John Ryder
Aug. - Dec.
1862
Dear Friends,

I suppose to-night that we leave the City of Detroit, for Washington, and start at 5 o'clock. To leave the dock, our Company leaves on the May Queen, we are all in good spirits, and are ready to start. We leave our native State but not forever, we shall return again; but we wish to leave our mark on some Rebels next year. At this time I think I shall be at home, and Alfred, I, send home this time 25 dollars, leaving me. I was going to have my likenesses taken, but I shall not have time before I get to Washington, yours sincerely.
Dear Brother,

I came home from Detroit last night, on A furlough of 10 days, and the received A letter from you, but you said nothing about receiving the letter that I wrote to you. I received A letter from you about two weeks ago, it was the same day that I started for Detroit as a soldier. I have been enlisted about 3 weeks, you say in your letter that you have heard of it, and think that I was foolish for it, I don't know but I am, but I have not been sorry for it yet, but still I may be yet. We have a good captain.
as could be got in the United States, he thinks a great deal of his men, and will not see them starve to death, our first lieutenant is John McFarlin, which is not the worst of men, Second is Eezer Baker, Nero Bar has enlisted and he is a good fellow, and we are all as tight as a brick, we have been examined by the Doctor, and sworn in to the State Service, and mustered in to the United States Service, we have got our Overcoats, and they are warm things, and they expected the rest of them right of, I suppose you have heard that our Col. Rankin has resigned, on the account of the trouble with
England, and I am glad he has resigned, and the regiment would be better of
if the rest of them Canad officers would resign, one of
The officers was I practicing with his lance the other day
I do not know how long
it will be before we Start
for Washington, I hope not
long, but amel and bill king
has fled through fright,
Probly was afraid they would
die before their time came,
The lance that they use is
13 feet long, the blade about
15 inches long, which will
clear the bagonet, and then
you have your Sword and
pistols., I must close now by bidding
you good by, hoping that you will
answer, as soon as you receive this
P E Rigdon, to A E Rigdon
Dear Friends,

This is a sad day to me as I have seen since I have lived in this world of trouble. Oh, dear friends, what awful news has reached our ears. I dare not tell what, but you know... The sorrow of our family has gone, but his majesty, and I trust in God that he may return unharmed. The orderly sergeant of his Company told me that the last he saw of him that they were just rebels after him, and they might have taken him prisoner, perhaps he is prisoner. If he is he will get away shortly for they are going to exchange prisoners and he may be lost. They said that the regiment was scattered, and had not got in yet.
but the orderly said he thought he was a prisoner, and if he was not, he thought he was killed and he said he might come around all night, for the regiment was so scattered but he is one of the missing. Ruben Fairwell is wounded in the breast, and partly back and it lacerate but in the mouth, Harisons Mack forling is missing. I can tell you it was at Bloody field, the army passed by here yesterday, it was awful, I just heard that Harisson Mack was shot dead, Shot through the heart. We have got to march this other noon, tomorrow to the battle field, but I guess not, if we should let it come that is what we come here for, but life is sweet, and we will die if we can, we have got 3 or 4.
prisoners, herewith us now, they look like a lot of dogs that don't care whether we kill them or not, they said they thought they was might, and would not give up, they said that they was deceived in the Northern army. I saw the Second regiment pass but did not see Charles Redshines. We can hear the cannons roar around us, but I suppose artillery run as got whipped awfully, Broadheads, cavalry keeps it coming in, I may get to Chanes to hear. About Three, as soon as I go where I can I will send my likeness home but I can't do it now for me as far from it places, I think that all armster will get discharged, and Jake the rest of the Boys is well.
I have got to be A packing party quick and I have got to close, I saw J & J Fairwell, home Smith and others.
yours Forever

J. E. Pizder
Capt.
2 41 Mich. infantry
Washington,
D.C.
Camp mush. Sept. 6, 1862

Dear friends,

I have not had a letter from home since I have been here, but I expect to get one, this makes 3 I have written. I thought I would write a few lines this way knowing your feelings in regard to Alfred. I think he is all right, I saw him last Sunday, and thank him yesterday, and they said that they made a charge on the enemy and when they came out Alfred was missing, and after the battle they went there and he was not to be found among the dead, and he thought without
...
Ohio, is ahead of which for
union people, the overseers would
like follow us, and having their
hankershief, and I say God bless
the defenders of our country,
we found Dutch to union
feeling until we got to
washing to s, there no found
animals, when the day before.
S one men, took beds under
God, in bying feet, if
you by any thing you have to
pray 6 times as much as you
A in which, and run the risk
of getting punished, I had to
pay 5 10 cents, for a little chunk
of cheese, that I could take in.
To a very few mouthfuls, you could
got it in which, for 6 or 7 cents,
that I and we went from there
To camp lign, from there to
camp down, we at all are,
many and are now nearest two, the
last memory of any other rig coming
The Welsh is here thick.
and part of our regiment
is guarding their property,
and of them put out a couple
of our soldiers when we first
get here, and were attempting
our tents, when one of our
soldiers came running down,
and said form into a line of battle for
the enemy were upon us, but it
did not come, and in the
night when we went to sleep
he came through the lines
with the yell, that the enemy
were there, he said, form into
a line of battle, as we would
all be taken by the enemy, we
sprang for our guns loaded the
and was into that line less than an
hour marched down to the field
but no enemy came of it was only
down to try us, to see if we would
stand, but the next I write as
soon as you write from P. 0. Rocke
written to Luke B. Winton

Camp Shearer, Sept 11.

1862

Dear Friends

I thought while I had to little time to write I would occupy it by writing to you although I have received no letter from any of our folks since I have been here and in fact any of us haven't but I expect one shortly.

I find that soldiering is the great importance of the day. I have not been taken in. So far in my experiences I expected no fun in it. Many boys that I have played with in early life has bin shot down in this late battle. I saw the wounded soldiers when they came in Washington which amounted to about 12 thousand.

I will not try to explain the
the sight of mangled bodies.
I think that the draft is all right, I saw the orderly of his Company, and he said without doubt he was to prisoner, and not killed, he said if he was a prisoner he would go home and take the oath of allegiance.
We are now about 4 miles from Washington, and very fine camping place, and have as good times as you could expect for soldiers, I think that this war will end in less than 6 months.
In one way or the other, they is a man in Washington that wants to bid 5 thousand dollars. That this man will end in 60 days. I hope he will win it, but I fear he would lose, if this war could end, and I and told could return home unharmed,
I should be thankful, but if we should not, we will
stand what may come.
I can tell you that this
is hard living County.
There is no fences, no trees.
There is corn 2 or 3 miles away.
That is so high that you can
not begin to reach the top of
it, when you will see hundreds
of horses turned in two at.
It looks stretch. They is it man
that I saw yesterday. That
was it farm not far away.
That declared that if this war
did not close stretch. That
they would be to famine in
the South. There is some parts
of Virginia. for miles around
that there is not anything
at all to live on.
Uncle William it horse
her short worth much
when I was in Virginia.
I saw lots of dead horses and lots of boys that had horses that took them from prisoners. If one could go into battle, he could get to horses if he wanted it. But the soldiers had to put them in .

They is lots of the cavalry boys, that you can hire of decent horses. That they took in battle.

I want you to tell the boys around there to write to me, and I will answer. Then all, I can tell you about it better than is worth mentioning.

I will now close by telling you that I want you to answer this letter immediately if you can write all of the news of much.

Yours Forever,

P. E. Beales

W. Finton
Camp [illegible] Sept. 14

Dear Friends,

I received a letter from home last night. It was from me, and I can tell you it was received with gladness. I wanted to know whether you knew about Alfred. Yesterday I heard from him that he was all right, and I never was so glad in my life. For the day that I wrote that letter to you, I heard from one of his Company that he was truly dead. And I can tell you that I was not very easy until I heard from him again. William nearly and Hank were down here yesterday, and they thought that would go home. Robert Farrell is
news by us. Mrs. Hoyt went and saw him yesterday. He said that he felt well, I should like to go and see him but I can not get out of Camp. I think that it will be down here in a few days. Mr. Hoyt has got a new camping place and I can't see that I have been much deceived in Soldiering. I did not expect to see fun, I expect to work, I realize that it is more pleasant to be at home, where you can get plenty to eat and a good bed to sleep in, although I can't say I want to come until this war will close and then I wants come on the lightning train. There is some of the boys that has bin awful home sick, I suppose that Jake, Fred, Bill Lewis, all Armstrong. I
Sept. 14, 1862 - p. 2

and baker, will get discharged.

I was down to the dock when the wounded soldiers came in from that bloody battle field - Bull's Run. The wounded was estimated at 12 thousand, and I saw the retreating army pass by. I saw one flag that was all in tatters. Strings, and you could see the marks of battle on many of them. It was indeed enough to make one heart bleed. Run cold. To see the wounded soldiers, mangled in every direction, with arms, and legs off, and heads swollen and yet alive. I heard that the news had reached Richmond, that so had all but killed or taken prisoners. What folly.

The way it was, one night they were rockets seen in the air, and we was drawn in a line of battle, and towards
man we did meet no enemy and we commenced firing our guns. As we to practice on battalion exercises,
and the news went through by majors. That we were all cut to pieces, or taken prisoner
as they going to draft in New York. I think that this man will hear to come to to close either our major
or the other party guide. one of the citizens said if it did not end in to short time
that they would be famin in the country, I wrote often and
give all of the news, tell other to write. I want only end all
of you to write and give me the news, how is growing this bad
weather, I bid you good by,

Yours now and ever
J O Bailey, Co C 24th Mich, infantry, Washington
Camp Shearur. Sept. 10
1802

Dear Sister,

I thought I would write a few lines to you this morning, to see if I could not get a word in reply, last night we were talking in our tents, when some of the officers came to me and said they wanted us to form into a line of battle, and they wanted us to fill our canteens with water and get 40 rounds of cartridges, and come first, it was only done to try us, but me thought the enemy was there, for we could hear the cannon roar all day long. They said they wanted all to go that could bear arms.
I and Noble had fun sticks all day. I had the head ache.
Noble had to tie his hat on his face now and when the call was given.
Some of the boys was so scared in that they shook and lay down.
It was one of our neighbors, C. Davis.
I and Noble went, and we had lots of fun with the baby.
I can hear the cannon roar now.
I hear all of the time. It is the battle. It kills men. It is hard to lay on the battle field wounded.
Satch it lay as this.
It is not enough to boil eggs.
Mr. Hurt went to Washington yesterday, and saw Harrison Mackfarlin.
He tells an awful story of his sufferings.
He says that he layed on the battle field 3 days after being wounded.
While it rained torrents, and in mud, that when he went there he had.
So did, and it was all taken from him, while he lay wounded, but he still left money with him, he was in great agony, he said that he wished that he could die, that he would die in 5 minutes if he could for he was prepared to die.

I suppose that it was because he was in such pain, the doctor hadn't much hope of him, but he has got the ball that shot him, he is going to sent it home, Noble, and Alfred has gone down to say to see him.

I have not heard from Alfred lately, is he to coming home, if he is, I should like to have him come and see me first. I have been expecting him every day.
'Robin, I hope you're getting along fast. All of the boys are well, excepting Camp disease, besides them that are waiting for their discharge. I and Bob and Tandy andatty will have to go more and will miss you more. Write often. Yours truly,

J. O. Ryder


Elizabeth T. Ryder
Camp. Shearer, Sept. 20, 1862

Dear Friends,

Since I have got it good chance to write a few lines, and send it by the hand by one of my Brother Soldiers, I will do it. Although it would be as safe by mail, but it is nearer home when I send it by hand.

Our over running regiment that left the City of Detroit has commenced to look smaller. Our regiment has not been in battle but I find that disease will take off a few. There is not so many dead, but more Sick.

I have not heard from Al phon since I got that letter from home. And that good letter,
from Washington last night, stating that Harison McFarlin was getting worse, and it was impossible thing to come down and to day he is in going, he sent a word that he wanted I and him to come down, but I can not go, for I can not get past the bridge for the guards, we have got settled down in our tents now so that we are perfectly contented, I can like soldiering that is I can stand it like if it was not for long marches, but we have got something to be thankful for, war is awful to be in, but it is nothing to be compared to having our homes in Dutch to place, this is to man that lives not far from here, that Said before this war commenced
that his farm would bring 100. dol, now he could not get 5 dol, an acre, nor he thought that his fences was burnt up, his crops, taken, and he said they did it, & I could tell you stories in my short experience, that will make you feel thankful that you lived in the peaceful little State of mich, till the folks that is so afraid of a tax in mich, that they would have something else to think of if they was here, what would they think if they should see it & lots of Rifles, come to their doubts home, and burn their barn, and then come to the house and take every thing that they wanted, and with dressed reders, make the woman go and get them to warm meal, but I am thankful that they is some that has nothing but what they pay for.
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It is very hot here yet, the corn is got up near by us, and has been in 10 days. I don't know whether it is around or not, but along the road, the corn, horses, has cut it for them. The farmers watch their crops, but the soldiers go in, with the same answer. Not enough, but enough of that.

I have got to bring my letter to it close, forJake is going to start, write as soon as you get this. I rate it letter to you and yours truly.

J. C. Bnder
24th Michigan infantry
Washington, D.C.
Pickett.
Camp Shears.

Sept. 24, 1802.

Dear Friends.

I have not received but one letter from you since I have been here, but I may get one to night, but I shall not wait for it. I am on guard to day, and my relief don't come on until one O' clock, and so I will improve my leisure by writing a few lines home, to let you know that I am still well, and enjoying myself as well as I expected, yesterday I went to Washington to the Harrison Reposi and I saw a great many Sights, in Washington that was interesting. That was, the Hay yard, and Washington monument, and the Capitol, which was to great sight, and we looked around around the city in the forenoon, and in the afternoon we started to See
Harrison, and we got to the hospital about 3 o'clock, and we went along into it, and it was I had Smelling place, and we saw there lots of wounded soldiers, wounded in different ways, some light, some mortally, and me was then let back to the bunks, where the day to day to day to him, that looked as though he was in great pain, he was move the regular fellow. That me called Harrison, Doby, his gut not one spark of his looks could I see, and Edgar Dyer, stepped up and spoke to him, I stood back of him, and I asked of the nurses where Harrison was, and he rolled, his eyes around, and said, Johnny don't I look like him, and I spoke to him, but I could not believe it was him, he looked natural in his eyes and his hair and that was all, he had to litter, all over his face, and he looked like a skeleton, the nurses said that he thought that he wouldn't stand it but a little while longer, he said he come justly near.
t. dying the night before...and they
were some there that was getting well.
They was to follow that lay in the
bunk next to Harrison. That had his leg
off. It would bad,
and after we made our visit out with
Harrison, we went to try to find Alfred
but we could not do so, as he was with
the regiment, if he is I think I could find
him, I understand that the regiment
is near Washington, but I could not find
it, for they was a couple of the members
of our regiment told me that we had
marching orders, and we was to go to
camp, but it was false, but I think
we will not stay here long, for we
have him inspected by Sen. Wardburg
in our bar, and he thinks that we could do
a big thing on the field, he says that
we can fight, but we can't tell
me more. Stay here at a good while
it is to bad if we have to start again,
for we have get our tents filled up nice
one drill now days partly through.

They have six men detailed, from the Regulars, to drill us. We have got so now that we understand it fairly well, but it is getting late and I must begin to rise for the guard.

It is quite warm here yet,

I want you to write often as you can for we are glad to get letters from home.

Good by to all the parents to which this remain yours truly,

J. E. Ryder

Co. G, 24th Michigan

Infantry, Washington, D.C.
Camp Shears, Sept 27

1862

Dear Friends,

I am glad to say that this morning, I have got a letter from home to know, it was written by Mr. and Mrs. I was glad indeed to get it, you gave me the news about Alfred. I had not heard from him since I received the last letter from you, and I see that he is getting near home. I wish that he could go on, and stay there, Mr. There is hard news this morning, Harrison McFarlin is dead. He died yesterday at 3 o'clock, he was buried about 4 miles from Washington. He died without fear, he was removed, but died. Very hard, it was not his wish to be sent home, but the things that the money could be used in, it
more useful way, but as our thought we could raise a contribution and send him home... it is to bad to see it good to buy like him, buy in an enemy country say what do you think, if so should I help should hop to send for little money, but I will not again and see this and they got there just as the troops and again did you bad was it going out, he asked me about Tom the folks, and Henry, I have not heard from John Trencham, I should like to see Edie the Hankins, we are pretty busy here now, we do not get much time but it was improving all the time we got. I will now try and finish my letter, I had to leave off to go and do our washing, Saturday we do our washing and cleaning up our tents, etc. I suppose that Jake Sharp will be home by the time you get this letter, we get along very well, I stand it first rate of we are busy now, all of the time in drill and police duty, the Col. send them down to Washington, and got
1 hundred thousand, rounds of catarzges besides having 50 rounds apiece, I hav'ga
to go now, we have to remain fitt now
say day, we had one last night, and had
lots of fun, we whipped the eniny, we fought
2 hours, and drove them into the woods,
and surrounded Cape Newton born,
and charged bayonet on them, and
Tork them prisoners, we have got in again
from our fight, it was an exciting
time, but we got whipped to night,
we held the eniny in cheek, about
half an hour, when, we were attacked
by 4 times our number, and we survived
but night before last we whipped them
ready, no run about 30 rods, and
into, averted the eniny, and we fired on
them, and then made it bayonet
charge on them, and we gave one
of the most unmerciful yellies ever
was heard, and took them prisoners
at night, they was 2 or 3 hurt pretty
bad, by earlerness, some what their
rarrade, Some gets so excited that they flag in earnest some times in to bay nor charge, they yell almost enough to tear the ground up, and almost act as though they wanted to fight in earnest. There is a lieutenant in 3d. that is shot in the leg, but not bad. Capt. W. White had to fight with B. B. White in the 3d battle, S. White, and Capt. B. White came together, Capt. W. White grabbed the other boys, after he got his sword knocked out of his hand, and downed, B. White do I don't know which mangled. He got his sword taken, and B. B. got taken, and they were parted. Our officers as the best kind. As for the Company officers, and regimental, as the 3d will talk as common, as far as he can with Company. The 2d and Company, how does she get along with the work, I wish I was there to help her, well me, we are coming one of these days, write as soon as you get this. I have not that letter from you, and I should give you my good wishes. Good by.

J. C. Boys

S. B. Boys
Camp Shearer, Sept. 28, 1862.

Dear Friends,

I suppose that to-day is our last day in Camp Shearer, we are under marching order, we are going to Frederick, Maryland, and I thought I would send a line home before I started, we will either start to-morrow, or to-morrow morning. See you to Soldier life, we got things looking pretty well, and we expected that we would stay here this winter, but we are mistaken, in Soldiering you don't now what you are going to do until you are ordered, to fall into line, March they has six different reports as to our regiment, when we came to Camp Shearer, we were attached to the Engineer Company, to help and build it, first, about 3 miles, from our Camp, and we shipped there to-m described.
went to Chipy one day, and the time that
we stayed in Camp we drilled from
morning until night, and I supposed
that we would stay and work on the
Fort, and then after that the news
came that we were going back to
Michigan to guard prisoners and
the day our Company was to going to
Chipy, and just before we started, we had
orders not to go, but to fall into the
line and the Colonel the orders that we
were to going to Frederic, and the Colonel felt I
was pretty good, he said that we were to
going to Frederic, and no were to going
to fight, and in gave three Cheers for
the Colonel, and he replied, that he lead to
his men, and was satisfied as to theirs. Then
soon, and he spoke specially of Co. D,
and the Colonel should forget that he
Company, he said it was his 2 hours
Company, and he now they was respected in
Home, for they had not his one in the
guard House, he said they was quick,
bitter, but well grown, he said that was
the pride of the regiment, and we cheered him.
and he said if we went into battle we
would have something to cheer for when we came
and then the regiment gave a thundering
cheer, for Col. Mason, and his horse, got started
and Sprung around, and he said, his
horse almost the battle began off,
but enough of that. I went and
got me a dish of milk the other day
and it tasted the best of any thing.
I saw pate, and a half chunk of butter,
we had to pay 80 cents a pound for butter.
Dutch butter as you make would be worth
50 cents, 30 cents butter is not worth much.
It is very hard, and white from stuff,
there is lots of things that grow in
summer, that would not taste bad,
but then we are in duty, and that
should be very true. Bodied young mans
home, I have faith to think that I am
coming home again, and I am
sure that I have just as much.
Desire to come back, when this war comes to an close, as any other fellow, but if it should be for me not to come back, I suppose I can stand it as well as any body else, but it is getting late I must close for me have got to be ready to march at five o'clock or but we dont know when we will start for certain as my nose start until morning, but when we get back I will write again, I dont think I will until we get there we have got 40 rounds of cartridges, they go off as though they would make a good thing to battle it is a larger ball than the one that

Tell Mr. Martin No, I suppose you will meet my sister today and tell her I have got your missive, I suppose you will meet

S.W. Ryder,
16 Ryder, it is not enough to suit the times, heres 20
In Camp near Frederic, Oct. 2, 1862

Dearest Sister,

We left our Camp near Shear's last Tuesday morning, and I received your letter just before we started, but not in time to answer, and I was glad to hear from you, and we marched to Washington and stayed all night in the yard where Washington's monument and the Capitol was, and at 2:00 clock we got ahead of the cars and came to Frederic, where we turned from the cars in Short time, you'll think it curious if you was here, to look around, and see the many thousand of soldiers we are right by the side of a railroad, and they is thousands, passing it going to Harper's Ferry, I suppose they is fighting in that direction today, for they is concentrating in that direction.
me are to the place where the Deed had it fight not long ago, they is a house near by, where the man, stood in his door and I saw the battle, you can not see it. Smiling face on all of the folks in the town, and you had to look out what you eat, we enjoy Soldiering as well as possible, but still it is not so pleasant, as it would be not cutting up corn, but tell me that me has got the best officers that ever can be had in America, I will speak especially of Jean Hunt, God bless him, he has been true to me, and is liked by everyone, he is to Soldier to amongst Soldiers. He spent with us last night, I hope he may be spared in battle from all others officers, but the rest are pretty good, our Wolf will sit down and talk with the privates as well as an officer, but on the
Oct. 2, 1862 - p 2

Field Art. is 7 times, and the rest of the officers are good, and I suppose that their bravery will be tried in a few days, we are in Gen. Hookers Division. Soldiers Soldiers Soldiers in every direction. Prueene is full of wounded soldiers, I do not feel first rate to day.

I have had the sick head ache, and want Alfred, I shant very well, we have had our bags packed in Washington, and we sleep in traveling tents. They are quite crowded for the hot weather, I do not feel well and I must close for this time. Elizabeth Ryer.

Now I want to say I must tell you, I am going to write a letter as soon as I can get time, I have not received our mail now for 2 days and I may have to letter from where but I have had news from Hollis last week. That
Alfred Ryder was at home, and I can tell you it was good news, for I knew you wanted to see him and I would like to see him, but that is impossible now. I heard when he should be discharged and I should get for mercy. I hope he gets it, and I think he has done his part. I told you one that has suffered, and him in prison as he has, why in the name of common sense alone to stay at home, tell him he has done his part, and take the discharge, for if others would do their duty as he has they might be satisfied, but good by.

Yours now and forever I & Ryder.

[Signature]
Camp, Harbaugh.  

Oct. 8, 1862  

Dear Friends  

I once more have an opportunity to write a few lines to you, although I have not received any letter from home in a long time, but we cannot get mail yet. I left Frederic on Monday last, about 4 o clock, and marched until about 10 o clock, and halted on the great battle ground, called, the South mountain battle, it was on the 17th, fought Oct. 19th. It was about half a mile from the main road, & went over the ground, it was to hard to explain, the was a small log house, that stood on the ground, it was all torn to pieces, and fences and there were all old men to peas, and they wore all kinds of clothing on the ground, hundreds of Spanecks, and
their was therefore, and on the 2nd
or make their one of these, to have, if they're
there, the other's, we, on the 19th, ground,

I found the work, in as, on the 19th, ground,

I found the work, in as, on the 19th, ground,

I found the work, in as, on the 19th, ground,

I found the work, in as, on the 19th, ground,

I found the work, in as, on the 19th, ground,
ground was found rebel ver\ns and

and enclos'd, with the prisoner's men

may their northern families

may those northern families

who abuse their Southern neighbors,

Approach near enough to feel the point of our Sabers,

may they come near enough
to hear the click of its trigger

and learn that to white

men is better than a nigger.

and then we returned to our

regiment, and soon marched on

to this place; this is to beautiful

a country, but it is to good for

rebels, one must be here

before long, they are a lot of rebels

in this prisoner's house, the barns, and stables

are full, they are surround, one of

them died yesterday, they say that

and, they will fight, until every man

is dead, they say that the same

lone rebel, is hard to kill, some

of them are going home to day.
but their love amounts to nothing for they dont know hand, they look like an unprivileged set of negroes, and they are all must naked some had not enough on to keep their, and they were nothing but pain and bone, but friends I must close for it is time to go and I shall I hear no letter from home in a long time, but the mail can not get to me, yours truly.

To my dear
E. Pride, Sr. H. Banks

Shenandoah
Camp. Harbaugh, Oct 13, 62

Dear Mother,

Having a little spare time to day I will improve it by writing a few lines to you, although I do not get first rate, for I have had a cold of the head, but that is nothing. Our regiment when we left Detroit numbered 1 thousand and 700, and more I think there is some over, and our Company numbers 8 or 9. Thus far, the rest are not able to fight, eight before last we received orders about 12 o'clock, to get up and keep 2 days' rations, and be ready to march at one o'clock, and we received no further orders, until to day, and to day there was an order came to the Col. To say, if we would be ready to march in one hour, and the Col. Said that our
would, and soon the order came to build stables for the horses, to which they are at work now, and the boy said that the Col. said that he would bet 500 dollars that this war would be ended in 3 weeks. Time, I hope to find that it may be true, but it is to good to be true, I can't say that I hate to desire to return home until this war is ended, but if the war could end and I and Alfred could return to old Mich. I would be one of the gladdest fellows you ever saw, oh that the Col. thought may be right. More if you was here but a few minutes up on the high hill, and look around, you would think it wonderful, to look as far as you could and see the many regiments, they are three hundred thousand soldiers, here on the parapet. The rebel pickets is not far from us. The rebels are just hard up, they haven't got 600 enough...
to keep them Cumberfull, they
had more than the beggar of
Rich, and the most of them look
like Skeletons, but one of the prisoners
had said when he lay groaning
with his arm shot off, he said he
was going to get well, he said that
They saw honest rebels was hard things
to kill, but they is lots of them that
in my day, they had had friends here
To visit them from the South,
I guess I haven't told you about
my seeing the president of the
United States, I saw him when I
was at Camp Clark, he looks little
more humbly than his picture. Some
for, they said that he spoke at Frederic
and he said that this war would
end in less than 6 weeks, but
They is lots of Stories to believe
I have received 2 letters from
afforded one when he was at home,
and the other in C, and I hav
Answered them. I am glad that he went home and I wish that he had stayed there, but it is my opinion now that we will both of us be at home in less than 4 months, although I don't know but if the Southern army can't stay in Maryland this winter.

I think they are about played out. I suppose they may some letters that we did not get for the mail yet returned some ten days, Alfred wanted I should tell him about huskin, and I forgot it. I suppose that you have heard of his death. I saw him and talked with him before he died. The Lord when the bell struck him he threw up his hands and shouted and fell to the ground and the captain put his reins under his head and he played there a while but I don't know if it is now at your lady's...
Dear Brother,

I thought while I had yet a little more time I would write it how to you. I received a letter from you 4 or 5 days ago, which was only answered and that was the last I got from home, it is to geting. Some what lost night, last night it was very cold, and me I have not

I was in Detroit and paid ten dollars on 2 months of my wages, and when we came down South, we could not

I always read, and I now my money is all gone, and I thought I would wait until I draw my pay, but I am getting out of place, and don't know how long it will be before we draw our pay, and I

I should like to have you send me a letter and then I can get along, but I must do

This was written the 16th of July, 18__

I am writing from the same house, Washington D.C.
general opinion of the citizens here is that this war will end this fall. I wish I could say that it may be so, sometimes it looks encouraging and then again it looks dull, but all of the boys are in good spirits and are willing to endure the hardships and dangers, but are still looking with an uncertain eye, for the war to end. When we are here it is as beautiful a country as I ever saw and we are camped in a good place, but give me Michigan to live in, I can tell you that things here being something picturesque and pleasant, and something to do, and an apple it would please me, to swim andisoft bread 25 cents for two with half bread, but enough of war, at it getting late I must close now I haven't received any letter from home in a long time, then I write one to the boys. This day, yours always J. C. Tyler, Elizabeth Tyler.
Camp Penman, Oct 22, 186[1]

Dear Sister,

I thought I would write it you this morning, to let you know that we are still as well, although I had not been for 2 or 3 days. I have had it full of the Sick head ache, it is not very nice to be sick here, although it is not so bad as it might be. Alfred Noble has been quite sick, but almost a week, but he came away from the hospital last night, and slept in his tent. I don't know whether he wanted his folks to know it or not, but he is getting along pretty well, but he looks much yet, and Watson Aldridge has his Sick he returned to his Tent last night, there is 26 Sick ones in our Company, and only 40 can be mustered for duty, it is sort of very well for this long regiment, although it is very
as long as the hot of the heat of the day, we left Camp Harlington, and marched to this place, Camp Penman, Maryland, by the distance of about 10 miles, and here we were ordered to strike our tents, and then we were ordered out, and again we received marching orders. The Col. said that this time we marched, that he supposed we would march on to the sacred soil of Virginia. The Rebel is about 5 miles from us, and Dutch is the life of the Soldier, we do not know one minute what we will be the next, we have got 2 days rations hocked up, and we may march in in ten minutes, and we may lay here 4 weeks, I think that the Rebels would be glad to see us, this and it is the
Camp Peniman, Oct 23, 01

Dear Brother,

I have just received an

letter from you dated Oct. 21, and it was received with

joy, for I had not received any letter from home in a long time, and I can tell you at your end. I think of you

to know that you had ceased to write in your native town, and I hope you will not be called on to go

back, for I think that you have done your duty in the line of soldiering, and I now stand ready to take your

place, for I now it must be a consoling place to our folks to have us both gone, but it is curious to me that you don't

get my letters, I have received 2 this will make, and they were duly answered, but I hope you will get this,

tell Uncle Williams folks that I
received their letter, which will be answered in due time, we are about to leave the place, and I can hardly think of nothing to write, we left Camp Hurstburgh near Sharpsburg, last Monday, and arrived at Camp Peniman, near Galenville, the same day, about 4 o'clock, and then no receipt orders again to march, but no time told for us to go, and to day we are preparing to start, but no may not go in to day or so, I do not know where our destination will be, but we are in about 3 miles from the rebel army, and our Gen. said that the next move that we make, that he supposed that we would go to the promised land, and the regiment received his remarks, with 3 cheers and A Tiger, I can't say that I am anxious to go into battle, but if this thing can't be settled without it, the quicker the better, I believe that it will be all right.
By next Spring, and it is the opinion of all of the folks down here, and I hope to God that it may be so, and we clean all return to our peaceful homes, I think that they would be some glad souls in Zion, and I for one, but now I am satisfied to undergo the trials of Zion, but our Company is to cleaning down to go, when it left Detroit we had 110, Some of them are discharged, and the rest had to be, and some are in other regiments, but I knew we had got one of the best Companies that ever should be in, I am satisfied with any one in it, they are all good farmer boys, and by one of the best clerks, I ever saw, although the men last language, and all of our officers are all right, but I should like it if I was in the Bank, but I am here and I must make the best of it, for it would be useless for me to talk of
the hardships of Soldiering, for you know it well, but I can tell you that we have had our share, but we have not got to be here for ever, for if one heart longs, we will be under here. For so far as it is not done so easy to march as mile or miles it is to husk corn, and lies in hand. Do you speak of your teeth, gracious I have none to tooth. Times I eat Newington. Neither have I seen him, but it is, of and fat, but and not, but I am satisfied as long as I live, you speak of rubber blankets, & respect to how one I have sent for one, if I get it and a pair of gloves, I have got them, but it is to getting them to go to best you dont get him to write in the day time and so we occupy us, I want you to write as often as you can, and tell all of the Newburg boys here and how you feel and tell them to hear your letter and they many you to write so them you know. Them all Alfred Noble thanks you, to write and among Mothers Eldredge Darling and the Burges and all the rest of them. I think I have never been much
Tell our folks I should like to write of them more.
Camp near Harpers Ferry, Oct. 23, 1862

Dear Mother,

I was pleased last night, while I was amusing myself by a smoky fire, to receive two letters from home, one from you and the other from Alford, and they was nothing that I could have got to have been more welcomed than they were. I have passed through with many exciting times since I last heard from you, although it would be useless for me to explain the host affair, for you may know that we have had but little fun in our last march, we were in our tents, sheltering up with our blankets to keep off rain and cold, when the order came to pack up and fall in, in less than 2 minutes, we all sprung up and went to pull down our wet tents and was soon ready to march through rain and mud, over our clothes, and so we started on
our long march, it was then about 4 o'clock, and we marched that night to the distance of about 10 miles, and camped for the night and it was dark as tar, and raining as hard as it could, and we were the center of Nevada, from top to bottom, and we were so tired and sleepy, we graded down one or two hard stares, and layed down to rest, and in a few minutes, I raised up, and found that I was in a puddle of water, and was not as I rest, and I got up and went and stood by the fire until morrow, and the boys were sick enough, some was going to desert, and others wanted to go into battle to get shot, so it kept for all night, and in the morn we started again, though the rain had stopped, but the wind was awful, probably Alfred knows what the soil of Maryland and Virginia is, after a heavy rain, and we marched that day quite moderately, and might come, and we halted for the night, and I and T. told the lady, she took me back, and I men...
Slept soundly in my life, and more sound came, and me handed Samuffy, and it come hard; I was a bit of time to march, when our Col. Being along with tears in his eye, and asked us how we felt, and he asked the regiment if they would follow him, and they told him yes, as long as life remained, and he was ordered to send to pages of if they was any men in the regiment that wanted to go into the regular bear, to let them go, and the Col. said it, and then spoke to the regiment until he brought tears to many eyes, he said he knew that the infantry was hard, but he said he did not want his men to leave him, and he said that probably they was mean to turn us, in the present war, that the regiment suffered more, unless upon the battle field, then the 24th Michigan, died in the 26th of Oct., but he said boys your Col. want to claim, he said, they want of the blame common man to say that I was at Plymouth and they said yes, and he said that they was nothing on earth.
that he thought more of them than he did of the
with much infantry and that was his way and habit,
and the horse was tied across the main gun. O, how
they would stand by him, through danger, and trials, and he thanked them
and his I believe they were near to better and
the world than most enemies. When we were in
bunks it would rain he never told us to lay
but run boys for bunks, and when we arrived in
night of the 24th, he told us to get our sails on
and go get our hands on, and nights when we were
in camp he would come and sit down and talk, as common as a farmer, he says we are all
here for one great cause, and he is with us,
he is to put for the regiment, and he has got
the good will of them all, and they will stand
by him through thick and thin, and Lieutenant
Kay is the last of our company, he has got
the good will of them all and we all like him,
you know of Strategy he is a good officer, he has
always been in fine rate, Some complain of him
but they is no use of it, of Thers will tend to their
business, I think he will come we are under marching
orders again with 3 days rations in our haversacks and
don't know who to direct for the hand to home. I had
written a letter to him, and he says he has just received one
letter, he wrote 9 two to him, and I shall answer
requests to all officers, good day to you.

J. E. Roy, Jr., to his Mother, Mr. Roy, Jr.
in Camp near Stacks Gap,

November 1st, 1862

Dear Brother

I received your kind letter of the 22nd.

Yesterday morning, while we were halted for rest, and I was glad to hear from you, and hear that you were still at home, then has been many hard roads to pass through with since I last heard from you, we have been continually on the march since we left Camp Peaseman, and I can tell you that we have tasted of a soldier's life to its lowest depths, although we are still alive the Lord and me have stopped here for a rest, and we have marched today about 15, 16, 18 miles and I think that we will stay here to night for it is almost sundown now, we halted twice yesterday, the first time, they told us to pitch our tents, for we would stay
there 2, 3, days, and we was pretty
hot, marching in the sun, and part of
the time through rain, and most of us
lost our shoes, but we were so pleased to think of
we was going to have a good rest when
we went to work and fixed up our
tent as good and warm as we could, and
went and got some straw, and
then we was all right, and we thought it
that we would wash our shirt, drawers, hat
and boots, so we went to the creek, and
washed them, and commenced,
marching, and the bug sounded to fall in,
so we ran and pulled down our tent, and
stove up our wet clothes, and started, and
we marched on 4 or 5 miles, and they told us
to fix our tents, and for me was going
to stay, and me done so, and this man,
came was ordered to strike tents, and
march, and now me in here, and stop
I presume that this will be the last
letter that I shall write to you.
until I risk my life upon the battle field, we are shut by an enormous cable wire, stationed at Anheiser's gap, at the distance of about 3 or 4 miles, here goes trouble. The man, by me now, they take him right in our company, he has a nice black horse, I just turned to try and get away, but got to bayouet at his head, Alfred ran so tight, it facing to go into the battle to continue, but we may not, but I think that we will, and so if we do, you must not get men, money, if you get me letters for it number, I shall, but if I get time & shall write, I should like to write, but if this man should dare so that we should come home, and enjoy what we once did, if I should get hurt in the expected battle, do not mind it, if I should I can stand it, but I hope I shall not be, our regiment is nearest to the enemy, of that only others, in the army, but Alfred it is getting dark and I must soon bring my letter to the close, if I get time
I shall improve any moment in writing, and I want you all to 
right to me, and I shall do it some, but you may call this to better for 
all until I get him to write. I am 
well now as you could expect, for 
one march, tell them I think I am 
not going to get shot, but that 
I am to coming home in the course 
of time, but if it should be my 
bad luck not to, then they is no 
en to claim, I will now close by 
isting you all good by, and 
remaining your friends and 
Brother, yours forever.

J. B. Royder
J. B. Royder

The boys has began to throw away their 
very clothing, you can see hundreds of cloth 
month here all and the principal, 
I have not yet.
Camp near Warrenville, S.C., Nov., 1862.

Dear Father,

as I again have an opportunity to write, I will gladly improve it, for a few minutes, for I can tell you that we had but little time for such business lately, for we are continually on the march by day, and part of the time by night. Oh, what marches we have had! For 102 days past, since we left Camp Pawnee, we have tasted of the Soldier's life, yesterday and day before was the longest, but next the hardest, now, today we get in tents late at night, near Manassa Gap, to which we expected to get about midnight, but lucky for us, the rest is glad for life, and we boys thought that we would stay there to dagen or so, so that we could get a rest, for we had marched so much, but just as the light had commenced
I breaking, they wanted us to eat, pack up, night of, and at 3, believed we commenced, and our journey, and they put us under to a forced march, that is heavy up, yet they told double quick, and so forth, and they put and us through until late at night, and when that I got there I layed down, on the ground and for stayed until mom, we marched about 20 miles, that day, and the next mom our regiment was small, but they still tell, and we must march, it is unsafe, and we had, and got here about mid-night last night, we marched about the same distance yesterday, that we did the day before, and yesterday, when we got about 10 miles, we got out of rations, and us boys. A boy that is, 3, and Eldridge, and Darby boys, got hungry, as miles, and we had not known what to do, so 3 and Eldger and Darby, thought that we would go on double quick, this and see if we couldn't get something to eat, and we went ahead and
2 or 3 miles, and arrived at the house, and we saw pigs, turkeys, and lots of stuff to eat, and we went to the house, and they was a woman that came to the door, and me and my told her that we was very tired, and hungry, and wanted something to eat, and she said, that we could have nothing, for she was not poor, and she gave many other excuses, and me asked her where the men folk was, and she said that she had none, and did not want to stay, and me told her that the whole army we had them, and so me went back into the woods, and unloading blankets, and the rest of our load, and loaded our guns, and went back to the house, and the old woman came out, raising, me made for a turkey, but could not get one, so me ran to the barn yard, broke the door in, and David and I went in, and I held back the woman, until he got 2, but his got away, but I held fast to mine, and I ran, and me went on, and me thought that would make it small meal for so many, and
so we went fishing, and we saw

to marry, miss brown, and I looked
on him, and was satisfied, but I must
even if it is getting late, he will come
again soon. to day is the first flake
of snow, 9 have seen this year, but we
have got to march again. forty seven
I had every one to day. I do not feel
march like stealing. but just to
miss seen.

Jens Foreman

J O R

J W R
Camp Noll, near Fauquier, Virginia
Nov. 12th 1862.

Dear Mother,

As we again halted for the night on our road to Richmond, I again sat down to pen a few lines to you, we had quite an easy march yesterday, only went about 12 miles, and had a pretty good rest. We have received your letters, and one from Alfred, and catch-checking men to read. That Morton Shuts was gone. It plainly reminded me that life is uncertain. To all little did I think that when I left home I was at his home, at least for the last and still less did I think when I left home that he would be the first to fall. Morton was a good boy, and he is well known to many. This regiment, that fails and over the
mens, I hope that bodily may be spared, it will be hard, indeed, to lose the mother. As it is very hard, it is very hard to think of dying at home, but it looks still harder, to see good days, take their death bed upon the ground, with no one to speak of encouraging words. But as like as not, you will hear from one or another, for making no mention. Troubles, I have seen men buried talk like states, but enough of that, we are bad travelling, now every day, we expect the enemy to meet the enemy. Shortly I received your letter, and the few days it came good to me, I bought me to pair of gloves, and some other things, that I need for winter, it will last me to good while, I should think that me and would dream our way. They don't, nor them especial. Stages come good for and they don't to it get them, nor our own money as good nothing, only the weather
Nov. 12, 1862 - p2

written, the farmer wants great money
you engaged as to our living, it
is would do you no good to know, for
I am here, and must stay for to while,
but some nice night when I am to
sitting, by the fire at home, I can tell
stories, that you may think that what
I, great privilege to enjoy, to have to
a good home, and plenty to eat, I can
tell how to say, what I have done had,
but I have seen soldiers, pick up to him
that had lain, and gnarled on it, but
I never have yet, but for 2 days now had
paralyzed cow, and that is nothing,
I can tell you I have you through with
what you would it thought it would
it killed me, but when we get to change
not be small, we get around to reach,
and try to say, some of his potatoes,
and he may say he want all to me,
and then, me say rally, and in me go
near his wagon to fences, and get
the produce, but you don't find
mutter here to eat. I feel very sick
eating, so mutter baek meat, and mutter
me, me go to other home, and ask
for something to eat, and they will give
you nothing, and then me go to day
at and can't, and then me send to
shoes, though to hog, or chicken, or
something, but I have done things,
but I won't have before their eyes.
That would draw tears, while I was at
work, for they would look so furnished
and declare that it was all they had,
and must stay, but I had to do it,
I have just burnt up all of my letters
for I thought that if I went into to
battle, and the rebels took me I did not
want them to read them, I don't get much
of any time to write, but tell all of the folks
I shall as often as I can I write to you,
the other day, I am sorry that I did not get my
letters, but if he is back again, try to write and
send them of writing now but tell him of her stand ready
to answer any on and will, L.C. Robin.
Camp. Nach, Near, Aquia Creek, Virginia

Nov. 14th, 1862

Dear Brother,

As I again have an opportunity, I thought I would write in reply to the letter to which I received from you 10 days or so since, although not knowing whether you will ever get it or not, for the letter to which I received from you, you expected to return to your regiment, the next morning. Alfred, your letter was received with gladness, although it contained the saddest news I have heard in a long time, that is as to the death of poor Martin. Indeed, it was indeed sad, and unexpected news, for I never heard that he was sick before; it will be hard to his poor mother, for she thought as much of Martin, but death is for us all, whether it be...
sooner or later, upon the battle field, or for an end at home? I hope and pray to God, that this war may come to a close, so that we may return to our homes, and stay there, until we are called away by death, which I think I can enjoy myself better in the old North, than I can here in this desolate and forsaken looking country, we are now ordered to march this day, and as I must hurry through with my letter, such is the life of a Soldier, we have been on the march, every day, for about 15 miles or ten days, until yesterday, and yesterday was one of the nicest days, I ever heard of. The heat, heat, and heat, you likely know, what to place this is to be sick, with about 40 degrees, & heating, and all of the clamors of camp life, mingled around you, it was enough to drive one crazy, but I feel better to day, but I am pretty sick yet, but do not feel able to walk 15 miles, with maps, &c. on, and these days...
provision, and canton, but I have yet to
go as long as I can. This is the most likely
Stop they is in Virginia & never for they are
rattling out like sheep, but I hope in
that, shall be able to go in again in it.
While, for I want to go with the regiment,
our company has got down to about 30
now, but it is as long yet our regiment is
as all the rest of the brigade, but I think
that this war will close before long, our
provisions is the same as yours, Salt fish,
and hard bread, when you get any, now
and for a few days they could not get
provisions to us, and they was some
Hungry Soldiers, I am willing to stay
here and fight as long as I can stand it,
but when the war closes I return as gladly
and as the most one, I expected to see hard ships,
when I enlisted, but I will allow I have
been disappointed, but I am determined to
shall go as long as I can, but I have seen boys
Talk of home, and cry like children,
but I can't say I feel as bad as that, for I would not care about going
from now, I can, here to the ground,
and am willing to do it, when we
are drawn up in battle, we have him out
in the line but morning came, we met
some hundred wells near on our march,
but they fled in disorder, over the mountains,
but I must now close and pack up,
I send my respects to all enquiring,

yours truly,

[Signature]

[Signature]

I bought me a nice cotton
blanket and it was old of
from me which I was aday,
I may perhaps find out if I don't
I think I shall get another

I received the box old you want
Camp, Acquia Creek, Nov. 23, 1862

Dear Father,

I thought this morning, while I was sitting in my tent, that I would try and see if I could not write a few lines to you, as I had not written in a few days past, now that I had received yours from Alexandria, and when we get letters they come in full bunches, I have received one letter from Alfred since he has been in Dixie, he was at Alexandria then, and it was promptly answered. The reason that I have not written before is because I have not been able, and because we have been continually on the march, but I write in the
Ambulance, the hardest place on earth for a sick person. I have seen Dick now about it, and I am sorry for myself, for all of the boys said that I was getting fat, and I think I do need some food. I have felt stronger in my life, although it was hard not to eat and drink. But now I feel pretty well, and much better now, it commenced with the sick headache, and there, which made me pretty sick, and the other day it rained hard all day and night, and I caught cold, and it made my lungs pretty sore, but I hope I shall get better pretty quick and return to duty. It has been raining here now for 2 or 3 days, to which it has not made it very pleasant in camp, we came to this place last night, it is fairly.
Pleasant place, with water near by, we don't know how long we shall stay here, to stay it is quite warm, and pleasant, profit. You have read in the paper of General R. Curtis, of our Company, Dying at Washington Hospital, he lived at war, and was most good. Three days, he was my marching mate. I have marched with him, to good many times, you would be surprised if you was around here, to see the regiments how they drift away. The 17, in our Company, you may find 80, or 40, and all, and 20, or 20, on drum parade, our Company on drum parade, 40, or 45, to all Field, 40, when you read of the regiment going into battle and it may say, that they are all killed and wounded but 30, in one Company, and they may
not be over 40 men in the
platoon. So you may now work at
you, you would think it might
be a full company, they say
that they are going to send
to 80 men to Washington
to the hospital, but I must
know now, for my hand begins
to move. How do you get along
with the work, if I could. I wish
I was there to help do my end
of the work, and to take care
of the cattle and horses, but
good by for this time,

Your Truly,

J. B. Bigler

This is it sure that Alfred sent
to me, and so I thought I would
send it him.
Camp at Brooks Station,
Nov. 27, 1862

Dear Mother,
as I again have a little time to
write this, I thought that
I would inform you by writing
to you, to let you know that
the sun still shines upon us, we
are not about 1 mile from where
we were the last time that I
wrote to you. It guarding the
railroad, I think that we will
stay here some time, although I can't
tell. This is indeed a strange mob,
while in camp, you will see the
scurrying, banning of camp life,
while part of the regiment is
off. I think one of our number,
his name is John Harris, from
Penn., he was in Company I.
They are not at great many faith
in the hospital, and it great harm many sent off to Washington and hospitals. They did talk of sending boy off to lot more, but I don't know, me I, myself, feel some what more like the person than I did the other day, although day before yesterday, as I see to sick day of I am old, had they did talk of sending me to Washington, but I guess they must, did if they should, and it was it a desert place to stay, I don't think. That I should come back into the regiment, until I get well, can I can tell you that some have been in to hard place for to speak a person, they wasn't thrive, nor I was n't thing to be had, for live, nor we, money, and we me had but furnished us, and when me came back on to this ward, we were as
hungry as you may think, and the day I got it chance to
buy a pint of mud, and I bought me a Johnny cake, and it tasted
the best of any thing that I ever ate. What a fool I was
to laugh at Dutch fare as they had in Detroit, to be sure it was
not quite clean, but if I had not, it would I would not laugh,
I believe if I am ever lucky enough to see him again, it
will do me good. That I ever came down here, for I can
realize what I never did before, but enough of that, and
I will tell the rest, if I come home, I have not heard from
Alfred in some time, I was
It spell ago one of the curious
looking objects of mankind I
ever did before, one captivated
so rebel, and he was one of them, he was one of the raggedest, dirtiest that could lie, he was bare-fisted and bare-headed, he set this morn, and she would have him do that he would almost fall over. The rest of the rest was sent off, and this one was so bad that he could not go, he said that he had nice clothes to show, and they asked him why he did not go home, and he said to which and which, it is good enough here, well it is getting dark, and I must close. May yours truly forever.

To My Dear Mother.

I have sent off for some more clothing and I put in for another rubber blanket, if I
Camp by Brockton, Dec. 1st
Dec. 1862

Dear Father and Mother,

I received your kind letters of
the 23rd. This morning, and was glad
to get it, for I had not heard
from you in a long time, although
I was sorry to hear that Alfred
had gone back. I have received
one letter from him since he has
left us. In the second time,
he was then at Alexandria; he
did not tell me where to direct
letters to, and now I am looking
forward to hearing from him. It is
mistway pleasant here today,
it is sunny and quiet, and
and when it rains our tent
is not sufficient to keep us
dry, for you know that
A. Childs' cabin is on the ground
and so it runs down in our tent, and we come fine meanings of me make up, and find ourselves floating in a pool of water, our tent is about 4 by 2 feet, and 2 tents together, and sometimes 3 or 4, I did tent with that, but 3 and 2 tents together, now, and it makes us more room, but among 6 of that, it has bin very nice weather here for 6 or 7 days until now, it has commenced raining again, and it makes it very bad for troops to go, and in Virginia, if it rains it little, it makes awful and roads, it is now about noon, and you would laugh if you was here, to see the boys try to sing to stretch their dinner, one or a here and there, huddled around to a little Sunday fire, with a little ...
peace of salt pork and 1 cup of hard fat, or hard crackers, it is the smoke that makes my head ache, we are almost blinded with smoke, all of the time, we never get things furnished us by uncle sam, but I can tell you that we had him in the party right place for 3 or 4 days, about all we got me had to throw, and all we could cramp was fresh meat, and we could not by any thing fall, to keep life, I gave 5 cents for enough salt to salt it little meat and was glad to get it, at that, or, and I can't tell you 5 cents for it little mutton of corn; such as we would give to the hogs, you may wonder why we didn't go to it at home, but Virginia is different, from old habits, not to hunt or corn.
Dec. 1, 1862

To be sure that all the armies had accepted any thing before them, but we are now in a place where we can get something when we come home, if we can get any potatoes or the salt. It would be like the old friend, to fill our hogsheads, we should get more to swing the women and old men who cry, and chickens especially. I hope that this war will soon close, so that we can return home, and be more according to God's word, and see if they should be in battle, probably we would not be in it, but I would rather fight than march. This is to keep good, I do not feel very well yet, I have got too cold, and feel very sick, if I can I should like to get into an ambulance driver, or something like that, but I must close. Good by yours truly.

J. G. Ryder, J. Ryder to B. Kinsey
Brookland, Dec 1st
1862

Brother Charles,

as I have little more time to spare, I will write to you, to let you know how things looks now, down in old Virginia. I can tell you my boy, that this is a hard-looking place to be compared with the place to which you live, when you see it picture in to paper, of one of the old men in Virginia, you may think it looks just like him, it is just it curious how to see a man with citizens clothes on, and when you see one, it is generally one, with old rags, forsaken, sick, shivering at his shanty, and begging for something to eat.
but clearly they is to great
many things that would
interest the eye of man, if
you was here now, to sec the
glistening of thousands of bayonets
and the rattling of flying
artillery. To going over the stones
and islands, rushing to and
fro, and they is something more
that would interest you still
more, to see so many horses
they is thousands of horses to
passing here all of the time, but
they are mostly mules, from the
sight of it itself, and it is here,
but they drag horses here different
from what they done back, they drive
with one line and us and
80 prizes
to get her. Tom told me, talks of coming from
the mules on the train, and he is
go ing to take his little dasy mule
and told me how they drew horses in
mud and he laughed, until his black
face would scald, but I must close
Tell me, if you can't answer
this letter, you can. Tell me, if you

No, I got that much back, if you can't answer
this letter, you can't answer. He's going around
mending his glasses, but they still need some
and I have plenty of money with.
Camp by Brockleton, Dec 4th 1862

Dear Mother,

As I again have an opportunity to write, I will put in a few lines. This means, on that my memory, known as me as, the boys are all well, but I and Noble and I feel pretty well, all but being sick, and having it cold, and Noble says that he is getting better, yesterday they were there that went to their long sickly, and this morning they say that they is still another that must go from our regiment. I did not learn their name, I received the glove that you sent me yesterday, I had bought one to from in Washington, but I can not wear in my dress, for a pair of gloves is most want it.
good at her, for it is cold and wet to handle it, and in a rain, and the hands and feet are wet, and we suspect to get some more than clothing to day, but I don't know it will ever last, and they say that once can't lay down, nor come to sleep, nor get a day, we are tented now with fire again, here three boys, and Nathan Clowder, Tom and John Cobbs, I and Alfred Cobb, we tented alone, until last night, and it made us plenty of room to sleep, and we had our tent all fired up as warm as we could, and then we had the fire to strike tents and move up nearer the railroad, and the wind made us double tents, we thought that we wouldn't move for an hour, and so we got things in order, and we draw half rations of candles, so that we wouldn't read to read.
Dec. 4, 1862 - p2

Last night I went to bed, some may think that the army will ruin anyone. It may be, but if one takes care of themselves, they are no danger. Homer Smith was here to see me yesterday, he is not, a smart looking Soldier, he is Sergeant now, and Night, Jonathan Bates was here too, he belongs to the same Company that Alfred does, he was detailed from the Regiment, and says he has not seen Alfred since he has been back, I think that I shall see Alfred before long, we don't know how long we shall stay here, but after a few more days we will go back to the same brigade, or else we shall stay here and guard the railroad.
Should like it if I was in the cavalry. For it gives me to have in my little to carry my napack, but I must bring my letter to close good by of yours truly.

J. C. Rydell, to his mother

J. B. Rydell
Rockstation, December 15th, 1862

Dear Father,
as I had to write this afternoon,
I will try and answer the
letter that I received from
you, dated Thursday the 3rd. I tried
to write yesterday but it was
so cold that I could not
do it, and today we have
got things pretty warm,
but oh my eyes, is almost
blinded with smoke in
respect to smoke to-morrow,
I don't know what we will
go this morn. Our Captain
started for home, he has resigned
as he says that he will come and
see you. Capt. Brady has
always used my first rate,
but some did not like him at all.
Hey, I must be clear, and I do not want to be misunderstood. The last letter I received, I do not know, I am not sure. The pay master has come, and we shall get our pay. This night, or tomorrow morning, and when I get it, I shall send it home.

I received the letter that you sent by Bennet, and the fine old, but I did not see the man. I do not respect that they do not get here. I should like to see them. They may come yet. They went off some this morning, for the Washington Hospital, they had six or seven deaths in our regiment, in two or three days. They must mean that it little while ago, they were
men that was to shooting
over to grant, it was careless,
her they had no business
to put it in it ball, he was
shut through the Shoulder,
but he will live, although
in great pain, he says he
wishes that it would killed
him, but it was not so hard
to be shot, as it is to shoot
yourself, on our long marches,
they were one in our brigade,
that became so tired, that he
could not keep up, and the
officers kept to lowering him,
and he stopped and placed the
gun to his heart, and by
spark of life left by the
discharge, I have just written
in letter to Alfred, I hope that
he wont enlist in the regular
Corps, I should likes
It hast not if I was in the country, but I went to enlist in the regulars. If a day I will direct to you to send two to you, you will direct not to enlist in the regulars, I left it. I got it better now, but I had not returned to duty yet. I did not expect to see another man when I enlisted but oh me, never think that I would digest, I would suffer to digen deaths first, I want to stay and serve my country as long as I can, and I could get my discharge in less than a month if I wanted it. I want to come home very bad, but as long as I can stand it I think it is my duty to help preserve my country and then I can enjoy my home.
Camp near Fredericksburg
Dec 17
1862

Dear Sisters,

I thought this morning, while I had to little time to spare that I would pen a few lines to you, although I have received no letters in a long time, from home, I received one letter from Alfred, and one from Uncle William last night, and I was very glad to get them, it is very warm and pleasant here to day, and I suppose that they is no use of telling you about the great battle that we have been in to, although I done no fighting myself, but I was where I could see the
The whole thing, I will not try to explain the awful sight, but you can imagine better than what I can tell, our Company looks like a lot of people under very hard, hill, marches, for 2 or 3 days and I cannot think of the time doublequick, then I was so tired that I could do nothing, they were but their 15 files of our company that I was able to do anything at all. Our Company was not in anything else. They were supporting the battery, and we lost 15 killed and 6 wounded, in the regiment of 24 wounded in our Company. The first time, and we kept bay, and one or 2 others had their two heads shot off, and one was wounded on
but other regiments. Some of them brought off their men by their own, it was the greatest sight I ever saw, to see the hospitals, you could hear the wounded cry, and see how great noise, and I saw them in bundles, they would wrap the cape of their overcoat around their head, and put them in, to big, hot, and over them till up, I saw. Thanks for last night, and he told me that he had got his discharge, and he said if he could get his, he declared if he wouldn't find to say that he had, but then, our officers said, all of them must resign, or you have and ended on to furlough.
I was getting better before I had to march so much, but I felt fairly well all but being very tired, but I must close by saying my hand is so numb that I can write no longer.

Yours truly,

J. E. Ryden

Elizabeth.
Camp near Fredericksburg,
Dec. 18th, 1862

Dear M. Tharp,

I received your letter of the 10th last night, and I was glad to get it, for I had not had a letter from home in some time. The sun shines out this morning, warm, and pleasant, for this season of the year, and I am now, watching on the ground, with my tent packed, we have had orders to march, but we may not go to day, we can't tell until the order comes to fall in, I am getting along first rate now, all but being quite sick, I think I can't expect to do as well in keeping this health as
She could not move, for of course the ground is so steep, and she felt her feet coming, and she must have it cold, but as much rain, it gives an
on the head, I am not going to the hospital, now, dear, but they took down some names this morn, and they took down Kobler's name, to go above to the hospital, but he may not get
I suppose that you know that our regiment has been in of a fight, but it was pretty lucky, only 18 killed, and you, wounded, I was sick at the time, but I tried to keep up, but my strength failed, but I saw the fight, it was not hard to the thousand dollars to me, they, but I don't care about sending for another, I stood upon it
Dec. 19, 1862 - p2

big shell, and saw both armies. Time fighting, the shell would burst around like shot, but some disgraced themselves and friends, by running. Charley Bent gone, and deserted. The company, he is now under arrest, some think that. He will rather be sent.

go abroad of. The man of war, for at five years, or be shot, if I know I should ever run in the time of battle. I hope that I won't live the field alone, with his head quite to turn there last night. The dogs got mast and man. It going to abuse the boil, but they got in the guard with house, it was in Co. B, all of the officers of the camp, is to be going to resign, I set the morning that you.
by tenent, but I did not see him, and I got the due, 
we have his payed off, and 
and sent home 15 dollars myself, 
and thought if you got that 
would send 3 more. Henry 
Pennington sent 20 to do 
and wanted him to 

the money on the check, 
and if his wife didn't want 
any of it to pay it to Henry 

I had got one to new 

but I must close 

take me many more jury soon 

stuff that you by here 
you had to pay for 

biscuit, now 20 cents there, 
apply 7 cents apple and small 
at that and it hasn't very 

often that you can do them 
at any price, greatly for the 

now, yours truly forever. 

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Camp Isabella, Dec. 23rd

1562

Dear Mother,

as I again have a little spare time, I thought that I would improve it by writing a few lines to you, we are now in a new camping place, I suppose that we will stay here this winter, and so we are to going to build our huts, it is not very cold here yet, although it is cold enough, for the place that we have to sleep, I received a letter from you and one from Alfred last night, and I tried to answer them last night, but I could not go through
with it, and so this mor-n-
I will try again, although I am now in a very uncomfortable con-

dition, for it is done with love. I could not get around my head, I do not feel so well as I did, for I have had a cold. That makes her come about sick all of the time, and some of the time she is a clear sick, I have not done anything else in to great while, if I was sick the time that I was then, and saw the hide thing. I could see them by while they was fighting. It was an awful sight. I saw old shells did not seem very pleasant. It was bursting around,
I have got just about sick of being so sick, it has me one to look to him, and I have walked 12 miles, when I could hardly read as I walked, I was so sick, but I am here, and have got to stay, I think of spring, when the ground breaks up, and we have to work and swim, if I keep sick much longer I will try to get discharged, if I can, Alfred Noble is going to be examined by the doctor this morning, he may get to discharge, I don't know, his Father wrote to letter to the doctor something about it, and I want to talk to him about
at the books to send it a little better,

all of the boys have sent home, for it be of different from home, I think that it is foolish to do it, but if the rest do, I should like to have one sent, if you send one send what Mobley folks do, I want some better and clean, and I don't care what else, send my hat if you can, for this little cap, bruises my head and I shall have to close, my bidding you good by.

J. E. Poynder

L. Poynder
Camp in Aull's, Dec 25th 1862

Dear Father,

I thought this morning while I was sitting in my tent, that I would pen these lines to you, to let you know how I was getting along, I can say that I feel fairly well. This month, all but having a partly bad cold, we are more to living up for winter, so when we get our hats done, we shall be fairly comfortable, we are encamped upon a little hill, and it is rather to sleep to sleep well for I made up last night and found myself about half way down a hill, but when we get our hats done we will not
stick down still, but that is nothing, for it is quite warm here now, when that cold spell was, I woke up and found my hair froze to the tent, and covered with ice, but that didn't so bad, it as to slide on the snow, this here soldiering is a big thing, the but I cant see it, last night for they was two apples that to was brought in camp, and in less than ten minutes they was 500 hundred soldiers around the bag on apple, they sold them 3 for 25 cents, and before I came away, they sold them for 15 cents, and I believe that if he had asked for 25 cents apiece, that they would have went just as fast, and that was as fast as he could handle them. They could sell as
just as 20 could hand them out, and they sold little
potatoes, pickles, 5, 10, 15 cents, but they is no use of trying
any thing, for Uncle Sam furnishes catch good stuff;
it is hard tea and bacon,
take the hard tea and break
them up; and then you will
first find some very nice boughs
to boil up in soup, and as
have drawn a dozen or
the very nice bacon, to cut it in
and turn, you will find it slicing
natural with magets, so there is
one where we eat the government
into the tea, this stock, that is
nothing, but we are
here, and I shall stay, until
as they send me to the general
Hospital, and then I shall
do as some others have
alone, but if I get well and am able to be to
and Clandon, I am willing to stay, but if I am going
to be sick all of the time.
I don't want to stay.
I think I am going to get along now, I have thought that I would enter in the regular
order, but I have made up my mind that this is regular enough. They
are about two thirds of our
regiments sick, but many of that
if you send that box, send
right off, and send my naval
hat, and send me the paper, and
send some butter, and cheese,
and what the you place, dried
fruit, and cake and fig, if you
can make them so that they will
keep 3 or 4 weeks, you can see what
other folks sends, and you can
send what they do. All will
reach, by yours truly,
John H. Parry, Major.
Camp Neабula, Dec 21st 1862

Dear Mother,

I received a letter from you last month with some thread and needles in it, and the thread came very acceptable, for I had just sewed out, and that will last me a good while. It has been very warm and pleasant, but for the few days past, almost like autumn in weather. Last night, cold nights, until this day, it has been very cold and blustering, and I find that the ground has not gone quite so well. I thought when we came here, that we would stay all winter, but it is not the case, we went to work, and just as we re
A good news to hear, but we have not yet got into it yet, and last night the order came. To prepare for marching at 12 this noon notice, and probably the next order will be 3 days rations in our haversacks, although we may not move that. I hope not, for it would not be very pleasant to have slept out last night. I felt a great deal better than I did, but there is a great deal of sickness in our regiment, at the time of the battle, I did not go into the ranks, I followed the regiment as long as I could stand it, until now, and then I went on. The battle
field and saw them fight, and that night, about half of our company was completely tired and worn out, by hard marches, like myself, and was not able to help on Sunday, I believe that hard marches kills more men than the bullet.

I heard an old soldier say that they was a man in his company last summer, that went up, and fell down, and died in five minutes.

If no letter is sent that I get, you are not going to move around all winter, I don't care much about it. But if you send it, I should like to have you send one too, for I should hate to see
him to bidding, away on good stuff, and have some myself, so was mistaken again. The day after 2 months more pay, I would send some more money in this letter, but some day that we dont get our pay until next April, and if we do I shall send it homes I have got 60 dollars with me now, what little stuff you buy now, and 20 or so dollars or more as it rains in mess, and what tool camp furnish. It is not 10, but it is to getting late, and it will sharts there, good by, this from P. O. Ryder. To His Mother, P. O. Ryder. I should like to have it confirmed, if I get it. Chand [illegible] my money, and so. I am at
him to milking, away on good stuff, and make more myself, or must rest again. To stay for 2 months more pay, I would send some more money in this letter, but some day that we dont get our pay until next April, and if we do I shall send it homes. I have got 42 dollars with me now, what little stuff you log here, east 20 limes, a mule as it was in mind, and what uncle camp furnished, is not of use, but it is to getting late, and it will be to ship out, good by,

from P. C. Ryder to
his mother P. Ryder.

I should like to have to hear from you, if I get to change it will take my money, and so much.