

New York, June 6th, 1860.

I received your last letter just after I had despatched mine and was very glad to get it. I went to Bristol on Saturday and left yesterday (Tuesday) in the 12 M. train. I had a very pleasant trip as I went over via Amboy in thru Stockton. I made the acquaintance of a Philadelphia merchant, Mr. W. C. Ellison a very gentlemanly old man - knew Uncle David and John A. and a number of other acquaintances of mine, as he used to visit a relative named Barker at Neshaminy.

I found Arthur down with a fever but he was better before I left. Mary and the rest are very well. Morris expects to be admitted this week I think. Uncle J. is looking better than usual. I went to see Mr. Perkins. Mary is at home and does not look well. They all inquired very affectionately after you. I rowed up to Mr. Landreth's on Monday - dined there and took Miss Barnet boating making altogether a six mile row. They are tearing down the rear wing of their house and are going to rebuild it handsomely. Mr. and Mrs. L. seemed glad to see me. I had some of their strawberries. Without exaggeration some of them are as large as "Morris Whites" and delicious. Leo and Johnny go riding constantly. Johnny has a new pony and he is very proud of it.

Mrs. Myers at last accounts was some worse. They have not commenced on the house yet as they are waiting for Mr. Pierson's plans. It is a very pretty place. A new railroad is about to be built to Newtown and will strike the P. & T. RR. at the sand pits - opposite Schaffer's Lane on Uncle J's ground. Sam Wharton is to be the engineer to build it. The route was surveyed last week - it will be a great benefit to the interior of Bucks County.

I met Mr. Dupuy at the Burlington Station. He was going to Philadelphia on the train I got out of. I talked to him a little, he had been to see a friend's family in Burlington and would call on Mary soon. He also inquired after you. Prof. Mahan of the Theological Seminary went to Burlington in the same train - the Bishop was at the cars to meet him. He smoked all the way on the Stockton. We went outside thru the Narrows, a delightful trip. Morris says DeWitt has given up his profession altogether and he don't know what has become of him. Elizabeth and I went to B. yesterday afternoon at four o'clock so I did not see them before they left. Morris came as far as Princeton with me expecting to meet them on the morning line.

I only sleep in the store occasionally when Fowler wants to go out and I get my meals at home with Mrs. M. I like boarding there much better than I expected to. They are very kind tho it is rather lonely there. Give my love to all at Oakland. Uncle J. was much interested in the map and said he would come up there this summer. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Scott and Oliver and Harriet and the trip did me good. Write to me soon and tell me how you are. I am so sorry that you had two more chills. If you think that the climate is at all chilly, come down and go to Long Island where you always pick up so fast.

I expect a letter tomorrow at farthest.

New York, Sept. 14th, 1860.

I received your letter on Wednesday and was so busy that I could not read it till evening, having so many people's work to attend to. I am employed from early morning till about 12 o'clock every night. Your pin is all safe. Mrs. Morris found it in her room, tho how it came there is beyond my knowledge - so you can be consoled by knowing that it did not share the fate of your \$10.

I have seen Abraham but once since Sunday. They are all well and the house seems much pleasanter when full than it did three weeks ago. I wish you could come on here to stay. Perhaps we can manage it yet, but it takes a good deal of provender just now to keep the machine running. Write to me soon and I will answer your letter as soon as I can. This rush cannot last much longer and then we shall be comparatively dull again. I saw Geo. Dunning only for a moment. He is looking well, it was very thoughtful in him to come and see me before going to Germantown. Eliza hears from Bristol but as it is not my custom to ask many questions, I don't know any of the news and Eliza is not very communicative. Josie has commenced going to Spingler but how long she will keep it up, can't be said. If I had the ticket I would knock off work early on Saturday and go to Bristol to shoot reed bird but I have had no time to write to you to send it before. I do not recollect Mrs. Seldener at all, but can recall the Dr. distinctly

Mr. Cushing has arrived and wants me to settle an account with a customer so I must close this.

New York, Sept. 18, 1860.

At last I have a little leisure to write to you. As usual about this time there is a lull in trade and we have time to get a decent night's rest. On Sunday I went to Meth. Church in the morning and in the evening to the Memorial which let out in time for me to walk home with Eliza and J. I have a good breakfast now before leaving home which is a necessary arrangement as I have seldom been able to dine before five o'clock in the afternoon for two weeks past. Cushing went to Providence on Saturday and will return tomorrow. He has been sick for a day or two and began to get scared about himself.

Dick is as usual. He talks nothing but Douglas now-a-days. I suppose because Papa Bronson is one of the big men of the party. It seemed dull on Saturday without you up at the house, more so since E. & J. have returned than before I was alone. Rachel was in the other day and inquired very affectionately after you. She is to be in town for some time. Write to me as soon as you receive it if it reaches you in time for you to write so that I can get the ticket by Saturday, send it to me. I may be in Bristol on Saturday but it is very probable I shall be absent. Write me to Aunt M. and the rest. Are Emily and Mary going to winter. James, our Tennessee salesman, knows the Dunnings and likes them very much. He says there is fine society there. I am glad for me to be able to drive my pen over the paper without stopping to think of it. I like to write as well or not after writing steadily all day on the books.

On, torchlight, Wide Awake parade the other night. It was four thousand in uniform and every man with a torch. With fire. There was a Union Meeting at the Cooper Institute I attended but the general impression here seems to be that James makes place, Lincoln will be elected. I hope so.

So write so I will close now and it is time to shut up

Newport News, June 6th, 1861.

We have just arrived after a quick and pleasant passage from N.Y. We had a glimpse of the Sewells Pt. Battery, passing it within gunshot, but were not favored with any notice. All our men are in good spirits and eager to meet the enemy and have borne all the discomforts of the trip with great cheerfulness. We lay a day and two nights in N.Y. harbor before starting. Direct - Care Col. R. C. Hawkins, 9th Regt. N.Y.V. with my rank of course prefixed - Lieut. The man that will take charge of this is now going to good-bye.

I will write as soon as I can after going ashore.

Camp Butler, Va.

Monday morning, June 10, 1861.

At last we are in camp on southern soil at Newport News, about 10 miles from Ft. Monroe. One Vermont, one Massachusetts and two N.Y. regiments are here besides ourselves. They have thrown up a strong breastwork around their camp, while we are encamped on the outside. On landing here on Saturday, the men went to work with a will and in about three hours we had the camp laid out, the tents pitched and our stores brought up from the steamer. We slept quietly that night and Sunday we sent out scouting parties, one of which had a brush with the enemy. I took a squad out about six miles from camp but we met with no troops. The farm houses are all deserted, everything moved except generally a few negroes. We moved the camp to a less exposed position in the afternoon, on the bank of the river, and last night our pickets were attacked and the regiment was under arms twice during the night.

An expedition of 2,000 men and a battery of flying artillery left the camp last night and took the road to Yorktown. We expect to hear from them today as the secessionists are in force there. There is a battery of four Columbians on a bluff in the camp about fifty rods from where I write and the Harriet Lane is at anchor at the dock so that we are secure from any attack from that side. There are two rebel batteries in sight on the other side of the river about 5 or 7 miles off, too far to trouble us any. The Captain, 1st. Lieut. and myself have a tent to ourselves and we get along very well; considering that this is our first experience in camp life, the men fall into the duties very quickly. We astonished the Vermonters by the rapidity with which our tents went up and the style of bringing up the stores from the ship. The men drew up the carts at a double quick step and a cheer over the rough places. They say they were here a week before being as comfortable as we were in one day.

Give my love to Aunt S. and all the family. I think of them often and sometimes wish that I could exchange this hot Virginia sun for the cool breezes of Seneca Lake. Write to me immediately and address, care Col. R. L. Hawkins, 9th Regt. N.Y.V. Camp Butler, Va. We had a delightful trip down on the Marion. I was not at all seasick, the only difference perceptible was the enormous increase in my appetite which could be easily assuaged for the living was very good on board. My heavy flannel shirts are very comfortable as except on parade I seldom wear a coat. Our regiment has met with universal commendation both in the city and in camp. You have probably seen the Tribune account of our departure. I saw Mrs. Morris on 5th Avenue and also the Misses D. They were just opposite where we were halted to receive the colors and I had a pleasant chat. Geo. Swain walked down some distance with me and the whole force of the store was drawn up in line to cheer me. Mrs. Hez. King was down too. Do let me hear from you and send me your photograph. If you send it to George Swain, he will forward it.

Our boys captured a small darkey in the woods yesterday and presented him to the officers as a servant and we find him very useful. We christened him "Rikers Island" in opposition to another Co. who called theirs "Hoboken".

I hear cannon shot off north and think it comes from the party who went out last night and the Lieut. Colonel has just ordered us to hold ourselves in readiness to turn out at a moment's notice so I will close this, but will write again.

Camp Butler, Newport News, Va.
June 15th, 1861.

I have waited anxiously to hear from you but have not yet received a line although others are receiving letters every day. We are still in camp here and have very little to break the monotony of the life. Our scouting parties go out every day and bring in things left in the deserted houses that add very materially to our comfort, in the shape of chairs, desks, books and other luxuries, not to mention the geese, chickens, swine, etc.

You probably read the account of the fight at Bethel. It was much exaggerated in the papers, all except the retreat of our troops, which was shameful. Our regiment was not engaged but on hearing the firing we went out and arrived in time to act as a rear guard. Had it not been for this, 50 cavalry could have cut all the Steuben regiment to pieces. They were straggling along the road by twos and threes and our companies had to drive them home, like a flock of sheep. Our greatest loss was Lieut. Greble. On going into the fight, when he saw the plan of attack or rather, the want of plan, he said that his life was sacrificed. Our men are becoming accustomed to the work and they live like old campaigners. It is now about half an hour after sunrise and the camp fires are all going and the boys at work cooking breakfast. They live well too, besides the government rations of salt beef and pork, coffee, flour, sugar, etc. they catch quantities of fish, crabs and oysters to make out a meal and if they have anything extra nice they send a dish in to their officers. The health of the camp is very good, having no sick on hand, except slight cases that do not amount to anything.

The secessionists about here are very quiet. Our parties scour the country so thoroughly that they have not come near our pickets for two nights. Col. Phelps of the Vt. Regt. is Commander of the post and he entertains a high opinion of us. He says our sentries are so watchful and sharp that a mosquito could not come near the camp without giving them the alarm. Our men do not look like the well appointed troops who marched down Broadway a little more than a week ago. The uniform here consists of the Havelock or a wide brimmed straw hat, a grey shirt and a pair of pantaloons. The full uniform is reserved for parades and special occasions. My heavy grey flannel shirts are exactly what is needed and suit me very well if there was only another one of them, for washing is very hard to get done in this country. Although I like this rough kind of life very well, much better than anything I have tried yet, still I would give a good deal to spend an hour or two in New York once in a while. From 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. the sun is so hot that we can do but little besides lying in the shade and reading. Even that soon becomes very much like work, and then I begin to think how pleasant it would be to see some friends again.

Give my love to all the family at Oaklands and tell H. that I was very sorry that I did not see him the last time he was in the city and tell me what regiment the Geneva Company is in. Perhaps they might come down this way and it would be pleasant to meet some of my acquaintances. How did you find Uncle James. Has he recovered the use of his limbs sufficiently to get out of the house? How he would like this country, splendid land without a stone in a field. In fact the boys say the hardest things they can find are the crackers that they are fed with.

And the climate is so warm and pleasant. Our camp was pitched in a wheat field that was almost ready for the cradle but it was soon tramped flat by some 800 feet traveling thru it in all directions. It seemed a sin to spoil so much grain but there are hundreds of acres of grain on the deserted farms that will probably rot for the want of someone to cut it.

I thank Aunt. S. very much for her invitation to make that my home in case of wounds or sickness but hope that I will not be obliged to accept it on that account. Tell Susan that we pick up all sorts of correspondence in the farm houses and some love letters, one of which was a very rich one, If I can get it from the man who has it, I will send it to her for a sample of the southern style.

Our tent has an arbor in front made of pine boughs where we sit in the heat of the day and eat, thereby keeping the flies and dirt out of the tent. I hear a report that there is to be an attack on the Sewells Pt. Battery today. In that case we will have a good view of it from the beach as the attack will be by water and the whole place is in plain sight. I intend writing to Uncle John tomorrow to let them know how we are situated here. Do let me hear from you immediately. It makes me feel badly to have comrades receiving letters and mine do not come. If you hear anything from N.Y. about any of our friends, write to me for I have no means of hearing from them. I wish that my old linen coat had been in my valise for we don't pretend to dress in uniform and that would be very comfortable. Please ~~put~~ put some stamps in your next for there are none to be had in camp.

This is a long letter for me and I have no more to write so adieu.

Camp Butler, Newport New
June 22nd, 1861. 6 A

I received your precious letter yesterday but my duties as officer of the guard prevented me from writing before. I have been up all night and most of the time on foot, looking after my sentries, so that I don't feel much like writing but must do it so that you will get this by Monday. We have had no excitement since Sunday when I was out on a scouting party that did not accomplish anything. We received word from Ft. Monroe the day before yesterday that we were to be attacked that night and we slept ready for it, but awoke in the morning at reveille without having been disturbed. We heard heavy guns fired in the direction of Sewells Pt. last evening. I hope they have shelled out that hornet's nest.

We are patiently waiting for a fight of some sort and it is the general opinion that we will be gratified soon. Our camp life is very dull and as I have little reading, my time hangs heavy sometimes as we do nothing between 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. except dine on account of the heat. I get a real Virginia hoe cake sometimes from the darkies when I am out foraging. The women mix and bake me one very readily and they form a pleasant variety when accompanied by a glass of milk.

Write to me soon. I look so anxiously for letters. Give my love to all the family. Geo. Swain has indeed been a brother to me. I will write again when domiciled in my own tent instead of the guard tent.

Camp Butler, Newport News, Va.
Sunday, June 23rd, 1861.

I wrote you a few lines yesterday intending to write more fully today but different things have occurred to prevent me and it is now after "tattoo" that I commence. This has been the first quiet Sunday we have had here, the first was occupied in moving our camp, and the second I was out on a scouting party almost all day. We had an inspection parade this morning and afterwards marched to a farm house near the camp and attended divine service. The Chaplain stood on the porch and the Companies were drawn up under the trees with arms stacked and the men seated on their knapsacks. It was rather picturesque and I have often regretted my inability to sketch similar scenes. The James River was in full sight, the house being only a few rods from the edge of the bluff, and the secessionists on the other side could have seen us plainly with glasses. After service I strolled down the river for a mile and lounged about till supper and retreat parade at sundown, then a swim in the salt water and my faculties are clear for writing a letter to you.

I was out in command of a foraging party last week and we brought in some cattle. One fat ox was running with the herd and had been fired at twice without success with muskets, when I put a ball from my revolver into his head just above the eye. That dropped him in his tracks and we had him butchered and ready to put on our cart in 20 minutes. It was a crack shot and astonished the boys who had not seen me shoot before.

Our movements are very uncertain. From one source we hear that our baggage wagons have arrived at Ft. Monroe and from another that we are to make this camp our quarters for the next four months. If any advance is made on Richmond or Yorktown, we shall probably be there in the front, but the old heads in power keep all their plans quiet till they are ready to act and then all we have to do is to obey orders.

Yours is the second letter that has come inquiring whether I am the Lieut. Morris mentioned in General Butler's despatch and again am I compelled to answer that it was some other man. My company was detailed to cover the retreat but we had no howitzers and the order did not come from General Butler. The New York Express has had some capital letters from our camp in it, their correspondent lived with us and seemed to prefer our quarters to those of any other regiment in camp.

Geo. Swain has written to me once. He told me he had sent the picture to you but said it was not a very good one. What do they think of it at Oaklands? We shall probably be obliged to adopt the U.S. uniform for the officers when this wears out or perhaps before. It is not as comfortable as this but is very good. Our pay has not yet arrived except for the 11 days that we were in the State Service before being transferred to Uncle Sam. When he will "Come Down" we don't know, but are in hopes it will be soon. There is now a steamboat running daily between here and Ft. Monroe that secures to us a mail every day. I hope soon to be able to make a trip down on her and will tell you how they manage things in that now celebrated fort, upon which our foothold in this part of Va. depends in a great measure.

I often think of Oaklands and would give a considerable sum to be there for a little while. We get so lazy doing nothing all day that when we go back north, if we ever do go, the government will have to provide for us to keep us from the poorhouse. Give my love to all the family and say that they

may look for me as soon after the war is over as the cars will carry me to them for it is the only place that seems at all like home to me now. Morris wanted the position of Major in a Pennsylvania Regiment. If he gets it, I pity the regiment for he knows nothing of military matters and that is not the position in which he can learn fast. He had better be content with a position like mine. I am expecting a letter from Bristol daily. I wrote to Uncle J. but some of the rest will answer it of course. Don't neglect to send me your photograph as soon as you can. You can mail it easily but be sure to put the full address on all your letters for there is a 9th N.Y. Militia Regiment at Washington and I have no doubt they get some of our letters as we do their's, although directed to Washington. Write to me soon - you don't know how precious letters from home are.

Camp Butler, Newport News, Va.
June 27th, 1860.

I received your letter and Susan's on Tuesday but as I had written only the day before, I postponed answering until today in hopes that there would be something for me to write about, but nothing very special has turned up except that last night after tattoo, Col. Betts sent for me and on arriving at his tent he informed me that I was appointed Commander of our artillery corps consisting of 32 men and 2 field pieces, the same ones that Lieut. Greble worked at Bethel. It is a post of honor and although it does not change my rank at present, yet if we form a permanent howitzer corps, I shall probably be promoted to a higher position. My men are picked and if we see fight will stand by their guns.

Our camp life goes on as usual, very quietly and dull. Company B. have a fine piano that they borrowed in the country and as we have no lack of good players, its keys are often in use. I heard from Eliza the other day - she wrote me a long letter, but little news. Geo. Swain also writes. I expect a letter from him today. The package from Mrs. Morris containing a blue shirt and linen coat has just arrived. They came in very good time and she has made me a good shirt. Tell Susan I will write to her soon. My duties ~~xxx~~ as Captain of artillery consume more of my time than our regular drill did. There is nothing of interest going on and it is difficult for me to write even a short letter.

They are mounting a rifled cannon at our battery and expect to be able to throw shell over to Pigs Pt. and stir up the next of secessionists there. It is mail time and I will send this now and write again by Sunday. Write to me soon, it does me so much good to receive your letters. Do send me the photograph in your next. I will risk the looks of it. Give my love to Aunt S. and to all the family. How do they get along with the farm? Is there any show for paying for it? Love to all and excuse this short letter.

Camp Butler, Newport News, Va.
Monday, July 1st. 1861.

Pardon me for not writing according to my promise on Sunday but it was a busy day here. Four inspections occupied the day and gave us little leisure time. We captured four of the New Orleans Zouaves, the crack regiment of the C.S.A. They did not appear to be anything extraordinary and if they are a fair sample I think we can whip them. They reported 2,600 more within six miles but Col. Phelps would not let Col. Betts take our men out, much to the disgust of officers and men. The Col. does not give the New Yorkers a fair show, the Vermonters have all the fun there is to be had. My artillery corps progress admirably and if can get a battery of howitzers, your son will be somebody. Our rifled cannon is mounted and yesterday they pitched some shell across the river but only thru just enough to try the range. It commands three of the rebel batteries and I think tomorrow we may rout some of them from their nests.

I was very glad to receive your letter, the mail here is so irregular and our letters often miscarry. Several are due me and they have probably gone to some other regiment, perhaps the 9th N.Y.S.M. I envy you the cool air and baths of Clifton. It would be pleasant to have them here sometimes when we feel like melting. But we have the most gorgeous sunsets I ever beheld. The sun sets apparently in the river and it is almost as magnificent as a sunset at sea. Dr. Humphreys is a Philadelphia and knows the McClellans - Ely and some of the others and several more of my acquaintances. He is a pleasant man and I think a good physician. I see by the papers that Col. Montgomery's Regt has gone to Washington. I hope they come here, it would be pleasant for me.

The gunboat Mt. Vernon threw a shell or two into a body of cavalry about $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 miles above camp, just beyond our picket, and scattered them. They probably intended to make a dash in on us but missed it this time. It was only an hour or two ago. Our men need a fight to make them look on war in its serious aspect. They have fallen into camp life so naturally that it seems like play to them - they have an easier time than most of them have been accustomed to and get lazy and dull from nothing to do. Our living is a little improved too since the arrival of a store ship at the dock. We have butter, spices, pickles, lemons, oranges, etc. that we could not get before and which add much to our comfort. If we stay here till next fall, as some appear to think, we will be able to try some of the Virginia sweet potatoes for they have almost miles of them planted all around the neighborhood - but I scarcely think the enemy will leave us in peace that long.

Write to me soon, your letters are anxiously looked for and I was quite disappointed at not receiving your picture in the last. Try and send it next time. Remember me to Aunt S. and all the family. I hope to see them all again and that Mr. H. will be able to walk when I return. Eliza's letter was characteristic - full of her love for the brave soldiers who went out to fight for their country etc. and in contrast was Josie's remark that she thought me very foolish to go where my life was in danger. Eliza followed the remark with a wish that J. had more patriotism. Morris is yet waiting for a commission. If he wants to go, why don't he go and get on. The Mass. regiment is to leave soon, their three months being up, and a N.Y. regt is to take their place. In that case we hope to have a N.Y. Brigadier Gen'l and then we will have some show for a front seat in a battle or scout. We had a piano in camp but in accordance with an order from Gen'l Butler to report all property found in the country, it was deemed advisable to return it, much against the wishes of some of our good players. We are obliged to fall back on violins and small instruments. You must not expect many long letters as we live very dull life here and have but little to write about. Do write soon.

Camp Butler, Newport News, Va.
July 5th, 1861.

I did not much expect last year to spend the "Glorious Fourth" on the sacred soil of Virginia, especially in the character of a soldier and an invader, but all things considered, we managed to pass the day very pleasantly. We heard the salute fired at Ft. Monroe at daybreak and after a morning drill, in which I did not participate, thinking that it was a desecration, of the day, we fished, visited and loafed till 12 M. when we had a dress parade and a national salute fired from our Columbians. This closed the exercises for the day and each one made himself as comfortable as possible. We have a fine band in camp now. The Mass men have left, their three months' time having expired, and Col. Allen's Regt from N.Y. has taken their place. The men are a hard set but we have little to do with them. The Senior Captain was a member of our old corps and seemed glad to renew the acquaintance. I think that the N.Y.Z's have furnished more officers than any corps of the same size in the country - shows the kind of stuff we were made of.

We were slightly in hopes of an attack last night as the enemy would suppose our men too much overcome by the 4th to repel an attack. They would have found their mistake, however, for I did not see a man drunk in the whole camp. Hal Linton wrote me a very kind and friendly letter the other day and I shall have to answer it soon. My artillery corps is progressing finely, the men like the drill and as soon as our own guns come they will be ready to go out with them under my command, when I hope to have them do good service.

Saturday:- I was interrupted yesterday by a summons to go out with my company on a march to cut off a corps of the enemy who were about ten miles out. Company F. went out last Thursday night on a scout and about 5 o'clock yesterday morning met a body of the enemy in ambush. They fought very briskly for a few minutes and our boys succeeded in killing two of their officers and some men, when a body of cavalry came down the road and as our force was only 25 men, it was considered advisable to withdraw. None of our troops were killed. Immediately on their return to camp with the news, Col. Betts set out with five companies of ours and three of the Vermont Regt for the scene of action and appointed me to command the advance guard. We marched some 12 miles out without meeting the enemy. They had evidently retired in haste from the number of blankets and other things we picked up on the road. We came at last to cavalry picket and my boys drove them in and afterward with ten men I remained an hour in sight and almost within shot of about 40 of the enemy and the battalion had gone another way, leaving me unsupported, but they were too something to attack us.

While we were out Secretary Cameron was in camp. We heard the guns fired for the salute. The gunboat Mt. Vernon cooperated with us and shelled a house and the woods where the enemy were. My advanced guard was at one time within 300 yds of where the shells were bursting. It makes one feel a little queer to hear them whizzing like a railroad train over your head. I visited a house inside their picket with two men and found it had been used for a hospital for the wounded of the morning, but they had left before our arrival Sunday morning.

I had hoped to get this letter despatched before this but was called off again yesterday to take out a foraging party from my company and on my return was too tired to write. It rained in torrents last night but our tent is as dry as can be. It is floored and carpeted and the ground on which it stands is elevated a foot above the surrounding soil to shed the water which runs into a ditch dug around the tent for that purpose. Your letter dated the 2nd. came yesterday and although I was disappointed at not seeing your photograph inside, I shall certainly

look for it in your next. You do not say how you are enjoying yourself at Oaklands or whether you are happy there. Hal Linton said they all wanted to see you at Bristol. Eliza was the only one who had the decency to answer my letter and as I have written to her since, she will probably be my only correspondent out of the family. The Bristol people do not like to write letters from Uncle Joe down.

We seem as yet to be fixed here and have no idea as to when we will move. The rumors that any compromise will be made are generally hooted at and of course the desire in camp is to fight it out. Congress will probably do something either to prosecute the war with more vigor or to make some peace arrangement. One of our men was shot accidentally by a musket in the hands of a comrade. The bullet struck him in the left side and the wound is not considered very dangerous. It is the second accident of the kind we have had and considering the carelessness of the men it is strange that we have had no more. Give my love to all the family and write me soon.

P.S. Would my letters reach you any sooner by sending them to Geneva?

Newport News, Va.
July 9th, 1861.

Your welcome letter containing the photograph arrived on Monday and though I wrote on Sunday, I must do so again to tell you how glad I was to receive it. The picture is a very good likeness and the more I look at it, the more it looks like you.

The party that had the skirmish last week are reported to have shot Col. Magruder, one of the best officers in the secession army. We know that some officers fell and the negroes all say today that it was him. I thought yesterday that we would not see tonight without a battle. All the men-of-war had steam up and were busy loading with shell and all appeared to foreshadow a speedy and extensive move in some quarter, but where, I know not. My artillery corps is now the best in camp and with proper care I do not despair of having guns soon for ourselves. The Lieut. Col. is in favor of it and so are most of the officers, if not all.

You must excuse this scrawl - it is after 9 p'clock and I am some tired for the mercury was about 109 in the shade, at least it was yesterday and I think that today has been equally hot. We have a cooling swim in the James in the evening that does much to recruit our energies. The gunboat Daylight threw some shell into a battery on the other side today. It is becoming a frequent occurrence now and at the sound of heavy guns we all go to the bank of the river to watch the performance. Company A. returned after 24 hrs absence this afternoon. They had a narrow escape from being cut to pieces but came home without having a man killed.

I think of you often and would like to be at Rose Hill a little while, though I think on the whole that this life suits me as well as any other and certainly is much better than the rag trade. The night is dark and cloudy and I think it will rain before morning. These Virginia rains generally come down hard when they do come - we have had experience of several. On my next campaign, if I live to make one, I shall know what things are necessary to take with me and will be able to fit out at less expense much more completely than I did this time. Write me soon, the letters take six days to come sometimes and it makes the time seem long between them. Give my love to all the family and tell Susan I will write to her soon.

Camp Butler, July 14th, 1861.

Since writing you last there has been little of interest going on here. I went to Fort Monroe on Thursday and spent the day, roamed over that noted fortress, saw the big Floyd and Union guns and the other curiosities of the place and returned in the evening feeling more content with Camp Butler than when I started in the morning. It would be a great nuisance for us to be obliged to go about all day in our good clothes and white gloves, after the free and easy style of shirt and pants that we indulge in here. We had a visit from Gen'l Butler this morning and fired some shells from our rifled gun into the enemy's battery on the other side in honor of the occasion.

My toe was a little troublesome this morning and I did not attend Divine Service but went to hear the fighting Chaplain of Col. Allen's regiment this evening at retreat parade. He is an eloquent speaker and the fine band played some sacred airs very beautifully. Once I thought I was at home in church. The Chaplain was at Gt. Bethel and was fired at by a company of the enemy while he took a sketch of the works. One ball passed through his cap and another struck between his feet, the latter he dug out and sent to his wife. I have visited him in his quarters, which are near my drill ground for artillery, and he read me one or two letters that he is writing to his wife with the intention of publishing at some future day. They are written in a very agreeable style and his reflections etc. are well and gracefully brought in.

On the day I received your last letter with the second picture, which by the way is not so good as the first, Susan I guess selected the best - one letter came from Aunt Mary and one from Geo. Swain containing a handsome gray havelock made for me by Miss Lizzie Paxson. Aunt M. says all are well at Germantown and wants me to write to Mary, she would like much to hear from her soldier cousin. It is fortunate that I have so much time or my increasing correspondence would swallow up all my leisure moments.

It is in contemplation to raise our regt. to 1,000 men. In that case some officers will have to go to N.Y. to recruit, but there is no chance for me. The German regt. sent out a company on Friday who had a brush, losing some 17 men in all, killed wounded and prisoners. They don't fight as our boys do. When at Ft. Monroe I went to the noted Hygeia Hotel, now partly occupied as a military hospital. It is delightfully cool there, the house being of wood with a long piazza and plenty of trees all around it, but what other attraction Old Point Comfort could have as a watering place, I can't see. There is no surf and out of the immediate vicinity of the fort, the soil is barren and sandy and the weather intensely hot in summer.

I met a Mr. Robinson of N.Y. today. He is on a visit to all the camps - a lawyer by profession and a very intelligent gentlemanly man, has travelled much in Europe and here and is now waiting here for a chance to see a fight and participate in it with some of our scouting parties.

Write me soon. I look for letters much more anxiously than I did at school. Give my love to all.

Camp Butler, July 19th, 1861.

I was much surprised on receiving your letter today to find that you had been long without one from me. I have made it a point to write twice a week, on Sunday and Wednesday, and this is the first week that I have failed in doing so. But I have been officer of the guard and have been on other duty that has occupied my time so much that I could not write before. But you must not get so worried if my letters do not arrive on time for at least three, if not more, that I have written to others, have failed to reach their destination. Geo. Swain wrote me saying that he had heard from you inquiring about me. I was sorry that you wrote to him as he thinks that I do not write to you as I ought and do.

We have not been doing anything special since my last. There seems to be a strange delay in reinforcing Gen'l Butler. He has troops enough to hold Ft. Monroe and Newport News but not enough to make a move and leave enough men to garrison these important posts. We all want men sent to take our places while we push on. We are more comfortable now than we have been, having drawn another large tent from the U.S. that we placed at the back of ours and floored all the way through, making two rooms - one for sleeping and the other for a parlor.

The weather today has been excessively hot and at brigade drill the water ran off in streams. Last night it rained all the time and being officer of the guard, I was soaked through and went to sleep this morning in my wet clothes without feeling the slightest inconvenience. Tonight it is light enough to read outside and the air is as mild and pleasant as can be. It seems strange to think that you can be sitting by a fire when we are almost melting in the heat. I will try to write to Aunt Mary and to some other friends tonight if sleep does not come too strongly on my eyelids after being up all last night. There is positively nothing to write about here but I will continue to write about every three or four days even if I have nothing to say and do not become so worried about my letters, if anything happened here you would see it in the papers four days before a letter from me would reach you.

Give my love to all the family and write soon.

Camp Butler, July 21, 1861.

I write again so soon that in case my last letter should not reach you, you may not be so long without a letter and besides today (Sunday) is my regular letter day, though my correspondence has been postponed till late in the evening from a variety of circumstances.

We commenced by a regular inspection parade at 7½ A.M. and I had hardly recovered from that and made myself, as I vainly thought, comfortable for the day by putting on a white shirt and linen coat, when the order came for a full dress review immediately to gratify some females whom Gen'l Butler had brought up with him from the Fort. This involved a march of about a mile and a quarter in a brailing sun for our brigade of five regiments makes a good long line and we were warm enough by the time it was over. I forgot to mention that after the morning parade we marched to hear Divine Service and that brought the second review into the heat of the day and then we had a dress parade this evening at 6½ o'clock. That is what we call work enough for a quiet Sunday in camp. Our brigade drills are very interesting. Col. Phelps commands every afternoon and it is a pretty sight to see about 4,000 men going through with the evolutions of the line, like

clockwork. What must it be with 30,000 troops of all arms, cavalry and artillery, as they have them on the Champs de Mars in Paris? We have had a great deal of rain lately and when it does rain here in "Virginny" it comes down in torrents, but our tents are good and the drops on the canvas are very lulling at night.

We have heard of the victories in northern Va. and are anxious for a fight here but we shall not probably have a chance yet for we have not troops enough to make a move and as Col. Phelps says we are doing more here than we think for our small force holds 25,000 rebels in check at Yorktown and on the other side of the James River and they look at us and don't dare to make an attack. The Colonel says our rifles have been shipped from N.Y. and we hope soon to be in receipt of those valuable articles. Lieut Col. Betts is in N.Y. recruiting our Regt to 1,000 men. It is a good chance for men to join a Regt. already in the field and not have to wait and hang around the City before being accepted.

Give my love to all the family. I think of you often and would like much to pay a short visit to Oaklands but I don't think I would be long content away from camp. Write me soon, I look anxiously for your letters.

Camp Butler, July 25, 1861.

Yours of the 20th arrived day before yesterday and we have so little to mark the time that I thought that today was Wednesday and will try to get this off by an extra boat that is going down to the Fort. All goes on as usual here. We are very much excited about the battle at Manassas Junction. It was a hard time for our troops if the reports we hear are true and we want an opportunity to wipe out the disgrace. The rebels have been more audacious since the fight and some of our troops have been attacked while foraging. There is a report that our Regt and Duryea's are to go to Washington but I don't believe it, we are wanted here.

I had a long letter from Eliza the other day. She is yet at Bristol. Mary is going to Atlantic City but Eliza is not, all are well there.

We had an exciting chase after a schooner that attempted to run up the river, but our rifled gun was too much for her and she went in shore under cover of a battery. Our rifles are at the Fort but Col. H. with his usual obstinacy, will decline to receive them on account of some kink he has got in his head. He is not a popular officer. Col. Betts is in N.Y. recruiting yet but will probably return soon. One of the regular troops is going to the Fort and I will get him to mail this. He is waiting now and I must close. I am very well - write me soon. Love to all.

P.S. I will write again Sunday.

Camp Butler, July 30, 1861.

Again I was obliged to omit writing to you on Sunday as we were out on a scouting party from Saturday evening. As usual I was appointed to the command of the advance guard. We lay all night in the fields near a house that we expected would be visited by the enemy's cavalry for the purpose of securing the negroes there, but owing to an imprudence of the adjutant who commanded one detachment, two guns were unnecessarily fired, thereby destroying all chance for a fight and today (Monday) I am officer of the guard with the mercury at about 105.

The Scott Life Guard have gone to Washington leaving only four regiments here, but the sloop of war Dale is sent up, probably as a substitute. We had a few shots at a schooner full of men the other day and our rifled gun at four miles made her retire into a creek out of sight. There is little of interest here, we have had two or three accidents from the careless use of firearms but nothing serious. Benner, the boy from our Company who was shot in the leg sometime ago, came up from the fort yesterday. He can walk with two canes and is fast recovering. We had a funeral on Thursday of a man who has been sick a long time. We sent him to N.Y. with a funeral escort. There are reports that we are to be drawn into Fort Monroe and perhaps to go to Washington but there is nothing certain. We are very comfortable here and not anxious to change.

Remember me to Aunt Susan and all the family and do not get worried about my letters; if we go on a march away from here a letter may be delayed a month. You must not think of going to Annapolis; it would do no good for I could go to N.Y. as easy as there and a letter would take about the same time to go. Write to me soon and put in some more flower leaves - they remind me of the north. The Manassas affair was not so bad for us after all. We hope to be able to wipe it out some day. I have no more to write and my interruptions are so frequent I can scarcely finish this.

Camp Butler, July 31, 1861.

I received your last letter on Tuesday and would have written immediately but I have had some extra duty to perform that kept me busy. There is positively so little doing here that it seems foolish to sit down and commence writing on such a large sheet of paper, with the almost certainty of not being able to fill it.

Col. Phelps fully expected an attack last night and we were on the alert and ready to give the rebels a warm reception but they didn't come. I don't know what information he had, but he seems to think that we may be attacked any day now and as he is about the best officer in the Department, I should not wonder if he was right. I have command of two of the field pieces mounted at our angle of the entrenchment and my boys will try and make them do good service. Gen'l Butler is up today knocking in the heads of all the whiskey barrels that he can find, at the sutters and elsewhere. All the packages sent to the men are opened at the Fort and if they contain any liquor it is confiscated and drank by other parties than those it was designed for. One of our boys found a lot of ambrotypes in a "secesh" house and brought them into camp. He gave me a good double one of two of the niggers, one with a violin and the other with a French horn. They are good pictures and will make a pretty relic of our stay on the sacred soil of Virginia.

One of our captains and a lieutenant are in N.Y. on a sick furlough and two other Lieuts. are on recruiting service with Lieut Col. Betts. The Colonel is in Washington or Albany on business of the Department and so we are rather short of officers, both of the field and line. Col. Hawkins will be commandant of the

post on his return as Col. Phelps and his Vermonters expect to leave on Monday for home, though a considerable number of them will re-enlist in other regts. for there is a fascination about this camp life that draws men to it although it is rough and dangerous. My correspondence has been much neglected for a week or two and I have some six or seven letters to write, a business as you know that I do not much fancy, but people write to me and expect an answer always. Charley Swift sent me a few lines the other day. He says they are all well but he don't know what he is going to do. Business is at a complete stand-still and no prospect of anything better. It is a pity Charley is not more of a "militaire". He could then find employment easily enough in these times, tho I am afraid the pay would not come often enough for him as we have not touched a red of Uncle Sam's money since we entered his service, but hope to get some soon.

Give my love to all the family at Oaklands. It would do me good to be able to visit you for a day or two. Write to me soon and tell me if you have heard from John A. Jones. I told Geo. Murray that you thought he was in N.Y. and he wrote on to know about it. George makes a good soldier and is very much liked by his officers, being always respectful and polite. I see him frequently now and he always asks about you and seemed very glad to hear that you remembered him enough to send him news of Mr. J. and Mathilde. But it is now time for the mail to close and this must go. Write soon.

Camp Butler, Aug. 5, 1861.

I have not time to write much this evening feeling rather tired. The Vermonters left this morning early and we have moved inside the breastwork to take their place. Reveille was beaten at about 3 o'clock this morning and at 5 our tents were struck and it took us till nearly night to prepare the ground for pitching them inside. As I write a steamer has arrived, bringing Col. Carr's Regt. of Albany. It is, if I mistake not, a poor regiment, very much on the order of Col. Allen's now here. It seems as if all the refuse troops were sent here. We are the only decent Regt. in this department. Gen'l Butler and Col. Phelps hold us up as models for imitation and both think very highly of the "wild boys" as we are called. Did you see the notice contained in the Ft. Monroe letter in the Tribune of July 30th or 31st.? It puffed our officers high.

I received your last letter on Sunday. They seem to come quite regularly now. We expect 20,000 troops here and at the Fort in the course of a fortnight and then we can look out for an advance. Write me soon. Give my love to all. I shall write again Thursday.

Camp Butler, Aug. 9, 1861.

At last we are partly over the trouble of moving camp and are somewhat settled in our new quarters inside the entrenchments, tho it was a hard job to clean and lay them out after the Vermonters who were about the dirtiest men in camp that I know of. Col. Phelps is made a Brigadier General and we are glad of it as he will remain in command of this post.

We expected an attack last night and the Savannah, a 32 gun ship was moved up from the fort to assist us and they sent us two more field pieces to protect the flanks. We have not yet obtained our rifles but I think we will soon. Our pickets are so near the enemy that we can hear every beat of the drum at reveille and tattoo, but I scarcely think they have pluck enough to attack us.

Who do you think wrote to me the other day? Mr. Rodgers of the Rose Hill P.O. You can tell him that I will write to him soon as I can find time. Willie Disosway has enlisted for the war. His mother and sisters are much distressed about it ~~xxxx~~ as he is opposed to all their family South in a cause "of the right and necessity of which we are not fully persuaded". Our boys are fairly spoiling for a fight and all are anxious to wipe out the Bulls Run and Bethel, but the enemy don't seem disposed to give us a chance. Gen'l Butler was up on Tuesday and we threw about a dozen shells across the river to stir up Pigs Point, but they laid quiet. The rebels burned Hampton night before last and then started to come here but their minds changed on the road and they went home again.

Don't be surprised to hear of any trouble in our Regt. for Col. H. is a very unpopular officer and having built up the crack N.Y. Volunteer regt. we don't like to see our reputation ruined by him. Everyone speaks highly of us and those who know, see where the fault lies, but public opinion is not always able to judge correctly. My correspondents, the number of whom is alarming, no less than three being added this week, are obliged to suffer just now for I have not written to anyone but you for sometime, but will have to commence again soon.

Give my love to all the family and tell them if we are to stay here long I shall get a furlough to go on to N.Y. for a day or so. Some six of our officers have done so but my turn has not come yet and will not for sometime being as I am next to the junior lieut. in our Regt. I have received all your letters. The flowers in the last reminded me of Oaklands. I told Geo. Murray that you had received a letter from Mr. Jones and that he was in this country and Geo. is doing very well and makes a good soldier. Write to me soon. Your letters have been so patriotic lately that there has been but little news. We feel the patriotism here with the mercury at 100 and our clothes constantly wet with perspiration.

August 25th, 1861.

I expected every day to go on to Bristol and to meet you there but the Col. did not seem ready and at last Gen. Wool has ordered all leaves of absence to be stopped and I can't get off. I would have written before only expecting all the time to see you so soon and not knowing whether to direct to Bristol or Geneva, as your last letter was written before the receipt of mine informing you of my prospect for visiting Bristol.

All has been going on as usual here and we have strong hopes of having something to do soon as Gen. Wool has taken command. He reviewed us today (Sunday) and put the brigade through some evolutions and commended our regt. highly. The N.Y. papers have been stopped, except those that come by mail and we are rather out of news from other parts of the world but it don't trouble us much as we seem to lose a great deal of our interest in outside affairs from being in danger constantly ourselves. Tomorrow our Company and two others start with a fleet to assist in reducing some fort along the North Carolina Coast near Hatteras and if all that I can learn of the expedition is true, we are likely to have a good sharp time of it and have an opportunity of distinguishing ourselves. Only 210 of us and a detachment from Max Weber's regt. but don't believe any newspaper stories of it till I write to you.

The weather is growing chilly at night and while I am writing, a blanket is very comfortable about the shoulders, tho the night is superb, the moon being bright enough to read by. I send this to Bristol with instructions to forward if you are not there. Write me soon for the letters grow more precious the longer I am away from home. Let me know where you are and I have about \$25. to send home and hope next payday to have \$100. if all things go well. My last pay was short on account of my having been a sergeant for a month.

Our little insubordination has all blown over and all things run on smoothly and as well as possible. New recruits come on about twice a week and the boys put on the airs of "old soldiers" to them - it is amusing to watch them. My pen is poor and it is very late so I will close but will write again when our expedition returns. Love to all.

Fort Hatteras, Aug. 31, 1861.

We have been engaged in the most successful affair for the U.S. since the war began and are now posted (3 companies of us) on a sandy peninsular like Fire Island in charge of two forts mounting 28 guns and commanding the only inlet on the No. Ca. Coast north of Beaufort. We took it after a severe bombardment of several hours in which the enemy lost in killed and wounded, some 70 or 80 besides 658 prisoners. I have command of the upper battery of 5 guns, besides 4 field pieces, one a rifled Dahlgren that I had drawn in some two miles through the sand. The mosquitos are fearful. We found a petition signed by all the officers and men of the secesh. forces here, requesting to be removed, saying that they desired to shed their blood in defence of their country but that if they stayed here much longer the mosquitos would have it all.

All my clothes are at Newport News. We have nothing here but are as happy as can be, occupying comfortable barracks and taking everything as it comes. The bombardment was a magnificent sight, the four frigates and three gunboats poured in a perfect hailstorm of heavy shell and completely silenced the batteries. I don't know how long we shall stay - perhaps the rest of the regt. will come. We were ordered off for two days only and have been here six already. You must not be alarmed at not receiving any letter from me as we have no regular communication with Ft. Monroe and have to depend on transports. This inlet and fort is the back door to Norfolk - water communication all the way. I suppose there will be some movement made in that direction and when it comes, may I be there to see.

Give my love to all friends and say that I have neither paper nor time at present to write any letters - Write to me soon, care Quartermaster E. Noyes - Fort Hatteras, No. Ca. I send this to Bristol with instructions to forward if you are not there. I fear we have lost the Harriet Lane. She lies aground near the beach with all her guns and shot thrown overboard. She grounded while attempting

to enter the Channel and Hatteras gales are not very favorable to a wrecked vessel. There is little to write about and the boat starts soon so I will close. If you were here you would not recognize me in a pair of grey jean pantaloons, blue shirt and straw hat, looking as unmilitary as possible. I have no trophies of the victory to send on. Some of our officers picked up swords and revolvers but there was nothing that I wanted.

Fort Clark, Hatteras Inlet, No. Ca.
Sept. 2nd, 1861.

I have an opportunity to send you a letter by the Harriet Lane, but not having heard from you since I wrote of my intention to go to Bristol, I don't know where to direct it, but will send it to Bristol with instructions to forward. The Lane went ashore on the second day of the bombardment and her machinery is so much injured that she is going to N.Y. for repairs. Our fort (Clark) is situated half a mile up the island on the point of which Ft. Hatteras stands. I have been busy supervising the mounting of guns and otherwise remodelling the batteries. I brought in four field pieces left on the sands about two miles from the fort and have cut embrasures and mounted them on the land side of our battery. These, with the addition of four 32 Pdrs will give us a good protection against a large force while we have 20 guns in the other fort to retreat upon in case of a defeat and the gun-boats to aid us besides.

This is a sweet place to stay in winter, half the time the whole place is overflowed by the sea, making it very comfortable of course. I wouldn't care if we had more connection with civilized life but we are pretty well shut out. The inhabitants come in at the rate of from 50 to 100 per day to take the oath of allegiance. They are generally a poor set who don't know much and live by fishing and wrecking.

I have just learned that the enemy have burned their forts at Oregon and Ocracoke Inlets so that the fort at Beaufort is the only one for us to trouble. Our steam tug the Fanny, one of the old propellers that used to run past Bristol, mounting two rifled guns, ran out and brought in a schooner this afternoon. She is very useful here and stands the sea very well. There is nothing doing here beyond the regular work of preparing our works to resist an attack which it is reported will take place soon. If it don't come before two days, we will be in good trim to stand it. We may be sent to Newport News again or the rest of the regt may be sent here - one or the other I hope we'll do soon as I have but one suit of clothes with me and would like a clean shirt once in two weeks at least.

Give my love to all friends wherever you are and write me soon as possible. Tell all friends that I would write but the means of communication are so uncertain that it is by no means sure that a letter would reach them. Direct your letter to Lieut. Morris, 9th Regt. N.Y.S.V. - Fort Hatteras, No. Ca. We have no pens and ink and but little paper so excuse the pencil.

Fort Clarke, Hatteras Inlet, N.C.
Sept. 12th, 1861.

I received a letter from you yesterday dated Sept. 3rd, by the Str. S. R. Spaulding that brought down the five companies of our Regt. The other two will be along in a few days so that from all appearances we are bound to garrison this sand bar for a time at least. Our Regt. is now full to 1,000 men and the recruits are almost all first class men. Our band (24 pieces) is with us and will serve very much to relieve the tedium of the life and I suppose that soon we will make visits to the mainland and destroy any of the enemy's batteries that are along the shore. I wrote Col. Hawkins' last report to Gen'l. Wool and such a course was strongly recommended.

The Spaulding takes home the detachment of the 20th Regt. who were here with us and heartily glad are we to be rid of them. They are a thieving, quarrelsome set and ought to be sent to the Tortugas and have already brought much disgrace on our cause by their plundering. We have taken four prizes since our arrival, three schooners from the West Indies and one from Halifax, N.S. and I understand some of the goods came from Boston and N.Y. and there are invoices that will implicate some houses in those cities. It was amusing to see how they were trapped. The frigate Cumberland lies off our of sight of land and drives the vessels in. They make straight for the inlet and as we show no flag, nothing doubting but that the fort is Confederate property, when they are within range we train a gun on them quietly and when they are inside a tugboat boards them and in a gentle way claims ship and cargo as a prize. One of the Captains was boasting to Lieut. Crosby who boarded him, of the way he had cheated the Yankee cruiser and dropped to the deck with astonishment when informed that he was a prisoner. We sent two of the prizes to Philadelphia yesterday and some day I hope to see a little prize money as the value of vessels and cargoes taken is near \$225,000.

Remember me to all my Bristol friends and say that writing materials are too scarce here at present for me to correspond. I cannot even get a whole sheet to write upon but as soon as we become settled I will send some letters. Remember me specially to Mrs. Landreth and Lundy and families. I send this letter to N.Y. by Capt. Parisen who will mail it for me. He goes home on furlough for a few days. Tell Morris if he can get a commission to come out to the war but on no account to enlist as a private. We have a rough life but it suits me, of course, and I wouldn't change it for any other. For the first week after our arrival we had nothing to eat but flap-jacks and coffee every meal and neither were of the best but it is over now for our sutler has come and we live better. Why don't Morris raise a company in Bristol and environs. I don't like to be the only representative of the family in the fight and want somebody to help support its credit.

As usual we are now pushed ahead and as we are the crack volunteers of N.Y. and the special pets of Gen'l Phelps, our chance for achieving distinction is pretty good. I hear that there is a strong force coming from Norfolk to drive us out of this. If they come in the daytime we can whip 10,000 with our regt. and one company of regulars but a night attack with the bayonet would settle some of us - though they can't hold the place against our fleet. Lieut. Mitchell of Co. C. has resigned and expects soon to go to N.Y. Family affairs compel him to leave and he will call on Josie and Eliza for me. He is a gentleman and can give them all particulars of me and our life here. This expedition will prevent our being paid this month and it will take all my money to keep me so that next payday I shall be able to send at least \$250. to you.

We have delicious Carolina sweet potatoes now and fresh figs for which I have acquired a great liking. They taste like fully ripe persimmons and are sold at 5 cts. per dozen.

Write to me soon and let me know all the news. I shall write you by every opportunity and that will probably be about once a week or as often as a transport brings down stores, etc. If we ever make a descent on Newbern or Elizabeth City, some of Cushing King & Cos. debtors will be reminded of their obligations pretty strongly if they can be found. One of them I believe was in this fort just before we came but left before the attack.

An English man-of-war poked her nose in to see what was going on, the other day, but meeting with no attention and probably thinking from the looks of things that the blockade was tolerably effective, at this point, she went out again. It would astonish you to hear the enmity expressed against John Bull in both Army and Navy. The old feeling of /76 and 1812 is still strongly alive and seems to be growing and if this trouble is settled soon, England may yet again find by experience the strength of Uncle Sam's arm.

The beach here is covered with beautiful shells and I will put some in my trunk as mementoes of the occasion, together with a piece of a different kind of shell that flew into the officers quarters and by the blood on the floor, I should judge did some execution.

When you go to Germantown, apologize to Aunt M. for me. I would have written to Mary before and have partly written a letter at Newport News but my work was heavier than that of any other 2nd Lieut. there, on account of my being on special duty of one kind and another almost all the time, but as soon as I am relieved from the post of ordnance officer by one of the regular army, which will be in a few days, I will write. When you write, direct to 9th Regt. N.Y.V. Fort Clark, Hatteras Inlet, N.C. We will probably stay here unless our Company goes to Ocracoke, in either case the letters will reach me safely. Tell Morris to send me a paper occasionally - we are out of news altogether.

P.S. We had a rough time on those hulks on the first day of the attack.

Fort Clarke, Hatteras Inlet, N.C.
Sept. 20th, 1861.

I thought that the mail had played me a poor trick in not bringing me a letter from you but it came this morning before I was up, having been sent by mistake to one of the companies quartered at Camp Wool about two miles up the beach. Things here are in statu quo since the arrival of the rest of our regt. We have had the band at Fort Clarke to enliven us a little, they play at guard mounting in the morning, at evening parade and for an hour before tattoo. It is a very good band and gives great satisfaction.

I was sorry to hear that Morris is not off yet. It must be rough to see the Vezins and all hands going to fight and he left at home. Tell me in your next what Regt. the Vezins are in and what positions they hold. Will Disosway is off to Washington with the Lincoln Cavalry. He will see service soon. We are vegetating finely here, being a little more comfortable than at first. The natives bring us fish and potatoes and our sutler keeps the fancy articles of food.

There is nothing you can send me except letters. Books would be thrown away as my valise is too full already for comfort. I have clothes enough except a fatigue uniform that I intend to procure from Fort Monroe as soon as the fates will permit me to reach that place. We have been ordered to have three days rations cooked and to be in readiness to start at a moment's notice for parts unknown, but as I heard of a force of 3,000 men at the Light House through the natives, I guess we are going to give them a "wipe" although 3 to 1 is hardly fair odds, but the Zouave 9th think they are good for the odds.

The post of Ordnance Officer don't elevate a "feller" only it gives him a little extra dignity to put on and plenty of work to do and if the sesesh are bold enough to attack us in the daytime, your respectable son will probably have a good share in the glory of whipping them. The Spalding came down yesterday with stores on board. She is our only means of communication with Christendom and it is a week since she was here and you can imagine the anxiety with which the newspapers were looked for and the disgust with which we hailed the announcement of no battle near Washington. Did you see the report of Col. Max Weber and the card signed by the German officers of his Regt. in the Tribune, of the 10th I think. They lie from beginning to end and the men are a perfect pack of thieves over whom the officers have no control. They destroyed more property here in two days than our men would in as many years.

Night before last we had a regular Hatteras storm or rather squall, for it only lasted about a half hour but while it lasted it was hard. The hail came down like bullets and even split shingles on the roof. One of the officer's tents was lifted up bodily and carried into the swamp and its occupants and their baggage strewn miscellaneously over the sand. I happened to be in a tent with two other officers smoking our pipes in a peaceful manner when the storm burst on us almost without warning, ripping off the tent fly and tearing up the pegs. Everything was soaked in five minutes but the poles stood fast, and we made our escape to the barracks.

Where are Eliza and Josie - have they returned to N.Y. or not? If you have such weather as we have been favored with they could not think of going to the city. We are too lazy to do anything here and were it not absolutely necessary to rise, we would like abed all day. Not what you mean when you say you go to bed, for ours are simply bunks upon which you lie rolled up in a blanket with your head on a knapsack. The undressing consists of going to the extent of taking off boots and sometimes not that, but you wake up in the morning feeling fresh and good - mattresses are a luxury that we have abolished, considering them a nuisance in our present condition.

Remember me to all the family at Germantown and don't give any of my letters to anyone to read. You know it was always my failing when a boy that I could not write my company hand to you but must always scribble. I will continue to write by every transport while we remain here but as the war mails are very irregular, you must not be disappointed if you do not receive one in three weeks. The papers will keep you posted on our movements. The Herald correspondent resides in Capt. Jardines' quarters - perhaps some clue to the puffs that Co. G. gets. Jardine is working for a commission in the regulars and will probably get it.

Write me soon - direct to Fort Clarke, Hatteras Inlet, N.C. and the letters will probably reach me in about 10 days from date. At least my New York letters took that long.

Fort Clarke, Hatteras Inlet, N.C.
Sept. 29th, 1861.

The "Spaulding" arrived on Friday night and brought me two long letters from you - one dated the 9th and another the 23rd, a fair example of the irregularity of the mails. They were the only letters I received for the mails that came to Newport News for three days were mislaid on board ship and could not be found when she arrived, so that I don't know how many are lost. The 20th Indiana Regt. came down on the S. and have been sent to Chicamacomac, a place about 15 miles up the island. We have also received two small gunboats to cruise in the Sound. They are New York steam tugs fitted up for the purpose and answer very well.

The Susquehanna brought in two prize schooners today and another was driven ashore in a heavy storm that came on Thursday. She was loaded with sugar and molasses. A detachment of our boys was sent up the beach to save as much as possible but I do not yet know how they have succeeded. As a specimen of the style of a Hatteras gale - it drifted the sand three feet deep on the platforms of my guns. I spent an hour on the beach watching the breakers in the midst of it - it was a sublime sight. My duties have been unusually arduous today (Sunday) and yesterday in consequence of the arrival of a large quantity of ammunition consigned to your son. We are now pretty well supplied with powder and shell and could make a good defense. The invoice was addressed to 1st. Lieut. R.H.M. and I accept it as a good omen.

Lieut. Mitchell received the acceptance of his resignation today and an honorable discharge from the service. He has been, in fact, my only intimate and I am more sorry to see him go than if it had been anyone else in the Regt. The papers bring us the news of Mulligans brave conduct and of his final capture. We hope it is not as bad as represented. M. is a brave fellow and deserved better luck. Our time passes as monotonously as usual and we are becoming in external appearance, a regular set of wreckers or pirates. I sent to Ft. Monroe by this Str. for a new fatigue coat - mine is about worn through by the sand.

Tell Aunt Mary that we are doing our best to end the war here but the main battle must be at Washington and I wish we could be there to help our boys - we could do a great deal of good. Our surgeon, Dr. Humphreys, is a Philadelphian and a classmate of Ely McClellan. He knows a good many of my acquaintances in the city. Perhaps Aunt M. who knows about almost everyone there, may know him. There is nothing you can send me to add to my comfort for despite the rough life, I am very comfortable. My health is good and what more do I want? When I send any money home, recollect that it is sent for you to spend and not to invest for me and I don't want to find you short of a single thing on my return and I don't care to find a cent of money of mine there either. I am abundantly able to take care of myself now and want you to enjoy yourself more than you have done. Aunt M. will have more demands upon her from Robert's folks and besides I don't want you to be any longer dependent on anyone else. Eliza and Josie seem to be making a long trip this summer. I will tell John Mitchell to call and if they are not in town it will do no harm. My chances for a furlough are very poor and there is no prospect of a change for sometime to come, so if you really think it best to go to Oaklands for the winter, it is not worth while to wait for me. I can imagine Josie's disgust at receiving Charley's letter. What induced him to write, I don't see, not that I am at all opposed to corresponding with young ladies but Charley makes such a poor fist at letter writing that I should hardly think he would like to venture on writing to so very particular a demoiselle as Josie. Morris will hardly get a majority, he isn't at all fit for it and had better begin as a Lieut. Tell me when you write what positions the Vezins hold in the army. Henry may make a good officer but I don't think much of the other and as to German troops, the

fewer that Uncle Sam has in his service the better for our credit. Such fishing as we have here would astonish John and Arthur. You see a Zouave with pantaloons rolled up, walking quietly along the beach, close to the surf, with a long line thrown out among the breakers, when suddenly he will be almost jerked off his feet and then with the line over his shoulder, pulling like a mule and yelling like an Indian, finally with the aid of two or three more, a fish weighing from 15 to 30 lbs. will be hauled up on the beach. They are called drums and are good eating. One of our boys was hauled into the surf the other day by one and would have been drowned for he would not let go, but for the aid of some others who pulled him and the fish out. Sharks are plenty and a great many other fish. Next month, if we are here, we will have fine blue fishing.

Give my love to all friends and write to me often - the letters straggle along.

Fort Clarke, October 2nd, 1861.

I write you today because we start tomorrow morning on an expedition that may keep me till after the next str. sails. We sustained what was, under the circumstances, a rather serious loss, yesterday. Our steam tug the Fanny was captured by the rebels with a valuable cargo. She was up the Sound on her way to the camp of the Indiana 20th, about 40 miles up and was attacked by three rebel gunboats. Her two guns were manned by 12 of my artillery boys who made a gallant defense and would have brought her off with flying colors but for the utter incapacity, if nothing worse, of the officer in charge. As it was they inflicted considerable damage on the enemy but were obliged to surrender and are now prisoners.

Tomorrow at daylight, if this rain holds up, Lieut. Bankhead of the Susquehanna, will take out an expedition of two gubeats and launches - the battery consisting of 2 - 32 pdrs. and 4 rifled guns and a force of men. Your son accompanies him with a picked squad of his artillerists to endeavor to retrieve the misfortune of yesterday (which would probably have been a victory had he been with them). Don't say so to anyone else - it sounds like "brag". Our commander, Lieut. B. is an able officer and has seen a good deal of service and I hope to have a better tale to relate on my return. The remainder of our Regt. is expected by the next str. and the prospects are we will be quartered here for a considerable length of time.

Col. Hawkins seems to let me do just as it suits me and seldom objects to any request or change that I wish to make. There will be vacant, 1st. Lieut. positions soon and if I do anything creditable this time, my chances for promotion will be very fair indeed. Aside from this affair all goes on as usual in this dreary place and were it not for my almost constant occupation in ordnance duties, the time would pass slow enough. We look for letters and papers with great eagerness and I hope to find one from you awaiting my return.

Give my love to the folks whether at Germantown or Bristol and pray for success to the good Cause.

Fort Clarke, Oct. 3th, 1861.

I received by the Spaulding yesterday, your letter of the 1st. inst. and am glad that you seem to be passing the time so pleasantly. I inclose a letter that I had written a few days ago when starting on an expedition which was not as long as anticipated. We started for the Indiana Camp with provisions etc. on board and on arriving found them so short of everything that we returned immediately to Hatteras for another load instead of cruising for four or five days as we intended. We reached the fort in the evening and had to lie off all night on account of the intricacies of the channel and the next morning we got aground - first the "Ceres" and then our boat the "Putnam", in attempting to help her off, so that we must perforce wait for high water at 8 o'clock P.M.

While lying on deck reading in peace, a boat came alongside with orders from Col. Hawkins for me to return instanter to camp. My gig was manned and I was ashore in a very short time and found all hands in marching order but myself, left at home to protect the fort under command of Capt. Morris of the 1st. Artillery. He is a good officer and we did very well together. It appeared that the very night that we left the Indiana camp after landing the stores, the enemy came with seven streamers, among them our captured "Fanny" and commenced landing 2,500 men under fire of their fleet's guns. Of course the 500 Indianans had to retreat, which they did in haste, leaving tents, baggage and all behind them. It was to meet and protect them that our boys went up and marched 30 miles through soft sand and came back on Saturday night about nine o'clock as near worn out as could be. I had some 300 lbs. of pork and 4 barrels of hot coffee ready for them and if you ever saw grateful men it was those Ind. boys. They are a fine set and were almost dropping with fatigue and hunger.

Our frigate the "Susquehanna" and the gunboat "Monticello" went up on the outside and shelled the rebels, killing about 150. The Indianans lost some 50 all told and one prisoner was on the outer beach while the "Monticello" was firing and was in irons. He got them taken off on some pretext and springing on a captain, he snatched a pistol from his (the Captain's) belt, shot him, knocked down two guards and running into the surf, swam to the Monticello, half a mile off and was taken on board all safe - so much for the Western boys.

Had it not been for the unlucky grounding of our two boats in the Sound, we would have been in a splendid fight, As it was the intention for us to go back immediately to the Ind'a camp. 7 to 2 would have been some odds, but we had a good battery on board and good men to man it. It was a crazy thing to send 500 men 40 miles from reinforcements on a sand bank only 20 miles from the enemy's strong fortifications on Roanoke Island and I should not be surprised if Col. Hawkins was court-martialed for it. At any rate, Gen'l. Jos. K. F. Mansfield is here now in command till Gen'l Williams is ready to come and with such an officer we need fear little. Col. H. has been becoming more and more disgustingly elevated by his position and it is time he was brought down.

Write me soon again. We are under orders today to move our quarters further up the island and it will be pleasanter as there are trees and higher ground there, and the 20th will take our place here. The Spaulding leaves at one o'clock and I shall not probably be able to write to Mary D. this week but will do so by the next str. There is nothing that you can send me at all. I am comfortable and well so that is as much as can be asked for. Yours was the only letter that the "Sp." brought me, much to my disappointment, as I expected another but so many have miscarried that probably mine are among the number. Give my love to all at Germantown or B. I send my letters to the latter place thinking you will be sure to get them anyhow. But this must go. Write soon to me.

Camp Wool, Oct. 21st. 1861.

Again the Spaulding has brought me news from home and it seemed more welcome now than ever, for the dullness of this place has been almost insupportable. Soon after writing you last we moved up here - two miles above Ft. Clarke on the Sound side, where the island is composed of two strips of sand beach with a swamp between them, filled with live oak trees. In this delectable spot we are quartered and when Gen. Williams ordered reveille to be beaten at 4 o'clock A.M. when it is bright moonlight and the men to drill for an hour before breakfast, it is not surprising that some companies had about 20 down with fevers. We have a little better location than some others and have escaped with three or four sick. I seem to be chill-proof as almost all the officers have been more or less ailing but my health has been excellent and my feelings good. The Indiana Regt. occupy our old quarters at Clarke and we have been ordered back there by the Gen'l and will have to take up our abode in tents, a proceeding that our boys don't fancy as they built a number of barracks there expecting to stay in them and it is not pleasant to build houses for others to occupy.

We have a cousin of Mr. Pierson's in our Regt. He is Serg't. of Co. C. a Newark boy, Dusenberry by name and a very good fellow. Who is the Dr. Spear who has been called to Bristol? Is he good for anything? We are running out of subjects of interest here - it is becoming worse than Newport News, the days pass along rapidly and we seem to be wasting valuable time here and all want to move on to some more civilized spot. Our blockading fleet did a nice thing at Charleston letting the Nashville escape. I believe that the commanders of many of our vessels are secessionists at heart. We looked for some news from Washington but none came. It seems as if McClellan and Beauregard were not intending to risk a battle at that point.

Dr. White, our assistant surgeon (Dr. Crane's pupil) was a classmate of Harry and Sam McClellan and Dr. Humphreys was a classmate of Ely McCle's and has a most profound contempt for that young man's skill and acquirements. In his own words, he thinks him a most perfect blockhead he ever saw. The paymaster came down in this boat to pay our three companies, C., G. and H. who were away when the rest were paid and as ours is the last on the list, I doubt whether I shall get it in time to express \$100. to you, but will do so by the next boat. Eliza and Josie arrived at home sooner than you expected. I hear they were in N.Y. before October - probably Miss Hustins was not style enough for J.

Remember me to all the family and if the boat don't leave too soon, I will write to Mary by her but being in command of the company and payday, my time is pretty well occupied. Write to me soon. I direct my letters to Bristol as being the safest place and do not be alarmed if you do not receive a letter when you expect it as many of my letters have miscarried, both going and coming. Yours was the only one that I have received by this str. and I expected at least one more. What did Morris gain by his trip to Washington? If he wants to see camp life in the rough, let him go to Ft. Monroe and take the Spaulding for Hatteras Inlet. It would be a pleasant trip and Fort Monroe itself is well worth a visit. Write me soon.

Camp Wool - Nov. 2nd, 1861.

The "Spaulding" arrived yesterday after a longer absence than usual and brought me your letter of the 22nd ult. and the one written at Bristol, to which Morris added a codicil. I am glad to hear that you are all well and spending your time pleasantly, but would not advise a visit to Annapolis at present. Affairs are too unsettled to trust yourself without necessity in that part of the country. We have just had a regular Hatteras southeaster. The water overflowed our camp ground and was a foot deep in some tents but the wind seems to be lulling and we may have good weather again. My own health continues good and they tell me I grow fat on the sand we have to eat in our food. We saw the "Great Expedition" pass down the coast and hope for its success, but have not much faith; they put too many too troops on board.

We were notified of the little disaster in which Col. Baker was killed by a "secesh" gunboat that ran down the Sound and shelled us with a long range rifle gun. No damage done however and we did not stop work to look at her. The Indiana regt. here are a poor set, the officers don't know much and the men are a dirty set and don't know soldiers' duty at all. Some excuse may be made for them as they have no clothes or other conveniences but they are the last men that I would trust. It seems our fate to be brigaded with poor troops.

They have a big joke in camp now on them. Capt. Barnett, Lieut. Whiting and self with a sergeant as sailor, were out sailing on the Sound the other day in a small boat and shooting ducks with our revolvers. (I shot two and struck one four times before we could get him) and returning at about 10 P.M. some four miles from Ft. Clarke, we overhauled a schooner with a large party of Indianans on board who had a load of wood. I hailed them and scared the party so, unintentionally on my part, so that they ran away from us a mile or so into the Sound and on arriving at the Fort, told such stories about being hailed by a body of secessionists in boats that their Col. Brown had the long roll beaten and the whole camp under arms, much to the disgust of our boys who dislike being waked from their natural rest without cause. Since then, when two of our party get together the officers who are in the secret say - "there go 250 men" - as the Indianans reported at least 500 men, each of us is equal to 125. We don't get up any more at 4 A.M. Gen'l Williams has seen the error of his ways and changed the hour of reveille to 5:45.

I heard of C.K. & Co's affairs indirectly and am sorry they have made such a bad thing of it. Poor Charley must be in a bad way indeed. I wish I could help him but he is fit for nothing in the army. I sent \$100. to you by Adams Ex. on the last steamer, care of Geo. Swain. Don't forget to pay him one dollar for express charges. I sent the money to pay it in advance but they refused to take it here, not knowing how much the rate was. I enclose the receipt in this letter in case you don't receive the money. It is in Treasury notes and one N.Y. bill. I thought it better to send them than gold. I write to Eliza this mail and am surprised that Mitchell has not called. He promised to faithfully and will probably do so soon.

Hatteras is a rough place and about the last spot where I should wish to be stationed but we hope to be withdrawn soon. Col. Hawkins is under arrest for refusing to receive an officer transferred to our Regt. by Gov. Morgan. The man is a notorious bad character and loafer in N.Y. and was obliged to leave his former Regt. the N.Y. 1st., on account of shooting one of his men in a fit of passion. Of course we won't have such a duck among us and have compelled him to resign, altho he was ordered here by Gen. Wool. The Col. may have a rough time on a court martial but much as I dislike him, I should be sorry to see him cashiered for such a cause in which we all support him. Col. Betts is a fine officer, however, and everything goes smoothly under his command. Write to me soon.

Camp Wool - Nov. 13th, 1861.

I was disappointed in not receiving a letter from you by the Spaulding but suppose that as she left before the usual time that your letter did not reach Fort Monroe till after her departure. I was unable to write you by her last trip as she only stayed in one day and I was in command of my Comp'y, the Capt. and Lt. Leahy being on detached service, and moving from Camp Wool to Clarke to take the place of the Ind'a 20th who were taken back to Ft. Monroe, much to our satisfaction as they were a dirty set and in our opinion would have been worse than useless in a fight. The steamer brought down the Penn's 48th this time and my comp'y has been obliged to come back to Camp Wool again, making the fifth time that we have moved since our arrival on these delectable shores. It is a Schuylkill Co. Regt. and I am not acquainted with any of the officers. Col. Nagle is in command - he was Col of the 6th Penn'a of the three months' volunteers.

I don't know where this letter will reach you but will direct it to Annapolis according to your request. You cannot complain of a lack of news of us in the papers as I see that the Herald and Tribune of the 8th both devote several columns to Hatteras. We expect to leave for Fortress Monroe on the next trip of the Spaulding - ultimate destination unknown - perhaps Newport News again, perhaps Washington or Port Royal - don't care which. Would rather go to the latter and see some work. There is nothing doing here. A French man-of-war was lost below here in the storm and the sesesh lost a privateer steamer the "Winslow" in endeavoring to go out to her. We lost three men who started in a sail boat from Hatteras to come to Camp Wool - supposed to be drowned as the boat was picked up ten miles up on the beach, bottom upward.

Should I be ordered to N.Y. on recruiting service, of which there is a chance, I will let you know. Geo. Murray showed me a daguerreotype of Mathilde that he had sent to him from N.Y. It is a good one and makes her look rather pretty. I wrote to Eliza last week but have not yet received an answer. Will send a present to Josie when I get some more money - have to get a U.S. uniform out of my next month's pay, so I will not have so much to send home but will try to send \$50. It is rather expensive living here - everything is so high.

One of our Lieuts. Klingschr, has been promised an appointment on his brother-in-law's, Gen. Siegel's staff. It will give me a chance for promotion and I hope to get it. Remember me to Miss Leverett and tell her that she would hardly recognize her old pupil in the present Lieut of the Ninth. If we should by any chance get to Washington, I will try to obtain two or three days furlough and go see you but I don't think we will be sent there. Col. Hawkins is under arrest yet but I hope he will come out all right. When you write next you had better direct to Fort Monroe. I am in good health and enjoying myself as much as possible under the circumstances. Write as soon as you receive this.

Camp Wool, Nov. 16th, 1861.

I received your letter of the 11th this morning and trust that you have before this received the one that I sent by the last steamer to the care of Miss L. Your determination to go to Annapolis surprised me a little but as you are so pleasantly situated there now, I am not sorry for the move. We have been ordered to Fort Monroe and will leave this as soon as another regiment is ready to take our place. The "Spaulding" brought more good news than ever before - the capture of Slidell & Mason, the successful attack on the Port Royal forts, the success of Nelson in Kentucky and last the release of Col. H. from arrest and our orders to

return to action and civilization all contribute to keep our spirits up. The weather is improving, growing colder and consequently becoming healthier, and time for it too as we have buried five on the island, besides three who were drowned and one sent home. We have three officers in N.Y. sick and about the same number here who are off duty for the same cause. My own health is excellent and hope it will remain so.

I went duck shooting in a sailboat last week with Lieut. Whiting and when some six miles out in the Sound near some shoals and a small island of about an acre where the ducks abounded, a "secesh" gunboat bore down on us and favored us with one of her compliments in the shape of a rifled cannon shot and as we were not in trim to answer her, we travelled for home under a good stiff breeze that soon bore us out of danger as her gunners were very poor sticks, judging from the shot that was sent at us. Yesterday three or four of us walked up to Trent about 8 miles, duck shooting in the creeks and little bays of the Sound and took dinner at the house of one of the Union men of the Island. They are always glad to see us and treat us well, seldom wishing to accept pay but I always try to give an equivalent for what I receive. They are too poor and short of provisions for us to live on them.

Capt. Rodriguez has been away in command of a party for a week back but has now returned. The care of my company gave me something to do in his absence but now everything is fast relapsing into its primitive dullness. I am glad that they think of the poor fellows in the hospital. Tell Miss L. and Mrs. B. that there is no way in which they can assist and comfort the sick soldier as by giving him the little delicacies that a sick man wants. The Government provides liberally, medicines and all those things but the little things that remind one of home are what is wanted. Willie Disoway is on a leave of absence for three months, I believe, on account of typhoid fever. I would like very well to go north for a few days but not at the expense of my health.

Eliza has not yet answered my letter but will probably do so soon as she is a good correspondent. I don't care so much about it as I have another who tells me all the news of interest that Eliza would probably give and writes me regularly too. Josie might laugh at the idea of my writing to the D's, but I find it a very pleasant correspondence - don't say to Eliza anything about it. Remember me to Miss Leverett and say that she must not keep you long enough in Annapolis to be taken by the "secesh" though the way we have been whipping them lately seems to take away most of the chances for that.

When I commenced this letter I thought that it would be a little longer than usual but my stock of subjects seems to have run out and the climate here is either blowing all the time or else warm and unhealthy. Write to me soon though I hope that we will not have to stay in this place long. It is spoiling our regiment. I can imagine you sitting at the window looking at the soldiers marching past and wondering whether your son's men look like that but they don't for we have the best looking and marching Regt. out although the men are not large but stout and active. My company are said to be the most active in camp - they certainly are the healthiest and I think that their constant action keeps them well. They don't sit and mope in their tents but indulge in all sorts of rough sports and games, which I often sit and watch from my tent door.

Is there such a thing as a couple of pair of white knit woolen gloves to be had in Annapolis? If there is I will send you money enough to buy them for me. I want thin ones, i.e. knit of fine yarn and not clumsy. White Berlins are getting cold for this time of year - the thermometer was 2 degrees above freezing last night.

Give my respects to Mrs. B. and Mrs. Brewer.

Camp Wool, Nov. 27th, 1861.

Your two letters of the 16th and 21st. inst. arrived this morning. The Spaulding has been absent longer than usual and we vainly hoped that she might have been delayed to wait for the regiment that is to take our place, but no such good luck is in store for us and all felt a little blue when it was found that she brought us no orders or even any news that might lead us to expect a speedy removal from Ratteras Banks. It is hard to stay here when we should be engaged in some of the expeditions that are lending brilliancy to the war and our 9th has earned a right to have some active service - that is, if three months endurance of this unhealthy and desolate spot can earn it.

Your stay in Annapolis will familiarize you with the aspect of war in its pleasanter phase but troops fresh from N.Y. like the D'Epineuil Zouaves do not look much like the old stagers who have seen the animal in some of its roughest forms. The fevers here as the weather grows colder seem to assume a typhoid type instead of disappearing. The Penna. 48th buried a man yesterday; by the time they have put as many under as we have they will know how to conduct a military funeral better than they now do. We have not lost any since my last letter but we have one man in the hospital not expected to live and also 36 sick at Fort Monroe, which number we calculate to increase by this steamer at least a dozen.

Col. Hawkins is still at Monroe and there seems to be no chance of his returning soon. He is presiding officer of a court martial, a post that he can fill better than that of Colonel in the field. I am Lieut. commanding Capt. Rodriguez being on a wood party at Trent some 8 miles up and Lt. Lesly is Provost Marshal and you may rest assured that the Company doesn't lack dignity when your son is at the head.

I walked up to the lighthouse and back the other day with Lt. Whiting, a distance of between 28 and 30 miles all told and most of it through deep loose sand. We started for a walk and prolonged it out of curiosity to see the light house which neither of us had ever visited. It is about 160 ft. high, the lower half of stone and the upper part of brick. The shape is octagonal with a winding staircase inside. Secesh have carried off all the reflectors and important parts of the lantern but did not injure the tower. It commands a view of the island for a long distance and we saw 4 larger ships about 15 miles out bound southward, probably transports carrying men and stores to Beaufort.

I am improving in my shooting so that there is only one officer in the regt. can beat me and he can't much. I shot a single duck flying at 40 yds distance with my revolver while out sailing. We see flocks of duck here sometimes a mile long, thousands upon thousands.

I was sorry to hear of the death of Jim Thompson. We were rather intimate at school and he came to see me in N.Y. not long before the war broke out. Who told you of it? Your letter is a little blurred there, it seems to be Miss Carr. I don't know her. Remember me most kindly to Miss Leverett and Mrs. B. If such a thing is possible you may see me running in some fine day but the prospect is very uncertain, our chief hope lies in being ordered to Ft. Monroe to take part in the next expedition but whether Gen. Butler will allow it or not remains to be seen. The secession steamers run up and fire a gun or two at us about twice a week but they do not venture near enough to disturb our equanimity. There is a report that the rebels have blown up the works at Roanoke Island but we have not yet ascertained the truth of the report. The cause is said to be a mutiny in the No. Ca. Regiments. There is to be an election held

in this county tomorrow for a representative to Congress. It looks to me very like a humbug; the few people here are in my opinion not to be depended on. There are very few young men among them and we know that some of the sons are in the rebel army and the fathers stay at home playing possum.

I shall look for the gloves with some anxiety; mine must be regular gloves with fingers. We are unable to procure anything here and have to depend on the Spaulding for all our little comforts. The paymaster came down this time but owing to the neglect of our Adjutant in forwarding the muster rolls, only two companies, G. and K. will be paid off. It is unfortunate as if we move I shall want some and have lent most of mine but he will probably be down again next trip and we will be all right. How much will be sent home depends on the cost of my U.S. uniform that has not come yet.

If my feelings are not too blue, I will write to H.L. by this steamer but yours were the only letters that I received from the north and Eliza and Morris both owe me a letter. We had a heavy frost this morning, the first one that has been visible, not because it has not been cold enough, but the wind blows here almost incessantly and prevents frost. Write to me soon again for I don't think that the Spaulding will remain long at Old Point before returning to us as we are in need of a great deal in the way of provisions, underclothing, etc. I am dipping my pen in a quart ink bottle which will account for the numerous blots in this letter, more than I have made in six months; thanks to Miss L's teachings, my letters have that merit if no other. My health is good yet and the climate does not seem to affect me much. Co. H. is the healthiest Co. in the regt, its average of sick is only three or four while other companies have from 10 to 20. Write to me soon.

Camp Wool - Dec. 6th, 1861.

You will have to be content with a short letter from me this time as I have been much occupied by the paying off of my company and by other matters and there is little of interest to tell you. We have no prospect of going away from here at present and have resigned ourselves to our fate. My health continues very good and if my letters would only come more regularly, I would be quite content.

Two secesh steamers came down this morning about 6 A.M. and fired a dozen or so of shells at us but retired without doing any damage. Our navy here seems to be afraid to show themselves in the Sound and let the secesh insult us as much as they please.

Remember me to all the family at Annapolis and write to me soon; by the next steamer I will send you a long letter. If you have any stockings or any underclothing to send, send them to me. They will be very acceptable to our men. It is almost impossible to obtain a furlough from here and you must not expect too much to see me, though I would give almost anything but my commission to see you.

Camp Winfield, Dec. 15th, 1861.

The Spaulding touched here on Tuesday on her way to Port Royal - long enough to leave the mail and now she is returning to Ft. Monroe and stops here about the same length of time. We have again moved - this time about three miles up the island so that we are unable even to see the steamer when she comes in and have to wait for news and everything else. The prevailing idea at present is that we are to form part of Burnside's expedition that is to rendezvous here. If this is the case, we will probably leave in the course of a week but I know nothing certain.

My box will probably come by the next steamer and I am anxiously waiting for it as the gloves are becoming necessary just now although the weather for the first week in December was like June and some days it was hotter. Our boys are employed now in building a fortification across the island, a kind of duty that does not exactly suit their ideas and they do as little as possible. My chance of getting a furlough is poorer than ever. Gen. Williams has just issued an order refusing to grant leaves of absence without a certificate from the doctor. Two of our officers go home on this trip of the Spaulding, both suffering from old attacks of chills and fever.

I have not heard from Eliza for a long time, she owes me a letter and it is strange that she does not write. Remember me to all the family at Annapolia. There is nothing to write about here; it is worse than Hartsville used to be and we lie about camp and don't know the day of the week more than half the time. I am sorry to let this letter be so short especially as my last was so hurried but there seems to be no help for it. My ideas don't run clear this morning, probably the effects of a slight fever I had for two or three days, but it has left me as well as ever. Write to me soon.

Trent Outpost - Hatteras, N.C.
Dec. 22nd, 1861.

Your two letters bearing dates of the 6th and 10th have just arrived. They find me an advanced guard some six miles above Camp Wool. Our company was ordered on this service about a week ago and we have had a very pleasant time so far. We have a small intrenchment on a hillcock in the midst of pine woods in which most of our tents are pitched and I am glad to be able to tell you that we have floors; in fact the 9th are noted for making themselves comfortable and it is seldom that you see a tent without a floor after we have been three days in a place. About a month ago I invested \$8. in a camp bed or cot, a new invention that packs up in a bag half the size of a pillow case and when set up makes a comfortable bed, raised about a foot from the ground, so that Ma Chere mother must not be worried about her son nor reproach herself with not having sent him anything. He is an old campaigner by this time and does not fare worse than most other people.

The package has not yet reached me but I hope it is on the Spaulding and will come up tomorrow. The S. brought me my commission as 1st. Lieut. so you will have to address my letters to Company K. after this Capt. Jas. Whiting. He is my best friend in the Regt. and I am glad we are to be together. He and Dr. White were classmates at Williams College and meet again here. We three make a good mess. Col. Hawkins has been made a Brigadier Gen'l. at least such is the report brought up from Hatteras. He came down on the Spaulding and will probably visit this outpost tomorrow when "fighting H." as our company is called, will give

him a grand reception. He has rifles for our flank companies G. and B. and I hear also three Dahlgren howitzers. In that case your son will probably be in command of the artillery again, much to his liking. From the tone of your letter I can imagine Ma making herself a second Florence Nightingale among the sick soldiers. Nothing will do the poor fellows so much good - if our boys here had some one to carry them delicacies they would get well in half the time.

I have been on two hunts lately, one after possums and coons by moonlight and the other after deer. We were rather unlucky however and only shot one though I saw three. We had a fine possum roasted for supper the other night. He was as fat as a roasting pig and about the same size. The meat was as good as chicken; our sweet potatoes here are very fine, we get them of the color of pumpkins and as sweet as honey.

There is an old school house close to our camp that our boys have cleaned out and every night they have a dance and songs to while away the evenings when they are not on guard. We have a very good violinist in the company - he was considered a fine player in N.Y. and furnishes the music for quadrilles, waltzes and jigs in good style. Geo. Swain wrote me by this str. that he is well but says his prospects are "slightly mixed" but that dry goods have seen the last of him. I don't wonder!

Your prescription for typhoid fever seems good but as you seem to doubt its efficiency in the second letter and you know my failing of thinking that each profession know their own business best so that if I told it to Humphreys, he would probably have some pet of his own that he would think better. My own health continues good, the open air life agrees with me so that if I return safe to the north, it will go hard for me to go into business again. I will send you my old commission. It is of no use to me now and it may be a curiosity to you. The next grade is that of Captain but it will probably be more than six months before I get that.

Write to me soon even if you have nothing to tell. You know that letter writing never was my forte though I think that I do better than formerly. Remember me to Miss Leverett and thank her much for her kind invitation to a Christmas dinner but I fear it will be impossible for me to be there, though it would please me much to accept that and another invitation that I have for New Years in N.Y. Just imagine such weather as we have had for two weeks past. It has been as hot as Bristol in June and this so near Christmas, but tonight (Sunday) it is raining and by tomorrow night it may be freezing, such sudden changes do the north winds bring. You have been in camp now and can imagine our appearance at night lying around the tent enjoying our pipes and conversing about "a year ago this time". The old corps furnishes an inexhaustible topic and it has been a good thing for the Regt. that we were so well acquainted. All pull together and then we can do anything. Write soon.

Camp Winfield, Jan. 8, 1862.

The Spaulding after two weeks delay, brought me your letters of the 21st and 27th ult. as well as the unexpected box whose contents have been partially discussed with an avidity that I know would have pleased the donors had they been present to see the performance. The turkey malgré its ten days trip, was delicious and with the cranberry sauce was a change indeed after the Hatteras fare that we have lately had. The other box came by the last steamer and the shirts and gloves were luxuries to me. The gloves are exactly what I

him a grand reception. He has rifles for our flank companies G. and B. and I hear also three Dahlgren howitzers. In that case your son will probably be in command of the artillery again, much to his liking. From the tone of your letter I can imagine Ma making herself a second Florence Nightingale among the sick soldiers. Nothing will do the poor fellows so much good - if our boys here had some one to carry them delicacies they would get well in half the time.

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wanted and with the cuffs keep my hands warm in spite of the cold northerners that have been blowing for a week past. You did not congratulate me on my promotion to 1st Lt. but from that I think you did not receive my letter announcing the fact, for I know Ma would be the first to rejoice at it. My Capt. Whiting is a gentleman and altho not very long in the regt. (3 mos.) he was one of my most intimate friends here. He, Dr. White and myself mess together and have a sociable and good time.

Our Company (K) has been turned into an artillery corps and are in possession of three field pieces, 1 rifle and two 12 pdr. Howitzers - much to my satisfaction, for you know that the artillery was always my favorite arm. Gen'l Burnside's expedition is to rendezvous here and we expect Col. Hawkins tomorrow to take us with it or if not to return to Ft. Monroe to recruit our ranks and to recover the spirits and morale of the men which are fearfully damaged by a four months stay on Hatteras and by Gen'l Williams who has proved himself a petty tyrant and has almost ruined our regt. by his course toward it. Part of the expedition is already here and when the troops come I will try to see Dr. Flag and others of your acquaintance and if we don't go with Burnside there will be a good chance for my seeing you before long as we are not to stay on Hatteras at any rate.

Thank Miss Laverett and Mrs. B. for all the good things they sent me. Tell them they can't imagine how we appreciate such things from home. I wrote to Eliza nearly six weeks ago and have received no answer. If she don't choose to write, well and good, so long as I hear from you by every str. I don't care and as you know, I don't acknowledge the right of anyone else to say who shall be my correspondents and who shall not.

My health continues good in spite of everything and we have been through some hard service, fighting malaria and disease is worse than fighting the enemy and our tent has been pitched in places so damp that the top blanket was always wet in the morning as if it had been out in the rain, but my health has been providentially preserved and I have had no chance to ask for a sick furlough, tho the doctors would give me one on a slight provocation - they are both good friends of mine. I am occupying my dinner hour today in order to secure this letter to you as I am in command of a party of 100 men today engaged in building a redan fort to command the beach and have not much time to spare. My writing is worse than usual today but as I handle a pen so little it does not come natural.

Write to me soon again and give my love to all. You will become an fait on military matters if you stay at Annapolis and when I come back I can talk "shop" without fear of not being understood.

Camp Wool, Jan. 30th, 1862.

It has been almost a month now since I have been able to send you a letter. Gen. Burnside's expedition is here and the greater part of it in the Sound. They have had some of the worst weather possible since their arrival but has passed through with the loss of only 4 vessels. In fact, today is the first clear and pleasant day we have had. Gen'l B. has not allowed any letters to leave hitherto, but a steamer leaves today that will take most of the mail. Lieut. Bailey of the Mass. 27th came to see me yesterday. He says he would have been under the sod by this time had it not been for your good nursing. He seems to be a good fellow and took dinner with our mess. My birthday was not marked by anything special. I couldn't help comparing it with the last one when we had a quiet little dinner in 22nd Street, but I consider my circumstances improved from last year. I have

postponed writing so long thinking that the mail would not go that now I am hurried for time. We expect to go with Burnside to Roanoke Island, which is defended by three batteries mounting in all about 24 guns and garrisoned by 3,000 men, under the command of the great H. A. Wise of Va. and Gen'l Hill of N.E. My company have a battery of 5 pieces - 2 rifled guns and 3 howitzers. We had a little practice last week and at a mile's distance I made some good shots. It is quite cheerful about Hatteras now with the fleet of over 100 sail and carrying 15,000 troops; the bands play every night and the music sounds well over the water.

I have not heard from you for a long time. My letter of Dec. 26th or thereabouts has not been answered but we live in hopes of fighting our way to some better place where we can have something to keep our spirits up a little. After this expedition we are to return to Ft. Monroe or Newport News and recruit, when all the officers will have a chance to go home, but I want to distinguish myself somehow and give our battery a name.

Remember me to Miss L. and Mrs. B. - thank the former for her kind note that came in your last and tell her that my worst sickness is the "blues", a complaint fearfully common on Hatteras. Write to me as soon as you can, still to the same address. The letters will be forwarded to us wherever we may be. Lieut. Bailey wished to be remembered to you and to Mrs. B. He seems to feel very grateful to you all for your kindness to him and to his friends - but the "Contraband" waits for the mail so good-bye.

Transport "Eagle" Pamlico Sound,
February 10th, 1862.

I can imagine you looking day after day for a letter from me and have been almost as much worried as you, thinking of my inability to send one, but Gen'l Burnside would not allow any mail to go before his expedition had accomplished at least part of its object. To begin at the beginning - the fleet have had nothing but bad weather since they left Ft. Monroe so that we did not embark till Monday, the 3rd. and arrived opposite Roanoke Island on Friday. My Company (E) with five guns were on board a canal boat, very comfortable however, towed by a ferry boat. The gunboats shelled the batteries all that morning and in the evening we landed about 5,000 men and bivouacked in a swampy cornfield all night. On Saturday morning Foster's brigade, about 4 regts, went out and attacked a masked battery in the woods about a mile off. We were obliged to wait as a reserve and I tell you it was hard to listen to the volleys of musketry and the cannon shots and not to be able to help. Pretty soon the wounded began to come in and in about two hours they sent for us. We marched instantaneously and on arriving found our troops all thru the woods firing and fighting a force of about 1,800 rebels who were behind a breastwork surrounded by swamp and mounting 3 guns, one road only leading to it about wide enough for one wagon and the woods on the other side occupied by cecesh. As we filed along in front of the battery the bullets began to fly and it was a sight to see our line of fez capped men crouching like panthers along through the brush. At length, Gen'l Parks, our Brigadier, gave the order - "Zouaves! Charge and clear that wood!" and with such a yell as you never imagined, in we dashed up to our waists almost in water and cleared that wood in five minutes.

Our Major leading, we next charged the battery and for a moment or two on that road I didn't expect to see you again, the Minie balls whistled round us like hail. One cut the sleeve of my coat but after giving us two more rounds of grape, the rebels ran and we mounted the breastwork in triumph. When they fired the last shot, your son was the nearest man to the works and entered side by side with Lt. Leahy, the first officers of ours in it, we felt good and then a cheer went up -

such as Zouaves know how to give. We formed again and pursued the enemy, a party of whom tried to escape in boats but my company and another were on their tracks and after a short skirmish in a marsh and crossing a creek up to our arapits, brought back the boats. In one of them was O. Jennings Wise, son of H.A. He was struck by 4 balls and died the next day. I have the sword of an officer who was with him in the boat. After this the fight was over. The balance of our brigade and the 1st. followed the rebels to their camp when they laid down their arms. We have some 4,000 prisoners, 5 batteries with about 50 ps of cannon and hold the island, one of their strongest points, and the charge of the 9th decided it. Gen'l Renaud tried to get every other regt. to charge through that swamp and none would budge till we came up and needed no second order. The others laid about in the woods firing and receiving the enemy's fire but to little purpose, and as we rushed over them they would sing out - "Go in boys! Go in!" but forgot to show us the way.

Lieut. Webster was badly wounded in the arm and Lt. Debevoise received a flesh wound in the side, but we have not lost a man although there are a good many wounded. One of our Company was shot in the shoulder but not dangerously, and one had his musket struck twice within a minute without hurting him. I saw one of our boys with his belt plate dented an inch deep by a ball but his thick woolen sash saved him from a bad bruise. The Lieut. Colonel of the D'Epineuil Zouaves was with us and was shot through the brain while cheering our boys on. He was a fine old French soldier with silver moustache and hair and spent the night before in our cabin with Capt. Whiting and myself. We didn't think he was one fated to go so soon.

February 11th. - We bivouacked the night of the fight in a cornfield some four miles up the island. I may as well say now that it rained the whole time we were on shore and it was no joke to rough it as we did with nothing to eat but what we could kill. The next morning (Sunday) the right wing marched to the barracks where the rebel prisoners were. They are built in the best manner and are far ahead of anything that I have seen in the barrack line. They are rows of long wooden buildings divided into compartments for six men, each room big enough for 20, with a large fireplace and chimney in each. They had plenty of food, flour, pork and crackers, but no coffee or sugar. The shore batteries are beautifully constructed and are the best earthworks I have yet seen. Almost every one had at least one heavy rifled gun, carrying about a 60 lb. shot, but with all that they did not do our fleet as much damage as they should.

It is a heavy blow for the rebels aside from the loss of guns and men as the island commands the two sounds and opens the rear of Norfolk and this and the two counties opposite on the mainland, grow as much corn as the rest of the States. Our boys are in glorious spirits and from my knowledge of them I think that the next time they are called on they will do better even than this. The rebels relied much on the swamp which they thought impenetrable. One of the prisoners said - "We thought we were to fight men, not fish".

On Monday morning we marched at daylight some five miles through a snow storm and embarked in small boats to go on the fleet again. By some mishap our canal-boat the "Shrapnel" was not out in the channel and we were landed on the "Eagle" and when I commenced to write about ten o'clock last night, Capt. Whiting and myself got our men on board the S. after a two mile pull in a blinding snow-storm. But the mail is waiting and I will close this. Direct to 9th Regt. N.Y.V. Burnside's Expedition, for I don't know where we will be. Oh, I saw Dennison and Bailey of the Mass. 27. They think everything of you and both hunted me up. Dennison found me lying by a camp fire about 9 o'clock at night and sat down and we had a comfortable talk.

Gunboat "Shrapnel" off Roanoke Island
Feb. 28, 1862.

When I last wrote you about the 11th inst. we had just been through the fight and since that time I have not been able to send off a letter to you, nor have we received a mail except about 20 letters to a company and none for me among them. We laid in the Sound till the 18th when our Regt. embarked on the gunboats "Hunchback", "Perry", "Barney" and some two or three more, and sailed up the Chowan River. We found it a rather fine river with about 21 ft. of water for a long distance. At the mouth it is about 4 miles wide but before we reached Winton it became very narrow and crooked with a swamp on one side and high wooded bank on the other. We passed some pretty plantations, the white houses and negro huts looked well through the deep green of the forest but the only people were a few negroes who were collected in front of some of the deserted mansions.

The leading boat of the squadron had just arrived opposite Winton at dusk on the 19th and was to anchor for the night, as all seemed to be quiet and there were one or two women walking on the bank, when the rebels opened fire on her with a 12 pdr. gun and masonry, riddling her with bullets. Fortunately all hands were below at supper and no one was killed. Col. Hawkins was up in the cross trees looking out when the fire opened and the way he slid down was a caution. It was too late to do anything that night so we retired down the river a mile or two and waited for morning. It was a dreary rainy night and as no lights were allowed, it was dull enough.

At about 7 A.M. of the 20th we went up again and our boys landed under cover of a fire from our boats. I never saw a better landing - it was done in perfect order and we were ready for a fight as soon as we were ashore and marched up into the village after it, but as usual, "secesh" had run, leaving knapsacks and blankets along the road. Co. K. was detailed for picket duty and I had the advanced line of skirmishers but we were not able to find an enemy. The village was occupied as barracks and storehouses for the C.S.A. army so we burnt most of it, not having time to carry off the spoils. It seemed a shame to burn such a pretty place but I think it was right.

We returned immediately, taking a look at Edenton on our way back and returned to the "Shrapnel" on the 21st. where I am now. We are lying about a mile from shore in Croatan Sound and as we have had bad weather for some days, there has been but little intercourse with the rest of the regt. Bailey of the 27th Mass. has been to see me again. He and Dennison seem to have taken a fancy to me. The only man we lost at Roanoke was one of our Company. He was not badly wounded but he was imprudent and aggravated it till he died. We expect to start soon for somewhere and Col. H. says that we will go to Old Point after the next fight. Weren't you glad to hear of our behavior at Roanoke? It makes me feel good as I can now be believed when I talk of the 9th as the crack N.Y. Regt. They have had the rough part of a soldier's life at Hatteras and now they show that they can sustain their reputation as a good fighting Regt. We are to have Roanoke on our colors.

How I want to hear from you but the mails are like angels visits but we look for better times. From all we hear I think that the rebellion is about crushed. They don't fight with the true grit, to use a common phrase, their soul is not in it and when the bayonets are coming they run. Write soon.

Camp Reno. Roanoke Island, N.C.
March 8th, 1862.

For the first time since our disembarkation on this island, I have a place and time to write to you more fully than I could on board the "Shrapnel" where our quarters were confined and the interruptions were constant. Your two letters of the 11th and 23rd of February came to hand on the 4th, much after the proper time, but our mails have been very irregular since New Year's and not one half have arrived. By some chance, fortunately, yours reached me in safety though all the rest except one from John Mitchell miscarried.

We have been lying in the Sound on board our boats ever since the fight while most of the other troops have been ashore in camp and we were much rejoiced to hear that the expedition was going on somewhere else but you can judge of our feelings when the order came for us to remain with the 89th N.Y. and the 6th N.H. to garrison the island. We felt that it was a poor return for our services and that we had the right to be employed in active service after our long stay at Hatteras, but Col. W. is senior Colonel and that was made the excuse, though he fought hard against it and begged at least if he was forced to stay that his Regt. might go - but there is a strong jealousy against us, especially in Reno's brigade and it was of no use, so we landed on the 6th and are now occupying some of the secesh barracks at the upper end of the island. Col. Hawkins is acting Brigadier and has chosen me as his aide, so that I am at present detached from K. which is ordered to a point some 8 miles below that commands the eastern channel, as there are some hopes of an attempt to retake the place on the part of Gen'l Bragg who has come to Norfolk from Pensacola with his brigade. If they come here they will probably have a hot time of it. The island is one of the best places we have yet seen - there are several good farms but there is considerable swamp. The natives are of about the same class as the Hatteras bankers, some of them perhaps a little civilized by the people who used to resort to Nags Head just opposite, which was a rather fashionable watering place for this part of N.C.

I did not intend to have my letter to you read by outsiders there were some things in it that sounded too much like bragging, if I recollect right, and that I would tell to no one but you though they are known here. I hope you didn't copy them. I wrote to Harriet Landreth two weeks ago and will write to Uncle J. when there is an opportunity. We are not notified when a mail is going out so I trust my letters to the tender mercies of the adjutant's mail bag and hope they will go quick. You must not be too much disappointed at the irregularity of my letters. We are not settled enough to give me a chance to write often.

Lieut. Col. DeMonteil spent the night before the fight with us on the "Shrapnel" and I took quite a fancy to him. He knew Gavarny, my old teacher, and we talked till quite late. As I passed him in the charge next day, he was cheering our men on, standing on a log, a prominent mark for the enemy, and shouting "En Avant, Zou Zous!" Not a minute afterwards he fell with a bullet through his head.

Sunday, Mch. 9/62. Dennison has just been up to see me - he staid about an hour, saw a review and inspection of the Regt. and was some surprised at the style our battery was conspicuous and called forth much admiration from the army officers who were there. D. seems to be a good sort of fellow and I rather like him. He says the expedition is under orders to start at daybreak tomorrow - probably for Newbern, though we don't know for certain.

When have you heard from Eliza? She has not written me for three months. She surely is not so foolish as to be provoked at my correspondence with the D's - it is not like her. Geo. Delevoise, 2nd Lieut. of Co. A. who was wounded in the

side and went home, is son of Mrs. Cornell of 7th Avenue, so that E. will hear from me that way. I sent some messages but had no opportunity to write. Does Aunt Susan write as if there was any show for every paying for the farm or is it all they can do it make the interest? Grain must bring good prices now and those who stay at home to farm ought to make money but it wouldn't suit me. I wouldn't change my present mode of life, rough and full of dangers as it is, for a quiet life at home, at least just at present when all hands are wanted to wind up this thing. Morris ought to come out, he will be sorry he didn't after the war is over. I wouldn't exchange the honor of having belonged to the 9th for a good deal.

I am writing in Capt. Parisen's quarters, our own not being fitted up much as we move so soon. Our boys are amusing themselves by rolling cannon balls for tampions in the company street. The weather is superb, warm and sunny as June and the pine woods around contribute to make us forget that at the north you probably are wearing the thick winter clothing yet. We have had shed for two weeks past but I don't think they are as good as we used to have at Bristol. What I want most is stamps, please send me \$1. worth. I enclose \$5. and have about \$100. to send as soon as the express is ready to take it. There will probably be \$150. more next payday if my new uniform don't cost too much. We are obliged to get it altho I prefer the U.S. regulation that I now wear.

Remember me to Miss L. and to Mrs. B. All chances for furlough seem to be extinct at present. Capt. Barnett goes home soon on recruiting service and I hear that K. is to be recruited up to 125 men. But it is time to close as the mail I hear is to close this afternoon.

Camp Reno. Roanoke Island, N.C.
Sunday, May 17, 1862.

Yesterday we had the first large mail that has reached us since the Expedition started. It brought me yours of the 3rd and also one from Eliza, which was commenced in January. I have written several times since the battle of Roanoke and hope that before this my letters have reached you. The medals are a humbug, we think of refusing them. N.Y. City has sent us a flag which we received today but don't want it. Our old red regimental color that is faded, torn and weatherbeaten, is worth a dozen new ones.

Geo. Dunning's marriage don't surprise me much - he is too great a catch to remain single long. What kind of person is Mrs. W.? ~~REXX~~. I told George Murray about Mathilde and Mr. J. - he is quite well and wishes to be remembered. Geo. is a sergeant of Co. B. and a good soldier.

What a nuisance that "Herrimac" has made of herself. It ought to make these old naval fogies think about taking Norfolk. The last time I saw the old "Cumberland" she was lying off Hatteras protecting us. We rather expect secedash down this way soon, our battery goes down the island tomorrow morning and I am relieved from aid duty to go with it. If I can get a furlough at all it will be in about two weeks. Six of our officers go home tomorrow, 13 of them are promoted from Sergeants. I send this to Baltimore by Lt. Donaldson, as the quickest and surest way to have it reach you. Hawkins may change his mind about letting any more go, so I don't think much of it.

Eliza don't seem to write in good spirits, though she wrote a 12 page letter. I was sorry to hear that Josie had been delicate all winter. She says they miss me much and Josie says - "how blessings brighten, etc." She seems to be much taken up with church affairs as they have been having a revival going on

at 7th Ave. for a long time. I want to go North now more than ever before since leaving it. In fact I was positively touched with homesickness for the first time. What between not being very well, disgust at being left to garrison Roanoke, and anxiety to see to some of my private business north and chief of all a longing to see Ma again, I felt miserable enough, but with a chance to see service again, as we are going to put one of our rifled 12 Pdrs. on a sailboat and cruise a little on our own hook and a distant prospect of a short furlough, I feel some restored.

Remember me kindly to all friends and excuse a short letter as I will write soon again.

Camp Reno, Noh. 29th, 1862.

Your letters of the 10th and 17th arrived yesterday. We have to wait longer than ever now as all our mails go to Newbern before being sent here, which delays them an indefinite time as they do not think it worth while to send up a str. just to carry the mail. I have been relieved from aid duty because Capt. Whiting's orders were changed and he only has half the company down the island while I remain at Camp Reno in command of three guns and the other half. As an artillery officer I have no guard duty to do and have consequently an easy time. I am living with Dr. White in a comfortable barrack, the best house in camp about 18 x 20, and a fine fireplace where we keep a good log fire going. Our mess consists of Drs. White, Humphreys, Lieut. Lyon, 4th Rhode Island Ordnance officer of the post and myself. We have rockfish and sweet potatoes in abundance but have to depend on preserved meats as we have had no fresh meat since our landing.

Some 100 contrabands have come in and I have a very good boy for servant. he rides some 5 miles every morning and brings us in fresh milk, a luxury that you must be a soldier to appreciate. He belonged to a Dr. Lindsay of Washington, D.C. who has a farm down here and ran away some weeks ago. Lieut. Lyon is a real Yankee from Newport, R.I. He is master of half a dozen trades and well informed on most subjects, especially on chemistry and makes a very pleasant companion. Humphreys has taken a great fancy to him and he is very particular who he messes with. I don't get up till 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M., get breakfast, light a cheroot and go out to look at guard mounting which it is part of a soldier's bounden duty to go to see. At 10 we have a company drill which I sometimes superintend and as often don't; at 1 comes battalion drill when I take the battery to the regimental drill ground about half a mile off and we drill for an hour or two. Afterwards comes dinner and dress parade at 5 P.M. when we do ourselves proud. We had almost all the officers of the N.H. 6th up the other day and they went back with the expressed conviction that nothing could beat the style of the Zou's.

I have nothing more to do except supper or a game of ball and spend the evening round our fire with the Drs. chatting on all subjects till about 10 or 12 and then we retire. Altogether it is as comfortable a place as we could well be in, except as to mail facilities in which it is worse than Hatteras, only we ought to have been at Newbern. We know we did our duty here and Gen'l Burnside, Parks and Foster have said so but Reno and his brigade hate us, at least as far as the 9th N.J. and the 51st N.Y. are concerned. They spread all kinds of lies about concerning us and trying to injure our reputation while as a regt. there is, I can safely say, no other in the U.S. service superior to us in discipline and knowledge of our duties. Of course we have some scamps but I think that at the present time the greater portion are in the guard house and the worst cases securely anchored to 68 lb. shot that rather cools their fiery spirits. Our company, (K) was formerly the scapegoat of the regt. but since Capt. Whiting has been in command, its conduct has been second to none. We have not had a man in the guardhouse for months. As to the Winton affair, no regt.

could have disembarked in better order. Our orders were to burn certain houses which was done by men selected for the purpose and all the rest remained in the ranks. The stories of our pillaging, etc. are false. I write these things to you as I know you take almost as much interest in our good name as I do myself. It is almost a passion with me, believing in the 9th as I do. Col. Betts resignation was caused by his being obliged to lose a lucrative situation in the Supreme Court if he staid our any longer. He is a great loss but it will not affect the regt. as much as it would some six months ago.

Camp Reno, Roanoke Island, N.C.
April 7th, 1862.

The mail today brought me your two letters of the 23rd and 28th of March. It is getting to be such a habit to receive two from you by each mail that I should hardly be content with one. The boat went back to Newbern before I had time to read, let alone answer, then so that I am obliged unwillingly to let a mail slip without sending a line to you, but we expect another boat to go in two days and I write this to be sure to be in time.

Willie Scott's death must have been a great blow to his mother. Where will she go? Greeley has made a fool of himself about McClellan. He is like Mr. Perkins and a lot more who think they know more about conducting a war than a soldier and are disgusted and growl because a General don't do impossibilities. We are in the worst place for news that you can imagine. Somebody steals our papers and all we can get are rumors. If they are to be believed, we are doing splendidly. No. 10 taken, the Merrimac sunk, McClellan at Ft. Monroe with 100,000 men and Yorktown in our hands - all good news but nothing known.

I am glad to be able to answer your questions so well. 1st. Roanoke is healthy if our sick list is to be believed. We have not lost a man from disease since our arrival. Our camp is on the highest part of the island and is as healthy a spot as there is here. I don't speak French - parceque - there's nobody to talk to. I weigh almost to a pound what I did when we left N.Y., eat like an anaconda or other similar vegetable you choose to think of, have shaved the whiskers that have hung round my face in bushy luxuriance hitherto and wear the mustache and goatee as formerly, look I presume quite natural only ~~subburnt~~ - at least I judge so as no one ever compliments me on being handsome; have good milk morning, noon and night, which my darkey purveys before breakfast somewhere down the island, and other good things not in proportion as grub is rather scarce except fish and eggs.

Don't think, under any circumstances of visiting this place. If you could see Nags Head you would not think much of it as even a temporary abiding place. It is a collection of fish huts and the blackened ruins of the hotel and the larger buildings that once made all its glory. As to my furlough, it must wait till Col. H. is in the humor. He is acting Brigadier Gen'l. and I am only a 1st. Lt. As to our hospital, Dr. Humphreys would feel insulted if you doubted the ability of his nurses to attend properly to the sick. I have stamps enough for the present but you might send a few more - they are handy to have in the house. I think I told you that the remains of Sir Walter Raleigh's star fort are yet to be seen - you can trace the outline of the parapet very plainly. Do not feel discouraged because I don't come home - it isn't best or advisable or I'd come. Perhaps you would feel better in Germantown, better try it anyhow. They want to see you and you want a change from Annapolis and hospitals. Two of our companies and four of the 6th N.H. have gone up the Sound somewhere. I came near going but being alone with my detachment, couldn't.

Remember me to Miss L. and the rest. Tell them that my luck seems to run against furloughs. I am sitting in White's quarters at about midnight or after, as near as I can guess. White is off to Newbern for a few days and I rule in his stead over the shanty. It is a cold, rainy night but I am as comfortable as a bug with a jolly fire of oak and pine logs in the fireplace. Write often, your letters always come though the mails are so irregular. I heard from Geo. Swain the other day - he seems to be in low spirits about having nothing to do. He says Mr. King, Sr. is sick and has been for sometime. Dick and Cushing are settling up at 42 Pine Street - poor business I suspect. Humphreys says he don't know Mrs. Warcy. What was her maiden name? He has myriads of cousins and don't know the half of them. Don't tell her though.

If I did get a furlough, Annapolis would be an inconvenient place to go to and time is precious when a fellow has so little as he generally has on a leave of absence and at Germantown I could go right to you without delay. Write me soon.

Camp Reno, April 15th, 1862.

The last mail from the north did not bring me a line from anybody, much to my disgust. We have nothing to write about here as everything goes on smoothly. Burnside came up on Sunday and we gave him a review. The boys looked gay in their fancy uniform which is rich but not flashy like that of the late D'Epineuil Zouaves. Our regimental health is good, none badly sick. We start tonight on an expedition somewhere into N.C. Our whole regt. the 89th N.Y., 6th N.H. and two more from Newbern. I think Burnside will be in command. Our battery goes along under the direction of Col. Howard of the Marine Artillery and I write you so that you will get this at the usual time if a mail goes before we return. White has been to Newbern and reports a great deal of sickness there - typhoid fever, etc. It is much healthier on Roanoke. Capt. Barnett has gone to N.Y. on recruiting service. It is not my luck to get away - I will probably serve my time out. Write to me soon. In haste.

P.S. April 17th. Not off yet but expect to go before long. Dr. White goes to N.Y. with the sick that are able to go and will take this note. I am well and wish I could go north but with the prospect of a battle before us, of course it is out of the question. I direct to Germantown as your letter came today saying you were going there. Am glad you are well and feel good about the Corinth fight. I write every mail and don't know why mine don't reach you. Love to all.

Camp Reno, Roanoke Island
April 21st. 1862.

I write in haste that if possible this may reach you before the published accounts of our battle. We started in steamboats on Good Friday, five regiments of us, and sailed up the Pasquotank to a point three miles below Elizabeth City, landed at 12 P.M. and started at 3 A.M., marched 25 miles, met the enemy (the 3rd Georgia and a lot more) and whipped them by a charge, if you can so call it, of men who were worn out by a long forced march as ours were. We lost some 70 killed and wounded. Our Adjutant, Cadesen, was killed. Capts. Graham and Hammill and Lieuts. Klingeoehr, Bartholomew and Col. Hawkins wounded. Lieuts. Morris and Herbert had two of our battery guns along and I am happy to state, did much to gain the day. We killed a large number of the enemy and silenced two of their guns. We fought for sometime under a heavy fire of grape and canister that raked the road we were in completely. With my usual luck I came near a wound but didn't get it.

I was sighting my gun and a canister shot struck on my canteen that had swung in front of me and mashed it in, fortunately not hurting me. We bivouacked on the field and at 10 P.M. received orders to march back again which we did, through clayey roads wet by the rain into mud almost impassable, to the boats about 15 miles off. We reached there about 5 A.M., having marched 40 miles and fought a battle inside of 25 hours - pretty good for a set of N.Y. boys - and didn't we sleep, whew! Having had no rest for two nights, we were as near played out as could be. Poor Billy Cavanaugh was killed, shot through the heart. He lived about half an hour. I was sent for to see him on the field but could only stay a minute. He gave me some messages and said - "Dick! Tell them I died doing my duty." He was a brave boy and it made me sad having known him so long and he only joined the regt. to be with me. Our Adjutant Gadsden had only been with us a few weeks and this was his first fight. He had made himself much liked in the regt. already and we feel his loss much, as the first officer who has fallen in the field.

I hope this will reach you all right and write to me soon. Of course these wounded officers going home stop my chance for a furlough yet awhile.

P.S. I will write again soon - the mail is going right away and I want you to get this.

Camp Reno, Roanoke Island,
May 1st. 1862.

My last letter was a short one, written just after the South Mills affair and this is the first chance we have had of sending any letters since that time. The mail that came today brought no letter for me but as it was a small mail and another will be coming in a few days, I hope for better luck next time. As no true report of our fight will reach you, I will give a short account of it.

We were ordered four days before starting to be ready at an hour's notice to leave on an expedition involving a long march and a fight. Of course all the natives heard of it and sent the news straight to secessh. Good Friday we started on steamboats, the 89th N.Y., the 6th N.H. and ours from here and the 51st. Penna and 21st Mass. from Newbern - all under command of Gen'l Reno. We took two howitzers and the gunboat Virginia sent two more. We landed about midnight three miles below Elizabeth City and our brigade started at 4 o'clock on the march; through the treachery of a guide we marched 25 miles instead of 12 as we should have done, and found the other brigade lying off while our two guns under command of Lt. Herbert, our 2nd. Lieut engaging the enemy at long range. I was immediately sent to take charge of our guns and went right to work. Meanwhile our regt. was led out into the open field in front of the enemy's position which was on the edge of a wood and was ordered to charge while still some 600 yds. off and suffering from the enemy's guns. The men were worn out by the rapid march under a hot sun but went in. We lost some 60 killed and wounded in 10 minutes and they were then inclined to the right to take the rebels in flank, which ought to have been done in the first place. The enemy construed this into a repulse and returned to their guns, from which they had retired, but meanwhile I had run my 12 pdr. up to 400 yds. distance and opened with shrapnel with such good effect that after a few rounds of grape, which didn't do much harm, they left incontinently as soon as our men began to show on their flank. All this time the other regts. had done nothing, though two of them were fresh to what we were and after the enemy had retreated, the 6th N.H. fired a volley into the woods

and thought they did a large thing. We slept on the field in the rain of course, it always rains on our expeditions, but at 10 o'clock all hands were waked up and formed in line of battle. We supposed we were going to look up another fight or destroy the canal and tired as they were, every man was at his post. Instead of that we were marched back to our boats over a clay road, wet and muddy. We reached the river bank early in the morning after having marched 40 miles and fought a battle inside of 28 hours. Raining as it was I laid down on the bank and slept for two hours, almost "played out", to use a common expression.

The whole thing was fearfully mismanaged. We might have captured almost all the rebels and their guns and accomplished all we were sent to do. Instead of that, the affair was resolved into a duel between our Regt. and the 3rd Georgia, the crack southern regt. and one that has repeatedly sent us challenges. They were fresh and under cover, we tired and in the open field under all the fire they could give us, and we whipped them but our loss was severe. We took but 750 men into the field and lost 10 killed and 58 wounded. Col. Hawkins was hit in the arm and the Adj. killed. Billy Cavanaugh was killed and all those who fell were brave boys. In return, our Chaplain counted 30 of their dead in one lot, killed by our battery and they acknowledged the loss of the Capt. and 1st Lieut. of their battery. I sighted my guns myself and it was pretty work while the grape shot was flying around us like a young hailstorm. One struck my canteen, which had swung to the front while sighting my piece, but the canteen being full it didn't go through. I have the bullet or rather grape shot, one of my boys picked it up and I keep it to show you when I go home, whenever that happy time comes, but our wounded officers must have furlongs and that of course knocks mine in the head.

Col. Howard of the Marine Artillery, who was in command of all our guns, did me the proud thing by a special mention in his report to Gen. Burnside. (Don't mention these things to anyone. I don't like to hear what I write for mother's own ear, talked about - it seems like bragging, as there is no one else whose opinion I care enough about to tell these little things.) I've been in two fights now and am not in a hurry to see a third though I am ready when ordered. The fire we were under was twice as heavy as Roanoke and our men behaved gallantly but it was sickening to see our brave boys falling so uselessly. I could have shot Reno or Hawkins that day with a good will and in any other service but ours the former would be cashiered for his most culpable mismanagement. I think they will shift the blame on other shoulders but I know and will always consider the boys who fell at South Mills murdered and nothing else. It is enough to make a man resign and were my love for the service or my regt. less, I would do so. I have pretty thoroughly used a sailor's privilege of growling but feel more than I write - these things can't be talked about much.

I am writing at about 1 o'clock A.M. in the guard tent, being officer of the guard and it is raining like fury as it does here about a third of the time, so if my "chirog" is a little worse than usual, consider the circumstances. Why don't Eliza write me. I answered her letter long ago. Uncle Sam don't do his duty by us, his faithful servants. The complaints of his mail are neither few or far between. It is about an even chance whether half our letters reach us or not. Give my love to all the folks and write me soon again. I have had one letter since you reached Germantown.

The first year of our enlistment is up next Sunday. I hope the war will be pretty well ended in the next 12 months. We have had no news from the north less than two weeks old and don't know what McClellan is doing or whether Grant is hammering the Corinthians or not. I have a secesh officer's sword captured at Roanoke and a little hunting rifle, a Winton trophy. One of these I calculate to give to Uncle John and the other to Mr. L. H. Scott, if I get home all right and

maybe by that time I'll have some more. A sergeant and eight men are going to N.Y. by the boat tomorrow morning as an escort to Adj. Gadsden's body. I was in hopes that an officer would go in charge, in which case I had a good chance, but Col. H. got mad about something and wouldn't send any of us and as he wears an eagle on his shoulder strap and I only a bar, there is nothing to be said.

Are any of the Vezins out? They have enough boys to furnish one or two out of the family to fight a little for the flag. Write me all the news.

Camp Reno, Roanoke Island,
May 8th, 1862.

Yours of April 21st. came by the last mail and as a mail leaves tomorrow morning I will answer it now though the next boat that goes to Hatteras will probably take a letter quicker than this which has to go to Newbern. I am glad you are having a pleasant visit to Germantown in spite of the absence of hospitals, though there is really something attractive in them after you have been a few times through and become interested in some cases. If the men in the Annapolis hospitals were as cheerful as ours are they wouldn't be sick so long. Humphreys says he never saw a set of men that were more jolly while suffering from sickness or wounds than these "lamb of the 9th". It would have done you good to have heard the party of wounded that went home by the last steamer when they went off - nothing but jokes and fun. Almost every one had his bullet to show, but it was on the field that they showed the trueness. Not one but many of those who were only hit in the arm or hand would tell the Dr. when he came to them - "Never mind me, go to that man over there. He is hit worse than I am" - and never grumbled because their turn did not come quick.

We have a report from Norfolk that the Merrimac & Co. went out the other night into Hampton Roads and the Jamestown and Yorktown were gobbled by our fleet and that the Merrimac hadn't come back. I hope it is true but want some details. Also the capture of New Orleans. It seems probable but in the lack of position information, we hesitate at believing anything. If Norfolk falls, we won't stay on Roanoke long, that is a pretty sure thing, as 500 men would garrison it sufficiently. McClellan is the man now. If the rebels are well whipped at Yorktown or Corinthia, the game is up.

What was the caution about my spending my money for in your letter? Was it caused by any prospect of want in particular? If there is anything of the kind - if you have lost any money, do write me. I will have at least \$300. to send home next payday which ought to be soon as our muster rolls have already gone to Fort Monroe, if the express ever comes here to get it. If not, I will send a draft on N.Y. which you can easily get cashed. Spend every cent that I send if you want anything. I can earn more when I get home at something or other though I would like much a position in the regular service, i.e. in the Artillery.

I am at present acting on a general Court Martial now sitting at Headquarters, which relieves me from all other duty for sometime as we have a number of cases to try - some pretty serious. I went to see Capt. Whiting at his little camp down the island last Friday and stayed till Monday, had a good day's snipe shooting on the Hags Head beach besides a pleasant cruise in our gunboat. It is really cold tonight, a big fire in our fireplace is necessary for comfort - rather singular for May in this latitude. The woods are full of flowers, however, the laurel, dogwood and a number that I don't know the names of, make a ride down the island a very pleasant one. We have about 500 contrabands now, 160 came over the other day in a bunch. If the stream keeps up much longer this part of N.C. will be pretty well depopulated of the colored gentry. What will we do with them after the war is over?

Give my love to all. It seems like a huge task for me to attempt to write to anyone else but you and in consequence I seldom do it, careless as usual of what my correspondents think. Military matters are always uppermost in my thoughts and it must bore anyone to read my letters so they don't lose much. Conway has redeemed his character in a great measure by his conduct at South Mills and ~~in~~ since. He used to be a good deal of a humbug.

P.S. I hate fancy envelopes but they are all I can procure. Geo. Murray inquires after you often. If you have any news of Mr. J. always write it to me.

Camp Reno, Roanoke Island,
May 16th, 1862.

Your letter of May 4th came tonight. It is strange that none of my letters written since the South Mills affair have reached you but I am glad that you saw our boys in Phila. Co. H. is a good Company for anyone to ask about me - they all liked me - but you must not take all they say for gold. Zouaves are as bad as Irish for blarney.

I didn't tell you anything about that Captaincy business, it was unpleasant and I didn't want it known out of the Regt. A Captain's commission came for me the other day from Albany, duly signed by Morgan and all in good order, although Hawkins had sent on another name to fill the vacancy. Of course it looked like outside wire-pulling on my part, though I will do my brother officers the justice to say that they did not suspect me of having had anything to do with it. Of course I sent it back to Morgan with a short note saying that I could not accept any appointment unless it came in the regular way through a recommend from our Col. Morgan has had his fingers in our regimental pie several times and always got them scorched. He will learn after a while that we can attend to our own business better without outside help. I think it must have been done through Judge Bronson's influence. I have no other friends in N.Y. at all likely to do anything of that kind.

Since the fall of Norfolk, we are daily expecting orders to leave this island as it is no longer a post of importance. Where we go is not known. If there is no prospect of our being called into action soon I will try to go north in a week or so and will probably succeed, but don't expect me too much. I am such an uncertain individual - if you are content at Germantown you had better stay either there or at Bristol for a while yet. What is Morris doing at Old Point? I wish they would take the opportunity to come down here.

The 5th of next June will be the anniversary of our embarkation at New York for Newport News. The time has passed tolerably fast in spite of Hatteras and I have picked up considerable knowledge of soldiering in that time and been under heavy fire twice, not often to be sure but better than if I had become a home guard and stayed north. There is nothing to write about this time - the woods on the island are all clothed in their new dress of green, the fresh light shade of which looks refreshing against the sombre background of the pines. Give my love to all the family and write as often as you can. If the mail don't go for some days, I will write again but as we generally have not more than half an hour's notice, it don't do to wait. It is after midnight and I wish I was spending the evening north of the Mason & Dixon line instead of in Roanoke.

Camp Reno, Roanoke Island
May 24th. 1862.

The last three mails although they came pretty near together, brought me each a letter from you, much to my satisfaction, but we lead such a quiet life here on Roanoke that it is hard to find material for a letter. The arrival of the paymaster has been a welcome break in the monotony as funds were growing low. I find that I will have full \$300. clear this time. Col. Hawkins the other day, when I told him of my desire to go home, said I could go as soon as some of the absent officers should return, when that will be however is uncertain - probably in the course of a month. I have put things in training for a commission in the regular Artillery and don't despair of success. A recommend from Burnside would carry some weight with it.

We had green peas yesterday for dinner but through the stupidity of our N.C. cook, who cooked them shells and all, they proved to be uneatable. An order has come for the mail to go - Love to all. I will write again tomorrow.

Old Point Comfort,
May 30th, 1862.

Don't be surprised to hear from me here. Col. Hawkins selected Capt. Whiting and myself and 20 of our men to escort him to Norfolk via Currituck Sound and a canal, the first trip through. We have a fine side-wheel boat, the "Port Royal" with two of our howitzers on board. We left Roanoke at 4 A.M. yesterday, starting from Camp Reno at 2 A.M. of course up all night; ran through the Sound and up North River with no other mishap than running aground two or three times. The river scenery was much like that of the Hackensack that we cross before reaching Jersey City. a low marsh on each side. About 80 miles from Roanoke we took the canal that runs through a dense cypress swamp for $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the first cypress swamp we have seen. It was a grand trip through the lofty cypress avenue and realized fully the description I have read of said swamps. We struck the Elizabeth River about 15 miles from Norfolk, which place we reached without further incident at about 8 P.M. We went with Col. H. to see Gen'l Viele and after a good supper slept at the Atlantic, the first time I have slept between sheets for a year - it felt good.

This morning we started for Ft. Monroe, saw the remains of the Navy Yard and shipping - the large pile of coal is still burning - saw the battery on Craney Island and Sewall's Pt. and reached the Fort at about 6 A.M. Capt. W. and I are visiting old acquaintances at the Fort and enjoying ourselves with the good living of the Hygeia until 4 o'clock when we start for home, i.e. for Roanoke. Something of a compliment, wasn't it, to select us for this duty. It makes all the rest open their eyes.

I received your letter of the 18th. Am glad you are well and enjoying yourself. Col. H. told me yesterday that Capt. Child and myself are going to N.Y. recruiting soon when some of the sick officers return. We will probably be in N.Y. a month at least and as there are two of us we will have half of it leisure time. Write to me soon - Love to all.

P.S. I would have written that we were coming but we only got the order to leave at 8 P.M. and we started the same night at 2 A.M. with three day's rations cooked and two howitzers - quick work, wasn't it?

Camp Reno, Roanoke Island,
June 7th, 1862.

Once more I have an opportunity of writing to you via Norfolk as Capt. Whiting starts tomorrow morning at 2 O'clock for the trip. Lieut. Herbert goes this time as I went last. Gen. Burnside is going through on the boat with them so they will have a pleasant trip. Yours of the 26th of May arrived all right and as another mail has come in I hope to see your writing again before I send this. We have just heard of the capture of Richmond and the general favorable aspect of things north and am proportionally elated thereat and begin to think that our fighting is over. That move of Banks appears to have been either a very cute plan to trap Jackson or else a bad business was very skillfully made the best of. We are living along in the regular dull camp life. The boys have had a theatre going for some weeks past and do very well indeed considering the many disadvantages they labor under. We have a baseball club composed of the officers and manage to keep a little life in us that way. I am going home sometime but I don't know when. Col. H. is absent on an expedition and gives me no satisfaction as to the time of my departure.

1 P.M. The mail has been distributed and no letter from Mother. I hope for one by next mail at least as the mails are so far apart and you may have been at Bristol when my last letter arrived. Remember me to all my friends as usual. The more I think or write about home the bluer I get. It is the first time that these feelings have got hold of me since I have been out and if Col. Rush don't come to terms soon, I will go anyhow. Dr. Humphreys will give me a sick certificate any time I ask him as I have been bothered with neuralgia for two months most all the time, arising from my teeth and we have no dentist here or anyone that is posted, so I had to grin and bear it.

Write to me soon again and do not be disappointed at my short letters as there is nothing to write about and I can't compose a letter out of nothing.

P.S. I will bring some Roanoke flowers on with me - I had no time to get any to put in this letter.

Camp Reno, June 11th, 1862.

I received yours of the 2nd today enclosing Mrs. DuBois' cards and I am glad Mary is married. Is it what folks call "a good match"? The Louisiana is not here now nor likely to be here - she was at the Roanoke fight and also accompanied us to Winton. Murray is not particularly liked in the navy - at least among those that I know and from all accounts is not likely to be in the hottest fire. Will look for young McElvain if I come across the boat. Am sorry Mr. King is still sick and hope he will recover. You see the irregularity of our mails by my letter of the 16th of May arriving on the same day as the one written on the 30th. We have no regular mail and I write this hoping to send it by tomorrow.

Capt. Whiting and Lt. Herbert returned last night from Norfolk but went back immediately to bring Burnside who had gone on to Washington. I expect them tomorrow and then if Rush C. don't change his mind, the next trip carries your son northward on his way to N.Y. but in wartime everything is "unsartin" and I don't feel particularly jubilant. Col. H. is at present off at Plymouth with Company F. He is raising a regiment of loyal N. Carolinians, a kind of business that suits him as he is king pin. However, he treats me well, more civilly than he does most people, but I think his taste for independent sovereignty will keep us on Roanoke

all summer. He is a hard man to put anywhere as he is almost if not quite the senior Col. in the Volunteer service and would be restive under some of these fresh brigadiers.

I hope my trunk is all right at Eliza's as I intend bringing on my watch and dressing case with me when I return. My ideas of active service and of a soldier's life have materially altered since June 5, 1861. We often laugh at our mess table spread with turtle soup, chickens, green peas, etc. and wonder how much pity would be spared for the suffering soldiers away from home, if you only knew how we lived. It is only fair, however, after our rough life at Hatteras. As a refinement of luxury, we have constructed a large Indian "punkah" or fan the width of our table and suspended from the rafters, which is kept in motion by a "piccaninny" from the contraband camp and serves the double purpose of keeping us cool and driving away the swarms of flies that infest all houses. Not that we have needed it much for the first purpose as the past two weeks have been a continual storm and a good fire has been a necessity for comfort.

All hands are at the theatre this evening, which makes it easier for me to write a little more than usual for it is rather a task to write when a party is in the room talking and joking all the time. We hope by this time that McClellan has got Richmond but I fear much that Beauregard has been too sharp for Halleck and has reinforced Lee or whoever is in command at Richmond, with almost his whole force, but we can whip them anyhow and England afterwards. Stoney has been raising a hubbub down in Newbern about the niggers. If he is supported by the government, half of Burnside's officers will resign. All hands are rapidly becoming Abolitionists.

Write as usual and if I don't come it will be all right. Love to John and Arts and to the rest of the family.

Fortress Monroe, June 24, 1862.

I reached Old Point all right on Saturday morning and found that our boat was not expected till Sunday so that I might as well have had another day north as not. I stayed in Norfolk all night and about noon Sunday the "Port Royal" came in. Capt. W. had despatches for McClellan and we are waiting here yet for answers. The telegraph to the General's headquarters gave out yesterday during the storm and delayed the arrival of our orders.

No news in particular. At last accounts from Charleston, we had cut off some 6,000 or 8,000 secesh on James Island and if we get that we can shell the City with ease. There is a report in the Richmond Despatch of the 18th that 8,000 men from Newbern are within 30 miles of Weldon but I doubt it. Our despatches this trip will be important and I don't think Burnside will move before receiving them. It is very dull here, nothing exciting going on. There was a heavy siege battery shipped to McClellan yesterday with the stores belonging to it. By last accounts he is progressing slowly but surely and if my information is correct and it comes from good authority, look out for a battle about Friday. There don't seem to be much chance of a move for the 9th. It looks now as though we were to stay at Roanoke.

Please send the box as soon as possible and if you can put in a book of surveying and a trigonometry from my school books in the book case. Don't do it openly. Give my love to the family and all friends, especially to Mrs. Landreth. Tell Josie I will write as soon as I get to camp to a region of pen and ink. Write soon and make your letter "via Fort Monroe".

Fort Foster, Roanoke Island, N.C.
June 26th, 1862.

We were detained at Fort Monroe waiting for despatches until last night and reached here this evening at about 6 o'clock. Capt. Whiting goes back to Old Point in the morning at 3 o'clock but as some other officers are going for the trip, I stay in camp or rather in our fort, as our Company now garrison the fort that fought our gunboats at the battle of Roanoke. Had I only known that the wires were going to break on both sides of Yorktown I might have had three more days home but of course that couldn't be foreseen. Our despatches this time were of great importance and as I said in my last, the battle of Richmond, if not already fought, is probably going on. Lieut. Debevoise is going north tomorrow on account of his wound which has reopened. He will mail this in Philadelphia for me so that you will receive it much sooner than by the regular mail.

I hope to receive the box soon as the underclothing is needed much. Our fort is on the beach and by passing through an embrasure in front of my tent we have a fine bathing ground. Your letters of the 11th and 18th were awaiting me as well as the notification from 7th Avenue, which I will answer tonight if my other letters don't take up too much time.

I found the 6th N.H. gone to Newbern and we have only the 89th and our regt. left. Col. Hawkins seems to be in too good spirits for me to anticipate any likelihood of a move. His idea is that we have glory enough and prefers to remain in command here to going into active service.

Tell Josephine that I expect to see that pair of slippers one of these days - they would be very convenient here. Give my love to all my friends and to the family. There is nothing to tell about. I found everything pretty much as I left it but probably before a week is over you will hear from Burnside in some quarter or other. Write to me soon, mark your letter "Via Fort Monroe".

P.S. Send me one of my vignettes.

Fort Monroe, July 3rd, 1862.

All is again changed since I last wrote. On Sunday we received orders to be ready to start at an hour's notice with 7 days rations and on Tuesday morning we started for Newbern. Then within some ten miles of it, a tug met us, ordering all back to Roanoke to pack up to leave but our steamers being short of coal, we kept on to Newbern, coaled up and came back on Wednesday, reaching the island in the evening. In about an hour I was on my way to Old Point and arrived here this noon with despatches. Everything is in confusion here and from all that I can learn, which is nothing positive, after two or three days terrible fighting, McClellan, if not beaten, has at least retired from his position some 20 miles. All sorts of conflicting rumors are around but one thing is sure, the slaughter on both sides exceeds anything we have yet witnessed, some say as high as 50,000 for both sides, the invariable statement, however, is that the rebel loss is at least double ours. When you will hear from me again, I do not know. We are evidently off somewhere and if my suspicions are correct, Burnside will have some fighting such as he has not yet seen. Our battery goes and if I fight it will be in my chosen way as an artilleryman. No word from you since I left but I hope to find my box in Norfolk tomorrow morning. If you have not sent it, don't do so - our movements are now too uncertain.

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Give my love to all friends - tell Mrs. Landreth that I will write in my first leisure moments but lately I have been working night and day. Hadn't you better stay about Pennsylvania unless Aunt Susan wants you bad? Mrs. King I know would be happy to have you. Love to all the family. Write to me soon as usual only omit the "via Norfolk". If I go this line will probably stop for the present. In haste.

Fort Norfolk, Va.
July 15th, 1862.

Although 120 miles nearer you by the map, yet in point of fact I am as far removed as ever. We arrived here on Saturday via the canal and my time has been so much filled up with company business that it has been hard for me to find time to send you a line. We are at Fort Norfolk about one mile below the City on the Elizabeth River. The 89th and 103rd N.Y. are in our brigade. The balance of Burnside's force that came round outside are at Newport News or vicinity. We are comfortably quartered in tents on the bank outside of the Fort. Co. K. have brought their full battery by special order of Gen. Burnside and I am at present in command, Capt. Whiting being Provost Marshal. Col. Hawkins seems to show special favor to our Company, especially to the officers and Burnside has paid us high compliments. We have come in fighting trim - no baggage. A change of underclothing is all the men carry and the officers too for that matter.

I found my box here all right, the watch pleases me much. It was wise not to send my gold one. Thank Josie for the perfumed sachet. Your letter of June 30th arrived today, having been over two weeks on the way as it went to Roanoke first.

We have just received new rifles, the Springfield, a beautiful piece and the regt. needed them. We await orders to move at any moment though they may not come for a month but McClellan is not out of the woods yet and we shall probably have some hard fighting to do. We live better here than we have lived for a year - the darkies bring fresh vegetables and we get fresh meat from Norfolk. I hailed a schooner going down the river today that came from Bristol. Hoquet owns half of her. I don't know her name - nobody on board that I knew. The Minnesota is here. I was on board today on business. She is a magnificent craft and the officers are trumps.

I learned today from a darkey who was at South Mills with the 3d Georgia that my gunnery was much more destructive than we supposed and from his account the first shot that I fired personally swept the men of one gun clear off. He did not know who we were but his description showed that he must have been on the spot. We have had a very heavy thunderstorm tonight and it is not entirely over now but our tent stood it well although the foundations are in the sand - probably the proverb refers only to houses. Tell Arte to write and I will answer his letter.

One company of ours was left at Plymouth, N.C. and the gunboats went up Roanoke River some 50 miles and had a fight with guerillas. Some of our boys went up to see the fun and Lieut. Green got a bullet through the calf of his leg. He wanted to come with us but could find no one to exchange with him. He didn't expect to see a fight before we did. I have made two blots already, an unusual thing with me but I am writing in haste and my ink is thin. I am detailed as officer of the guard tomorrow and must be up all tomorrow night but thought it impossible to put off writing to you any longer. I received the paper and envelopes - just what I wanted and gave the Alexanders to our company, exchanging some of the plain for some of my ruled. I thought K. ought to have it in preference to others. I will write again soon that you may not be without a letter so long again. Write often.

Fort Norfolk, July 21st, 1862.

Today I received yours of the 16th and was much surprised that you have received no letter from me since the 3rd for I have written two since that, but hereafter will make sure by writing oftener. Don't get to thinking that I am sick or wounded for I was never better and now it seems altogether likely that we will stay here for 30 days anyhow, although we know nothing for certain. I intend to send for my trunk tomorrow from Roanoke - we might as well be comfortable while we can.

Col. Hawkins is under arrest and I think he and Kimball will both be gotten rid of. It won't be the worst thing for the regt. either, but don't say anything about it. I have not been up to Norfolk yet except to the docks, my time is pretty much occupied by company business. I spent two days at Old Point last week getting ordnance stores and have to go again tomorrow and probably to Roanoke too. I will write to Josie as soon as I have finished your letter for I want to have her photograph. There is nothing to write about here. We are in regular camp life, getting the papers every day and plenty to eat - ice cream, fruits, etc. Norfolk is full of secesh and there are not 100 Union people in the place.

I read Pope's general orders today about living on the enemy. Hurrah for Pope! It looks something like now we shall have a stop put to this guarding rebel property and all that kind of work. I think it is Lincoln's work - he seems more and more the man every day. The only thing to do now is to kick Congress out of the Capitol and let Abraham take the field as Generalissimo with McClellan as military adviser - things would work better. Congress is in strong disrepute in the army. The bill for cutting down officers' pay 13 percent is very ill timed. They sit in Washington making mischief, drawing \$8. per day while we are out here endangering our lives and the pay eaten up as it is with the necessary expenses at sutler's prices is barely enough to get along with. Better let them retrench on some of the fat contracts. They could save more on two "jobs" than the reduction of officers' pay will amount to in a year.

Don't get discouraged about the times or the war. If my judgment is correct we are approaching the last act of the Richmond business. McClellan, Burnside and Pope will be too much for Davis & Co. yet and the blows will fall heavily and in unexpected quarters.

Give my love to all the family and friends. I will write every week anyhow or oftener as I have time. Write soon and address "Burnside's Ex. Fort Norfolk, Va."

Newport News, Va. July 27th, 1862.

Once more my letters are dated from the spot that witnessed my first trial of a soldier's life. We moved from Ft. Norfolk on Friday and have been so busy since changing camp and getting settled that I have had no chance to write. We are about a mile further up the river than we used to be and in a pleasanter situation on the bank of the James, which is here about 30 ft. high. There are about 15,000 men encamped here and the long lines of tents are a sight to behold. It is the first time we have been quartered in a large camp but we hold our own and have not yet seen anything to beat us although our boys have only their fatigue uniforms here.

I received your letter of the 8th via Roanoke - our mails go the rounds to reach us but in camp the days pass so rapidly that it scarcely seems two days since I wrote you last. I send this by Capt. Childs who goes to N.Y. on recruiting service. My short trip spoils my chance for going. Gen'ls. Burnside and Halleck

went up to see McClellan yesterday - what will come of the visit nobody knows. I think it doubtful whether we will move from here before 30 days or even longer but it is not certain. We brought our battery along and hope to have a chance to use it. I am positively wishing for a fight - it is so stupid lying in camp doing nothing.

I wrote to Josie last week and want her to send me her photograph. I scarcely know my own writing now, I touch a pen so seldom. I am now Lieut. commanding Co. G. in the absence of Capt. Childs, which is something of a bore, but can't be helped. I like Jim Whiting better than anyone that I have yet come across and we get on very well together. He will probably be in N.Y. in the course of a month if we stay here as he will relieve some of the recruiting officers. I heard from Geo. Swain yesterday - he don't seem to write in good spirits. What ever induced him to risk all with C. K. & Co. I don't know. Write to me soon and direct - 9th N.Y.W. 1st. Brigade, 3d Division, Burnside's Ex. Newport News, Va. Give my love to all friends. I will write again in two or three days as the vein is not on me now and it is with difficulty that I have written thus far.

P.S. If you are in N.Y. and see our recruiting advertisement, please send my dressing case to the officer, care Capt. Childs and he will bring it on.

On Board Str. "New York", Hampton Roads,
Sunday Eve'g. August 3rd, 1862.

Again we are on the move, this time too with our destination unknown. My time has been so filled up in camp at Newport News that I have postponed writing longer than I intended although it is only a week since my last letter was mailed, but being the only officer in Company G. to which Company I was detailed when Capt. Childs left for N.Y. on recruiting service, my duties were unusually arduous and occupied my time very fully. We received orders to start last evening and struck tents at about 9 o'clock this morning, embarking on the craft and running immediately down the river to Fort Monroe, off which we are at present lying waiting for daylight to follow in the wake of the rest of the 9th Army Corps who have preceded us. As near as I can judge, we are bound up the Rappahannock or somewhere in that direction but the papers will doubtless inform you where we are before this reaches you.

Judge Whiting and daughter came down yesterday to see Capt. W. and this sudden start shortened their visit rather unexpectedly. Our regt. has been more than ordinarily sickly since our arrival at Newport News - a great many cases of swamp fever. Co. K. has some 8 or 10 down and we were obliged to leave four officers behind this trip being too sick to stand any fatigue. My own health has however been excellent.

Monday night: We woke this morning to find the str. running up the Potomac and our destination to be Aquin Creek and it was refreshing to see hills and valleys again after the swamps of N.C. We lie off the Aquin Creek landing tonight and disembark at daybreak, taking the cars for Falmouth, a mile or so from Fredericksburg. There is no chance to send any betters as our movement is as yet secret and after this you must not be at all worried not to hear from me for a month at a time when marching through this country we have but few opportunities to send letters, but I will write whenever I can.

Tuesday night: We are encamped just opposite Fredericksburg on the other side of the Rappahannock. I had an hour to spare in the afternoon and went over to see Mr. Allen. He inquired very cordially after you but is a strong secesh. The town looks probably almost as it did when you were here over 20 years ago. It is ~~an~~ a progressive place - even Mr. Allen's old clerk is still with him.

Our whole Corps is here and part of Pope's and General P. and the greater part of his army is at Warrenton about 30 miles off. This is a magnificent country for fighting, so hilly and enough woods and streams to make scouting pleasant. They had a brush near here last Sunday but nothing of consequence - it would take a strong force to whip us. We have six light batteries and two regts. of cavalry and our own infantry who have the credit of being as good troops as any in the field.

Write to me as soon as you receive this for we may not stay here long. Love to all.

Camp Parke, Falmouth, Va.
Aug. 9th, 1862.

Your letter dated the 4th reached me today and as our movements are rather uncertain nowadays, I answer immediately. We have just received orders to reduce our baggage to the minimum quantity and to be ready to start tomorrow morning if necessary. There is a report that a brigade that went out a day or two since have got into trouble and need support, but be that as it may, everything here looks like work. Burnside can either support Pope or McClellan and all the troops are kept in marching trim.

Don't feel bad about my not going home on recruiting service. I wouldn't like to go with our regt. in the field as it is at present. This is too much chance for glory. Bristol people in my opinion always were grumblers and creakers. One thing is sure - the army were never in much better spirits. Don't mention McClellan and Ben Butler in the same breath in military ears. The latter is no General - he makes a good military governor for New Orleans and has good administrative abilities but he is nothing of a soldier. The "draft" is just the thing we want to bring out the lazy hounds who have stopped at home and grumbled at us every time anything went wrong. The new troops can garrison the forts and leave the old hands to do the fighting. If Morris is afraid of the draft, he had better enlist and have at least his choice of regts. and can perhaps get a commission.

If we don't move before Monday I think of sending some of my extra clothing home by express as my trunk is pretty full and I want to put my camp bed and blankets in it. The bed is the most comfortable thing a man can carry. As soon as the tent is pitched it can be put up and you are comfortable, especially when it saves one from sleeping on wet ground. Our band has rejoined us with the addition of three or four good musicians to replace those lost at Camden. The suppression of regimental bands was another of the brilliant acts of the late Congress - nothing keeps up the spirits of the men so much as music and on the battle field they act as an ambulance corps, thereby avoiding the necessity of taking men from the ranks for that purpose. Instead of reducing officers pay and the like, they would have done much better to have docked some of the jobs they gave out to politicians.

Remember me to all friends in B. and to the family. Tell Arte to write from the new house to me. I would like to hear from him. There is nothing to write about in Camp - it is very hot during the day and pleasant at night. These moonlight nights are just the things for marching. Write to me soon.

Camp Parke, near Fred'g.
August 16th, 1862.

Your letter of the 10th came yesterday and being on guard tonight I have a good opportunity of answering it. My reception at Mr. Allen's was not sufficiently cordial to induce me to repeat the visit. He did not ask me to see his wife and I only talked to him while in the store. Everything looks pretty much as it did when

you were here, so he says, and I should think so too for it is a slow old place. I am glad to hear that Morris is coming out at last though he need not have been afraid of the draft for in my opinion it is only a big scare this time anyhow to bring volunteers. We do outpost duty here every 4 days - the regiment marches through Fred'g and detachments are posted on the different roads to support the cavalry pickets. We bivouac close to our arms - no fires allowed and if we continue to have such weather as we had last time, it is a pleasant business. We start at daybreak and are relieved by another regt. at the end of 24 hours. The Lincoln Cavalry are camped about two miles off - they came in yesterday and today. I intend to go to see Will Discoway as soon as possible. McClellan's army seems to be coming this way. McCall's division is here and part of Fitz John Porter's Corps. Our regt. seems to be kept back from the fighting but our turn will come some day. We are having K's battery fitted with limbers and when they are finished we will have a very serviceable battery.

Capt. Whiting is sick with the jaundice and talks of resigning. I hope he don't but if he does, your son will be captain Morris, if he is not before. I have risen pretty fast already. Considering - from private to 1st. Lieut. and like it better than if I had come out in a higher position. I sent my trunk to Bristol directed to Uncle J. thinking you would be there. We cannot carry any baggage of any account and I thought it would be a first rate travelling trunk for you. Take off the cover with my name on and have "Morris" put on the end of the trunk. It is a large one and few things in it. There is a letter in the tray with instructions about some things in it. I enclose you the key. Do as you think fit with it. Send it to Mary and let her open it and read the letter or wait till you go there again. Some of Capt. W's things are in it and I would like them sent on.

Lieut. Ennis of ours died of fever last Sunday - I don't know whether I told you or not, and we had one man drowned on the West Point. Four of Company K. were on board but all escaped. I know Col. Scott and Maj. Dorr of the 6th N.H. very well. They both lost their wives on board that miserable boat.

Remember me kindly to Miss L. and to Mrs. Batchelor. I would come on to see you but we are very short of officers, some six being sick. My health is very good and I hope it will continue so. The line officers have formed a regimental mess that works admirably and is less expensive than our old style of messing two or three together and saves us a pile of trouble. Write to me soon and send some postage stamps, 25 at least. They are a useful article and it is troublesome to be without them. Don't think of coming on here. Never mind who tells you that it is easy work for it is impossible almost to get here and scorch are too plenty to make it pleasant.

Camp Parke, near Fred'g. Va.
Aug. 24th, 1862.

Yours of the 20th containing postage stamps arrived yesterday just after I had come in from picket duty with the regt. We had a wet night and sleeping by the roadside in the rain was no particular fun, altho you would have thought so to have seen how the boys enjoyed it. There was heavy firing in the direction of Culpepper towards morning, which kept up about two hours. There is a report that Jackson is at his old tricks but I think he will be bagged this time. Troops have been pouring in here at the rate of from 4 to 10 regts. per day. The 5th (Duryers) and the 10th, Dr. White's regt. came in last night. We had the officers of the 5th to breakfast this morning. White is looking very well and we men glad to see him. On dit, that McClellan is to be here in a day or two. Berdan's sharpshooters passed our camp last evening. Our boys got hold of California Joe, a noted character and treated him as prince. We are not likely to move for sometime yet - it seems as if

the 9th was to be treated as a band box regt - much to our disgust. If I continue feeling as I do just now, I don't think it will be necessary for me to have a nurse. If I am wounded I shall probably be sent north - or anywhere I want to be sent. (That last sentence is a fine one, six I's in it.) Address your letter now to Company K. Capt. Childs has returned and my services are required here as Capt. Whiting has gone home sick for two weeks. He had the jaundice bad and was considerably run down. There is but little going on here except troops passing through on their way to Pope. Almost all of McClellan's troops except Haintzelman's Corps have come here. I hear that he is coming down through Va. via Manassas Gap.

You had better send the trunk key to Mary. I want those things of Whiting's to go on. Write to me soon - same address. I will write again Sunday.

Camp Parke, Falmouth, Va.
Aug. 29th, 1862.

You must not expect my letters to be as regular as they have hitherto been for all our baggage has been sent to Aquia Creek and I have nothing but what I have on and we are expecting to move at any moment. We can hear cannonading almost every day in the distance and last night the men slept on their arms ready for a fight. I received your short note all right and if I am sick or wounded and need nursing be sure that I will let you know. The weather is getting cooler and just right for marching on Richmond where I hope we will be led as soon as Pope & Co. have disposed of Jackson. There is no special news - I am well and busy but will write as often as I can. All my writing paper that is here has to be carried in my pocket. We hear of an order forbidding all communication by letter with the north and hope it is not so.

Give my love to all and write soon though our mails are "unsartin". Will Disoway has a commission in Dodgers mounted rifles. I am glad of it. Remember me to Miss L. and Mrs. B. and other friends.

Aquia Creek, Sept. 2, 1862.

I write tonight not knowing how soon I may have a chance again though it is probable that we will stay a short time at Alexandria but it is not certain. We left Fred's on Sunday night - marched all night over fearful roads deep in mud to this place full 18 miles by the road, reached the landing by sunrise and forthwith were marched two miles further to support a battery planted on one of the hills, where we are at present with two day's rations cooked and orders to be ready to start at a moment's notice, which probably means tomorrow and our destination Alexandria and then I hope to the front. Burnside's best regt. can't be kept back much longer though I hardly think the fighting will last till we get there unless Pope is whipped, which would be an unfortunate business. We don't know anything beyond newspaper reports, which are sufficiently blue, but we hope for the best. If Jackson is whipped here thoroughly, it finishes secesh - they have staked all on the move and well moved it is too. The country about here is thickly wooded and very hilly, a mean country to fight in - nothing but bushwhacking.

Washington, Sept. 6, 1862.

Arrived here yesterday - camped outside the city - don't know how long we will stay. May garrison the city. Write soon - direct to Washington instead of Fred's. Would have written yesterday but couldn't. I am well and all right. I will write as often as I can.

Near Unity Town, Md.
Sept. 10th, 1862.

Lieut. Herbert is going to Washington on business for the battery and I take the opportunity to write you as we have no chance to receive or send letters on the road. We left our camp in the vicinity of Washington on Sunday about noon, marched 10 miles and bivouacked with the rest of our division near Leesboro, staid there the next day and Tuesday morning started at a little after 4 A.M. and made about 16 miles, arriving at this place last night. We are now awaiting orders to move which may come in an hour and perhaps not till tomorrow. I have a horse now and find it a decided improvement on the march. We drew 10 for our battery and Whiting and I appropriated one apiece. Our men are marching without knapsacks, carrying an overcoat, a change of underclothes and the shelter tent on their backs. We make our 15 miles per diem with great ease and no straggling. It is a painful commentary on the discipline of our famous Army of the Potomac to see the crowds of stragglers that line the roads. Washington is full of them and at a low estimate, we passed full 4,000 on the road for the first 10 miles from the city.

I can now say with certainty what has hitherto seemed like a boast, that your son is in the best regiment in the U.S. service. Burnside says so - Parke says so - Reno says so - everybody who has seen us says so and we know it. Burnside came up to us while at a halt and calling Col. Kimball said - "I have seen crowds of stragglers on the road but not one redhead." All seem particularly interested in our battery and give us everything we want and as secesh are not very far from us, we expect to give a good account of ourselves when we meet them.

Herbert is waiting and this must go - Write soon, some of your letters may reach me though it seems a month since the last came.

Sharpsburg, Md. Sept. 12, 1862.

I have at last an opportunity of sending a line to say that I am all right and in spite of the showers of shot and shell that secesh rained upon us, my outicle is still whole. When I wrote you last has escaped my memory, the big events of the past few days have rather mixed up my ideas of time. After leaving Washington we marched right along to Frederick - which place we reached on the afternoon of the 12th after a march of twelve miles. There I first saw McClellan. He rode through the town and all the women flocked round him in crowds, kissing his horse and going on high. The next day we marched to Jefferson, 7½ miles and back, 15 miles altogether, skirmishing for five miles of it over a rough country and reaching our bivouac in Frederick about 11 P.M. Reveille sounded at 2½ A.M. and we started for Middleton, which place we reached at 9 A.M. and entered after a slight skirmish; in the afternoon we marched up on the mountains five miles further on where the fight was going on. Our brigade was ordered up to support a battery on the hill and had not been formed five minutes when the rebels charged on us from the woods but were met by such a heavy fire that they fell back in disorder and it was near this that the Ohio regts, the 10th, 12th and 23rd fought and secesh lay piled in heaps. I saw one Ohio boy who had bayoneted three rebels in succession. They fought like tigers and drove the rebels back down the hill on the north side. On the 15th we left our mountain bivouac on the battlefield and marched down some five miles on the Harper's Ferry road. The next day the artillery kept up a heavy fire a short distance in front without much loss on either side. In the evening we marched on again and took up a position in a cornfield on the edge of a wood. At daylight a rebel battery commenced shelling us and the brigade commander wouldn't let us answer. We had 14 or 15 wounded in the regt. before we changed position to the top of a neighboring hill where we got our guns to work and did a great deal of good, driving back an

advance of the enemy on our left flank twice. Receiving orders to move, we took the guns down to a position to command a fort that the rebels were trying to hold. Here we had some fine practice though a rebel battery on the other side shelled us severely. The brigade now went over the fort and entered the action, charging the rebel lines in style. The Ninth surpassed itself, doing gloriously, our loss however is near 200 killed and wounded. Lieut. Cooper killed, Lieut. Graham lost a leg, Capt. Childs and one or two more slightly wounded. Everyone is loud in our praise and our little battery did some good execution - it was specially reported to Burnside. We did picket duty for another battery that night and the next day on this morning joined the brigade with our guns, marched to the banks of the Potomac near which we are encamped for the night. The artillery has been playing heavily about two miles up the stream this afternoon and if as I think likely, the rebels have all crossed, we shall follow tomorrow and drive them to Richmond. I was under heavy fire four times on the 17th and was providentially preserved without a scratch and am ready for more, though a little rest would be very grateful to us, our days and nights having been confounded so much lately.

Write to me soon - your letters may come to me sometime. Remember me to Miss L. and all friends. We have no mails and I send this by a friend who is on Gen. Rodman's staff, so don't be worried about my letters.

Camp near Sharpsburg, Md.
Sept. 22nd, 1862.

Your letter of Sept. 7th reached me yesterday after having been two weeks on the road. We are still lying in camp at the junction of the Antietam Creek and the Potomac and the report is that in a few days we start for Washington but whether there is any truth in the report or not, I don't know. Capt. Childs of ours, who was wounded in the foot, goes home today on furlough and will mail this letter for me. I wrote a long letter to Uncle John yesterday which will do for all the Bristol people. It is positively work to write in camp now, barely pens and ink enough to address the envelopes and all who have them very loth to lend.

I saw the death of Harry Beatty in the paper but he was put down as belonging to a Cavalry regt. It must be hard on his poor wife. So the Hieskell's say I had a cool reception at Mr. Allen's. Well, not of it! The old man's acting in an unchristian and ungentlemanly manner didn't hurt me much. I don't suppose you will have a chance to see any of our wounded boys this time - they will probably be sent to the north. Humphreys has shown himself the best surgeon I have yet seen in the Army - he does splendidly. If we should go to Washington, I will write for you to come on or will get a short furlough. Write to me often and remember me to all the family at Annapolis.

Harper's Ferry, Sept. 26, 1862.

I hope my letters reach you more regularly than yours do me as I write by every opportunity and the chances occur but seldom. Our battery was ordered away from the regt. and we left the bivouac at the mouth of Antietam Creek on the evening of the 23rd, marching all night and are now, after many tribulations, on top of London Heights with Gen. Sumner's corps and under the immediate command of Gen. Green. Where or when we go next, I don't know and am not sure that it won't be home for I am sick and disgusted with the management of everything here and my own health is not what it ought to be. This last month's work has put me sadly in need of rest and if I cannot get a 20 day's leave, I shall be strongly tempted to

resign, though it is against my principles, but I am of but little use here now. I intend to ride today, if Gen. Green will give me leave, over to Burnside's corps, if they are to be found, and try to get permission to send our guns back to Washington. They are of no use in this country and it was only by dint of unceasing exertion and the hardest kind of work that we got them into the last fight. Capt. Whiting is completely done up - almost unable to move and at the same time that I see about the guns, I will demand a furlough. Whether it will be of any use or not, can't be told but I hope for the best as "tell it not in Gath", your beloved son is for the first time fearfully homesick. I will write again after my return from Antietam and let you know the result of my trip and hope the letter won't be so blue for I am thoroughly ashamed of this on looking over it and a great mind not to send it as it is the first complaining letter I remember to have written, but don't show it or read it to any one. My knee does duty for a table and my pen is tied to a stick in default of a better holder, which will account for the penmanship.

Do you know of anything I could do in case of my return? I should be ashamed to go among friends after leaving the army in this way, though it is not worth thinking of for I may get a leave of absence that will set me all right again. Remember me to Miss L. and Mrs. B. and all friends. I hope to be able to thank them for their kindness to you soon. Did you know a medical cadet attached to the 78th P.V.? I met him at the ford of the Shenandoah and he said he left Annapolis about three weeks ago and had met you often. I didn't have time to ask his name. It was pleasant to hear from you even as long ago as that for my last letter from you was dated Sept. 7th. Should what is left of the 9th Army Corps go into winter quarters anytime soon or in any decent place, I will try to have you come up and see us for probably I will stay. It will take a great deal to make me leave the regt. You will think from this letter that I have become very vacillating and don't know my own mind but my inducements to leave and to stay are both strong and a trifle may decide the scale.

Keep writing as often as you can and to the same address. The letters have a better chance of reaching us when sent to the regt. than when directed to us in detached service.

P.S. Afternoon: Gen'l Green won't let me go to Antietam and I don't know what to do but will let you know as soon as anything turns up.

London Heights, Va.
Sept. 29th, 1862.

Capt. Whiting expects to start for N.Y. tomorrow and will mail this for me in Washington so I write today in order to have it ready. My last letter was so dolorous that this ought to go quick in order to efface the impression that one must have made. Your two letters of the 15th and 20th were brought over to me from camp today and I sincerely hope that my letters written immediately after the South Mountain and Antietam fights have reached you long before this. Indeed they ought to have done so before the date of your last letter but probably the obstruction of the roads by wagon trains etc. delayed them. Gen'l McClellan's despatch announcing a complete victory may do for the public, but to my eyes a trifle more would have turned the scale the other way and made it a defeat. The rebels fought splendidly and were much better handled than our men were. Our fighting on the left was against double our numbers and though we beat them, had they attacked us that night, we would have had a tough time to have saved the bridge. I think the trouble was that Burnside expected too much from his men. We did more for him than could be asked of troops but for want of a reserve, were finally obliged to

withdraw from the position we took from the enemy at such a sacrifice of life. Capt. Whiting has resigned and his resignation has been accepted by Burnside - he needs recruiting badly. He need not trouble himself about a position if he comes out again as he was offered a Colonelcy by telegraph today. The Ninth has only one Company that has two officers with it so that my chance for a leave of absence is a pretty slim one. It has been my luck to stay with the regiment and attend to my business while many of the others have been home twice and some oftener still and the ones who go home are precisely those who have done the least duty in the regt. but I shall try anyhow and maybe Lt. Col. Kimball will let me go.

So Morris went out as a private in the Pa. Home Guard. I wonder how he liked it, though they saw nothing of soldiering, it was all play. How I would have liked the command of that company for about a week to show them a little of what the army proper was. It would be fun for me to drill the stay-at-homes and make them toe the mark in 9th Regt. style. Don't work too hard in the hospitals - you will be sick yourself the first thing you know and then home I would come even if it took a dishonorable discharge to bring me.

From all appearances we are not going to make any move at present. There is talk of reorganizing the army again and if there is much of it like the portion on these heights, it needs it sadly for Bank's corps is a disgrace to the service. We are trying hard to be ordered back to the regt. and I hope we will succeed for it is very stupid with no one to speak to and on top of this mountain. Our only consolation is the food we get - plenty of eggs and fresh bread and butter from the valley, but how long this will last, we don't know. It will be awful traveling even on horseback when the rainy season sets in.

Don't think of coming to Harper's Ferry on any account. There is no place you could stop and no conveyance and being alone here I couldn't leave camp to go down to the town for any length of time, but as soon as I can I will either get a furlough or resign or do something of the kind.

October 2nd, 1862.

The order for Capt. W.'s discharge has not yet come but is hourly expected. If he don't go today I shall have to mail this letter as it is almost a week since I wrote you. I have sent to the regt. for an officer to assist me and if he comes will endeavor to make a personal application for a furlough as my desire to see home and friends again rather increases than diminishes. The President reviewed the troops on Bolivar Heights yesterday and our forces on this mountain were kept in line till moonlight expecting him but he did not come and will probably be here today if it clears up. There is a heavy wet mist that dampens everything and is worse than rain.

I hope our messenger from camp today will bring me a letter from you. Our mails are so irregular that a letter is a rarity and is generally two weeks old before we get it. Remember me to the family at Annapolis and write soon.

October 3rd, 1862.

Capt. W. goes this morning and will mail this in Washington. We have but 8 line officers beside myself with the regt. All the rest home but I will come on the first opportunity. I feel better than I have done and have had another officer sent here to assist me. There is a mail in camp and I hope there is a letter from you in it. Burnside says we are going back to North Carolina - Good for us, for I am sick of large armies and Virginia fighting. Write often.

London Heights, Va.
Oct. 6th, 1862.

I returned on Saturday afternoon from a short trip over to the Regt. My business was as much as anything to make some arrangement about getting home. Col. Hawkins was obliging as far as words went - he promised that as soon as some of those now absent returned that I should go and this time I shall press the matter and not leave it as at Roanoke without caring very much. I told Col. H. that I wouldn't and couldn't enter on another campaign without rest and he said that positively I should have it. He was very decent and invited me to mess with him while in camp, which offer was accepted as I know where the good living lies. Maj. Jardine made me sleep with him, much to the disgust of a clique of line officers who thought that Lieut. M. was airish in associating with the field instead of the line, but much I cared.

The Ninth is not what it used to be. Several of the recent appointments have not turned out well and Lt. Col. Kimball is not a man calculated to inspire respect and he has formed round him a clique of Irish supporters of whom your son is happily not a member, and in consequence is not very high in Col. K's estimation.

The weather after a hard gale yesterday has become much cooler and it feels like a northern October - much to our relief, for the warm weather was very oppressive. The troops have all been moved off the ridge on to the slope of the mountain, leaving only my company with their guns and the signal officers and it pleases me rather than otherwise to have the camps moved. The troops were so different from what we had been accustomed to and the officers were not men that I would associate with. They are cutting all the woods about the ridge down and we have a magnificent view from almost any point. I saw a little skirmish in the neighborhood of Charlestown this morning in which the rebels drove back our cavalry with a piece of artillery - at least so I judged from what I could see. The rebel cavalry are very bold - they come up close under the mountain to the very farmhouses where I send to get my supplies and our cavalry don't seem to do anything. As a general rule they are a very poor set. I think of getting permission of the Gen'l to take a dozen of my boys and to scout through the valley for a day or two. I think I can bring some of them to their senses.

Did you see the picture of our charge in Frank Leslie's Illustrated? It is the best and most faithful picture of the kind I ever saw. The story in it of one of our wounded men firing after a runaway of another regt to make him help the Zou off the field is authentic. We had every other man killed or wounded that day that was in the ranks. The rebels won't parole our boys - they have eight of them and released some of other regts. taken at the same time but sent our boys via Winchester to Richmond.

October 7th. Nothing new stirring up here. I am awaiting news from camp that two of the Captains have returned and then I go on for a leave of absence myself. Though the arrival of the Paymaster would be a great convenience if nothing else, for my funds are getting low and we have not received our pay yet for July and August, if he don't come it will oblige me to go to Washington to draw my pay for a visit north without money would be a poor business and after all my accounts are settled this payday, I shall have something over \$100, clear.

Remember me to all the family at Annapolis and tell them not to imagine that the whistle of bullets or the scream of shells is an unmusical sound but rather a pleasant one after you get used to it. When in camp the other day a musket was accidentally fired in some other regt. and the minie bullet came singing

over our heads and you could hear the boys all around saying - "D'ye hear that? Ain't it natural?" They seem to have a thorough contempt for bullets and in proof of which every other man that we carried into action in the ranks was either killed or wounded. Write soon and often.

London Heights, Va.
Sunday, Oct. 12th, 1862.

Sorry am I to have to tell you that at present there is no show for my getting a leave of absence. Dr. White wrote me a certificate of disability requiring thirty days leave to set me up again. Humphreys endorsed it and took it to Burnside who said that we were now in another Army Corps and he had not the power to grant my request but it must go to Gen. Williams. I took it to the Med. Director of this Division who said he would endorse it for me but it would be useless as no leaves of absence were granted to officers unless the medical certificate stated that there was danger of death or permanent disability. Of course I can't ask White to do that for me and must rest contented as possible until something turns up. My resignation, even did I desire to send it in, would not be accepted in this Army Corps - they hang on to good officers like grim death, probably because they have so few of them, but hope still remains in the bottom of the casket and it may not be very long before you see me. As far as we can learn there is a strong likelihood of our being kept here all winter and tomorrow it is my intention to set the company to work making winter quarters for themselves. The trees that have been felled for strategic purposes will furnish good material for huts and we can be very comfortable.

By the way, if you wish to do Company K. a service and any of the Bristol people wish to expend their surplus cash and labor on making soldiers comfortable, you can hint to them that some warm gloves and underclothing would be most acceptable, especially good flannel shirts and drawers. Government clothes are not good for much; also that much material can be saved in the manufacture by making them of a moderate size, judging from specimens that I have seen. The ladies must think that soldiers are a race of Titans, while on the contrary the redoubtable Hawkins Zouaves are almost all small sized.

Your two letters of the dates Sept. 28th and Oct. 5th arrived together on Wednesday. It is surprising that my letters don't reach you more regularly. I write often and they ought to go. Morris ought to be drilled for a week with a 40 lb. knapsack on for not coming over when he was so near. I would have ridden ten miles to see the Bristol company. The Knight boys have been unfortunate - one killed and the other wounded, not more so however than three brothers Johnson in my old company H. one was killed outright, one wounded (since dead) at Antietam, while the third is in N.Y. recruiting; all fine boys, good soldiers too. I am very sorry to hear of Dr. Pierce's illness. Suppose the plan once thought of had been followed, for me to study medicine? I should have been ready now to step into a nice little practice in Bristol. Did I tell you that Denny is back with the Regt? His arm is very weak but he thinks that in time he will have a good deal of use of it and he was very glad to see me when I went over, and speaks in the very warmest terms of Mrs. Morris and her care of him.

My name has gone on for a Captaincy at last, according to Col. H. and probably you will soon be able to address your letters to Capt. Morris. Don't say anything about it though - there are so many slips between the cup and the lip that it don't do to talk about these things beforehand, especially in wartime. When you write to Geneva and other places, always remember me to the folks. I have very poor

accommodations for writing and if a correspondence is once begun it causes a great amount of trouble to keep it up and there are so many friends that if I write to one I must to another, which is simply impracticable and my simplest and easiest plan is not to write at all. How the blots on this sheet would have horrified Miss Leverett when I was at school - you can show it to her for fun as a specimen of one of her scholar's neatness. Remember me kindly to all the family. Should I succeed in getting off I think I will go first to Annapolis for you but my hopes are vague and I am inclined to think, delusive. Write often and still send to the Regt. for we are not much known here.

London Heights, Va.
October 17th, 1862.

Your short letter of Oct. 10th came this morning while I was absent, having taken a ride over to the Regt. of Pleasant Valley on some battery business. My last few letters from London have been of a rather gloomy complexion, I fear, but as my health is much improved, they must take a different turn for, aside from many inconveniences unavoidable in such a situation, this is as good a place for a soldier perhaps as any other. We have a magnificent panorama of the valley lying between this ridge and the Alleghenies for some thirty miles and on a clear day I doubt whether the scene can be surpassed. Since I have become acquainted with the signal officers whose station is only about a stone's throw from my little camp, the time passes more pleasantly and I am posted on the movements going on around us. Yesterday we had a good view of the third skirmish that has been fought near Charlestown. (Mr. Perkin's old place, by the way, isn't it?) Since we came to the Heights, Gen. Hancock was in command of our forces and drove the rebels out of the village and took possession. It was an artillery affair altogether, the infantry having nothing to do and made a very pretty spectacle for a looker-on as we could see both parties and watch almost every shell. Col. Hawkins sent in a request to Gen. Burnside today to order us back to the Regt. If he does we shall be better off in many respects but my desire is to send my guns back to the Navy as we have done about all the work we can do with them in such a country as this, but they are especial pets of Gen. B's and he will hardly let them go.

Dr. Humphreys has gone north on sick leave for 20 days. He has worked like a horse ever since Antietam and is pretty well worn out. There is no chance of my getting leave till he returns and probably not then for mine is one of those faces that don't show sickness or thinness till the last and it is hard to convince anyone that I have been sick. Nothing is the matter now except weakness. I am not fit to start on another campaign and won't be for sometime to come if kept here.

There are so many objections to your coming to see me that it makes it altogether inadvisable. The trains don't run regularly, there is no conveyance to be had after you get here for love or money; the town is nothing but a barracks and is such a disgusting place that I never go there except on business; besides the chance of not finding me here after you arrived. Altogether we had better take the chances of my being enabled to go home even on recruiting service, which would be a bore and would confine me to N.Y. most of the time yet is better than nothing.

Does Charley Gardette act up to the spirit of his verses? They are not bad - better than many of the soft (in the Army signification) effusions that have been in the papers since the breaking out of the war. Do you know the number of the Regt. that the Bristol Company of 3 yrs. men is in? I see many Penna regts. and might come across them as the Army of the Potomac is all about us. The rebel camp fires are still visible over the valley and they do not appear diminished in

number so we may have another trial of strength before winter sets in unless Gen. George B. thinks it better to let them alone. The raid of cavalry into Pa. was disgraceful to us, allowing them to pass around the rear of our Army again. Our cavalry are not worth their forage and never will be under the present order of things.

Would Mary send me any picked walnuts if I wrote? They are just what I want in camp to season the meats with. Sauter's sauces etc. are poor trash. You would be amused to see me superintending my cuisine. My utensils are a porcelain lined kettle, a saucepan and gridiron and I can roast a chicken over the embers with some sticks in style. I raised some cornmeal in the valley and we have mush and molasses and fried mush in the morning in our old Bristol fashion. It goes well with ham or mackerel and is a large item in our cookery. My darkey is learning to cook quite well now and don't need much watching except to see that the salt fish is soaked before broiling, something a darkey is liable to forget.

Remember me to Miss L. and Mrs. B. and all friends who inquire. The Bristolians are doing well to send their contributions to you. Anthony Burton is what a sick soldier would call a tramp. Write often, your letters seem to take longer to reach me than others do.

P.S. Please send me two or three stamps now and then; I am almost out and short of funds.

London Heights, Va.
October 20th, 1863.

Your letter of the 17th came here yesterday, having made very good time. Should we remain here for a time I can make such arrangements as will permit you to come and stay for a week without much discomfort. The farmer's wife who supplies me with bread and butter, etc. in London Valley can give you a room. It is a very quiet, nice place and they are good Union people, but you must wait till I am paid for my funds are now at the lowest ebb, not having been paid for so long. Having to pay such prices for everything has made all hands poor. I am compelled to do what I never intended to and ask you to send me \$10. in your next if you can spare it. It is pretty rough to have over \$400. due and not have enough cash to get provisions with, but the Government seems to think we can fight and march and live without money.

Would the smoking cap and gloves make too large a package to send by mail? If they would, you might send them by express - directed to Lieut. Morris, Battery K. 9th N.Y.V. London Heights, Va. to be called for at Harper's Ferry. So Mrs. P. read my letter to the society. It must have been interesting for I was so worn out at the time it was written that I could scarcely stand. They have not favored me with an answer yet - perhaps as a reward for my not writing before. I heard from Geo. Swain by one of our recruits and wrote to him on Sunday. He is a good fellow and one of those I count as friends. He says Charley Swift is in terror about the draft and is down on President Lincoln for ordering the same. My underclothing is all right - I have three undershirts and drawers in good order, lots of stockings and handkerchiefs.

This is a regular fall day - clear and cold with a strong northwester blowing. We can see farther today than any time since I have been up here. The steeples of Martinsburg are very distinct and the rebel camp fires are very few in number and scattered. I think they have retreated via Front Royal and left a rear guard of cavalry and artillery to cover the retreat. Jackson's old plan.

I am very sorry to have to write for money but it is unavoidable and I will have the more to send on next payday. Write soon and often. Remember me to all friends - especially Miss L. and Mrs. B.

Harper's Ferry - Oct. 28th, 1862.

Your letter of the 23rd I received in the Regt's camp yesterday while over there on business from which I returned this morning and as my last letter was a week ago, this note will be better than nothing. The Regt. moved this morning from Pleasant Valley and will probably bring up at Lovettsville on the other side of the Potomac and I expect orders to join them when they get there, at least so Gen'l Getty gave me to understand. If, as it seems probable, they go into winter quarters, then it will be a better plan for you to come than this if it don't please the great Rush. C.H. to send me north. I shall not ask for a leave again if it keeps me in the field till our time is up. The \$10. came all right and was very acceptable. Love to all friends.

P.S. The package of gloves, cap and gusva came safely. I saw Barnett and am glad he met you - he is one of our best officers.

London Heights, Va.
October 31st. 1862.

My time has been so occupied for the last ten days that you must not blame me if my letters do not reach you regularly. I wrote a hasty note last Tuesday and have time to write the same now. All of Sumner's Corps have left Bolivar Heights and gone up London Valley in the direction of Winchester, to which point Burnside also seems to be directing his forces by way of Lovettsville. We are consequently entirely separated from the Regt. and have been moving from position to position about the mountain as each general, and we have had about three a week, should fancy. Gen. Geary has ordered us to Boliva Heights now but how soon we start is more than I know. Yours of the 23rd came all right - it is doubtful when I can get another as our communication with the north is cut off and I don't like to have you write to me here as we are so liable to leave at any time.

I have just finished mustering my Company for pay - not to receive the money but to verify the rolls. The position of Capt. is by no means an easy one. He gets ten dollars a month extra for responsibility and it is worth in my case at least \$100.

The woods on the mountains around are gorgeous in their autumnal dress and the prospect from the top of the hill at sundown is something superb. I wish you could be here but our movements are so uncertain that it won't do just now. As soon as I find that we are settled for two weeks in one place, I will write you to come on but H. Ferry is now neither a pleasant, safe nor settled place for you to come to. Remember me to all friends. Write soon and direct your next to Battery A. 9th N.Y.V. Harper's Ferry, Va. It will be better I think to try that way for once.

P.S. Oct. 31st. Night. Have just received orders to rejoin the Regt. Will probably leave tomorrow or next day. Do you know Gen. Kane, brother of Dr. Kane of Arctic notoriety? He is in command here and I have just been over to have a chat with him. I hope to find some letters from you at the regt.

Keyes Gap, Va. Nov. 5, 1862.

I started on Monday not to rejoin the regt. as anticipated in my last but with two of my guns accompanied Gen. Kane on a little expedition last night and night before. We guarded a ford of the Shenandoah and today we moved up on the mountain. I never saw such roads as these mountain roads are. They are enough to disgust a decent horse and I fear my gun carriages won't stand it long. Should Gen'l Burnside have moved, we may have some difficulty and be sometime reaching the Regt. and consequently my letters may be delayed though I will write as often as possible and hope to find a pile of letters awaiting me at the 9th.

The weather is, fortunately for us, beautiful though I think a storm is brewing but my tent will be along and I don't care. My chief need is of funds but I can't see how they will reach me and I must be content to take rough fare till the payment comes, which I hope won't be long deferred. Give my love to all friends and when we go into winter quarters I expect to see you look well though I could not learn from Barnett, a satisfactory account of your looks as he had not seen you before to know your usual style of looks.

Perhaps if you write immediately you might direct to Lieut. R.H.M. Battery K, 9th N.Y.V. London Heights, Va. and enclose another \$10. if you can spare it. Don't do it unless you can for I hate to write for money. After receiving your letters wanting to come to H. Ferry, it made me feel very anxious to have you and had we remained a week longer I would have telegraphed for you to come on. As it is, I may do so yet. Write soon.

"Marshall House", Alexandria, Va.
Nov. 18th, 1862.

Once more I am back in the neighborhood of Washington. We left on the Orange and Alexandria R.R. on Sunday morning at 11 A.M. and reached Manassas after dark and found that the army had left Warrenton and we could get no transportation further. We bivouacked all night alongside the railroad in the rain and next morning I went to Gen. Sickles who is in command there and he advised me to return and proceed via Aquia Creek to Fred'g, Va. We left Manassas at 2 P.M. and did not reach the Alexandria Depot till after midnight - the slowest trip I ever undertook - got my men quartered at the Soldier's Retreat and stopped at this house where Ellsworth was murdered for the balance of the night. I start at 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M. tomorrow for Aquia Creek by boat and expect to meet the Regt. at Fred'g. We passed thru the Bull Run battle ground and had a good chance to see the country, riding as we did on top of freight cars.

I met a Mr. Porter and his father of Boston, just returning with the body of his brother who was killed there. They were very gentlemanly people and had travelled much all over the world, so that the trip down was not as dull as it might have been. I feel better now and hope to get safely to the Ninth. Give my love to all the family - I will direct you where to send the photographs if I don't get them myself from Mrs. B.

b6

Camp near Falmouth, Va.
November 21st, 1862.

I sent you a hasty note from Alexandria and am now able to report my safe arrival at the Regt. We left Alexandria at 9 A.M. on the 19th and disembarked at Acquia Creek about dusk, all the docks there having been destroyed. Landing was a slow process, only one lighter being available and to add to the discomfort a drizzling rain set in. We were sufficiently comfortable, however, for the night and at 10 A.M. yesterday I started my company for this place, marching on the R.R. track, the road being almost impassable on account of the mud. It rained all day but I accomplished the march and rejoined the Regt. a distance of over 13 miles, by sunset. In spite of the rains my men kept up their spirits admirably though it was hard to have them camp on the wet ground in the rain. I stopped with Capt. Barnett and although wet through, have experienced no ill effects; in fact am feeling better than while in Washington.

I found two letters from you dated the 7th and 10th but not the one containing the \$7. which is probably in the mail we expect tomorrow. Also a letter from Uncle John himself and a very kind one that I shall keep. He enclosed one from Arthur written in style.

Dr. White is here, acting Brigade Surgeon. He is not content away from the Ninth and has been here in Humphrey's absence. Col. Hawkins, I am happy to state, took my disposal of the guns in very good part and I am inclined to think was rather glad to be rid of them as my company is a valuable accession to the Regt. having more men for duty than any other in it. The whole army seems to be concentrating here though the rebels still hold Fred's and the pickets converse with one another across the river, no picket firing being allowed. A rebel got off a rather good thing the other day. Our boys were talking about going to Richmond and he offered to describe the road. Said he - "you have to cross two 'Hills' and go through a 'Longstreet' with a 'Stonewall' at the back of them before you get there.

I sent Lieut. D. to Mrs. Brewers for my cartes de visite and was surprised to learn that she had gone to Annapolis on account of the death of her mother. I hope it is not Mrs. Batchelor and think it must be Mrs. Brewer, Sr. as the former I heard you say was in Baltimore. Write to me often and direct as usual to the 1st. Brigade, 3rd Div. 9th A.C. The mails are more irregular than ever but as soon as the Acquia Creek R.R. is open they will come all right again.

Please knit Capt. Barnett a pair of gloves like mine only make the left thumb larger at the lower joint and just below it, than the right as his wound has swelled it a little. I will pay for the worsted but he is a good friend of mine and I like him to have them. I met George Nares of Geneva on the boat - he is commissary of subsistence on Gen. Woodbury's staff. He was home last summer and saw H. Hurlburt. He says they are doing well. I also met one of my old Hartsville school mates. He recognized me and was very glad to see me - people turn up in unexpected places sometimes. Write soon and address.

December 5th, 1862.

Mr. Brewer arrived this morning and we went to Jay Cooke & Co.'s together and after a little trouble disposed of the \$100. note and also one \$50. The fifties are all right, I return one of them, and also the \$20. The trouble was I think with the clerk of J.C. & Co. who had sold the note to get rid of it and did not wish to

take it back. My dispatches from Headquarters have not arrived yet but my men have. They were delayed one day to wait for the paymaster who however was ordered back to Washington without paying our Regt. I am well this morning and feel better. Write to me soon and I will write as soon as I reach the Regt.

Washington, D.C.
December 13th, 1862.

I intended writing a long letter today but am obliged to leave in a hurry for Harper's Ferry to get my guns - it is enough to make a man sick to have to be away from his Regt. at a time like this. Remember me to all the family. I will write again as soon as I return, probably on Monday.

Washington House, Washington, D.C.
Dec. 19th, 1862.

I returned from Harper's Ferry night before last without accomplishing anything, as usual. They have my guns in position on Md. Heights and had them there so Maj. Gen. Morell ordered them kept. Consequently I returned minus my guns. Most of the troops have left there, only three or four Md. Regts being left. I rode over London Heights and up the valley for old acquaintance sake though the report was that the rebel cavalry were then in force. The country looked very desolate in its winter garb but there was plenty of game and I would have well liked a week's shooting. A flock of wild turkeys came right into camp one day and created considerable excitement.

I stopped with Major Rolfe, 14th Mass. Heavy Artillery and had a pleasant time. Since coming to this city I made the acquaintance of Lt. Geo. H. Dana of Boston, a good fellow and of good family, I guess, cousin of R. H. Dana who has done some scribbling. I have sent again to Headquarters for orders and hope to leave here soon. Company F. of ours has come up from North Carolina and are on their way to camp which will make the Ninth once more respectable in point of numbers. They did not suffer much in the fight and are I hear in good order.

Write soon, direct to camp as before. I am so disgusted with the way my business has gone that I don't feel like writing much. Remember me to all the family.

Washington House, Washington, D.C.
December 23rd, 1862.

Once more my letter is dated from this miserable city. It seems as though they had completely forgotten me in camp as no orders or answers to my letters reach me. Requests to make purchases and all such things come readily enough but nothing that I want. It is over three weeks now since my arrival here and that time has been absolutely wasted as far as military affairs are concerned. The only good thing about it was that my health was improving till I took a severe cold from sleeping in a warm room that has set me back a little. Here it is almost Christmas again and very little like one will it seem to me. Major Jardine has got another leave of absence and gone north, also a Lieut. of Co. G. Positively they treat me in a very mean way. Had I the funds it is possible that home I would go in spite of them but it won't do to go poor. There is but little news from the Army. Burnside assumes the responsibility of the move on Fred'g and he

will win yet. Had he led the Ninth Corps on as he intended, the enemy's line would have been broken sure. I met an old friend or rather he hunted me up. John Osgood of Vt. who used to be with C.K. & Co. with me. We were the only republicans in the store and had to fight the rest all through the Presidential campaign of 1860. He is now a clerk in the Interior Dept. and a man of some influence. I have obtained a key to the secret of Dick King's money making or at least to a part of it. He is a shrewd fellow is Richard. Osgood introduced me to Mr. Drury, one of Mrs. Irving's boarders, you recollect we met him at Willards. I also met Mr. Carruth of Boston, a gentleman I spoke to you of meeting at Burkes Station on the Manassas R.R. where he had been to get the body of his son. He recognized me and was glad to see me and says he has just returned from Fred's where he has been attending to the wounded. Our old Gen'l Phelps is at Willards and I have been trying to see him but thus far have been unsuccessful. He is a man I respect and believe in and would rather serve under him than under any man but Burnside.

Remember me to all the family and my wishes for a Merry Christmas to all, though I anticipate a dull enough one for myself. Write soon and often I will get the letters on my return to the Regt. The chances are that my orders will come to go back in a day or two and the sooner the better for me.

Washington, D.C.
January 1st. 1863.

My New Years letter must come from this city although when I last wrote I had hopes of being able to date it from the field. You must have a number of letters awaiting me in Camp since I have not heard from you since Mr. Brewer brought me that short note you wrote. My stay here seems to be prolonged almost beyond endurance. On the first intimation of a near battle at Fred's, I am off to the front and let the orders go. I am writing in John Osgood's room in the Patent Office. He has been to see the President and other dignitaries of the State and seems pleased with the looks of things.

There is nothing new or interesting going on here and it is stupid enough for me, not having any acquaintances, but I hope soon to be off again. Remember me to all the family and write as soon as you receive this, direct to care of John Osgood, Washington, D.C. He will send it to me if I have left. I am fixed as I used to be at school, with nothing to write about and unable to make up a letter.

Washington, D.C.
January 4th, 1863.

At length my long wished for orders have come. About five o'clock this afternoon I received a telegram from Gen. Burnside ordering me to return to my Regt. without delay, either with or without the guns and tomorrow morning at 8 A.M. I take the boat for Acquia Creek, much to my satisfaction, for I am as thoroughly disgusted with Washington and everything belonging to it as a young man well can be. Indeed, without John Osgood, I hardly know how I should have got along thus far but he is a pleasant companion and a man that I esteem very highly. By the way, do you know anything of a family by the name of Weed? There is a widow lady and daughter, a very pretty and interesting girl of about 23, stopping here and I have made their acquaintance and only learned tonight too late to ask any questions, that she (the old lady) has been in Bristol and knows you. She was the wife of Maj. Weed of the Marines. I have a sort of

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indistinct and confused idea of her and of the name but desire fully information, which please send me in your next as I have particular reasons for wishing to know. They are not in good circumstances but are of the sort that would feel ashamed to have it known that they are obliged to work for a living, a sort of people that your son don't admire.

My last letters have been very short and stupid but I have been so blue at having to stay here that it must be my excuse and I will write longer ones when I get back to camp. That Monitor business is a sad one, on more accounts than one. We had hoped that the ironclads were more seaworthy. I met Dave Swain of Bristol here the other day. He is in the employ of a City R.R. Co. and is doing well. It seemed natural to see a Bristol face again, something like an oasis in the wilderness. Do you attend to the hospital as much as ever? I got some dozen of my boys from the hospital here and sent them to camp well and able to do duty, so that ~~and~~ on my return I shall have a company nearly 100 strong, something to be proud of in an old Regt. like ours. One of the results of my Washington trip has been that I have made the acquaintance of a good many people who may be useful to me if I regain in the army and perhaps will aid me in getting into the Regulars.

Write to me soon to the old address - 9th Army Corps and give my love to all the family.

Camp opposite Fred's, Va.
January 9th, 1863.

Your letters of the 5th and 6th inst. reached me today. I was unable to start on Monday morning as at first intended and was thereby enabled to receive your letter sent to the care of Osgood. On Tuesday at 8 A.M., however, I left the City of Magnificent Distances, in the dim distance without the slightest craving ever to see it again unless it might be in transit to some more congenial spot. Now officers can lie about that town as they do, I can't see. To me it was the most stupid of places. We reached camp about five o'clock P.M. of Tuesday and I have been busy ever since. Reported of course to Gen'l Getty and saw Hawkins & Co. meeting a warm reception everywhere. My company has also required considerable attention to get new arms, etc. To cap the climax, Gen. Getty has again detailed me as Judge Advocate to a Gen'l Court Martial now in session. He must have a better opinion of my talents in that line than I have myself. I thought several times of writing you to come to Washington but as everything had turned out wrong with me there and your last visit was an unfortunate one, I thought I wouldn't. Should it be my luck to get a leave of course I will let you know immediately.

My estimate of Mrs. Weed was about right. Some indistinct reminiscence had connected her with Mrs. Downing and your explanation clears it up. The daughter bids fair to follow in the mother's track in some things but your caution as to my forming sudden or any friendships with anything feminine was entirely needless to your son as he is beyond danger of anything of the kind.

We are as comfortable in camp as can be expected this cold weather, have California fireplaces in our tents and burn all the wood obtainable. Should we stay another month in this part of Va. there won't be a stick left big enough to drive a pig with. My Company is the largest in the Regt. I turn out about 75 men now on parade and it is in as good order as the rest too. Gen'l Burnside, Gen. Wilson and staff came over to dress parade last night and complimented us as usual.

Even Sumner, "Bull" Sumner, went back to his quarters after reviewing us and said - "I've just seen a regular regiment such as I've not seen for 17 years." He walked up and down the line front and rear and saying - "I'm looking for a man and can't find him." Nobody knew what he meant till he had finished when he said he wanted a man to find fault with but not a button was out of place or a musket dirty, though the Regt. returned from picket only about 4 hrs. before.

I miss the spring mattresses a little - it spoils me to go to a city and stay so long. There is nothing doing here, no prospect of a move, drills every day as usual and all in good spirits. Give my love to all the family and write often. If I had more to write about I would make longer letters but I can't and my Judge Advocate business keeps me at work all day.

Camp opposite Fredericksburg, Va.
January 18th, 1863.

My delay in writing has been greater than usual this time but it shall not happen again. Your last two letters came on the same day and I feel more and more sorry that I did not telegraph to you to come on before my departure from Washington. We are under marching orders with three day's rations and as the mail between here and Washington is temporarily stopped, you will not lose anything by my slowness in writing. We were to have started this (Sunday) evening for somewhere but I understand that the orders have been countermanded. While I am writing, a battery has opened on the bank of the river, probably Benjamin's 20 pdrs, but the firing is slow and does not amount to much. I rode along the river bank the other day and took a look at the city but could not see that much damage had been done. The rebels have been busy since the battle and the whole hillside is covered with breastworks and rifle pits but the next time we attack, it will be on the flank, not in front as before.

My duties as Judge Advocate have kept me much employed and I have just returned from taking the proceedings to Brig. Gen. Getty for approval and am now again in command of my company and better pleased than to be on detached service and not knowing whether anything is going on wrong or not. I dined today with Col. Hawkins. We had ec-tail soup, a roast turkey and rice pudding, pretty good that for camp. The Col. and I get along very well together.

Tomorrow will be my 23rd birthday, the last was spent on Hatteras very pleasantly, the one before I shall not readily forget and I wonder where the next will find me - probably in the army, if living, as my prospects for a position in the Regular Art'y are pretty good when my time in this Regt. is up. The 4th of May does not seem so far off to us, only a little over three months, and we have been out over 20 months but we shall probably see some more sharp work before the Ninth returns to civil life. Did I tell you I met John Faasitt at Acquia Creek? He is an aid on the Gen. Birney's staff with the rank of Capt. - looks very much as he used to. Perhaps the best thing you can do is to go to Geneva though you had better wait till warmer weather. We are having a regular cold snap just now, after a week or two of real June weather - followed by a heavy southwester.

Robt. Dunning's letter must have been rather a damper but you must draw on whatever I have sent you if you want a single thing. I shall soon earn more and make up my loss in Washington. There is positively nothing more to write about. The army, or at least our Corps, is ready to start on short notice and only await the orders. Have you made those gloves for Capt. Barnett? If you have, send them by mail. We need such protections now. It is cold work standing on the hill at parades, etc.

Remember me to all the family at Annapolis and write to me before you go to Oaklands that I may send my letters there. Gen. Halleck wrote to Gen. Burnside to know the reason of Capt. Morris' long delay in Washington and it was sent to me thru Gens. Sumner, Wilcox and Getty, so I was obliged to make a report that will probably be satisfactory and give the officer who reported me some hard hits in it.

Camp near Falmouth, Va.
January 28th, 1863.

No letter from you for about ten days. The authorities seem disposed to stop all our privileges, mails included, as a sort of reward I suppose for not succeeding in that last movement which fortunately did not start us from camp. I wrote last Sunday while we were on picket along the banks of the Rappahannock so there is not much new for me to tell. Our General has gone but before leaving intimated that his old Ninth Corps might expect to be called to go with him soon. Gen. Hooker apparently intends to stay here sometime. He has ordered the Division Commissaries to build bakeries for the troops but it may be only a blind to deceive the rebels.

My own health continues good, though we are surrounded by a small sea of mud, covered with snow. My tent is however very comfortable, having a good stove, invented by our old adjutant, Evans. It packs, pipe (7 ft.) and all in a box 10 inches square and warms a tent in the coldest weather. A tree fell on the tent the other day during the storm and slightly tore things but fortunately missed my head by a foot. I was out with an axe in short order and a dozen of Company K. soon made it all right again.

Lt. Col. Kimball has gone to N.Y. on a 15-day leave. Mat Graham, one of our Lieuts. had his leg carried off at Antietam. Humphreys made a good stump just above the knee and Mat is now here walking about on one of Palmer's artificial legs. We have but three months more to serve and then what is to be done? Write to me before you go to either Germantown or Geneva. If the mails are not more regular than they have been, you will have to write sometime before starting for it to reach me. Give my love to all. I would write more but am blue and can think of nothing to say.

P.S. I have no stamps today and am obliged to send it as a soldier's letter.

On Board "Robt. Morris"
Chesapeake Bay - February 8, 1863.

Once more on our way to Fort Monroe and a delay in my writing to you, but this time picket duty and a sudden move from Camp kept me from sending my usual letter. The Ninth Corps are ordered to report to Genl. Dix at Old Point but we will probably be with our old leader, Genl. Burnside once more, much to our satisfaction. The first feeling of all seemed to be one of relief at leaving the army of the Potomac, an army that we were taught to expect great things of and one that we have found to be a great humbug. Our ultimate destination, I don't know. I saw Gen'l Getty on the dock at Aquia Creek and after shaking hands, I remarked that it seemed almost like going home to go to Old Pt. He replied that we were probably going nearer my old cruising ground than that, so I think we may bring up in North Ca. Agg'in I had hoped to get a ten-day leave but this knocks it all in the head.

defended with any sort of skill and the rebel entrenchments are well placed. The batteries of our Corps came up today. They have been detained at Camp Hamilton near Hampton by the bad roads. I have seen Benjamin and several other officers of my acquaintance who are very pleasant associates. In fact, the Artillery officers are by all odds the pleasantest and most intelligent class of officers in the service.

My little camp stove is troublesome tonight and has interrupted me several times already by refusing to give out its quantum of heat, something unusual as it generally gets red hot on slight provocation. Give my love to all the Annapolis family and tell Miss L. that when I go home again, even if for a short time, I will make a pilgrimage to Annapolis to see her. Write often as you can - the stamps came all right. The days pass so rapidly that if we stay here much longer our next trip will be to N.Y. We hear that the 7th have already made arrangements for our reception and intend making it a brilliant one, so that all hands are counting the hours that are to elapse before we leave the service.

Newport News - Feb. 27th, 1863.

The mails must be uncommonly slow or something for it seems more than a week since your last letter arrived. It was the one containing stamps, but I console myself with the reflection that you may have gone further north and thus your letters are delayed. Abe had a grand review here of the 9th Corps on Wednesday by Gen. Dix. There were about 12,000 men out and six batteries. The Ninth was of course the ornament of the show. We had about 500 men out and looked well. Tomorrow is the last day of the month and we will be mustered, a job that entails plenty of work on Company commanders in the making out of rolls, etc. Dr. White has resigned and goes to N.Y. tomorrow. His sister and mother I presume have persuaded him to the step. Now that he has his papers, he feels blue enough and we are very sorry to lose him, he is a gentleman and one of my few intimates.

Shad are beginning to come here but are too high yet for a line officer's mess. When I become Capt. of Artillery, I can spread myself more. Gen. Getty treats me in a very friendly manner and will do almost anything for me so I do not despair of receiving a commission in my favorite branch of the service. I have had some pleasant rides since I wrote last. One in particular. I had a young horse of Capt. Gardner's, Asst. Adj. Gen'l of the division, and went about 7 miles up the river, through fields, over ditches and brooks and making pretty good time too. Capt. Barnett was with me on his black horse, captured from a rebel officer by the said Capt. B. When we were here the first time. He is a beauty and the capt. would not part with him for anything.

There is but little news here, everything works smoothly, only it is a sight to see the boat come in - 13,000 loaves of bread on board every day. It would astonish some of our small bakers at home to see the piles of it but it goes the way of all bread before the next morning and the hungry jaws of Uncle Sam's soldiers are ready for another cargo. Do write to me often, my letters are of course dull as there is nothing to write about but I hope soon to be able to see you again even if I don't go home with the Regt. Give my love to all the family and write soon.

P.S. This blank page looks too bad, it makes my letter appear so short yet I hear nothing to write about. My health is good and as long as we stay here I hope it will remain so. I had a row with Lt. Col. Kimball yesterday or rather my Lieut. had and I supported him. If Col. K. had kept on he would have ruined the discipline of the Regt. It has ended in Col. Hawkins resuming command of the Ninth in addition to commanding the brigade. Col. Kimball don't love me much, but it is

little I care for his Worship's favors. He has not been able to get a hold on me and as long as I do my duty he can't. But don't think I am incurring his dislike without cause. It was necessary and if he had not publicly reversed his own order, I would have either court martialed him or resigned, neither of which would it have suited me to do. Write soon.

Newport News, Va. Mar. 6th, 1863.

Though there is nothing of particular interest to write about, I will endeavor to answer some of your questions. 1st: I can't get a commission in the Regulars with the rank of Capt. or in fact any other as things look, but if all things prosper, I may get it after a time. Gen'l Getty will do all he can for me. Capt. Webster is very well, he has received command of Co. D. as I prophesied when in Washington. He is a good fellow and I like him. I am sorry about Barnett's gloves but as you say, we will have but little more cold weather. The last few days however, have made overcoats and thick gloves a necessity. Dr. White was not satisfied away from the Ninth and when Humphreys was detached as Med. Director, of the Division, he worked to be assigned to us again and succeeded. The money letter that was sent to London never reached me. It was probably either robbed or is in the dead letter office.

Now I think I have answered all your last questions. The reason I forget them sometimes is because your letter is not with me while I answer it. My letters are written sometimes in the Provost Marshal's office, or at Gen. Getty's or wherever I happen to be when the humor takes me to write, but tonight I am at home in a new tent, floored and carpeted with canvas, a camp bed for my Lieut. and a mattress for myself. Our trunks for seats and a round table which, when covered with a blanket, might be taken for mahogany. My camp stove is in an old outer tent which serves as a sort of vestibule and lumber room for company property, etc.

Give my love to all the family as usual and write often. I have nothing to say but will write soon again. Gen'l Burnside has sent his horses and orderlies down and we expect to see our old General again before many days and then we will be content.

Newport News, Va.
Mch. 28th, 1863.

Your letter from Germantown arrived all safe. I thought you liked to be there but from the tone of your letter was surprised to find that you did not. We are left all alone here now, the 1st. and 2nd. Div. having gone west. Lieut. Benjamin commanding Battery E. 2nd. Art'y, wanted me to go with him as Lieut. for the balance of my time and perhaps it would have been better, but I did not. My hopes of having a Penna. battery are knocked in the head by a Capt. coming to take command of it and I must wait for something else. Could I get Uncle J. to use his influence, it ought not to be difficult for me to get an appointment either in the Regulars or Volunteers. The chances now seem to be that we will be sent home about April 20th to be mustered out. If this is the case, we only have about three weeks more to stay. At present it is my idea to stay only a few days in N.Y., pay a short visit to Phila. and Bristol and perhaps to Geneva and then get the best position I can and come out again, but of course all my plans depend on circumstances. There is positively nothing doing here. I take my daily ride with commendable regularity, generally going 10 or 12 miles to get up an appetite. We seldom drill, having a large guard every day and some sort of exercise is necessary to keep ones blood from stagnating. Maj. Jardine is yet north and we are awaiting his return

with some anxiety as he will probably bring back definite news of our return and also of the chances of raising a Regt. to come back for the war. Capt. Barnett is acting Provost Marshal and has a good deal of work on hand as our men are becoming rather unruly, knowing that they have but a short time to serve.

Give my love to all the family and write soon.

Camp Hamilton, Fortress Monroe, Va.
April 5th, 1863.

We made an unexpected move on Friday and marched to this place, relieving the 139th N.Y. Vols. who are sent to Williamsburg. On Good Friday, 1862, we had a march also. It seems to be our fortune to disregard Sundays and fasts. Owing to Col. H's selfishness or something like it, we will probably stay in the field till our time is up, when we might as well have been in N.Y. tomorrow. We had a heavy snowstorm yesterday and last night but the warm rain of today is carrying it off fast. This camp has one advantage over Newport News, it is so near the Fort that we can get anything we want without difficulty. There is only one battalion besides our own. It is Roberts heavy Art'y designed to garrison the Fort and if I am not mistaken, it was raised about Phila.

Give my love to all the family and write all about Aunt M's new house. I hope you will be able soon to offer the children ocular evidence that you have a son, an officer, in the "Zavous" as an Irishman called us.

From all I can learn, Foster is in a nice scrape in N.C. If this storm had not come in time to help him out, he had 1,500 men surrounded by ten times their number and the water was so low that his gunboats could not get up the river to help him. Gen'l F. was no friend of ours but I should be sorry to see him surrender in that way. Gen. Dix is in command here but we of course neither see nor hear anything of him.

There is nothing to write about - week after week passes with the same routine of duty and we seem in danger of stagnating. The last two months have gone by very quickly and I can scarcely believe that we have only one month more to serve. If you go to Bristol, find out why neither of my two letters were answered, not that it will make any difference now but I would like to know. I will send you \$50. this week; if I could collect some more debts, I would send more, but money is not particularly plenty and my trip to Washington was rather expensive. I use fancy paper to show you how the boys get things up. It was brought out by one of Co. F's men and is generally used by the Regt. The envelope has a Zou, like the one in the corner of the paper. Write soon.

Battery on Nansemond R. Va.
April 15th, 1863.

I have been so driven for a week that it has been impossible for me to write. I am in command of three light 12 pdrs. and two 20 pdr. Parrott rifles scattered in thru different works. I burst one of my 20 pdrs. in a fight this morning but drove the rebs from their batteries. The General is pleased and it is all right. We had a sharp fight but my firing was too heavy for them. I have been stirring them up all the afternoon and expect to have them come back tomorrow. It has rained all day and I am soaked with mud and water but all sound as yet. Write soon.

Pt. Calhoun, Apr. 13th, 1863.

I am still in command of my battery in position opposite the rebels and write to say I am all right yet. Gen'l Getty complimented me for my work the other day by naming a new work battery "Morris". Love to all.

Battery Stevens on Nansemond R. Va.
April 23rd, 1863.

Now for a good long letter to tell you of the doings of your beloved son since his arrival at Suffolk. We were ordered from Camp Hamilton a week ago, last Friday night, landed at Portsmouth on Saturday morning and marched to Suffolk that night - 25 miles. Lt. Col. Kimball was shot by Corcoran that night. On Monday we garrisoned Ft. Nansemond and I had the pleasure of throwing some 18 pdr shot into a rebel line advancing down the Summerton Road. The next day Gen'l Getty sent me with my company to take charge of two guns in Fort. Montgomery and in Ft. Halleck. I stayed there one night and the next day took 18 men, leaving the rest in Fort M. with a Lieut. and took charge of two 20 pdr. Parrotts, which we placed that night in a masked battery (Battery Kimball) directly opposite a rebel battery of five guns. At daylight a light battery below me opened on the rebels to draw their fire. As soon as I discovered the position of their pieces, I opened and after three hours of pretty sharp work, silenced them. One of my 20 pdrs. burst but did not hurt anyone. The Gen'l stood near me through it all and was much pleased. He named a new battery, Battery Morris, in compliment. I stayed at Battery Kimball two days and was then ordered to the point opposite to which the rebs had a battery that annoyed our gunboats. The morning after my arrival they opened from a fresh place but we shut them up in about an hour.

It was determined to land some troops on the other side and try to cut off the rebel battery and as a preliminary, I opened a hot fire for over half an hour and then the 39th N.Y. and 8th Conn. were landed and by a brilliant move captured the whole party and five guns. Gen'l Getty complimented me in orders. He told me that the rebel commander informed him that my fire was so heavy and well directed that he could not get a man to show his head or to work a gun and they laid so close that our troops were within a hundred yards before they were seen.

Gen. Getty has offered to horse and equip the captured battery of two light 12 pdrs. and two 24 pdr. Howitzers and give it to me if I will raise the man, which can easily be done out of the 3 yrs. men in our Regt. He spoke to Gen. Halleck about it when he was here and probably my commission will come from the President as Capt. of Artillery and an independent battery. The General don't want me to leave the service and am under greater obligations to him than to any man out. He gave me these 20 pdr. rifled guns, the best on the post, in preference to his regular officers and put me where all the work was to be done and I was bound to do it in style.

Give my love to all the family. I hope to see you soon though I will not probably be able to stay long. Write when you receive this to 9th Regt. N.Y.V. Suffolk, Va. It will reach me in due time.

April 24th. All well and raining hard - nothing new except that Corcoran has gone out on a reconnoissance and will probably be scared back.