sixteenth Maine, and in our brigade; he is in good health.

There are rumors in camp that the whole army is to fall back across the Rappahannock, but I hope they will not prove true, as we are very comfortably situated where we are.

They had an inspection yesterday; they are giving out furloughs now; in some regiments ten days, and in a few regiments for fifteen days, according to the kind of inspection they pass. Two men out of every hundred in the regiment are allowed to go. I do not think I shall try for one; I could not be at home more than six days, and it would be quite expensive.

I got my box about a week since; everything was in good order but the grapes; they were badly jammed and spoiled; the box must have been roughly used as the cover was half stove off. There were twenty wagon-loads of boxes for our division came in at the same time.

NEAR MITCHELL'S STATION, VA., *January 3, 1864.*

The rumors of a removal of our camp proved to be correct, so we left our comfortable quarters at Kelly's Ford

on the 24th of December and marched to this place; we lay along side the railroad for two or three days, when we moved down to within one fourth of a mile of this place — where we are now lying; then we had a rain-storm set in that lasted three days; the sun shone one day, and two days more of rain, when it cleared off bitter cold, I tell you. We are now building us some huts as fast as the weather will permit. To-day is quite pleasant, compared with yesterday, but my fingers are nearly frozen now. When you send me another box I want you to put in a good axe. I have got a small hatchet, but there is so much wood chopping to be done that I need an axe. But I must stop writing now for I am about frozen.

*January 12, 1864.* — I am in receipt of letters from home and from Uncle Washington, and I cannot but feel grateful to you all for writing so often, for, amidst all our sufferings here, there is nothing that cheers the heart so much as these assurances that we are held in constant remembrance by those we hold most dear at home; you will also please thank Miss J. for her handsome present.

We have been in our hut three or four days, and it is quite comfortable; it is ten feet long, about six feet wide, and the walls are five feet high, our shelter tents forming the roof; it is built of logs, with the corners notched together — the cracks are plastered over with mud. The fire-place is opposite the door, against the wall, and is a frame-work of logs with stones laid up on the inside, well plastered over with mud, which when dry keeps them in their places; this fire-place is about five feet high — the chimney is carried out through the roof, and is made of sticks of wood plastered on the inside with mud. Four of us occupy this hut.

To your inquiry about the conscripts and substitutes, I would say, that last August our regiment received 190 odd. We have now about sixty of them left. Some of these men are sick, but nearly all the absent ones have deserted. Our company had twenty of the number; six have deserted. Company B had twenty men; all have deserted but two — profitable business this for Uncle Sam.

Mitchell's Station, where we are now encamped, is within



about two miles of the Rapidan River, and about seven miles south of Culpepper on the railroad. It is a very cold place ; there are mountains on the right, and very high hills opposite on the other side of the river. We had a snow-storm a few days since, and the weather has been quite cold till to-day, which is very comfortable and pleasant.

I do not think of anything more that would interest those at home, so I bid you farewell.

WARREN.

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L.

JONES'S LANDING, VA., *January 18, 1864.*

MY DEAR PARENTS, — Just before we left Alexandria I received a most welcome letter from home dated January 8th, for which many thanks.

We left Alexandria last Saturday at four P. M., and anchored near Harrison's Landing, Sunday, at six P. M. Monday morning went to City Point, and were ordered here ; left City Point at half past nine A. M. ; arrived here at twelve M. Commenced to unload Tuesday morning, and finished this Wednesday evening.

Jones's Landing is on the James River, twenty-five miles above City Point by water, but not so far by land, as the river is very crooked ; it is about five miles above Deep Bottom and three miles below Dutch Gap. It is but two miles from here to Butler's canal by land ; so I am as near to Richmond, as I sit writing this, as you are to Boston, as your sit reading your "Morning Journal." From the high land near the wharf we can see the smoke, also some of the church spires in Richmond. We were about to start on a walk to investigate Dutch Gap Canal yesterday, but some soldiers coming in from a reconnoissance reported the rebs pretty thick in that vicinity ; so we thought discretion the better part of, not valor, but sight-seeing, and concluded that it was wiser to remain at this distance from the rebel capital than to risk being gobbled up and having a nearer view presented us free gratis. There is a "right

smart" of soldiers here and at Deep Bottom, the two places being the temporary residence of the Army of the James, — General Butler's much loved pets; but whether the army love Butler — ah! that is another thing. I may be mistaken, but I verily believe Butler to be the best "hated" man in the army.

The river from here to City Point is awful crooked: for instance, soon after passing Bermuda Hundreds you pass into Turkey Island Bend, you keep on for ten or twelve miles, and all at once, through an opening in the bluff, you are surprised at seeing, a half mile away, the familiar sheds and store-houses at Bermuda Hundreds. Just above Bermuda Hundreds, on the opposite side of the river, there is a most romantic plantation, with a fine mansion-house, surrounded by a beautiful grove. There was once a splendid garden round the house, surrounded by a high board fence to keep all poor people from gazing on the beautiful flowers and shrubs. At the head of the wharf was an office, where the captains of the vessels that came there to load grain (the place formerly produced some 20,000 bushels of wheat yearly) had to transact their business with the head overseer; they were allowed to go no further. O no! Madame Bird, the owner, could not endure the contaminating presence of a Northern hireling. She also had a most gorgeous barge fitted with silks and velvets, and rowed by twelve stalwart slaves, — every one as white as common white men, — and, in fact, most of them could boast of having sprung from some of the highest of Southern celebrities for sires and quadroon beauties for mothers. This barge and crew were her delight and pride; but, alas for poor human vanity! the house now makes excellent quarters for a lot of cattle drovers, and the numerous adjacent buildings have furnished many a poor soldier with lumber for the manufacture of winter-quarters, while the high board fence keeps his fire bright and warm; the garden has run to weeds, and the great wheat fields furnish first-rate pasturage for our cattle. There is one other fine house standing near this one; and very many bare and blackened chimneys along the river bank mark the spots where once stood the mansions

of some of the F. F. V.'s. I occupied a commanding position at our main masthead while coming up the river, and could distinctly see the rebel camps around Richmond.

I see by your letter that you wish to hear something of the "Johnnies" that we brought from Newbern. The privates were the most filthy, ragged, and sickly looking specimens of misguided humanity that I ever saw; one could not help comparing them with the neat, tidy, and intelligent looking men that formed the guard, of which there were about fifty men besides their officers: and I assure you the comparison resulted rather unfavorably for the rebs. They seemed to be indifferent as to the results of the war. All they wanted was something to eat and something to wear. I had a long talk with a colonel and a major. The colonel said he should take the oath of allegiance — that he was sick of the whole thing, etc.; the major was a South Carolinian, and a red-hot chap he was, too. He swore by all the saints in the calendar that they never would give up, that they would fight to the last man and ditch, and much more of the same sort; said that we had done nothing but take a few seaports, and those they did not care about. I spoke of our many victories, Sherman's march through Georgia, etc. He laughed outright, and said, "Just you wait; we are only playing off for Sherman — that he would certainly be bagged with the whole of his army — that half of his army had been wiped out on the march," etc. I judged, of course, that he had not heard of the capture of Savannah, so I went and got a paper and commenced reading the official account of the march, the capture of Savannah, etc. As I read his under-jaw began to droop, and when I had finished — well he did not laugh *much*. I then gave him a finisher by way of reading Uncle Abe's last call for "three hundred thousand more," which quite finished him. I learned from the colonel that he (the major) was an arrant coward — and a "pore shoat."

We shipped a bright, intelligent looking boy at City Point to help the cook; he came from Richmond a short time since, and gives a very interesting account of matters and things there; confirms the stories of high prices, etc.; says

his master gave \$100 for a pair of thin boots, and other things in about that proportion. He belonged to a man by the name of Allen, who owned a tobacco plantation and some 250 negroes in Hanover, about seven miles from the city of Richmond. Some of our boys paid a visit there while out on a scout, and he says, "By golly, you ought to have seen massa and his two sons dig for the tater cellar when they seen the Yanks a-coming; but the Yanks went right in and dragged them out." The two sons were lieutenants in the rebel army, so the "Yanks" confiscated all hands, father and sons, cattle, horses, etc.

You write about Georgy's good luck fishing. How I wish I was there to help him; it is a long time since I pulled a four-pound pickerel through the ice. There always was a peculiar fascination for me in watching those bits of red flannel, hoping every moment to see them disappear.

But I have spun a pretty "long yarn," so I will "dry up."

With the kindest remembrance to the children, and all friends who may inquire after

EUGENE.



## LI.

NEAR MITCHELL'S STATION, VA., *January 23, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER, — I received my box night before last, in eleven days from West Cambridge. Everything was perfectly nice, and apparently as fresh as when they left. I do not think the box had been opened at all: you know they usually open them at division head-quarters to see if they do not contain liquor. Those sausages were excellent. Our sutler keeps them, but they are nothing extra, and he charges twenty-five cents a pound for them. The coffee-pot, with the nose near the top and handle riveted on, is just the thing. I could not have been suited better had I selected it myself. I thank you many times for these very acceptable presents. It takes the soldier to appreciate them, I tell you.

I saw Charley Gould the other day, and he informed me

of the death of his brother Asa. It was very sad news indeed, for he was one of the best young men that I have ever known. Charley does not look hearty, for he has not been very well for some time. He does not do duty in the ranks; he is attached to the band that belongs to his regiment, so he has quite an easy time.

We have had a visit from a reporter for the "Boston Journal;" he was in our camp several days, and I will quote a little of what he says about our war-worn boys:—

"To the First Corps, and, in that corps, to the Thirteenth and Thirty-ninth Massachusetts, belongs the honor of occupying the advance of the army of the Potomac. The two regiments lie very near each other, with several others near the foot of Cedar Mountain, some seventy miles from Washington, and within four or five miles of the enemy, whose pickets are all on the other side of the Rapidan. Our pickets are within two miles of the enemy's, and within full sight of their camps, which occupy the height on the opposite side of the river.

"The Thirteenth Regiment has about 300 men in camp. They are indeed a tough and hardy body of men, with almost no sickness, although in rough quarters, and though they have had a most severe experience. They have been in almost every battle from Cedar Mountain to Gettysburg, in all of which they have been second to no other regiment. The Twelfth Regiment is in Culpepper Court House, nicely stowed away in rather close but warm and comfortable quarters. This regiment has gone through nearly or quite all the engagements with the Thirteenth. The record of bravery, endurance, and patriotism of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts cannot be surpassed in the army.

"I was able to pass over the historic spot where General Banks made one of the most gallant fights of the war, the battle of Cedar Mountain. The rebels have possessed the ground since the battle, and the rebel bones have been buried, and the graves inclosed with rails,—in some cases having inscriptions. But the dogs, the vultures, and the elements have in many places exhumed the remains, and the

bones lie scattered sadly around, mingled with remains of clothing and equipments. Save the tents of our regiments making a city of this lonely valley, on which the Blue Ridge looks peacefully down, it is impossible to realize that here so furious a battle was waged. It is indeed an event of one's life-time to survey such historic ground, and have all its details pointed out by a gallant officer who took part in that battle."

We do not have any drills now; there is so much guard and picket duty to do that there are not men enough in camp to make it an object.

Captain Hovey has returned and takes command of the regiment till Colonel Batchelder returns. Captain John Hovey, the commander of our company, is discharged.

I do not think of anything more to interest you, so I bid you farewell.

WARREN.



## LII.

MITCHELL'S STATION, VA., *February 1, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I think I have received three letters from you since I wrote last, for which you have many thanks.

I was out on picket recently when a great strapping rebel deserter came in and gave himself up. He said he was very hungry, and one of the boys gave him a large piece of bread, for which he tendered a fifty dollar rebel bank note. Our boy would not receive it, but said if he had a fifty cent note he would take it as a matter of curiosity. He was rather talkative, and represented their cause in a most hopeful manner. A considerable number of deserters have come to our lines since we have been encamped here.

You say you were much interested in viewing the returned regimental colors as they are now arranged at the State House. I suppose we have one set there. Those that we have here now are tattered and torn. The national flag was struck in the staff and shattered by a bullet, but

we have it splintered up. The ball struck between the color bearer's hands as he held it. The other (state) flag was all stained with the blood of a man that was struck by a shell and thrown against it. You speak of some flags that are quite whole and clean, and emblazoned all over in large gilt letters, giving the names of the battles they have been engaged in. I suppose they must belong to the pet regiments, those that have been encamped about Newbern and some other favored localities. I never saw such flags in all my tramps — nor heard of them before.

Herbert Reed is enjoying good health; he seems as happy as a clam; he is singing away merrily and bothers me some while I am writing, as I pause often to listen to him; he is to be tried next week for desertion; he is under arrest, but allowed to be with the company. But I must close.

WARREN.



## LIII.

CAMP OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT MASS. VOLS.,  
MITCHELL'S STATION, VA., *February 22, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I thank you for your kind letter, No. 124, received last night; I also received a good letter from Uncle Washington in the same mail. I have no important news to write to-day.

We had a small squad of veteran recruits come to us a few weeks since — and one of them has been taken down with the small-pox; he is in a shanty about 100 rods from camp.

*February 23.* — I have received my box; the boots are a good fit, I like them very much, — and everything in the box was in good order and very nice, except the apples were a little frost-bitten, but that will not hurt them much. This is probably the last time I shall trouble you in this way, as I have quite a good stock of things on hand now, and our time will be out in a little more than four months.

Our reënlisted men (about twenty in number) have gone home on their furlough.

Please say to Miss Lizzie S. Morse that she imagined about right, for I certainly did turn to the end of her sprightly letter the first thing after opening it, to see the signature, but not to see who was so "*audacious*" as to write to me, as she intimates — but to see who was so *kind* as to remember a poor "sodger boy" out here in the wilderness. Please thank her for me for this very entertaining epistle.

We have got a library in the regiment; we all subscribed a small sum; the doctor took charge of it and sent to Philadelphia for the books. There are between 300 and 400, so we have plenty of reading matter.

When we move I shall take my coffee-pot along; the axe must be left behind, as it is in vain to attempt to get anything carried in the baggage train.

I inclosed twenty dollars in my last letter, which I hope you have received.

WARREN.



#### LIV.

TO. SERGEANT WARREN H. FREEMAN, THIRTEENTH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS; MITCHELL'S STATION, VIRGINIA.

WEST CAMBRIDGE, *March 8, 1864.*

DEAR WARREN, — Old friends and school-mates have unanimously decided to show their appreciation of your patriotic and self-sacrificing spirit — and it was decided that a soldier's box would, perhaps, be the most acceptable manifestation of our feelings.

We wish you could see us here assembled at your father's house, with smiling faces and cheerful contributions, for it is a pleasure that we all readily enjoy with our whole hearts.

Your father kindly provided us with a box, but it was not large enough; and we reluctantly came to the conclusion, that, on account of its incapacity, our contributions must be divided and a part sent now, while the remainder was reserved for a few days. Doubtless you will enjoy it more, and it will of course make no material difference to us.



Your good mother was, indeed, very efficient in packing ; in fact, we really don't know what we should have done without her. She was indispensable, as she always is.

We should, any of us, be very happy to be favored with a letter, but we are fully aware of the many inconveniences you are subjected to when you attempt to write.

Hoping you will kindly accept, and heartily enjoy our testimonial of good-will, we all remain,

Your affectionate friends and school-mates,

SUE A. DODGE,  
M. ADDIE BLANCHARD,  
JULIA A. CUTTER,  
SARAH E. DEXTER,  
HELEN M. HILL,  
ANNETTE E. HILL,  
ALMINA L. HILL,  
JULIA FRANCES FREEMAN,  
LIZZIE D. SCHOULER.

SIMEON BARKER,  
SAM. A. LEWIS,  
ADDISON HILL, JR.,  
JOSEPH H. EATON,  
JOHN SCHWAMB,  
JACOB SCHWAMB, JR.,  
HORACE LEWIS,  
IRA RUSSELL.

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LV.

MITCHELL'S STATION, VA., *March 11, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I received your letter of the 1st inst. in due season, acquainting me with the very sudden and sorrowful news of Uncle Charles's death. This was entirely unexpected to me, as I supposed he was quite out of danger. I was not surprised to hear of Uncle Brooks's death, as I supposed when I saw him in September that he would not live through the winter. It is hard, indeed, to divine whose turn will come next. It is very strange, as well as painful, to see how little is thought of death in the army ; it is rarely alluded to. I remember one of our boys, — he was in the same mess with me ; he used to speak about some statistics of other wars, how many pounds of lead and iron it took to kill a man, and how few were killed in proportion to the number engaged, and what a good chance there was to get off whole, — his name was Henry Holden, and he was the first man killed in my company at Bull Run.

I went on picket last Sunday and was gone three days; it rained one day and I got some wet, but on the whole the weather has been pleasant for the season.

I was very much surprised yesterday afternoon, when one of the boys told me there was a box up near the sutler's for me. The team that brings up the bread also brings up boxes from the station, when there are any there. I did not believe him, for I have recently been favored in that way, and I intimated to you that I should not expect another box at all; but I could not resist the temptation to test the truth of his story, and on going to the place designated, I found, sure enough, there was a box with my name on it. On opening the box, my wonder was doubly increased by finding whom it was from, for the names on the packages and slips of paper soon explained the mystery. My old school-mates had met together, and, with many good wishes for my health and safe return home, had devised this surprise for me; and, still more, this box would not contain all the contributions, but another box would soon follow with the balance. Well, now I think I am surely in luck, and you must thank them all for me, for these nice things. I would like to write my thanks to them, but do not know how to put them in proper shape, so you must do the thing for me. I must at least thank Miss Annette E. Hill for her beautiful present; I had seen the book extensively advertised, and the author being a resident of West Cambridge, increased my desire to read it. But I little thought it would come to me in this way. Several of the boys in our mess have read it and like it much. Before we break camp, I shall send it home, with a few other things. I have kept the book perfectly clean thus far, but may not to the end, as the boys are after it, and they do not have clean hands at all times. I am sorry Lizzie and Susie did not write in accordance with their good intentions in that line.

I received another letter from you last night; also, by the same mail, one from Cousin Augusta; but I can do no more at this time than thank the writers for them. It is now

late at night, and the mail leaves early in the morning, so I must close, with kind wishes to all.

From your affectionate son,

WARREN.



## LVI.

AT ANCHOR NEAR YORKTOWN, VA., WEDNESDAY  
EVENING, *March 22, 1864.*

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — We left Alexandria last Saturday at eleven A. M., and arrived at City Point Sunday at one P. M.; unloaded our cattle, and Monday, at eleven A. M., started for the White House, Sheridan's army having arrived there; so we ran down to Newport News Point, and anchored at six P. M.: got under way Tuesday morning at quarter-past four; arrived at the White House at four P. M.; took in 125 invalid horses, and dropped down the river a piece, and anchored, it being very thick and rainy. Got under way this morning at five o'clock, anchored here at a few moments past eleven o'clock. It has been blowing a most tremendous gale all day from the northwest, which would be dead ahead for us on our passage up the bay, so we have anchored here to wait its moderation; we have had nothing like it for a real gale for a long time.

As there had not been any boats up to the White House recently, we thought we might possibly meet with some obstructions, — torpedoes, guerrillas, etc. As we passed up the York River we saw any number of boats oystering — I should judge some 200 in all. The first object of interest was a couple of large schooners in tow by a tug-boat, loaded just as full as they could be jammed with negroes, — men, women, and children, — some twelve or fifteen hundred, I should judge. They cheered us lustily as we passed, and they all wore happy faces, overjoyed, I suppose, to be on their way to freedom and a land overflowing with milk and honey — as they all seem to think the North must be. I hope they will not be disappointed, but fear they will.

Soon after entering the mouth of the Pamunkey River,

we passed a large gun-boat, and were warned to look out for guerrillas, as they had been firing into the boats all day. We however neither saw nor heard of them, but way up on a bank, right where the railroad runs close to the river (the road was destroyed by McClellan), we saw a rough looking man and a little boy. The man had a little white flag, waving it and shouting for us to lower a boat and take him off; but we could not see it. It was in a wild-looking place, and a regiment of men might have effectually concealed themselves near him. We thought there might be guerrillas hiding behind the bank, and should we lower a boat they would rush down and fire into it; and what made it look more suspicious was the fact of the man standing way up there, forty or fifty feet above the water, when he might just as well have come down to the water's edge.

The river is just as crooked as ever, and just as narrow; fires were burning in all directions, in the marshes and woods, and as the wind was and is blowing a gale they will not stop immediately. Many of the trees are leaved out, and all the pear, peach, plum, and cherry-trees are in full bloom. The weather is very warm, and things are beginning to look quite summer like. The grass is quite green, and the wheat (where there is any) is up quite high. Things looked quite natural at the White House, with the exception of the large number of boats that used to be there. We learned there that a number of the boats had been fired into and some of the crew wounded, although none were killed that I heard of. General Sheridan was there in person, and an immense encampment; but I could not learn anything about the number of troops, their destination, etc. Large numbers were being sent away or transported, I do not know where, but to City Point, I guess. We saw occasionally, at different plantations on the river, small squads of troops with all sorts of stuff, — horses, mules, cows, hogs, sheep, etc., — so I suppose that Sheridan has adopted Sherman's plan of living on the country; and this is the right way, confiscate everything movable and eatable.

*Thursday evening.* — We are anchored in the Potomac,

near Lower Cedar Point. Dropped anchor at quarter past seven this evening; it has been blowing a tremendous gale all day and is still at it. I have been talking with some soldiers of Sheridan's army (that came along with us to take care of the horses); they say that they have destroyed any quantity of grain, stock, and tobacco on their way down; they set a number of barns and store-houses on fire, that were filled with these articles, especially tobacco. There are 12,000 men, and they are going to City Point to take the southern railroad, if it has not been already taken. They met with little opposition after whipping Early; only had one skirmish on the whole march, which occupied nineteen days.

*Friday evening.* — We arrived here (Alexandria) this afternoon. I have just received your kind letters of March 16th and 17th; was quite pleased to hear from you. You speak of heavy gales, etc.: to tell the truth, it has blown almost a hurricane here for the last three weeks, and we have been out in most of it, but have sustained no material damage.

I saw a two-stack steamer, the *John Brooks*, coming up the river this morning with one stack flat on deck, and her wheel-house in a somewhat dilapidated condition. Not anything more of interest, so I will close, with much love to all.

Your affectionate son,

EUGENE.



## LVII.

MITCHELL'S STATION, VA., *March 24, 1864.*

DEAR PARENTS, — I have delayed writing for about two weeks, partly from causes beyond my control. I went on picket on Friday and came off Monday afternoon. I came into camp Sunday afternoon, and found my second box from school-mates had arrived. I immediately opened it, and found the nice things within, all in good order. I received their joint and neat letter some time since, and will

endeavor to answer it when we get a little more settled here.

You write that Aunt Cornelia has been afflicted again by the death of her youngest child. I do not seem to remember the child; the youngest that I recollect we called "little Lizzie." She must have a lonely home now indeed, both the boys being away; she has my sympathy in this her double affliction.

But I must make this a very brief note, as I have some washing to do, and may not get another chance for a day or two.

We had a big snow-storm the other night; it fell to the depth of about ten inches.

We got paid off Monday; I will inclose twenty dollars to your care.

I am in good health.

WARREN.



### LVIII.

CAMP OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT MASS. VOLS.,  
MITCHELL'S STATION, VA., April 2, 1864.

DEAR FRIENDS AND SCHOOL-MATES, — I find it rather difficult to describe my feelings on the receipt of your joint and very kind letter — visions of by-gone rambles, joyous meetings, and school-day scenes were revived, and I lived a brief period of my life over again. There is nothing that touches the heart of the soldier-boy, far from home and friends, like an incident of this kind — to be remembered in this kind and substantial way by those you love, and to feel that your sacrifices are appreciated. A merciful Providence in the past has shielded me from harm in many battles, and may I not hope for the continuance of that watchful care during the months that are to follow? But if it is otherwise ordered, and I am never to look on your smiling faces again, then you will drop a tear for Warren, forgetting his foibles,

but remembering that much precious blood must be shed that the Union may live.

Thus I bid farewell to all.

WARREN H. FREEMAN.

To—

MISS SUSIE A. DODGE,  
MISS M. ADDIE BLANCHARD,  
MISS JULIA A. CUTTER,  
MISS SARAH E. DEXTER,  
MISS HELEN M. HILL,  
MISS ANNETTE E. HILL,  
MISS ALMINA L. HILL,  
MRS. J. FRANCES FREEMAN,  
MISS LIZZIE D. SCHOULER.

SIMEON BARKER,  
SAMUEL A. LEWIS,  
ADDISON HILL, Jr.,  
JOSEPH H. EATON,  
JOHN SCHWAMB,  
JACOB SCHWAMB, Jr.,  
HORACE LEWIS,  
IRA RUSSELL.



## LIX.

MITCHELL'S STATION, VA., *April 7, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I received yours of the 23d, 27th, and 31st ult. in due season; three letters to my one is not much to my credit, but you are aware that I dislike writing and you write very often.

We have had severe winter weather here lately. I was on picket for three days; came off yesterday, had a disagreeable time, rain and cold. Two regiments have gone home in a body, out of our brigade, and about seventy men out of another regiment, which leaves our brigade quite small, consequently our duty is very hard.

Our corps was reviewed by General Grant some days since, but our brigade being some four miles from the rest of the corps, and as it would not do to leave this place, we were not present. I have never seen General Grant, but will have chances this summer.

Our reënlisted men have all returned but one; he probably never will be back, and not much loss either.

*April 22.* — We shall not probably move for some days yet, although all the sutlers have been ordered to the rear, and everything is being made ready for the recommencement of the war on an extensive scale. When we move we are to carry eight day's rations in our haversacks.

General Grant visited our corps again about two weeks since; we were simply drawn up in line in our regimental camp; he rode by each regiment. He is rather an ordinary looking man; I should sooner take him for a chaplain than a great general. I presume he has about 100,000 men in this army now.

I came off picket again yesterday; we had nice weather the whole three days. While out there some of the boys found some arrow-heads: they are stone, wrought out in the shape of darts; there was probably an Indian encampment here at some former period.

We got rid of twenty-six of our subs this morning; they are transferred to the navy. There were eight out of our company; they seemed willing to go, and we did not shed a tear at parting. I think they would not be reliable soldiers in front of the enemy.

On the 16th Lieutenant-colonel Batchelder received his discharge, and Dr. Whitney rejoined us after about six months' imprisonment in Libby prison.

So Joseph P. Burrage's remains were brought home in December, and there were funeral services in the Orthodox Church before the town authorities, and many relatives and friends, and Rev. Mr. Cady pronounced a discourse, full of beautiful passages illustrative of the life of this noble and brave youth; but in the description of the brief struggle near Lookout Mountain, where Joseph gave up his life, he was thrilling indeed; so you write—well, the sad task could not have been in better hands—for Mr. Cady does excel in productions of this kind; and good Deacon Field has reproduced, for gratuitous distribution, this well deserved tribute, in the highest style of the art of printing; and dispenses the same in the most liberal manner—four copies coming to our family. Please thank him for me for my copy. I trust I may live to return home to peruse it.

But I will draw to a close. Please remember me to all who may inquire after

WARREN.



## LX.

CAMP OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT MASS. VOLS.,  
MITCHELL'S STATION, *May 2, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER, — I believe I have but one letter from you to acknowledge this time, that of April 26; was glad to learn that you are all in quite good health.

I received a letter from Frances last night; she says Eugene has been to Newbern and back in nine days, and has started back again. He met with Mr. P. F. Dodge.

We changed camp last Tuesday; we moved about three quarters of a mile into an open field. We have knapsack drills; I suppose the design is to get the men used to carrying them before we march. We can see the rebels drilling across the river; they have been fortifying the hills for some time.

I presume Grant has as large an army as he can well handle, and exceeds that of the enemy by a few thousand men. It embraces four full corps, — the second, commanded by Major-general Hancock; the fifth, commanded by Major-general Warren; the sixth, commanded by Major-general Sedgwick; and the ninth, commanded by Major-general Burnside. The cavalry are commanded by Major-general Sheridan. But all the advantages are on their side, for they are protected behind fortifications, entrenchments, and rifle-pits — and we are to be the attacking party along the whole line. Should we force them back from their first line of works, I suppose they have a second line to occupy and defend; but we will know all about it very soon, for to judge from what is going on around here the forward movement is to be made immediately. We have not over 200 rifles in the regiment now, and two thirds of the brave hearts who bear them will no doubt in this campaign be laid low; but you must tell mother not to be unduly concerned about me. Several times the regiment has dwindled down even below this number and I have come out safe; may I not put my trust in the same good Providence in the future as in the past?

The "Army of the Potomac" is now commanded by a general who has never known defeat. Opposed to him is the first general in the rebel service, with a veteran army of more than 90,000 men. Who can predict the results of the impending contest?

Probably you may not hear from me again for weeks; but that alone need not alarm you, as we probably shall have no opportunity to send off letters, even if we have any facilities for writing; but depend upon it I will let no chance pass without writing, if I send but five lines.

I will now bid farewell to all.

From your affectionate son,

WARREN.



LXI.

NEWBERN, N. C., *May 5, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER, — After our cargo was stowed away we took on board a lot of soldiers for Fortress Monroe and Newbern, and left New York at twelve o'clock M. May 2d, I think it was. We arrived at the Fort Thursday afternoon and left next day for Newbern. Went into Hatteras Inlet Saturday morning and took on just as many women and children, both black and white, as we could possibly carry. They were refugees from Plymouth and Washington, N. C., which places have been taken by the rebels. They were a sorry looking set; the boat was crowded on deck and down below. We all gave up our fooms, and they were stowed in every nook and corner. The white women were of the class usually denominated "clay-eaters" and "corn-crackers," and all, even the children, were addicted to the filthy habit of "snuff dipping."

We got aground just below the city of Newbern; but a boat came down and took off our passengers, and after some hours we got off and went up to the city, but did not haul into the wharf, as it was expected the rebels would make an attack on the city. Last night they drove in our pickets, and captured some men about two miles from the city this

morning. They got possession of the railroad between here and Beaufort about noon to-day, and made their appearance in the woods just across the river from where we lay, and they commenced shelling them from the forts and batteries. Soon after some of the gunboats got under way, and they, together with two forts, have kept up an incessant cannonade all the afternoon. We have been watching the shells as they burst over and amongst the trees; the woods are on fire in many places.

*Seven o'clock P. M.* — The cavalry made a charge on the rebels this afternoon and captured three guns, right in plain sight from where we lay. There has been a number killed on both sides.

*Friday morning.* — There was some firing in the night, but not much. All is excitement in the city, and business is at a stand-still; some are packing up and others moving away. I have seen Mr. Dodge several times; he has sent many of his things to Beaufort; he seems to have some fears that he may be taken prisoner. I have bought a watch of him, and have received money and valuables to deliver in New York, if we ever get back there. I understand the mail will leave as usual to-day, so I must close.

From your affectionate son,

EUGENE.

NEW YORK, *May 16, 1864.*

We arrived here safe and sound last Friday morning from Newbern, *via* Fortress Monroe. I did not have a chance to send my letter off, so I will add a few lines and then mail it here. Things looked pretty squally while we were in Newbern, but the "rebs" were finally driven away, and then they unloaded us. While I was up at Mr. Dodge's place a gentleman came in there who had been on the battlefield. He said he counted fifty dead "rebs" and thirty dead horses. He gave me some roasted corn that he took from a dead "reb's" haversack; he said it was the only article of food the man had about him. I will inclose some of the corn to you.

They are loading us in hot haste with artillery, tents,

clothing, shot, shell, and ammunition for small arms for Fortress Monroe and Washington.

While in Newbern I procured cuttings and sprouts of some very fine grapes and figs, several varieties; I have packed them in a half-barrel and will send them home by express. Hereafter will send directions in regard to their cultivation, care, etc. Mr. Shurtz has raised my salary to seventy-five dollars per month, besides my board, without my saying anything to him upon the subject. It is equivalent to \$1,200 per annum.

What can I say about our dear Warren? I hardly dare look in the papers; but I do sincerely hope that he will be spared. God has been very merciful to him thus far, — and all we can do is to hope and pray that He may still keep him from all harm. Please excuse all mistakes, for I write amid great excitement. All is hurry and confusion on board the ship; they want us off this minute.

The great battles now going on under Grant will call for large supplies of war material, and increased activity in the transport service.

I bid you all farewell.

EUGENE.



## LXII.

ON THE BOWLING GREEN PIKE,  
SOME EIGHT OR TEN MILES FROM FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,  
*May 15, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I have got a scrap of paper and pencil, and seize the first opportunity to let you know that I am safe, though very tired and sleepy. I do not know when there will be a chance to send this off, but shall be on the lookout for the first that offers. We left Mitchell's Station on the night of the 3d, and crossed the Rapidan. The fighting began next day, and has been kept up most ever since in the Wilderness. Our losses, without doubt, have been very heavy, though I think we are ahead in guns and prisoners. Our regiment has been engaged more or less four or five times, but we have been very lucky so far; we have lost

but about forty-five men in killed and wounded since we crossed the river. Herbert Reed was wounded in one of his fingers about ten days since. But I must stop here as I am in a hurry. I am as well as could be expected.

From your affectionate son,

WARREN.



## LXIII.

IN LINE, WITHIN A FEW MILES OF SEXTON'S JUNCTION,  
May 26, 1864.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I write a few lines to let you know I am yet alive (and enjoying myself, over the *left*). We are over the North Anna, about a mile and a half from the river. We are lying in line of battle in intrenchments that we threw up yesterday; the rebels are not more than 600 yards in front of us, and the bullets that they fire at our skirmishers come so close to us that we do not lie round very loose. We crossed the river on Monday, and got about a mile this side of the river, when some of Hill's Corps came down on us and tried to drive us into the water, but our corps repulsed them handsomely. Our brigade was not much engaged — we had five men wounded in our regiment. I think we have lost only twelve men in killed and wounded since I wrote last; we think we have been very fortunate, but, on the other hand, we have but a handful of men in our regiment. But the losses on both sides are fearful I tell you. I will write a fuller account of the battles, if I live and have an opportunity. I suppose we are about thirty miles from Richmond, the nearest I have ever been.

But I will bid you all farewell.

WARREN.

P. S. — I will inclose some "secesh" postage stamps that I took out of a dead rebel's pocket Monday night.

## LXIV.

ON THE POTOMAC, June 1, 1864.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — We left Alexandria, bound for Port Royal, last Friday morning at five o'clock. We had a part of the 187th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers on board; the steamer *Thorn* had the rest; so we kept company down the river. We anchored that night near Point Lookout, but got under way again at nine o'clock, and started for the Rappahannock; anchored in the mouth of that river at two o'clock Saturday morning. Got under way again at five o'clock, and, preceded by a gunboat as convoy, proceeded up the river; anchored again at twelve o'clock just below the village of Tafahannock. While at anchor two of the soldiers went in to bathe. They swam out a little way from the boat, but the tide was so strong that they could not get back, and were swept astern. One of them called out for help, and I went aft to heave him a line; but the soldiers were crowding around the rail, and all of them telling what ought to be done, but none of them doing it. There were a lot of gunboats anchored near us, and one of them lowered a boat, and started to the rescue; but before they reached him he sank to rise no more. The other one they got and brought him aboard. The one that was drowned was a Methodist minister, and enlisted with the expectation of being made chaplain; he left a wife and six children to mourn his sudden loss. At three P. M. we got under way again, preceded by two gunboats; passed along up the river slowly until nearly dark, when we ran aground, and not being able to get off, the gunboat anchored near us. One of the gunboats was left behind with the *Thorn*, as she got ashore some way below us. Lay there all night, and the next morning the steamer *Exchange* came down from Port Royal, the distance being only six miles, and took off the men, and tried to pull us off, but it was of no use. So she took the men to Port Royal. That night the *Ocean Wave* came down and took off all the horses and regimental baggage and then pulled us off; she also brought down

orders to return to Washington, which we are now doing, being some distance above Acquia Creek. And right glad we were too, to get orders to come back here, as the river was full of steamers and all had tows bound for the White House up the Pamunkey River. Grant changed his base from Port Royal to the White House, it being much easier to transport supplies to him from the latter place. We have met one continual string of steamers towing barges, etc., ever since we have been gone; it never was so lively before. Everybody and everything is at work night and day; troops going all the time too. There were over 30,000 at Port Royal under marching orders to join Grant when ours got there, and they had all arrived within forty-eight hours, and I think we met more than half as many more on the way up as we were coming down. I expect we shall get a load and a tow to boot for the White House, just as soon as we get up to Washington.

The Rappahannock River is far more beautiful than the Potomac; the scenery in many places is quite grand and romantic. In some places we had to pass directly under great high bluffs; and then again the river winds through miles of cultivated fields; hundreds of acres of corn, wheat, oats, rye, and tobacco lined both sides of the river. We saw many very fine plantations. There were the large planter's house, and at a little distance from it the quarters of the slaves — miserable hovels, just fit for pig-pens. The planters' houses were all closed, not a white face to be seen, but the niggers were plenty enough; they were gathered in groups near these quarters, some of them clapping their hands and cheering, others looking on with a kind of stolid indifference. Occasionally we saw them on the bank with their bundles, and they hallooing to be taken on board, but we did not stop for them. The gunboats occasionally threw shells into the woods on the banks ahead of us, and into all suspicious-looking places, but we were not molested. When we were coming down the river we got ashore at about three o'clock P. M. on Monday. Soon after we struck we heard a great yelling, and on looking in shore of us we could see some object moving in the water quite near the

shore. Fearing some trap, we took no notice of it until after supper, when the captain concluded to take his revolver and I loaded Frank's rifle, and he started. When he got near enough, he saw that it was a negro, and on the shore were two or three men mounted and near them four blood-hounds. He raised his rifle and they (the Virginians) skedaddled; he then went up to the object in the water, which proved to be a boy about sixteen years old. He took him into the boat and brought him aboard. The boy had run away and was followed by these men with the hounds. They had driven him into the water, and were waiting for him to give up and come out, when the captain made his appearance. He had been in the water over three hours and had not eaten anything for two days.

Who should I see among the soldiers but "Thorpe," who used to work at the saw-factory. He was just about as drunk as usual. He has been in the navy, and his family live in Philadelphia. He has enlisted again and belongs to this regiment, the 187th Pennsylvania.

Has anything been heard from Warren lately? I hope he is safe, but fear the worst. I have no more time to write now. In great haste. EUGENE.



## LXV.

OFF INDIAN HEAD, VA., *June 6, 1864.*

DEAR PARENTS, — We left Alexandria June 2d for the White House with 110 beeves for the army. Run down as far as Piney Point (100 miles) and anchored, as it was raining, and very thick, also blowing a heavy northeaster. Next morning got under way at half-past four A. M., still raining; run down into the bay, and down the bay to the York River, where we arrived at noon. We kept up the river; it soon cleared away, and the sun came out as hot as ever; passed West Point, famous for its connection with McClellan's peninsular campaign, at four P. M. This point is at the junction of York and Pamunkey rivers. McClellan built a railroad from this point to the White House, the remains of



which are still to be seen. The only place of much interest on the York River is Yorktown, famous both for its Revolutionary memories and the terrible scenes of bloodshed that it has endured during the present war ; it is a collection of a few miserable buildings, but there are heavy fortifications in and around it. It is situated some fifteen miles up from the mouth of the river ; it is some thirty miles from here to West Point. The Pamunkey is a very narrow but deep stream, exceedingly crooked, but its many windings are enlivened by some beautiful scenery, very much like that of the Rappahannock. It is some forty miles to the White House by the river, I should judge, but not more than fifteen by land. This White House, of which we have all heard so much, is nothing more nor less than the remains of what was once a very beautiful plantation and a very fine old mansion. The mansion-house and outbuildings have all been burned, nothing remaining save the blackened chimneys and end walls, which were of brick. The house must have been very large indeed, as the chimneys are at least 100 feet apart. It is surrounded with numerous fine old locust-trees of very great size and beauty. It must have been the residence of some southern Nabob ; and as I stood looking at the remains, or rather ruins, of this once grand old place, I could not but feel that the hand of the avenger was laid heavily upon the foul instigators of this terrible and cruel war. And this place is not an isolated instance, but one of, probably, thousands. I have never been in a place yet in the South but just such scenes met the eye in all directions. The banks of the Potomac, Rappahannock, York, Pamunkey, James, Neuse, and Trent rivers are lined with these ruins of once happy homes. There are some beautiful plantations on the Pamunkey River, but all, with one exception, are left to go to ruin, nothing planted, nothing growing but weeds. On two, however, were large fields of corn ; but not a white face was to be seen. Negroes were gathered in groups around their miserable quarters and seemed as listless and lazy as you can imagine.

The White House is now a scene of the most active bustle and almost confusion. There are thousands of white tents

scattered over about 500 acres of beautiful level land parallel with lines of rifle-pits running between them, — tents of all sizes, from the quartermaster's and commissary's, the Christian and Sanitary commissions (where you see great numbers of slightly wounded men receiving little gifts of some nicety that can but be grateful to these parched tongues) the big hospital tents, down to the little shelter tents only large enough to accommodate two men. Baggage trains starting for the front; wagons by the thousands loading, and trains arriving from the front, — the poor mules and horses looking jaded and tired out as they stand munching a little musty hay; the shouts of the drivers and the rumble of artillery; bands playing; the hurrahs of the newly arrived soldiers who are starting for the front; the distant rumble of the heavy guns, and the clouds of sulphurous vapor that rise over the scene; the groans of the badly wounded as they arrive in the ambulances and are deposited in the hospitals; the blowing of steam-whistles in the river from the hundreds of steamships, steamboats, steam-barges, steam-tugs, etc.; the long files of dirty, dusty, broken-down, sightless, wounded men as they pour in in vast numbers, some on foot, some in wagons, some with their wounds dressed, some with their wounds gaping open, and the red stream of life fast oozing away, some with a brave, determined look, others faint and broken-down, — all, all this must be seen to realize a tithe of what war, that is, a gigantic war like ours, is.

The river for over three miles on both sides is lined with steamers, schooners, barges, canal-boats, tugs, etc.; everything that can carry freight is there. A channel is left open in the middle of the river, and a continual stream of vessels passes up and down, carrying up all kinds of stores and troops, and bringing down disabled and wounded men and animals, — for instance, we have on board over 100 cavalry horses, that have been in the service only about a month and are now condemned. They are nothing but skeletons, and covered with sores. But we are almost up to Alexandria. I do so hope that I shall get a letter from you, as it is nearly three weeks since I heard a word from home. Has anything been heard from Warren? I have eagerly scanned every face that I have seen, but have not seen his.

*Tuesday June 7.* — Stopped at “Gisboro” and landed our horses yesterday afternoon, and before we left there had the melancholy pleasure of seeing more than half of them killed; I suppose they were so far gone that they were worthless. They kill them by shooting them with a pistol; the ball enters the brain, and they drop stone dead; hardly a muscle moves after the shot is fired. “Gisboro” is situated just below Washington about a mile. There is stabling here for 75,000 horses and mules; it is the grand horse depot for the army. We then went to Alexandria and anchored in the stream; thought we should get a chance to lie there all night, but about eleven o’clock P. M. were ordered into the coal wharf to coal, which operation lasted until three o’clock this morning. Just after breakfast hauled into the stream and anchored; lay there about half an hour and were then ordered to Washington, where we arrived about an hour ago. I do not know where we shall be ordered to from here. I wish they would send us to New York, but it will be back to the White House, I reckon; we do not get much time now, I give you notice. I was very much pleased to get letters from home while in Washington.

I am glad you got the things safely. I was also extremely gratified to hear from Warren; I hope he has been as mercifully spared through these last battles.

My health is first-rate now, but I have had an awful siege of the chronic diarrhœa, the worst kind I ever had. I suffered for about ten days beyond all account, but the doctor of the regiment that we took to Port Royal, to whom I applied for advice, gave me some medicine, and said if that did not help me the sooner I came north the better it would be for me; and I certainly thought I should have to come home, so I did not write you, fearing you would worry about it. But the medicine I took helped me, and I have not felt better than I do now for a long time.

EUGENE.

## LXVI.

SOMEWHERE NEAR COAL HARBOR, VA., *June 8, 1864.*

DEAR PARENTS, — I received yours of May 29th, No. 144, some days since, announcing the death of Cousin Luke, Jr. I think it must have been very sudden, as I had not heard of his being more unwell than usual. How many of my relatives have passed away since I have been here. It is not necessary to come to the war to meet death.

We left our rifle-pits at the front on Sunday night and marched down to this place. We have drawn some clothing since we have been here. We have had orders to pack up two or three times since we arrived, but have not moved yet. I suppose we are about nine miles from Richmond, in a direct line. We have not had much fighting since I wrote last, but have been under some pretty sharp shelling, and have lost some men on the skirmish line.

One day last week Walter Humphrey of our company, whom you know, while digging in the trenches, was struck in the bowels by a bullet and died the next day. I was going to relieve him, and was just on the point of taking his spade when he was struck. He looked at me as he said, "Well, this is what we must all expect." We are throwing up a line of rifle-pits at this time.

Since my last we have lost in the regiment twelve men killed and wounded.

I will inclose a few envelopes which I took out of a dead rebel's pocket; they are wet through with his blood and will stain my letter. But I must close, as I hear them calling out for letters for the mail.

Please give my love to all.

WARREN.

## LXVII.

NEAR TUNSALL STATION, VA., *June 12, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I received your interesting letter of the 5th inst. three days since. You say that you have not heard from me since May 15th. I think I wrote a few lines home on the 25th of May; but there could not have been much regularity in the mails during the last month.

We moved from the place I wrote you from last yesterday. We marched some six miles to this place; they say it is near Tunsall Station, or some such name. We are about seven miles from the White House and two and one half miles from Bottom's Bridge. We have a good camp ground, with a spring of water near by. Our regiment has been fortunate thus far, compared with a great many others. We have been in but one or two regular battles, where our loss was comparatively light. Most of the men we have lost were on the skirmish line; the principal engagement was at Spottsylvania. We left the right of the army in the Wilderness just after dark on the night of the 7th of May, and marched all night to the extreme left of our line, within some three or four miles of the Court House. We got there just at daylight; we lay down and rested an hour, then we were started up and formed in line. We passed our cavalry pickets, and our brigade was ordered to clear a small hill of some dismounted rebel cavalry. We charged and cleared the hill, the rebs offering but little resistance. We found a few dead rebs and a lot of carbines which they left. We formed again and advanced through the woods to an open field where we came to a few cavalry and two pieces of artillery, about half a mile distant. We were ordered to charge again, so we started off for the guns. The rebs did not get a chance to fire more than three or four times. The second shot they fired struck our colors, broke the staff, and tore the flag in four pieces. The shell just grazed the color bearer's shoulder, and, striking his knapsack, knocked him at least a rod. It bruised and strained him badly but not

so but that he will live through it. The same shot took off a sergeant's arm in Company G. We came very near capturing the guns; we shot some of the horses, but the rebs worked well and managed to get the guns off. We captured the captain of the battery, a sergeant, and six men. We followed about a half mile on the run, when we halted and formed again and waited for the rest of our division to come up, when we were ordered to charge some rebel rifle-pits in a wood. Here we found some of Longstreet's Corps, posted behind rifle-pits. We found them much too strong for us, so we had to fall back. There we lost Lieutenant Whitcomb, who was killed, and twenty-four men killed, wounded, and missing. General Robinson, commanding our division, was severely wounded in the leg, which has been amputated. The division has been broken up, there being no general left to command it. Our brigade was assigned to the First Division, commanded by General Cutler, where we remained for a few days, when General Lockwood took command. He had us for a day or two, when the corps was reorganized. We are now in the Third Division, commanded by General Crawford.

We have lost from our regiment nearly 100 men since the 3d of May. My company now numbers ten men present for duty.

I am quite well. I will write again in a few days if I have a chance.

Please remember me to all who may inquire.

WARREN.

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LXVIII.

ON THE POTOMAC, *June 25, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,— We left Alexandria a week ago last Sunday for the White House, and expected to take a load of cattle to Bermuda Hundreds, but just at night orders came to proceed at once to the White House. When we arrived there we found most of the boats gone and only a small portion of the troops left, as Grant had

ordered a change of base from there to some point on the James River. They soon loaded us with a part of the Forty-eighth New York Regiment, and we started for Bermuda Hundreds. We got as far as Fort Powhattan, just below Harrison's Landing, where we found a pontoon bridge across the river, over which a wagon train was passing. To give you some idea of the magnitude of the wagon department, I will simply state that the wagons had been passing steadily for twenty-four hours, when we got there. We were there some twenty hours, and they were passing all that time, and when we left there were 3,000 more wagons to cross; and the line reached back for over twenty-five miles, and more had gone over the bridge than that. Each wagon has six mules. This is only a portion of the wagon train of the Army of the Potomac. They would not open the bridge to let us through, so we landed the troops there, and they marched the rest of the way, some twenty-five miles. The James River is by far the most beautiful river that I have seen yet. Its banks are lined with fine plantations, and the natural scenery is very beautiful. Mr. Pierce (the pilot) pointed out one plantation of several thousand acres; the owner's name was Allen. He had before the war about 2,000 slaves all told. I reckon, however, that he could not count so many now. The original Fort Powhattan was built when this country was first settled; the remains of it are still to be seen. We visited it and procured some specimens from its time-eaten walls. On the bluffs right back of this fort are two heavy earthworks built by the rebels at the time of McClellan's peninsular campaign. Below this place, some twenty miles, is Jamestown, the first settlement made in this country; the buildings are about all burned now, and the place wears a deserted appearance. We left the next afternoon for the White House again, and on our way stopped at Yorktown and took on some forage for West Point; arrived at the White House Friday night. Found the place still more deserted, only about 1,000 men left, and about 2,000 wagons. They were waiting for the return of Sheridan's cavalry. He has been on an expedition for over two weeks. We lay

below the landing about a mile, alongside the coal schooner, that night; the rebs were all around us, and they kept the gunboats quite busy shelling them. They fired at the guard close to where we lay; six bullets struck him, all passing through one shoulder and arm; they also committed other depredations. Saturday we coaled up and went up to the landing and anchored. Sunday news came that Sheridan was near West Point, so a large wagon train started across the bridge to meet him, guarded by a regiment of cavalry. We soon received orders to proceed to West Point and take in a load of prisoners and carry them to Point Lookout, Maryland; so we took on ninety men of the invalid corps for guard, and started at one P. M., and arrived at West Point at four P. M., then went up the Mattapony River a few miles and saw the cavalry approaching; they soon came in, bringing in any number of negroes, wagons, etc. But the men looked entirely worn out; they were not so successful as they expected to be; they lost (so one of the colonels told us, that took supper with us) about 1,000 men killed, wounded, and missing, and 2,000 horses. They brought in 355 rebel prisoners, twenty-three of whom were officers; these we took on board, and Monday morning, at four o'clock, started for Point Lookout, where we arrived Monday afternoon at half-past four. Landed the prisoners, and this (Tuesday) morning left there at two o'clock, bound for Washington. The prisoners were hard-looking customers, clad in the universal dirty gray uniform worn by the rebs, — not much of a uniform either: some had on one thing and some another; some had on Kossuth hats, some straw hats, some old oil-cloth caps, but no two alike. There were old men and young men and a great many boys; dirty, dusty, filthy, and ragged; and the officers looked almost as bad as the men. They belonged to South Carolina and Georgia regiments.

I have been very anxious for some time to get ashore at Point Lookout. The rebel prisoners make some very beautiful curiosities — fans made from white pine, rubber rings, etc. But we were so late yesterday that they had all been housed up for the night; but one old reb, attended by a negro guard, came down on the wharf and we bought him out in-



stanter. The fans are very beautiful indeed ; we have got three fans apiece, and I have got seven rings and a set of shirt studs, and Frank six rings.

It makes me shudder to think of the terrible sights that I have seen this summer. I'm sure I see enough of the horrors of war without being obliged to participate. I think more of it, perhaps, because Warren is there. I hope I am correct in saying *there* — I dread to think of the poor boy, what he must have suffered ; I do hope and pray he may be spared. We were glad to leave the White House : the stench was awful ; thousands of dead men, and horses, mules, etc., lay there rotting under a burning sun, some half buried, some entirely exposed. If the "stay-at-homes" could only see these sights, it would sicken them, I reckon ; but one soon becomes hardened to it. The first lot of wounded men that I ever saw, I was horror-struck ; but now after seeing thousands upon thousands, I do not feel any horror, and, after my face is turned, forget that I have seen anything so dreadful. I have scrutinized every face of a wounded man that I have seen, but as yet have not seen the one I looked for ; yes, and I have looked at many a dead face too — lifting the coarse blanket from their discolored faces, with a sickening dread lest my fears should be realized. All soldiers agree (those that have been in hospitals, I mean) that it is by far a more horrible sight to see a lot of wounded men than it is to see the battle itself ; for some of these wounds are of the worst descriptions. I have often seen wounds full of crawling worms, the horrible creatures having taken possession before their appointed time.

We shall probably go to Bermuda Hundreds from here ; I wish it might be New York. I have got quite a lot of curiosities to send home, if I ever get to New York again. I am quite well now.

*Saturday, June 25.* — Have just come down to Pier 15 to load cattle for Bermuda Hundreds. It is terrible hot, and growing hotter every moment ; but our cattle are coming on board and I shall have to close or else miss getting this to the office. Please write often, and I will contrive to write oftener than I have done lately. Love to all.

EUGENE.

## LXIX.

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *June 26, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — After this long delay I write again to let you know that I am alive and well. I think it was the same day I wrote you last that we moved from Tunsall's Station and marched down to near the Chickahominy. We halted an hour or so about one o'clock, and then crossed the river just before daylight. We marched up the river about two miles, and then halted for an hour or two. We then moved up to White Oak Swamp, where the cavalry were fighting. The ground had been the scene of some of McClellan's operations, and there were a great many cannon, shot, etc., lying round. We had a small fight there; and after dark we marched to within some four or five miles of the James. We halted about daylight, and rested a couple of hours to get breakfast and catch a wink of sleep. We then marched some two or three miles and halted in a large grass field, where we remained two days. We drew rations, and had a good wash in a brook near by, and recruited up generally. On the morning of the 16th we marched down to the James; we had to wait an hour or two before we were put on board a transport and ferried across the river; we landed at Windmill Point; we embarked at a place nearly opposite Fort Powhattan. While the rear of our corps was crossing the first part halted on the banks of the river, and then we had the best real good wash in the river that we have had for a long time. I tell you it was quite a sight to see the heads — I should think there were some 4,000 or 5,000 in the river at one time. Just before dark we started on and marched nearly all night, and halted about a mile from the front and rested for an hour or so; we then marched to the front and lay in rear of the Ninth Corps all day. At dark we were taken a roundabout way, and finally we lay in a ravine in rear of a part of Burnside's Corps who had charged that evening. At daylight the next morning we advanced, but the rebs had left in the night. We pushed on about three quarters of a

mile before we met and drove back their skirmishers some way, gaining the Petersburg and Norfolk Railroad. The enemy we found in strong rifle-pits a few hundred yards beyond the railroad, which pits they still hold. That night our regiment was within some 150 yards of the rebel works on picket. Since then we have been at different places along the line. We are now some two miles further to the left. We have lost about twenty men in killed and wounded since we crossed the James.

I do not expect to come home with the regiment. They are using the old troops very meanly indeed. The Twelfth Regiment went home yesterday; they kept men that came out with the regiment but who were not sworn in till the 5th of July. The Twelfth turned over about a hundred men to the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts in our brigade, including subs, recruits, and all. I shall try to come home with the regiment, but I do not expect to now: however, I will not borrow any trouble till the time comes. This is my one hundredth letter. But I must close, so good-by to all.

WARREN.



LXX.

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *July 8, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — We have moved camp about one fourth of a mile since my last. We have some very good breastworks in a piece of woods, and so are comparatively comfortable. It is very hot, sultry, and dusty; there has been no rain for a long time. We are about three fourths of a mile from the enemy's works; the picket lines are close together, but there is an understanding on both sides not to fire on each other. There has not been a shot fired on the line since we have been here till last night, when, just as we were relieving our brigade pickets, the rebs threw one shell from their works that burst in our ranks and killed one man and wounded three others. This the rebs will call a good joke, but we look upon it as

a mean act. The injured men did not belong to our regiment.

We are close to the Jerusalem Plank-road, at the place where the Second Corps got flanked so, and lost three or four guns. The trees are badly scarred; I counted twenty-one bullet marks in one small tree, not more than five inches through at the butt.

I have serious doubts about my being able to get home with the regiment. I was down to see Colonel Leonard (who is sick in the division hospital), and he said he should do all in his power to get the recruits of 1861 and the spring of 1862 home. I think he will do all he can in the matter, but have grave doubts of his success.

They are building two strong forts for heavy guns near here; part of our brigade is at work on one of them. Our sutler is up with any quantity of good things.

The Fourth of July was very quiet, hot, and sultry: no more notice was taken of it than any other day.

By the way, I got a sergeant's warrant dated July 1st: will send it home soon.

Yesterday we got the good news of the sinking of the rebel privateer *Alabama*.

I have received a letter from Frances; she has not heard from Eugene for three weeks.

But I must close with good wishes for all. WARREN.

*July 10.* — I will add a few more lines before sending this off. I received a letter from Eugene last night, dated 3d inst., on James River. He was towing cattle, and is well. Charley Drew has received a letter from you in regard to my coming home. I thank you for manifesting so much interest in my behalf; but you are mistaken in thinking there are only half a dozen or so of us who have some time to serve, and that the whole regiment might stay a few days longer to make up their time, and then all come home together. There are more than forty of the regiment situated like myself, and you would not expect them to stay for one if they did not for another. You have no idea of the feelings of the men who have been out here three years:

they will not stay a day over their time if they can get away, under any consideration. A few days will settle the matter, so farewell.

WARREN.

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LXXI.

PROVOST GUARD, THIRD DIVISION,  
NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *July 15, 1864.*

DEAR PARENTS, — I snatch this moment to let you know that I shall not come home with the regiment. The regiment was relieved from the front yesterday morning, and lay about two miles to the rear till last night. I have been to see Colonel Leonard again; he said he had received a letter from you in regard to me, and he had been to see General Warren (our corps commander), and he will go to the War Department as soon as he gets to Washington; he thinks he will be able to get us away soon.

Through the influence of Colonel Leonard and Captain Livermore I have got a detail in the division provost guard. I have been over here some three days; it is comparatively a safe place, but the duty is hard.

Last evening I got a pass for twenty-four hours from Captain Davis, commander of the guard, and went down to City Point with the regiment. The distance is between seven and eight miles. As we passed the convalescent camp, several of our boys, that had been sick, came out and fell into the ranks, and have gone home.

I left the regiment at City Point about one o'clock this afternoon; they had not embarked then, as they had not got their transportation quite ready; they will probably leave to-night.

I tell you it was mighty hard to part with the boys when the hour for separation came. It was about the saddest moment of my life; but I presume I shall get over it now the regiment is gone.

I did not see anything of Eugene or the *Mount*; as he is there often, I thought that I might fall in with him. I footed it back to camp alone; it was very hot and dusty.

I am tired and sleepy, so I hope you will excuse me from writing any more at this time.

WARREN.

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LXXII.

PROVOST GUARD, THIRD DIVISION, FIFTH CORPS,

July 22, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS, — I have not heard from you since I wrote on the 15th. I suppose ere this you have seen the *Old Thirteenth* safe at home, and happy. Well, they are gone now, and I begin to feel contented. I like the guard here very well, only there is a great deal of duty to be done.

What is the prospect of our getting home before December, — any? I hear from some of the boys that are kept that the folks at home are making a stir about it. I hope they will succeed.

I was sent over to the Third Brigade head-quarters with ten men some three nights since for head-quarter guard, but there was so much duty to do here, and only two sergeants left, that Captain Davis sent to me yesterday to leave the squad in charge of a corporal and come back. I was glad of the change, for it was very lonesome there.

We have had a few rebel prisoners come in; most of them are deserters; we sent off fifteen within the last two days. I was out yesterday and saw a brigade of negro troops drilling; they seemed willing to learn, but did not appear very sharp. The troops are making very heavy forts; it begins to look as though we had come here to stay.

I wish when you write again you would inclose a dollar or two; I have not got any money, and don't know when we shall be paid off. We are drawing good rations, — plenty of potatoes, onions, and pickles.

They keep up a constant but slow firing from our batteries. They opened a new gun quite near here last night. I can hear the shell go shrieking over about every ten minutes. I do not know how heavy the gun is, but should think from the sound it was as much as a sixty-four-pounder.

I sent home a few relics by one of the boys; the wallet and buttons I took out of a dead rebel's pocket. I have sent a shelter tent for George.

I believe there is nothing more worth mentioning at this time. Please change the direction of my letters, etc.

I close with a remembrance to all. WARREN.

P. S. — I have only seen General Grant a very few times since this campaign began. We are in the Fifth Corps, Major-general Warren.



## LXXIII.

IN CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *August 1, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER, — Yours of the 23d ult. is received. I thank you for writing a full account of the reception home of the Old Thirteenth, and sending two papers that give all particulars of the occasion. Well, they fully deserve all the honors that the public may bestow upon them. I had hoped to have been among them, and might have been, but then I should have forfeited a reputation that I have paid dearly for, and should have regretted after the excitement of the moment was over. I am really glad that, as you and mother failed to meet me on the arrival of the regiment in Boston, you had the pleasure of meeting and taking by the hand some of the brave boys that I have tented and fought with for years. And mother actually took in her hands what was left of the dear old flag that was torn to pieces in the Wilderness; no doubt she mentally blessed it and its brave defenders.

July 30th, at daybreak, the battle of the "Crater," as some call it, came off. A rebel fort was blown up, it having been previously mined, and the garrison, with the guns, etc., blown a hundred feet into the air. It was in front of Burnside's Corps. Soon after the explosion Burnside sent a division of troops forward; they passed the ruins and made an attack on the next line of rifle-pits, but were only par-

tially successful; they were finally driven back from all they had gained with great loss. I was up yesterday to see the ruins; all that remained of the fort was a misshapen heap of earth. Our dead and wounded were lying round quite thick. Yesterday the rebels refused a flag of truce, but to-day our men are removing the wounded and burying the dead. It is said there were about 300 rebels in the fort, most of whom were killed. The Fifty-ninth Regiment was engaged; they were commanded by Colonel Gould, formerly a major in our regiment. I was up to see them yesterday. They have lost heavily in this campaign. There were less than 100 men present. Colonel Gould was mortally wounded.

My time is out sure on the last day of November; my enlistment dates from December first, and I have drawn pay from that time. Four months from yesterday — quite a long time to look ahead; but I have got to be quite contented here. The duty does not seem so hard as I become more familiar with it.

Three rebel deserters came in last night, and we sent them to the corps head-quarters this morning. But I must draw to a close, for it is very hot and sultry, and the flies do bite. Please give my love to all inquiring friends.

From your affectionate son,

WARREN.

P. S. — You say there were over 200 men in the regiment when they came home. I presume there were; but there were less than eighty men left of those that went through the Wilderness fighting; the rest had been detailed for various purposes, and joined the regiment after they left the front; some came from hospitals, etc. W.



#### LXXIV.

IN CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *August 12, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I have two long and entertaining letters to acknowledge to-day; that of Miss



Lizzie S. Morse was as interesting and vivacious as usual ; when you write her again please give my thanks for her interest in my behalf ; I trust Mrs. Stevens' cow will not be permitted to disturb her woodbine any more.

I should have written ere this to you and Uncle Washington, only for three or four days I have had a very severe toothache, but to-day I feel right smart again. I have received several newspapers lately. Everything is quiet about the camp just now ; six rebel deserters have come in within two days — or rather nights — they never come by daylight. We feed them well and gain what information they choose to communicate, and then send them to the corps head-quarters ; from there they are sent to Washington. We have a very intelligent rebel here now ; he is dressed in blue, — is an artillery man ; he has been along our lines with General Crawford several times ; he gives information as to the locality of certain rebel works, batteries, etc. ; he is gone some three or four hours at a time ; he is a smart looking fellow. We have but seven of our own men in the guard-house now ; they are under arrest for various offenses. The day that I am on guard I have to look out for the guard ; if there is a call for prisoners to go over to head-quarters, or fatigue, I have to send them over with a guard, and keep a general lookout for matters and things round camp. The work is not hard, but is quite confining ; still, under a good general the situation would be desirable, but under such a man as Crawford, it is otherwise ; I have not had any trouble with him yet, but am liable to at any moment : it won't do for me to write what is said, or what I think about him at this time. We are fortunate in having an excellent captain and lieutenant of the provost.

In a letter recently received you express surprise that no more men are killed or wounded in battle, especially where the fighting is kept up for several hours at a time, and we are not protected by rifle-pits or any other kind of defense ; well, the reason is, many men, especially raw troops, lose all self-possession and become so excited that they hardly know what they are about, they make bungling work in loading, and if by chance they discharge their rifles they fire so en-

tirely at random that little harm is done. I have often seen the boys get two or three charges into their rifles without being aware of the fact — they were in such a state of mental excitement as not to know whether their pieces were discharged or not. Still it is very strange that no more men are struck by the balls that are so constantly whizzing by us in battle. Old soldiers under self-control, become so accustomed to the hum of the rifle-ball as to disregard it altogether. That is the state of the case on our side; I suppose it is no better on the rebel side, as they have a great many boys that are pressed into the service, and I should not suppose they would be very reliable in action.

Colonel Leonard was here yesterday and day before; I saw him about ten minutes each day; he looks much better than he did. He said he had sent in a petition to the governor in our behalf; did not know what would come of it, etc.

But I must come to a close.

WARREN.

P. S. — One of our men went out on the picket line yesterday and watched around till he thought he had a good chance, when he made a run for the rebel picket line, — but one of our pickets saw him, and seizing his gun shot him in the small of the back: served the deserter just right.



## LXXV.

BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., *August 16, 1864.*

DEAR PARENTS, — I have just been over to the Thirtieth Massachusetts Regiment, — the regiment I am assigned to; the colonel commanding the regiment told me there were no vacancies existing for sergeants in the regiment, and I would have to be mustered as private and draw pay as such. Now according to army regulations this cannot be, for if there is a surplus of non-commissioned officers when two regiments are consolidated, or men are transferred as we were, they must be discharged. There is a case in point, which has just occurred here: there was a sergeant in the

Ninth New York that was transferred to the Ninty-seventh New York, and there was no vacancy, and they tried to make him do duty as a private; he stated the case to his father, who wrote to the War Department: the result was that an order for his discharge was sent on, and he went home last night. Now if you could get somebody with a pretty big name to write to the adjutant-general of the army at Washington, you might accomplish something. You might consult with Colonel Leonard and Captain Neat, and see what course they advise you to take. I would proceed in the matter without delay.

WARREN.

P. S.—The following is a copy of the official notice served on me August 16th:—

“Head-quarters Thirty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, August 16, 1864. Sergeant Warren H. Freeman, formerly of Company A, Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, was transferred to this regiment July 15, 1864. There being no vacancy of sergeant in the company (A) to which he was assigned, he was necessarily mustered as a private. This from no fault of his own or neglect of duty.

“GEORGE S. NELSON,

*Captain commanding Company A, Thirty-ninth Mass. Vols.*

“Approved:

“CHARLES L. PIERSON,

*Lieutenant-colonel commanding Regiment.”*

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LXXVI.

CITY POINT, August 18, 1864.

DEAR FATHER, — We left Alexandria last Sunday and came to City Point without stopping, arriving here at five P. M. Monday; went up the Appomattox and landed our cattle in the evening. Lay there all night, and returned to this place Tuesday morning; have been here ever since. There are a great many boats waiting here now. Last Saturday night forty-six steamers loaded with troops went up

the river to Deep Bottom, landed the men, and returned on Sunday. We are here waiting, I suppose, to go after those men, should it be necessary.

I think that there has been some severe fighting up there, for five steamers, loaded with wounded, passed down by here yesterday, and several the day before; and all night before last and yesterday we could hear the deep booming of very heavy guns up the river, probably from the monitors and gunboats. Last evening we had a most terrible thunder storm, with violent gusts of wind, rain, and the most incessant thunder and lightning of the season. It was, as it were, a contest of Heaven's artillery against man's comparatively feeble powers. During the evening it was calm and still, raining a little at intervals: so quiet was it that I thought man had become awed and cowed to silence by the terrible powers of Heaven; but no, at about midnight we were awakened from a sound sleep by a most terrific cannonading in the direction of Petersburg. We turned out and went on deck, not that the sound of heavy guns is a strange one by any means, but because this was the heaviest firing that I have heard from that direction yet; it was a continual boom, boom, boom, and a great many guns all going off together made the uproar continuous and terrible. We could distinguish our guns from the enemy's very distinctly, as ours were pointed away from us, while theirs were pointed toward us. Between two and three o'clock the firing slackened, and this morning everything is most calm and beautiful.

We conjecture that a midnight attack was made from one side or the other, and that the engagement was general, but this is merely conjecture.

*After breakfast.* — The ball has opened again, and the noisy voices of the loud-mouthed cannon can be heard up the river and in front of Petersburg. The day is going to be intensely hot, the thermometer being at ninety-eight now (time half past six A. M.), and I reckon the poor artillerists must suffer almost as much from the heat as from the enemy's shot and shell.

We lay within a few rods of where the great explosion

took place; one of the most terrible explosions that ever happened, I suppose. You, of course, have read in the papers all about it. I wish I could describe how it looks even now; the hundreds of tons of unexploded shell, shot, and ammunition of all kinds, that have been picked up since the accident; and the thousands of boxes, and barrels, etc., filled with every conceivable article, belonging to a great military depot; the torn, twisted, and broken muskets, rifles, pistols, and heaps of all kind of subsistence stores. I saw yesterday, when we made a thorough exploration of the ruins, in one pile more than twenty tons of soap, candles, and flour which the intense heat of the sun had melted into one immense mass of dough. The buildings on the bluff are blown to atoms, so is a large part of the government store-houses, and the whole of the quartermaster's buildings. The trees on the bluff were nearly stripped of their foliage and branches by the storm of iron and leaden hail; and suspended from many of the limbs were the intestines and mangled limbs of human beings, who a few seconds before had been breathing, living men, strong in their health and pride; but this availed them nothing at such a time. The sight after the explosion must have been heart-rending in the extreme.

I am acquainted with one of the quartermaster's clerks. He sat near a window on the opposite side of the building from the water, when it happened; he says he remembers nothing from the time that he first heard the noise until he picked himself up amidst a pile of rubbish on the bluff, more than 200 feet from where he was writing. He was not injured seriously, but his dog, which lay under his chair, was blown to atoms, as was the whole building; not a sign of a building remaining except a mass of broken splinters. The wharf for 150 feet was entirely blown away, not a plank nor a pile remaining. The barges have gone, no one knows where. Fifty-nine persons are known to have been killed, and undoubtedly there are many more that are unknown.

Frank and I picked up something more than a hundred pounds of bullets in less than an hour yesterday; I also took

a lot of pieces of broken shells, gun locks, broken bayonets, etc., which I shall improve the earliest opportunity of sending home.

We also found some whole percussion shells, but after debating the question, concluded we would heave them overboard, rather than run the risk of being ourselves blown up by them. One of the guards on the wharf said that five barrels of bullets were swept up on what remains of the wharf, so you can judge whether they fell thick or not. And here, after a week has elapsed, and they have picked up everything they considered valuable, and curiosity hunters have helped themselves to all they wanted, we picked up over 100 pounds of bullets, and might have loaded our boat with pieces of shell, etc. I wanted some of the broken and twisted guns, but they would not let me have them.

While we were on the wharf yesterday the steamer *Greyhound* came in and landed Generals Meade and Butler; I stood within three feet of them when they landed. Meade I never saw before. I believe I told you that I had seen General Grant.

I am pretty well, but am troubled somewhat with the old complaint again.

Your affectionate son,

EUGENE.



## LXXVII.

IN CAMP ON THE WELDON RAILROAD, VA., *August 21, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER, — Our corps, the Fifth, General Warren, has had several severe engagements since I wrote last, for the possession of this railroad, where we are now encamped. The fighting began two or three days after my interview with Colonel Pierson, mentioned in my last. The colonel is supposed to be mortally wounded. The battle was very sharp for some time along the whole line, and our regiment was in the hottest of it and lost several officers and quite a number of men; and we were obliged to fall back. But a stand was soon made and the enemy driven back. The line was

again advanced, temporary works built, and held through the night.

The next day, the 19th, the enemy made a heavy attack on our position and we had a severe battle, and our lines were broken and the rebels came near doing a big thing; they almost got our whole corps, besides several batteries. We were deployed out across an open field, the rebs got into the field within 500 yards of where we were deployed, and we were between two fires; we had to hug the ground mighty close to keep out of the way of the bullets. But the Ninth Corps came up just in time and drove the enemy back. The loss of our regiment in these two days was eleven killed, thirty-two wounded, and 245 taken prisoners.

There are but two of the transferred men, besides myself, that were in the fight, now left. Little Eddy Hays, whom you knew, was killed; he was from my company.

August 27. — The enemy made several attacks in force on our position but we succeeded in driving them back in great disorder. I think they will not attempt it again. I went over part of the field where one of our brigades charged, and within the space of less than an acre I counted twenty-six dead rebels; they were all killed by our shells. I saw six of them that were apparently killed with one shot; they lay close together.

I think mother must be about sick of these tales of blood — certainly I am; but what can I do? I say as little, and endeavor to describe in the least revolting manner the horrible scenes around me. I trust I may be spared the task of speaking of or participating in any more such conflicts.

My tooth does not trouble me now; it was a rotten one. The doctor that undertook to extract it only succeeded in crushing the top off. It was ulcerated, and I had to have my gums lanced twice, but that did not hurt much; one side of my head was swollen *some*.

I still remain in the guard as sergeant, and expect to for the present. I shall not sign the pay-roll, or anything of that kind, as private, and if I have a mind to stand out I cannot be reduced without cause, and that has got to be proved. But then I do not care much about it any way.

I have seen Captain Graham since last week's fighting; he came out safe. I had a long conversation with him; he said while he was in West Cambridge he called to see you; was interested in viewing the relics Eugene and I have sent home, etc. But I will close with kind regards to all the loved ones at home.

From your affectionate son,

WARREN.

P. S. — I forgot to mention that in the fight of the 21st we captured 400 prisoners and three battle-flags.



### LXXVIII.

IN CAMP NEAR WELDON RAILROAD, VA., *September 6, 1864.*

DEAR PARENTS, — I received your letter of August 27th (No. 159) this morning; and was very much pained on reading of the sudden death, by diphtheria, of cousin Samuel H. Brown and his wife; both buried on the same day, and in the same grave, — how many of my near relatives, dwelling at home in peace and safety, have been stricken down by disease, while my life, spent for years amid the perils of war, is spared; truly, I ought to feel thankful to the Ruling Powers above for these great mercies.

You do not say anything about your own health or that of the children, but I trust you are all well as usual or you would have mentioned it. I thank you for sending me Uncle Luke's letter to you; also Miss Morse's, so full of life and very interesting; if you wish any of these letters returned please mention it, as we never keep but two letters on hand, for we can't well carry them about, and we don't want them to fall into the rebels' hands if we should be captured.

We had to pay pretty dear for this railroad and our campground, in three battles; but the rebels seem disposed to let us rest now; it is a very comfortable, shady place. The sutler is up and right handy; he has apples and watermelons, but one has to *pay* for such things.

I have not seen Captain Graham since my last. I hear



that he has been temporarily assigned to the 104th New York; that regiment has had a lot of recruits, and has no officers left out of the last fight.

I could not find any letters when I picked up those envelopes; somebody had been *through* the rebels, as it is called. I have got a pocket-knife that I took from a rebel's pocket at the last fight.

In the fight at the North Anna I took a first-rate knife from a rebel's pocket, but it was my usual luck to lose it a few days after. I have a few buttons that I got from prisoners, and cut off the jackets of the dead, but have no way to send them home.

To your inquiry if we ever have whiskey rations served to us, — well, I suppose it is left with the surgeon to determine when a ration of whiskey will be beneficial to the health of the men, and we get it no oftener — sometimes we get two rations in a week, at other times one ration in two months. After a long march in a rain or snow-storm, or sleeping in the mud or on the wet ground, we are apt to get a ration of whiskey with quinine in it to keep off the chills. A whiskey ration will about one third fill a common tumbler; this is for a private soldier; ration for an officer is all he can get.

I thank you for your efforts, though unavailing, to get me home. Certainly I have no desire to leave the army in front of the enemy, unless it be in a legal and honorable way. I know they have no right to my services any longer, and as soon as I get on the right track, and learn how to proceed, I shall have my discharge. Did not Adjutant Bradley tell you as much on your first interview with him? Though Senator Sumner, General Schouler, and others think differently.

But I have covered over all my paper, so I will draw to a close.

From your affectionate son,

WARREN.

## • LXXIX.

ON BOARD STEAMER "THOMAS MORGAN,"

JAMES RIVER, *September 14, 1864.*

DEAR PARENTS, — Soon after my last letter was sent off, I heard of the proper officer to apply to, and I lost no time in visiting his head-quarters. On presenting myself to this gentleman, and stating my case and handing him my papers, which he spent some little time in examining he said in rather an abrupt manner, "Why did you not go home with your regiment?" To which I replied, "Sir, they would not let me;" then he said, "They had no right to detain you." So, after some further examination, my papers, giving me an honorable discharge from the army, were made out and presented to me. I hastened back to the guard and informed Captain Davis of the result, and received his approval of the same. In the mean time the boys had begun to gather round me, and on learning my good luck they looked rather blue, but I felt quite happy. From among my effects I selected such things as would readily stow away in my haversack — keeping of course my few letters, photographs of the dear ones at home, that I had toted so many weary miles, and that had been such a source of comfort in solitary hours, and but one relic of the battle-fields — a flattened rifle-ball that struck near my head and fell at my feet; this I recollect picking up and putting in my knapsack many months since, but it would have been thrown out with other relics long ago had it not been overlooked. All my other things I gave to the boys, except my overcoat and thick blanket. They laughed at me for bringing them away; but it was not many hours before I needed both. Immediately after dinner I parted with the boys, and bade farewell to "The Army of the Potomac" forever, and laid my course in the direction of City Point. Being in light marching order, — and with a still lighter heart, — I went over the ground at a quick step, and made the eight miles with very few halts. I should have mentioned before that I had a comrade by the name

of Jones; he had his discharge and was ready to leave when I did.

On our arrival at City Point we found the peaches so cheap that we bought a half peck, and had a regular feast off this delicious fruit; then looked round for the steamer *Mount*, thinking it possible Eugene might be here, but was disappointed in not finding her; then looked for the transport that was to take us to Washington. On finding her and attempting to get on board, we were told the ship would not leave till the next day; we requested permission to remain on the boat till she did leave, as there was no lodging-house or any place of shelter on the Point for us, but this small favor was refused. Such churlish treatment did not disturb us much, and I only allude to it as showing the nature of the animal. The earth had been our bed for three years, and we well knew it would serve us for one night more. We went into a field near by and lay down under an apple-tree. Then it was I could appreciate the value of my overcoat and blanket, for the night was cold and damp; but we slept sound till the dawn of another day. Soon after rising went to the river and had a wash, then breakfasted on hard tack and peaches.

You will not expect me to say much about City Point, — the great depot for stores, ammunition, etc., for Grant's army, — as Eugene is here so much, and he enjoys the descriptive, while I like to come right down to plain matters of fact.

After laying in a stock of peaches, we, at about ten o'clock A. M., went on board the transport steamer, *Thomas Morgan*, and were soon gliding down the James, on the way to Washington.

I have penciled these lines to put in the post-office just as soon as I reach Washington, as they may relieve your anxiety somewhat in regard to me; but I cannot fix the day on which you may expect to see me. I may be detained in Washington, and I might possibly run across Eugene; in that case I should have to spend a week with him. But I will keep you informed of my whereabouts, you may rest assured of that.

With much love to father, mother, Susie, and Georgy ;  
and a remembrance to all the neighbors,

Your affectionate son,

WARREN.



LXXX.

STEAMER "THOMAS MORGAN," ON THE POTOMAC,  
*September 15, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER, — I wrote you a few lines yesterday giving an account of my discharge from the army, and the progress I was making toward reaching home ; but as there may be some detention in Washington that I am not now aware of, I will put the letter in the office just as soon as I reach there, that you may know my whereabouts. I may stop one night in New York, and some hours in Boston to recruit a little ; but this, my last army letter, I will mail in New York, so you will probably see me in West Cambridge within a dozen hours of its arrival there.

I will now resume from yesterday's talk.

Nothing worth noting occurred on the passage during the day. We took care to lay in a good lot of peaches before leaving City Point ; these, with our hard tack (ship bread), will be our rations till we arrive in Washington. At night we stowed ourselves away on deck, — soldiers are not allowed to go below. The night was cold and damp ; with no protection but coat and blanket, we had a disagreeable time of it, and slept but little. Passed Mount Vernon in the night, and arrived in —

WASHINGTON, D. C., AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M., *September 16,*

— And went direct to the post-office, from thence to the paymaster's office, to get our pay and mileage. While we were waiting to have our papers examined we went into the "Soldiers' Dining-room," where meals are free to such as us, — and were introduced to the "bill of fare," which consisted of cold boiled potatoes, salt, raw onions — and nothing else. We turned away from this fare and sought the peach stand to refresh ourselves. On returning to the office, we were paid

our bounty, \$100, back pay and mileage home, about \$100 more ; so of course we felt rich and happy. We had served "Uncle Sam" faithfully for nearly three years, and seen the elephant to our heart's content and now we owned ourselves, with liberty in full and a pocketful of greenbacks.

There are many enticements here to rid a poor soldier of his hard earnings, besides the Jews, who wanted to sell us some "clodinks" and other wares ; but we escaped from them all and sought out a respectable eating-house, where we had beefsteak, coffee, etc. ; but we had to pay for it ninety-five cents a plate : then resorted to a barber's shop and had hair cut and shaved ; this was fifty-five cents each. As my army cap was much worn I concluded it would not look decent to wear home, so I bought a new one for two dollars ; after so much of a brush up I thought I should do to pass in a crowd.

After a walk about the city of an hour or so we repaired to the railroad depot, but was informed that the cars that we were to take would not leave till six o'clock, P. M. While we were waiting, President Lincoln drove up in his carriage and stopped near where we stood for some minutes. I have seen him several times on horseback, but was never so near him before ; thinking that this might be the last time I should ever see my great commander, I gazed upon him with admiration till he drove away.

I can hardly realize that I am in reality free from the army ; that I shall not again hear and have to obey the order to "turn out" or "fall in ;" that the reveille will not again rouse me from weary slumbers on the tented field, or the bugle's summons to advance on the foe cause the blood to tingle in every vein ; but I certainly can feel and know that an All-wise Providence has shielded and protected me to a marvelous degree in the long and weary years now drawing to a close.

When the Thirteenth Regiment left for home in July, they transferred 103 men to the Thirty-ninth Regiment. Fifty-six of these men were on detached duty, and forty-seven fighting men were incorporated into the ranks of the Thirty-ninth ; of this number I do not now think of but one man besides my-

self but what was either killed, wounded, or taken prisoner before I came away — and this in the brief space of sixty-seven days.

On mother's account, principally, I have forborne to say much about the horrible scenes I have participated in during the past three years; it would only have increased her anxiety in regard to my safety. Even if I had the ability to describe a battle I don't think I should attempt it. But brother Eugene is of a different turn from me in this respect; he is quite imaginative in describing some of the scenes of suffering that have fallen under his notice. As opportunities offered, Eugene has gone among the dead and wounded of the Potomac army, thinking it possible he might find me among the number. There is an instance in point that occurs to me now, for, singularly enough, he happened, while at Acquia Creek, to meet with some of the wounded men that lay on the field with me at Fredericksburg on those December nights that I have written you about. Eugene wrote to some one an account of the affair, — I don't know whom, but I have now a scrap of the letter, and as I have time enough, I will copy the part that may interest you, simply remarking that our loss in that battle was very large, and many days were required in removing our wounded to places where they could be cared for.

“During a recent trip to Acquia Creek we were forcibly reminded of the horrors of war. It was a few days after the battle of Fredericksburg, on a cold, sleety afternoon. A train of box cars came in here loaded with wounded men; they lay on some hay in the bottom of the cars. Very calm and quiet they were, an occasional groan, perhaps, being heard as a rude touch or jar caused suffering to some poor fellow beyond what he could bear in silence. There were no hospital accommodations here for them, and all the steamers had gone to Washington with the wounded; so these poor fellows had to be left on the frozen ground with a little hay under them, and nought but their blankets and the lowering dripping clouds to cover them. Cold, wet, and nearly dead, there they lay all through the December night. In the morning I found there were many whose rigid forms and

distorted faces, upturned to the still weeping skies, told the story of the work of death. This seemed to me more horrible than the battle-field even. But I suppose that it cannot be helped; there must be times, especially after great battles, when the wounded cannot be taken care of, but must be left to their fate. The nature of our business here was such that we could render them but little relief, and reluctantly I turned from these poor fellows with a heavy heart."

I am thankful Eugene did not know of my situation when he wrote the above, and that you and dear mother were not aware of my terrible sufferings for fifteen days and nights while lying on the frozen ground, and in that old barn, with the thermometer far below the freezing point. But I will not weary you any more with such details, though I cannot keep them from my own mind. . . . .

It is now near time for the cars to leave, and probably there will be no opportunity to add anything on the way, so I may as well bring my last army letter to a close. Trusting that within the next forty-eight hours I shall be gratified by taking you all by the hand,

I will subscribe myself your affectionate son,

WARREN H. FREEMAN.



LXXXI.

BERMUDA HUNDREDS, *September 22, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER, — It is a wet, dismal day, and as raw and uncomfortable as only a Virginia wet day can be. I have spent most of the time this afternoon fishing, and have caught quite a mess of cat-fish; they resemble our horned-pout very much, only they are almost white in color; they are a very nice pan-fish, and I manage to catch enough of them at odd times to keep our table pretty well supplied. While thus employed, being seated in the gang-port, waiting patiently for a bite, a couple of officers came down the wharf and took a seat on an old box on board a North River barge that lay between us and the wharf; they sat so near me

that I could not help hearing every word they said; they were roughly dressed and pretty well bespattered with mud. I judged from their conversation that they were going up to Deep Bottom to see General Butler, and that there was some dissatisfaction at head-quarters with this same Butler's movements, etc. It was not long before a tug-boat came alongside of us, and the two officers jumped on to our deck and passed through the engine-room to the deck of the tug-boat. After they were gone, the guard on the wharf informed me that the two officers were General Grant and one of his staff. I was very much surprised indeed, as I supposed that they were only a couple of under officers at best: you cannot judge a man's rank here by his clothes; the lieutenants, captains, etc., are gorgeous with gold and blue cloth, while most of the major-generals dress very plainly. This is the first time I have seen General Grant — had I been aware of his presence I should have given more attention to his conversation; however Butler and his movements were the theme of the conference, and his acts were disapproved of.

My fondness for fishing does not abate, and many of my leisure hours are whiled away in this kind of pastime.

With a remembrance to all,

EUGENE.



## LXXXII.

TRANSPORT STEAMER "MOUNT," ALEXANDRIA, VA.,  
September 24, 1864.

DEAR FATHER, — I to-day received your kind letter announcing the agreeable news of Warren's return home safe and sound. I am truly thankful, and wish I was at home to welcome him once more, after his long and honorable service in the army of the Union. But you cannot imagine how disappointed I am that I did not intercept him at City Point. We have not approached that somewhat noted locality for the last two months but that I have said to Frank, "that nothing would give me so much real pleasure as to see my brother coming down the wharf with



his discharge in his pocket." I have watched every soldier, and made many inquiries there, and it is terrible provoking to learn that he has escaped me at last; and received such shabby treatment while on his way to Washington. Had I only met with him, I reckon he would have had the best the ship could afford in the way of eating, drinking, and sleeping. And it would have been especially agreeable to have had him with me at this time, as I am alone in running the engine, Frank being at home for a few days, and I had been depending on his going two or three trips with me. The same day Warren was at City Point we arrived at nine o'clock A. M. at Fortress Monroe, with about 600 soldiers on board; and at one o'clock P. M. we left there on our return to Alexandria. The *Thomas Morgan* passed us at Smith's Point light-boat at about nine o'clock. We were within a stone's throw of each other. Little did I think my brother was so near me. She arrived at Alexandria two or three hours ahead of us. When we went into the coal dock we made fast alongside of her; she had just come down from Washington. You cannot imagine how disappointed I feel about it, but then it is just my confounded luck.

Please tell the children I will send them some chincapins; I never saw any North; they resemble a white oak acorn, but are smaller, and taste much like a chestnut; I suppose Warren has seen plenty of them; tell him to come out here and go two or three trips with me.

I thank you for copying and sending so many letters; the thoughts letters from home give rise to serve to while away many a tedious hour on night watches, and a letter is therefore doubly acceptable to me here.

We are about to take on board a company of cavalry for City Point. We only arrived to-day from Fortress Monroe; do not have much rest.

Love to mother, yourself, Warren, Susie, and Georgy, and all friends who may inquire. Hoping to hear again soon,

I remain your affectionate son,

EUGENE.

## LXXXIII.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., *October 12, 1864.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have to-day received another letter from you, for which accept my thanks; also a copy of the "Boston Journal," the first Boston paper that I have seen for a long time; it looks like home almost, that old familiar page. Nothing in the world will quicken the thoughts of a wanderer sooner than the old home paper, one that we were in the habit of seeing there daily; it is next to a letter, and yet so different.

Frances arrived here last Thursday. We left here Sunday with cattle for City Point; arrived there Monday evening; went up the Appomattox Tuesday morning and unloaded them. There was considerable firing all Monday night in the direction of the Weldon Railroad. Left there Tuesday noon, and arrived here to-day at two P. M.

So Frances has made a voyage of 600 miles, seen all the points of interest on the route, including Alexandria, forts Washington, Rucker, Powhattan, Wilson's Bluff, etc., also any number of smaller fortifications; Mount Vernon, Acquia Creek, Belle Plain (the birthplace of Washington), Point Lookout (where the rebel prisoners are), Fortress Monroe, Newport News Point, Jamestown, City Point, Bermuda Hundreds, etc.; been within six miles of Petersburg, twenty-five miles of Richmond: has seen the shells flying in the air in front of Petersburg and heard the thunder of rebel cannon; has seen a lot of rebel prisoners; saw them carrying the wounded on stretchers from hospitals on the banks of the Appomattox to the steamers: saw Harrison's Landing, with its long lines of rifle-pits, and Malvern Hill in the distance: passed the mouths of the Chickahominy, Nansemond, York, Black, Severn, Piankatank, Rappahannock, and other rivers,—all of which were of course extremely interesting to her.

We start again for City Point to-morrow. Frances was lucky enough to escape the ills of sea-sickness the last time, as it was very still; this time it may be different.

But I will close with love to all.

EUGENE.

## LXXXIV.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., *October 22, 1864.*

MY DEAR FATHER,— We arrived here from City Point this afternoon, and I was extremely gratified to receive a letter from you. We left here on Tuesday last with 100 cattle, and a schooner loaded with bread, in tow. About twelve o'clock Tuesday night, soon after we left Chesapeake Bay, it set in and blew quite heavy from the northwest. Frances was a very little sick, but not near so much as I expected she would be; there was considerable motion to the boat, but not so much as there would have been had we not had all sails set, as the wind was fair. She stayed on deck while we passed in by Fortress Monroe. There are more men-of-war, both great and small, than I have seen at Hampton Roads since the time of McClellan's retreat from Harrison's Landing. The Roads are also full of steamers and transports of the largest size; take them all together they form an immense fleet, and a grand sight it is to look at; I wish you all could have seen them. I cannot tell to a certainty their destination, but I was talking the other day with one of the head government pilots, — he is under orders to take charge of the piloting of the fleet, — and as near as he could judge, Wilmington, N. C., was their destination. This looks probable, as Wilmington is of the very greatest importance to the rebels, as about all the blockade runners find an entrance there; then Farragut being ordered here, is another argument in favor of Wilmington. I do not know what they are waiting for.

We went up as far as Windmill Point Wednesday night and anchored in the James alongside of a gunboat, as the rebels are on the lookout for all unarmed transports. They often go out in boats and destroy or capture vessels that come within their reach; there are gunboats stationed on the river every few miles, and close together in the most dangerous places. Right where we anchored was where Warren crossed last spring; I always think of it when we pass the place. We went up the Appomattox and unloaded

our cattle Thursday forenoon, and at two o'clock started on our return. Just below Wilson's Bluff we passed two monitors on their way, I suppose, to join the big fleet; they probably came down from up the river at Dutch Gap or thereabouts. Frances was most interested in them. She has seen the two largest iron-clads that we have got, the *Ironsides* and the three-turreted *Roanoke*, besides other smaller ones. There has not been a drop of rain since she has been here until last night; previously, for some weeks, scarcely a day passed without more or less, so she has been very fortunate as far as the weather is concerned. It has been quite cool here for a month back; the leaves are turning quite fast; I should judge there has been quite a frost lately from their appearance.

I forgot to say that we were unfortunate enough to lose two beeves during the blow the other night; they surged against the gangway shutters, and one of them, not being properly secured, gave way, and they fell overboard,—the first that we have lost out of all the hundreds that we have carried.

Calomel and jalap is THE needed medicine in this country; medicine that is ordinarily used at home has no effect here whatever. This is the reason why so many of our soldiers lost their lives by disease during the first of the war; the Northern physicians did not know what to do for them. I have no doubt but what a large dose of this powerful medicine saved me from a severe illness; I have been pretty well since, but for two days past my teeth have troubled me very much.

You wished to know how I managed about running alone. There are not many nights that we run all night in these rivers, as it is somewhat risky running unless it is moonlight; and when the engine is running all that is required is to oil her every hour, and the firemen can do that as well as any one. I always slept, when I did sleep, in the engine-room, and the least wrong noise or the ringing of the bell would awake me.

I hope Warren will have a good time, but should think it rather late in the year to go East: give my love to him when you write.

Sunday morning, cool and pleasant. I guess Frances will leave for Brunswick to-morrow, if I succeed in obtaining a pass to-day.

There has been considerable excitement here for some time back, owing to the audacity and boldness of Moseby's guerrillas; all of the employees of the quartermaster's and commissary department have been out on duty for some days until yesterday, when they all came in; I believe they had some slight skirmishes with the enemy.

What should we all do if it were not for our dear mother? But I fear she will go unrewarded in this world for all of her many acts of kindness: she has the consolation, however, of knowing that her reward is certain in the next.

Well, I think I have written quite as much as you will have patience to read, so I will close by sending my love to all inquiring friends, and to all of the family in particular.

Your affectionate son,

EUGENE.



### LXXXV.

STEAMER "D. H. MOUNT," ALEXANDRIA, VA.

*October 23, 1864.*

DEAR PARENTS, — I received your kind letter of the 16th inst. to-day — and do not blame Eugene for wanting to hear from home often, for I take notice a letter comes quite acceptable to myself.

We left here last Tuesday for City Point, and arrived back to-day, Saturday. I reckon our folks there are getting ready for the rebels to make them a visit, as they are building wharves, store-houses, and having so many cattle there at once — and so much hay, etc. The rebels generally wait until they can get a pretty good haul before they make an attack; but I think they will get the worst of it if they undertake the job. We could hear firing the night we lay there.

I wish I could describe City Point to you; but I will try to tell you something so you can get an idea how the place

looks. The river is not more than a mile wide there, and City Point is a high bluff that forms the lower side of the mouth of the Appomattox, and about three miles above, on the other side of the Appomattox is another bluff called Bermuda Hundreds — and we go about three miles above City Point, on the Appomattox, to unload our cattle for an army of soldiers that are there. Now imagine the thousands of tents, shanties, and immense hospitals that cover this bluff, and a large signal tower, and monster store-houses filled with ammunition, boxes of bread, pork, flour, vinegar, hay, etc., with a long store-house filled with wagon bodies, wheels, etc. There are two handsome houses that once belonged to Southern gentlemen; they are now occupied by our officers; there are also large railroad depots. In the river are all kinds and sizes of vessels; and about fifty sutler schooners lie just above, also a large number of hospital boats at the hospital dock. While we lay there I saw men carrying sick and wounded soldiers on board these boats, bound for Alexandria and Washington.

I saw at Fortress Monroe an immense fleet of men-of-war and transports, supposed to be an expedition fitting out for the capture of Wilmington; saw the frigate *Ironsides*, and many gunboats. Up the James River we saw two monitors; they are curious-shaped things, and were on their way to join the fleet. They look like a huge raft, pointed at each end, with a large turret of iron, about a foot thick and eight feet high, and in this turret are two very large guns; and there is not anything but the smoke-stack, with this turret, to be seen on deck; the pilot-house is on top of the turret; the smoke-stack can be raised or lowered at pleasure; and there are four large engines, besides six small ones — two for moving the great turret, and four for keeping up a circulation of air through the hull.

I have seen the place where the *Merrimac* was sunk, and have been over the ground where the battle was fought; the wreck of the *Cumberland* can be seen now.

I have been three trips, and want to go one more, but Eugene thinks I had better not.

The men in the fire-room are all darkies, and feel quite

indignant if they are called niggers. It is quite amusing to hear them talk; they try hard to learn, and study the Spelling-book and Testament about all the time they can get. The two firemen are quite intelligent and very good-looking.

The living on board the ship is first-rate; have meat three times a day, and two or three kinds on the table at the same time, with coffee and tea with condensed milk, pies or pudding every day.

The old steward is a good cook, but does not look very neat.

The hands took the boat one day and went after oysters; they raked up about eight bushels, besides a large mess of crabs.

I trust I may hear from you again soon.

From your affectionate daughter,

J. FRANCES FREEMAN.



## LXXXVI.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., *October 30, 1864.*

MY DEAR FATHER, — We arrived here from City Point last evening at five o'clock; left there on Wednesday last. I received your kind letter, with Warren's inclosed, just before we started; accept my sincere thanks for your continued kindness in writing so often. I think I appreciate your letters, and if I do not write quite so often as I perhaps might, I trust you will overlook it, and excuse it, on the ground of negligence and a deep seated dislike for writing. Frances started for home last Tuesday; left here by the nine A. M. boat for Washington, took the eleven A. M. train for New York from there, and arrived safely at Brunswick, N. J., at nine o'clock P. M. I think she enjoyed herself here very much; she was here three weeks lacking two days, and made three round trips to City Point and back during that time, so she rode 1800 miles on the boat and some 450 on the cars; it gave her a chance to see something of the country and a little of what war is. She went within six

miles of Petersburg and twenty miles of Richmond; has heard the combined thunders of Grant's, Butler's, and Lee's artillery, etc. We lay at City Point last Thursday night; it was a very dark and stormy night, but the terrific powers of the elements were laughed to scorn by the far greater fury of the elements of war. Such an incessant and extensive cannonade I have seldom heard, as was kept up during that night; the clouds, dark and dreary themselves, were illumined by the continued flashes of the guns, as volley after volley in unceasing succession was poured forth; it seemed as though, at times, the reports of more than a hundred heavy guns were all mingled in one.

I noticed as we came down the James River the last time, that the soldiers occupying the different posts on the river were building huts for winter-quarters. You have no idea what a comfortable house soldiers will get up; I would try and describe them, but I suppose it would be useless, as Warren can give you so much better description of these things than I can write. I was very glad to hear from him indeed.

We were obliged to blow the boiler out last night on account of a bad leak in one of the furnaces, and as we could not get it patched to-day (Sunday), we have had a day to ourselves; it has been a lovely day, clear, warm, and pleasant, and Frank and I have tramped as much as a mile, if not some considerable more. We procured passes, and immediately after breakfast started,—went out the Prince Street road, past the forts, and as far as our lines extend, some six miles. I had no idea of the magnitude of the defenses around Washington until to-day; they commence in the city, and as you go back from it every hill is crowned by a large fort, or earthworks of the most substantial and formidable description. The land is universally hilly, and this makes the forts very numerous; then these forts are surrounded by rifle-pits, curtains, abattis, etc., until it seems as though it would be impossible for an invading army to pass them. We passed the Soldier's Rest, a most beautiful spot, with beautifully laid-out grounds around it; it is a very extensive place, and is designed for the rest and



refreshment for soldiers passing to and from the front. We also spent some time in the other Soldier's Rest; it is very pleasantly situated, but O! how different the two are. There, all was life and seemingly happiness; but here, the bones of over 4,000 brave men have found their last final resting-place. It is a sad sight to look upon those long rows of silent graves, each marked with a neat white head-board with the name, age, and regiment of the poor fellow who has sunk to rest far away from home and friends. I noticed quite a number marked with that cold, dreary word, "Unknown." This to me was the saddest sight of all; some one lays beneath that bitter word whose friends are doomed to mourn for him as lost in the very cruelest sense of the word. While we were there we stood beside two newly made graves, and saw the occupants of the narrow cells placed in their final resting-place; the bodies were in neat pine coffins, stained but not varnished, and were accompanied by a file of soldiers with arms reversed, and a drum and fife. I could but feel sincerely grateful to Him who orders all things, that our dear Warren had been returned in safety, and that we were spared the anguish that the friends of these poor soldiers must feel, when the fatal tale of sickness, death, and burial in a strange land reaches them. There were more than a dozen graves lately dug, all ready to be filled; I believe they bury eight or ten a day. The graves are very close together, — not more than two feet apart, — and being all of a length and size, and the head-boards all exactly the same, they present a very sad comment on the terrible loss of human life during war-times. Not a tree to relieve the monotony, no flowers and but little grass, and the sun shining brightly on the white head-boards, render the sight disagreeable indeed.

We also visited the immense hospitals, situated a mile or so back from Alexandria; also took a look at Fairfax Seminary and Court House. On our return we passed, in the back part of the city, a large brick building, on the front of which, in large letters, was painted the sign, "*Price & Birche, Dealers in Slaves.*" The building is now used for some military purpose, but there the sign remains as in days

gone by. I learned, on inquiry, that they were the largest dealers in this county (Fairfax). Back of this building is a large yard, in which may be seen the rings and chains that the slaves were fastened to.

All of the streets in Alexandria are stockaded, and all the important military buildings, work-shops, etc., are entirely surrounded by a stockade, and block-houses in each corner; this stockade is formed by driving timbers and logs into the ground close together, and bolting them to cross timber; it is about fifteen feet high and loop-holes are cut for musketry. Take it all in all, it forms a most formidable barrier to an invading party.

After dinner we started out again, and soon came across the Massachusetts Forty-second Regiment marching up Columbia Street with a fine band of music, so we kept along with them; they went out back of the city, in a large open field, and went through with quite a lengthy dress parade, etc. We watched them for over two hours. The band played finely; but I thought the men did not appear much like old soldiers, although they presented a very fine appearance, and their officers looked as though they had just come out of a band-box. I believe their time is out, and they are going home soon. Near by are the immense cattle corrals where the government cattle are kept. There are two main corrals of about eight acres each, surrounded by high fences, and with long covered sheds running the whole length of the lots; in the middle of the sheds are two troughs, and between the two a high rack for hay; the troughs are for water; overhead the hay is kept. There are smaller sheds for confiscated cattle, such as cows, bulls, etc. We saw some very fine blooded stock; also three buffaloes, genuine American bisons, though perfectly tame; they were curious-looking creatures. One of the large corrals was formerly some kind of a seminary or college, I should judge. There are two large brick buildings, surrounded by what was once a beautiful grove of large trees; but now the buildings are occupied by the herdsmen, and the trees are all killed by the cattle tearing off the bark. After walking round and visiting many other places of interest, we returned back to the

boat tired and footsore, but much pleased with what we had seen. I suppose mother might say that I had better gone to church, but I will remind her that this is the very first and only day that I have seen since I left home last spring, that I could leave the boat to go away — excepting the time that I was at home last summer; and I may not see another one for a long time, and the temptation was too strong to be resisted.

Well, I will close with much love to all.

Yours, etc.

EUGENE.

### LXXXVII.

AT ANCHOR IN THE JAMES RIVER, VA., *December 15, 1864.*

DEAR FATHER, — I received your kind letter last evening, together with one from Frances; I was right glad to hear from you, as it has been some time since I have heard from home. We left New York last Thursday morning at daylight; had a fine run down the coast until we came to the Delaware capes; from there we encountered a severe gale from the northward and eastward, but as long as it was after us, we made good time, although it kicked up a rousing sea; arrived at Fortress Monroe Friday afternoon at two o'clock; went into the ordnance wharf in the night and unloaded 4,000 casks of powder, and the next morning several hundred bales of seamless bags, for building sand batteries. They were in a great hurry for our freight, as part of the big expedition had sailed and the rest waiting for these things. There were seventeen large steamers at the dock taking in troops when we got there.

Saturday afternoon we got under way, and arrived in Washington Sunday noon. I was surprised to find the ground covered with snow, after we got half-way up the Potomac. Sunday night, also Monday and Monday night, were bitter cold, and the river froze more than half-way across some inch and a half thick.

Monday morning we went up to the foot of G Street (the dividing line between Washington and Georgetown), but did

not commence to unload until Tuesday morning, as we had to wait our turn; they commenced Tuesday morning with two gangs, one unloading into a big barge, the other on the wharf; finished at two o'clock Wednesday morning. We landed there over 4,000 boxes of shell, 200 barrels of sugar, nearly 1,000 boxes of candles, 500 boxes of soap, 100t pierces bacon, 200 barrels of vinegar, 300 cases of shelter tents — seventy-five in each, and several hundred bales of blankets, sheets, pillow-cases, bandages, lint, etc., with a number of chests of instruments for the hospitals, and a lot of drugs and medicines; so you see we did not come away from New York *quite empty*: then we carry over 100 tons of coal in the bottom of the hold all the time for ballast, and we had sixty tons in the bunkers, and she was not full then. I was in hopes we should be ordered right back to New York, but so many transports have gone on the expedition that they were short of boats at Washington; so just as soon as we had coaled up they commenced putting in a freight for City Point: got in all they could before nine o'clock last night, and then started us off in a hurry, and we should have been at City Point to-night at eleven o'clock if it had not set in thick after sunset; so we anchored at six o'clock, and it is now eight. We lay within a short distance of the pirate *Florida*; her masts above the lower mast-heads are out of water; I judge the water to be about twelve fathoms deep where she lay. She was undoubtedly sunk on purpose.

You say you should think that we should want to lie by such dark and stormy nights. Darkness makes no difference except on the rivers: at sea the compass and lead-line are our guide. We would like to lie by stormy days and nights too; but if you go to sea when it is fair and pleasant, that is no guaranty that it will remain so until the completion of your voyage, and you cannot always make harbor, but must stay and take it as it comes, and remember that there is One who watcheth over all. I was much disappointed in not reaching New York one day sooner, so that I could have spent Thanksgiving Day with you, but I suppose it was all for the best or else it would not have been so. I thought of you all many, many times on that day.

Some of the crew have taken the boat and gone after oysters ; some of the finest ones in the country cover the bottom of the river all along here ; we have had many bushels of them ; I wish I could get some of them home to you.

*Saturday noon.* — We arrived at City Point yesterday noon, but have not commenced to unload yet ; we shall probably leave here for Washington to-night or to-morrow morning, although there is no telling anything about it. There is not near as much shipping here now as in the summer ; there are a number of immense store-houses, hospitals, and other buildings in process of erection and some completed. I have not heard any particular news from the front, but all last night the noise of the big guns sounded very near, and as I write the boom, boom of cannon drowns all other noises. While we lay at anchor the other night, and soon after I had finished writing, the rebels came down on the bank of the river and fired into a transport about half a mile from where we lay ; such a blowing of whistles you never heard, as there were eight or ten of us anchored within the space of a mile square. In a short time one gunboat made its appearance, then another, and soon another, and they certainly made the shells fly into the woods for a while, and the Johnnies skedaddled in a hurry. They burnt the *Lizzie Freeman* in the same place only a short time since. I expect, after the army goes into winter-quarters, they will infest the banks of this river and make it rather dangerous for the boats that are obliged to pass up and down. But I suppose they will do as they used to do in the Rappahannock last spring, *i. e.* convoy us with gunboats. I noticed that all the big fleet had gone when we got back to Hampton Roads ; only left two gunboats there and the iron-clad *Atlanta*. It looks deserted there after seeing such an immense fleet of men-of-war, iron-elads, and transports for so long a time. Well, I must close with love to all.

Your affectionate son,

EUGENE.

## LXXXVIII.

ON THE MATTAPONY RIVER, VA., *March 16, 1865.*

DEAR FATHER, — We left the White House this morning; were ordered here to take on board Sheridan's prisoners and wounded. We arrived here under convoy of a gunboat, after much trouble in getting up the river. The water being very shoal, and not knowing the channel, we found ourselves in rather uncomfortable proximity to the bottom of the river several times; but after much backing and filling, we finally reached our destination about the middle of the afternoon. Took on board a lot of rebel prisoners, and a large number of wounded men. As soon as Sheridan arrived he came on board our ship and personally looked after his men; had everything made as comfortable as possible for them, and with kind words wished them a speedy recovery. He is very active and smart, although he does not look it; he will have a great record, if his life is spared to the end of the war, which I think is fast approaching. He goes now to join Grant in his, I hope, final attempt to crush the rebellion. I believe Lee to be about used up; and the fall of Richmond, and with it the end of the war, to be close at hand.

EUGENE HARRISON FREEMAN.

To all whom it may Concern :

Know ye, That WARREN H. FREEMAN, a Sergeant of Captain George S. Nelson's Company (A), 39th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, who was enrolled on the first day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty one, to serve three years or during the war, is hereby **Discharged** from the service of the United States, this thirteenth day of September, 1864, in the field, by reason of no vacancies existing in the regiment to which he was assigned. He is discharged in accordance with G. O. No. 86, par. 5, series of 1863, War Dep't. (No objection to his being reënlisted is known to exist.)

Said WARREN H. FREEMAN was born in Boston, in the State of Massachusetts; is 20 years of age, 5 feet 10½ inches high, light complexion, blue eyes, brown hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a clerk.

Given at camp in the field, this thirteenth day of September, 1864.

R. MONTEITH,

*Captain and A. C. M.*

[A. G. O. No. 99.]

GEORGE S. NELSON,

*Captain commanding Regiment.*





Commonwealth of Massachusetts.



TO

WARREN HAPGOOD FREEMAN,

Sergeant Company A, Thirteenth Regiment of Infantry,

AND

Sergeant Company A, Thirty-ninth Regiment of Infantry.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, honoring the faithful services of her Sons who formed a part of the land and sea forces of the United States employed in suppressing Rebellion and maintaining the integrity of the Nation, has by a Resolve of the General Court of 1869, directed the undersigned to present you this Testimonial of the people's gratitude for your patriotism.

Given at Boston, this nineteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

By the Governor.

WILLIAM CLAFLIN, *Governor.*

JAS. A. CUNNINGHAM, *Adjutant-General.*









