To my dearest…

The Civil War Letters of Lieutenant Colonel George H. and Emily E. Ward.

Annotated by Peter H. Viles

Project Coordinator: Robyn Christensen

Washington D.C.
May 13th 1863.

My dear Wife and Children.

Rec'd yours of 10th yesterday also Ffy which did not have much news. I have not much of any thing to write. News here is very scarce. all things you would suppose there would be news here if any where. I have been among the hospitals considerably for two or three days past and I must confess I never felt the horrors of war as real as I do now. The weather is very warm and the wounded suffer exceedingly from the effects of it. A great many have died and many more will. I have seen some shocking wounds where shell have taken the flesh. I feel some timed that I was exceedingly fortunate in getting as near well, even as I have. There are large numbers that have already died, and many more will from the effects of amputation. Mr Gaylord and his wife are at work from early morn. 'till late at night.

I have got a lot of photographs of distinguished officers to send home the first opportunity. Perhaps I may bring them myself. but I cannot count on it. I have not heard from the Regt for several days. If Hooker crossed over again the chances are they will get into a fight. I rec'd a letter from Sam yesterday. He is all right or supposed to be. He is drilling with the shovel making earth works. I very seldom dream about any body, but yesterday I had a nap & dreamt Bridge was with me. I thought he was standing by my side and looked just as natural as could be. I asked him a great many questions and he nodded his head just as he used to. I thought I had hold both of his hands and while talking with him I woke up. I was real sorry for I had just said half I wanted to. Perhaps if I had not awoke I should have dreamed about you and Rosie. I like real dreams the best when they are good ones. I am setting at my window and a very heavy shower is coming. Thunder and just now there was a splendid display of chain lightening. The air is growing cooler and the sight is grand. The effect on the wounded men will be of great benefit. They have suffered very much on account of the heat. Remember me to all. Lots of love and Kisses for you and the children.

George.

1930.65.2.102

I am glad Sarah realizes her condition, and that she is reconciled to it. Very likely she may have passed away before you receive this. I should like to see her on some accounts, but perhaps it is all for the best. I have been talking with Mrs Gayland. She tells me she was once very low with consumption and that her friends thought she could live but a very short time, but that she found a remedy. It was while she lived in Boston some time ago. She had great faith in it, and declared it the wonderful remedy. She says many of the most eminent Drs prescribe it in their daily practice. It is made in France, put up in small bottles, and is very powerful. She commenced with one drop at a time, then increased it to two and so on as she could bear it, on a teaspoon. It is called "Fonsells pabulum vitae". Trial bottles are 50 cts larger ones $1.00. I don't think there is any kept in Worcester. It can be had at O Tompkins, corner Winter and Washington St Boston. Send and get a trial bottle & if need for Caroline. it may help her. Mrs Gayland says she knows many extreme cases where it has done wonders. You can get a bottle and not let C know any thing about it until you receive it. The effect at first is very strange and queer, but tell her not to be alarmed, and take but one drop at first. The first once or twice she takes it, it may make her cough considerable, but it will relieve her lungs. Mr & Mrs Gayland both have unbounded confidence in it except in advanced cases. It is very warm and sultry. No definite news from the army has been rec'd for several days. I am about the same. It must be very warm for the soldiers. A great many soldiers are passing through here on their way home, some of them are nine mos men, some two years. Three Reg'ts went through yesterday. Their times are out. A great many wounded officers are here, so that they can no conceal. President Lincoln, his wife and Charles Sumner stopped here last night. They were in a carriage and called for Mrs Gen'l Doubleday who boards here. He looks rather shaky. But his wife looks as though she might bear up under any circumstances.

Forward

It is both a pleasure and an honor to write a few lines for the war-time letters of George Hull and Emily E. Mayo Ward.

As I recall, family history was seldom the subject of dinner conversations or, for that matter, any other time. However, from overheard discussions among relations I became aware that the Wards were Civil War soldiers and that the 15th Massachusetts was their regiment. It was of interest to my father and his brother George. On his occasional visits east, my father and I would go with Uncle George to Rural Cemetery in Worcester, where we would visit the grave and monument of their grandfather Colonel George H. Ward. He was a local Civil War hero, killed at Gettysburg. We would also take notice of the marker next to him, that of his wife Emily who died in 1917. Over the years I also learned that our ancestors arrived in Massachusetts in colonial days, and planted roots in Worcester County.

My son Robert in his early boyhood acquired my fascination with the Civil War. In September of 1962 we went to the 100th Anniversary re-enactment of the Battle of Antietam. Later we found ourselves researching family history. Through contacts at Worcester Historical Museum, we learned of the Ward manuscript collection. Upon viewing it we were fascinated by its depth and breadth. The letters reveal the warm intimacy of a husband and wife who deeply loved each other and endeavored to fill the lonely void of separation by pouring their hearts onto paper. They demonstrate the incredible resilience of the human spirit; even in the midst of terrible conflict these two individuals held onto the ties that bound them together. Their unique perspectives, George as commander of an infantry regiment on active duty and Emily as a mother and community activist, offer a side of the conflict that is seldom seen. George and Emily's letters are windows into a different time and place and into specific circumstances of their lives and family. But the deep, sometimes anguished commitment they reveal between husband and wife evokes the heartbreaking reality of all wars. There is something universal in their words.

David Harris Ward
Robert Lincoln Ward III

Cape Cod, Massachusetts
August 1996

Acknowledgments

I was pleased when, in 2002, I was given the opportunity to catalog the letters of George and Emily Ward. They are a wonderful resource sure to benefit any scholar of the Civil War. Many people have helped in the preparation of this book.

I thank my colleagues at Worcester Historical Museum. Ron Borjeson and William Wallace for having the insight to acquire the collection, Holly Izard who read a copy of the manuscript and provided suggestions for improvements. However, any errors in this book are solely my responsibility.

I am grateful to Peter H. Viles who approached me about the collection and expressed an interest in typing and annotating the letters. I extend my thanks to the Bay State Historical League for funding Mr. Viles work.

I am thankful to Ward family descendents who preserved these letters and donated them to Worcester Historical Museum. I extend a special thanks to David Harris Ward and Robert Lincoln Ward III, whose initial interest in their ancestor's collection and enthusiasm about this project encouraged me to continue.

A special note of thanks to Victoria Saunders who helped transcribe the letters and spent many hours at the computer scanning letters and photographs. Finally, I must express my gratitude to my father who introduced me, as a child, to the Civil War and the colorful characters who took part in it.

Robyn Christensen
Project Coordinator

Annotator's Comments

The Ward letters are remarkably well preserved and had been transcribed by an unknown person sometime in the late 1970s. Initial work was from this transcription and then checked against the originals. Strikethroughs in the originals were preserved although superscripted additions were incorporated into the regular text. Both correspondents tended not to use apostrophes in their contractions and these have been added to assist the modern reader. In addition, punctuation has been revised for ease of reading. Otherwise the letters appear as written.

Ward genealogical material was kindly provided by the Ward family; the Dennis and Mayo lines were constructed using standard genealogical sources and techniques. The 1860 manuscript Federal Census Schedule was used extensively to locate persons. For persons living in Worcester, Worcester city Directories proved invaluable. In addition, Charles Nutt's 1919 History of Worcester provided useful biographical and historical data. Microfilmed copies of the *Worcester Spy*, located at the Worcester Public Library, aided in annotating local events referred to by Emily in her letters.

Civil War background and the role of the 15th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Regiment was obtained from many sources. Shelby Foote's encyclopedic three volume history as well as individual books written on the Ball's Bluff, Fredericksville-Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg campaigns were extensively consulted. Ford's History of the 15th Massachusetts, although not written contemporaneously, was a valuable source. Finally an Internet web site devoted to the 15th Mass VIR was used for supplemental information on individual soldiers. All sources are further identified in the footnote of first reference.

Peter H. Viles
Annotator

Introduction

The letters presented herein, written by George Ward and his wife Emily are remarkable for all that they communicate about the personal side of the Civil War. In all, 116 letters survive, detailing the pain of prolonged separation, the challenges of single parenting, the difficulties of carrying on a farm and maintaining a household in the absence of the chief laborer and breadwinner, and of course the horrors of the battle front.

George Hull and Emily Elizabeth Mayo Ward

George Hull Ward was born on April 16, 1826, the fifth of eight children in the family of Artemas and Sarah H. Fife Ward of Worcester. Two babies died as toddlers. George's oldest sister died when he was nine and his mother when he was sixteen, unhappy events that likely burdened him with greater responsibilities both in the family and on the farm. His father remarried within a year, bringing a new mother into the family circle, but also increasing the household; Artemas with his second wife had six more children.

George Ward's father was a farmer. The family lived in a two-story house on Green Street south of rapidly commercializing Center Village. He was known locally as "Green Street Artemas" to distinguish him from the Registrar of Deeds, an older gentleman of the same name.

At the age of 25 in 1851, George Ward married Emily Elizabeth Mayo, the 21-year-old daughter of William and Sarah Dennis Mayo. Her family had moved from the southern Worcester County town of Dudley to Worcester in the 1840s and her father found work in the industrial sector as a superintendent in a textile mill.

The young couple settled in town and began a family of their own. Their first child died at the age of two, the other two reached adulthood. George worked as a machinist in a textile mill.

At 21, George enlisted in the Worcester City Guards and in 5 years rose to the rank of commander. Following his father's footsteps as a career military man, George continued with the City Guards until the Civil War broke out in 1861, when he was asked by Massachusetts Governor John Andrews to raise a Worcester regiment.

On June 28, the various units assembled at Camp Scott in Worcester. Camp Scott, named after General Winfield Scott, was located on Brooks Farm in South Worcester. On July 12, 1861 the regiment was mustered into service for three years with Charles Devens, Jr., 41, as colonel and George Hull Ward, 36, as Lieutenant Colonel. George's half brother Henry, 18, accompanied him. The regiment left for Washington D.C. on August 8th. George's letters home begin soon after on August 10, 1861.

The 15th Massachusetts Regiment arrived in Poolesville, Maryland on the 27th of August and were assigned to guard the Potomac River from Conrad's Ferry to Harrison's Island.

It remained there until it led the advance at the Battle of Ball's Bluff, Virginia on October 21, 1861.

The battle ended in defeat for the Union army. The 15th suffered 44 casualties and many wounded including Lieutenant Colonel Ward who was shot in his left leg. As was the custom with similar wounds during the Civil War, Col. Ward's leg was amputated midway between the knee and ankle. George spent many months recuperating in a hospital and then in the private residence of Dr. Russell Brace in Poolesville, Maryland.

On January 28, 1862, George left Poolesville and headed to Worcester via New York. He returned with great fanfare on January 31st. In April, with the war and his men never far from his mind, he was commissioned and mustered as a Colonel. He remained active in the army recruiting men to join his beloved 15th and other area regiments.

After the Battle of Ball's Bluff, the 15th Regiment remained in winter quarters near Poolesville. In February of 1862, General John Sedgwick was placed in command and the Regiment was sent to Virginia where it took part in the siege of Yorktown, and in the battle of Fair Oaks on May 31, 1862. In August of 1862, the regiment reached Alexandria, Virginia and helped cover the army's retreat from the Union loss at Second Bull Run. At Sharpsburg, Maryland on the battlefield near Antietam Creek on September 17, 1862, the 15th suffered heavy casualties when it was outflanked in the west woods losing 318 men (killed or wounded), or over 50% of those engaged in 27 minutes. The winter of 1862 – 1863 was spent in camp near Falmouth, Virginia.
(Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors and Marines in the Civil War. Vol. 2, Page 131)

Despite objections from friends and family and hampered by a wound that never completely healed, George Hull Ward left Worcester to rejoin his regiment on January 31, 1863.

The 15th Massachusetts was heavily engaged at the Battle of Gettysburg on July 2 and 3 and lost 36 men, including General Ward who was shot on July 2, 1863 and died the next morning. The following is an excerpt from a letter from Henry Ward, George's younger brother, re-printed in the *Massachusetts Spy* on July 15, 1863;

"He (George) was wounded in the leg by a minnie ball on Thursday, about 6 o'clock P.M. The artery was severed and he bled to death. He fought well. He had sent his horse to the rear, and I felt then, that, if we should be obliged to retreat, it would be all up with him. He was wounded while fighting at the head of his brigade. The fight continued for five hours, and during the confusion we were unable to find him for two hours. I searched all over the battlefield, amid shells and balls, hunting for him. We got him to a hospital about dark. He was insensible, but the surgeon gave him whiskey, which revived him; and he said to the doctor, 'I shall not live two hours.' After this, his mind was wandering, and he imagined himself at the head of his brigade, commanding troops, and urging them to fit bravely. He died Friday morning at daylight."

The funeral for George Hull Ward took place in Worcester on July 14, 1863 at the Salem Street Church. He was buried at Rural Cemetery in Worcester.

Emily Ward spent the rest of her life in Worcester, and had an active role in community affairs. She was a founding member and first president of the George H. Ward Relief Corps and a life-long member of the First Universalist Church where she taught Sunday School for 36 years. She died in her sleep at the age of 86 on September 24, 1917 at the home of her son George W. Ward, 688 Pleasant Street Worcester.

George W. Ward was advertising manager of the *Worcester Spy* for many years. When the newspaper ceased publication, Mr. Ward became associated with Charles L. Gates in the real estate and insurance business until his retirement in 1937. He married Carrie S. Lamb. They had no children. George W. Ward died February 19, 1939.

Following in his father's footsteps, Robert L. Ward joined the Worcester Light Infantry and rose to the rank of second lieutenant. In 1888, he married Alice K. Amsden. The couple moved to Rhode Island where George was a public accountant. They had two children, George Amsden Ward and Robert Lincoln Ward, Jr. The couple divorced in 1913 and Robert married Emily L.M. Smith in 1918. Robert Lincoln Ward died July 15, 1927.

1990.63.2.2
GHW to EMW
10 Aug 1861

Philadelphia August 10, Saturday morn'g [1861]

My Dear Wife and Children

I have but a moment. We arrived here safely about 5 o,cl AM, it is now 6. Just been to breakfast and are about starting for Baltimore. I am in excellent health and spirits, and so are the Regmt. We had a hard time in NY yesterday. They knew nothing of our coming, and consequently had made no preparation for our reception or departure, but we got along very well. At the same time it is a shame to send off troops from Mass. without making some arrangements for their transportation. The blame is in Boston. Our reception here was very fine. People very kind, plenty to eat and to drink. The "Quaker City" well sustained it[s] reputation. We have been in the cars all night, and I not being accustomed to sleep that way, my rest was somewhat disturbed. But I am nicely notwithstanding.

Henry[1] is quite well. He looks like a veteran soldier. We ~~take~~ give the men here 20 round[s] of cartridges each for Baltimore. No trouble is expected,[2] but you know ~~1 ounce~~ 1 oz of preventative is worth two pounds of cure. We shall probably get to Baltimore this forenoon, and go then direct to Harpers Ferry,[3] where we shall arrive very likely some time tonight. The 14th (Col Greene) Mass[4] are about two hours ahead of us all the way, which puts us to a great inconvenience. I shall write again as soon as I get to HF, and tell you ~~where~~ how to direct your letters. Love to all kiss the babys[5] for me, Good bye,

From your dear husband,
George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 10 Aug 1861 (2)

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[1] Henry Clay Ward, George's half-brother. At the time, Henry was a private in Co. D although he was serially promoted, evenually to 1st Lt. He survived the war and remained in the service as a career Army officer, retiring in 1905 as a Brigadier General. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 162; IV, 857; 15th Mass Web Site; see also Genealogical Appendix]

[2] When the 6th Massachusetts Vols. arrived in Baltimore on 19 April 1861, four companies were attacked by a "mob" and several soldiers killed. Baltimore was at the time, and remained throughout the War, filled with persons with Confederate sympathies.

[3] Situated at the junction of the Shenandoah River and the Potomac, Harper's Ferry was both a pre-war Federal Arsenal (site of John Brown's raid) and a strategic point in the defense of the upper Potomac and Shenandoah Valley's. It was never able to be successfully defended and changed hands several times. The 15th was diverted to the Washington, D.C. area while enroute. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 131]

[4] William B. Greene of Haverill. The 14th was transferred to garrison duty around Arlington, Virginia soon after. In the fall of 1861, it was redesignated the 1st Mass Heavy Artillery, under which name it appears in *Mass Soldiers and Sailors*.

[5] George (Georgie) Hull Ward, Jr. (almost 3) and Robert (Robie) Lincoln Ward (6 months). Throughout his first tour of service, GHW continually expressed concern that George would not remember him. [see Genealogical Appendix]

000204

Henry Clay Ward 1990.63.1.1.5

Robie + George Ward Jr. (1990.63.1.1.8)

1990.63.2.3
GHW to EMW
11 Aug 1861

Washington D. C, Sunday August 11th 1861

My Dear Wife and little ones,

Here we are contrary to our expectations when we left home, quartered in the Capital of the Nation. When I wrote while in Philadelphia I was in great haste, but was expecting then to go to Harpers Ferry. We were ordered here while in Baltimore. Our ride from Philadelphia here was a tedious ~~own~~ one, but I enjoyed it very much, every thing was new to me and I was a particular observer of all the curiosities. We have suffered very much from the heat, which is excessive, but our boys are generally healthy and in very good spirits. We are quartered in buildings now, but go into camp tonight about 2 miles out of the city. There are a great many troops here, and things look war like. Every thing is conducted in the strictest manner, and there is a wide difference between the real and the imaginary.

I am very much disappointed in the general appearance of the place. With the exception of the public buildings. there are none of any account. The capital looks better on paper than to the eye. The Treasurers building, also the White House, are very passable. Pennsylvania Avenue is no better than our Main St and I conclude that Washington is no great "scratch" after all. In marching through Baltimore we passed over the very ground where the Mass 6th had their fight. It was after dark, but we were unmolested. I will say that we were prepared to give them a cordial reception had they troubled us. I had a good view of Fort McHenry at a distance. We left Baltimore about 12 o,cl at night and arrived here about day break this morning, Our Regmt was highly complimented all along both for the size of the men and their good behavior. Our band play[ed] beautifully.[1] I have not learned yet why we were ordered here instead of Harpers Ferry. No one anticipated an attack on Washington.

I would like very much to see you all, but probably shall not very soon. I am bound for the fight, when it comes, and I trust I shall never disgrace myself or my friends, by any cowardly, or unmanly act. My habits shall strictly conform to the position which I occupy and God giving me health and strength, I trust I shall prove myself worthy of the confidence which has been placed in me. We all get along finely together, and I believe we shall continue to do so. I shall write as often as I can and wish you to do the same. Give my love to all, kiss the babies for me. Tell Georgie not to forget papa. I think of you much. It is hard to be away from home, but I took this step from a sense of duty, honestly believing that I ought to, and I still think so, and I am proud to be engaged in the just and holy cause in defending our good old Country against those who seek its overthrow. With my love to you all, all, all, my dear friends at home. I remain your dear and affectionate husband.

George

Direct your letters to Lieut Col Geo P Ward Mass 15th Regmt Volunteers Washington D. C.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 11 Aug 1861 (3)

[1] Regimental bands were part of the "pomp and circumstance" of early Civil War units. They served to boost morale and acted as stretcher bearers during battle. In August 1862, regimental bands were disbanded although some continued at brigade level. During the Battle of Ball's Bluff, the band members of the 15th reportedly refused duty. [Farwell, 138]

1990.63.2.116
EMW to GHW
14 Aug 1861

Worcester Aug 14th [Wed] 1861

My dear, dear Husband,

Don't your ears burn tonight? Your photographs came home this afternoon and we have been looking at them and admiring them so much that it seems to me as if you must be conscious of it. Charlie[1] was here, and he carried one away with him. I shewed one to Georgie[2] and he knew it in a moment, "that's a man, no, that's Papa," said he. I received your first letter[3] Monday and the second one[4] this morning. Martin[5] brought it before I was up. I am afraid you had a worse time getting to Washington than you have given me any idea of. Henry[6] wrote to Charlie, a deplorable account of your hardships. I wish I could know that you were anywhere near as comfortably provided for as you were at Camp Scott.[7]

While you are suffering from the heat, we have been having a northeast storm and for two days have kept a fire in the sitting room all day. Are you disappointed in not being sent to Harper's Ferry?[8] I hope it is all for the best that you were not sent there, though I should have felt that you were less danger there. Brave words for a soldier's wife to write to her husband, but I can't help it. If the danger was one that I could share with you I should feel less anxious. Still I will hope for the best and pray for you always. We open the Bible for a verse for you every night and always find something encouraging. Georgie says "take care of Papa all 'y' night", when he says his little prayer. I talk about you a great deal & don't think he is in the least danger of forgetting you. I told him this morning that you were in Washington and in the course of the forenoon he was playing with an old parasol; Mother[9] opened it for him and he started for the door. "I goin to Wassin. I goin to Wassin, see Papa." He saw you with the regiment the afternoon you left and so did I.[10] Georgie says "Papa's gone horseback to see the wubelubs".[11]

We have all been quite well since you left us. The well progresses slowly, "rock all the way down." Father[12] says it will cost a good deal now but a hundred years hence there will be a good well of water here. Now I think of it, where did you have that book of yours where I was to look for a bill of Mr. Wright's.[13] It is not in the closet where you kept it, the leaf with your name written on.
It was on the piano when I came home. Tell be about it next time you write and if you want Father to collect that money from Mr. Bullock[14]. You said some thing about it once but nothing definite. If there is anything that I could make for you and send you, write and tell me There will be opportunities enough I dare say.

There is some talk of Capt Sprague[15] for the 21st Reg't. If his is appointed, Charlie says he shall go back with him though he would rather have gone with the "15th".[16] Did you know there was luck in odd numbers? Did you promise any of your pictures to anyone. I should like [to] send Joseph[17] one

the next time I write. The likeness is perfect. Julia[18] says that's Mr Ward, himself, intirely, all over – indeed it is.

Give my love to Henry and look a little after Cousin James[19] for Mother's sake, she sends her love. She is keeping the baby (not) quiet while I finish my letter. Here comes Georgie he wants to write. [a line of scribbling follows] That means how-do papa, and now he is teasing to "make dis to Papa". I can't say how much I want to see you, you and I know full well how hard it is for both of us to bear this separation and all the anxieties which it brings. Faith in God and a just cause is all we have to depend upon, and we hear that you are praised already for your bravery & coolness and I know you will do yourself honor. I shall write again soon good by now and God bless you.

From your own dear wife,

Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 14 Aug 1861 (116)

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[1] Charles Augustus Ward (1828 –), older brother of GHW. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[2] George Hull Ward, Jr, (1858 – 1939) oldest son of GHW and EMW. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[3] GHW 10 Aug 1861.

[4] GHW 11 Aug 1861.

[5] Unidentified member of the 15th who was George's orderly. Possibly Jonathan P. Stow (1832 – 1862) of Grafton in Co G. He proved unsatisfactory to George after his wounding and returned to "his company". [see GHW 13 Nov 1861]

[6] Henry Clay Ward (1843 – 1925), GHW's half-brother. At the time Henry was a private in Co. D although he was later promoted to 1st Lt and then brevetted Captain. He survived the War and remained in the service as a career Army officer, retiring in 1905 as a Brigadier General. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[7] Located in South Worcester (off present day Camp St near St. John's Cemetery) and named for Gen. Winfield Scott, hero of the Mexican War and commander of the US Army at the start of the Civil War. It was the basic center for initial training of all troops mustered in from the Worcester area. [Nutt, Vol II, pp 584 ff]

[8] Situated at the junction of the Shenandoah River and the Potomac, Harper's Ferry was both a pre-war Federal Arsenal (site of John Brown's raid) and a strategic point in the defense of the upper Potomac and Shenandoah Valley's. It was never able to be successfully defended and changed hands several times – most notably in August-September 1862 in Lee's first excursion into Northern territory.

[9] Sarah (Dennis) Mayo (1802 – 1890). [see Genealogical Appendix]

[10] The 15th left Worcester 8 August 1861, bound for Washington, D.C. [Ford; Mass Soldiers & Sailors]

[11] Obviously a childish pronunciation although the reference is unclear. Perhaps he was trying to say "rebels".

[12] William Mayo (1803 - 1884). [see Genealogical Appendix]

[13] The only Wright listed as a tradesman/merchant in the 1860-61 Worcester City Directories is Samuel Wright of 37 Mechanic St., a shoemaker. [1861Worc City Dir]

[14] Alexander Hamilton Bullock (1816 – 1882), a Worcester lawyer. Prominent in local and state politics, he was mayor of Worcester (1860), member of the Massachusetts House (Speaker 1861-65) and Senate, and three term Governor of Massachusetts, 1866-69. [1861 Worc City Dir; Nutt III, 16]

[15] Augustus B. R. Sprague (~1827 – 1910). Sprague was an officer in the Worcester City Guards pre-War and was therefore would be well known to George and Emily. The rumor is in the Worcester Daily Spy of 19 Aug 1861 but Emily probably had other more reliable sources as well. Sprague refused the appointment (see EMW 8-21) but accepted the same in the 25th Mass, being commissioned on 9 Sept and mustered in of 27 Oct 186. He also served in the Mass 51st and the 2nd Mass Heavy Artillery Regiments. Following the War, Sprague returned to Worcester where he was active in civic life, being elected Alderman in 1871, Sheriff (for 6 terms) 1872-89, and Mayor (twice) 1895-96. He was in the furniture business with his father, Lee Sprague, and later CJ Putnam and, in his last years, president of the Worcester Electric Light Co. [Nutt, Vol. IV 527-28.]

[16] Charles A. Ward was a sergeant in the 3rd Battalion Rifles which served 19 May – 3 Aug, 1861. There is no evidence that he had other service; certainly not with the 21st or the 25th (Sprague's eventual unit). [Mass Soldiers and Sailors V, 304]

[17] Joseph Selman Dennis (~1821 -), Emily's uncle (brother of her mother, Sarah Dennis). Originally from Millbury, Joseph was living in Dubuque, Iowa at the time. An Universalist minister, he had married George and Emily. From the concern and interest expressed about him in both Emily's and George's letters, he was regarded with great affection by them. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[18] Unidentified but from this and other references, a servant or maid for the Ward household at the farm.

[19] James Tyler Dennis (1841 -), son of Edward Selman Dennis and Mary (Parker) Stockwell, of Grafton and a private in Co. G. James was Emily's first cousin, his father and her mother being children of Erasmus and Sarah (Selman) Dennis of Marblehead. [see Genealogical Appendix]

Augustus B. R. Sprague (1990.63.1.2.45)

Joseph Selman Dennis (1990.63.1.2.10)

In Worcester July 1861
George H. Ward

000012

1990.63.2.4
GWH to EMW
14 Aug 1861

Camp Kalorama[1] Near Washington D. C,
August 14th [Wed] 1861

My Dear wife and little ones,

Here we are, 2 1/2 miles from Wash encamped on high ground, with a grand view of Washington and the Potomac River. We are also in full view of Alexandria and the FairFax Court House. Within a stone's throw of us is the Columbia College[2] (now used for our Hospital) where signal lights were exchanged by the rebels at Fairfax Court House in the early part of the Campaign.[3]

We have had a great deal of wet weather since our arrival, and some of the most uncomfortable warm weather I ever experienced. Since yesterday the weather is quite cool. and last night I think was about as cool night as I ever experienced in camp. but it is pleasant again today. Old dilapidated Mansions are quite numerous. Near to us is the Mansion of the late Commodore Porter[4] of the U S Navy, a beautiful place once, but now gone to ruin. Twenty five to thirty years ago, men of wealth tried to excel each other, in spending money by building houses, laying out their grounds, setting out trees &c. Those men most of them have since died, and their estates have gone to ruin; their heirs not being able or willing to support them.

We arrived here Monday morning from Washington, as we passed the White House, Prest Lincoln was at his window, in white array. We are next to the 14th Mass, Col Greene, on the other side are two Wisconsin Regmts and one from Indiana.[5] In the distance the hills are dotted with white tents, where men are encamped eager for the conflict.

Mr Whiting, Lucy Smith's husband[6] called on me yesterday. He told me she was dead, also his two children by her. I saw Darius Smith[7] in Washington on Sunday. We are getting along very well, but a very little sickness in our Regmt. We had a hard time in getting here, but the boys are feeling well, and are in good spirits. We hear of Rebel scouts being near to us almost daily, and plenty of rumors as to their intentions, but we dont feel much afraid of them. They will meet with a warm reception. My health is good, and things go on pleasantly. One of my teeth is aching some this morning unless it stops I shall leave it in Md.

I am anxious to go over to Va. I ~~took~~ like the looks of it from this side. Our chaplain[8] is a very nice man, free and easy, making himself useful in many respects. Henry is getting along well, he hasnt said anything about being homesick. But I can't realize this is Washington, the Capital of the Nation. The charm of the place is lost to me in ~~its~~ my disappointed expectiation of its appearance. There has been a great deal of money fooled away here. which might have been used for better purposes. Col Briggs[9] was here yesterday, he is about 5 miles to the north of us; Cowdin's Regmt[10] passed through the city yesterday but I didnt see them. There will not be much

fighting until October unless the Rebels provoke it. Probably then we shall see what we shall see.

I would like very much to see you all. I want you to write often, and if you direct your letters to Washington I shall get them as long as we remain here. If we leave here. which we are liable to do at any moment, I shall write. Tell Theodore[11] that letters sent to Washington will reach their destination.

I have a tent to myself where keep my personal effects. It makes quite a room. I write this on the top of my horse equipment chest sitting on my bedstead. My furniture consists of two camp stools, my trunk, two chests, bedstead. I have four blankets, a nice place to hang up my clothes. So you see I am comfortable, and if I could see my family once in a while I would be content. I make up that part of it by taking out your and Georgies Daguerreotype. kissing you both shed a tear, and then put it back. I hope Georgie will not forget me. I am afraid I am too proud of him, and when you can get "Boby Lincolns"[12] picture taken I wish you would, as I want it very much Give my love to your Father and Mother, and all my dear friends at home. I would like to see you all, but am far from retracting one step I have taken in this conflict for the right. Whether I live or die, I am satisfied that my life couldnt be sacrificed for a more holy purpose. I know that He who directs our ways doeth all things well. With the hope that you are all [well], I remain your faithful husband,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 14 Aug 1861 (4)

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[1] Located in present-day Meridian Park in northwest Washington, D.C.

[2] Now George Washington University.

[3] A letter in the *Worcester Spy* for 17 Aug 1861 signed by "Y" gives practically the same description.

[4] Commodore David Porter (1780 – 1843). Porter was born in Boston and entered the Navy at age 18. He was made captive when the *USS Philadelphia* was captured in the "Barbary Coast War" in 1803. During the War of 1812, he commander the frigate *Essex* known for its several victories against English shipping and war ships. He was the father of David Dixon Porter of the US Navy during the Civil War, active in campaigns against New Orleans and the lower Mississippi.

[5] The 5th and 6th Wisconsin and the 19th Indiana. Joined by the 2nd Wisconsin in late August, these regiments made up the Black Hat / Iron Brigade, arguably the best brigade in the Army of the Potomac and perhaps the Union Army as a whole. (In the fall of 1862, after the Battle of Antietam, the 24th Michigan was added to the Brigade.) [Alan T. Nolan *The Iron Brigade: A Military History* Univ. of Indiana Press, 1961]

[6] Omar R. Whitney married Lucy L. J. Smith (both of Worcester) in 1858. By 1860 both were in Washington, D.C. with no children in the household. [Mass VR: Worcester; 1860 Census, Roll 104, Pg 745, Hshld 310]

[7] Darius E. Smith (1829 –), Lucy (Smith) Whiting's younger brother. Also living in Washington, D.C. in 1860 [Worc VR; 1860 Census: Roll 104, Pg 744, Hshld 306].

[8] William George Scandlin (1828 – 1871) of Grafton, an Unitarian minister. He would resign his commission in 1862 and join the Sanitary Commission. Captured at Gettysburg, he spent three months in Libby Prison in Richmond. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 133; 15th Mass Web Site]

[9] Henry S. Briggs of Pittsfield, commander of the 10th Mass. Particularly in the early years of the War, regiments were often designated by the names of their commander. This practice persisted in the Confederate Army throughout the War, often retaining the name of the original Colonel even after he no longer led the unit.

[10] Robert Cowdin (1805 – 1874) of Boston. The Regiment was the 1st Mass which had seen action at Bull Run in June.

[11] Theodore H. Bartlett (1828 – 1893), often referred to in the letters as "Theo". Married (abt 1850) Elizabeth Ward (1830 - 1885), GHW's youngest full sister. At the time he was clerk/assistant post master of Worcester and therefore received GHW's letters promptly and was able to get them to Emily promptly. It would appear that, on occasion, he also was not beneath opening the letters and sharing their contents before Emily received them. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[12] Referring to son, Robert Lincoln Ward.

Theodore H. Bartlett (1990.63.1.2.73)

William G. Scandlin (1990.63.1.2.43)

1990.63.2.5
GHW to EMW
16 Aug 1861

Camp Kalorama Washington D, C.
August 16th [Fri] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children.

Here I am setting down in Head Quarters, having just filled up with a good supper I feel nicely. Yesterday I was a little out of sorts in consequence of eating too much green corn. Dr. Bates[1] arrived this morning, he having left Worcester Wednesday P.M . I also rec'd a ~~letter~~ paper from Theodore today. It doesn't seem as though I was half as far from home as I really am, and notwithstanding the dangers we are exposed to here, I feel as though we were perfectly safe from all harm. It is only a question of time, we are sure of the victory at last. The weather is quite changeable now, as we have considerable rain, but our tents are secure and we are comfortable.

I have been taking observations today with my glass which was presented to me in Worcester by my staff. It is a splendid glass, and I had a fine view of the surrounding country. Henry is well and says he like it. His feet were some sore for a few days, but he is all right now. I think we shall probably remain here for the present, judging from circumstances. I am very desirous of getting a letter from you, and shall expect one tomorrow. I presume many letters will be sent to Harpers Ferry, but I guess we are quite as well off here, all things considered. The ground here is very clayey and when it rains it has a strong afinity to ones boots. I have seen snow shoes before, but never ~~snow~~ mud shoes I think.

I feel truly grateful to think we are getting along so well. Every thing appears to harmonize. and we dont have any cases of insubordination. The men appear to realize what they are here for, and that their own interest as well as the welfare of the Regiment, depends upon their goad behavior. Tell Georgie that papa wants to see him very much, and thinks of him a great deal. And when I think what a lovely wife and children I have at home, and so many kind friends, I feel as though there was ~~some~~ a Father in Heaven, who will protect us all. and this feeling has a tendency to soften many of the hard places which we find in our pathway from day to day. Give my love to all. kiss the children for me, do write soon, and believe me your loving husband.

George.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 16 Aug 1861 (5)

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[1] Joseph N. Bates (1811 – 1883), a Worcester physician who was mustered into Regiment on 5 August 1861. Just why he did not leave Worcester with the rest of the Regiment on 8 August is not clear; perhaps he was allowed extra time to put his affairs in order before leaving. Dr. Bates was ill most of the time in Maryland and, after caring for GHW following his wound at Ball's Bluff, was dismissed from further service in July 1862. [1861/63 Worc City Dir; Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 133; Ford]

1990.63.2.6
GHW to EMW
20 Aug 1861

Washington August 20th [Tues] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children.

I suppose you think it about time to hear from me again. Well, we are getting along nicely and if we have no harder times than we are having now, it wouldnt be anything but fun. We have had rain more or less, about every day since we arrived here. Our tents are water proof but they do not keep out the dampness. But the sun shines again this morning, and the warm breeze is drying up the mud and making every thing comfortable. My health is good and they say, I am looking finely. I have shaved off my whiskers, and am growing something on my upper lip which looks quite respectable, I think. You see I have to conform to the fashion. Jonathan says "why Col how much better you do look." I guess when I get a full growth on, I will have my picture taken to send home.

Sunday passed off very pleasantly. The men conducted themselves with propriety, we had religious services at 4 o'cl P.M. conducted by our chaplain, Mr Scandlin, who is becoming very popular as he has the faculty to adapt himself to circumstances, understand human nature and can't make himself generally useful. He is the Post Master for the Regmt and when he comes from Washington with his mail, it is curious to see the expressions of gratification or disappointment to correspond with the reply, "Yes" or "No". I confess that I am as eager as any of them, but my position requires that I should be a little more modest about it.

We hear all sorts of rumors in relation to our movements. but we make no account of them. Written orders we obey, none other. Madam rumor has nothing to do with it. I think however we shall remain here for a while, as Col Devens[1] is setting on Court Marshall in the City, and he thinks it will take ~~him~~ some time to close up the business, but nothing is certain however. We have got our tents floored now, and are as cozy as you please. I have a tent to myself. a nice place to hang up my things. Since I wrote last I have added a table to my stock of household effects, costing 1.25c. I am quite as comfortable as I was at Camp Scott, my only desire is to keep so.

I am so glad to see the sun shine once more, that I cant help speaking of it. I havent been around Washington yet, but think I shall start tomorrow. and see the sights. The Regmt were inspected yesterday by a U.S. officer, Col Devens was away, and I had command. It rained quite hard, but the men stood it bravely. I bought myself a nice rubber coat when in New York, which with my rubber boots, and cap cover, makes me a water proof gentleman, "intirely". I have just been to dinner, and feel much better. We had chicken soup, and chicken boiled. Provisions are high here and it is rather expensive living. Your letter of the 14th inst was duly recd and I was delighted to receive it.[2] It was "good news from home". It made me feel so good. It seemed as though God was nearer to me than he ever was before, and that he had answered my prayers. I

slept so good that night, and as I opened your bible, my eye caught the 9th & 10th verses of the 63 Psalm.[3] I dont know as I need any thing just now, if I do I will let you know. The book you wrote about I left at Dwight Foster's,[4] also the bill against Wright.[5] My account with the Estate[6] came out well, something my due. Bullock[7] owes me two dollars for a calf, and some 12 or 14$ for cow pasturing which I wish your father would collect. I am glad you are so well pleased with my pictures. I want Elizabeth, Caroline, Charley, Artemas[8] and such of your folks as desire ~~one~~ it to have one. Very many of my friends up town requests one but I could not gratify them all. I wish you to get Theo or some one to go to Tom Smiths[9] and get me two more wollen shirts, the same kind I got before, get modest colors, and send them when you have an opportunity. Please wash them, and get the largest size. How I would like to see you and Georgie, and "Boby Lincoln". How happy we shall be when I get back.

I think Genl Morse[10] will get command of the 21st Regiment though he will not be Gov. Andrew's[11] 1st choice, but will get it through the force of circumstances for he has offered it to several other "West Point Graduates" Do write often, I tell you a letter from home, when 500 miles away is a cherished institution. The Chaplain has just arrived from the P.O. but no letter for me. My love to all.

From your dear husband.

George

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Endnotes GHW 20 August 1861 (6)

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[1] Charles Devens (1820 – 1891), prominent Worcester lawyer and Massachusetts politician (served on Mass Supreme Court and as Attorney General under President Rutherford B. Hayes). Starting as major in the Worcester militia (at this time he was in command of the Mass 15th), he advanced to Brigade and Division command. He was severely wounded at Chancellorsville (May 1863) but did not leave the service until 1866. [Nutt III, 4; Mass Soldiers and Sailors III, 133; IV, 761; V, 304]

Many of George's friends, and certainly Emily, felt GHW had been "passed over" in favor of Devens when a Colonel for the 15th was chosen. Emily worried continually that Devens would thwart George's advancement and had little respect for his military abilities. [cf EMW letter of 28 Apr 1863]

[2] Emily's first letter of the 1861 Series.

[3] The King James translation (which GHW would have had) reads:

> But those that seek my soul to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.
> They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

[4] Dwight Foster (1829 – 1884), a Boston lawyer who was associated with the firm of Foster and Baldwin in Worcester. Foster and GHW had together administered the estate of Ward's father, Artemas Ward, in 1858. [Worcester County Probate, Docket A61642].

[5] Samuel Wright (1824 –). [see EMW letter of 14 Aug]

[6] The estate of his father, Artemas Ward (1796 –1857). [Worcester County Probate A61642]

[7] Alexander Hamilton Bullock (1816 – 1882), a Worcester lawyer. Prominent in local and state politics, he was mayor of Worcester (1860), member of the Massachusetts House (Speaker 1861-65) and Senate, and three term Governor of Massachusetts, 1866-69. [1861 Worc City Dir; Nutt III, 16]

[8] From the context, he was referring to his sisters and brothers.

[9] Thomas F. Smith (1818 –), merchant and tailor at 229 Main Street. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[10] Augustus Morse (1817 – 1888) of Leominster. [Mass VR: Leominster]

[11] John A. Andrew (1818 – 1867), Governor of Massachusetts. One of the strongest "Unionist" officials, it was important that Lincoln and the Federal government keep him as a supporter.

Charles Devens (1990.63.1.2.11

120000

1990.63.2.117
EMW to GHW
21 Aug 1861

Worcester Aug 21st [Wed] 1861

My Dear Husband.

I received your fourth letter[1] yesterday morning; you say you have not heard from home yet, but before this you must have received my letter which I sent last Thursday.[2] I have been trying ever since to write another, but for a week past Georgie has been quite unwell. He has had a touch of billious[3] dysentery and is not well now, but we think he is very much better. I have done nothing but tend him, and the baby, with mother's help, since he has been sick. We have dressed him every day and he was walked round and played with his "wub-a-dubs" every day but one. He has had some fever about him and we have to be very careful of him.

I went up town today by Father to get a baby carriage, and he brought home a beauty, that he only paid $4.50 for, a real little chaise with springs. We think it will hasten Georgie's recovery much. "Robie"[4] is as fat and happy as ever; he was vaccinated yesterday. Dr. Nichols[5] came to see Georgie, so I improved the opportunity. The Dr. inquired after you. He says "when you write to that boy just give him my love"; "tell him I should like to fight with him." Capt. Sprague, has declined the Lieut Col'cy of the 21st Reg'mt so the paper says.[6] I have not been up the street since the day the 15th left. Lydia Wilmarth[7] spent an afternoon here last week, and she said she was in Masonville, Ct. when the 15th Reg'mt passed through there. She was intending to be at the Depot with a bouquet for you but it rained so that she could not get the flowers. I write it to let you know that everybody thinks of you.

William B. Fox[8] died last Sunday morning, quite suddenly. He had been confined to the house just a week, but was not considered at all dangerously sick, until about 11 o'clock Sat night. The Transcript[9] says his disease was Epilepsy, his affairs were left in rather a bad state, and Father says things look dark. A great many stories are afloat, and those who are least concerned know the most, as usual. The funeral took place Tuesday P.M. 4 o'cl. Father & Mother went. The men who had worked for him all went up in a body, up to the house at 3 o'clock to take a last look at his remains.

Mother is writing to Joseph, he has written to Uncle E.[10] lately, and he writes as if he were in bad health & spirits. He inquires very particularly if you have gone to war, and about James Dennis, whether he has enlisted for 3 years, or is one of the 3 month's men,[11] and is just come home, what regiment he belongs to and who is his Col. and I suppose he will be glad to know that you are his Lieut Col. Write to Joseph if you can, he would be very glad to hear directly from you.

Matters go on about as usual in this lively neighborhood. The oats a[nd] wheat are all in and "Johngin"[12] has left. Martin and Sam are at work picking up stones & filling around the barn. The

well diggers have not struck any springs yet. Lovel Baker[13] called here yesterday with a proposal for us to board six men a week for him, and let them sleep in the new barn. Of course, we positively declined the honor. Father called on Mr. Ward[14] this morning and settled with him.

Both the babies are asleep, and mother & I are writing, every one else has gone to bed. I am anxious to send this letter tomorrow for I know how much you must prize a letter from home. I shall try to write oftener in the future. I take such comfort from you letters that I want to sit down and answer them the minute they come, but Georgie says, "Mama take Georgie", and so I take him and shew him pictures and rock him, and make houses out of clothespins and get along as easy as I can with him. Don't worry about him; he begins to understand something about your letters. I read that part to him where you mention him, and today he took up a piece of letter paper and says "this Papa talkin" and claimed it for his. You are the best husband that ever was to write so often, and so cheerfully. There is one comfort if we are so far apart: Our Heavenly Father is very near to us all and always nearest when we need help most.

I am glad to hear that you all get on so well together and hope that you will continue to do so. I heard today that a private in the 15th Reg'nt was shot accidently. Tell me about it when you write.[15] Take good care of yourself and be sparing of green corn in the future. Does Johnathan[16] continue faithful? He has my best wishes. Given my love to Henry and all my soldier friends. How I do want to see you. I most always dream of you, so I will bid you a goodbye and good night and get to sleep as fast as I can.

Your old Sweetheart

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 21 Aug 1861 (117)

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[1] GHW of 16 Aug 1861.

[2] 15 Aug 1861; this would have been her first letter dated 14 Aug.

[3] Any disease with the symptoms of nausea was know as "bilious". Georgie apparently had vomiting and diarrhea.

[4] Robert Lincoln Ward (1861 –), George and Emily's younger son.

[5] Lemuel B. Nichols (1816 – 1883), a homeopathic physician in Worcester. [1861 Worc City Dir; Nutt III, 101]

[6] Worcester Daily Spy, 20 Aug 1861. See note 13, EMW 14 Aug 1861.

[7] Lydia M. Wilmath (~1826 – 1870), an unmarried school teacher living (in 1860) in the household of Elbridge G. Partridge at 28 Chatham St, Worcester. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[8] See the Worcester Daily Spy for 19 Aug 1861. William B. Fox Jr. had taken over the Fox Mills on Green Street (near present day Kelly Square) after his father's death in 1860. He was in business with George T. Rice, Jr. whose father was a prominent Worcester banker and President of the Worcester and Nashua Railroad. The Ward family's fortunes were closely intertwined with those of William Fox, William Mayo (Emily's father) being superintendent of the mill and Josiah Freeman (GHW's brother-in-law) working as a carder. The mill as a business entity "disappears" from the Worcester City Directory in 1862, following William Fox, Jr's death.

[9] Fox's death certificate gives "epilepsy" as the cause of death which seems odd considering the circumstances. [Mass VR: Worcester]

[10] Edward Selman Dennis (1810 -), Emily mother's brother and father of "Cousin James" of Co. G. [see Genealogy Appendix]

[11] The first call for Union volunteers was just after Ft. Sumter's surrender and was for 75,000 men to serve 3 months; soon after a second call for 75,000 more for 3 years' service was issued. The 15th was made up of "3 year" recruits. [Ford; Nutt II, 584 ff]

[12] Presumably a "Jonathan" who worked on the farm but his exact idenity remains obscure.

[13] Lovell Baker (1809 – 1897), a real estate broker. From Emily's statement he must not have been a "favorite" of the Ward family.

[14] Not identified but probably not a close relative else Emily would have referred to him by first name. In her 1863 letters, Emily refers to a "William Ward" who may be this person. [EMW letters of 14 and 22 Apr 1863, q.v.]

[15] Worcester Daily Spy of 21 Aug 1861. The private was said to be of Leominster but not otherwise identified. In the Fifthteen's history, Assistant Surgeon Havens is quoted; "One man shot a pistol ball through his own hand into his thigh." [Ford, p. 50]. The incident does not appear on the roster list of Co. A in Mass Soldiers and Sailors.

[16] Not identified but from this and other references probably an orderly accompanying GHW in the field. (Perhaps the same person referred to in note 12.)

1990.63.2.7
GHW to EMW
22 Aug 1861

Washington D. C. August 22d [Thurs] 1861

My dear wife and little ones.

You may think something strange by my writing again so soon, but nothing has happened here. and I am sorry that a sad event has taken place at home. I saw by Monday's Spy which I recd yesterday,[1] that Wm. Fox[2] is dead. It went through me like an electric shock, and private letters recd here intimate that he took poison. What is his pecuniary situation? ~~we are~~ I am afraid your father will suffer by it.[3] Write me all the particulars as early as convenient. I am well. and in good spirits. Henry is troubled some with biles,[4] but it will be all the better for him, and the Dr says they prevent a fever.

I see by the papers that the people are considerably arroused at the North. Very likely we shall have a fight soon somewhere, but the people of Washington feel perfectly secure, and as for our being in danger, is something we havent thought of. Still we shall have occasion to use all the troops we can get. I went around town yesterday for the first time, saw some, not all of the sights, went all over the Capital. Took a seat in the Presidents chair &c &c.[5] Give my love to all. Kiss the babies for me. Tell Georgie papa wants to see him very much. I am your loving husband in haste.

George.

[no envelope]

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 22 Apr 1861 (7)

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[1] The issue of the Spy was on 19th and therefore received on the 21st, speaking to the efficiency of mail delivery at the time.

[2] See Emily's letter of 21 Aug and subsequent correspondence.

[3] William Mayo was superintendent of Fox's Mills. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[4] Most likely an intestinal upset although not diarrhea (which would have been called "dysentery").

[5] GHW probably mistook the seat in the Senate Chambers (over which the Vice-President presides) for that of the President.

1990.63.2.8
GHW to EMW
25 Aug 1861

Washington D, C. Sunday Morning
August 25th 1861

My dear wife and little children,

We have just received marching orders to move up the Potomac and join Genl Stone's Brigade.[1] It is near what is called Stone bridge, I believe, from 12 to 20 miles from here. I think we shall not go before tomorrow morning, but possibly may this P.M. I am glad we go in that direction, instead of going over to Va as we expected because it is much healthier. It is getting near to Leonard[2] and Genl Stone is a Mass man,[3] stands very high as an officer at the Department and I think we shall be well pleased with the change. It will be objectionable on account of the facilities for getting letters, as it is back in the country; but before I close this I shall ascertain the particulars in relation to our change.

We are still getting along well. The weather is delightful. and everything works satisfactorily. Your letter of the 21st was recd yesterday, which is only the second letter I have recd from you.[4] I hope Georgie will rapidly recover, take good care of him, and tell him Papa is very sorry he is sick. Tell him I want to see him very much, and little Roby to[o]. I tell you these little treasures are what make home attractable, and who wouldnt think home precious, with such a dutiful and affectionate wife, and darling children as I have got. I feel proud when I think of the home attractions I am possessed of. I wrote a letter to Joseph[5] yesterday, of nearly three pages. Gave him all the particulars. James Dennis[6] is well, is wagoner from choice, has charge of four horses, is quiet in his manner, of good habits, and is really a man of business. We were reviewed yesterday by Genl King[7] who expressed himself highly pleased with our discipline and drill. He said "we moved like Regulars", which was rather overrating our abilities I think but then to speak privately I think the boys did very well. Joshua Freeman[8] carries the flag presented by the ladies of Worcester which is quite an honor for anyone to carry the flag of the Regmt. He fully realizes the responsibilities of his position and I think will do himself credit. He felt so good when he came out with it yesterday, that the tears dippled down his cheeks with joy. 'Josh' is doing finely. I take quite an interest in him, he has recently been appointed sergeant. Henry is getting along well now, he has had some biles since he left home, which has been a good thing for him. The Field and Staff officers mess together, numbering eight. We have very pleasant times and every thing appears to harmonize.

The private you wrote about belonged to company A. The ball entered his leg, but he is rapidly recovering. I have just learned that our place of destination is about 25 miles northwest of here We shall start, or intend to about 2 o,cl this P.M. and go out about 10 miles tonight, and encamp. Our Post office address willl be at Washington for the present, but the Mail will be very irregular in reaching us, as we dont know the town or whether there is any Post Office nearby or

not. With good luck we shall probably get their [*sic*] tomorrow night.

Get word to Theodore, as I agreed to inform him of our changes but have not time to write now. Give my love to Sam, tell him to take good care of every thing which I no doubt he will. Tell Fred to do the best he can, and it will all come out right.[9] We do not go near Harpers Ferry neither is it on the Potomac, all we know is we are to join Genl Charles P. Stones Brigade. I shall write as soon as we arrive and give full particulars of our whereabouts. Give my love to all at home, tell them all to write me. I recd a call from Darius Smith, his wife and Mother,[10] a few days since and had a very pleasant chat. I was intending to call there, but probably shall not now.

As preparations are being made for our departure, I find I must close and commence packing up. I have bought me a horse, he is a splendid animal raised in Penn. of large size, 6 years old, and dark bay color. I call him Charley. I wouldnt take $75.00 for my bargain. He is of great courage, and able to carry me anywhere. At the review yesterday, he ~~was~~ bore the palm on horses. He is so proud that I am mortified with him sometimes. Jonathan is busy getting things ready, he is doing very well now. I am obliged to talk to him some. We made most to much of him at Camp Scott. Good bye.

From your loving husband.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 25 Aug 1861 (8)

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[1] Charles Pomeroy Stone (1824 – 1887). Actually Stone commanded at least a division and was in charge of the "Corps of Observation" along the Potomac west of Washington. He was made a scapegoat for the Union defeat at Ball's Bluff on 21 Oct 1861.

[2] The 13th Massachusetts commanded by Samuel H. Leonard, once of Worcester. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 71]

[3] Charles P. Stone was born in Greenfield. At this time in American history, State allegiance was paramount.

[4] It was only the second letter Emily had been able to write; she was nursing an infant and had a sick 2 year old.

[5] Joseph Selman Dennis of Dubuque, Iowa; Emily's maternal uncle. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[6] James Tyler Dennis of Grafton, Emily's first cousin. Probably written in response to Emily's concern expressed in her letter of 14 Aug. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[7] Rufus King of Massachusetts and Wisconsin, a West Point Graduate, Class of 1833. King had conducted a review of his own Brigade on 23 Aug in which some regiments, the 6th Wisconsin at least, had made a poor impression. [Alan T. Nolan, *The Iron Brigade, a Military History* Bloomington, Indiana: Indiana University Press, 1961].

[8] Joshua Freeman (1821 –) of Clinton, Company C and the brother of Josiah Freeman, husband of Emily's sister, Caroline Ellen Mayo. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 150; 15th Mass Web Site]

[9] In reference to the placing of "Eddie".

[10] Darius E. Smith. His wife is Mary A. M. (-?-), the mother yet unidentified. Smith left Worcester for Washington, DC sometime in the late 1850s. [Worc VR; 1860-1880 Census]

Joshua Freeman (1990.63.1.2.35)

1990.63.2.118
EMW to GHW
26 Aug 1861

Worcester, Aug 26th, [Mon] '61

My Dear Husband,

I am glad to be able to write tonight that Georgie is getting well fast; since I wrote last he has been worse, and we have been very anxious about him, but thanks to Homeopathy,[1] his dysentery & fever have left him and his is doing nicely. He is pretty cross & hungry and we have to be careful what he eats. I have come off into the parlor to write and Mother is trying to rock him to sleep in her arms, but he wants "Mama" and I must go, and finish my letter that I have begun tomorrow.

Monday. Georgie is up to the table today, eating bread and butter & a dropped egg for his dinner. He has been to ride in his carriage with the top thrown back for all the world like a doctor in a "sulky". The baby is very well.

You wished me to write the particulars about Wm. Fox.[2] The same report that you heard was spread round in Worcester about the manner of his death, but nobody knows anything about it. It probably sprung from his sudden death and his not having been called very sick. When he was first taken Monday, they said he had piles, and then he was some feverish and Wednesday night he was a little out of his head. After that he was said to be better but still he was confined to the house. Father asked Dr. Woodward[3] what seemed to be the matter with Wm. and he said, "Well a good many things have got hold of him." Friday he talked of starting for Saratoga next day if he felt well enough to walk about his room, but it seems he did not. Saturday night at 11 o'clock he was taken worse and Delhannty[4] was sent for, and was with him until he died at 5 o'clock in the Sunday morning, Woodward & Sargeant[5] were both with him when he died.[6] He had spoken about securing Father and probably would have done so if he had lived. As it is, Father takes his chance with the rest of the creditors and has his own help to pay ~~What I have written~~ (destroy this letter when you have read it).[7] Some say 50 cts on a dollar will be paid perhaps more, and perhaps less, we hope for the best and don't borrow any trouble.

You sent for some shirts but I have no money to pay for them. Father has not seen Mr. Bullock yet, Mr. Stoughton[8] owes me 3.42 cts and that is all I have coming. I have not asked Theo. to get them for me, for I don't care about being under obligations to him.

I am very glad to hear that you are so well and looking so well, is it wool or cotton that you are raising on your upper lip? And does the crop promise to pay? I am in the greatest hurry Father is waiting for me I haven't written half that I want to but I must say good bye. I shall write again very soon,

Your loving wife Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 26 Aug 1861 (118)

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[1] A branch of medicine founded by Samuel Hahnemann in which remedies for illnesses were very small doses of the agent though to cause the same symptoms. Quite popular at the time, it fell into disrepute by the late 19th century.

[2] See Emily's letter of 21 Aug and George's of 22 Aug.

[3] Rufus Woodward (1819-1885). A prominent Worcester physician with offices on Pearl Street, later City Health Officer. He was also William's brother-in-law, having married his sister, Nancy Jane. [Worc Med Soc; 1861 Worc City Dir, Worc VR]

[4] Charles J. Delahanty, bookkeeper (i.e. Treasurer) of Fox's Mills. Lived at the Vernon Street complexes of Fox's dwellings. [1861 Worc City Dir; also see map]

[5] Joseph Sargent (1819-1885), also a prominent Worcester physician. [Worc Med Soc]

[6] The nature of William Fox's terminal illness is obscure. If it was initially thought to be "piles" (hemorrhoids) as Emily states, then he must have had symptoms in the anal-rectal area. However, his death record [Worcester Vital Records Bk 1, Pg 144] gives the cause of death as "epilepsy" with Rufus Woodward as the informant. It would appear that Fox had seizures at the end although their relationship to his earlier symptoms is unclear. Perhaps he had a more serious lower intestinal infection such as diverticulosis and died of gram-negative sepsis. Or perhaps Woodward was just trying to protect William's (and the family's) privacy after his death and he and Sargent agreed on a more "acceptable" diagnosis.

[7] Obviously George did not obey this instruction.

[8] Daniel G. Stoughton, a farmer on Lovell Street. Emily must have bought produce from him. [1861 Worc City Dir]

George Hull Ward (1990.63.1.2.42)

000031

1990.63.2.9
GHW to EMW
27 Aug 1861

Poolesville Md August 27th [Tues] 1861

My dear wife and children.

It is now past 4 o'cl and we arrived here about 11 o'cl A.M. We left Washington Sunday ~~P.M.~~ about 5 cl PM . We passed through Georgetown on our way out, which is an old place with apparently very little thrift and energy, and should think that the colored population were strongly represented. We marched about 7 miles when we "turned in" for the night. The place selected was a fine grove of large trees (of which Md abounds) where water was accessable both for the men and horses. The men soon disposed of their suppers, and it was but a short time before they were in the arms of Morpheus. It was new work to them, and they were evidently tired. The field officers stayed at a house near by, with a Mr Centre, a great Union man. formerly from N.H, but who had lived here 19 years.[1] I slept on a sofa, some on the floor, one or two in bed.

We started early Monday morning for Rockville which is about half way here; halting frequently for the men to rest. We passed through Rockville about 12 o'cl M. It is a very pretty place. Not much after the New England style, however, and I should think some of the people were strongly addicted to habits of lazyness and indifference. We halted about 2 miles above Rockville for dinner[2] and rest. We started about 4 o'cl and marched some two miles beyond a village called Darnestown. and I think it was the darnes town I ever saw. The place where we halted is within about 9 miles of our destination and was well adapted for the purpose we used it for. The field officers were again fortunate enough in getting a private house to stay at, where the people were very kind and evidently thought it an honor to entertain us. I slept soundly for I was tired, having been on my horse about all day. Mutton tallow was brought into requisition.

The Reveille was beat at 4 1/2 o'cl A.M. (Tuesday, today) when the men arose, prepared their breakfast, and were ready to march about 7 o'cl. Nothing of importance took place during our march. We arrived at Poolesville about 11 o'cl A.M. in fine health and spirits. The men were tired and some of them were foot sore, but will be all right again in a day or two. Poolesville is about half way from Washington to Harpers Ferry, is four miles from the Potomac, and about 12 miles from Genl Banks[3] column. Directly opposite us is Leesburg on the Va side. The Blue Ridge of Va is visible in the distance. The tents are mostly pitched, and the men are now taking it easy. As the mail closes in about 1/2 an hour I must close. You can direct letters as I wrote in my last. Kiss the children for me, love to all and lots of love to yourself. Tell Georgie ~~lots~~ every thing you can.

From your dear husband,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW of 27 Aug 1861 (9)

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[1] Not found in the 1860 Census; the 1870 Census has a Louisa Centre, widowed, aged 51 and born in New Hampshire, living in District 4, Montgomery County, Maryland (Roll

[2] Noontime meal.

[3] Nathaniel Prentiss Banks (1816 – 1894)of Waltham, prominent Massachusetts politician. Former Speaker of the House of Representatives (1855 – 57) and Governor of Massachusetts (1857 – 1861), he was an early Republican Party stalwart and one of several "political generals" appointed by Lincoln. His military career was checkered. Put to rout by Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley in the Spring of 1862, he was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department where he successfully invested and captured Port Hudson in 1863, only to be soundly defeated by Richard Taylor in the Red River campaign of Spring 1864. [James M. McPherson, *Battle Cry of Freedom*, New York: Oxford University Press, 1988]

1990.63.2.119
EMW to GHW
29 Aug 1861

Worcester Aug 29, 1861 Thursday

My Dear Husband,

I can't sleep tonight until I have written a little to you. I received your letter of the 25th this morning and what would I not give to know just where you are now, this minute. I want to see you so, and have a real good long talk, and ask ever so many questions. I am sorry you have left Washington. I feel as if you were out "in the bush" now sure enough. I hear that Gen. Stone[1] is an intimate friend of Col. D. Can he be an intimate friend of him, and still do you justice? I have no fears for you in your present position, while you continue true to yourself, only you know if somebody should be promoted, and you had to fill the vacancy, why it would it would save me the trouble of writing Lieut on all my letters, and I can't make a L. passably.[2]

They commence today to work out the stock in the factory, Father has charge of the whole concern until the stock is worked up. Henry Mellen[3] is at work for him down here. He calls himself a retired soldier, some of his stories of camp life at Fort McHenry are quite amusing.[4]

Friday – Theodore brought me your letter from Poolesville this afternoon. He took it out of the Office as quick as it came in and brought it right down. I am so thankful to hear from you, that you have arrived in safety, and in good health. How did Henry endure the fatigue of the march? I shouldn't think it would effect his boils favorably. Theo. says he, sends you papers often, and ~~shall~~ intends to answer your letter as soon as he has time.

Elizabeth[5] has been in Brewster the last 3 weeks, she is coming home tomorrow. Caroline[6] is spending a week or so at Wm. Harrington's in Millbury.[7] She called here on her way down. She is looking very well. I gave her one of your pictures, and she is not satisfied with it. You must have another one taken in full dress and "mustache" and send home to us the first time you have the opportunity.[8]

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Leonard[9] intend to start for Harper's Ferry in about a fortnight. I shall have an opportunity to send your shirts to you, if I can get them. I almost -- yes, quite envy Mrs. Leonard to think that she will see my husband so soon, and I must wait, & wait. Georgie gets better slowly, he and the baby improves very fast, when Bobby's hair gets long enough to shew some, I will have his picture taken, to send you. We have been changing round the beds today, and sleep up stairs tonight, for the first time. We make a spare room of the bedroom & mother sleeps in the chamber over the sitting room, and I and my babies have the other front chamber, we have the bed, crib, and cradle, all hand so you will find plenty of room when you come home on a furlough. I have a gun in the clothespress and a sword in by bureau drawer, and woe be to the "seseshers" if they come this way.

Today is Saturday. Mother is baking & frying doughnuts; she says she would like to send you some; as they can't go in a letter, she sends her love instead. Neddie Freeman[10] is here today and he has fixed himself and Georgie up with side stripes and epaulettes, cut out of paper. I sewed the epaulettes on to their shoulders, and Georgie didn't want to wear his, but I told him they made him look like Papa, and he strutted off as proud as could be. He has not asked to have them taken off since. I am sorry that I have not been able to write oftener. I want to send two letters a week certain and now Georgie is so much less trouble I shall have more time, but I have had to wait until he and the baby were asleep and just as sure as I get nicely established writing one or the other would wake. Last night I have to leave off and take Georgie.

Oh dear George, I have just seen by tonight's Transcript that there is prospect of fighting very soon. Are you any where near Edward's Ferry[11] or is it beyond Harper's Ferry? Wherever you are, may you pass through unharmed, and be protected and sustained by strength from above. What should we do if we had no Higher Power to lean upon, when we are so helpless. Isn't my little bible with its "promises" a real comfort to you? Tomorrow is Sunday and Mr. Burrington is expected to preach, he is quite well[12] and smart. I shall stay at home with the children. I have not been up town since the day you left, three weeks ago last Friday.

I hope you have received my third letter before this, I posted it last Thursday.[13] Every body inquires after you and wishes to be remembered when I write, our friends are all well with the exception of Cousin James' wife & child, they are failing fast.[14] I don't need to say write often, but I will promise to do so, myself tell me all about how you are situated in your new quarters, give my love to all my friends in the Reg't. and think always how much I love you, and think of you, and want to see you. Your loving wife,

Em.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 29 Aug 1861 (119)

[1] Charles P. Stone, commander of the so-called "Corps of Observation" watching the upper Potomac River crossings. Held responsible for the disastrous Union defeat at Ball's Bluff, 21 Oct 1861, he was arrested, imprisoned for 8 months and never held a command position again. [Farwell; Holien] The fact of personal loyalties and/or political favoritism resulting in command decisions was common in the Civil War military, both Union and Confederate.

[2] The 15th Mass Vol Inf Regiment included elements of the Third Battalion of Rifles (Charles Devens commanding and the Worcester City Guards (George H. Ward commanding). When Devens was put in command of the 15th, many of GHW's friends and family felt he had been slighted. References to George's position under Devens are frequent in Emily's letters of 1861.

[3] Henry Mellen (1840 –), son of Leonard and Elizabeth Smith (Mayo) Mellen of Harwick and Emily's first cousin. He came to Worcester in 1859 and apprenticed as a mason. He had served in Co A, 3rd Battalion Rifles early in 1861 and would then enlist for 9 months as corporal in the 42nd Mass Vol Inf. After the War, he became a skilled mason in Worcester, building many private and public buildings including City Hospital and some at Clark University. In 1861 he was living on Myrtle Street with occupation as mason. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors IV, 170; V, 306; 1861 Worc City Dir; Genealogical Appendix]

[4] Henry had served for three months with Co A, 3rd Massachusetts Battalion. Despite his "retirement", he re-enlisted for nine months in Sept 1862 and served in the 42nd Mass Vol Inf. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors V, 306; IV, 170]

[5] Probably Elizabeth (Ward) Bartlett, GHW's sister. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[6] Caroline (Mayo) Freeman or Caroline Ward; GHW would have known which from the context. The statement "she is looking very well" most likely refers to Caroline Ward who would die of tuberculosis just 2 years later.

[7] Possibly a distant relation to Frank Harrington, Emily's brother-in-law. He lived at 4 Portland Street where Lois Harrington died in 1864 but their connection uncertain. William Henry Harrington (1824 – 1890) was a tool manufacturer in Worcester (1853-57) and Millbury (1857-1866). After the war, he returned to Worcester and entered woolen goods manufacturing. [Obit: *Worcester Spy*, 5 Apr 1890; Worc VR]

[8] The wartime photographs of GHW are so composed.

[9] Frederick Smith and Ruth A. ( ) Leonard. Frederick was the brother of Samuel H. Leonard, Colonel of the 13th Mass stationed near the 15th at the time. [see subsequent letters for details of their visit]

[10] Edward Freeman (1854 –), son of Emily's sister, Caroline (Mayo) Freeman and thus Georgie's cousin. He was seven years old at this time. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[11] Edward's Ferry was about 25 miles downstream from Harpers Ferry and just downstream from Ball's Bluff where GHW and the Fifteenth were so disastrously engaged on 21 October.

[12] Lindley Murray Burrington was called to the First Universalist Church from Reading, Mass in 1860 and resigned because of" illness" in 1862. He later served at North Adams, in Minnesota and New York and eventually Uxbridge. The Worcester Spy for 31 Aug carries a notice of the event with the note that he had been ill for several months. [Nutt II, 888]

[13] "Last Thursday" was 22 Aug so she is referring to her second letter, dated 21 Aug.

[14] Susan S. (Martin) Dennis and her 8 month old child, Mary Francis. Both were to die soon of consumption although the infant may just have been malnourished if the mother were unable to nurse. James Edward Dennis was the son of Erasmus Dennis, one of Emily's mother's brothers (actually a double first cousin as Erasmus' wife, Bethial Mayo was also William Mayo's sister). [see Genealogical Appendix]

1990.63.2.120
EMW to GHW
Early Sept 1861

Main Street Frank's Store[1]
(no date)[2]

Dear George,

Mrs. Leonard called yesterday to say that she would take a bundle to you. I have bought the shirts but I shall not have time to wash them. I thought some woollen socks would not come amiss. I want to go with her so. I don't know what to do. George Spaulding[3] was with her yesterday. He showed me your letter and Johnathan's.[4] I gave each of them a photograph. I shall take Henry's valise up to Mrs. Leonard's this P.M. and will send it if they can carry it. I shan't send any kisses by her, she can't kiss you for me, as I should, she may kiss you on her own account if she wants to. Theo says send his love.

Send me something, anything if it only comes from you.

Yours in great haste.

Emma

Georgie is here with me. E.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 1 Sep 1861

[1] The dry goods establishment of Frank W. Harrington, Emily's brother-in-law, located at 204 Main Street. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[2] In her letter of 7 September, Emily mentions sending a letter "last Sunday" which would be 1 September 1861.

[3] George Spaulding (1818 –), overseer (foreman) at the Court Mills. Court Mills was built around 1830 at Lincoln Square (on the present site of the Crown Plaza Hotel) and housed a number of manufacturing establishments over the years. By the late 19th century it was largely owned by Stephen Salisbury III.

[4] Again unidentified but likely a private servant or orderly present with GHW.

1990.63.2.10
1 Sep 1861
GHW to EMW

Camp Foster[1] near Poolesville Md
Sunday evening September 1st 1861

My Dear Wife and little ones,

Yours of the 26th inst came to hand this morning, which is only the third letter I have yet received from home.[2] We continue to get along well, although this section of the country is not so desireable as it might be, on account of the fever and ague at certain seasons of the year. We are encamped on a very beautiful piece of ground within about six miles of the river. Genl Banks[3] column has moved down to within about 9 miles of us, and I shouldnt be surprised if we have a brush soon. We are within about 9 miles of Leesburg, where the Rebels are reported to be encamped. Leesburg is in Va. I have my doubts about their trying to ford the river as reported, for in my opinion they are more afraid of our crossing, than we are of their crossing. We are about half way between Edwards and Conrads Ferry, the two Ferrys are about six miles apart.

I have been in command of our pickets who have been stationed on this side of the river for several days. The boys like it very much, and they vie with each other, to see who will go. ~~I forgot~~ You needn't buy those shirts for the present, no matter about it as my stock will last sometime. I shall send you home some money as soon as we get paid off. My health is first rate, it agrees with me. I hope you are getting along well at home. I feel as though Wm Fox's affairs were in bad condition judging from reports. I would like to see you all very much, still I am contented where I am. Henry[4] is well and in good spirits. Remember me to Sam.[5] Tell him I would like a letter from him. Tell your mother[6] to write, as I should prize a letter from her highly, also Caroline[7] or Sarah.[8] Remember me also to your Father and Josiah[9], to the children, -- Will, Emmie, and Eddie.[10] Tell Georgie Papa wants to see him and to kiss Robie for me, and to kiss Mama to[o]. Tell him Papa is very sorry he was sick, and when Papa comes home he will draw him all around in his little new chaise. Write often. From your loving husband.

In Haste

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 1 Sept 1861 (10)

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[1] Named for Dwight Foster, Attorney General of Massachusetts.

[2] Emily had written only the three letters.

[3] Nathaniel P. Banks.

[4] Henry Clay Ward.

[5] Samuel Ward (1845 – 1904), another of GHW's half brothers. He lived with George and Emily at the Mayo-Ward farm in Quinsigamond. [1860 Census; Genealogical Appendix]

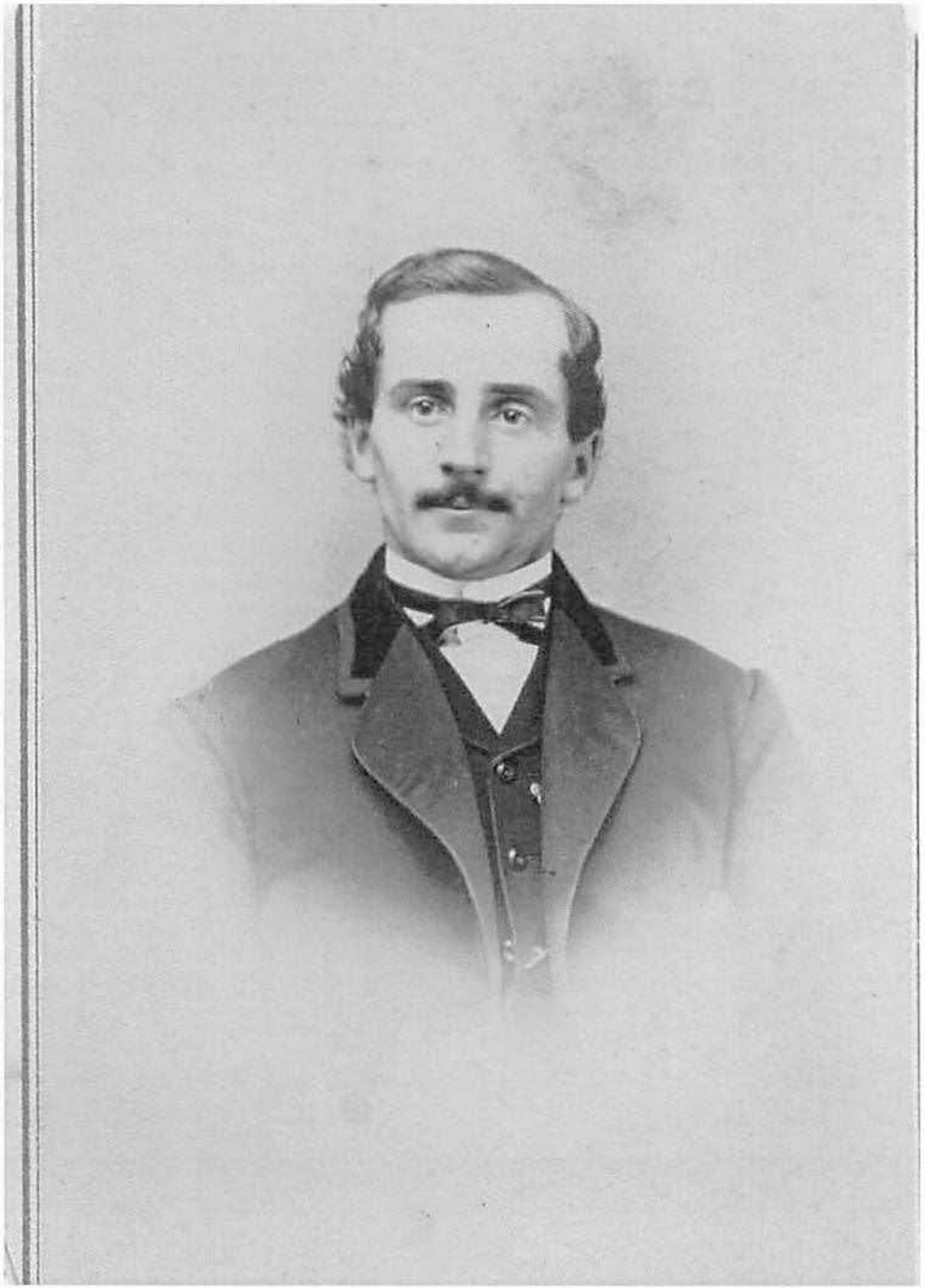
[6] Sarah (Dennis) Mayo (1802 – 1890). [see Genealogical Appendix]

[7] Caroline Ellen (Mayo) Freeman (1827 – 1907), Emily's older sister. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[8] Sarah Abigail (Mayo) Harrington (1834 – 1920), Emily's younger sister. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[9] Josiah G. Freeman (1823 – 1904), married (1846) Caroline E. Mayo.

[10] Josiah and Caroline (Mayo) Freeman's children: William J. (1847), Edward L. (1854) and Emily Gray (1850).



Samuel Ward (1990.63.1,2.96)

000040

1990.63.2.11
GHW to EMW
5 Sept 1861

Camp Foster Poolesville September 5th [Thurs] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

Here I am all alone in my tent, and the drums are just beating the Tattoo, which is the signal to go to bed; but officers are priviledged customers, so I thought I would write. Write where says I?, to my wife of course, and so I am going to. It has been a very wet disagreeable day, and we have taken things easy. We sort of pile in together such days, talk over matters, and things and the time passes off very pleasantly. My health is good, and have been so since we arrived here although it is not considered an extremely healthy country, at this season of the year.

Col. Saml H Leonard's Regmt arrived here last evening from Harpers Ferry.[1] They encamped right by the side of us, and the Field Officer we took into our own quarters. Walter Batchelder[2] who is Lieut Col stayed with me. We were 'right glad' to see each other. They left early this morning for Darnestown, about 8 miles below, to join Genl Banks, who was here last Tuesday. Things look equally, and I think we shall have a brush soon, somewhere on the Potomac.

Our Post Office arrangements are very imperfect. I havnt rec'd but three letters from you,[3] but frequently receive papers from Theo. Yours of the 26th August was duly rec'd. This is an out of the way place and the mails are not regular. The Chaplain is going to Washington tomorrow to arrange matters with the P.O. Department. Henry is well. Kiss the children for me. My love to all, and a great deal for yourself.

From <u>your</u>

George.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 5 Sept 1861

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[1] The 13th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Regiment.

[2] N. Walter Batchelder (1823 – 1868) of Boston. Lt. Col. of the 13th Mass Vol Inf. [Mass Soldiers & Sailors II, 71; Mass VR: Boston]

[3] Presumably the letters of Aug 14, 21, and 26. While he seems to be blaming the Post Office, there may be a bit of complaint here as well.

1990.53.2.121
EMW to GHW
7 Sep 1861

Worcester Sept. 7 [Sat], 1861

My Dear Husband,

It is a week since I received your last letter and I am very anxious to hear from you again. I sent you a letter last Sunday[1] and I hope it has reached you before this. We are all well, ~~we are all well~~ and are having some very pleasant weather rather dry, no rain to speak of for three weeks or more, which puts us to some inconvenience, since the soft water has failed us and the well diggers have not come to any spring. Father says the well don't look so deep as it did a week ago.

Georgie is looking very much like himself again. I took him up town with me the other day and it did him a great deal of good. I wish you could hear him talk, he has had a great deal to say today about Papa. I gave him your picture today, (I have lain aside one for his (special use) and he talked to it and kissed it and put it up to my mouth for a kiss and shewed it to "Robby". and at last held it up to the window so that Papa might see the children swing over the other side of the road, He is getting to be a very expert little drummer, I can't begin to make two clothespins rattle so fast as he does. He is Perfect on time and accent. He marches to his own music, stopping once in a few steps, to give the order "shoulder ups, (arms). Robby sits and watches, and laughs at him, and thinks it is very funny, They are all up Street this evening, Mother and all, and. I have charged them to bring me a letter. Your Chaplain and J.M.S. had each a letter in last Wednesday morning's Spy.[2] Mr.& Mrs. Fred. Leonard started last Wednesday evening for the 13th & 15th. I hope you have seen them before now. Here comes the folks with a letter, not another word till I've read it.[3]

A whole week your letter has been on the way, and now I want another one, you must have received my fourth letter[4] by this time. I sent a little note by Mrs. Leonard, and this letter shall start tomorrow morning, don't think I am willfully remiss about writing. I improve every opportunity that I can snatch from the children and my work. I haven't pretended to do any sewing at all. Now that Georgie amuse himself, and we have got Mother's things moved I shall have more time.

I saw Capt. Sprague on the St. last Wednesday, and he says he owes you a letter. He has been waiting to know what his prospects are about going Col. He seemed to feel as if he hadn't been used well, you will probably hear all about it for other sources. I am not posted as to the particulars. Spaulding called here with Mrs. Leonard & he said he was going to write to you as soon as Sprague's Reg't was decided about. I bought the shirts and am sorry that I couldn't wash them; but Mr. L. started sooner than he first intended and I had just time to buy them. I send you the two largest. He had only a few left and he says he shall not probably have any more. Have your shirts washed always in <u>cold</u> soft water with plenty of soap and rinsed in clear cold water and they will not full. I sent you some stockings and I hope they will fit .you. Shall not you need some

flannel drawers before cold weather? I have got a nice little cake of Mr. T.[5] ready for you when the tin box wants replenishing. Mrs. Leonard is coming down here as soon as she gets back from her journey, and shan't I ask her a few questions? I told her to bring me something from you a bit of evergreen or anything no matter what.

Father just came in to tell me what to write you about Mr. Fox's affairs. Father is running out the stock, he says if he gets 2000 dollars of the old debt it is as much & more than he expects. They owe him 4,000. He hopes they will pay 50 cts on a dollar. They will know better after the stock is worked up into cloth. He has so much a day for his services, he has charge of the whole until the stock is made up. Those who know best about matters say that Wm has not been fit to do business for the last six months. [6] Every thing is tangled up together. Dr. Woodward, and Hamilton[7] are going to live down in the old homestead with the girls.

Wm. owned 1/2 of the Mill, and one fifth of the other half, the girls own the rest.[8] Wm's property was mortgaged all over, and it is probable the Mill will go in to other hands and some sort of goods manufactured there.[9]

Father says if you will make out a bill and receipt it he will see Mr. Bullock. you can send the bill in a letter. I got the money of Father for the shirts, Theodore told me where to go, don't put yourself to any serious inconvenience about sending money to me although small favors would be gratefully received. I was telling Caroline[10] the other day to write to you and she said she would. Sarah[11] is going to have her teeth all extracted, soon. Willie[12] has been examined & admitted to the High School. Five scholars were examined and none but him admitted. The boys slapped him on the back with. "bully for you.". Elizabeth[13] was down here last Sunday night she and Charley[14] had just got home from Brewster. I am going to church tomorrow morning. Bobby was very good the other day when I left him at home. Sam has got a new wollen shirt, and he looks in it like a raw recruit. He has agreed to go to meeting with us tomorrow, and sit with us. Fred[15] is doing very well. They are trying to find a better place for Eddie.[16] Mother says tell George that Georgie ran away with my lead pencil today, and wouldn't let me have it because he was going to write a letter at Papa. Oh dear George when I get to writing I never want to stop. If these babies would only sleep without kicking the clothes off so. "Robert Linkin" is getting hungry

Good night

Emily.

Sunday I have just come from church and am stopping at C's.[17] I hear rumors of an engagement near you, and I am very anxious. Don't be too conspicuous -- to the Rebels I mean. Dismount and be with your men. I dread the fate that has followed so many mounted officers. I say this for all our sakes. Elizabeth[18] says part of your letter to Harvey Wilder[19] was in the Spy, but I have not seen it. Every body inquires for you and sends their love, Mr. Burrington, Dr N & our folks are all going to write to you. Give my love to Henry & James Dennis tell them both to write to me. Good by, my dear Husband make a better use of Winthrop's motto – "Be bold, – Be bold – but be not rashly bold," – than he did. With many prayers for your safety, your loving wife, Emily,

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 7 Sept 1861 (121)

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[1] Letter of 1 Sep 1861.

[2] William Scandlin was the Chaplain; JMS is unidentified. Emily must have been mistaken about the date of publication as the Spy for Wednesday, 4 September does not contain any letters from the 15th.

[3] GWH of 1 Sep 1861.

[4] Emily's fourth letter was the one written 29 August.

[5] Perhaps a local baker but not otherwise identified.

[6] William B. Fox, Jr. (1825 – 1861). Although the official cause of death was "epilepsy" one suspects Fox was depressed and may even have committed suicide. Dr. Woodward, his brother-in-law, signed the death certificate and was certainly in a position to present the circumstances, whatever they were, in the best light. [see EMW's letter of 26 Aug 1861]

[7] Sons-in-law Rufus Woodward (married Nancy Jane Fox 1856) and C. Willard Hamilton (married Eliza C. Fox 1859). [Worc VR]

[8] In the 1850 Census, William B. Fox, Sr is listed with William B. Fox (aged 27) and four girls, Nancy June (23), Anna Rebecca (18), Eliza C. (15), and Marian P. (9). These are presumably his children and would account for the five shares. Two other sons also survived, Charles and Thomas. [Worc VR; 1850 Census Roll 342, Pg 43, Hshld 263]

[9] The business went into insolvency (bankruptcy) but the mill continued to operate, at least until the war contract was completed. [see *Worcester Transcript* 16 Oct 1861]

[10] Caroline (Mayo) Freeman (1827 –1907), Emily's older sister. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[11] Sarah Abigail (Mayo) Harrington (1834 –), Emily's younger sister. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[12] William J. Freeman (1847 –), oldest child of Caroline (Mayo) Freeman and Emily's nephew. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[13] Elizabeth (Ward) Bartlett (1830 – 1885), George's youngest full sister and wife of Theodore H. Bartlett. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[14] Charles Artemas Bartlett (1850 –), son of Theodore and Elizabeth (Ward) Bartlett. [see Genealogical Appendix].

[15] Frederick William Ward (1848-), one of GHW's half-brothers. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[16] Edward Aiden Ward (1851-1890), GHW's youngest half-sibling. Just why he was placed outside the family is unclear. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[17] Probably her sister Caroline (Mayo) Freeman.

[18] Elizabeth (Ward) Bartlett.

[19] Harvey Wilder (183 – 1912) was clerk at the Registry of Deeds at the time. He later became Registrar of Deeds for Worcester County. The letter in question appeared in the Worcester Spy 7 Sept. In it the writer (unsigned but presumably GHW) complains about the short range of the "miserable smooth bores" the Regiment is equipped with, stating they dare not fire at the rebels across the Potomac lest they reveal how poorly armed they are.

Elizabeth Ward Bartlett (1990.63.1.2.74)

000045

1990.63.2.13
GHW to EMW
8 Sept 1861

Poolesville Sunday eving September 8th 1861

My Dear Wife and little children.

I recd yours letter of the 29th August, also one from Mrs Leonard's hands yesterday; they were both welcome I assure you. Mr. & Mrs. Leonard[1] arrived here yesterday accompanied by Col. Leonard.[2] They all took dinner with us and returned to Darnstown about 8 o'cl PM, where Col Leonard's Regmt are encamped, being about 6 miles from here towards Washington. I had had a presentiment for two or three days that somebody was coming, and I was exceedingly happy to see them. It was news direct from home, and how welcome it was.

I rode to Darnstown today and arr'ved just in season for services. Rev Mr Gaylord[3] of Boston is their Chaplain, and he talked and prayed beautifully, he is very smart and is very popular with the Regiment. I was glad to ~~hear~~ learn that Mr Burrington had returned and was able to resume his pa[s]toral duties. Give my love to him, also to his wife. I returned to Camp about 5 o'cl bringing Mr and Mrs Leonard with me. They will occupy my quarters tonight and I sleep with the Col.

I arrived home in season for our services which took place at 5 o'cl. Sundays we have Sunday school at 11 A. M, Services at 5 P.M, and prayer meeting at 71/2 o'cl in eveng Also conference meeting Wednesday evenings. Monday morning Mr and Mrs Leonard and I are going down to the river, I expect to go with them. I want her to go and see all the sights so as to be able to report ~~everything~~ in full to you. She will probably see some of the Rebel pickets, and it will be quite a plume in her bonnet. Much to Mrs Leonard's and my disappointment, it has been decreed that I remain at home and the Col. is to go. I knew he wanted to badly, so I was polite enough to intimate to him "that perhaps he would like to go" and he readily grasped at the opportunity.

We have six companies now on picket. Yesterday one of our men belonging to Leominster Company,[4] and one of their men. (both on picket duty) met in the middle of the river, and exchanged greetings. Our man gave them a Boston Journal, and they gave us a Mobile paper. They parted well pleased with their interview.[5] Tell Theo. I am very grateful for his papers; it is a great treat to us all. The shirts and stockings came to hand. I could have done without them for the present, but was so well pleased with the shirts I had, that by waiting I thought they would be all gone . My health never was better than since I arrived here.

We are troubled very much in getting our mail matter. And your letter of August 29th was rec'd same day Mrs Leonard arrived. I dont think their [*sic*] is any immediate prospect of the Lieut being left of[f] my title, that is by way of promotion. I don't think Col Devens would accept a promotion if it was offered to him. He hasnt the fullest confidence in himself. He knows he is well

supported now both front and rear. I think if he should make an effort he could get promoted but he is afraid he will make a Genl Pierce[6] of himself, this is strictly private.

I should be delighted to see you. I think of you and the children a great deal, and sometimes I think a man is to be pitied who hasnt a wife and children at home. Home sounds so much better, and then there are such strong attachments there that one feels ~~almost~~ all the better when he thinks of the loved ones at home and how happy we shall all be when we return. I like it, really enjoy it. Thus far we have been very pleasantly situated. Undoubtedly we shall have to rough it more or less, but we are prepared to. To be sure there is some risk about it so their is in most everything, but that is a secondary consideration. I contend that duty is preeminent, but then duty isnt the crowning motive; I find in all cases. Glory is a great word in the eyes of many. If Glory would be willing to compromise and take a little duty, I should think it ~~all the~~ would improve the dose.

Henry is well, and makes a very good soldier. Have you had any frosts yet to hurt the corn? How was the wheat? Do the pigs grow? Is the old barn removed? What kind of water in the well? &c &c. When Mrs Leonard returns she will give you the detailed particulars, I should like to be behind the door somewhere when she reports to you.

I have written this letter by littles it is now after 4 o'cl and the party have not vet returned from the river. I have sent to Worcester for a Rifle that I can sling across my back. Every thing goes on well. Among the Field and Staff, not an unpleasant word has been exchanged. We are in the midst of the Rebels. You inquire are you near Edwards Ferry? Yes only about 5 miles from there, and it is just the place to[o]. They are more afraid of us than we are of them. The pickets have agreed not to shoot any more across the river at the request from the other side. We propose to winter in Richmond or vicinity where it will be comfortable warm.[7] I have written a letter to Georgie which you must read to him. Mrs Leonard has just returned at 4 1/2 o.cl, she had a beautiful time. She is going soon and I must close. From your affectionate Husband

George

P. S. Inclosed you will find a flower of the Magnolia specie, plucked from the banks of the Potomac today (Monday) by Mrs. Leonard, at my request. I know you will prize it highly as it comes from Your Dear Husband

Geo.

in pencil: broupht by
Mr & Mrs Fred Leonard

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 8 Sept 1861 (13)

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[1] Frederick Smith and Ruth (-?-) Leonard of Worcester. Frederick Leonard was a partner with his father, Samuel Smith Leonard, in an express business between Worcester-Boston=New York.

[2] Samuel H. Leonard (–), Colonel of the 13th Mass Vol. Inf. Regiment.

[3] Noah Murray Gaylord (1824 –), a Universalist minister from Boston. Mustered in with the Regiment in July 1861, he resigned in March 1863 to become chaplain at the Campbell Hospital in Washington, D.C. His whereabouts after the war are not known (he apparently did not return to Boston but had died by 1894). [Boston City Dir; Charles Davis: *Three years in the Army* (Boston, 1896)]

[4] Company B.

[5] The incident is related in *the Worcester Spy* for 21 September and also in Ford, 56.

[6] Franklin Pierce (1804 – 1869), 14th President. The reference is probably to an incident in the Mexican War when Pierce was unhorsed. Some of his men began to flee and Pierce was (unjustly) accused of cowardice. He acquired the nickname, "Fainting Frank," as a result. In any event, Pierce was a typical "political general" and not well respected for his military abilities.

[7] George is reflecting the widely held beliefs that the War would be short and ended by the capture of the enemy's capital.

Fred Leonard (1990.63.1.2.71)

000049

Mrs Fred Leonard (1990.63.1.1.72)

000050

1990.63.2.12
GHW to GHW, Jr ("Georgie")
7 Sept 1861 [Sat]

My Dear little Georgie.

Papa was very happy to get ~~get~~ a letter from you. Papa would very much like to see you. You must try and remember your papa for he thinks a great deal of you. You must kiss Mama and Robie for papa, for I am away now, and ask God to be with papa all the time, when you say your little prayer. Tell Robie all about papa, and show him the colt, and piggies, and biddies,[1] and take him to ride in your little carriage. Papa was very sorry to hear Georgie was sick, and is now happy to hear he is well. You must write me another little letter, and tell papa all about your little things. Mama will. read you this letter, for I think you will not be able to, and then you must put it with your little things to show to papa when he comes home. Give my love to Eddie and Emmie and Willie[2] and kiss them for me to[o]

From Pa Pa

September 7, 1861

[1] Hens.

[2] The Freeman children: Eddie (1854), Emily (1850) and Willie (1847), Georgie's first cousins and GHW's nieces and nephews.

1990.63.2.14
GHW to EMW
14 Sept 1861

Poolesville Md September 14th [Sat] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

This is a beautiful morning, so clear and pleasant, and every thing appears to wear such an expression of self satisfaction that the effect is really charming. And then our evenings are so beautiful, the moon being just at that age, to make every thing look lovely. We have every thing to make us happy, every comfort which is desireable, health, friends, pleasant associations, and all the necessaries of life. I think we are particularly favored for some reason or other. Our location is the best of any in this vicinity. The best of feeling prevails in the Regmt and for some reason every body appears to speak well of us. Mass troops are well spoken of most everywhere and the good behavior of our men is doing more for the credit of the State, than all the bunkum speeches that our Representatives ever made in Congress. The rebels have large forces on the opposite side of the river, and what their intentions are we dont know, this much we are not at all afraid of them. I can distinctly see with my glass Leesburg, and several of their camps with the naked eye, from our camp. We keep a sharp look out, and if they out general our General they must be exceedingly well adapted to the military service. Every one expresses the utmost confidence Genl Stone. He is very shrewd, fully equal to the position which he occupies, rather quiet. and reserved in his manner, but is alive to every thing which takes place. either on this or the other side of the river. I believe he will be guilty of no rash act, but that sound judgement and mature deliberation will control all his movements.[1]

I suppose you have seen Mrs. Leonard before this will reach you, and as she is at liberty to tell all she knows about us and, as I know full well, able to do justice to the subiect, undoubtedly your desires will be realized. I was sorry to have them go, and we did our best to entertain them while they were here. They evidently went away much pleased with their visit.

I wish some one else would come now, would like to see you in preference to any one, perhaps I may see you before long. I weighed the other day 158 pounds which is more than I ever weighed before at this season, and within about 4 lbs of as much as I ever weighed. But I dont like to boast much. James Dennis[2] has been sick in the Hospital about a week, but is much better. He had fever, caused by unnecessary exposure. I think he will take care of himself in the future. Henry is well, Josh Freeman never was better. Two men arrived here from Clinton yesterday, much to the gratification of the Clinton Company.[3] Saturday (today) is in part a holiday, no drills in afternoon; the men Wash and clean up for Sunday inspection, which is very thorough. Their arms, equipments. clothing, persons, and quarters, are thoroughtly examined and the dirty ones are properly disposed of. I understand today that two more Mass Regmts are ordered here, the 19th &

20th.[4] "Bully for Mass"

Tell Georgie all you know. How I would like to kiss him and Robbie, and I think I should smile once if I saw you. My horse has been sick with severe cold. but is now getting better. I didnt, let Mrs Leonard see him because he was quite sick at the time, and I didnt care about her getting an unfavorable impression of him. Give my love to all who inquire after me. I ~~don't~~ mean only those who really feel an interest in my welfare.

It is a difficult matter to tell what is to be done here, evidently something is in the wind. Reinforcements are arriving, whether it is the intention to throw our troops on to the other side, I dont know, it looks a little; like it. The time has past for the Rebels to cope successfully with us. The Hatteras affair, the recent skirmish at Chain Bridge and several little conflicts of a lesser nature shows conclusively that the meridian of their glory is past.[5] Undoubtedly our forces will move forward early in October, with reliable officers and well disciplined men, and if rebellion in the south dont get all it has bargained for, I will confess <u>that</u> <u>I</u> <u>am</u> <u>no</u> <u>prophet</u>. ~~My~~ I am inclined to think that a simultaneous movement is intended at this point ~~and~~ ~~Washington~~, in connection with one at Washington. These are all conjectures, nobody can tell for a certainty, at any rate, I would much prefer to winter "down in old VA" than to remain here. As it is about time to close the mail, I must bid you goodby.

From your loving husband

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 14 Sept 1861 (14)

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[1] General Stone's reputation rapidly deteriorated after the Battle of Ball's Bluff on 21 Oct 1861. He most likely did not deserve the calumny heaped upon him as a result of that disastrous affair. [Farwell]

[2] James Tyler Dennis (1841 –), Emily's cousin in Co G of the 15th.

[3] Company C.

[4] The 19th (Col Edward Hinks) was recruited from Lynn and Boston; the 20th (Col William Lee) from the Boston area (the 20th was known as the "Harvard Regiment as so many of its officers were students or graduates of that University). At Ball's Bluff, the 19th (absent Co. K.) remained on Harrison's Island, the 20th crossed to the Virginia mainland and was actively engaged, Col. Lee being captured.

[5] At this time there was still the thought that the war would be but a few months' affair, a sentiment that did not change until the following year. A combined naval-army force had destroyed forts at Hatteras Inlet in late August. The

"skirmish at Chain Bridge" is perhaps a reference to the initial 'assault' against Munson's Hill in Arlington, supposedly supported by a large Confederate cannon, which later turned out to be a painted log. [Foote I, 103-104; 115-116]

1990.63.2.122
EMW to GHW
15 Sep 1861

Worcester Sept 15th [Sun], 1861

My Dear Husband.

I received your letter of the 5th last Thursday and have been trying to write an answer ever since. I have written you five letters[1] besides the note I sent by Mr. & Mrs. Leonard, and you must have got them by this time. There was a report last week that your Reg't were at Fort Albany, opposite Washington,[2] and I was very glad of it. Tonight when Mother came home from meeting, she said it was all a mistake, and you were still at Poolesville. I couldn't have been more disappointed for I could hear from you so much more directly if you were near Washington. Our neighbor Grout[3] has enlisted in the new Worcester County Reg't. He has engaged Mr. Hallet[4] to catty on his farm for him. One of the Goddard[5] girls writes letters to somebody in Co. D. of the 15th and she has called on me twice to inquire if I have heard lately from Mr. Ward and how must she direct her letters.

We are getting along at home about as usual. We are all well and if I could be free from anxiety on your account, I should be quite happy, but I do want to see you so. I'm having a real good cry for you now, but it don't bring you any nearer, though you are thinking of your "Triv"[6] tonight, I know you are. You would be proud of our two little boys, if you should see them. Robby is growing handsome and Georgie improves very fast, he talks and looks more like Carrie[7] every day. He has his Father's walk precisely, and we laugh every day to see him swing his arms and grow out his chest so like Papa. I am making him some new frocks.

William Harrington has lost his youngest child, a little girl most four years old. She died of disease of the brain.[8] Caroline was there through most of her sickness. Martin Stowe[9] died quite suddenly last week of apoplexy. He had had two fits and was getting over them, and had been telling his wife that if nothing more took place, he should get well right away, when he was taken in another fit and died very soon. Mother called to see James' wife today and found her very low, her baby is getting better.[10] Did you know that John Goodhue[11] was married? So they say. I haven't heard the particulars, if there were any, the mere fact was remarkable enough of itself.

What a good time you must have had with the Officers of the 15th.[12] I am very impatient for Mrs. Leonard to get home, if she hasn't seen you I shall be sorry enough., though I envied her the privilege. Mother sends her love; she is going to write as soon as she has time, making 14 lbs of butter a week and taking "boarders" keeps her pretty busy..

Monday morning. I was getting Robby to sleep up stairs just now and I heard Georgie on the stairs, talking to an old basket that he was trying to bring up, "Where Papa? Baksit! Baksit don't you know where Papa? Papa gone way off, see the piggies, " That was a new idea entirely; he saw a drove

of pigs the other day and has a great deal to say about them since. Since he was sick we have had to give him potatoe rather sparingly; this morning he wanted. more than we saw fit to give him and he broke out, "Georgie want some pills," why said I are you sick? "I tired, Georgie want pills, make him well, so he can have tato," He is standing at the chamber window taking aim at the rooster & a half a dozen hens, with a stick, "There, I soot the wister old hen I soot you." Bang! and now he is coming to kiss "Bobby" because he is asleep; now, he is down stairs; by the noise I should think he was drawing the kitten in his carriage, and so he goes from morning till night, the life of the whole house. I asked him what I should tell Papa, and he says "tell Papa bout dese piggies,"

We are having some very warm pleasant weather, good for harvesting. The wheat was not so bad as we expected it would be. I am going to direct this letter to Poolesville Md. and I don't believe but what you will get it sooner, tell me next time you write what is the best way to direct. Give my love to Henry, James and the rest and take good care of yourself. I shall write again in a few days. Your loving wife

Em.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 15 Sept 1861 (122)

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[1] Letters 116 – 121.

[2] On the Virginia side of the Potomac. The site is now paved over by a highway.

[3] William G. Grout (1827 – ?1874), a farmer on Greenwood St in Quinsigamond. He was mustered into the 25th Mass Vol Inf Regt on 27 Sept 1861 and discharged for disability in March 1863. On the 1860 Census roll, his family is two removed from the Wards. His farm and dwelling appear on the Beers 1870 Map of Worcester. [1860 Census: Roll 532, Pg 205, Hshld 1171; Mass Soldiers & Sailors III, 23]

[4] Gideon Hallett (1813 – 1874). The 1863 Worc City Dir has a ---- Hallet, farmer on Greenwood Street and he is listed as Gideon Hallett in 1864. The Hallett family was living in Auburn in 1860, probably near the Worcester line. [1860 Census: Roll 531, Pg 23, Hshld 186]

[5] Samuel Goddard on Greenwood St committed suicide in Sep 1859. In 1860 his widow, Eliza, and two daughters, Eliva (aged 13) and Abby (aged 12) were living three households down from the Wards. The soldier in question is not identifiable. Abigail married Charles Currier in 1870 (who was not in the 15th). [VR Worc; 1860 Census: Roll 532, Pg 205, Hshld 1772 (the Wards were listed as Hshld 1768)]

[6] Obviously a nickname for Emily shared between her and George although its origin and significance remain private.

[7] Caroline Mayo Ward (1854 – 1856), George and Emily's first child. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[8] Isabell "Isie" Harrington, aged 3 years 8 months, died 10 Sept 1861 in Millbury. The cause of death is given as "inflammation of the brain, measles". She undoubtedly died of measles encephalitis, a complication of measles occurring about 1 per 1,000 cases which still remains only symptomatically treatable today. [Mass VR: Millbury]

[9] Martin Stow(e) (1814 – 1861), a dry goods merchant living on Crown Hill with a store at 261 Main St. Stowe died 12 Sept. [Worc VR; 1861 Worc City Dir]

[10] The improvement, if true, was short lived as the child died 27 Sept (the mother died 30 Sept). [see EMW letter of 29 Sept; Mass VR: Millbury]

[11] John Milton Goodhue (1814 – 1895). He was a member of the Worcester City Guards prior to the War and thus would have been well known to George. He served in the 3rd Battalion Rifles (a 3 month unit serving May-July 1861) and at this time was a Captain in the 11 US Army Infantry Regiment. He married, 11 Sep 1861, Mary C. Black in Holden. 46 years old at the time, he must have been considered a confirmed bachelor. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors V, 304; VI, 763; Mass VR: Holden]

[12] Emily must mean the 13th.

1990.63.2.123
EMW to GHW
21 Sep 1861

At home Sep 21st [Sat] A.M.
Upstairs with one foot on Robie's cradle

My Dear Husband,

Emmie[1] is downstairs amusing Georgie, and I make the most of the opportunity to write. Mr. & Mrs. Leonard came home last Monday P.M. Harvey Wilder & Mrs. Leonard came down here in the evening. As I was glad enough to see them I assure you. Your watch seemed like a part of yourself; the hands point to 10 minutes past 8 o'clock; and 10 minutes past 8 it shall be when you see it again. I kept Mrs. Leonard talking for an hour or more and she hasn't told me half yet. I am going up there as soon as I can. She brought the letter and the flower.[2] I thank you and her too, for being so thoughtful, and I prize the flower all the more for being plucked from the banks of the Potomac. The bullet I haven't seen yet, it was in Mrs. Leonard's portemonnie[3] and she forgot it I hope all the bullets & balls that threaten you will prove equally harmless to you, but I can't imagine what sent the bullet back again, unless you made such a bad shot that it was indignant, and came back to be sent again.

Hearing Mrs. Leonard talk makes me want to go to you worse than ever. I must come some time. Nothing keeps me but my babies, and they do keep me, not only from you, but from everything else![4] (How wicked that sounds, now I have written it:) As if I didn't love them better than any thing in the world except their "Papa", only I wish they were a little older. I had to have Robie vaccinated a second time, and today is the 11th day, he has two great vesicles on his leg,[5] and has been quite sick with them for the last three days. Nothing ails him but the symptoms attendant upon vaccination and those he has thoroughly. Last night we put Georgie in Mother's room, to sleep, because I couldn't take care of him and Robie too; he woke and found himself in her bed, and he was bound to get up, but after screaming for an hour at the top of his lungs he went to sleep, & slept well all night, and is quite docile this morning. He came to the foot of the stairs just now, "MaMa, you got my drum sticks? lost am down here, will you?" he meant throw them. He says "Papa's gone to war, to shoot the naughty man."

Sunday. This is my day to go to meeting but Robie is not well enough to be left. We had a beautiful rain last night, and today is rather lowry, it is only the second good rain that we have had for 6 weeks. They have but just come to water in the well; after digging, or rather blasting (for there were rocks all the way down), twenty feet, they came to a flat rock as smooth as a table. Upon blasting that, the water began to come in, and the next morning they drew out two tubfulls. Henry brought me in some pieces of the rock & I send them to you as specimens of the very foundation of Old Massachusetts.

I undertook to make a spread below but as father says it didn't come out as I expected and I erased it.[6] The oats were rather poor yielding about fifty bushels. The rye was not as good as last year, but the wheat was better than you all thought it would be. It is not all threshed yet, but Sam carried a bushel to mill Saturday and Mother made some beautiful graham bread from it. The corn did very well, but of all the crops the cucumbers take the lead; mother has put down two firkins full already and still they come.

Saturday Mr. Tatman[7] began to take the barn away. He is going to tear up the floor and move it whole. He found a brood of sixteen chickens, just hatched, under the barn floor, and a nest with twenty two eggs in it. Georgie was down to the barn with mother when they found the eggs and he brought them up in a tin pail, "such lots um eggs". The new barn and the barnyard wall are splendid. The first time the cows & oxen were driven in to the new yard, the oxen walked up the steps and in to their stalls as if they had never known any other. One cow walked up the steps and finding the door shut turned and walked back again.

I have received your letter of the 14th. That same "beautiful moon" was shining to my chamber window when they brought it home, I am very glad to know that you are so pleasantly situated. You say that for some reason every one seems to speak well of you. That is true, the 15th stands 2nd only among the Mass. Reg'ts, so Capt Pratt[8] said when he came home, and he is impartial. With "duty" for your watchword, a good name is as sure "to follow as the night the day," It is a great satisfaction to the mothers and sisters of the young men of the Reg't to hear of their good behavior. I speak of those who have sent their boys, and have dreaded exposing them to the dissipation too often [the next line is cut away] connected with soldier life.

Mrs. Timothy Burbank[9] called on me the other day to know how to direct to someone in the 15th. Her daughter has a friend in the Webster Co.[10] The recruiting; business has been rather better for the last week. Wilson's war meeting a week ago gave it an impetus that was very much needed.[11] To hear great lubberly fellows with nothing to do say "they would enlist if they thought they could stand it." The 25 Reg't, Col. Upton,[12] goes into Camp this week, on the agricultural grounds. I am going to try to see Lieut. Col. Sprague before he leaves. I pity his wife and him when I think of what they must bear a second time in bidding good bye.[13]

I am going to try to see Mrs. Leonard again this week and have her tell me more about you and your surroundings. I forgot to ask a word about your moustache She says all she regretted was that she had to come home. She is very public spirited and fully able to carry out all her whole souled projects for the benefit of the soldiers. Had you been behind the door when [the-next line is cut off from-the paper]

Sunday evening. Theo, Elizabeth, and Charley[14] have just gone home from here, they came down to tell us about Eddie.[15] John Greenleaf[16] who lives Rutland, a half a mile from where Eddie is now,

will take Eddie and keep him this winter and send him to school. Theo told him that if he found Eddie to be any expense to them, more than what he could repay by doing light chores, (as they have no boy of their own,) he would pay it himself. He is coming home this week to be clothed up for winter and we are all very glad that such a good place is offered him. E. says you have not answered her letter.[17] Theodore has been very kind indeed, he said there was a letter coming for me tonight at 8 o'clock but I guess he is mistaken; perhaps you are writing one tonight. I have promised to spend a day up to Elizabeth's this week if all the children are well.

Robie's leg looks better today, but he has been very troublesome, tonight he seems to sleep better than he has done for several nights. Georgie has gone to bed with mother. I don't intend to have him sleep with her all the time because we don't think it would be so well for him but we want to get him so that he will sleep away from me without raising the house. He has written a letter to send to Papa and has made something on it that he calls Papa. I have been looking for it to put in with my letter but I am afraid he has lost it. He looked as pleased as could be when I read your letter to him, and took it and held it over Robie's face as he lay in the cradle. This letter is long enough now but still I keep spinning it out. Write if you are in need of anything that I can send you. Give my love to all the soldiers, remember me particularly to Col Leonard and Lieut Col. B[18] of the 13th when you see them. I hope your anticipation of spending the winter in Old Va, will be realized, and I hope this letter will not be a week on the way, from your loving wife in her night dress.

Em.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 21 Sep 1861 (123)

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[1] Emily Gray Freeman (1850 –), daughter of Caroline (Mayo) Freeman and EMW's niece.

[2] A magnolia blossom (see GHW of 8 Sept)

[3] *Porte-monnaie*: a purse or pocket book.

[4] Emily was still nursing Robert Lincoln who was born in February.

[5] At this time vaccination against smallpox was commonly done on the outer thigh rather than the shoulder.

[6] This is written on the top of the page, above 1 1/2 scratched out lines.

[7] The Wards had several Tatman neigbors: Reuben (with son, Levi), John, Daniel (and his son, Charles).

[8] Presumably Charles R. M. Pratt, Captain, Co E., 13th Mass Vol Inf Regt. [Mass Soldiers & Sailors II, 100]

[9] Susan A. (Willard) Burbank, a neighbor of the Wards in Quinsigimond Village. She died of pneumonia in November 1861 at age 44. [1860 Census: Roll 532, Pg 207, Hshld 1789; Worc VR]

[10] Company I. [Mass Soldiers & Sailors; 15th Mass web site]

[11] Henry Wilson (1812 – 1875), US Senator from Massachusetts, later Vice-President inthe 2nd Grant administration (he would die in office). In September 1861, he was the organizing Colonel for the 22nd Mass Vol Inf. He would serve in that capacity only until the end of October. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors, II, 651]

[12] Edwin Upton (1816 – 1894) of Fitchburg. Colonel of the 25th Mass Vol Inf. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors III, 3]

[13] Augustus Brown Reed Sprague (1827 – 1910) and Elizabeth Jane (Shepard) (1826 – 1889). Following the War, Sprague returned to Worcester and was active in public life being a banker, sheriff and mayor. Col. Sprague had been posted to Ft. McHenry (Baltimore) in April 1861 for three months with the 3rd Battalion of Rifles (part of the 5th Mass Vol Inf Regiment), Major Charles Devens commanding, thus Emily's comment on the second "good-bye". [Nutt III, 57-59]

[14] The Bartletts.

[15] Edward Aiden Ward.

[16] John Chamberlain Greenleaf (1805 – 1885). John Greeleaf's farm can be located on an 1870 map of Rutland. There are several possibilities for a placement ½ mile distant. The 1865 Rutland Census is too badly faded to locate the Greenleaf family and it is likely that Edward would have no longer been with them.

[17] From the context, Elizabeth (Ward) Bartlett. At this stage of the Civil War, neither the civilian nor military population had any concept of what would be involved and that the ordinary "social amenities" would be impossible to maintain.

[18] N. Walter Batchelder (1823 – 1868) of Boston. Lt. Col. of the 13th Mass Vol Inf. [Mass Soldiers & Sailors II, 71; Mass VR: Boston]

1990.63.2.15
GWH to EMH
25 Sep 1861

Poolesville Md. September 25th [Wed], 1861

My Dear Wife and Babies,

I havn't much of any thing to write about only to say that we are getting along about as usual. We are still here, and I don't know but we are liable to remain here for the present. I hope not though, for I think as the cold weather advances, we would find that a more southern climate would be better adapted to our comfort. Four of our companies are down to the river, on picket duty including Co D. Henry is there & is in good health. I sent him down some tobacco and matches this morning. I go myself frequently.

Mr Knox,[1] our sutler, starts for Worcester today and I told him to call on Theo at the P.O. I sent no word in particular. We had a 'Grand Review' yesterday by Genl Stone. The Field and. Staff officers appeared in full dress, which was the second time since we left home. The other time was at Camp Kalorama, in Washtn. My horse has been quite sick. I thought for a day or two I should lose him, but he is getting well. We recd orders a few days since to reduce our baggage to the Army regulation weight. I am allowed 100 lbs which will make it necessary for me to curtail considerable but I can take every thing which is actually necessary for me to have. We are living in good shape now, but no knowing how soon we shall be obliged to "rough it". When it is actually ~~do~~ it necessary we can do it. But so long as we can have every thing to make us comfortable we propose to have it. In relation to that Goddard girls "soldier fellow" I asked Henry and he didn't know of anyone in Company D. Plim,[2] the fellow that cooked for me some, is in Company G and he says he gets a letter from there occasionally. G Is the Grafton Company.

I see by the papers that the new Regiment[3] is to be a success and also that great sacrifice have been made, at a pecuniary loss by young men eager to show their patriotic devotion to the Stars & Stripes. How commendable. Many are to leave young families. Others sold out their business. Others gave up lucrative situations &c &c for the purpose of entering the rank and file of the American Army. All may be very true. But I suppose, that nobody else ever <u>did</u> such a thing. These things all look very well on paper, but to boast of the sacrifice that is made looks to me like a man getting up in the night, and driving robbers from his house. And then boasting of how much sleep he sacrificed by doing it. It is creditable perhaps to some people to sacrifice something, but then some people never would make the sacrifice, if they didn't suppose every body would know it.

<u>September 26th.</u> Today being Fast day the usual drills are dispensed with and I have just come in from services. We had short sermon &c &c. Some of our mess went hunting yesterday, and got some pigeons and gray squirrels. And are going to have a pot pie of them for dinner. Which is about ready. I have no doubt but that I shall enjoy it exceedingly, that is if my appetite holds out, and I

have every reason to it will. We have plenty of fruit here, peaches, grapes. A few pears. But not many apples. Everything here is about 50 years behind New England or perhaps I should say Mass. Slavery here is one of the sacred institutions, and the demoralizing effect of it is everywhere apparent. It is a nigger for every thing. The whites are shiftless and indolent, and the slaves are ~~not much better~~ worse still. We have several contrabands,[4] who swam the Potomac, came from Va. & among the Rebels. We have to keep them because they may be spies but would much prefer to turn them lo[o]se. They are hardly worth keeping.[5] The mail has just arrived and no letters for me from home. Goodbye

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 25 Sept 1861 (15)

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[1] Not firmly identified but perhaps Robert Knox (1820 – 1866), shoemaker. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[2] No one by this name is listed in the 15th roster. There are both a Frank A. and Webster Plympton listed as a privates in Company G; George may be referring to one or the other. Both were in their early 20s.

[3] Referring to the 25th Mass Vol Infantry.

[4] A general term for escaped slaves. .

[5] See Ford, 57 for a similar view of the escapees

1990.63.2.124
EMW to GHW
29 Sep 1861

Worcester Sept, 29th [Sun] /61

My Dear Husband,

I received your letter of the 19th last Tuesday[1], and it gave me a great deal of comfort as your letters all do. I have reason to congratulate myself on having such a good letter writing husband, all wives are not quite so fortunate. Theo says I have more letters than any of the rest of them. Did you know that you had been in Camp three months? I think it almost remarkable that you have bean so well all the time. I wish you were where you could have your picture taken to send us, while you are in such good condition.

Georgie is looking quite himself again. He is getting quite chubby and you wouldn't wonder if. you could see him eat, he hasnt been so hearty before for more than three months. He hasn't been out doors to play much lately, he is so much afraid there will be a "blast. " If he happens to be downstairs when they draw the ladder up out of the well which they always do just. before a blast, he will hurry up stairs as fast, as he can come and stay until the "bang" is over. They will commence stoning the well up Monday, and we are glad enough, for we are heartily tired of the noise, to say nothing of the smell of the powder.

Mr. Grout[2] went into camp yesterday. I was out drawing Robie the other day and I called on his wife, she is going to move up stairs, and Mr. Hallet's family are coming in down stairs. Sam says Levi Tatman[3] enlisted, but their wouldn't take him, because he had only two teeth. I have promised Theo. to visit Camp Lincoln[4] with him next week. I shall take Georgie. I want him to see the soldiers and hear the drums. He talks a great deal about you and I expect he will think he is going to see you if I take him over to the camp. I wish ,you could hear him drum, and see him too. He has lost his drumsticks so he uses clothespins, and he handles them so gracefully. "I would give a dollar if George could only see him drum", says Mother this morning. We would give more than a dollar if George could see him or if we could see George.

I am glad to see by tonight's paper no warlike movements reported on either side the Potomac. Does the news from Missouri make the Rebels any bolder?[5] Don't be too anxious to "force" an acquaintance with them. I am so fearful that you will find their strength to have been underrated. Oh! isn't this a horrid war? I stopped writing just now and opened the Bible to the 27th Psalm, 13 verse, read the whole Psalm. It is beautiful.[6] Fast day was observed in Worcester. Meetings were held in most of the churches, I presume you have reports of them.[7] I spent the day, at Elizabeth's[8] and enjoyed it much. I read your letter to E. which she received the night previous and am sorry that you are obliged to reduce your baggage. Write and tell me what part of it you dispense with.

You tell me not to have any more cries about you, George. I will promise not to borrow any trouble but it does me good, once in a while, to have a good cry. I am afflicted with a kind of heart complaint for which there is no permanent cure but a thorough application of a Military vest, such as you wear, as that is not to be had at present I rely on doses of letters, taken often, to keep me comfortable. I am very pleasantly situated. here at home.[9] No care of the house work comes upon me. I take care of my own rooms and see to the children, and when are well I have a good deal of time to sew. I have a great deal of lost time to make up in that particular, for the last year my work has gone no how. After all, you and I are both happier than we were last year in most respects, and sometimes I think that all the vexations & perplexities of last year have served to make us more reconciled to the present. I called the other day to see James's wife.[10] She is very low and she has had the notion that I had borrowed her mouth to have my picture taken, and had left her mine which was sore. She told Caroline she wished Emily would bring back her mouth. Their little baby died yesterday. It was worn to a skeleton.[11] Sarah Ward[12] came down to spend the day with me, the very [one] that I went to E's. She stopped with mother and had a nice time. She is doing very well indeed and weighs 118 lbs.

Mr. Haskell[13] has sold his place to Mr. Lincoln,[14] the butcher, and has paid Father three hundred dollars and will pay three hundred more in a few days. Haven't you heard from Joseph[15] yet? We have not and are anxious about him. Georgie gave me a kiss to put in Papa's letter, when he went to bed. He has written a letter to send you He always makes a picture of Papa, this time he has two. I am going to write a letter for him soon. Love to all and more than I can tell for yourself, your loving wife Em.

[Enclosed with this letter is a small letter from Georgie. It shows the childish scribblings and has the accompanying note:]

Georgie has written another letter. You see he has a decided taste for drawing, he has made a picture of himself and one of Papa. He sits on the floor now looking at a picture, where he says some boys are running a "Doubley lick."

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 29 Sept 1861 (124)

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[1] 24 September. The mails from the Poolesville area to Worcester seemed to run regularly, subject only to vagaries in the weather.

[2] William G. Grout.

[3] Levi Tatman (1826 -), son of Reuben and Mary (Wiser) Tatman. John Tatman (1785 – 1760) bought 200 acres in Quinsig-amond Village in 1737 and his descendants lived in the area for over 150 years; in 1860 four Tatman families were neighbors of the George Ward family, Levi living with his parents. [Nutt I, 240; 1860 Census: Roll 532, Pg 205, Hshld 1764]

[4] Located on the Agricultural Fair Gounds (now the Worcester Tennis Club). It was named for Gov. Levi Lincoln and not the President. [Nutt II, 590]

[5] Confederate forces under Sterling Price had defeated Union troops led by Nathaniel Lyon (who was killed) at Wilson"s Creek in mid-August. The "news from Missouri" in the *Worcester Spy* for the preceding week had been of Price's investment of Lexington, Missouri and the subsequent surrender of over 2,800 Union men.

[6] This familiar Psalm begins: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" The 13th verse is:

"I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

[7] A holdover from early colonial times, communal Fast Days were held to acknowledge general "sins" of the community and to seek forgiveness and the return of God's favor.

[8] Elizabeth (Ward) Bartlett.

[9] On the Mayo-Ward farm in Greenwood St in Quinsigamond Village. (Emily would be living in Worcester by 1863 and refers to the 10 Gold Street address as "home" in her letters at that time.)

[10] Susan (Martin) Dennis. She would soon die (30 Sept) of consumption. [Mass VR: Millbury].

[11] The death date in the Millbury records is 27 Sept, not the 28th. While the cause of death was given as "consumption", it is possible the mother was just unable to nurse her properly, being so ill herself.

[12] Sarah Ward (1846 – 1863), George's half-sister. Probably so designated to distinguish her from Emily's sister, Sarah (Mayo) Harrington although Emily could just as well said, "your sister, Sarah" as using this more formal address. Sarah would die of "consumption" in May 1863 (see EMW letter of) and must have been showing symptoms of weight loss at this time.

[13] George Haskell (1810 –), a woolen manufacturer in Millbury. The property in question was land and buildings in the Armory Village section of Millbury which he sold for $2,800. His debt was probably for cloth bought from the Fox Mills. [Worcester Country Registry of Deeds 643, 598]

[14] Isaac M. Lincoln (1821 – 1905) of Millbury.

[15] Joseph S. Dennis.

1990.63.2.16
GHW to EMW
1 Oct 1861

Poolesville Md October 1st [Tues] 1861

My Dear Wife,

Your last was duly rec'd reporting Mrs. Leonard's arrival. The mail has just arrived and I rec'd letter from Elizabeth, and a note from Theo announcing your arrival there that day with the children, I think he said Fast Day. Was very glad to hear that everything was progressing so well. I havnt time to write but a word as the mail closes soon, and I have been busy today visiting the pickets at the river. It makes about 18 miles of horse back ride. I go by way of Conrad's Ferry, and return by way of Edward's Ferry. Col P. W. Taft[1] who arrived yesterday accompanied me, and was well pleased with the opportunity, but he was quite tired tonight from the effects of the ride, and I believe some sore. Mr. Rice[2] at Fisk & Goddards, also Mr Scott[3], firm of Scott & Ellis, arrived in camp tonight, so you see we are having plenty of company.

The nights are getting quite cool but I am well supplied with blankets so I am comfortable We learn nothing farther in relation to our future movements, but new troops are arriving almost daily. Three Regmts are expected from Washington tonight that were in that shameful and disgraceful affair at Munson Hill.[4] I want to call it something worse but let the above suffice for now.

Henry is well. Josh told me today that he understood Josiah was "mad as devil" because he didnt write to him. He says he is going to write to Josiah immediately after the first fight. He will then write full particulars. all about it. Tell Emmie I shall answer her letter very soon. I dont intend to slight her by any means. ~~I had~~ I never have rec'd any answer from Joseph. I wrote to him about six weeks ago. James Dennis is getting along well. Kiss the little baby boys for me, tell them lots of things about PaPa. A bushel of love to you all. From your dear Husband

George.

P. S. I have written this in a great hurry and leave the mistakes for you to correct as I havn't time

G.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 1 Oct 1861 (16)

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[1] Putnam W. Taft (1807 – 1872). One of the founders of the Republican Party in Worcester, narrowly defeated for mayor in 1857. He would have been about 54 years old and the exertion strenuous for a man of his age. [Nutt I, 399]

[2] Charles Williams Rice (~1810 – 1883), watchmaker. Fiske and Goddard was a jewelry store at 195 Main St. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[3] Gilman Scott (~1809 –), grocer. Store with Nathan B. Ellis at 99 Front Street. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[4] When the position was "taken" by the Union (the Confederates had abandoned it), the "cannon" defending were found to be but painted logs. [Foote I, 103-04]

1990.63.2.125
EMW to GHW
3 Oct 1861

Oct 3, [Thurs] 1861

My Dear Husband,

The babies are asleep for the night. I rocked Georgie off to the tune of "little Bopeep", and mother spirited Robie away to the "land of Nod" with "Hush my dear", and now I am at liberty to write to you. I was looking at your last letter of the 25th just now, and .you began it by saying you hadn't much of anything to write about, as if you hadn't yourself and as if I hadn't rather hear about yourself than anybody or anything else. I wish I could have a good long talk with you How many questions I should ask; you would have harder work to get to sleep than you used to when you came from Camp Scott. I should want to know more about the Grand Review, and how you & your brother Officers are supposed to stand in the estimation of your Generals & Generalissimos.

Did you see the Spy containing the letter signed P. (N. Paine I suppose) describing his visit to the 15th & 13th Reg'ts?[1] If you have not seen it I will send it to you; if you have I need make no comments upon it, but such a pointed "letting alone" of your name while bestowing so <u>much</u> flattery upon others, is almost laughable, and goes here for just what it is worth. Don't Imagine that the 15th are slighted. Worcester people are proud of their interest in it and we all know that you occupy your present position because you were most reliable. The 21st are nearer Washington, and easier of access to those <u>plucky</u> "friends" who are afraid to go farther on. They ought to have Mrs. Leonard to put them through. She was telling me that Fred thought she couldn't get to Poolesville because she couldn't ride in any thing but a nice carriage, why, said I "you might go horseback," "horseback" said she "I could go on a <u>clothes horse</u>."

I haven't been to visit Camp Lincoln yet Col. Sprague told Theo, to wait until next week, and the Reg't would make a much better appearance. I went to church last Sunday. Mr Burrington[2] inquired very particularly about you and wished to be remembered when I wrote to you. He is going to write to you, and those young men in company D. from our society making one communication do for the whole. Caroline received your letter last Sat; it was up to Sarah's Sunday so I trudged up there on my way home from meeting and had the pleasure of reading it on my way down to the Farm. Caroline is going to write to Josh soon. Mother says, "Tell George my letter will be a good one when I <u>do</u> write." She is only waiting for a <u>chance</u> to write to you and James Dennis. Willie is going to join the McClellan Guards, a Co. of boys, none admitted under five feet; he is five feet and two inches.[3] Ned is not quite tall enough.[4]

I spent the day in Worcester yesterday. James Dennis' wife died last Monday and we all went up yesterday to her funeral.[5] She was carried to Hope Cemetery. I went on the St. in the afternoon and took Georgie; he seated himself on the door step to Frank's Store and watched the

passers by, as easy as "old Tilly". Sarah is going to make him a new hat and I went into Lee's[6] to get a frame, fitted to his head; while we were waiting he hunted up a bandbox and began to drum in fine style with his fists for drumsticks.

I went into the Periodical Office for a paper and saw S. V. Stone.[7] He is looking rather poorly. He says he is lame still. He inquired after you and so did every one that I saw. Caroline drove up St. the other day, and as she stopped, John Kendall[8] stepped up and offered to hitch her horse for her. She thought he didn't know her but when she thanked him, he wanted to know if she had "heard from George lately". I drove our Kate[9] up to Worcester & home again this afternoon. Was not that quite a feat. Julia and Georgie went with me. I mustn't forget to tell you that Julia is quite anxious to know who does your "washishing". She says, "Tell Mister Ward if he will do up a bundle of clothes and send home, I'll wash thim fuss rate". How do you get along about your clothes, are they washed and mended as they ought to be? And how does Jonothan do?

Mrs. Leonard thought you would be obliged to have some one else to wait upon you and let him go into the ranks. I was sorry to hear that Dr.Bates was sick,[10] I hope he is well now. Take the best of care of your own head don't get sick. We are all very well at home. Georgie &.Robie are as fat as butter. Eddie Ward is here. He came down this morning and we kept him all night. He is going to Rutland Saturday.[11] The well is done it has cost $180, and it is worth a thousand. Father thinks of putting a pump out doors. I have filled my sheet without writing a word hardly about the children, next time I will put them on the first page. Georgie talks about you ever so much. No more tonight from your loving

Em

4th P.S. I sent you two papers; one had Holmes' piece about the teeth and the grinders[12] and the other had a Fast day sermon that I knew you would like.[13] Love to all and ever so much for yourself. This is a beautiful day quite warm and the woods are dressed in their gayest fall colors. E.

[Included with this letter is a paper with scribbles on it. Two of them are entitled "Papa" and presumably done by Georgie.]

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 3 Oct 1861 (125)

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[1] Nathaniel Paine (1832 – 1917), Worcester banker. The letter, appearing in the *Worcester Spy* for 25 Sept 1861, did not contain anything pejorative of the 15th or its officers but failed to mention George at all. [Nutt IV, 556]

[2] Linley Murray Burrington, minister of the Universalist Church. [Nutt II, 888]

[3] William J. Freeman, Emily's nephew. Recruiting advertisements for the McClelland Guards appeared regularly in the *Worcester Spy* at this time.

[4] "Ned" usually refers to Edward L. Freeman, Emily's nephew and Willie Freeman's brother. However, he would have been just 7 years old at this time.

[5] Susan S. (Martin) Dennis. She died 30 September. [see prior letters of EMW]

[6] Harrison (Harry) Otis Lee (1821 – 1894), bonnets, at 154 Main Street. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[7] Samuel V. Stone (1822 – 1875), S. Thompson's books and periodicals at 247 Main Street. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[8] John Kendall (1810 – 1874), an insurance agent with offices at 263 Main Street. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[9] Kate: the Ward's carriage horse.

[10] Joseph N. Bates (1811 – 1883) was ill most of the fall of 1861 and was discharged from service in early 1862. [1861/63 Worc City Dir; Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 133; Ford]

[11] See Emily's letter of 21 Sept.

[12] A satirical piece by O[liver] W[endell] Holmes in which he compares the Southern states to front teeth and incisors, objecting to being "scoured white by a new toothbrush...the old one having no stiffness in its bristles" and therefore declaring themselves "out of their sockets", and the North to the grinders [molars] which will bring them back into proper alignment, being the ones that do the important work of the teeth. A longer version was published in the *Atlantic Magazine* for October 1861. [*Worcester Spy* 25 Sept 1861]

[13] President Lincoln had declared the last Thursday of September 1861 as a National Fast Day. The newspaper contained excepts from various sermons given in Worcester churches. Featured were those by Alonzo Hill (2nd Congre-gational), Seth Sweetser (Central), Ebenezer Cutler (Union), Horace James (Old South), Merrill Richardson (Salem St), John W. Dadmun (Methodist), Lemuel Moss (1st Baptist), and L. M. Burrington (Universalist). Just which sermon Emily is referring to is not clear but likely the one by Burrington who was their minister. [*Worcester Spy* 28 Sept 1861]

1990.63.2.17
GHW to EMW
5 Oct 1861

Poolsville Md October 5 [Sat], 1861

Mv Dear Wife. and Georgie and Robie,

Saturday afternoon being a holiday, for the purpose of giving the men an opportunity to clean up &c. I thought I would write to you by way of variety. I cannot write any news, for we get most of our news from the papers relating to this particular locality. Some of it is very absurd. and but a small portion of it gives a correct account of things here. We have five Companies now on picket duty at the river, and there hasnt been any hostile demonstrations there for some weeks. Col. P. W. Taft left here Wednesday last having made us a visit of two or three days. Mr. Charles Rice and Gilman Scott, firm of Scott & Ellis were here this week.[1] Every thing is going on about as usual. The weather is very much warmer here than I ever knew it to be in Mass at this season.

Your letter of September 21st was recd in due time and was glad to hear such good news. Mrs. Leonard is abundantly able to give a detailed account of every thing she saw and heard. and I suppose your desires have been gratified long before now. I should .like to have you come out here exceedingly well. It would do me as much good as it would you, but it is quite an undertaking, for a woman in particular. I don't think it is best to think of it for the present, or while you are nursing the baby. You wouldn't like to come and stay any time and leave the children, and if you should come out here I should want you to stay a while. Many of the officers about here have their wives with them, occasionally. Mrs. Banks[2] is with her husband most of the time; but then you are not a Genls wife now, but a Lieut. Col in war is better than a Genl in time of peace. I hope in my next letter to be able to send you some money, as there is a prospect of the Pay Masters arriving soon. Kiss Georgie and Robie often for me, I should be delighted to see them and you, but I shall be obliged to wait patiently I suppose. I write so often you cannot expect long letters every time, as the principal thing is to hear from me. Henry is well, and fat as a clam. I never saw him in so good condition. Josh has gained about twenty pounds and this fellow is in a thriving condition.

If we remain here. I shall try and get down to Washington soon, and have "picter" taken for your extreme delight, You will think I guess, that I have exchanged profiles with somebody as the projection on my upper lip is getting quite respectable. I shave clean below, and wear my hair short and this climate has rather had a tendency to bronze my complexion. I havnt worn a white shirt I believe but once since I left home. And I was just a going to say something about my house and furniture, but my descriptive powers are not very good. and as Mrs. Leonard can talk it better than I can write it. She will tell you the particulars.

I have a darkey to do my washing. She is very neat. and washes well. She takes it away and brings it back The mail comes tonight and I will not finish until it arrives. We receive mail on

Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturday usually about 5 o'cl P.M. and it goes from here the next morning about 5 o'cl or in other words down one day and up the next. I receive all letters & papers from home, usually about the third day after they are mailed. I have just recd orders to go to the river and stay with the pickets tonight, so I cannot wait for the mail. Nothing unusual is apprehended tonight still it has been though advisable for me to go down. I expect to return in the morning. From your loving ~~wife~~ husband.

George.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 5 Oct 1861 (17)

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[1] George had already mentioned these visitors in his previous letter of 1 Oct.

[2] Mary Theodosia (Palmer) Banks (1819 – 1901).

1990.63.2.126
EWH to GHW
8 Oct 1861

Oct. 8 [Tues], 1861

My Dear Husband.

I rec'd your letter of the 1st, and was very glad to learn that you had some Worcester friends with you; I shall try to see some of them when they return. There is so much satisfaction in knowing just how you look and how you are doing, from those who have been with you. Joseph has written to Uncle E,[1] and he spoke of receiving your letter and said he was writing to you an account of the late battle at Lexington, Mo. from those engaged in it.

I am going to commence keeping a journal. I shall try to write every night an account of the day as we spend it here, so my letters will be made up off home pictures, which I know will suit you better than anything else. So if you don't hear from home by every mail you may know there's a letter growing for you always. Today is Tuesday and it has been rather rainy though it hasn't rained much. Georgie began the day as usual by coming and getting into my bed, and waking Robie. He must have his boots on but he can't go out till the "sun sines", he was out all yesterday. Sarah brought down his little hat this morning, all finished. It is made out of one of your old silk hats, one of the Martin Burns pattern, trimmed with black ribbon and a little red feather with black and red strings. It is very jaunty and become[s] [him] very much. I have been making him a coat out of my ~~grey~~ drab cape double-breasted with great sleeves and Sarah made him a present of a scarf so he is quite fixed up, and he says when the "sun sines" he is going with Mama to see the ladies. When he got his hat on, said he "Georgie want Papa see him." Mother is having *a* great boil on her left side, she says she don't know whether to call it a broken breast or a broken heart. She has been remarkably free from headache since she has been down here. Sam went up St. this P.M. to see Wilson's Reg't pass through.[2] They arrived after 5 o'clock and went directly through.

Mr. Stoughton called tonight to engage a can of milk daily while the 25th Reg't remain and he says he is going to join a Co of sharp shooters.[3] I think if anymore men leave this neighborhood to join the army the women will have to organize and form a Home Guard to protect what few men there are left. Sam put a letter in the P.O. for you from Georgie this P.M. Wednesday this has been a beautiful day cool but very pleasant, and Georgie has had fine times out doors. He has been with the boys digging potatoes and when I undressed him tonight his boots were full of dirt and he was "so tired". He was soon off the "Noddy's Island," but not until he had said "take care of Papa all y time".

The boys have almost finished digging potatoes and say there will be about 150 bushels. Mr. T.[4] has two men at work at the old barn but it hasn't started yet. We are well but Mother and her boil is still troublesome. A little housework, some ironing, sewing, baby tending, and waiting on

Georgie has kept me busy for the day. Tonight I saw the new moon "over my right shoulder".[5]

We haven't seen a person nor heard a word from the city today nor seen a paper, so you mustn't wonder if your wife "doesn't know what is going on in the world." The Auburn meeting house is striking ten, so good night.

Thursday Weather cloudy A.M. sunny P.M. All pretty well. Farm work digging potatoes and gathering pumpkins. (Do you have any pumpkin pie at Camp Foster?) The cows are up to their old tricks of jumping walls and fences, and give Henry rather more occasion to practice "double quick" than he likes. The "old Barn" is on the move. It has gone as far as the field on the left of us and is stopping by the bars tonight ready to take the road tomorrow morning. The boys have gone up street this evening. Father came down tonight and brought your letter of the 5th. I expected it, I always know when there is a letter coming. I think if my letter off the 21st is the last you had recd when you wrote that my letters are a long time getting to you. I have written two or three or four since then.

Don't imagine that I had a thought of being able to come out to see you at present. I <u>know</u> it is impassible in my case and will be for some time, I am afraid, even if you were to rema1n where you are. Only I wanted to come so much that I couldn't help writing it. Robie is improving fast. My capabilities as a wet nurse don't meet his requirements, and he takes a cup of scalded cracker and milk about three times a day. You ought to hear Georgie talk baby talk to him. He has considerable to say about Mama's "two ittle boys". I rnended a hole In his drum today, and then put the string on so that he might drum on the other end, and you don't know how indignant he was until I fixed it as it was before. He fairly shouted when he got it fixed to suit him. He is all military. He will get out doors with a stick, and call it his gun and march off swinging his arm just as you do. I expect he will get some new ideas tomorrow, for we are going to Camp Lincoln. I received a note from Theo tonight saying that he would meet me at C's tomorrow.

Geo Bigelow[6] was found down in the well yesterday. They got him out but he says he shall go down again head first, there was not water enough to drown him. He has been doing remarkably well the past summer and has dressed up and looked very well indeed. He had a good smart Yankee girl to work for him; people thought he was going to marry her. She had been away lately and while she was gone, he took to drinking and now he is out of his head a good deal. The girl is back again now, and she says he had not drank anything for four days though he has been sick just as he was before. Josiah[7] stayed with him last night.

I am very glad you are so well and shall be happy to see your picture when it comes, and <u>how</u> happy I should be to see your own self. It is hard work waiting, but you have the worst of it after all, for I have the children, but we shall all he together some time and enjoy ourselves enough to make up for being separated now. I want to carry up this letter tomorrow;

so I must finish it tonight. Are you in need of any extra blankets. I have two that you might have as they are small for my beds. There is a loud call for blankets, and the government cant meet the demand at present.

The boys brought home a Journal and Transcript with the news of the recent Fight at Hatteras &c, &c.[8] I don't believe but what the 25th Reg't will be sent in that direction, perhaps you won't thank me but I can't help feeling glad that you are just where you are. I am very patriotic and can get up a great deal of military enthusiasm about the army in general, but when it comes to thinking about my own particular Lieut. Col, why if he can scare the Rebels without fighting; I am very glad of it. There's a brave wife for you, but a very loving one nevertheless.

Emily.

Endnote: EMW to GHW 8 Oct 1861 (126)

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[1] Joseph S. Dennis and Erasmus Dennis (1806 – 1878). [see Genealogical Appendix]

[2] The Mass 22nd, Henry Wilson commanding. [*Worcester Spy*, 8 Oct 1861]

[3] Daniel G. Stoughton. No Daniel Stoughton is listed in Mass Soldiers and Sailors so presumably he did not enlist.

[4] Most likely John Tatman.

[5] Reference to a folk belief that after "seeing the moon over one's right shoulder," one would soon see their lover.

[6] George P. Bigelow (1826 – 1865), a farmer on Vernon Street. His death in 1864 is recorded as due to "intemperance." He did not marry and no female is listed in his household in 1860. [1861 Worc City Dir; 1860 Census; Worc VR]

[7] Josiah Freeman (1823 – 1904), Emily's brother-in-law (married Caroline Mayo) who also lived on Vernon Street. [Worc VR; Genealogical Appendix]]

[8] See *Worcester Spy* for 8 Oct (the editions of the newspapers referred to by EMW have been lost).

1990.63.2.127

Georgie to GHW
8 Oct 1861 [Tues]
[Included in EMW of same date]

How do Papa. I'm going to write a letter at you. I guess Papa like to see Georgie, Papa's comin' in the shed sometime. I 'sought Papa come one day and it was a man. Georgie tried to shake hands with Papa's pigser but it wouldnt shake. I kissed it four, six times. Mama's got two ittle boys, and sometimes Georgie's naughty. Bobby aint naughty; Bobby aint big enough; he's "connin". Bobby squeals like the Coley and he pulls my hair. Mama make Georgie a new coat, and I'm going to see the ladies and say how do. I went into the barn with Sam to see the little chickies. Theres whole lots of um, Granpa and Grammas gone to meeting. Georgie can drum double kick. Heddy (Eddie) Ward come to see Georgie and we had a good time making houses out of sticks. Sometimes I go out with Gramma to pick "Cueumaums". The well's all done. They aint going to blast any more. I was fraid of the blast. and I runned up stairs "evy" time. Georgie eats 'tato and pie, and it dont make me 'sick. July always wants a bite and I shant give her one. Trip's got a cough and "Harchie" wants my bread when I eat my supper. I can say "Hey diddle diddle, the kitties in the fiddle, the cow jumped the moon. the dog laughed to see the spote" and "little boy blue", and "boys and girls come out to play". I'm going to have some skosh for dinner. I like skosh. I want see Papa, why don't Papa come see Georgie? Papa come sometime when the naughty man's all gone. Georgie's going to see the Pubdubs with uncle "Ludo" and aunt Lissy. I went to see Belle Bingbank with Mama. She's got some ducks and they go quack-quack in the water. Tell uncle Henny how do. Last night when I went in the cradle, I said take care of Papa, take care of Georgie and all the little girls. I'm going to have my supper now, good bye Papa. I going to kiss you when you come see Georgie, from

Papa's little boy

Georgie

written by his private secretary

Mama

I have tried to be very accurate in copying Georgie's style. The expressions are purely original. He has got a notion of putting the sound of "h" on to words beginning with E, and he calls me "Hemily" half the time. E.

1990.63.2.128
EMW to GHW
11 Oct 1861

Home Friday Eving Oct 11th, /61[1]

My Dear Husband,

I begin another of my "journal letters" tonight. This has been quite a rainy day, so that my visit to Camp Lincoln had to be given up. I am not much disappointed (that is if I don't lose my visit entirely) for Mother will be better able to take care of the baby a day or two hence, since as Georgie says her "sore's broke". The barn is at a stand still on account of the rain and some of the hens have gone to roost in it for the last time tonight; I have been busy "robbing Peter to pay Paul", in other words taking the black lace off from my "vestie", and trimming my velvet cape with it. It makes a very handsome garment. Sam went up this P.M. and tried to enlist in the 25th Reg't, but they wouldn't take him on account of his age or rather his youth.[2] They told him they were gong to turn out all the boys that had already joined. Sam has been talking about enlisting but I didn't suppose he was in earnest about it, or that he was old enough; but a Monroe boy from Quinsigamond just Sam's age has enlisted in a cavalry Co. in N.Y. and is home on a furlough and he has been down urging Sam to go too.[3] It has rather unsettled him for farm work, but I presume he will be satisfied now since he has made the trial, and they won't receive him.

Sat 12th A.M. Still rainy. Sarah rode down this morning, met the Barn in the road and had to turn out for it. Theo sends word that we'll go training next week. Every one is away on furlough so that we lose nothing by waiting. P.M. Emma Grout and the little Hallet girl called to see me.[4] Emma says her father is at home. Poor child, she looked real sober when I asked about him.[5] Who should come to see me this afternoon but Mrs. Stocking?[6] She came to Sarah's and S. brought her down. She has been to Mrs. C. Wheeler's[7] three weeks <u>waiting</u> and having <u>false</u> <u>alarms</u> every night. She says her business is dull, and she charged me to tell "Mr. Ward" to send home all the married men in his regiment.[8] I deliver the message but hope you won't take her advice. We had a real good time. Georgie was on his best behavior and she though he had grown handsome. He caller her "the lady" all the time. At the tea table Mother passed some pie to Sarah which she declined. Georgie looked up as distressed, "do take some pie ladies". He likes it so well himself that he couldn't bear to have any one refuse.

Mr. & Mrs. Steere[9] arrived at Aunt Bethiah's[10] today on their way home from Hardwick. This afternoon has been very pleasant, and tonight is bright and moonlight. The barn is away up in Goss' field,[11] the poor hens were at a loss to know where to go to roost. They have a nice coop up under the new barn and most of the "biddies" make themselves at home there, but about 8 or 9 of the more "conservative" hens, like the old Whigs, had rather stay out in the cold than seek new quarters so they had to be put to bed, as Father says, by main force. We have a Transcript and

Spy tonight, in the latter are letters from Darnstown & Poolsville signed J.D.B. Who is it?[12] I know now why you visited the Pickets that night you were writing to me, and I am glad you got back safely. I hope and pray that you will get back safe to me, sometime. As Georgie says "Papa coming sometime, see Georgie."

Sunday night. Georgie and I are doomed to disappointment. We got all ready to go up to Worcester this morning and it rained so that we gave it up. It has been a real April day. This morning was beautiful, and at 11 o'clock it was raining hard, before 12 it cleared away beautifully but was very old, in the afternoon we had two or three little showers, and a rainbow. Tonight it is "clear as a bell." Aunt Harriet[13] came home with Father and took supper with us. Mr. Steere preached in Pas—(I cant spell the rest of it; it is a Rhode Island name). She says that Uncle Warren[14] intends to enlist, he can go as 2nd Lieut. (By the way there seems to be more Lieut's than privates in our Regiments.) Father says Mr. Moses Taft came to him today very much gratified at his son's promotion;[15] his son wrote that he owed it to Lieut. Col. Ward's influence.

Monday Weather very pleasant. A.M. Washing and churning, the last operation was performed jointly by Sam, mother and me. Robie tied in his high chair and Georgie as spectators. This afternoon Mother went up town alone in the buggy driving Kate. She stayed until after tea, and came home escorted by Caroline and Aunt Bethiah. Caroline came first alone driving Kate and Mother and Aunt B. followed with Charlie in Father's open buggy. You may imagine their appearance. Josiah stays with George Bigelow tonight, he needs watching constantly. Mother brought home a Spy & Transcript, more letters from Baldwin. I am very glad to see them. Mr Esty[16] put in the new pump today outdoors, an iron one with iron pipe. Theo sends word that tomorrow we go to Camp. I shall send off this letter, when I have told you what I shall have to tell, if I go. Till then good night, Robie will have to take the kiss.

Tuesday night The weather has been beautiful and after dinner Henry carried Georgie and me up to Caroline's where Theo called for us. In shutting the carriage door Georgie got his thumb pinched and he cried some, and was a little babyish when we first went on to the grounds, but he soon got over it and was very much taken up with the "mukits" music and the soldiers. Sprague had gone to Boston. I saw Spaulding[17] with his Co, he is 2nd. Lieut in Foster's[18] Co. but he went down St. immediately after they were dismissed so I didn't see him to speak to him. I saw Capt Picket[19] and received a very pressing invitation from their cook "Uncle Henry" to come tomorrow and eat soup with them. Theo introduced "the young Col." to all his Father's friends, Miss LeBaron[20] included. We were too late for the Battalion Drill which must have been very short, for we got there just after three o'clock and they were just dismissing the Cos but I was very much interested in the Co. drills, especially the German Co.[21] I don't consider myself a competent judge, so it is not disparagement

to any of the rest if I took a particular fancy to them. Fairbanks[22] the singer and Thom. Earle[23] are in Picket's Co, David Woodward[24] is first Lieut in Moulton's Co,[25] Henry O. Clark[26] is Suter and I believe Dr. Henry Bates[27] is going with them. We left and rode down to the Cemetery and came back in season for the Dress Parade at five. Just as we got back a carriage drove up and Col. and Mrs. Sprague got out and went up into the Agricul building where are the Col's Headquarters. I was very glad to see them both. Mrs. Sprague says she is on the Camp ground all the time, she can't stay at home. She had been to Boston with her husband today. He is looking poor & worn out but expects to recruit his health and strength when he gets off with his Regt. He has some hopes of being sent somewhere in your vicinity. Mrs. Sprague says that Col Leonard is acting as Brig. Gen. with a prospect of an appointment, is that so? I had but a few minutes to talk with Mrs. Sprague as I didn't see her until after Dress Parade. She and her husband wanted me to stay longer with them or promise to come again, but I was afraid to leave Robie any longer. Theo. brought me home and I found the baby good natured but very glad to see me. I have tried my best but I have not been able to get up to Mrs. Leonard's yet, and to my great surprise I learned this afternoon that she has been sick a fortnight with typhoid fever, some of the time dangerously so. I wanted to stop at her home and inquire after her tonight but I couldn't. I told Theo Inquire at the Express Office tomorrow in my name.

I didn't know until today that Andrew Davis[28] had been out to see you. He says you have ~~grown~~ gained four pounds in your face. I shall have to send you one of your photographs, for fear that you will lose your identity. If you gain flesh at that rate, I an afraid you [will] be General yet. I have got your last letter to Theo, he gave it to me to keep. I know just how you feel about Nath'l Paine's letter and I don't wonder. But Worcester people know all about the 15th Reg't and its officers and will be apt to say as Henry Mellen did, but I mustn't write any thing "contraband", only don't get discouraged. There are those who can speak well of both you and Col Devens and tell the truth as Mr. Baldwin's letters testify. Have patience George, the esteem and affection of the men under you are worth more to you than any empty flattery, and if ever you are crippled or crushed it won't be by Nat Paine's letters. I can't write just what I want to say How I wish I could talk with you, but after all I know of no better words than those of the Psalmist trust in the Lord and do good.

I am always glad to hear of the unanimity which prevails at headquarters and I hope nothing will arise to disturb it. I was a little disappointed at not receiving a letter tonight; there is one coming, I know.

Give my love to all and keep ever & ever so much for yourself. Mother says tell George I shall surely write some time. Good night from

Your loving wife

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 11 Oct 1861 (128)

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[1] Although dated 11 Oct, it continues until Tuesday evening, the 15th and therefore could not have been mailed until 16 Oct at the earliest.

[2] Samuel Wesley Ward (~1845 – 1904), one of George's half-brothers. Sam did successfully enlist in the 25th on 26 Mar 1862 and served for a full 3 years. [Genealogical Appendix; Mass Soldiers and Sailors III, 48]

[3] Mass Soldiers and Sailors list a George A. Monroe, aged 19, in Co. K, 5th NY Cavalry while the "Role of Honor" in the 1863 Worcester City Directory gives an A. J. Monroe in the same Regiment. The 1860 Census list a George A. Munroe, aged 15, as a farm laborer in Grafton. If the same person, he most likely gave a wrong age to the NY recruiters. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors: VI, 690; 1863 Worc City Dir; 1860 Census: Roll 528, Pg 148, Hslhd 1174 (James Munroe)]

[4] Neighbors of the Wards in Quinsigamond. [see EMW's letter of 15 Sept]

[5] William G. Grout who had enlisted in the 25th. He is not known to have been ill so the reference is probably to the daughter's sadness about his leaving.

[6] Ann (Foster) Stocking (1820 – 1907), wife of Alexander Stocking. The lady is obviously a mid-wife although she is not identified as such in either the 1861 Worcester City Directory nor the 1860 Census.

[7] Mary (Douglass) Wheeler, wife of Charles A. Wheeler, a moulder. A daughter, Annie Douglass Wheeler, was born 15 Oct 1861. The informant of record was W. A. Brigham, a "general agent', not Mrs. Stocking. [Worc VR]

[8] From the context Emily is referring to Mrs. Stocking.

[9] Martin J. Steere (– 1877) and Harriet (Mayo) Steere (1818 –). Harriet was Emily's aunt, youngest sister of William Mayo, Emily's father. Mr. Steere was a Free Baptist minister from Rhode Island. [see Genealogical Appendix; 1860 Census]

[10] Bethiah (Mayo) Dennis (1805 – 1881), wife of Erasmus. She was Emily's aunt in both the Mayo and Dennis lines. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[11] On the 1870 Beers map of Worcester, the Goss property is on Upland Street, abutting the Auburn line.

[12] Worcester Spy for 11 Oct 1861. The writer was John D. Baldwin, editor.

[13] Harriet (Mayo) Steere. [see Note 8]

[14] Warren Mayo (1820 –), William Mayo's brother and youngest child of Peter and Bethiah Mayo. Being 41 at the time of this letter, it is unlikely that his patriotic fervor resulted in actual service; at any rate none is found is Mass Soldiers and Sailors.

[15] Moses Taft , carpenter and lumber dealer. [1861 Worc City Dir] The son was Benjamin Taft, aged 20, who was missing at Ball's Bluff (probably POW) and died as a prisoner of war in Salisbury, N.C., 15 Jan 1862. He enlisted as a corporal but was 1st Sergeant at the time of his death. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 161; 15th Mass Web Site]

[16] James F. Esty / Estey, a plumber. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[17] George H. Spaulding (1838 –). Many of the men mentioned would have been known to GHW from his pre-war service in the Worcester Brigade of the Mass Militia. The entire roster of the 25th Mass Vol Inf Reg't is in Mass Soldiers and Sailors III, 3-60. All these men would have been known to GHW from his pre-war militia service.

[18] Albert H. Foster (1819 –), Company D. Listed in the 1861 Worcester City Directory without occupation.

[19] Josiah Pickett (1822 – 1908), painter. Pickett eventually became Colonel and commander of the regiment; portrait in Mechanics Hall.

[20] Martha LeBaron (1830 – 1888), president of the ladies group that supported Worcester soldiers. Married (1863) Delano Goddard. [Nutt II, 609]

[21] Company G. There were recruiting notices for the 25th in the Worcester Spy running from 10 – 20 September. Included was a separate notice from Louis Wageley to "all adopted sons of America" to form a separate company of the 25th. Mr. Wageley indentified himself as of German birth. He was apparently not a resident of Worcester as he is not found in the City Directories for the time nor is he identifiable in the 1860 Census.

[22] Elbridge B. Fairbanks (1831 –1905). Not found in the Worc City Dir for the time nor the 1860 Census.

[23] Thomas Earle (1823 – 1871), lumber dealer. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[24] David Woodward (1827 – 1887), granite dealer. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[25] Orson Moulton (1825 – 1894).

[26] Henry O. Clark (1827 –), dry goods clerk. The suter was a civilian trader accompanying the Regiment who sold food, supplies and other sundries to the troops. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[27] Henry Bates (1831 – 1870), physician. There is no record that Dr. Bates served in the War in any capacity and certainly not as surgeon to the 25th. [1861 Worc City Dir; Mass Soldiers and Sailors]

[28] Andrew McFarland Davis (–), Worcester lawyer. [1861 Worc City Dir]

1990.63.2.19
GHW to EMW
13 Oct 1861

Poolesville Md. Sunday October 13th 1861

My dear Wife and babies.

I am all right again today after a slight turn of head ache, which lasted a day or two caused by a bilious stomach This is quite a bilious country and the fevers which prevail most here are of the bilious nature.[1]

I recd a letter from my little Georgie last night, which I read with a great deal of pleasure.[2] Pa Pa was very glad to hear Georgie was so good a boy. Georgie must look after the piggies, the chickies, the cows, and the colt, and take Mama up to Worcester and buy some things for Georgie, for Robie, and Mama too. Papa wants to see Georgie very much. He thinks of him a great deal. You must be good to Robie. for he is your little brother, and Mama, for she is very good to you. Tell Eddie Papa would like to see him. You mustnt run away. but play around the house and barn, and take Robie to ride in your little wagon and when Papa comes home he will bring Georgie something.

You can read to Georgie what I have written to him,[3] and it will answer the purpose. Josh recd Carolines letter last night and brought it in for me to read. He was silently impressed with it, his only comment was he "thought it was pretty good". I see by the papers that Mr. James[4] is going Chaplain with the 25th and that "the" Regiment of Wor County, containing many buds of promise, so many cases of self sacrifice so much devotion, so many patriotic motives all concentrated in one lump one shortly expected to leave for the seat of war.

I want you to get me a bottle of secale,[5] and something for bilious difficulties. I am naturally bilious and sometimes have headache caused by bile on stomach. Put it in bottles about the size of those in my case, strongly impregnate with liquid and send by mail. Get it of Dr Nichols and tell him the circumstances. Give my regards to him also. My washing is done regularly by an elegant colored girl whose skin has a strong resemblance to total darkness. She does it very well. I have anything that has come to mending except the toes of some of my stockings I am much obliged to Julia for her kindness, but the trouble wouldnt pay.

I recd a letter from Joseph a few days ago, and I wrote him again yesterday. His letter covered five pages of large size and was principally an account of the battle where Genl Lyon[6] was killed. He evidently takes a deep interest in the current events of the day and has a strong passion for powder and balls in a just cause. He said he should write again soon. Perhaps I shall conclude to send his letter with this as it is evidently written with much care and preparation and brings out some things which have never appeared in print and are of considerable importance.

I am glad the well is completed but am sorry it cost so much. I see by Caroline's letter to

Josh that your father has gone in with Chas Fox[7] on an Army contract for making flannel. I hope he has got a sure thing. Success to him for he is worthy of it.

It is seven weeks today since we left Washington for this place, and it seems hardly as many days. The weather is getting quite cool now, but I am well supplied with every thing to make me comfortable. I wish some pleasant day. you would ride down to Grafton and see Mrs. Scandlin.[8] I know it would be very gratifying to her, and you would enjoy it. Mr. Scandlin is an excellent man and it would please him much. He is very liberal in his belief. and has a strong practicality to Universalism. He speaks of "'My wife" frequently.

It is now about 10 o'cl Sunday evening and as Lieut. Fuller[9] of the Clinton Co is going home early in the morning I will let him take this to Washington. The mail will not leave here until Wednesday morning, so you will receive this two days earlier. We have had a Camp fire this evening around which the Field Officers and Staff have been sitting, singing appropriate songs, talking over matters and things &c &c, The moon shines beautifully, but we shall evidently have a hard frost tonight. I have a tick filled with straw and five woolen blankets. I go to bed just as I do at home, except sometimes I sleep with my stockings on. I use my over coat for a pillow, and sleep under three blankets and over two. There is just room for one, and a tight fit at that. On my table I have an ink stand, box of cartridges, strip blotting paper. several newspapers, pin cushion, little song book, light stand with tallow candle, my false teeth, and a farmers almanac. It looks just like me here exactly. I am setting on a little camp stool, my trunk on my right, my horse equipment chest on my left, and my bed in the rear. Above me suspended from pole to pole is a cord where I hang my towel and some of my clothes. My slippers are under the table, and my rubber boots are under the bed. You and I could live here pretty well, except that the bed isn't wide enough for only one. I sleep as soundly as a "penny pick".

I have described about all of my house hold effects, I believe, as I knew it would interest you. I want you to clothe yourself and the children respectably but not extravagantly, excuse me for the suggestion. I mean to say, get what you want. I know your wants were never unreasonable. I have had reason to regret many a time that I wasn't able <u>to do</u> by you as I would like, but I have been proud of you at the same time to see how cheerfully you submitted to it. I want you to clothe up now so you will pass any where. I was always proud of you, except your clothes, for the last two or three years. I want to be proud of you all over now. Kiss the babies for me a thousand times. Give my love to all. and believe me your loving. Affectionate husband

George

P.S. I will not send Joseph's letter now, for want of proper envelope. G.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 13 Oct 1961 (19)

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[1] Again to note that "bilious" is equivalent to the present day "nauseous". Thus George is speaking of illness accompanied by fever and nausea rather than a specific disease entity.

[2] Enclosed with Emily's letter of 8 Oct.

[3] Perhpas referring to his letter to Georgie of 7 Sept.

[4] Horace James (1818 – 1875), pastor of Old South (Congregational) Church in Worcester. [Nutt I,I, 799]

[5] Secale cornutum, a homeopathic remedy (thus available from Dr. Nichols). It increases intestinal activity and thus by homeopathic theory would be used for vomiting and diarrhea.

[6] Nathaniel Lyon (– 1861), Union General killed at the Battle of Wilson's Creek in Missouri.

[7] Charles Fox (1827 –), brother of the late William B. Fox. William Mayo and Charles Fox started a business (mill) in South Worcester which burned sometime later.

[8] Elizabeth Maria (Foster) (1827 – 1902)

[9] Andrew Lowell Fuller (1824 – 1867) of Company C. Pallbearer at George's funeral. [15th Mass Web Site]

1990.63.2.20
GHW to EMW
17 Oct 1861

Poolesville Md October 17th [Thurs] 1861

My Dear Wife and babies,

I suppose by the time you receive this, you will begin to think another letter is fully due so I will take a few pen & ink sketches of matters and things in general. I haven't much of any thing new to write about, but as you say, "write about yourself". I will make the effort, though it is rather a dry subject for-me. but as it gratifies you, I shall cheerfully comply with your wishes.

Every thing here continues to prosper and we are in a very good state of preservation. Nothing very frightful has turned up yet and I am about the same fellow I used to be, only a little more so. My health is good, my appetite is good. and they say I look pretty good when I get dressed up. I am inclined to think however, that there's some mistake about the last part of it but shant be very particular about contradicting it. I don't know ~~know~~ what the prospect is for a fight. We have got about sick of staying here. There isn't variety enough. The weather is getting cooler than it was. and I much prefer a warmer climate to camp out in. We cannot go much farther unless we cross the river, and what the prospect is for that I havn't been able to ascertain. I think the chances are more than even, for a forward movement, still we don't know any thing about it, but can only judge by the signs of the times.

Dr Bates is still sick, which makes it very inconvenient for us, as it throws the responsibility upon an inexperienced person, who perhaps does as well as he is capable of doing, but still he hasnt the confidence of the men.[1] I hear heavy guns somewhere. but have become so accustomed to it, that it doesnt excite our curiosity much unless they aim in this direction. We have recd 400 of the rifled muskets which is something in the way of improvement, and in as much as we have got the ice broken I think we shall be able to get the balance in due season. I sent you one Hundred and Forty Dollars by Mr. Baldwin with directions how to dispose of it. Write me when you receive it so that I may know where it is.[2]

I received the Spy of the 12th with Mr. Baldwin's letter, which was very good, also yours of the 8th which was post marked the 11th. The mail arrives again tonight and I shall expect a fresh arrival of letters and papers. I have recd as many as seven papers at one time. and often five or six, so you see I am kindly remembered and I presume I know almost as much about Wor– and what is going on there as you do. It doesnt seem as though I was but a short distance from home, but what is two days ride in the cars now, where in old times it used to take three or four weeks.

I will not write any more now, but will wait until the mail arrives. The mail has arrived and 1 recd a letter and two papers from Theo. of the 14th which contained letters from Mr Baldwin. I havnt much of anything more to write now, only to say I am well and in thriving condition. Gov.

Andrew is in Washington and Col Devens wishes me to go down and see him in relation to our guns,[3] and urge upon him the importance or rather the necessity of changing our guns for better ones. I think I shall go tomorrow or next day, and shall try and have him return with me to camp.

I am anxious to hear from the money I sent you. I should think it time. Kiss the babies for me, tell Georgie Pa Pa wants to see him very much. Give my love to all at home, and keep a great deal for yourself, for I am your own dear husband, and want to see you ever so much. Inclosed you will find ten dollars of Henry's money.[4] Please take his bank book from my trunk the next time you go up there and deposit it in the Wor Savings Bank, Goodbye

From your loving Husband

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 17 Oct 1861 (20)

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[1] Samuel Foster Haven, Jr. (1831 – 1862). Haven became the chief surgeon of the 15th in July 1861 when Dr. Bates was discharged. He was killed at the Battle of Fredericksburg, one of the few deaths in the 15th in that battle having refused to stay at the Division hospital but going forward with the troops. His actions here and previously at Antietam surely gave the Regiment confidence in his abilities. [Ford, 230]

[2] Emily received the money 16 Oct as noted in her letter of the 17th.

[3] The question of when (or if) the 15th would be equipped with rifled muskets.

[4] Emily acknowledges it receipt in her letter of 21 Oct (which was not mailed).

1990.63.2.129
EMW to GHW
17 Oct 1861

Worcester Oct 17 [Thurs], 1861

My Dear Husband

I rec'd your letter last night containing the money, $140.[1] I thank you very much and shall endeavor to make a judicious use of it. I shall deposit the greater part of it in the Bank and keep sufficient for my present necessities, which are numerous. All that I have received before I have been obliged to pay Julia. Mr. Stoughton has not paid me all that he owes me and it was not until yesterday that anything was to be got from Mr. B. when he gave Father an order on Dewy[2] for the money. His wife[3] was one of Wm Fox's weavers and each one of Wm's help is entitled to fifty dollars from the estate. Father has been too much straitined to lend me any money and I have not bou[ght] any thing on credit, so that I can appreciate fully the contents of your letter.

I am glad you are so well, we are all well at home. Mother has had but one turn of headache since you went away. Father has finished working up the stock, and, in company with Willard Hamilton & Charles Fox,[4] is going to work making Army Blues. Charles obtained a contract for 250 000 yds of cloth to be finished before the first of March. Father has charge of the whole concern and it gives him a good deal of care but he hopes to make up in a measure for what he has lost. He brings most all my letters down to me and waits to hear all of them that I choose to read *to* him. Mother went up to Uncle E's[5] yesterday to tea. I was invited with the children but it was too much of an undertaking. Today Aunt Harriet and her daughter[6] and Aunt Bethiah[7] spent the day with us. We had a nice time.

The last two days have been cloudy and rather warm for the season. The new well gives a plentiful supply of soft water. The boys are busy harvesting and we have a bountiful supply of everything. We had fresh cucumbers on the table today. The tomatoes didn't ripen well and mother is going to pickle them green.

Last night when Georgie gave me a good night kiss for Papa he said "Good bye, I am going to bring you a letter". One of his favorite amusements is to make believe bring letters from Papa. Yesterday he had one of your letters, and I heard him talking to himself "I got a letter. I write to George last night". The morning after he went to camp, Mother heard in her room as soon as he was dressed marching and saying "right, left, right, left, now you got it, now you didn't." Tonight he began to say his little prayer with "Now I lay me down to sleep, rub a dub dub, rub a dub dub, rub a dub dub."

The boys have just come from the St with the news of an engagement at Harper's Ferry.[8] They just couldn't get a Boston Journal so they brought a Tribune that states that the 400 Federal troops engaged were from Col. Geary's regiment,[9] but Henry heard that the Boston papers stated

that it was Leonard's and 40 of his men were killed.[10] I try not to believe it. I shall probably know certain before you receive this. Have you got a rifle yet?[11] I should sleep better tonight if I could now that my own dear husband was "all right", but I hope he is. Good bye, your loving wife, Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 17 Oct 1861 (129)

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[1] In George's letter of 5 Oct he speaks of the paymaster coming and his hopes of being able to send some money. The next letter (surviving) is that of the 13th with no mention of the $140. There may, therefore, have been an intermediate letter which did not survive.

[2] Frances H. Dewey (1821 – 1887) prominent Worcester lawyer and later Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. He apparently was managing the Fox Mills' affairs after William Fox's death. [Nutt III, Pg 341]

[3] Caroline (Patch) Stoughton (1824 –), wife of Daniel. [Worc VR]

[4] Charles Fox (1827 –), William Fox's brother. [Worc VR]

[5] Erasmus Dennis was living at 2 Winter Street. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[6] Harriet (Mayo) Steere and Harriet Abbie Steere (1849 –).

[7] Bethiah (Mayo) Dennis (1805 – 1881), wife of Erasmus and sister of William Mayo. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[8] In what should be considered a minor skirmish rather than a "battle", about 400 troops of the 28th Pennsylvania and 13th Mass engaged a like number of Mississippi and Arkansas troops. The Federals captured one cannon (considered a huge coup) before retreating.

[9] John W. Geary (1819 – 1873) of Pennsylvania. In titular command of the 28th Pennsylvania, Geary presumably acted as Brigade commander. He would go on to command a XII Corp division at Gettysburg.

[10] During this time the 13th Mass Vol Inf Reg't was on guard duty along the Potomac but three companies had been detached (C, I and K). The latter two were sent to Harpers Ferry. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, Pg 69; Charles E. Davis, Jr. *Three Years in the Army* Boston: Estes and Lauriat (1894), 15].

[11] Only Companies A and I were equipped with rifles, the remainder having only converted smooth-bore muskets. It would not be until early December 1861 that all the companies received true rifles. [Ford, 59; 129]

1990.63.2.130
EMW to GHW
19 Oct 1861

Worcester Oct 19 [Sat], 1861

My Dear Husband

I recd your letter of the 13th last night, and intended to have gone up today and bought the medicine to send you, but it has rained all day quite hard, and I had to stay at home. I shall try to go to church tomorrow and shall go to the Dr's at noon. It is 9 o clock now, and, it rains "pouringly" still, but I am in hopes it will clear up tonight or tomorrow morning. I am sorry you have been sick. I hope Josh was by to rub your head seeing I can't. If you would promise to use; it, I would send you out something to make a nice hearty gruel when you are getting over your sick headache spells, as I am afraid you don't have nice bread to make "dry toast". Do be very careful of yourself and don't forget your flannel waistbands. Don't you want some woolen drawers?

We have the papers containing the particulars of the fight at Harpers Ferry. Still we have not learned the names of the killed, or whether any belonged to the 13th.[1] One report that came was that the 15th[2] were surrounded and cut off from communication with their Brigade, but it was contradicted before it reached me.

Does it seem so short a time to you since you left Washington? It seems a year to me since you left home. I have made no purchases, nor changed any of the notes you sent me, next week I shall go up and have a good time, that is if all is right on the upper Potomac. I thank you for your suggestions, I know just what you would approve and shall go according to the requirements of good taste, comfort, and propriety. One thing Georgie must have is a gun. He gets a stick and goes through the motions like an old soldier. I assist him a little sometime and between us both we have some great "military displays". I told him to say "wheel right" so he was marching across the floor and turned all of a sudden, "Oh, I forgot", and took hold of the handle of his wagon & wheeled it across the room. That was "wheeling right." I should like to call on Mrs. Scandlin very much. I hope she isn't any more ceremonious than I am for I shall have to take both the children.

I see by the papers that Gen McC[l]ellan has got a baby, a little girl born in Cincinnati a few days since.[3] If he comes you way offer him my congratulations. Your description of your "domicile" was very entertaining, you cant write any thing about yourself that is not interesting to me. If I should tell you all that is in my room you would wonder if there was room to sleep. I have a bed two bureaus, the little card table that was in the sitting room, wash stand, two boxes, two rocking chairs, three can seat do & little half chair and baby do, stove & cradle, last but not least the

basic themselves still there is plenty of room. I must not write any more for my ink has given out and I cant go down for more tonight. I shall send this letter tomorrow and hope the medicine will find you in no need of taking it. We have recd no papers tonight, but I hope all is well.

From your loving wife, Emily

I send this letter now. The medicine I am in hopes to have a chance to send soon by a man who is going. E.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 19 Oct 1861 (130)

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[1] Three companies of the 13th under Major Jacob Parker Gould were engaged. There were apparently no causalties; the incident is not mentioned in the synopsis of the 13th's service in Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 69-70.

[2] Emily presumably means the 13th.

[3] Mary "May" McClelland (1861 – 1945), born 12 Oct 1861.

1990.63.2.21
GHW to EMW
19 Oct 1861

Willards Hotel Washington D.C.
Evening of October 19th [Sat] 1861

My Dear Wife and babies,

I arrived here last evening about 6 o'cl having come from Poolesville yesterday P.M, on horseback. Gov. Andrew left yesterday at 2 o'cl P.M, so my expectations were not realized. I am very sorry, as it was a great disappointment to me, and will be to those who are at camp. Today I have been perambulating about town seeing the sights. I saw Presdt Lincoln, who looked seedy enough. He stopped in front of the Hotel some time. Mr. Seward,[1] Sec of State accompanied him but they were in separate carriage I expect to return to Poolesville in the morning.

It has been a rainy, nasty day, which I supposed was the reason that the President was not dressed up. He is exceedingly homely, any way but has a genial countenace and a pleasant laugh. I didnt speak to him. but thought a look at him would suffice for now. I also saw Col Henry Wilson, Genl Col Morse, and quantity of military men. The house is full of them. Washington is packed with loafers, and men of leisure, and it is war, war, war, from morning to night. I shall be glad to get away from here. I have made several necessary purchases today, and bought some photogranhs of the "big guns" of the day which you will find inclosed. I also had some taken of myself, which will be sent to me, as they couldnt be finished before Monday. Very likely you will get a copy.

A heavy cannonading has been going on all day towards the south (Fairfax Court House) the particulars of which we shall probably get in the morn[in]g.[2] Our troops are moving southward. I am in the Gentlemen's room and at this table eight are seated-besides myself, and seven of them are writing, and it is about the same way all over the house. Every man for himself and he must speak quick at that. I slept up so high last night that it put me in mind of "high life". There was two beds in my room one double. and one single one. It was the first time I had slept in a regular bed since I left home. I hardly knew how to act, but I took the double bed which was wide enough for three, and I found in the morning that I had occupied the whole of it. I slept tolerable well but would much prefer my old bunk up to Poolesville.[3]

I have just thought that today is the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to Genl Washington at Yorktown Va. and I saw a picture of it today in the Capitol – a beautiful, magnificent thing. I should think it was about 12 ft by ten.[4] Kiss the babies, tell Georgie PaPa saw the President, who wasnt any thing, but a man. Much love to all. and a great- big lot for yourself.

From your darling husband,
George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 19 Oct 1861 (21)

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[1] William Henry Seward (1801 – 1872), former governor of New York and Senator. Seward expected to have been the Republican nominee for President in 1860 but served Lincoln well and loyally as Secretary of State.

[2] This was probably just harassing fire as no engagement took place in the area in the subsequent days.

[3] It was common for hotels to put three or four to a bed; the first one in might awake in the morning to find he had acquired several bedmates during the night.

[4] George is referring to the John Trumbull painting of 1824 which measures 18 x 12 feet as the fresco of the same event by Brumidi was still uncompleted. The Capitol dome was also under construction during this time.

1990.63.2.131
EMW to GHW
21 Oct 1861
[Note in Pencil: "not sent news came of Ball's Bluff"]

Worcester Vernon St.[1] Oct 21st [Mon] '61

My Dear Husband,

I received a letter from you last night containing Henry's money, 10 dollars.[2] Theo and Elizabeth came down to the farm about 9 o'clock P.M. and brought it. I left it with Theo to arrange about sending your medicine. I was obliged to come home yesterday at noon, but Elizabeth said that someone was going out to the 15th right away, and as Dr. Nichols[3] said he could put up the medicine in better form if it was not sent by post, I thought it best to have Theo see them about [it]. He told me that it went last night. Wood[4] from the Western Depot, I believe, was the one he sent it by. I came up town this morning with Mother and the children. Sarah came down after us and we took dinner with her. I left Robie with her this afternoon and Mother Georgie & I went up St. I was going up Main St, and Theo hailed me, he had been over to Frank's store to have him tell me to come over to the P.O. He said he had a letter for me and he thought by the feeling of it that there were photographs in it, so I went into his "sanctum" and broke open the letter with my eyes all ready to look at my "soldier boy," but when I looked at him, it "warnt he", but Gen'l Scott, and all the other Gen'ls. I am very much obliged to you for sending them, and hope your picture will come soon. I am most afraid to have so many Rebels in the house, but I shall trust to Scott and McClellan &c to keep them strait. Willie has just come home from "drill" with his uniform on.[5] It consists of pants reaching only to the knees of dark blue with red side stripes, white stockings and shirt, and red cap with tricolored tassel. They are going to have plaid stockings and zouave jackets, but at present Caroline says Will wears his mother's stockings. Caroline says "tell George I haven't much that I can "'sacrifice' but my stockings I give up willingly." By the way Will's calves are quite respectable.

I put Henry's money in the Bank today. Of the money that you sent me, I have let Father have $75 and he has given me his note. I hope you will approve. It is a great accommodation to him to have it just now. There is a prospect of his doing well with his contract and when money is a little easier with him, he will let me have it to put it in the Bank.

Mother went home tonight and is coming up again tomorrow. I had Georgie on the Street today and he looked real pretty, he walked along without touching my hand he felt so nicely. He has got a little grey coat with big lapels over the sleeves, and a little pair of gaiters buttoned up at the side, a little black hat with black and red trimmings and is quite stylish. I came up to C's tonight with the children, and shall stay tomorrow.

I saw William Eaton and his wife today.[6] He inquired after you and sent their love. Mrs. Eaton said "why don't you grow poor now your Husband's gone off?" so you may know that I don't look any worse than when you left though I haven't flattered myself that I looked any better. I shall

try to hold my own for you won't want an old woman for a wife when you get back. Miss Sarah Phelps[7] met me this afternoon, she hasn't altered any nor improved any. She inquired all about you, and my babies &c.

Tuesday morning. I have been reading over what I wrote last night, and hope you will be able to make sense out of it. I wrote sitting at the table where Caroline was ironing, and we kept up the conversation all the time. I am going up to Mrs. Engly's[8] to get some flannel pretty soon. My bonnet is at Lee's being rejuvenated; my first out-lay was for woollen stockings. You see I began at the foundation. The 25th leave tomorrow or next day.[9] I saw Spaulding[10] Sunday taking his Co to Richardsons.[11] I feel in hopes that you are not going to have much fighting, where you are at any rate. The Rebels may find themselves obliged to give up Va. to you for winter quarters, after all. Make yourself as comfortable as you can, and if there is any thing that I can send you let me know. Willie will carry this letter up for me at noon. So I will not write anymore now. Give my love to the boys. I want to see you more than I can rite you and can't help thinking how happy we shall be when you come home, from your loving wife, Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 21 Oct 1861 (131)

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[1] Home of Caroline (Mayo) and Josiah Freeman, Emily's sister / brother-in-law. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[2] George's letter of 17 Oct.

[3] Lemuel Nichols, homeopathic physician. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[4] Justin E. Wood (1836 –), agent for the Worcester and Norwich RR. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[5] William J. Freeman was a member of the McClellan Guards ([ee EMW's letter of 3 Oct].

[6] There are four William Eatons listed in the 1861 Worcester City Directory; which one Emily is referring to is uncertain.

[7] Sarah D. Phelps (1832 – 1918), daughter of Horatio Phelps. Emily's meaning in reference to her appearance / demeanor is unknown. In any event she lived with her father for the rest of his life and never married. [1860 Census; 1861 Worc City Dir]

[8] Harriet (Parmenter) Engley, wife of Davis B. Engley, an overseer [foreman]. [1860 Census; 1861 Worc City Dir]

[9] They actually did not leave Worcester until 31 October.

[10] George H. Spaulding.

[11] Jonathan Richardson had a fish market (Richardson and Witherbee) at 10 Front St. There may have been an eating

establishment associated with it or perhaps Company D was going to have their own "fish fry". [1861 Worc City Dir]

EDITORIAL SUGGESTION?

Should I include a 250 word paragraph introducing the reader and explaining a little about the Battle of Ball's Bluff or do the footnotes provide enough information?

1990.63.2.22
GHW to EMW
22 Oct 1861

Poolesville Oct 22nd [Tues] 61

My dear Wife & Babies,

You have no doubt by this time heard of the engagement in which our Regiment bore so conspicuous a part & in which it suffered so severely & I suppose news may have reached you concerning myself. If they have not I shall be grateful. My dear Wife, I have suffered in the cause I came forth to uphold yet I know not how to be thankful enough that my life is spared. I was wounded in my left leg & it was so badly splintered that they amputated it about half way between the knee & ankle. A loss, dear one, but how much worse it might have been in the dreadful carnage we have been called to bear. You must bear up heroically under the trial because the deficiency can be supplied to a great extent by a false limb. I know my dear that your first impulse will be to rush right to me – but you had better not leave your little charge[1] as I am surrounded by friends. Dr Bates being round doing all for me that medical skill can devise – I am for the present in the Hospital under their immediate supervision. I have considerable pain, but then dear one I have strength & fortitude to bear it.

Write me so that I can hear from you every mail three times a week & I will keep you informed of my state. I shall be removed to a private house just as soon as it is safe – & when I am in a fit state to return I shall come immediately home. Do not be over anxious dear one & a few weeks shall unite us again. With many kisses to my dear ones & love unbounded, I remain yours ever.

G H Ward

Mrs. Ward My dear Madam accept my truest sympathy in this hour of your affliction & be assured that everything shall be done that can be & if any change occurs for the worse in any way I will immediately notify you by telegraph. He is doing nicely, & we have strong hopes of his speedy recovery.

Yours in much haste
Rev Wm G Scandlin

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 22 Oct 1861 (22)

[1] Referring to Robert Lincoln Ward who was still being nursed.

1990.63.2.132
EMW to GHW
23 Oct 1861

Oct 23 [Wed] '61
[Written on envelope]

My Dear dear Husband.

I have just rec'd your letter and am so thankful that you are safe.[1] I am writing in haste to send this tonight by Col. Lee.[2] I want to come to you, you know how much but I am glad you are in such good hands. I can't be thankful enough that you are safe. You can possibly do without your left foot but I couldn't do without you, my dear husband. I am sorry for the cause. Col. & Mrs. Sprague are here tonight and wish to be remembered to you. Do you remember what I told you about my opening to that passage of scripture: Oh ye of little faith.[3] Give my kind regards to Mr. Scandlin. I shall visit his wife, soon. I rec'd your pictures from Washington.

Father and mother send their love. The Lord has been very merciful to us. There are many sad hearts in Worcester.[4] My best love to all my friends, and ever so much to your self. We are all well, good bye my darling.

Emily

Lieut. Col. G. H. Ward
written to be delivered by Col. Lee

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 23 Oct 1861 (132)

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1 There is no date on this letter, the date of the 23rd being added later on the envelop. Since the Battle of Ball's Bluff was on 21 Oct and George's letter was dated the 22nd, it seems most likely that this letter could not have been written until the 25th at the earliest.

2 Horace Clark Lee of Springfield (1822 – 1884), Colonel of the 27th Mass Vol Inf Regt. The 27th, formed mostly in Springfield, left for Maryland and the Coastal Division under Burnside in early November. Colonel Lee might have been visiting the 25th Mass prior to their entrainment for the same command. In many cases, Emily seems to have trusted letter delivery by fellow officers more than the usual mails.

3 In her letter of 29 Sept, Emily referred to the 27th Psalm. This reference, however, seems to be to Matthew 14:31 where Jesus admonishes his disciples for their doubting.

4 Casualty figures for the 15th at Ball's Bluff given in *Mass Soldiers and Sailors* are 44 killed or mortally wounded and over 300 missing. Farwell and Ford give somewhat lower figures. At the time of this writing only preliminary numbers would have been available and probably inflated. Many of the missing would later proved to be prisoner and some initially believed dead would be found among the living. In any event, however, the loss to Worcester was large and hard felt.

1990.63.2.23
GHW to EMW
24 Oct 1891

Poolsville Md, October 24th [Thurs]

My Dear Wife and children

I suppose before this you have heard rather bad news from us. Well it is bad and hard to[o]. It was no Bull Run affair though.[1] Our Regmt fought splendidly but we were whipped but not without three to one against us though I had the misfortune to be shot through the left leg which had to be amputated half way between the knee and ankle, am getting along finely and shall be out soon. I am so thankful to think it isn't worse, that I really think myself lucky to get off as I did, when so many poor fellows were hurried out of this world. You will get the particulars in the papers. We had three fights, and the last two were tough enough. Bullets fairly rained. We have a good many missing. Some were taken prisoners, many were drowned and more shot. Henry came out it unhurt, and he showed a great deal of cool courage too. He was only slightly scratched in two or three places. We (Our Regmt) found the advance and the trouble was, we had the brunt of the battle but were not well supported. The last fight lasted about 2 1/2 hours, and we have old soldiers in our Regmt who were all through the Mexican war and have also been in the Italian wars, and all agree in saying that they never saw any such fighting before Our boys fought like heroes. I am proud of them.[2]

I write this lying down, but find it very convenient. My furlough to Washington didn't expire until Monday night, which was the day of the battle, so I could have stayed and avoided the battle if [I] had chosen to. I rejoice now that I didn't. I never could have forgiven myself. Some would have accused me of doing it intentionally. The leg is nothing. No, nothing compared to the extreme mortification of being subject to the slightest suspicions. I feel now as though I had done my duty, which more than compensates me for the loss I have suffered.

I am very comfortable and am well taken care of. Don't be uneasy about me. I feel as though it was nothing compared with what it might have been. Every one wants to do something for the "Lieut Col." Col Devens is very kind to me. He and Major Kimball[3] both acted nobly in the fight. The Mass 15th has an historical existence, with which I am perfectly satisfied ~~with~~. It is "bully for you" "bully for you" 'bully for the 15th" everywhere Give my love to all at home, kiss the children many times for me and believe me your own darling husband still.

Josh came off safely. James Dennis wasn't there. As you will get full particulars in the papers you must excuse me for not writing it all. I can only say that it was a pretty rough introduction to Va. If you hadn't a nursing baby, I would like to have you come out here, but don't

you think of coming now nor send any one because it wouldn't better my condition. I shall be out soon and can get a cork leg put on so you cannot tell the difference in my walking after I become accustomed to it – so the Drs. say. It is very favorable on that account being cut off so low down. I knew nothing of the operation.[4] I took ether and it was just like going to sleep and waking up again.

From your own dear husband

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 24 Oct 1861 (23)

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[1] The Battle of Bull Run (1st Manassas) resulted in a Union rout with the troops fleeing in disarray.

[2] Of the many battles of the Civil War, the Battle of Ball's Bluff would not have reached such proportions had not Col. Edward Dickenson Baker, a US Senator, been killed. His death and the resulting investigation prompted the formation of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War which "second guessed" every major decision of the Union military for the duration. [Farwell, 179]

[3] John White Kimball (1828 – 1910) of Fitchburg. After George's wounding and Devens' promotion to brigade commander, Kimball assumed command of the 15th and so acted during the Battle of Antietam (Sept 1862). In Nov 1862 he was transferred to the command of the 53rd Mass Vol Inf Regiment. [15th Mass Web Site]

[4] George's leg was removed by Assitant Surgeons Samuel Haven of the 15th and Nathan Hayward of the 20th on Harrison's Island, operating by candlelight in the early morning hours of 22 Oct. [Farwell, 137]

John White Kimball

660099

1990.63.2.24
GHW to EMW
26 Oct 1891

Poolesville Md October 26th [Sat]1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

It is an old saying that we don't know how to appreciate kind friends until we have an opportunity to use them. I have had the benefit of kind friends before, but my friends here are very near to me. I have every thing to make me comfortable. I am at a private house (Dr. Brace,[1] an excellent physician) and I room with our Dr Bates, who is very attentive to my wants. We have fire. I can raise my leg myself this morning, for the first time, which the Dr says is remarkable, Mr. Grout[2] has just arrived here and will take this letter to Wash this P.M.

The slaughter was awful on both sides. We had 65 killed certain and 180 more killed or missing – 245 according to this morning's report.[3] Col Devens has just called, he is very kind and attentive. The next evening parade the Regmt had after the fight Col Devens wore out my sword, the scabbard of which I understand is much bent and dented. I am told he made a highly appropriate speech and alluded in touching terms to my own case. Col Leonard and several of his companies havn't seen any fighting, neither has he been acting Brig Genl or Is likely to get the appointment as I have heard of. We know pretty well what is going on here too.

Three of his companies were at the Bolivia[4] fight under command of his Major Gould[5] and behaved well. He with the rest of his Regmt wasn't within 30 miles at the time. I think he would like to have a fight and would like to be Brig Genl also. I don't blame him as I know of, provided he doesn't make a lame job of it. The Field officers in this vicinity. particularly Mass men have personally called on me.

Our Regmt remain at the place as before. The movement was made with but very little forethought.[6] Col Devens didn't go to the river for that purpose. He, and Q. Master Howe (who figured conspicuously when the Reporters were here, but who didn't raise a sword or lift a gun),[7] went down to see what was going on. We had five Cos there and five at camp. After dark Capt Philbrick[8] of the Northbridge Co with a number of men crossed over on a reconnoitering expedition, which was quite successful. They saw no troops and no signs of any except what they thought was a small Encampment. Coming back and reporting the fact to the Col, he immediately communicated with Genl Stone who ordered the Col & and five Cos that were there to cross and take the camp by surprise at sunrise. Genl Stone at the same time sent a messenger to me (Poolesville) who was in camp with the other five Cos (at 12 o,cl Sunday night) to repair immediately to the crossing at Harrison's Island and there await further orders which I did, arriving about 4 o'cl A.M. Capt Philbrick's imaginary Camp proved to be piles of leaves or wood or something else, and Col Devens and his five Cos returned to the Va shore without disturbing it. Shortly after day break Genl Stone ordered myself and my command across on to the Va side. I immediately obeyed orders which

necessarily took about two hours in transporting the troops across the river, and arrived safely to Col Devens support about 8 1/2 o. cl A.M.

I write this to explain why the Regmt wasn't together at the time, of the first crossing. The first wasn't much only one Company ware engaged in it on our side (Capt Philbrick) & who drove the Rebel pickets in. They came in force upon our Regmt about 2 o'cl. We fought them alone for some time having three to one against us. The Rebels had about 300 cavalry, the rest Infantry, one Regmt Miss Tigers (Sharpshooters). We fell back to near the river where we were re-enforced by Col Baker. The rest is in print. I think a large number of our missing are prisoners. I am getting on well and shall write again soon. My love to all. Kiss the babies 1000 times. Henry is nicely. From your dear husband.

George

Don't worry about me. Remember how much worse it might have been. I wasn't hit until the last of it.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 26 Oct 1861 (24)

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[1] Russell Brace (1819 –). The family can be found in the 1860 Census in Poolesville where Dr. Brace is listed as a physician. In 1870 and 1880 the family is in Washington DC with his occupation as druggist.

[2] John Grout (1815 – 1882), father of Lieut. John William "Willie" Grout who was shot and killed swimming the Potomac after the Battle. The father was undoubtedly looking for his son's body which, however, was not recovered until early November.

[3] The exact losses of the 15th will probably never be known for sure. Those given by Farwell are 14 KIA, 61 WIA, and 227 missing for a total of 302. Those given by Ford are 29 KIA, 8 missing and presumed killed or drowned, and 8 mortally wounded. Seventy five others were reported WIA, of whom 16 were soon discharged for disability. Of the 215 captured, 6 died in prison, 5 dead soon after release and at least 30 discharged for disability. His total casualty figures (counting the POWs) would therefore be 334 out of 653 engaged (or 51%). [Farwell, 134; Ford, 78; 99ff]

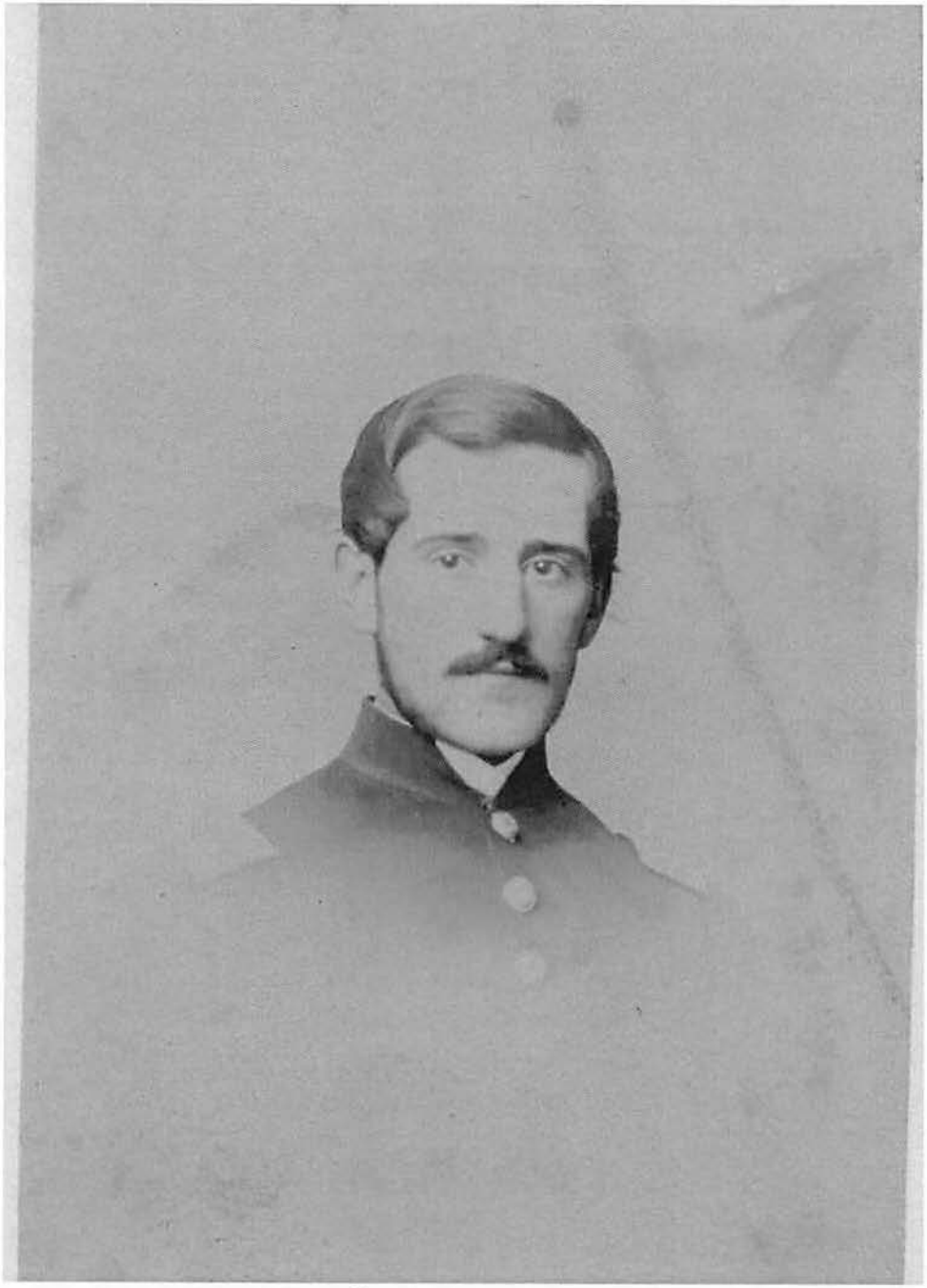
[4] The fight on Bolivia Heights at Harpers Ferry referred to in Emily's letter of 17 Oct 1861.

[5] J(acob) Parker Gould (1822 – 1864). Companies C, I, and K were detached but only the last two appeared to have gone to Harpers Ferry. Their engagement is not mentioned in the 13th's "official" history. [Charles E. Davis, Jr. *Three Years in the Army* Boston: Estes and Lauriat (1894)]

[6] The Battle and controversy over its conduct (and the conduct of Gen. Charles Stone) are the subject of at least 3 books. [see Bibliography]

[7] Church Howe (1839 – 1915) of Princeton and Worcester. Quartermaster of the 15th, Howe's role during the battle was mainly to convey messages between the front and Stone's headquarters on the Maryland side. His actions were soon immersed in controversy and recriminations. Charitably it might be said he was "in an excited mood" during this time. His conduct is examined in Morgan, 229-232.

[8] Chase Philbrick (1823 –1893), stonecutter of Northbridge. Company H was made up of men predominately of Northbridge.



Church Howe

000102

1990.63.2.133
EMW to GHW
26 Oct 1861

Worcester Oct, 26th [Sat] '61

My Dear Husband.

How can I sit here and write with the thought that you are sick and suffering so far away? I know you are in good hands, surrounded by find [*sic*] friends and receiving every needed attention, but I do so long to see you, and take care of you. If I could leave Robie without running the risk of being sick myself before I reached you, I should do so. I had about concluded to go and stay with Caroline's family and let her come and take care of you when I rec'd your letter. I cannot be thankful enough that your life is spared, and I shall count the hours until I see you dear face once more. You will find me one of the best of nurses, and I shall gather some comfort from the fact that you will never, never, go to ~~go to~~ war again. The substance of your letter was printed in this morning's Spy for the satisfaction of you many friends.[1] Every one is interested, and the expressions of sympathy for your suffering and praise for your bravery and fortitude are unbounded. They tell me I have no need to send any thing in the shape of Hospital shirts, or stores for you because every thing will be provided for you. Send me word if you are in want of any thing.

I sent the medicine you sent for last Sunday by Justin Wood, ticket master at the Western Depot. I received your letter last Sunday containing Henry's money which I deposited in the Bank for him on Monday.

There is no mention made of Henry or James so I trust they are safe and well. Give my love to them and Joshua, and my best wishes and prayers for the speedy recovery of all those poor soldiers in the Hospital. I am deeply grateful to that Providence which enables you to bear this great trial with so much cheerfulness. May you be sustained through all you are made to suffer, by an unfaltering trust in Him who never leaves or forsakes us. I am beginning to look forward with joyful anticipation to your speedy return, and "when George comes home" is with us a phrase of frequent utterance. and we are laying by many a thing that we can't do justice to in writing to tell him when he comes <u>home</u>."

Mother & I both wrote to you last Monday evening. We heard the bad news before our letters were mailed and had not the heart to send them; we are saving them to read to you. I don't know what I should have done through all this anxious week but for Theodore. He has been very kind and constantly on the watch for the least intelligence. He telegraphed to Col. Devens Thursday morning in my name for the truth concerning you but he probably never rec'd the telegram. I must not. forget to tell you that aside from your own family, no one lays your loss more to heart than poor Martin. He came up to C's with his lip quivering to know if the sad news was true, and since then he has been all over town with a sword that he bought for Georgie. Dr & Mrs.

Nichols[2] called to inquire for you and express their sympathy, they wish to be remembered in my letter. Henry Harrington[3] and Mr. Burrington also. Our own family send much love and will be overjoyed at seeing you safe home. That word Home, how much it means!

I enclose a letter from Joseph and Faustina which I rec'd last evening.[4] I thank Mr. Scandlin for his kind expressions of sympathy, and trust that he will have strength given him from above while he ministers to the wants both bodily and spiritually of those around him. Remember me to Dr. Bates. I have no acquaintance with Col. D.[5] but I cannot help congratulating him and the other Officers upon their escape. Now good by my Dear Darling Husband. With more love than I can tell or write. Heaven keep you till we meet again.

Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 26 Oct 1861 (133)

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[1] The *Worcester Spy* for 26 Oct 1861 carried brief accounts of the battle.

[2] Lemuel Bliss and Lydia Carter (Anthony) Nichols (1824 – 1888).

[3] Henry Harrington (1827 – 1867). Older brother and business partner of Frank Harrington, Emily's brother-in-law.

[4] Joseph and Faustina (Munroe) Dennis, Emily's uncle and his second wife, now living in Dubuque, Iowa. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[5] Charles Devens.

1990.63.2.134
EMW to GHW
28 Oct 1861

Worcester Oct 28th [Mon] '61

My Dear Husband.

As I write the date of my letter I am reminded that this is my birthday. For a present I rec'd a letter from my Husband written by himself, nothing could have been so acceptable. Your first letter came last night[1] and was read together with Henry's in the P.O. to a crowd of anxious listeners. There has been so much anxiety to hear any thing from the 15th, and there had been until Saturday so little known that I have allowed my letters to be read before they reached me, but I tell them that hereafter I shall claim the first reading.

I am very glad that you keep up such good courage and are doing so well, and I am glad too that the Rebels spared your right hand. I couldn't do without your letters, it is such a comfort to know from yourself that you are so well off. It is a sore trial to me that I can't take care of you now; not but that Dr. Bates knows better than I what do for you, but I want the privilege and I expect you will come home so well, there will be nothing for me to do. Don't let anyone accuse your wife of indifference that she stays at home now. I am busy as I can be getting everything ready against your return. Only think, you will be <u>home</u> to Thanksgiving if nothing happens, I dont dare to anticipate.

The children are very well and Georgie begins to talk about Papa's coming. He sets ups ninepin and calls them soldiers. He says "solder–arms, march, that's the way Papa do." He comes and gets bed with Robie and me every morning as soon as he wakes & this morning I said to him for the twentieth time, "Georgie, Papa's coming home." Did you know it, he looked at me as earnestly, "I'm glad Mama, aint you glad."

I am very sorry for those here who are in doubt about whether their friends are killed or taken prisoners such suspense is dreadful. I have not tried, and I have no words to express my sorrow and Indignation, that the brave 15th of which we were all so fond and proud, should have been drawn into battle against such fearful odds[2] because "Somebody blundered." I think, George, if I had lost <u>you</u> in last Monday's fight, I could <u>never never</u> have been reconciled because it seemed so <u>needless</u>. Now it is bad enough, still <u>you</u> are left to me and will come home, covered with honor, having gained a name for yourself and your Regt beside which you loss seems almost small. I hope and pray that this is the last mistake we shall have to lament, and I am not sorry that my Lieut. Col. is not in danger of going to war again. When do you expect to be able to come home? Be careful and don't exert yourself too soon, and dont see too much company. Tell me about the Reg't and how the sick ones are.

Our sewing circle are preparing a box of bed clothing and hospital stores which will be sent

to Poolesville if it is needed. I am glad to hear such good news from Henry.[3] Sam thinks he should have put his five dollar gold piece in his mouth. The 25th are all ready waiting orders from Gen. Burnside whose Brigade they are to join with 23rd, 24th, & 27th. Is Jonothan with you? I shall answer Joseph's letter tomorrow. Don't you write too much. Of course I want a letter every mail - just enough to let me know how you are. Remember me to Dr Bates. I am glad I have no worse rival than he; you are fortunate to have him with you. All send their love and good wishes; for myself I am longing to see you home again. Good bye till I see you. Your own dear wife.

Emily

Included in letter of 28 Oct

Dear George.

Theo has just called to tell me that I can send to you tonight by Col. Foster.[4] I send some long night shirts, and one other with a bosom, some old sheets for bandages which I know you will need, the old flannel you may need. If you don't, send it to the hospital. I send Father's dressing gown. It may be a trifle small, but you can use it now and I will make you one as soon as you return. Be sure that it[s] brought safe home for it was a birthday present. I am making you some fine shirts. I havn't sent you any more now but I will if you need. Be very careful, I can't believe quite out of danger till I see you. Robie is shouting "da da" and Georgie is up to his elbows in mischief. Your anxious wife,

Emily

Brother George,

Col. Foster starts this afternoon and I cant think of any thing that would be of use to [you] except these night shirts which I got ready a few weeks ago, and if they dont do you any good they will somebody. But Theo says hurry and I cant stop, just saw Mr. Wood and he told us what you told him to, but I must close good bye.

Sister Elizabeth

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 28 Oct 1861 (134)

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[1] In her note of 23 Oct (perhaps misdated), Emily refers to a letter from George after the battle (the letter of 22 Oct). Thus this reference to his "first letter" is confusing.

[2] Actually the forces on both sides at Ball's Bluff were about even although each side claimed to have been outnumbered. [Morgan]

[3] Henry C. Ward lost the money while swimming back across the Potomac.

[4] Dwight Foster, then Attorney General of Massachusetts. Foster had been an officer in the militia. Emily frequently refers to him (and other civilians) by their military title. With two Massachusetts regiments, the 15th and 20th, being involved in what was increasingly seen as a bungled operation at Ball's Bluff, it would be natural for a state official to make an early visit to the battle scene.

1990.63.2.25
GHW to EMW
28 Oct 1861

Poolsville, Md October 28th [Mon] 1861

My Dear Wife and babies,

It is a beautiful, clear. cool morning, and every thing looks pleasant, and most every body happy outside, while here I am on my little, cot bed as comfortable as could be expected. I have just had my bed made up and the room put to rights. I suppose you are constantly thinking about me, and I know you would like very much to see me, which is perfectly natural. But I hope you will look on the bright side now, as you always have in every thing else. Through your kind, loving, and encouraging words, I have often been cheered to renewed efforts. and I hope and pray that the same faith and trust in God, will sustain and encourage you now that has always sustained and supported you.

I have nothing to regret. I wouldn't take it back if I could for I believe it is all for the best and it will yet turn out so. If it was necessary for me only to sacrifice a leg in the cause of my country while hundreds of others sacrificed their lives, hadn't we ought to be truly grateful, hadn't we ought to feel highly indebted to God for the small demand he has made upon us? I feel so. I have nothing which makes me feel that God has been severe with me but I have every thing to praise him for. These little afflictions & reverses in life are all the better for us. Didn't you know it. I thought so when Carrie[1] died. It brings us nearer to God and Heaven. When we have little treasures in Heaven, Heaven doesn't seem half so far off to us. It seems then as though we had something worth ~~to live for~~ living for, and that God's afflictions here, were to ~~prepare us for~~ bring us nearer to him that we might better prepared to meet our dear friends and little ones in Heaven who have gone before us. We always feel the best when we live the best, and the better we live, the nearer we are to God, and the nearer we are to God, the nearer we are to Heaven.

Before I went into that battle, I prayed God for wisdom, courage, and a firm trust in Him, and that, if consistent with His holy will (without shrinking from any of the duties or responsibilities of my position) to spare my life and permit me once more to return to my dear friends at home. He spared my life. He permitted me to do my duty, but I was wounded. I believe it to be His will and I am satisfied.

I cant say that I enjoy my situation very much, still I shall try to make the best of it. I shall write as often as I can but it isn't an easy matter I assure you lying on my back. If I do well, probably in two weeks I shall set up some when I can write easier and better. I am eating light food & a little of it. One week ago today since we broke ice with the rebels

Col. Lee[2] brought me your letter this morning. I also recd one from Theo, one from Harvey Wilder and a very kind complimentary and sympathetic one from Dwight Foster. I am glad you are

so cheerful about me. Give my love to your father & mother. I have seen the deep, silent grief of the one mingle with the more expressive, but none the less heart felt than the other, and I know that they feel a deep interest in my welfare and that their kind deeds and generous acts have made me feel many a time that I was blessed with very near and dear friends. God bless them.

Tuesday morning October 29 I am quite comfortable this morning. My leg pains me some, but I slept the best last night of any night yet. Every body in Worcester I understand inquires for me, as my letters say. Let us know every day or two how you are. I cant write much, only to you, and if you can let Theo know about me, he can be able to answer the thousand and one questions which are continually being asked him. I keep in good spirits, and have abundance of friends here. Most every one is speaking praise. I wasn't rash nor imprudent, nor did anything more than my simple duty that I intended to do, and that is all I ask credit for, that is, if one is entitled to credit for doing his duty. Remember me to all at home. Our little babies, how I would like to see them, and you too

From your dear husband.

George

Mrs George H Ward
Gold St. 2d house
Worcester Mass

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 28 Oct 1861 (25)

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[1] Caroline Mayo Ward (1854 – 1856), George and Emily's first child. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[2] Horace Clark Lee (1822 – 1884), Col. of the 27th Mass Vol Inf. (Col. William R. Lee of the 20th Mass had been captured at Ball's Bluff).

1990.63.2.26
GHW to EMW
30 Oct 1861

Poolesville, Md October 30th [Wed] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children.

I am getting on as well as can be expected under the circumstances. My leg is some painful at times. but every thing is favorable for it, and I anticipate a speedy change for the better. The pain is mostly in the foot that's gone. Very singular, but the part that is gone is where the pain comes from, and it is sharp at times but I have got some patience left yet, and nothing but a regular siege at it will cause me to surrender.

Large numbers of Wor and Wor County people have been here but most of them have gone now. I sent by Mr. R. Pratt[1] Esqr two photographs which I presume your taste will not exactly relish. I don't know certain, but will imagine such a thing. I am glad I had them taken now for it will be some time before I shall get into fighting trim again. The men in the Hospitals are getting along well, but there are several bad cases, none however from Worcester. Henry saw Father Smith's son[2] drop. He was shot in the head and expired instantly. He fought nobly and with great bravery. Benj Taft, (Moses' son) done himself great credit. He was perfectly cool. Was seen at his post to the last, and I was glad to recognize in him traits of character which were highly commendable. He was perfectly self possessed, fought bravely, and I am quite satisfied he is a prisoner.[3] Henry done finely, fought manfully and was exceedingly lucky. The Wor Company[4] all done nobly except one G – who from what I can learn hived up most of the time. He is a prisoner and has been locked up before. I rec'd a beautiful letter from Col Stoddard[5] last night full of sympathy and praise and was remembered by his wife.

Thursday Octr 3lst. Josh has gone to Washington with some prisoners who were taken by our men and he assisted in taking them to Washington. The Dr has just fixed up my leg. I rested well last night and feel quite smart this morning. The Dr says I must set up some today. I don't know about it my leg is pretty sore, still my bodily health is as good as ever, and I can move my leg any where most but do it with extreme caution. Dr Bates I expect will go home next week, on a months furlough. Dr Sargent[6] of Wor has just called and expressed himself much pleased with my appearance. He thought my leg was doing remarkably well. I see by the papers that I am really, considerable at home. I didn't do any more than the rest of them, only I happened to get hit, which makes the difference.

You write of Henry frequently. Who Is Henry? Is It Henry Mellen?[7] If so, does he work there? and how does Sam get along with him? You havn't written much about Sam. How does he carry sail? Write me. The weather is beautiful, and very favorable for the wounded. Give my love to Sam, Fred, and all. Evening Your last with Jos & Faus letters have just come to hand. I also

recd one from Elizabeth and one from Saml Hathaway,[8] all full of consolation. Dwight Foster arrived tonight with the Bundle.

Nov 1st. I slept nicely last night and feel well this morning. Perhaps you will be mistaken about my staying when I get home I shall not be able to go home before Christmas and as soon as I get the new leg on I shall probably return which will be about the 1st of February or perhaps little later.[9] Santa Anna had a wooden leg.[10] Mine will only be a wooden foot and the Dr. says it wouldn't be noticed unless I told of it. Dwight Foster will call over this morning, he sent the bundle last evening. It was late when he arrived. When I write to <u>you</u> I prefer <u>you to open your own letters first</u>. I shall get on to crutches in about 4 weeks from the time I was hurt and I shall not start until I am well accustomed to them and my leg gets well healed It will be hard enough then. Tell Sam and Fred to write me. My love to all. Tell your mother to send her letter for I should be glad to see it. Kiss the children for Papa. From your loving husband

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 30 Oct 1861 (26)

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[1] From the title, it would appear that Pratt was a "gentleman", possibly a lawyer but is not identified further in the letters. A possibility would be Daniel R. Pratt (1813 – 1886) who listed himself as "inventor" in both the Worcester City Directories and Census records of the time.

[2] John W. Smith (1839 – 1861), son of Lewis and Maria W. (Rice) Smith. John Smith was a private in Co D. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 161]

[3] Benjamin Taft was indeed taken prisoner but died in Salisbury, NC in mid-Jan 1862.

[4] Company D.

[5] Elijah Stoddard (1785 – 1865) and wife, Zilpah Nelson (1786 – 1865). The title was mainly honorific. He had served in the 2nd Regiment of Militia 1822 – 1830 but had no real military experience. [Francis Russell Stoddard, *The Stoddard Family* New York, Trow Press (1912), 65-67]

[6] Joseph Sargent (1819 – 1885).

[7] Henry Mellen (1840 –), Emily's first cousin.

[8] Sam Hathaway (1819 –), lawyer. Former Lieutenant in the Worcester City Guards and a friend of GHW. The letter did not survive.

[9] George was prescient. Despite many subsequent "guesses" about his rate of recovery and possible return, he would not leave Poolesville until 28 Jan 1862 and arrive in Worcester on the 31st.

[10] Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna (1794 –), Mexican general. Best known today for being in command of Mexican forces at the Alamo, he known at the time for leading troops in the Mexican War of 1847-48. He had lost his left leg in 1838 but was able to continue an active (indeed, infamous) military career.

1990.63.2.135
EMW to GHW
31 Oct 1861

Worcester Oct, 31st [Thurs] 1861

My Dear Husband.

You will please excuse me for writing you such a little letter. I wrote a long one last night for Joseph in answer to one I rec'd from him which I enclose. I came up this afternoon just too late to mail my letters, so you will be disappointed. The 25th Reg't were on the common ready to start. When I came up I saw Col. Sprague and bade him good bye. He says he shall write to you when he gets off. He says I had better try to keep you at home this winter as if I was ever going to let you go. Mother saw Mrs. Pratt[1] after she came home and we were so glad to hear directly from you. Caroline is making us a visit. She came up with me this afternoon. I and writing this note up street in the back part of Frank's store. Eugenia has just come in with her sister Fanny; she sends her love.[2] Lois Harrington[3] sends ever so much love. I shall write again tomorrow.

Good bye my dear husband. Get well as soon as you can. I want to see you so much. Your loving wife Emily. What do you think Georgie says of your picture? He says it is Jeff Davis. He wont call it Papa. I send you one of the other pictures to show you the contrast.

E

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 31 Oct 1861 (135)

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[1] Not positively identified. In his letter of 30 Oct, George speaks of Mr. R. Pratt, Esq having left. Unfortunately, this person is also not positively identified, although he may be Daniel R. Pratt. If that be the case, then the wife is Anna Maria (Bryant) (1816 – 1869).

[2] Children of Artemas Ward, Jr, GWH's older brother. Eugenia was born in 1846, Fanny in 1857. The older girl was obviously caring for her young sister. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[3] Lois Harrington (1823 – 1864), sister of Frank Harrington, Emily's brother-in-law.

1990.63.2.136
EMH to GWH
2 Nov 1861

Worcester, Nov. 2nd [Sat], 1861

My Dear Husband,

I wish I could look in upon you this Saturday night and know you are all right and still improving. I received your letter of the 28 and 29th yesterday and now I want to hear again. I never shall stay here until you are able to come home. I begin to think of weaning Robie and getting ready to come at least in time to help you home, that is, of course, if you approve. I can't believe that you have such care you need in every respect especially if Dr. Bates is sick himself. How can he attend to his other patients and take care of you night and day? Are you not doing without many things that I might fix up for you? You know what the expense would be and I don't insist on coming. Only if you need me, don't do without me thinking I can't come. When you receive this letter a fortnight will have passed since you were wounded, and I want to know if you are gaining as fast as you expected to. I try not to borrow trouble, but I think of a thousand things that might happen, and you so far away.

Mrs. Pratt[1] thought your sheets and pillow cases were rather unbleached, and I got some done up to send by Col. Foster,[2] but it made such a bundle that we concluded that it would be imposing upon him to ask him to take so much. I saw Dr. Geo. Bates the afternoon that he came home.[3] I rode from the St. down to Caroline's with him. It was the same day the 25th Reg't went off.[4] I was very glad to hear directly from you, and some disappointed when he said, "But he isn't coming home". Of course, I know you <u>are</u> coming home just as soon as you can but Mrs. Pratt & Dr. Bates and some others say that you told them you were not coming home here to "hobble round on one foot". If you wait until you can wear a cork leg, I shall despair, but I know you won't. I know you want to come home just as much as I want to have you, and you will not mind walking a little lame when you tread the path of Glory. I am saving the papers to read to my Grandchildren, private letters written home by the soldiers make very honorable mention of their Lieut. Col. and of Col. D.

Every one is very much interested and anxious to hear from you. Sarah Cobb and her husband[5] called yesterday and brought me a note from Mr. Adams,[6] I enclose it. Augustus White[7] from Boston called up to Mrs. Richmond's, his sister-in-law's,[8] to ask after you. He said that of all that he had heard of the war nothing touched him so near home as the news of your misfortune. Thomas William[9] has written to Theo. concerning you. Mr. Crompton[10] is coming to see you when you come home. Not that he is the only one but he sent me particular word and I receive any amount of messages of sympathy and love for myself and you. Martin has given Georgie a sword "just like the Captain's over there, only its tin" (to use his own words) and today Georgie made his acknowledgements in person. Give me some message for Martin, he would be so pleased and he

has felt so sorry for you. Now I think of it, I want you to send me if you can some word that I can give to Mr. and Mrs. Taft[11] concerning their son. If he was worthy of promotion, you can, I presume, say something in his favor that would gratify his parents. They think he was shot in the water and are most crazy about him.[12] I am so thankful George that your life was spared. It makes my heart ache for you to think of all you have suffered, and may still, but you bear it all so bravely and are so cheerful that I can but feel that strength is given you for this trial and I shall learn from you. To say we have received good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil? Mother wants you to come home to Thanksgiving. We are getting every thing ready for you and you will have nothing to do but take comfort (I trust) when you come. One thing I forgot. If I don't come to you where you are, you must let me meet you in New York. That I must do. I needn't leave Robie long for that. Elizabeth spent the day with us yesterday. Caroline has been here since Tuesday night. She is going to sew for me next week. Georgie is very attentive to her. He volunteered to escort her to see the little piggies the other day. She was somewhat "taken aback" when the five great grunters greeted her. Georgie gets Robie's high chair and harnesses it up and makes believe go after letters from Papa. We are having a very severe rain storm. The ~~rain~~ storm beats against these front windows just as it used to last winter and it is quite cold. Yesterday was very beautiful. This must be the line storm. Caroline is waiting for Josh's letter. I wish he would write all about you; tell him so please.

Sunday morning It has stormed dreadfully all night. I hope no harm has come to the "Squadron".[13] It must have been awful on the coast. Don't get too tired writing to me, a very little will do so that I hear you are doing well. Henry writes home real good letters. He has won for himself great credit and we are all very much interested in his welfare. Give my love to him and the rest. All send their love to you and want to see you. We can hardly wait for you to come. Be careful and get well soon. From your loving wife with a hundred kisses.

Emily

I have just heard of the death of Marcus Barrett.[14]

E

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 2 Nov 1861 (136)

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[1] Perhaps Anna Maria (Bryant) Pratt.

[2] Dwight Foster. Although current Massachusetts Attorney General, Foster had been an officer in the militia. Emily frequently refers to him (and other civilians) by their military title.

[3] George Anson Bates (1820 – 1885), younger brother of Joseph N. Bates, surgeon of the 15th. According to his obituary in the Worcester Spy for 10 Aug 1885, George A. Bates was in practice in Worcester 1845 – 1856 when he removed to Washington, D.C. He returned to Worcester in the fall of 1861 to continue the practice of his brother while the latter was in the service. After Joseph's return to Worcester in early 1862, they continued in practice together.

[4] 31 Oct 1861.

[5] Henry (1829 – 1883) and Sarah (Stoodly) Cobb (1828 – 1901). He was a grocer in Worcester. [Worc VR; 1861 Worc City Dir]]

[6] John Greenleaf Adams (1810 – 1887), pastor (1853 – 1860) of the Universalist Society prior to Mr. Burrington. [Nutt II, 888]

[7] Charles Augustus White (1824 –). White married Henrietta A. Bayley in 1855 but there is no record of a Richmond – Bayley marriage.

[8] Probably Martha A. (Waite) Richmond, wife of Charles Richmond who lived at 12 Chatham Street, the same address as the Bartlett's. As mentioned, there is no record that would link the White and Richmond families; perhaps Emily was confused and the reference by C. A. White was to the fact that he had called at her (Emily's) sister-in-law's house. This would be logical assuming the news came to Emily via Mrs. Richmond and not White himself.

[9] Not identified. There is no Thomas William (or Williams) listed in the 1861 Worcester City Directory nor a Thomas William ----- known to be in the Ward – Mayo – Dennis lineage.

[10] George Crompton (1826 – 1886), one of Worcester's foremost inventors and manufacturers (Crompton Looms Works and Mills). He patented a refinement of the power loom in 1857 that doubled the width of fabric that could be woven. At the time of this writing, he lived at 11 Gold Street (across from the Mayo house) and undoubtedly knew the family well, both from business and perhaps socially. [Nutt IV, 856; 1861 Worc City Dir]

[11] Moses Taft (1815 – ?1893) and Louisa A. (-?-) (~1816 – aft 1880).

[12] Benjamin Taft was taken prisoner, only to die in 15 Jan 1862 in a Confederate prison camp in Salisbury, North Carolina.

[13] In late October 1861, a naval expedition against Port Royal, located between Savannah and Charleston and a fine natural harbor, was undertaken. Several Massachusetts regiments were to be involved, including the 25th. The fleet was buffeted by a severe storm on 1 Nov. Eventually the forts guarding the inlet were captured and the port secured. The operation was supposed to be "top secret" but obviously there were serious security leaks to both North and South. [Foote I, 116-120]

[14] Marcus Barrett (1815 – 1861), a farmer in Auburn, died 2 Nov 1861. His farm was on (current) Pakachoag Road and thus a neighbor of the Ward's.

1990-63.2.27
GHW to EMW
2 Nov 1861

Poolesville Md November 2, [Sat] 1861

My dear Wife and Children

This paper isn't my kind but I use it because I can do no better.[1] I am still comfortable, and think my leg is doing well. A great many people from Worc County have come and gone and some are here now. It is a very stormy day attended with high winds, many of the tents have blown down, and others are badly torn. My leg has been new dressed this morning, and I sat up about an hour and feel much better for it. Dwight Foster, Col Devens, Major Kimball, Dr Bates, Abbott Lawrence's son[2] & Mr Crowninshield[3] of Boston were all in together a short time since. Most every one stops particularly from Mass, and all express a great desire to see me. They all leave me with a thousand blessings, and a great deal of sympathy. It is gratifying; still they cannot take any of it upon themselves.

Dwight Foster is spending the day with me and I am much pleased with his company, The wind blows fearfully and it seems pleasant to have company. I have a good room with fire in it, and have my leg dressed once in about two hours. It usually feels worse towards night, but I expect pain and am willing to submit to it.

Josh told me he had recd a letter from Caroline. I intended to have written to Emmie before this but have not, I hope to soon. The dressing gown, shirts &c &c were duly recd. I have every thing I want and don't send me any thing unless I request it. Bandages are more acceptable than any thing. I have plenty of clothing, and can buy any thing here necessary. It is getting dark, and the mail will not come till late I fear.

Our Regmt can easily be recruited in Wor County, so everyone says.[4] I should think the 25th Regmt would get to be a bore by remaining at home so long. Lieut so & so had swords presented, Col So & So had horse &c presented Major So & So d[itt]o, Capt so & so had tooth pick &c presented, Sergt or Corpl So & So had lead pencil & sheet paper presented &c &c and most every body has had something presented to them. I should think it high time they were off and be getting some presents from the other side.

I will wait until the mail arrives before I finish, it will very likely be late tonight on account of the storm and bad going. It is now 8 o'cl P.M. and no mail yet so I will finish this and sent it to P.O. My leg pains me some tonight. It is always worse towards night & evenings, but is fast getting better of

it. Remember me to all at home, dont be bashful about writing as I have plenty of time to read now and shall [have] plenty of time to write as soon as I can sit up, which will be in a few days. Papers of all kinds are thankfully recd. I cannot tell about coming home as I shall stay until my leg gets quite well.

Love to all, Kiss the babies
From your loving husband
George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 2 Nov 1861 (27)

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[1] The stationary is lined, folded into two pages giving four writing sheets size 5 1/16" x 8". Printed in blue ink with an emblem and verse:

With the hearts of the Patriotic
And the hands of the Brave,
We'll teach rebels to surrender.

[2] Unidentified.

[3] Francis B. Crownshield of Boston, former Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. He had a nephew, Caspar Crownshield in the 20th Mass.

[4] George is referring to recruiting for replacements.

1990.63.2.28
GHW to EMW
4 Nov 1861

Poolesville Md Nov 4th [Mon] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

I am sitting up writing this letter, but feel some tired it is only the second time since I was hurt that I have sat up. It is two weeks today since the battle, and it hardly seems one. I am quite comfortable except when my leg pains me which is occasionally. I feel quite weak, come to sit up, but shall be growing stronger now every day. Dr Bates, with a lot of the wounded, start for home tomorrow, all invalids. Col Devens also will go, I expect tomorrow, for the purpose of filling up the Regiment. I shall not be able to go much before Christmas. I very much regret that Dr Palmer didnt live in this vicinity instead of Boston. You would not see me then until I had two legs. Dr. Bates will call and see you and perhaps Col Devens. I recd a very kind letter from Rev J G Adams,[1] he also wrote that he had sent a note to you.

Tuesday Nov 5th Early in morning. Dr Bates is flying around getting ready for a start. It is a beautiful morning and I am feeling smart. Dr Bates will take this to Washington, which will put it ahead about 24 hours. If I could think of some of the questions you would ask me I would try and answer some now. Dr Crosby,[2] the Brigade Surgeon, is to have charge of me now. I shall be all around before Dr. Bates gets back. The men in camp are all in fine spirits, and those in the Hospital are doing quite well. Quite a number have died[3] and some one or two more probably will.

Henry is well. Remember me to all at home. I should be very happy to see my own dear wife and children, and probably shall bye and bye. Kiss Georgie and Robie for me and write me their ages as I have forgotten. From your dear Husband George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 4 Nov 1861 (28)

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[1] John Greenleaf Adams (1810 – 1887), pastor of the Universalist Church prior to Mr. Burrington. [Nutt II, 888]

[2] A. B. Crosby. He probably belonged to either the "California" Brigade (actually made up of Pennsylvania men) or the 42nd New York. [Ford, 143]

[3] George is probably referring to all the wounded. According to Ford's account, three men of the 15th had died by this time, with one more death on both the 5th and 6th of November, and a final one on 1 Dec. [Ford, 99]

1990.63.2.29
GHW to EMW
6 Nov 1861

Poolsville Md November 6th [Wed] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

Your letter with Joseph's accompanyment was duly recd. I was very glad to know Jos has such tender feelings and that he so strongly sympathizes with me in my "misfortune". The fact of its being no worse isnt of much consolation to him. I am still getting along well. Dr Gates and Col. Devens went home yesterday. You probably will see them both, so you must ask them every question you can think of as it will be a relief to me. They may be able to tell you when I may be expected home but nothing reliable though. My leg is doing well, so the Drs say. I never had any experience in this line before so I couldnt tell, but it feels sore and is quite painful at times. It is most all in the foot that is gone. It is a sort of ticklish pain which is very disagreeable.

You didn't say whether you like my picture. I presume though you sent back the one you wouldn't like to keep, so you havn't very high opinions of my present looks. It is a very cold windy day very unpleasant out side and in.

Nov 7th This is a beautiful morning and every thing looks pleasant out. I had good nights sleep and feel quite smart this morning. I sat up last night and shall probably today, The Dr says I shall be able to go on crutches in a week, but I shall not hurry about it. I havn't a very exalted opinion of this crutch business.

I have plenty of company. People call to sympathize with my misfortune, and to congratulate me that I got off so well. Every one thinks I have reason to be thankful. My trunk is right along side of me and I spend my time in overhauling that, examining things I hadn't hardly looked at before, reading papers &c &C. Henry has got [a] bad cold which he caught when he swam the river. I gave him some pills yesterday out of my box. He doesn't like to take Dr Bates's medicine. He will probably straighten out in a day or two. I see that neighbor Grout[1] is a Corporal in Capt Foster's Company[2] which is the same one that Spaulding[3] is with. I should think he was starting pretty well.

I recd a letter from Artemas[4] last Tuesday eveng. I am glad to hear so good reports from him. I would like to know where the 25th regiment have gone. Probably they are in or around Washington as they were too late for the Naval Expedition. Genl Col Morse's Remt was designated for that adventure, and the report is here that he went to Washington and begged so hard that they were <u>permitted</u> <u>to</u> <u>remain</u> <u>at</u> <u>home</u>.[5] Bully for Morse and the 21st(?).

I understand a flag *of* truce came across from the other side yesterday to get bandages, and Hospital stores for our sick and wounded who are in their hands Our side were premitted to bring off Capt ----- body of the 20th Mass Regmt.[6]

I have not learned yet where the next fight is to come off, but I reckon a forward movement is in contemplation. Nothing has yet been done about putting our troops into winter quarters. Huts most be made as the tents are not suitable. The weather here is almost as cold as in Mass only we don't have so much of it. I have written Tom Smith[7] for some clothes, to be sent forward as early as possible. The fact that nothing has been done, or is being done for the comfort or convenience of the men here for the winter looks very much as though a change of position was intended. I understand that McClellan says "the rest of it will be short bur very severe." The Government have got 300,000 troops in the field today which is one of the largest armies ever known. I dont want them to move until they are entirely ready, but I should think that that number of men ought to be capable of doing a great deal of mischief. They are in better condition (the same number of men) this fall than they will be next spring.

Give my love to all at home. Keep up good spunk. Dont go to wilting over trifles. Kiss the children for me very often, and believe me your loving and affectionate husband.

George

P.S. No Capt is lost except Capt Gatchell[8] of Blackstone. The rest of the Captains are all prisoners at Richmond.[9]

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 6 Nov 1861 (29)

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[1] William G. Grout.

[2] Albert H. Foster (1819 –), Captain, Co D of the 25th Mass Vol Inf.

[3] George H. Spaulding (1838 –).

[4] Artemas Ward (1821 – 1865), George's older brother. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[5] Augustus Morse of Leominster. He apparently persuaded the Governor of Maryland to ask that the 21st be allowed to say on garrison duty around Annapolis and Baltimore rather than join the fall Burnside espedition.

[6] George does not supply a name. All the Captains of the 20th can be accounted for as alive after the battle. According to Farwell, a party under the command of Lt. Col. Francis Palfrey of the 20th Mass crossed to retrieve the body of Capt. Henry H. Alden, Co H, 42nd New York. No mention of any other removal is made. Perhaps George was misinformed as to the nature of the mission or confused its leader with its goal. [Farwell, 197-98]

[7] Thomas F. Smith (1818 – 1891), tailor at 240 Main Street.

[8] Moses W. Gatchell (~1834 – 1861) of Company K. [15th Mass Web Site]

[9] Captains George W. Rockwood (Co A), Henry Bowman (Co C) and John M. Studley (Co D) were captured. Clark S. Simonds (Co B) and Charles H. Watson (Co E) were originally reported missing, and Sardus S. Sloan (Co F) and Walter Forehand (Co G) were wounded. Of the ten Captains, only Chase Philbrick (Co H) and George C. Joslin (Co I) seemed to have escaped harm. [15th Mass Web Site]

Willie Grout

000120

1990.63.2.137
EMW to GHW
6 Nov 1861

Worcester, Nov. 6th [Wed] /61

My Dear Husband,

How is it that you know what I am going to write so that you can answer my letters before you receive them? I sent a letter that to the Office last Sunday A.M. and received one from you in the evening that was the answer to everything I had written.[1] We must be congenial spirits surely. I shall get a letter from you tomorrow that will answer this one I am writing tonight.

I am satisfied now that you are doing well as possible and will say no more about coming to take care of you, though I had set such value on my attentions that I thought you couldn't get well without me. Don't you get the idea that your wife is not an indispensable appendage. I shall do my best to dispossess you of such a notion when you come home for I shall make my services of so much importance that you will not talk of going back again. But really, George, isn't it rashness for you to think of it? Ever since that awful time when I waited with such anxious dread to hear from you, I have wondered how I ever consented so readily to your going at all and I can't bear the thought of your risking your life again. I have a great deal of confidence in your judgment and you may be able to convince me that it is best for you to stay with the 15th but never to fight with them again. You must not think of it. Santa Anna to be sure had a wooden leg but wasn't he beaten? I hoped to have you home Thanksgiving but if Christmas finds us together again, it will be indeed a happy one. I dreamed last night that I was in church when you came home and you kissed me so loud that it disturbed the meeting. Of course, I didn't kiss you.

Your photographs I do not admire; why didn't you have them taken larger? I don't believe they do you justice. I like my old soldier in his fatigue coat best and as for Georgie, he gets your pictures and the first one he calls "Papa" but the other one "Jeff Davis Fedo" (Thedo).[2]

Caroline[3] has been here this week. She came to sew for me. This morning Mrs. Steadman[4] sent for her and I carried her up. Mrs. S. wanted her to sew for her a day or two so I left her up there and shall send for her tomorrow night. I think Caroline looks better than usual this autumn.[5] She doesn't cough much and she doesn't raise any, scarcely.

You ask about Sam. He is doing very well. He had a notion of enlisting and I wrote you about it some time ago.[6] It is possible you may not have rec'd the letter. It is Henry Mellen who is here. He has been here ever since you went away. I wrote about him when he came.[7] He and Same get along very well indeed thought they are not remarkably swift.[8] The harvesting is about all done. We have a cellar full of potatoes about three and a half loads of beautiful squashes, any quantity of pumpkins, and turnips and beets &c to make up a winter's supply of the necessaries.

The cows have free range over every where but the highway and are doing finely. Mother has had four and five pans of milk at a night's milking lately. She is putting down some beautiful butter.

We see Fred[9] quite often, he was down here last Sunday. I can't see that he grows tall any but he just fills Sam's overcoat. Caroline made the collar smaller and it is just the thing for him. He is doing very well. Marcus Barrett was buried last Sunday.[10] He had lost his two only children quite lately.[11] They were sick with dysentery and his own sickness was brought on by watching over them in the sickness and grief at their death. His wife[12] is left all alone. I am glad you see the Worcester papers. It must be very gratifying to you to see that you bravery and noble daring are so well appreciated. You would feel almost repaid for your loss if you could know how much every one sympathizes with you.

I heard today on the St. that Col. Morse of the 21st was ordered to join the Naval expedition with his Reg't and that he went to Washington and begged off; can it be true?[13] How is it with the remnant of the 15th. The 15th that was almost forgotten away out in Poolesville working away at duty, getting so few puffs and having no "self sacrificing young men", all at once it burst from its obscurity and gained a name that surpasses every name ever won on the Battle Field for cool courage and endurance. And now to belong to Wor. County, the home of the 15th, is thought sufficient honor even for the 25th.

I am glad your friends write to you. I knew you would hear from Sam Hathaway. I should think he would want to join the Reg't.[14] I fell anxious to hear from you again. I don't forget that you are where fevers abound. You see I am determined to borrow trouble about something. I haven't quite learned your way of making the best of it. I am alone tonight with the children. Mother has gone to W[orceste]r to stay all night. Georgie gave me a kiss to put in Papa's letter just before he went to sleep. I overheard him reading to himself the other day out of a book, "Oh I be glad when Papa comes home". I can't give you the tone but it was something in the O. H. Tillotson style.[15] If Dr. Bates comes home I shall try to see him. Remember me to him and all your good friends, take care of my husband, and come home as soon as you can to your loving wife.

Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 6 Nov 1861 (137)

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[1] Emily must have mailed her letter of 2 Nov and received George's of 30 Oct.

[2] The 'Jeff Davis' reference is clear but the 'Fedo / Thedo' is obscure perhaps a mispronounciation of "traitor".

[3] Caroline G. Ward.

[4] Marietta (Mrs. Francis) Stedman (1815 – 1890), a widow and dressmaker at 3 Salem Street. [Worc VR; 1861 Worc City Dir]

[5] Caroline would die of tuberculosis 28 Oct 1863.

[6] See Emily's letter of 11 Oct 1861.

[7] See Emily's letter of 29 Aug 1861.

[8] Probably meaning not working very fast rather than our modern colloquial meaning of not very intelligent.

[9] Frederick William Ward (1848 -)

[10] 3 November 1861.

[11] Sunday was 3 November. Marcus' cause of death was given as typhoid fever; the two children, Mary Etta, aged 11 months and Henry Summer, aged 2, both died of dysentery on 12 Oct 1861. [Worc VR]

[12] Mary E. (Alton) Barrett (1837 –). She would later (April 1863) marry Asa W. Ward of Worcester (perhaps a cousin to George) and continued to live on the Bartlett farm.

[13] The history of the 21st states that the Governor of Maryland asked that the Regiment remain in Annapolis/Baltimore on account of their "exemplary conduct" in keeping the peace. Colonel Morse also "represented that the regiment was better adapted to conciliatory purposes than fighting". Whatever the circumstances, the 21st did not sail with the rest of the Port Royal expedition. When they did join Burnside's expedition against the North Carolina coast in January 1862, Morse remained in Annapolis and Lt. Col. Alberto Maggi led the Regiment. [Charles F. Walcott *History of the Twenty-First Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co, 1882; Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 594]

[14] While Sam Hathaway did serve, there is no record of him joining the 15th or 25th, which was made up of Worcester County men, including those from the Worcester City Guards. Living in New York City, he did participate in a reception for the 25th when it passed through on 1 Nov 1861. [Nutt II, 594]

[15] Obidiah H. Tillotson (1816 – 1863), pastor of the First Universalist Church from 1849 to 1852. He is described by Nutt as "a doctrinal preacher, dignified and commanding". His "style" would certainly have been well known to George. [Nutt IV, 888]

000121

Caroline Ward (1990.63.1.1.4)

1990.63.2.138
EMW to GHW
9 Nov 1861

Nov. 9 [Sat], 1861

My Dear Husband.

It is Saturday night and rainy too, not quite so stormy as it was a week ago but bad enough. Georgie went to sleep almost before he ate his supper, but Robie set his little fate face towards the light and was determined to have a good time with "Gramma". He is off at last though and now it is my leisure for writing. I try to write three times a week so that you may receive a letter by every mail. I rec'd your last two letters with the tricolored starts and stripes in the corner, and am glad that you continue to improve.[1]

Col. Devens arrived in the city last night at 10 ½ o'clock. He was met by a crowd of friends at the Depot and they adjourned to his rooms and made speeches and so forth.[2] I hear that he spoke in the highest of terms of Lt. Col. Ward. This morning Col. Devens came down here with Theo. I had rec'd your letter of the 4th and 5th and was not taken by surprise. He made quite a stop. Georgie played shy at him, and Robie woke and was brought down and introduced. I was very glad to see him and ask all about my husband. He thinks you will be able to come home before Christmas. He said he would try to call down again the last thing before he starts for Poolesville and I shall send you something if it is no more than bandages. Dr. Bates stopped in N.Y. and probably got home this P. M. You must be a little lonesome now they are gone. I hope you have got company this rainy night. Col. D. says you would be really no better off if I were with you "excepting the pleasure of my company". As you are coming home so soon we can afford to wait. But I do want to see you the more I hear of the particulars of that dreadful day and of your own helplessness amid such peril when you were borne from the field, the more it seems as if a special Providence surrounded you. I am so thankful that you are safe, and I am glad that Dr. Palmer is in Boston. I couldn't wait for you to learn to wear a cork foot before I saw you, you can let me go to Boston with you now.

Caroline is here tonight. She was taken quite suddenly about 5 o'clock this morning with distress in her stomach and bowels. She fainted quite away and Mother, Julia & I flew round pretty lively for a while. She is much better now. She has not eaten any thing today hardly and will be all right tomorrow. We have just been having a real laugh over my trying to lift her from the floor to the bed while Mother called Julia. I didn't laugh at the time I assure you for I was real frightened. She is quite smart tonight & sends her love to you. She says tell Geo. I lived through it.

Henry Harrington[3] is confined to the house this week with a cough that seemed to come on quite suddenly without taking cold and seems like whooping cough. C. wanted me to tell you about him and says you owe him a letter.

The 25th Reg't did stay here a good while. They had three "last Sundays". I saw Lieut. G. H. Spaulding[4] marching his company down to Mr. Richardson's church one Sunday.[5] The last Sunday of all

the whole Reg't went down to Old South at 5 o'clock and had services.[6] Adjt Harkness'[7] horse was said to the be finest presented and Major McCafferty's[8] the poorest. When the Reg't paraded before leaving up Main St., the Major walked in the procession. Some said it was because he didn't look pretty on horseback and some said his horse was so ugly that he couldn't ride him.[9] I believe he (the horse) is generally acknowledged to be a vicious animal. Capt. O'Neil[10] said the Major should have been presented with an elephant.

Georgie is all military. He has a sword, gun, drum & a whip, and he uses them all scientifically. He and Robie think so much of each other. Robie laughs at everything Georgie does and Georgie tells Robie all he knows and more too. He harnesses up his high chair and makes believe go to "Uncle Fred's"[11] for "a letter from George" and he has ever so much to say about Papa's coming home.

Mother wrote to James Dennis[12] and has not heard from him. Is he well? Give my love to all. Is Mr. Scandlin well, you have not mentioned him lately. I almost forgot to tell you about the children's ages. Georgie will be 3 years old just one month from today, and Robie will be 9 months old the 23rd of Nov. They are both well. Robie grows cunning every day and Georgie would if it were possible. How happy I shall be when I see my Husband and children together once more. Heaven bless and keep us till we meet.

Your loving wife.

Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 9 Nov 1861 (138)

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[1] Probably the letters of 2 Nov and 4 Nov 1861.

[2] An account of Devens' "triumphal" arrival in Worcester is contained in the *Worcester Spy* for 9 Nov.

[3] Brother of Frank Harrington and business partner.

[4] George H. Spaulding (1838 –), Co D. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors III, 26]

[5] Merrill Richardson (1811 – 1876), pastor of the Salem Street Congregational Church. [Nutt II, 807].

[6] "Old South", the First Congregational Church with a building on the Common, at the site of present-day City Hall.

[7] Elijah A. Harkness (1838 –), clerk, Adjunct of the 25th. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors III, 3]

[8] Matthew J. McCaffery (1829 – 1885), lawyer. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors III, 3; Nutt IV, 562]

[9] Emily probably means the horse was unruly, not unattractive.

[10] Thomas O'Neil (1833 – 1864), Captain of Company E. Killed at Cold Harbor, 3 June 1864. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors III, 33]

[11] Fred W. Ward. Probably living with the Bartletts at the time although found with George and Emily in 1860 Census.

[12] Emily's double first cousin, serving in the 15th.

1990.63.2.31
GHW to EMW
9 Nov 1861

Poolesville Md November 9th [Sat]1861

Dear Wife and Children,

Here I am clothed with the honors of war, and I have such a liberal supply on hand now, as to almost make me feel uncomfortable. I am still getting along well, my leg is fast healing up, but is yet very sore and tender. Your letter with Mr. Adams' note was duly received. You stay at home contented. [No] talk about weaning Robie to come out here. I have every thing to make me comfortable, the best of medical attendants. Henry stays with me day times, and have an excellent fellow to stay nights. Dr Bates doesn't nor hasn't taken care of me days and nights for he has something else to do. He has gone home now. I don't want any "fix ups". The plainer I live the better for me. I have all I want, and what is good enough. Perhaps my sheets and pillows are not bleached, but they are just as comfortable as though they were made of linen. I don't want you to send out any other bed clothes here, as I have got more that I can use.

If Dr Palmer[1] (who makes the best artificial limbs) lived this side of Boston. it would be a question about my going home for the present. I shall be obliged to go on two crutches until I get a new leg. The Augustus White[2] you speak of, I never saw or knew any thing of before to my knowledge. Tell Martin "I am the same old stock, just from Ohio", and when I get home I will lend him ten cents. I wrote you about Mr. Taft's son, also Mr. "Father" Smith's and you ought to have the letter before now.[3] Smith was killed instantly but Sergt Taft, I think there can be no doubt but what he is a prisoner.

Tell your dear mother I should like very much to gratify her, but I dont think it possible for me to be at home Thanksgiving. It comes almost a week earlier this year than usual. I think Mr. Scandlin will go home about the time I do. He wants to go home, and spoke about it. If he does I shall be well cared for. When I do come, I shall be well fitted out and have every thing to make me comfortable. I want my leg to be well healed up because I must go on crutches and bring about in the cars, depots, omnibuses. I shall have a rough time of it. It will not be a long job after I get started, but it will be rather tiresome. I shall probably be able to have a leg on about 1st February.

I think my "stump" feels better today than it has any day yet. It is healing up, and the soreness is getting out fast. That ticklish feeling continues at times, feeling just as though the foot was asleep and couldn't move. It isn't painful, but very unpleasant, disagreeable, excited my whole nervous system, but I am getting the better of it. The Quarter Master[4] returned from Washington last night, and he has just sent me in some beautiful oranges, and grapes, which he bought there. He found Lieut. Grout's[5] body in Washn which had been taken from the river near long bridge and buried. He had it take up and sent it home. It is a rainy, windy, unpleasant day outside, but I have

go a good cheerful fire in. Henry is writing at the table and Mr. Scott[6] is here. It is very comfortable indeed where I am much more so than it is in the tents. Kiss the children for me often. Georgie will very likely be afraid of me when he sees me. I look so different that he will not know me. You didn't say how you liked my Washington picture. I like it much better than the Worcester one. Give my love to all the friends at home.

From your dear husband

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 9 Nov 1861 (31)

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[1] Benjamin Franklin Palmer had obtained patents in 1846 and 1849 for an artificial leg and been awarded a prize for the same at the 1851 World's Fair in London. He had offices in Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

[2] See Emily's letter of 2 Nov. She clarifies the issue in her letter of 16 Nov.

[3] George's letter of 30 Oct.

[4] Church Howe.

[5] John William Grout (1843 – 1861). According to a letter posted on the 15th Mass Web Site, Howe discovered the body had washed up against the Chain Bridge in Washington and was buried. He exhumed it on 2 Nov and returned it to Worcester where it arrived on the 8th. [see 15th Mass Web Site: John William Grout]

[6] Either Gillman Scott or David Scott (1821 – 1878), druggist with store at 251 Main Street. [1861 Worc City Dir]

1990.63.2.139
EMW to GHW
10 Nov 1861

Nov 10 [Sun], 1861

My Dear Husband,

How are you getting along without your Dr. Bates and Col. Devens and all the rest of your friends who have left you alone in your glory? Dr. Bates was down here yesterday and he says he left you in good hands and that you are almost well enough to take care of your self or at least tell any one else what to do.

I had a real good time talking with the Dr. He was in no hurry. Theo brought him down. Father and Mother had gone to meeting. Caroline was here, and we had quite a sociable time. I know from talking with him just how you are situated, just how the road goes by Dr. Brace's house, which corner of he house your room is in and just how your bed stands, what you have to eat, how often you read my letters, and that you won't wear white shirt &c &c. He says he promised to come down twice a week while he stays, but I shouldn't wonder if I didn't see him again until he is ready to go back. He is in such demand as every one is who comes from Poolesville.

Elizabeth and Theo came down after meeting yesterday, and while we were at supper Dwight Foster and his wife and little boy called.[1] They stayed an hour and I enjoyed their visit very much. Col. Foster seems very much interested in you. He knew how anxious I had been, double so because I couldn't be with you, and he took special pains to tell me every thing about you to satisfy me how well off our are. He seems to want you to remain with the Reg't. He said to me, :of course they have told you how brave your husband was." I want you, George, as soon as you are able to write out all you can remember of your own part in the Battle of Ball's Bluff. Of course I know all the general incidents of the engagement, what I want is a written account from you, of all that <u>you</u> <u>did</u> on that day. I don't want it to shew to everybody. It is for <u>my</u> <u>own</u> special gratification. Take your time about it. Many things are fresh in your mind now which may slip from your memory, and if you write out something of the sort you will be glad of it years hence as well as I.

We have got a new girl. Some of the Gustins[2] wanted Julia and we didn't insist on her staying. She liked to live with my Mother "as good as any body" but she don't like "to stay at home every second Sunday". So we shall try Maggie Powers.[3] She used to live at Wayland's[4] and is very well spoken of. She is good looking (much more so than any other lady in the house) and I think we shall like her if she only will not get lonesome.

Willie Grout's[5] funeral is to be at his Father's house tomorrow morning. The Highland Cadets will attend and members of the city government &c.[6] Caroline received a letter from Mary[7] Sunday which I enclose. She answered it last night. Caroline says she wishes you would write a letter to Eddie as soon as you can. He is looking anxiously for a letter from Henry. Mr. Greenleaf[8]

has called often on Elizabeth and says he likes Eddie very much. Mrs. Harris[9] has written to Elizabeth to inquire about you and Henry. Col. Foster brought Henry's letter and after he & his wife had gone, we had a good time reading Caroline's together with the one you wrote last to Theo.

How will Thanksgiving day be kept in Camp? Are the Soldiers to have "roast turkey and plum pudding"? If you are not coming home, we shall not try to make much of a time until Christmas. Dr. Bates says you will not need any more bandages, so I shall not send you any. I am glad you are not with the Naval Expedition. There's a wind blowing tonight that would keep me awake if you were out at sea though the night is very pleasant and the moon shines beautifully. I expect a letter from you tomorrow. I shall read it and say to myself as I always do not I want another one, greedy ain't I? I want to see you very much. It doesn't seem as if I could wait until Christmas. Still I know you will do just what is best and I have perfect confidence in your judgment of matters and things. Only take good care of yourself. Give my love to all. Everybody sends love and good wishes.

From your loving wife

Emily

Endnotes: EMH to GWH 10 Nov 1861 (139)

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[1] Henrietta (Baldwin) Foster. The "little boy" was probably Roger Sherman Baldwin Foster, born Apr 1857 although there was an infant son, Burnside, born May 1861. If the latter, Emily probably would had said "baby" rather than "little boy". [Worc VR]

[2] The 1861 Worcester City directory lists two Gustin families: those of Andrew V. and John H.

[3] The most likely candidate is Margaret Powers, (1841 – 1890) who was with the John S. Bond family in 1860. She must have gotten out some as she married John Broderic, a wiredrawer at the North Works, in Oct 1863. [1860 Census; 1861 Worc VR]

[4] Henry L. Wayland (1830 –) was pastor of the Main Street Baptist (now Emmanuel Baptist) Church with a house at 380 Main Street. He resigned his pastorate in October 1861 to become chaplain to the 7 Connecticut Regiment. It would therefore be likely that the family would need (and could afford) some servant help. [Nutt II, 832; 1861 Worc City Dir]

[5] John William Grout (1843 – 1861) was a 2nd Lieut. in Company D. He was shot in the Potomac retreat of the 15th at the Battle of Ball's Bluff. His body was recovered downstream against one of the Washington, D.C. bridges some days later and returned to Worcester for burial. A former cadet at the Highland Military Academy, he was beloved in his Company. His death prompted the writing of the poem, "The Empty Chair", poignantly read at many a Thanksgiving or Christmas gathering during the Civil War. [*Worcester Spy*, 11 Nov 1861]

[6] By the account in the Worcester Spy of 13 November, most of the City officials and politicians attended.

[7] Mary Lovell Ward (1849 – 1933), one of GMW's half sisters. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[8] James C. Greenleaf of Rutland who was boarding Edward A. Ward.

[9] Unidentified.

1990.63.2.32
GHW to EMW
13 Nov 1861

Poolesville Md November 13th [Wed] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

I recd your letter of Nov 6th last evening, where in you displayed a variety of colors. I never doubted the congeniality of our spirits, though I think our spirits are going through a pretty severe test at this time. I should judge by the tone of your letter that I distrusted your ability as a nurse. You are an "indispensable appendage"' and always was, ever since we were made one. I was always proud of you in every respect, you could always take better care of me when I was sick than any one else. Would notice little things which would add to my comfort that even I never should think of. If it wasn't so far out here, and so inconvenient in getting here, I should think it next to impossible to be without you. But we both, you know, have a peculiar faculty of adapting our selves to circumstances. and in as much as I am comfortable and doing well, and the accommodations here are rather limited particularly for you and me, I did and do now think it unnecessary for you to come.

I don't want you to associate the word rashness with my going back, I am in for the war. You speak of my being able perhaps to convince you that it is best for me to stay with the 15th but never to fight with them again. Who ever heard of such a thing? Do you suppose I am going to lay round, and as soon as there is a fight to skulk off behind some big tree, and hide?

You better be saving of those meeting house kisses, I think that is most too public an exhibition of them.[1]

I heard the same story you did about the 21st Regmt Col Morse, but the beauty of the thing is that the 25th are at the same place and, there not being any Genl there, Morse has command by being senior Col, and as he doesnt like the 25th any too well, he is disposed to give them something to do. The 25th are boiling over with indignation I hear.

I did not get any papers last night from home as is usually the case. I expected to have learned something of Col Devens arrival in Wor. He ~~will~~ probably will be handsomely received, as he ought to be, not only on his own account, but as being the representative of the Regmt.[2] I hope he will quickly succeed in filling up the Regmt as I have no doubt he will, if statements are reliable.

I suppose the pigs are doing finely, have them fed regularly three times a day, put the meal in liberally but not waste any thing. The cattle shouldnt be turned in to the lot where the house is on account of the trees. They would surely spoil them. In your mother's letter I wrote about putting manure around some little trees.[3] I forgot the pear trees back of the house, they will bear it liberally. [Have] the beans in the corn field been pulled, and thrashed? Ought to be quite lot of them. Is the corn most all husked and how is it? Sam is slack and as your father is busy I hope Henry will look

close for every thing. A little loam in the hog pen occasionally, also on the manure heap to soak up the urine of the cattle would increase the pile very fast. Keep the tools all under cover and in their proper places. Put [a] lot [of] horse manure around you[r] plants. Be particular and have the granery locked every night. I happened to think of some of these things is why I speak of it. Perhaps it is unnecessary.

The Dr (Dr Crosby) told me yesterday that my leg was doing nicely. Still it is very sore and quite uncomfortable at times, which is very natural. I can see that it grows stronger very fast, and that the soreness is fast improving. Still it has to be paraded with a great deal of ceremony. The boys at the Hospital call and see me often, some with an arm off, others with a ball through shoulder, arm, leg, lungs, abdomen. Most all are doing well and are in excellent spirits. Some have gone home, many more will follow soon.

It is thought there will be general action soon if the good news from the Naval Expedition is confirmed, which I hope is true. It will divide their forces when McClellan will push forward and a great battle must take place. But the mystery is to me, how I shall get there which will be a matter of congratulation to you I suppose.

It is rather tiresome laying in bed so much but with a comfortable prospect ahead, I manage to keep cool. My leg twitches some today, or rather the fact that it is gone. I cannot possibly understand how it is so. I suppose it is because the nerves are so sensitive. It is a beautiful day out, just like our Indian Summers, and I dont like this being tied up in a house. I should probably feel the same if at home. I would like to be able to hobble around and see what is going on. I shall be out very soon and then I shall feel better, and after I get home along with you I shall feel <u>betterer</u>. I have just got up to [a] rocking chair, and what I used to do at home for comfort, I do now from necessity, via putting my foot into another chair. Henry is making my bed and getting quit accomplished at it. Where are you going to put me at home? Shall I bring my cot bed along? Dont go to fixing up, as my stay will be rather limited.

Thursday Nov 14th. Nice day, feeling well, and mail day. One week to Thanksgiving. I think we shall eat a Md Goose for our turkey. The Chaplain (Mr Scandlin) expects to start for home next Monday to be gone about two weeks. His society are getting undisciplined some what (going without a Capt so long) and he thinks he must go home and give them a new <u>charge</u>.[4] Dont be surprised. if he and his wife should happen in upon you some day. Put up his horse, and give them some dinner. He can tell you more about myself than any one but myself. He is an excellent man. If all the people who have been here call and see you who said they would, you must keep pretty well posted I reckon. I should think you would get sick of hearing so much.

I am glad to learn you are in such excellent health as your mother represents. I guess it is a good thing for you, as well myself, as we both appear to grow fat on it. I am surprised at your

opinion of my photographs. Every one here thinks my Washtn pictures are very superior to the other. Better position, better whiskers, ten years younger, better every thing, but I suppose it is all a matter of taste, husband the old one if you prefer it.

Our news now, from the South and west, is highly encouraging.[5] It would make me feel "tip top" if I dared to believe it all. I shouldn't know what to do, and it really begins to look as though it was true. I don't know. I guess I shall not come home at all for the present, unless I change my mind. What is the use to clear out home, just as things are beginning to work nicely? I would give more to be in one good big fight where we cold lick those rebels up handsome, than I would to be proprietor of the United States. It is astonishing to me sometimes, when I think what a tremendous Army we have raised, in such a short space of time. It is unparalleled in the history of any country. Probably not less than 700,000 men are in arms today, including both armies, and all the Northern portion (which is more than half) have been recruited in about six months time. It will bear thinking about a great deal, and many are the Royal Heads in the old country today, who are perfectly dumfounded at it. It is a lesson for them.

It is nearly time for the mails. I expect to get several letters and a number of newspapers or I shall be disappointed as I cannot afford to lay here without being noticed. Jonathan has gone back to his company and I was very glad to get free from him. He was a poor stick. Lazy and shiftless. The mail has arrived and I have a letter from you speaking of Col Devens' call[6] and lots of papers. How happy you must have been. Love to all. Kiss the children. From your dear

Husband

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 13 Nov 1861 (32)

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[1] Referring to Emily's dream recounted in her letter of 6 Nov.

[2] Devens returned to Worcester 8-9 Nov. The Spy for 7 Nov reported his departure from Washington, that of the 8th noted a reception for him in New York City by the Sons of Massachusetts (hosted by Capt Samuel Hathaway) and the issue of the 9th reports his arrival.

[3] George wrote to Sarah (Dennis) Mayo on 11 November.

[4] Scandlin was pastor for the Unitarian Society of Grafton.

[5] In the South, successful naval operations at Hatteras Inlet, Port Royal/Hilton Head, and New Orleans were unmatched by any Southern victory; Grant's foray at Belmont, Kentucky resulted in an Union retreat (although the operation was more of a diversionary raid than planned incursion). [Foote I, 115-120; 144-151]

[6] Emily's letter of 9 Nov 1861.

1990.63.2.140
EMW to GHW
15 Nov 1861

[Nov 15th Fri 1861]

My Dear Husband,

I wanted to send you something by Col. Devens so I came up today to have Robie's picture taken and I thought I would have my own taken as it is getting late for my summer bonnet. I know you will like my picture. Robie's is perfect. His dress was scarlet though it took black. I went up to see Mrs. Leonard. She is quite smart and went down street today for the first time. She will stay in Worcester this winter.

I saw something in the Spy today that I must explain for fear you will see it or hear of it and be needlessly alarmed.[1] It is about a dog that came in to our neighborhood last Sunday. We don't know whether he was mad or not. He came up and first we knew he was biting Trip. Julia drove him off and he went into the barnyard and out came the five hogs, he didn't bite them but he killed one hen & three chickens. He went on and let loose all the pigs in the neighborhood and bit some of them. He went on to Mr. Hull's[2] who shot him. We don't know whether he was mad or not. He didn't foam at the mouth, nor run straight on as they say mad dogs do. Archie had a scratch on his leg but I didn't see the dog bite him. We have him shut up and shall keep him close for a few weeks . Certain[ly] if he shows the first sign of being wrong we shall have him killed. Trip was badly bitten (he flew at the dog) and we couldn't keep him shut up so they killed him. Don't feel anxious. Every precaution will be taken.[3] We fell quite easy and you know we are careful folks. I didn't mean to tell you anything about and shouldn't if it had not gotten into the Paper. It all happened just after Dr. Bates and Theo left.

Mother is hurrying me – we are going home this evening. I shall write again tomorrow night. The children are well. Georgie says when Papa comes he is going to sit in his lap and Papa will say "do-ty do-ty do" That is as near as I can write it. He has not forgotten your music. I wanted to see Col. Devens again but could not. He has been very busy, and in great demand. Tell him I hope to see him "home again" safe, when the War is over. I am so glad you are doing well. I won't say any more about coming to you.

Dr. Bates doesn't hesitate to say that I should have been in the way. Col. Devens has to[o] much gallantry to say that to me but he says really the pleasure of my society is all you would gain. I want to see you so much, come home as soon as you can. I can't stop to write another word but if you were only here I would ---- -----.[4]

Love you Em

000135

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 15 Nov 1861 (140)

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[1] *Worcester Spy*, Friday 15 Nov 1861.

[2] Unidentified although obviously a neighbor in Quinsigamond. The account in the *Spy* states the dog was killed near Mr. Hull's place toward Millbury.

[3] Obviously there was public knowledge about the dangers of rabies. With no vaccine or anti-sera available, once bitten, the subject would surely die.

[4] This is about as close as Emily ever gets to making an intimate suggestion in any of her letters.

1990.63.2.141
EMW to GHW
16 Nov 1861

Worcester Nov. 16th [Sat] '61

Dear George

Here I am in my cozy chamber, the children are asleep, and I have finished up my Saturday's night's odd jobs. If you were only here sitting by the fire, we could have a cozy chat, and I should not be writing, but that it reaches all the way from here to Maryland, and it is no use getting impatient. I hope you are getting better of that ugly feeling in the foot that's gone. It must be very unpleasant indeed, though I suppose that very pain is a necessary symptom and serves to shew that what is left of your limb is healthy.

Don't think that I borrow trouble about you or that I am in danger of "wilting over trifles". I have a good deal of courage and if I can only see you home once more it is all I ask but you have been through so much and have escaped by such narrow chances that I cannot realize that you are quite out of danger until I see you right here at home.

By this time you have received my picture and Robie's and I know you will be pleased with them. I was for a wonder, but I had to send them away so quick that I hardly remember how they look. One thing I noticed, the bottoms of Robie's ankle ties are very minutely represented. I sent you your picture just to let you see the difference between that and the one taken in Washington. I like the old one best because it looks most like you to me, and I haven't got acquainted with the other. Dr. Bates say[s] it is an excellent likeness. I don't think Georgie will be afraid of you unless you are very much altered. He may be a little shy at first, but he will soon be saying "want Papa take Georgie". You would laugh to her him tell Robie about Papa's coming. He has broke in one end of his drum, and is waiting for Papa to come home and mend it. His wheelbarrow too wants fixing when Papa comes. He has improved very much since you went away but he is just as much of a MaMa boy as ever. He has his Father's ways and perhaps a liking for his Mother is one of them. He was making believe reading a paper the other night when I began to undress him, he turned round with such an important scowl. "Don't Emily, Don't Emily I want to read the Scranscip" (Transcript). I pretended not to understand and asked him what was he wanted to read. He said he wanted to read "bout Papa".

Is it possible you have forgotten Augusus White? If I had said White that used to belong to the Guards,[1] and was a clerk at Hardon's[2] when we were married, that went to a military Ball in Providence once and forgot his epaulettes, you would have known who I meant. I mentioned him for the old time.

I send you Joseph's letter that I received tonight.[3] I suppose you will not wish situated as you are to send him just such an account as he asks for. I shall write to him and send him papers.

He seems utterly ignorant of matters this way and is doubly anxious. What do you think of locating in Iowa? He has no thought of your going into service as a Field Officer. Everyone in Worcester seems to want you to stay with the Reg't if you will, and are able to. I am waiting to talk with you about it. I am hoping that the Rebels will be thoroughly whipped before yow are ready to go back.

We have good news of the Naval Expedition.[4] You probably know all about the 25th before this time. The War news is more encouraging. I am asked frequently which I had rather that my Husband should have been wounded as he is or taken prisoner. I tell them for my part I had rather have you this side [of] the Potomac as you are than among the rebels. I don't know how I could have borne that. Col. Devens said if you had been wounded an hour later you must have been taken prisoner. Only think of it. Do come home soon and let me know that you are still safe. Mrs. E. A. Wood[5] of the Home Guards says if her husband goes to war, she will get a divorce from him. I hear that he wants to go very much. "Sweet home influence" keeps him.

We are sorry not to have you here Thanksgiving, but I hope you will have a good time where you are. I shall be thinking of you all the time. I expect a letter Sunday. I read one letter and begin to wish for the next one. Give my love to all.

From your ever loving wife, Emily

P.S. Please tell me how many lady correspondents you have out of the family and don't blame me for asking.[6] E.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 16 Nov 1861 (141)

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[1] The Worcester City Guards, formed in 1840 by Whigs after political dissention among the Worcester Light Infantry. George H. Ward was a former Colonel/Brigadier General. The Guards served three months as Company A with the Third Massachusetts Battalion Rifles in the early days (May-July 1861) of the Civil War. For some reason (perhaps because of his senior position in the Worcester militia), George did not accompany them. Many of its officers later served in the various Worcester Regiments and all would have been known to George. [Nutt II, 642-644]

[2] B.L. Hardon and C.A. White (later Jenkins, Hamilton & Co.), dry goods at 146 Main Street. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[3] Letter from James S. Dennis to Emily E. Ward, dated Dubuque [Iowa}, 9 Nov 1861. In it he asks George and Emily to go out to Iowa, even if for just a few months. [Ward Papers: 1990.63.6.270]

[4] The expedition against Port Royal. The progress of the campaign was followed closely in the *Worcester Spy*.

[5] Lucy Hall (Matthews) Wood (1834 – 1866). Edwin A. Wood was a 1st Lieut. in the Worcester Home Guards, made up of over-aged men from the City Guards. Mr. Wood was commissioned Captain of Co. A, 51st Mass Vol Inf in August 1962 and served the full nine months with that Regiment. The Wood's had a four year old boy, Harry, born Oct 1856. There is no record that Lucy did divorce Edwin; she died at age 31 in 1866. [Worc VR; Nutt II, 620; Mass Soldiers and Sailors IV, 548]

[6] Unfortunately George did blame her (or at least became defensive about the issue). See GHW to EMW of 22 Nov. and her reply of 28 Nov.

1990.62.2.33
GHW to EMW
16 Nov 1861

Poolesville Md November 16 [Sat] 1861

My Dear Wife and Babies,

I suppose you will be expecting a letter and if I don't write one, you will be disappointed. I haven't much to write about, only to say that I am doing well, and am in good spirits which I suppose is good news to you. My leg improves daily, but I am very slow to boast over it. It will be over four weeks when you receive this since the battle, and how fast time glides along.

We are have some rough weather here now. A rain storm yesterday, today high winds and quite cool. I reckon the tents begin to feel like summer clothes out of season to the boys. I suppose you thought of a great many things to ask Col Devens about. He would cheerfully tell you all the news. I hope he will ~~get the~~ accomplish the object he went home for.[1] If he does, with the addition of our new rifles,[2] the Regmt will be in better condition than ever. I suppose I could possibly get home before Christmas, but I want my leg to get well healed up and I must get well accustomed to crutches before I start. I don't propose to start as soon as I get out. Mr. Scandlin will go next week sometime, [but] will not get off quite as soon as he expected.

I haven't seen James since I was hurt; he has not been to see me. He has gone back to his Co. and they are at the river. It is very cold and windy tonight. The worst night yet. I am housed, and have [a] good warm fire. Your letter of Nov 10th has come to hand this moment. Dr. Bates, Dwight Foster and a host of dignitaries have honored you with a call. I am doing tolerable well. Don't you believe I never had my leg off. Dr. Bates has a peculiar faculty of white washing things over. My leg is sore and pains me exceedingly at time. It isn't going to get well in minutes. Love to all from your Dear Husband.

George

Endnotes: GWH to EMW 16 Nov 1861 (33)

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[1] Devens returned to recruit more men for the Regiment.

[2] Originally armed with smooth-bore muskets converted from flint lock to percussion cap, the 15th would get "modern" Springfield rifles.

1990.63.2.142
EMW to GHW
18 Nov 1861

Nov. 18 [Mon], 1861

My Dear Husband,

Mother's letter came this morning and it relieved our anxiety very much.[1] It is a week tomorrow ~~and~~ since I received your last letter[2] and I was afraid something was the matter but I think the trouble must be the mail for Mother's letter was 6 days coming.

Today has been very pleasant and we appreciate it for we have had very little Indian Summer this month. Mother has taken advantage of the fine weather and gone up St. soliciting for her "Orphans". Sam and Maggie have gone up tonight and will bring her home. Henry Mellen is working for Mr. Burgess[3] this week so that leaves me quite alone tonight with my "two little boys" and not even a dog to bark for Archie was disposed of last Sat. morning. I forgot to tell you of it in my last letter so I put it in now on the first page.

Your letter this morning gave me a great deal of comfort and it seems to me George as if I couldn't love you half enough for the patience and Christian like submission with which you bear your misfortune, if it can be called such, since it is the result of such brave action and brings you such honor. Everyone who has been with you speaks of your patience and I know you are a good boy when you are sick at home. I know how you feel about coming home and I only wish you could come in as you used to. I have waited listening for the music of your ringing step too many time to give it up without regret. But I know I shall hear it again. It will only be for a little while that you will be dependent on any other aid in walking than that afforded by your cork foot. Those most experienced in such things say that you will not walk in the least lame; for your own sake I hope they are right.

For my own part I shall be proud to keep step with you at any pace. I am so thankful that God in His mercy spared your life and kept you from being taken prisoner that I cannot complain that He has seen fit to afflict us this much. I say us for I claim my right to help you bear this burden, and every other, which falls to your lot as I promised long ago "till Death us do part". I am glad Mr. Scandlin is coming home with you (and so is his wife I guess). You say you shall happen in upon us rather unexpectedly. I am afraid that will not be possible. I wish you could, what I fear most is that if I don't know just when you are coming others up St. will find it out, and I shall lose your first greeting. I wouldn't be robbed of your first kiss for the world. Keep it for me won't you George, even if you see ever so many before you see me. You say nothing of my meeting you on your way home. I wish I could. If you come on the Norwich route,[4] I could easily be in Webster, or if on the other route,[5] I could meet you in West Brookfield. You must not refuse me this. I want to come home with you. Mother has come home and I will finish my letter tomorrow night.

Wednesday even'g. You have heard by this time of the capture of Mason & Slidell.[6] Wasn't that good news. Things are looking much more encouraging. The Naval expedition has succeeded so far, by the way did you read of Z. H. Panghorn's finding some baby dresses at Fort Walker?[7] I should think if that report concerning Col. Augustus Morse is true, his men would almost want to promote him out of the way.[8] I heard that his Lt. Col. was going to resign.[9]

Mrs. Sam'l Leonard[10] starts this week to join her husband in Williamsport. Mrs. Gaylord[11] accompanies her. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving day. Father and Mother will have their children at home all but by dear husband. Uncle Erasmus and his wife and James will be with us.[12] Elizabeth invited me and the children up there, but Mother wanted me here, so I have promised to go up to E's Saturday night and stay until Sunday night. I shall go to church. I haven't been since the Sunday before the Battle at Ball's Bluff. Mr. Burrington has sent in his resignation which has been accepted, and he leaves us the first of Jan. I won't try to tell you the particulars till you come home. He feels very much hurt, thinks the Society have abused him. I am sorry for him, and wish he could have given better satisfaction. It is a pity that he was called away from Reading where they liked him.[13] I don't know who will take his place and I have a good mind to say I don't care much.[14] He is boarding at Mrs. Brigham (Silence's) and she has not helped much to smoothe the matters.[15]

Mrs. Tim Burbank is dead.[16] I don't know what was the matter though I hear she has been sick some time. This has been a pleasant week so far. Sam and Martin are bringing up the loose dry stuff that is scattered over the wood lot. The manure has been all carted away from where the old barn was, and some put round all the trees in the garden. The little apple trees you spoke of, I presume Father will attend to tomorrow, as he will be down here all day. He doesn't have a minute to spare from his business. I think there is no doubt that he will have all he can do for some time to come.

I wrote you the 21st of Oct. telling you what I did with the money you sent me. I didn't send the letter because I heard of the Battle next day and since then I have neglected to mention it. I intended to deposit 75 dollars of it in the Bank, but I lent it 75 dollars to Father instead. I know you would have been as glad [as] I to relieve him a little, and just then he was very much pressed for money as he had all his own help to pay, and nothing to do it with. Money is easier now. It was a great accommodation to him and he said he would give me his note, and when he gets his money for the contract, he will pay me and I shall put it in the Bank. I hope you will approve. I am making good use of the remainder and know how to appreciate it. I began with the necessaries and comforts and haven't gone beyond them.

Your new map of Massachusetts came home yesterday. It is all it was promised to be, but it made a hole in my last treasury note that I had saved towards a cloak and dress. I am going up Friday to get a cloak or something like one. I suppose I am a little unreasonable but I thought I

should have received a letter tonight certain. Mother's was written a week ago today, and that is the last I have heard. Mrs. Leonard received a letter from you last Thursday, but she couldn't find it to show me. I saw the first one you wrote her after she got home. If I go up to Elizabeth's Sat. night I may not be able to write to you as usual. If you do not receive any letter Tuesday, that will be the reason. I must say good night now my dear husband. I hope you will have a good Thanksgiving tomorrow though I know you would like to be here with you[r] dear little boys and your own dear wife.

Emily

P.S. Emmie[17] was delighted with her letter. Mother sends her love and thanks you for remembering her. Georgie gave me a kiss to put in Papa's letter and here it is though you can't see it.

Caroline's note (in pencil) enclosed. [1990.63.2.]

Also included was a newspaper clipping of a lecture by Orson E. Heath, Esq. of the Poetical Exchange on the "Southern Rebellion" at which time he was also to read an extract from his "celebrated poem so successfully delivered in Music Hall, Boston."[18]

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 18 Nov 1861 (142)

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[1] George Ward to Sarah Mayo: Ward Papers, 1990.63.2.30.

[2] Probably George's letter of 6 Nov or 9 Nov.

[3] Henry Mellen, Emily's cousin. There are two Burgess' listed in the 1861 Worcester City Directory as masons, Alvin T. and Daniel S. It is not clear which Emily is referring to. [1861 Worc CD]

[4] Via New Haven, Conn. and then by the Norwich and Worcester RR.

[5] Via Springfield, Mass. and east on the Western / Boston and Albany RR.

[6] James M. Mason and John Slidell were both former US Senators. They were appointed Confederate Commissioners to England to try to obtain British recognition of the Confederacy. Evading the blockade of Charleston, they went to St. Thomas in the Caribbean and embarked on British steamer, Trent. On November 8th, 1861, the Trent was stopped and boarded by a Federal ship. Mason and Slidell were removed and brought ashore as "traitors". Eventually they were allowed to continue their mission although the British were disinclined to embrace their cause. Hailed in the public as a great coup, the so-called Trent Affair actually caused the Lincoln Administration much distress with the British whom they wished to remain neutral. [Foote I, 137-40, 156-62]

[7] Zebina H. Panghorn was an editor in pre-Civil War Worcester. He applied to be paymaster of for the U.S. Volunteers in Sept 1861 but his appointment was not approved. Just what he was doing on the Hatteras Expedition is not clear.

[8] Whatever the circumstances, it is true that Col. Morse asked that his Regiment remain in Annapolis on guard duty. The 21st was led on the Hatteras Expedition while Morse stayed behind. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 594; *Worcester Transcript*, 3 Dec 1861]

[9] Albert C. Maggi (1824 –) of New Bedford. He did resign the end of February 1862 but apparently not in response to this incident. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 596]

[10] Lucy E. Putnam (1830 -).

[11] Susan ----, wife of Noah M. Gaylord, chaplain of the 13th.

[12] Erasamus and Bethiah Dennis and the recently widowed James Dennis.

[13] Lindley Murray Burrington had been called from Reading, Mass to the First Univeralist Church (Society) in July 1860. According to Nutt, he resigned because of illness, but the real reason(s) seem to have been different . [Nutt II, 888]

[14] Thomas Elliot St. John was called in February and "settled" in April 1862. He remained the pastor of the Universalist Society until mid 1866. He is described by Nutt as "a loyal Union man". Perhaps the Rev. Burrington was seen as too conciliatory over matters of slavery and secession. [Nutt II, 888]

[15] The most likely person is Rebecca M. (Flagg) Brigham (1820 – 1896), widow of William R. Brigham. She is listed in the 1860 Census as having a boarding house in the 6th Ward. If this is the person, the reference to "Silence" is obscure unless the woman was not known for keeping confidences. [US 1860 Census: Roll 532, Sh 268, Hshld 2304]

[16] Sarah A. (Willard) Burbank (1817 – 1861). The cause of death was given as pneumonia. She died 19 Nov so that this letter must have been continued from the 18th to the next day. [Worc VR; *Worcester Spy* 20 Nov 1861]

[17] Emily Gray Freeman.

[18] Orson N. Heath (~1831 –). Mr. Heath was the proprietor of the Poetic Exchange, which, despite the name, appears to have been a second hand home furnishings store. According to a review in the *Worcester Transcript* for 20 Nov, the lecture was "thinly attended". Mr. Heath's discourse was apparently not well received and the reviewer suggested he "confine himself to the Poetic Exchange." In later years he went to the Midwest, being called a "peddler" in 1891 in St. Paul, Minnesota.

1990.63.2.34
GHW to EMW
19 Nov 1861

Poolesville Md November 19th [Tues] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

Here I am going on five weeks since your husband immortalized himself in battle. Col Devens returned late last night and has just been in to see me. Your letter by him was recd.[1] He says he has a bundle for me which is in his trunk and his trunk will not be here until tonight. I suppose by the letter, it is the pictures you refer to. I shall be highly pleased with them. In relation to the dog affair, I shouldn't feel safe to have Arch about.[2] A scratch is as bad as a bite, if it draws blood. At any rate I should think it would be a good time to get rid of the nuisance and then there will he no risk about it. I don't think there is any doubt but that he was mad. Mad dogs don't always foam at the mouth.

I presume before long you will be lead to believe that your presence would he injurious to me. and that it isn't much after all to have a leg off. I don't believe that Georgie remembers any thing about me, music or anything. I think you better criticise some of your own situation and not look entirely after mine. My leg is pretty sore, and I suppose looks and feels very much like a cut off leg. I feel as though I should not care about having it repeated. I presume I shall not get the pictures before this goes to the office. If I do, I will express myself.

It is letting pretty cool now, and I think the weather here is quite as cool as it is north, though I manage to keep warm and comfortable. Col Devens says I shall get put through when I get home. If I have got to be put through when I get home perhaps I had better wait until I can "bear up under it". I am not in any hurry about getting home until I feel smart and look decent. I shall be able to travel off some on three legs before I present myself for exhibition to the people of Mass. You needn't make up your mind to see me home any <u>before</u> Christmas.

I understand that Gov. Andrew was so indignant when he heard of Col. Morse's doings in relation to the Naval Expedition that he went on to see about it. The very next one that goes (which will be soon) Morse will <u>very likely go</u>, so I understand.[3]

There is a little boy baby[4] in the room with me now (Mrs. Brace's) being taken care of by a young son of Ebony. The baby is about 7 months old and I should think quite forward. He takes quite a liking to me, and I would gladly reciprocate it if the darkey would keep his nasal organ free from obstructions.

I write some of the time because I haven't much of any thing else to do, and want to pass away the time pleasantly so I write to my wife. Then again my foot pains me some and I try and write the pain away. So when you get random, disconnected letters you may conclude I had the foot ache. The Dr. told me today that my leg was doing finely. I hope and have no doubt it is so,

but I don't think it feels any better, which is a favorable symptom, I suppose. When it is ~~painful~~ healing it is painful.

The mail has just arrived and recd letters and papers, one giving the mad dog account at Quinsigamond. Look the hogs over closely. If only one is bitten, he will bite the rest, unless immediately separated. My advice is kill the dog.

I expect the pictures soon but cannot wait any longer. Love to all. Tell Georgie Papa will take him and Robie and Bugle them all he wants in his lap when he gets home.

Good night,

A thousand loves to you

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 19 Nov 1861 (34)

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[1] Either the letter of the 15th or 16th, perhaps both.

[2] One of the Ward's dogs at the Quinsigamond farm. See Emily's letter of 15 Nov.

[3] The 21st did join Burnside's Expedition in early January 1862 but it was led by its Lieut. Col., Alberto C. Maggi, and not Col. Morse. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 594]

[4] Elisha Russell Brace (1861 – 1933), born in April.

1990.63.2.35
GHW to EMW
20 Nov 1861

Poolesville Md November 20th [Wed] 1861

My Dear Wife, and dear Children too,

I wrote you a letter yesterday which goes in today's mail ~~by~~ via Washington. Mr. Scandlin is just starting home with some wounded going to Adamstown & Baltimore, which route is about 24 hours quicker for mail matter when some one goes that way to take it, but our mail always goes through Washington. I rec'd the pictures after I mailed my letter ~~of~~ last evening, and really I do think your last picture does you injustice. You made too much of an effort to look pleasant when in fact it doesn't require any effort for you to look pleasant. Why didn't you set and look just like "you honest self". It is a very good picture and I am not going to find any fault with it. Robie's I think is superb though I should not have recognized it. I don't like the dark dress. People here think my Wor picture is quite rough. I wish you would collect in what you have distributed – certainly they do me injustice by ten years I think.

I don't feel any more proud now than ever. That isn't it, but I expect when we get together we shall feel so proud of <u>each</u> <u>other</u> that we shall have a question (all to ourselves of course) as to which feels the proudest of each other, you or I. I shall send some money by Mr. Scandlin who will deliver it to in person. As soon as you receive it, please acknowledge it.[1]

Letter perhaps unfinished.
More space on page and no signature nor envelope.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 20 Nov 1861 (35)

[1] Emily received the money ($250) on Nov 27/28th. When Mr. Scandlin stopped to visit her on the 25th, he neglected to bring the money. [see Emily's letters of 26 and 28 Nov]

1990.63.2.36
GHW to EMW
22 Nov 1861

Poolesville Md November 22nd [Fri], 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

Yours of the 16th was duly recd last evening, and I suppose you will be waiting for a reply by the time you receive this. I continue to get along very well. My bodily health is good, but my leg speaks for itself generally. I have a very good appetite, but the people here think if it is so, that I a remarkable small eater. Mrs. Brace[1] is willing to get or make me any thing I wish for (and she is an excellent cook) but I prefer plain food, it is better for me in every respect. It is my ambition to get out of this as fast as possible. Yesterday was Thanksgiving, the regular drills were dispensed with. It was a beautiful day, and the boys all had a good time. I suppose there were a great many vacant seats in Wor— yesterday.

I recd a long letter from Joseph in which he asks me questions that will take a great deal of time to answer.[2] He is very much interested in matters and things and asks many questions which is yet quite difficult to answer. I shall endeavor to gratify him as soon as time and patience will permit. His letter to you I rec'd with yours.[3]

Very heavy firing has been going on most all day in the direction of Manassas and reports say that our troops are advancing on that place. It makes me feel very uneasy. If any thing of that kind is going on around me I much prefer to be on my feet. I have been hauled up nearly five weeks, and it seems as though I would be five weeks more before I went home. My leg isn't much sore now, the flesh, but the cords and nerves are still quite sensitive, and at times are painful. The more I look at your picture, the better I like it, though I do think you strained your pleasant features a little. They look well enough without straining. On the whole it is capital. The babies' I should think was "tip top".

If you had told me it was C. August White, I should have known.[4] I never knew that he was ~~acquainted with~~ a relative of Mrs. Richmond's before. It is all right now. I haven't thought much of locating in Iowa. I will wait until after the war as that is enough to think about for the present. I recd a letter from Sprague a day or two since, he is all right at Annapolis. I don't care how quick the rebels get "whipped out", but I am afraid they will not be until after my new leg is on, though I am quite anxious about the firing which is going on now, while I am writing this.

I hope our side is giving it to them, they must be, it cannot be otherwise. I ought to be there. Some people like to excuse themselves at times, and perhaps Wood[5] would like to go to the wars, but I don't believe it. His wife's divorce threats may be an excellent reason for his not going, but if he wanted to go, she might prevent him. If so, it would be the first time.[6] He doesn't want to go. I don't believe he would dare to go. He was about as much frightened as I ever saw any one when

the orders came for the Rifles to go to Washington last April. He was soon set aside by his disgusting actions. The Field Officers of the 19th Mass (two miles from us) gave a grand dinner and ball yesterday. Field and staff officers from all around were invited. Col. Devens went but poor I stayed at home. It was a fine display of fair uniforms and beautiful women, so I understand.

November 23. Since I have been in Poolesville, I have recd two letters from Mrs. Leonard.[7] One before and one since I was hurt. The first one was a letter of interest to us all, in which she gave an account [of] her trip home, and expressing many thanks for the kind treatment she and Fred recd at our hands. The second one, was one of consolation and sympathy, just such ones as I liked to receive, for it was full of sympathy and encouragement. Those letters I answered, and it gave me a great deal of pleasure to do so. That is all the lady correspondence I have had out side of my own family, though many ladies have sent kind words to me through their husbands, which were kindly recd, but nothing in writing returned. If some kind friend is trying to make a "big spread" on a small capital at my expense perhaps you had better inform me who it is, and oblige your Husband.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 22 Nov 1861 (36)

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[1] Helen (Darling) Brace (1828 – 1909).

[2] Joseph S. Dennis to GHW, dated Dubuque [Iowa], 14 Nov 1861. [Ward Papers: 1990.63.6.271]

[3] Letter referenced in Emily's letter of 16 Nov.

[4] See Emily's letter of 16 Nov for the clarification.

[5] Edwin A. Wood. George is responding to a reference in Emily's letter of 16 Nov.

[6] It would appear that Mr. Wood was used to having his own way.

[7] The first, dated 21 Sept, is in the Ward Papers [1990.63.6.231]; the second apparently did not survive.

1990.63.2.143
EMW to GHW
24 Nov 1861

Nov 24th Sunday after supper at Elizabeth's

My very dear Husband.

I have very little time to write, but I can't have you without a letter from me next Tuesday. I rec'd two letters from you Thanksgiving day and two more last night. I have not seen Mr. Scandlin yet but we are going to have him and his wife come and spend the day with us at the Farm. I came up yesterday and shall stay with E. and the rest of the them some days.

Yesterday was stormy but I went down street & bought a beautiful dress and ordered a cloak. Georgie has gone home tonight with mother. He has been a very good boy – visiting, but I though I would let him go home as he is inclined to cry after me when I go out and I can't always take him. Emmie[1] is at the Farm and he wanted to go home and stay with her. Robie is a little bunch of perfection. I wish you had him to kiss tonight. Theodore began to write to you but he left off to play with Robie while I write. I am sorry my picture doesn't satisfy you. I hardly know how it does look. Everyone here said it was the best one I ever had. But the truth is it is no use for you or I to try to be satisfied with each other's pictures when we want to see the original so much. I wish you didn't have so much pain. What can I send you that will charm it away of help take your mind off it. You don't like novels or I would send you a story book. Dr. Bates said you had some sings once in while. Do you want your old Ancient Lyre?[2] Does any body comb you hair for you? I haven't time to write half that I want to.

Robie is getting fussy and Theo hasn't got "the article he wants".[3] I shall be glad to hear that you are getting out. You will feel so much better when you can go round out doors. But don't try it too soon. I shall write again tomorrow night but I must say good bye now. Robie wants to be undressed. He has stayed with Caroline all day while I went to church and been the best baby that ever was. Theodore wants to buy him. Shall I sell? Give my love to all, and keep a whole heart full for your self. From your own dear wife.

Emily

Excuse these blots. I am using an ink bottle and dropped my pen too far in.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 24 Nov 1861 (143)

[1] Emily Gray Freeman.

[2] George was somewhat of a musician. The reference is to a stringed instrument.

[3] Emily was still nursing.

1990.63.2.37
GHW to EMW
25 Nov 1861

Poolesville Md November 25th [Mon] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

It is five weeks ago just about this time since we were having the hardest of our fight, and it is just one month today when we shall probably have Christmas, if nothing happens. My leg still improves, and I am feeling pretty well. Still I don't anticipate much pleasure in starting for home. I cannot go until I get quite well, whether it is Christmas, New Years, or what. And if it is, as Joseph says, that Dr Palmer's principal place is in Philadelphia,[1] I shall make further inquirys and perhaps change somewhat my original intentions.

I want to see my family very much, but as for seeing Worcester, for the present, I am not particular about it until I am in good condition again. My pay will go on for the present, probably until I get fully recovered, and then if I remain, it will continue the same. I am sorry to go home with a game leg. Some would perhaps be proud of it, by my pride doesn't tend in that direction. Very likely if I get aboard the cars I shall hang on until I get home, though I should stop in Pa. Joseph is well acquainted with the Dr. and I am going to get Jos to write to him. I am answering Joseph's thousand and one questions now, having commenced Saturday and expect to finish tomorrow.

I keep in bed, most of the time. Usually sit up about two hours. I might set up much more of the time but the Drs say it is better for the leg to keep it in a horizontal position as much as possible as it heals faster, and does very much better. I get up into a chair myself and get back to bed again alone. I have not grown poor much, but have got considerable whitened out by being inside so long. I was a good deal tanned up. Mr. Scandlin will probably call on you with some money. I sent two hundred and fifty dollars which you will please deposit with the rest. Keep back fifty dollars and deposit the rest (two hundred).

26th. This is a fine day. I am about the same. My leg pains me some as a natural consequence. We had a slight sprinkling of snow yesterday but it didn't last long. I saw a carriage go past the A.M. with some bonnets inside, my first impression was that some of my female folks had come, but soon ascertained that I was mistaken. I suppose Dr. Bates will soon be back and I shall be pleased to see him. Tell Georgie PaPa will soon be home to see him and he will fix up all his things then. Take him and Mama and Robie to ride in 'gingles'.

Love to all, FromYour

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 25 Nov 1861 (37)

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[1] As noted previously, B.F. Palmer (Palmer & Co) had offices in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Dr. Palmer himself lived in Philadelphia. [1861 Boston City Dir]

1990.63.2.144
EMW to GHW
26 Nov 1861

Chatham St[1] Nov 26th '61

My Dear Husband,

I am still at Elizabeth's having a pleasant visit. One great advantage of my being here is that I am so near the P.O. and when the mail brings me a letter I don't have to wait so long before I see it. I am having a dress and wool cloak made and I have promised to stay until Thursday.

Mr. Scandlin call here yesterday to see me. Theo saw him in the P.O. and told him I was here; he said he should have brought your letter containing the money if he had thought of seeing me here. He is going to lecture this week in Clinton, Blackstone, Sterling & Webster.[2] He told me to tell you he found plenty to do. He has not received much encouragement about recruiting the Reg't. Every one who has wanted to enlist seems to have gone with the other regiments. Col. Devens told Theo. that he should try to get you home as soon as possible. He thought your influence would be worth more than any other person's in recruiting the 15th. Mr. Scandlin thought he could not promise to spend a day at the Farm, but he will come with his wife and take dinner with us some day next week. I told him to bring his children. He says he has three and I thought he hadn't any.[3] We had quite a fall of snow Sunday night and Monday Morning, and I have seen some sleighs out. Dr. Bates is confined to the house with neuralgia.[4] He sent for me to come and see him before I go back home, and Eliz. And I are going today. I went down to Caroline's yesterday and she said Georgie went shouting all the way home. He was so delighted to go he didn't mention me once, and when he came up here he was clinging to me all the time.

You mentioned Sam in one of your last letters. I do not think that Sam does as well as he might or as well as he must if he wishes to stay with us this winter. When he and Henry are together we get along very well because Henry does all the chores in the house willingly but Thanksgiving week he was at work for Mr. Burgess and we had to depend upon Sam, and he is the same old sixpence. He had nothing but the chores to do about the house and barn. Bringing wood into the house is not to be expected of unless you ask him two or three times, and Thanksgiving morning when Mother told him to cut up some wood, he made bold to tell her that he had something else to do and plenty of it, and he went off without cutting a stick, and when Father came he did it himself. Sam went up to E's to dinner and Mother wanted him to take the carriage up for some of Caroline's folks to ride back in, but he had made up his mind to walk, and he told her plainly that he was not going that way, and she had to lay the commands down pretty strong before he harnessed Kate into the carriage and rode up with it. Now that was all sheer ugliness because it was certainly easier to ride than to walk, but when he is [in] one of his disobeying fits he is unbearable and we cannot get along with him. Father would keep Sam all winter in preference to Henry because Henry

can find work well enough and Sam needs a home, and I wish he could know it is for his interest to do as we want him to. Caroline says Sam expects to stay with us this winter and go to school. I don't write all this because it is anything you can help, but I want you to know just how it is. Sam told you he didn't want to stay after the first of Dec. and he could take care of himself, but he didn't want to go to school this winter. Now he seems to intend to stay where he is, and do as much or as little as he pleases. I don't know how he is getting along this week.

Elizabeth & I have been down Street. We called at Dr. Bates and he was out. We went into Barnard & Sumner's[5] and George Sumner[6] asked me if you were in Philadelphia yet. He said he heard you were going there to have a cork foot fitted. I hope your next letter will say that you are ever so much better. I want to see you so I can't wait until after Christmas. Theo is hurrying me. I thought I should have had time to have written a long letter but I have had so much to attend to since I have been here that I have had to improve the time. Robie is good as he can be and stays with Caroline very contentedly when I go out.[7] Give my love to all. Everybody inquires for you and wishes to be remembered. I know it will not be very soon and while you are so patient I must make the best of it. Good bye. Your own wife,

Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 26 Nov 1861 (144)

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[1] 12 Chatham Street, home of Theodore and Elizabeth (Ward) Bartlett. Theodore Bartlett had bought the property from the Artemas Ward estate in 1858. [1861 Worc City Dir; Worcester County Registry of Deeds 602, 231]

[2] All towns with men in the 15th. According to the *Worcester Spy* of 24 Nov, the Rev. Mr. Scandlin was to speak in Clinton, Fitchburg, North Brookfield, Webster, and Blackstone.

[3] William (b. 1854), Elizabeth (b. 1856) and Christiana (b. 1860). His wife, Elizabeth Maria (Foster), was born in 1827. [Grafton VR; 15th Mass Web Site]

[4] Dr. Bates' afflictions are not clear but he was unable to return to the Regiment. Literally "nerve pain," neuralgia was a term commonly used for many nervous afflictions. In this context it probably refers to headache or back pain with sciatica.

[5] Dry goods store at 191 Main Street. [1861 Worc City Dir]

[6] George Sumner (1824 – 1893). [1861 Worc VR]

[7] Caroline Ward had active tuberculosis at this time. Although it was recognized that tuberculosis (consumption) was in some way connected to close living and "poor air", the germ theory of disease had would not be postulated for another 15 years. The facts of contagion and need for isolation were not known. Caroline would spend her final days with Emily and the children (although Georgie was frequently absent). It is truly a wonder that they were not infected as a result of this close contact.

1990.63.2.145
EMW to GHW
28 Nov 1861
Written on same paper with Sarah Ward to GHW
28 Nov 1861

Nov 28 [Thurs], 1861

My Dear Husband,

You will think we have all had a finger in this pie and so we have. Sarah has such bad luck telling her news, that I don't think she got the start of me after all. I am going home tonight. I went down to see Dr. Nichols just now about cutting Robie's tongue, and he says he will stop at the Farm some day this week and do it.[1] I have had a very good visit and have accomplished considerable. Mr. Scandlin brought me the money 250 dollars. I shall put most all of it in the Bank, but I want to look at your letter that you sent the other money in and see which Savings Bank you mentioned.[2]

I called on Mrs. Studly[3] and Mrs. Sprague.[4] They were very glad to see me. Mrs. Sprague gave me her husband's photograph. Josey,[5] her little girl, inquired for you and told me to tell you to come and see her when you get home. Col. Sprague had received your letter so he wrote to his wife. Mrs. Studly is in better spirits and more hopeful than I expected to find her. She says she expects to see her husband next Jan.[6] I hope she will. Mother has just called to take me home so I will take my letter home and finish it.

Friday Evening. We got home nicely last night, not <u>swiftly</u>, for we had no whip, and Kate took advantage accordingly. Georgie was so glad to see Robie and me. He has got a bad cold and I have had to take him up tonight and rock him in the cradle, he coughed so. I went up St this afternoon and put two hundred dollars in the Worcester Bank according to your direction of Oct. and now I feel easy. I have worn it pinned to my skin, almost ever since I received it from Mr. Scandlin. Those green certificates do look good, don't they?

Everyone is asking when you are coming home. I tell them all that I don't expect you until after Christmas, and still I <u>do</u> expect you before that time because I want you to come so much. I would not have you come a day sooner than you can do so with perfect safety and comfort. Neither would I have you stay a day longer than is actually necessary for you might take cold and be sick even though your leg is out of danger. You would enjoy yourself at home. You would have nothing to do but amuse yourself in any way you like.

You ask where we are going to put you. You can have your choice of apartments. We thought perhaps you would not like to go up stairs to sleep. If not, the bedroom is at your – our service. Mother says tell George we have got room enough for his cot bed if he wants to bring it and we have got a great plenty of beds and bedsteads of all sorts, big and little. All or any of them are at your service if you will only come as soon as possible. We are all getting impatient to see you.

There is one thing I want to mention. Perhaps you will think it is one of my whims but I must write it nevertheless. You have so much pain in the foot that is off that I would take pains to have that same foot dug up (if it was buried) and examined. I have heard of such things as a person's losing a foot and suffering just as you do because it had been crowded into a box and buried; when upon giving it more room, they got relief instantly. Just look after yours and don't call this one of my notions. It is at least worth the trial and might save you some suffering. I have always heard that a great deal of care was required in laying away the useless part of an amputated limb. In your case there might have been some neglect which in the excitement of the time was unavoidable.[7]

My dear husband, no one is responsible for that question about your lady correspondents but myself. It was a foolish question, and I wouldn't have asked it, but when I called at Mrs. L's, she asked me when I heard from George last. I told her I had a letter yesterday. She said, "So did I" and then added in her laughing way, "You didn't know how many ladies he corresponded with, did you?" I said, "Oh, yes" which was a fib, for you had never happened to mention any thing about it. That is all. I asked for my own information; no one else ever mentioned any thing of the kind. There is not a wife in all New England who has more perfect confidence in her husband than I have in mine nor a husband more worthy of such confidence.

I am glad my picture wears well. That is the case with the original, you know. You wouldn't wonder that I tried to look pleasant if you had seen two that I had taken with Robie. Mother said if I sent them you would think I was most gone with consumption. Liz and I were weighed the other day, we stopped at the market for some meat and improved the opportunity. She weighed one hundred &twenty three pounds and I weighed one hundred and ten. She mounted the platform with the meat she had bought in her hand but I had no notion of being beaten at that rate so I relieved her of it which brought her down a pound if not a "pig". I have go my soldier framed and set up on the mantle piece in my chamber where he seems quite at home. You will think my rash has improved when I tell you that I have framed your Washington picture.

Saturday evening. I go to running down hill quite fast last night before I stopped writing. Georgie seemed so croupy last night that I sat up most all night to give him spongia aconite. Those last two lines look as if I wrote them with my eyes shut. Georgie is ever so much better tonight and is sleeping nicely. He gave me a kiss for Papa before he went to sleep. He talks and makes believe read about the "Rubbles" (Rebels), Jeff Davis, Dr. Bates and Col. Devens. He looks as pleased as he can be when I read him what Papa says [to] tell Georgie. I received you letter of the 26th this P.M. and he was delighted when I read about Papa and Mama & Georgie and Robie going to ride in the jingaling.[8] What a quartette that will be when we do meet.

I see by your letter that you are getting tired and lonesome and no wonder. I told Mother when I read you letter that I should go to Poolesville at any rate. I only wish one of those "bonnets"

had been mine. I should have been with you before now if I hadn't obeyed orders and stayed at home. It is a sore trial for both of us that we cannot be together now; you need me more now than you have done since you were hurt. I still hope to see you before Christmas. If you can't come before that time, I shall come to you. I wish you didn't dread coming to Worcester so much. You can come from the Junction Depot right home if you don't want to meet a crowd up street.[9] You will get through it all much better than you imagine. You can tell best whether it will be for your interest to stop in Philadelphia; but when you get so near home I don't believe you will want to stop for any thing. I shall go up to meeting tomorrow and shall try to see Dr. Bates at noon and learn how he is and when he is going back. I expected him and Mrs. Leonard to call together. She said they were coming week before last.

What did you have for Thanksgiving and how did the soldiers fare? There was a little drummer boy in the P.O. the [other] day and he said he went to see Col. Ward the day he started for home, "and he says he ain't coming home", said he. I am glad there's a baby at Dr. Brace's though it can't possibly be so pretty nor so good as Robie. I have put him into dark dresses and sock and shoes and stockings. He doesn't creep but he can almost sit alone without tipping over and bumping his nose. Georgie is very good to wait on him and he thinks there is no one like Robie.

What shall you do with you horse when you come home? Bring your cot bed home if you wish. Leaving it in Poolesville looks too much like going back and I don't want to think about that now. I suppose you have the war news as fast as it comes. Isn't it encouraging? I am in hopes the War will be all over before your <u>furlough</u> expires. I mustn't write any more now. I feel anxious about you and want you to get home as quick as possible. I know how you dread coming but you will be so thankful when you do get here. We shall be so happy, and every one says you will soon walk as well as ever. We are all very impatient to see you, and as for me, I count the days till I see you. Give my love to Henry. Good bye. Your own dear wife . Em

P.S. Susan Lang, alias Mrs. Murry, has got a pair of twins, boys.[10] I thought that was worth a postscript. E.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 28 Nov 1861 (145)

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[1] Cutting the frenulum at the base of the tongue was a common practice of the time. Not doing so was thought to result in "tongue tie" and speech impediment.

[2] If Georgedud indicate into which bank to place the money, it would have been the (supposed) missing letter of early Oct. [see EMW to GHW of 17 Oct, note 1]

[3] Julia A. Gill (1832 –), wife of John M. Studley, 1st Lieut. in Company D.

[4] Elizabeth Jane Shepard (1826 – 1889). [Nutt III, 59]

[5] Josephine Elizabeth (1851 – 1879). The Spragues had a second daughter, Carrie Lee, who would have been 3½ years old at this time. [Nutt III, 59]

[6] He would not be released until mid-February. He would later (Oct 1862 – Jul 1863) serve as Lt. Col. of the 51st Massachusetts Regiment under A.B.R. Sprague but would see no further action. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors]

[7] It is fortunate that Emily never saw a Civil War field hospital where the amputated limbs would be tossed out a window and piled up like cordwood.

[8] Probably Georgie's term for the sleigh with its bells.

[9] The lines of the Norwich and Worcester from the south crossed those of the Boston and Albany from the west along Southbridge Street just south of present day Madison Street. The area has always been known as "The Junction".

[10] Susan (Lang) Murray, wife of Kerne Murray, gave birth to twins, Thomas H. and John, on 24 Nov 1861. It is not clear why Emily uses the term "alias" except perhaps to identify her to George. Susan and Kerne were married in late March 1861; even if pregnant at the time, there were still 8 months before the birth and no one would have known. Also it is likely the twins were born somewhat early. [Worc VR]

1990.63.2.38
GHW to EMW
28 Nov 1861

Poolesville Md Thanksgiving Day
November 28th [Thurs] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

Here I am in the same old place and I begin to feel as if was or ought to be, most time for me to get out of it. I don't know but I am getting along well, but six weeks ought to get me along considerable. I wish Dr. Bates were here. Dr. Crosby has been to Washtn the past few days, leaving Dr Haven here alone & I haven't any too much confidence in him, perhaps it is all prejudice.[1] I presume it is in a measure, but I begin to feel that a change in the programme is desireable. Perhaps my 'stump' is doing as well as can be under the circumstances. I presume it is but I have got sick of this way of living. If I can get away so as to be at home Christmas it is all I wish. I have got sick of being sick away from home, if I am just as well taken care of. I am feeling (all things considered) better I think today than any day yet. My leg was more comfortable yesterday, & last night by considerable. I have been quite nervous at times, and I have not felt any thing of that for a day or two. Patience is what is needed just at this time, and I think mine has held out pretty well.

I have no objections to your coming home with me part way and certainly you shall have the first kiss if I can save it for you. When I shall leave here, how I shall go from N.Y. and what time I shall arrive in Wor—I cannot tell. I want to get home unbeknown to anyone, as quietly as possible. Perhaps you can meet me in Springfield and I will try and arrange it with you. I think I shall go that way, as it is preferable to the sound in winter. The manner you disposed of the money is perfectly satisfactory, only keep an eye to economy in <u>your</u> expenditures.

I am sorry Mr. Burrington is going away. I don't think he has had a fair chance, having been unwell so much of the time. I think a good deal of him, from what little I have seen of him. Remember me to him, also to his wife. I suppose you have had snow before this, and perhaps sleighing.

Our boys, most of them have stoves in their tents, and are quite comfortable. I rather expect our Regmt will remain here through the winter, though nothing is certain. I anticipate a slow recruiting up home under the present arrangement.

Henry is with me most all the day time, attending to my wants and keeping me company. I am also well provided for nights. I have every thing good to eat. I should liked to have been at home Thanksgiving, but such are the fortunes of war. It was my luck to be in Poolesville a little dried up town way down in Md but I have seen harder times in my day than I am seeing here. I never enjoyed life better than since I have been with the Regmt. Plenty to eat & drink, little to do, and good pay. I should be better satisfied, however, to remain at home on half the pay. But pay

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isn't my crowning motive. A sense of duty & my country's welfare are feelings of high consideration.

Caroline's appendage to your letter shows that she is still equal to herself, and can as readily speak for herself now as ever whether the subject is beans or something else. I think, however, that she is little easier affected now than she used to be, and gets high on a smaller quantity. I haven't finished Joseph's answers yet as I haven't felt like it. I over done for a day or two. Your mother wrote that your health was exceedingly good. It was the first intimation of your health I have rec'd since I left home, and therefore it was very agreeable new. Our Regiment had their new rifles dealt out to them yesterday and they are delighted with them. They feel secure now. Give my love to all the family. Kiss the children for me, and believe me your

Loving Husband

George

P.S. Dr. Crosby has returned, I feel all right.

G

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 28 Nov 1861 (38)

[1] Samuel Foster Haven, Jr. (1831 – 1862). Initially Assistant Surgeon to the Regiment, Dr. Haven was advanced to Surgeon in July 1862 when Dr. Bates resigned. Although he was exceedingly well educated and trained for physicians of the time, George may not have had confidence in him as he was an ophthalmologist in civilian life. The lack of confidence appears, however, to have been misplaced as Haven was one of the two surgeons who performed the amputation on the night of 21-22 Oct. Haven was killed at the Battle of Fredericksburg, 13 Dec 1862, when hit by shrapnel. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 131; Nutt II, 622]

1990.63.2.39
GHW to EMW
30 Nov 1861

Poolesville Md November 30th [Sat] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

The mail comes today & as it is natural to presume that I shall get some letters, and some papers from home, for the reason that I generally do, it reminds me also that I have something to do of a very similar nature. It is pleasant to me, for I know it gratifies you, and then I have plenty of time now, and can't write as well as not. Perhaps in that respect, I have the advantage of you. I suppose I continue to improve, but it seems like a slow process. It is no very trifling job to go through with what I have for the past five or six weeks. Still the time has passed very rapidly and, perhaps I haven't suffered as much as some others might. I shall mind nothing about the pain, my principal concern is to have my leg get well healed up, and it appears to be doing well. Dr. Crosby says it looks good, and I have a good deal of confidence in him.

I should judge you had a pretty good time at Elizabeth's. I hope you did. We have beautiful weather here, quite warm, frequent showers, and an abundance of mud. Seldom have sleighing here of any amount. I suppose you are 'home again' by this time, with the two little baby boys, Georgie, I suppose, will want a sled and some boots, but I guess not until I get home.

Day before yesterday was Thanksgiving here and we had things suitable to the occasion. I think Gov Andrew was a little off the track this year by appointing it so early. Usually, I understand the weather is quite pleasant here through month of December, which will be all the more agreeable to me. Today being the last of the month, the Regmt were regularly inspected this A.M. Saturday afternoons school doesn't keep, so the men are allowed the freedom of the Camp. I sent to Tom Smith for some clothes I should think a month ago. Ask Theo to call there and have them sent with Dr. Bates but if Dr. Bates has left, to have Smith forward by Adams Express[1] and notify me by letter at same time.

Congress meets next week I believe and if I go home through Washington I could call at the Capital and see the sages, but I don't think I shall hobble around there much. I have finished my letter to Joseph. It is twelve pages long and cut short at that, principally answering questions. I had a strong mind when I first recd his letter to set down and write him that I wasn't McClellan. Inclosed you will find an article written by him for print, which he sent me requesting my opinion in detail, which comprehends part of my letter to him. I wrote him that he took a good military view of the matter and that I really thought he must have had the benefit of some one's else military experience besides his own. A fact which I am quite certain of because he speaks of Regular Officers in his communication. I shall very likely hear from him again.

I am setting up with your father's wrapper on writing this. I never so fully realized the

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importance of such a garment before. Why didn't you leave Robie's shoes and stockings off when his picture was taken? His little toes would of looked so cunning. Lots of love to all, From your dear Husband and Pa-Pa,

George

Enclosed with this letter is a newspaper article from
The Daily Times Dubuque November 15, 1861

The Daily Times Dubuque
Friday, November 15, 1861
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY

This paper has a larger Daily and Weekly circulation than any other in Northern Iowa, and therefore presents inducements to advertisers which they will not find elsewhere!

WHY DON'T GEN. McCLELLAN ACT!

For a short time after the Bull Run disaster, the country was patient and civilians were modest. But "General Impatience" has once more take the saddle, and M.C.s, pushed by their "Home Guard" constituents, are again starting the cry, "On to Richmond". A strange feeling has got abroad that our army was gathered on the Potomac for little else except to take Richmond, and that if the campaign closes before that feat is performed, the south has beaten us.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 30 Nov 1861 (39)

[1] The Adams Express was started in 1840 by Alvin Adams of Boston as a shipping company between Boston, Worcester and New York (via Norwich and New London). They briefly had an sister operation in California 1849-55. By the time of the Civil War, Adams Express was one of the three principal nation-wide express companies with Wells, Fargo and American Express. During the war it functioned as paymaster to both North and South (the latter under a subsiderary, the Southern Express). The company survived the Depression and remains in business today, paying dividends for all but 6 years since 1854. The Worcester City Directory of 1961-62 does not include a Worcester officer or agent although one undoubtedly existed. [www.scipophily.net/adnexcoma]

1990.63.2.146
EMW to GHW
1 Dec 1861

Sunday night, Dec 1st [Sun] '61

My Dear Husband,

I called on Dr Bates today and found him confined to his great sick chair with neuralgia. He had an attack of fever and ague yesterday; his furlough is prolonged a fortnight. He thinks by that time he shall certainly be well enough to go back. He intends to be well enough, and where there is a will there's a way; only that maxim doesn't apply always.

You must be lonesome with Dr Bates and Scandlin both away. S. V. Stone[1] told me last week to let him know the next opportunity I had to send to you, and he would send you some reading matter. I learned from the Dr, that some of the troops were going back tomorrow., and I stooped on my way home at Mr. Stone's house and told him. He was just starting up the St, and he said it was a capital time for him to make a selection. I expect you will have a treat.

Dr Bates has got a beautiful chair and I wish you had one now. They cost twenty dollars,[2] are covered with leather and are made so that you can sit or lie down. It looks like a great easy chair, but you take a seat in it and if you wish to lie down, all you to do is to lean back and the weight of your body makes a cot bed for you in a second.[3] I think you might afford to have one sent [to] you. It would be nice for you now, and we shouldn't find it a superfluity when you get well. Dr. Bates says you will not come until the first of Jan; keep up your spirits, and don't feel as if you didn't want to see Worcester, all W. wants to see you, and not a few of your most favored friends would be willing to change places with you even though they had to bear your loss. Dr. Heywood[4] was with Dr. Bates and he says in a few months you will be good as ever.

The business of recruiting the 15th goes on slowly.[5] I have an idea that the new recruits. would multiply faster if they could have you to teach them the rudiments, they are afraid they will not be drilled as well as the remainder of the Reg't.

Father had a talk with Sam today about staying this winter. Sam says he didn't want to work much, but he would like to stay and do the chores for his board. Father says he may stay as long as he will, do what he wants of him willingly, and if he wants him to drive the team up St, he will pay him extra and if he will do the best he can, he will make him a present. He told him this to encourage him to do his best, and I hope he will know enough to know "which side his bread is buttered", but if we have to work as hard to get the chores out of him this winter as we have had to the past fortnight; he will have to change places with some one.

Tuesday

Sam begins the week well, guess we shall guess get along nicely. Mr. Scandlin speaks in Worcester tonight. I want to hear him but I can't go up without staying all night and Robie has some cold so that I can't take him out, Mother is going up and she will go and hear him. Father is driving

business. He works until ten o'clock every night, Sat. night included.

We are having quite wintry weather, some snow but no sleighing. The road from here to Quinsigamond is rather rough. Georgie has just come up from dinner with his mouth all squash and given me a kiss to put in Papa's letter and now he is rocking Robie to sleep. He gives two or three rocks and then he stops and asks him if he is going to sleep.

Is Henry with you now? And how are the soldiers, can they keep comfortable in this cold weather? It is generally believed that the War will not last longer than Spring. I must close my letter for mother wants to carry it. It is one thing to write and another to get my letters to the Office in season for the mail that connects with the Washington & Poolesville RR. I wish the three miles between here and the Street could he annihilated.

I am writing with my foot on the cradle and the inkstand in a chair. George is holding his doll's head over the ink stand and rapping her on the back of her head to make the sawdust come out of her nose. Mother says she wants to write to you and will as soon as she can. She is soliciting and to use her words "don't get time hardly to wash her face". She says, "Tell George I want to see him at home dreadfully...we shall have such good times when he comes".

Love to all,

Emily

Endnotes: EWM to GHW 1 Dec 1861 (146)

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[1] S.V. Stone, a booktore owner at 141 Main Street

[2] About $395 in 2004 dollars.

[3] Emily is descripting the 1861 version of a reclining chair which seems not much different from today's model.

[4] Benjamin Franklin Heywood (1792 – 1869), physician with office / home at 147 Main St. [1861 Worc City Dir; Worc VR]

[5] The recruiting task was left to Lt. Hans Peter Jorgenson. It would appear from various newspaper accounts during this time that the other towns, Fitchburg especially, were having no problem in attracting replacements. The Worcester component, however, continued to go slowly. In December a committee of prominent Worcester citizens was appointed to assist in the recruiting. [Worcester Spy: 5 Dec 1861; Worcester Evening Transcript: 14 Dec 1861]

1990.63.2.40
GHW to EMW
2 Dec 1861

Poolesville MD Dec 2nd [Mon], 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

Some of the time setting up, more of the time laying down though reading news papers, entertaining callers and looking out of the window is principally the sum and substance of my – occupation. I have frequent calls from Frank, the little darkey boy of the house, who opens the door just far enough to admit a round black form (head) who says "want any thing Col?" If I answer no, he smiles gracefully, shows his masticators, and quietly, through with a good deal of dignity, "steps out". If I say yes, he appears quite as well pleased, and walks with a somewhat reserved, yet confidential air, and presents himself for duty. He is rather inquisitive, and sometimes I think he asks his questions from force of habit. I always gratify him. His questions are usually very sensible, and he never asks the same one the second time. He is intellectually above the ordinary run of darkies, and his calls are often quite a relief to me.

Every thing here is about fifty years behind the times. No ambition for improvement It puts me back to times I have heard and read about but never before saw. The women here have a remarkable partiality to plainness, and they as in most every other place, being the guides. Every thing appears to be governed & controlled in a great measure by their example. Most of the inhabitants around here are 'secesh', but there are some very good Union people, who are reliable.

If Sam doesn't conduct himself as he ought, and persists in his obstinate willfulness, after being talked to, I don't want your father to feel under obligation to keep him. He knows better, and he, and he only, should suffer from it. Tell your Father to consult his own interest, and not make a personal sacrifice for the purpose of gratifying an ungrateful disposition. Your statement in relation to what Sam told me about, what he should do after his time was out, is correct.[1] It undoubtedly would be a good thing for him to enlist, but I should prefer that he would go into some other Regrnt than ours. The discipline would be an excellent thing for him.

I am ~~doing~~ getting along about as usual. It is slow up hill work. I have recd two letters from J. G. Adams since I was wounded. He says Mr. Richardson[2] is connected with Dr. Palmer, 19 Green St Boston. He is very much afraid I should think of getting any other than the Palmer leg. I reckon Mr. Palmer is an Universalist as the ministers appear to know him pretty well.

I manage to keep busy most of the time. My trunk is right along side of me and I overhaul that frequently. Look at the Daguereotypes, and count over what little change I have got. Lots of things in there may be, I never should have found if I had. not been sick. I hope Dr Bates will soon recover, as his services are needed here. It is an easy matter to get out of sorts, but not so easy to tell when we can get well again. This is tough to lay here, still I have some very tender places about me.

Why don't the Society try and get Mr. Adams back again. It wouldnt hurt to try. I don't suppose there would be any chance for it though.

December 3 [Tuesday] It is a beautiful morning, but much cooler than any morning yet. It is mail day too, and I am quite myself. I expect when you get your new cloak and bonnet that I shall be obliged to act as "No. 2". I shall do it with pleasure. I presume I shall feel more proud of you than you will of yourself, for you won't feel any proud, & I shall. I should think it must look pleasanter around the house since the old barn was moved off. How does Mrs. Grout[3] submit to her privations? I suppose his Regmt will join the next Naval Expedition, which is expected to start soon from Annapolis. You must court her up and try and be on sociable terms. I dreamed last night I saw Mrs. Sprague somewhere and she came running towards me and kissed me the first thing. I couldn't help it. Don't you tell her.[4] Remember me to all the family, and a great deal love from

George and PaPa,

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 2 Dec 1861 (40)

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[1] Samuel W. Ward became a Worcester police officer after the War.

[2] William H. Richardson, Jr of Malden was a member of the firm of Palmer and Company with offices at 19 Green Street in Boston. [1861 Boston City Dir]

[3] Hannah (Carter) Grout (1826 –).

[4] The understanding of dreams at the time was quite literal.

1990.63.2.147
EMW to GHW
4 Dec 1861

Worcester Dec 4th [Wed 1861

My Dear Husband.

I received your letter of the 28th yesterday, and I see by it that you are as anxious to be at home as we are to have you here; and I hope before this time that you are so much better, that you will be able to start very soon; don't risk anything but don't stay where you are a day longer than is necessary. Not but that you are with kind friends who have done every for you could be done, but you need now, as you say, an entire "charge of programme", to make you feel like yourself again, and I will warrant you will get it, when once you get home. I try not to anticipate too much, but I do so long to have you here. I think if you came soon you will find Dr. Bates still in Worcester. I have seen him only twice since he returned and he looked more feeble last Sunday than he did when he first came home; his wife said that he had stronger hopes of going back soon than his friends had for him. I shouldn't want him to know I said so but I don't believe he will ever go back to the Reg't to ~~Poolesville~~ stay with it.[1] I think your coming home can be managed with as little fuss as you could wish. You can come right from the Junction without going into the St. I shall gladly avail myself of your permission to meet you somewhere. Don't disappoint me I must see you before you get home. Theo has set his heart on meeting you in N.Y.city. He told me last week that if I knew when you were coming and didn't tell him he should be "real mad." He has been very good indeed, and. I should be glad to gratify him, if it would be agreeable to you. Perhaps he would be satisfied with going to Springfield, with me though I shouldn't need an escort, and mention it merely on his own account. because I don't want to cause him unpleasant feeling. I suppose Henry will be sorry to have you come away. Tell him to persevere, and he never will be sorry he joined the 15th;[2] the worst of the War is over for him, I do firmly believe.[3]

Mr. Scandlin spoke last night in the city Hall to a large audience. I presume you will receive the report of the meeting in the Spy. That is more than I have done for Mother came home tonight without a paper. I haven't had a daily this week, and I don't know any thing. Mother was very much Interested; she saw Mr. Scandlin to speak to with, and he is coming to see us with his wife next week.

We are having very cold weather. I saw the new moon last night "right opposite" which is the sign of a beau, so I shall see mine before the month is out. Martin is chopping the winter's wood in the shed, the trees have all been attended to but the row of little apple trees, and Father is going to have some manure from Josiah's hogpen put round them this week. The pigs, three or four I don't know which, are to be killed Friday. The heaps of dirt are all disposed of and the guard is all cleaned up and we look very nicely. Mother is still making butter at the rate of two pounds a day.

I was not aware that I had never mentioned "Mrs. George Wards very good health." I remember now that I made particular mention of my health and personal appearance in that letter

that I wrote Oct 21st, and didn't send. 1 felt so guilty to think I was writing to you in such a light hearted vein at the very time when you were suffering so much. Never since you 'left. home have I felt so free from anxiety as I did that Monday when I received your letter from Washington. I hadn't even the shadow of thought that you were in the thickest of the fight, at that very time. Remember me to Mrs. Brace and her husband. Tell them I hope some time to be able to express my thanks in person for their kindness to you, and I trust they will yet receive blessing "one hundred fold for their aid and sympathy extended to the 15th Reg't".

Thurs. morning

Caroline sent me a note by Martin this morning enclosing one from Mrs. Leonard inviting me to spend today with her; to bring the baby and stay all night. She has asked me to do so several times. Robie is quite well today so I think I will go. Sarah is coming down after me. I am in something of a hurry so I will say good bye. I shall write again by the next mail. Your loving wife

Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 4 Dec 1861 (147)

[1] Joseph N. Bates resigned his commission in July 1862. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors: II, 133]

[2] Henry left the 15th as 1st Lieutenant. He would stay in the regular army, retiring as Brigadier General in 1905.

[3] Emily had poor foresight. Although regularly promoted, Henry would be wounded three times (at Antietam, Spottsylvania, and Petersburg) as well as being taken prisoner for a short time after the Confederate attack on Ft.

Steadman in the Petersburg campaign. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 162; Ibid. IV, 857; 15th Mass Website]

1990.63.2.41
GHW to EMW
5 Dec 1861

Poolesville Md December 5th [Thurs] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

This a beautiful morning and I am about the same. I begin to feel a little uneasy at times. Here it is, going on seven weeks since the battle, and I am not on crutches yet. The Drs flattered me too much at first, assuring me that I should be able to go home in five weeks or there abouts, and when the time came I felt some discouraged. I had a blue time of it yesterday and night before last, after I found Dr Bates wasn't coming back for a month longer. I would have given a good deal to have had you here. I got nervous and I felt bad, and now this morning Mr. Scott[1] of Worcester who has been here has left. I feel some lonesome. I had a talk yesterday with the Drs. they say my leg is doing well, and that it is probable I shall be at home Christmas, though I am quite sure it will not be before New Years. I shall not start until I feel able, though I am in a longing condition to get home. I set up six hours yesterday, and felt very much better for it. My appetite is very good for a sick man, and if I can get up round out doors I shall feel like a new man. I very likely shall in a week or ten days. If I wasn't but short distance from home, and you hadn't a nursing baby and the expense was trifling, I should almost be tempted to have you come here. I want somebody for company more than anything. Henry does all I want, and is very good, but he Is no talker. I need someone to cheer me up and keep me in good spirits, and if Dr. Bates had stayed here, it is quite probable I should have been about able to go home now. But [I] am bound to make the best of it and got home as early as possible. I cannot tell when it will be though.

Mr. Baldwin,[2] our new Adjutant, has arrived and commenced the science of war yesterday. We havn't had but a very little cold weather here. It seems so strange to read in Northern papers accounts of snow storms and sleighs flying, when here such a thing would be almost an unknown occurance.

I didn't get any letter from you Tuesday night. Elizabeth wrote to Henry stating that your mother called for you while you were writing. I shall expect to get one tonight long enough to make up. I feel, If I was only at home with my family, how happy I should be. This being sick away from home isn't so pleasant, [even] if we do have every thing comfortable if I were well I would remain content, but as I shall be obliged to join the furlough list for two or three months, I would very much prefer to spend the time at home with my family and friends. I have been in good spirits all along, and I am now, Only I feel the attraction Northward was growing stronger every day. I presume it is mutual sympathy, and that it is getting so strong as to occasionally meet half way and shake hands.

Drs. Crosby, Haven, and a Dr. from one of the other Regmts have just been in and all express themselves well pleased with my "stump". The new Dr. saw it was doing well. If they all

say so, I suppose I must believe it.

Col Devens and Qr Master Howe have just been in. The Col says I need my wife and children. He says if I were at home where my little boy was running in and out ("beautiful boy") and I could see my wife and have her company, he thinks it would be an excellent thing for me! He hit my case exactly. I thought his ideas were very correct for a single man. I hope before long to realize the reality of his remarks. Henry and I both rec'd letters from Charles today He is lonesome but I think, I hope, he will stay. Henry says that Chas will get all the news now without buying any papers because he lives in [a] country town. Write me as often as you can and ask the rest to write also. Kiss the babies for me, and believe me your own Dear Husband, Loving and true.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 5 Dec 1861 (41)

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[1] Gilman Scott had visited in October. This either the same person or David Scott, druggist.

[2] George William Baldwin (~1834 –), a lawyer from Worcester. [15th Mass Web Site]

1990.63.2.42
GHW to EMW
7 Dec 1861

Poolesville Md. December 7th [Sat] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

It is one week ago today since I have rec'd any letter from home and I have continued to send three a week regularly, but I suppose it partly owing to irregularity in the mails. Not getting one on Tuesday expected an extra loaf Thursday, but much to my surprise and disappointment I didn't get any thing, not even a paper. The last time I rec'd a letter from you I had three letters and six papers.

But never mind the mail. How do you do? and how are the children? and all the folks? I am getting along very well, and I feel pretty well. I was a little home sick for a day or two about the time Josh left. I don't know whether he said anything about it to you. Yesterday I had a sharp pain in my side which was very hard at times. I called it wind and applied the mustard poltices and this morning feel quite relieved. My leg is doing very well. It was because Josh went home[1] that I was homesick, but I was feeling some blue just at that time. I felt as though I had been sick away from home about long enough. I didn't have much appetite and to tell the truth I was down spirited some, and just then Josh came in, but I am feeling nicely this morning, and shall continue to thrive again. I intend to begin on crutches some next week. If I get along well, but it is very doubtful if I get home before New Years, when perhaps you may have a chance to show your new clothes in N.Y., but you don't want to lug the baby out there. Perhaps Springfield will do if I go that way.

This is a delightful day. It seems so different from home at this season of the year. No snow here nor no signs of any. Winter doesn't usually begin until January. Mrs. Brace calls in two or three times a day and brings her work frequently A Miss Stoddard[2] from Conn who is boarding here, I should think about my age, comes also and she has time, being a lady of leisure and means. She often makes a generous call. She is well educated, and has a pretty extensive knowledge of things in general. She talks politics fluently; and is a woman of much information. She is good company and does considerable for the sick and wounded. John Q. Adams[3] of Wor-- is here and stayed with me last night and will also tonight. As he recently came from Wor--, his company is most acceptable. He is one who keeps posted on the particulars and you know I am inclined to be inquisitive. Adams expects to get a situation at Washington in the ordinance department.

Undoubtedly our Regmt and also this Division will remain here for the winter. General Banks' Division[4] has moved up to Frederick about 20 miles above where they will go into winter quarters, so that Darnestown is evacuated.

I suppose you are having plenty of sleighing, and cold weather now. Have you got plenty of dry wood, and do you sleep warm? Does Georgie slide down hill any? I should think Robie could almost stand alone. I should like to see all you very much and I hope to soon. If I were well. and sound I could remain contented, but in as much as I am what I am, I would much prefer to be home with my wife and babies for a while.

I see by the papers that Fox & Mayo are driving business.[5] I hope they will be able to drive out a smart profit from the job for I really feel deeply interested on your father's account. I cannot believe that prosperity will forsake so worthy a man as yours. and let me say my father too, for no father could ever have been more kind to me.

~~Remember~~ Give my love to your mother (and my mother)[6] and all the rest of the family. Kiss my darling little boys and believe me yours Affectionately and Lovingly

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 7 Dec 1861 (42)

[1] Joshua Freeman had returned to Worcester with some of the wounded from Ball's Bluff.

[2] Unidentified.

[3] There are three persons by this name listed in the 1861 Worcester City Directory. The most likely is John Q. Adams (1826 – 1889), a bookkeeper at Washburn and Moen (94 Grove Street), the other two being laborers.

[4] The organizational structure of the Union Army at this time was less structured than it would be later. [Nathaniel P.] Banks' Division was the 2nd in the Virginia command.

[5] The Mill operation started by Emily's father, William Mayo, and William Fox's brother, Charles.

[6] George's birth mother, Sarah (Fife) Ward died in 1842 and his step-mother, Huldah (Reed) Ward in 1854 so he seems to be referring to Emily as the mother of his children. [see Genealogical Appendix]

1990.63.2.148
EMW toGHW
7 Dec 1861

At home Sat eveng, Dec 7th 1861

My Dear Husband,

All alone in the house with my two little boys", and they sound asleep, Georgie gave me eleven kisses for Papa before he went sleep. He will be three years old next Monday. I think he seems a year older than when you went way. I got home yesterday afternoon from Mrs. Leonard's and found him deeply interested in hog killing. He had seen the whole performance. Mother said he would watch every one, and when their struggles ceased, and they were fairly dead he would say "now they feel better." He is a droll chap. I was sweeping my room this morning and want to get him off downstairs (for he sticks to me as close as ever). so I told him to go and ask Gramma to send me a cake; he took his two babies and started, got as far as the head of the stairs and stopped; "Mama, I don't want to go down stairs; Gramma can't you bring a cake up here for Emily?" I had to excuse him.

I closed my last letter to you rather suddenly, because I was going up to Mrs. Leonard's.[1] I went, and had a real good time. Her husband[2] is in Boston and comes home only once or twice a week. We had a kind of a "goose scrape" as Mrs. L. said. You know how very ceremonious we both are, (not) so you may imagine how well we enjoyed each other's company. Harvey Wilder came in in the evening; and we talked a good deal about our military friends especially our Lieut Col. and his Col &c. Did your ears burn? Not your left one, for we said nothing but good of you.

Mrs. Leonard had been that morning to see Dr Bates. He has a sore gathering on his leg, and will not of course be able to join you at present. Dr. Geo. Bates[3] says it is folly for him to think of going back. I am sorry for I wish he was with you. Don't mention what I have written about him. If he cannot go back he will probably want the privilege of telling of it first himself and he may get well sooner than I imagine after all.

Harvey Wilder's mother[4] called at Mrs. Leonard's Friday A.M. I expect she called to see me (for my husband's sake or course) because she said she was afraid I should be gone before she got a chance to call in that morning. She expressed a great deal of sympathy for you, told me to remember her to you in my next letter, and tell you she would find you in crutches if you wanted any after you get home. I liked her very much and. told her to come and see you as soon as you got home.

I do hope you will come home soon. I rec'd two letters from you yesterday written Nov. 30th and Dec 2nd & 3rd, and I see by them that you have tot tried to walk at all yet. Are you still obliged to keep your leg in a horizontal position all the time? I shall be glad to hear that you are able to "hobble" even, as you say. Still every one says you are doing remarkably well and we should think

so if the long, long distance between you and home didn't make us so impatient. When once we get you here, you will have so much to direct your mind that you will be well before you know it. Dr. Palmer is an Universalist. Did Mr. Adams[5] tell you that Mrs. Richardson[6] had a wooden leg? One great reason why Mr. Adams is not invited back again is that it would not be possible to get the vote of the Society to call him back. So Mr. John Rice[7] says. Geo. Adams and Debby Phelps have parted company.[8] Mrs. Henry Cobb[9] is my authority. She says the gentleman took the first step towards breaking off the engagement. I am glad you have sent your letter to Joseph.[10] He wrote to Sarah last week, and he really seems quite in the dark with regard to you. We have sent him papers and I have written and so has Sarah. Your letter will set him all right & Sarah will write to him again tomorrow. I have not had time to write to him. I write to you so that you may always get a letter from me when the stage comes. It is the most I can do, and I wish my letters looked a little nicer, but I have to hurry them some times and I know you will excuse me, these "babies" are my apology. They have both had to be taken up this evening and Papa's letter has had to wait. I shan't tell Mrs. Sprague about your dream.[11] If I do tell her not to tell but "dreams always go by contraries my dear", and it will be <u>another</u> Lieut. Col's wife who will meet you and you will save <u>her</u> that same chance for the first kiss.

About my new cloak I don't think I feel proud, but it is quite becoming, and I do feel very well <u>satisfied</u> with myself when I get it on. You know you used to tell me I liked to be dressed up and I do, for mine isn't the kind of beauty (?) that will bear to go "unadorned. When I was at Elizabeth's last week Theo. said there had come, or had been passed a new order concerning Officer's coats, and Tom Smith[12] thought perhaps you would not want yours made as you first ordered. I supposed he had written you about it or else sent what .you ordered before this. I will see about it right away. Sam is doing very well this week. I have sent our big hair cloth rocking chair up to Hood's[13] to be "fixed". I have a great many callers, and I won't make them do penance on those horrid springs any longer. I have quite fallen in love with my Soldier's picture since I had it framed. I don't think the original will need to be No. 2 side of any body.

I hope you will be able to come home soon, it is all I can do to stay here. Sometimes people say to me, "I should most think you would want to "go out' to your husband". As if I didn't! They mean well enough but when they speak so I want to slap them right in the face. But you will come some time and I will hope and pray for patience to wait. One won't lose Faith when we have so much to be thankful for. "O Lord my God in thee do I put my trust" were the words I opened to just now[14] & I will let them end my letter from your own dear wife.

Emily

000173

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 7 Dec 1861 (148)

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[1] Ruth A. ( ), Leonard (1829 – 1907). She lived at 1 Harvard Place

[2] Fred Smith Leonard (1828 – 1918). He operated the express business between Boston and Worcester started in 1845 by his father, Samuel S. Leonard. He was the brother of Samuel H. Leonard, Colonel of the Mass 13th. [Nutt II, 982]

[3] George A. Bates, Joseph Bates' brother.

[4] Harriet (Eaton) Wilder (1801 – 1894).

[5] John Greenleaf Adams (1810 – 1887), former pastor (1853 – 1860) of the Universalist Society just prior to Mr. Burrington's call.

[6] Probably Eunice (Terry) Richardson (1828 –), wife of Merrill Richardson, minister of the Salem Street Congregational Church. It would be logical that Mr. Adams, a minister himself, would know these personal details of another minister's family.

[7] Undoubtedly a member of the Universalist Society. Could be either John Rice, an accountant at Court Mill, or John A. Rice, a clerk at the same locale.

[8] George Adams (1842 –) was the son of John G. Adams, former minister of the Universalist Society; Deborah Moore Phelps (1842 – 1891) the daughter of Horatio Phelps, a prominent manufacturer. She would die unmarried; George's fate is not known.

[9] Sarah (Stoodley) Cobb (1828 – 1901).

[10] Joseph Selman Dennis.

[11] See George's letter of 2 Dec.

[12] Thomas F. Smith, tailor, at 229 Main Street

[13] John L. Hood, furniture, at 228 Main Street

[14] The quote sounds like a passage from a Psalm which appear to be among Emily's favorite readings. The 25th Psalm, v. 2 reads, "O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me." (KJV).

1990.63.2.149
EMW to GHW
10 Dec 1861

Worcester Dec. 10th [Tues] '61

My Dear Husband,

I just waited to hear how you felt when you found Dr. Bates was not going back, and now I am coming. The distance is nothing under the circumstances. Robie is old enough to wean, he has to have solid food threes time a day now. As for the expense – why I will do without my usual trip to the White Mountains. It will be of no use to tell me not to come for Robie will be all weaned before you get this. I have only time to write that I am coming. Only think; don't worry yourself sick before I get there. Dr. Bates is sick abed. I can make it easy leaving home. All our sisters and mother are helping. I shall come with Joshua [and] start next Monday.[1] I can hardly wait until the time comes for me to go. Good bye, good bye, till I see you. Your own dear wife.

Emily

Don't think I make too light of the expense. I will make it up sometime if you can only once get home well, that is all I can.

E.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 10 Dec 1861 (149)

[1] 16 December 1861.

1990.63.2.43
GHW to EMW
10 Dec 1861

Poolesville Md December 10th [Tues] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

It is now ten days since I have rec'd any letter from home, and I begin to feel as if home was far off. I cannot believe you have neglected me, so I suppose the trouble is in the mail. Last mail (Saturday night) I didn't get any thing which hasn't happened before I believe since we came here. Now that I am confined to the house, letters and newspapers are doubly welcome, and it is very hard not to get anything. I wish you all would write more.[1] It is about as much as I can do now to keep in good spirits all the time. I feel frequently as if home, in my condition, was more desirable to me than Poolesville. My leg improves slowly, but when it will get well enough to go home I cannot tell. I shall feel very impatient here the rest of the time, which I hope will not be long. The folks in the house are very kind. I have considerable company, but I cannot but help feeling as if my wife was better company than any of them.

I never saw more delightful weather than we are having now. It is very warm and pleasant, while I suppose you are having plenty of snow and sleighing. How I wish I was there to enjoy it, too. We would have plenty of sleigh rides and Georgie might hold the whip and perhaps the reins while Robie would have his fill by looking on. I would like to see the colt, and the pigs. I suppose they must have grown very fast. Has either of the pigs been killed yet?[2]

The Regmt are in very good health, we rec'd 56 new recruits night before last from home. Melville Walker[3] was one of them & and he is home sick now. The Companies have got new tents, much larger and more convenient than the old ones for winter purposes and they are very much pleased with the change. I see by the Spy that we have moved about a mile from our old camp, near some woods, and are making log huts for winter quarters, which is a mistake.[4] The Regmt are at the same place where they have been since they arrived. It is rather of a cold place and much exposed to the wind and weather.

I had a serenade last night from the band, which was beautiful. All visitors agree in saying that our band is superior to any in the service. It certainly is so far as my knowledge extends. Goddard[5] works hard and he has the faculty of making the fellows <u>blow</u>.

Henry has been some well for two or three days, and he is taking medicine now. The Dr says he will be all right again in a few days. I expect to get Henry a Sergt or Corpls position this week. He feels some what elated at the prospect. Oscar Downs[6] is taking care of me now, Henry being some unwell, and the prospect of his promotion will require him to stay with his company as Non-Com officers are not detailed for this duty. Downs is [a] first rate hand and real good company. Henry has not much taste for taking care of sick people, besides he is not very talkative, but he is

willing and does well. He is, I believe, about the youngest member in his company both in time of enlistment and in years, so that it isn't an easy matter to push him along fast.[7] He is much pleased with his prospect.

But I shall rejoice when I am able to start for home. I can hardly content myself now although I am well taken care of. I do hope I shall get some letters from you tonight. I must, how can I wait any longer? We don't get our mail until about 7½ to 8 o'cl, and we are obliged to get our letters in to the office the same night we receive them so it is difficult to get our letters in to the office if we wait until after we receive our mail. It makes it so late, but I will try to night on your account. Kiss my little boys many, many times. for me. Give my love to all the family and believe me your own dear ~~Family~~ Husband.

George

Hurrah. 9 o,cl P.M. My mail has just ccme in and I have 5 letters and 5 papers; two letters are from you. In haste for P.O.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 10 Dec 1861 (43)

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[1] George continues in the tone set by his last letter of 7 Dec (q.v.). Emily was trying to write three times a week.

[2] Emily makes reference to the pig being killed on 6 Dec in her letter of 4 Dec so George must not have received it yet.

[3] Melville Walker (1824 – 1862). Died 29 Sept 1862 of wounds received at Antietam on 17 Sept. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 162]

[4] From what follows George means the Spy was in error, not that building log huts was a mistake.

[5] N. P. Goddard (1832 -), band leader of the 15th. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 134]

[6] Oscar Downes (1823 - 1879), Private in Co D (the Worcester Company), a cabinet maker from Worcester. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 156]

[7] Henry Clay Ward was in Company D at this time and only 18 years old. While there are others of that age listed, it is true than most were older, many in their 30s. Obviously George was not above pushing friends and family up in the ranks.

1990.63.2.44
GHW to EMW
11 Dec 1861

Poolesville Md December 11th [Wed] 1861

My Dear Wife and babies,

I am feeling well, today and am in good spirits. I rec'd five letters and six newspapers last night which was a good lift considering I had not had any thing from home since Nov 30th. Three of the letters were from you, Including the one made up of compounds.[1] I saw by the papers[2] of the marriage of the Perry girl and I well knew at the time which one it was She-is beyond making fun of to, as all of the Perry girls are. She Is Josiah G. Perry's eldest daughter: the flour of the family, and tolerable in good looks & general appearance. "I seed her often".

I don't want you think I am ashamed to go home and am disposed to doge my friends. I don't intend to get out at the Junction. I expect to ride into town the same as any one, and if friends are there, I shall be glad to see them, only I don't want any thing of a demonstrative character.

It is uncertain when I go home and still more so how after I get to N.Y. If the boat goes first I shall probably go in the boat, and if the cars go first, perhaps I shall go in the cars. But don't get uneasy, I am in hopes (God willing) to be home bye and bye. My bodily health is good enough, it is the leg which prevents me. The arteries and veins are not sufficiently healed to render it safe. My leg is kept in a horizontal position most of the time because it isn't safe to let it hang on account of the blood rushing to the end. It had not healed enough for that yet. The continual jar in the cars will make it feel sensitive.

I cannot start until the Drs. say it is safe. I shall take my clothes, but my horse and horse equipments I shall leave here, also my cot bed, as you say you have beds enough at home. If I can sell my horse I shall, but not to sacrifice any thing on him, he is to[o] good for that. I don't care about Theo. coming to meet me or any one else except I would like to give you one good hug and kiss in N.Y, or some where before I get among them all.

You speak of coming out here in one of your letters It will be very expensive, and what can you do with Robie. I have seen many a time when I wished you were here, but I don't think circumstances require it. Tell Sarah I wish she would write me one of her letters, one of her best kind, highest priced ones. I won't promise to answer it, but if I don't, I'll agree to pay the money. Is James still at work for Frank and how is he? I thought by what Joseph said that James had left Frank or was going to, or something.

Dec 12th

I am feeling smart today. Dr. Crosby has just been in and says my leg is doing finely. All I do to it now is to keep it well covered with alum and flour, 1/3 alum and 2/3 flour mixed, plaster it right on and then cover with cloth.

000178

I learn by a letter that Fanny Manson has come to it at last.[3] I pity her mother, still she may blame herself for it in a great measure by over indulgence. Fanny wanted to go to the wars as the daughter of some Regmt. I understood she was desirous of going with our Regiment.

Don't you think that I am vain enough to suppose that half of Worcester would be at the Depot if they knew when I was coming. I dont consider myself of so much importance yet. Devens and I are two men entirely.[4] I have been told there would be a rush when I got home. I cannot fail now to see the foolishness of such a presumption as though I was somebody more than anybody. Don't think that I want to sneak into town, I have no occasion for that but I don't want to see a crowd. I shouldn't have thought of it if I hadn't had it [not been] intimated to me.

I send a letter to Eddie with this directed to Rutland.[5] Tell your mother I shall be as glad to see her as she will be to see me. I suppose the pigs are pretty fat, they ought to be if they have been fed. I should have liked to seen them pretty well. Henry is much better today and will probably be about again in a day or two. Oscar Downs is first rate company and knows how to take care of me.

I have just recd a present of some beautiful oranges and apples from the sutler. The weather has been [a] little cooler the past day or two, but it is still very pleasant. Give my love to all. Tell Georgie PaPa wants to see him very much to tell him lots of things and kiss him and Robie too. Tell him I would like to see mama & and how I would hug and kiss her just as I used to do, before and since I was her husband.[6]

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 11 Dec 1861 (44)

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[1] Probably the letter of 28 Nov.

[2] Worcester Evening Transcript for 22 Nov 1861.

[3] See Emily's reply of 16 Dec for the details. From what can be gathered Fanny tried to join a Regiment as a soldier and was discovered. While there are no names given, the Worcester papers for 5 Dec indicate that a female impersonating as a recruit was removed from the train in Norwich. Certainly women tried, and some succeeded, in masquerading as males and served on both sides in the Civil War.

[4] Charles Devens was widely lauded for his bravery and command prowress upon his return to Worcester in early November. George is indicating that he does not want, nor expect, such a reception. [Worcester Spy 8-10 Nov 1861]

[5] Letter not included in George Ward Papers; it was presumably sent on and now lost.

[6] This is about as "romantic" a statement as George ever makes.

1990.63.2.45
GHW to EMW
14 Dec 1861

Poolesville Md, December, 14th [Sat] 1861

My Dear 'Wife and Children,

Another beautiful day, warm and very pleasant. Still here I am suffering from the honors of war, not very severely, however, for my leg is getting better very fast. It has improved very fast the last week or ten days. I am quite contented because my leg is doing well. The sore is closing up and growing smaller every day.

Elizabeth's box to Henry of Thanksgiving stores arrived yesterday. It lay in Washington two or three weeks. The best way to send any bundles, boxes, or packages here is to send them to Adamstown from Baltimore. Adamstown is only 12 miles from here, and our teams go up there every few days. Most every thing sent to the Regmt comes that way now.

Genl Stone has got Professor Lowe up here with his balloon.[1] They are down to the river now, taking observations of the other side at Leesburg. Cannon can also be distinctly heard, so I think the rebels are firing at it. The balloon can be distinctly seen from here now. The balloon is tied to the ground, using several thousand feet of rope. It may be considered smart, but I think it looks a little like dodging the rascals. The best way to find out how many rebels there are in Leesburg is to take a sufficient force and go over there.

I rec'd a letter the other day from New York,[2] inquiring when I was going home; also tendering to me the hospitalities of the 5th Avenue Hotel while I was N.Y. One of the best houses in N.Y.

Bartlett[3] has been very kind I know, but if he is to come to meet me, I will go home alone and arrange it accordingly. I shall not be able to go before New Years, and in as much as it is so, I shall I think put it off until the 4th or 5th. By doing so I can get paid up to Jany 1st but if go home before, it perhaps might put me to some trouble and expense. I have not made up my mind yet certain. As I said in my last letter,[4] I wouldn't object to your coming to New York, but I don't want any one else and if you cannot come without -----, you better not try to. I know he would be very kind and attentive. The conductor would show you every attention, so you would have no difficulty at all. I don't know as he would get <u>elevated,</u> but he is apt to take advantage of such times.[5] If you could leave home quietly without his knowing it, very well, but if you are so afraid of offending him that you dare not do it, I think you better not try.

The Dr told me today that my leg continued to do fine. Henry has just come in. He is much better but looks some poorer for being sick. It being mail night tonight, I shall expect "several" . Give my love to all the family. I send large quantities to you & the babies, to Georgie, Robie, and Mama.

000130

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 14 Dec 1861 (45)

[1] Thaddeus S. C. Lowe (1832 – 1913) was argueably the first "military aviator". He flew manned (usually by himself) observation balloons for the Army of the Potomac in the early days of the Civil War. The balloons were tethered as George indicates so Emily's fantasy of travelling to Virginia by balloon (her letter of 24 Dec) was just that. [Web site: *www. Civilwarhomes.com/Lowebio*]

[2] From Sam Hathaway. [Ward Papers: 1990.63.6.238; see GHW 28 Dec]

[3] Theodore Bartlett, George's brother-in-law. From Emily's accounts he had been of great service to her but obviously George thought he was becoming too meddlesome and wished to intrude on what should clearly be the private occasion of his and Emily's meeting.

[4] GHW lettes of 7 Dec and 10 Dec both speak of their meeting in New York City.

[5] Speaking of Theodore Bartlett. By "elevated" George seems to mean "taking advantage of the situation".

1990.63.2.46
Included with letter of 14th
GHW to EMW
14 Dec 1861

Poolesville Md Dec. 14th [Thursday] 1861

My Dear Wife,

I have just recd a letter from Caroline saying you were coming out here. I am very much better. I am in excellent health and spirits, and don't you come, don't you think of it until I send for you. My leg is doing exceedingly well and I shall be home soon. You cannot be of any service to me. The second operation has been avoided, no necessity for it, and for the past ten days I have done exceedingly well. I felt a little blue just as Josh left. I don't know why, it lasted but a short time. I hope Josh didn't magnify things. I should be sorry to have you come here now, it is so unnecessary, believe me.

George

I shall telegraph in the morning.[1]

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 14 Dec 1861

[1] The telegram, if sent, is not among the Ward Papers.

1990.63.2.150
EMW to GHW
15 Dec 1861

Worcester Dec 15th [Sun] 1861

My Dear Husband,

I have been busy the past week getting ready to go back with Joshua. He was intending to start tomorrow but he has been ordered to Boston next Tuesday and is to go from there by the Fall River route. He will take back with him thirty or more new recruits.[1] Robie is weaned and doing finely and I am all ready to go, but my "body guard" has deserted me. Perhaps like Fremont I had too much of a "staff". Mr. Crompton[2] is going to Washington this week and has offered to see me safe there and "en route" for Poolesville but as that leaves the worst part of the journey for me to travel alone I think it is not best to start unless I hear that you approve of my coming. I received a letter from you last Monday that made me feel very anxious to be with you immediately. I know I could nurse you up so that you could be able to come home a fortnight sooner certain. I got another letter Tuesday which relieved my anxiety somewhat, it seemed to be written in better spirits and you wrote that you thought you should be on crutches in a few days.[3] I expect another letter today and if you are likely to start for home by Christmas, why I shall be able to stay at home contented and wait at the summons to meet you on the road. Just now my anxiety to be with you and uncertainty as to whether you will think best for me to come makes me feel <u>uneasy</u> to say the least. Joshua was very cautious about saying anything that might influence me to come to you. It is what I gathered from your own letters that influences me most. You know you wrote that if I hadn't a nursing baby and if it were not for the distance and the expense was trifling, you should send for me to come. Now that Robie is weaned, the last obstacle is the chief one for I think I could endure the journey well enough.

Oh dear George, I have just learned what made you feel so bad, when Joshua came away. They have been keeping it from me all this week, but just now Caroline told me when she came home from meeting. I hope you have not had to submit to a second operation. If you have, I shall certainly come. I want to hear from you again. You don't mention it in you last letter, and I hear today that Church Howe[4]has written to Mr. Witt[5] that you are coming home for Christmas. I hope so. I can't have you away from home sick any longer. Let me meet you in N.Y. I shall not have to "lug Robie" with me either. He can be left now as well as not.

I have got to go home pretty soon (I am at Caroline's). I shall send up tonight when the mail comes in. This is a beautiful day and we have had real Indian Summer weather the last week. Today is quite dusty in the roads. You ought to have received a letter from me by every mail. I have written three a week until I began to get ready to go to Poolesville. Fred has called to drive me home and I must finish my letter and leave it here. I will write again by next mail and hope it will be

a better on than this. Fred and Sam got a letter from Henry last night. Mr. Scandlin has been sick with pleurisy.[6] Josh was not admitted to see him last Wednesday. We are all well at home and impatient to see you. If you want me be sure and let me know. They are all ready to do every thing to enable me to leave home and the children are very well indeed. I think of you every minute and hope to see you very soon at home. Good bye now my dear Husband. Your own dear loving wife.

Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 15 Dec 1861 (150)

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[1] Replacement recruits were being constantly sent on to their respective regiments. According to a note in the Worcester Spy for 20 Dec, Lt. Jorgenson had sent on a total of 91 new men during the month. Earlier reports in the newspaper had Joshua Freeman leaving on Monday, 16 Dec.

[2] George Crompton, large mill owner. Lived at 11 Gold St. across from the Mayo's.

[3] George's letter of 7 Dec 1861.

[4] Church Howe (1839 – 1915), 1st Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the 15th. During the Battle of Ball's Bluff he served mainly as a messenger between the battle scene and Col. Stone's headquarters. He was described as "overly excited", perhaps panic stricken, during the affair. His actions were responsible for diverting the Battalion under George H. Ward from landing at Smart's Mill to crossing at Harrison's Island, thus eliminating any possibility of out flanking the Confederate troops from the right. After the War, Howe served as US Marshall for the Wyoming Territory and then settled in Nebraska. [James A. Morgan III *A Little Short of Boats, the Fights at Ball's Bluff and Edwards Ferry* Ft. Mitchell, KY: Ironclad Publishing Co, Inc, 2004 (see especially Appendix 2: 229-32); 15th Mass Web Site]

[5] Mr. Witt: possibly E.F. Witt who had a livery stable on Front St.

A letter from "a member of the staff of the 15th" quoted in the Worcester Spy for 23 Dec stated "Lieut. Col. Ward is daily improving and may soon be home on a short furlough." Although the source is not identified, this letter seems likely; certainly Howe's history is consistent with his starting this rumor.

[6] A brief note in the Worcester Spy for 28 Dec states "Mr. Scandlin has recovered from his recent indisposition

George Crompton (1990.63.1.2.75

000185

1990.63.2.151
EMW to GHW
16 Dec 1861

Worcester Dec 16th [Mon] 1861

My Dear Husband,

I received two letters[1] from you last night and you may be sure I was very thankful for them. You say nothing about a second amputation, but I infer from your letters that you have been spared such a trial of your nerves and strength. I know how anxious you are to get home and you know how I want to have you here. It will be such a comfort to take care of you and wait upon you. We shall know how to appreciate each other, shall we not? I get discouraged some times and feel as if I could go to Poolesville afoot and alone easier than I can wait here at home, but I won't despair. I always did hope for the best, and I will now. I have dreamed of your coming home most every night for a week, and such a meeting as I thought we had. I don't anticipate too much but I do want to get inside your great coat sleeves once more. You will not get my consent to go to War again, you may depend on that.[2]

Robie is nicely weaned and I am almost independent of the breast pump; shall be tomorrow. Sarah[3] was coming down here to take care of Robie if I had gone to Poolesville. Frank would take his meals at his Mother's and come down here nights, or sleep at home just as he took a notion. I have had to get up with Robie every night and make a regular business of feeding him and then rocking him to sleep; it kept me out of bed about an hour every night and I didn't see any fun in it. if there was a fire in my room so last night I gave him his drink and then made him go to sleep in the bed without being taken up at all. He cried some but he went to sleep at last, with his lips all pouted out, looking as cross as it is possible for his little fat face to look, and I shall not have any more trouble from him. He has learned to sit alone since he was weaned so you may know he has not lost any. He is a very easy child to manage which is rather more than I can say of his brother. Georgie is pretty good though and has a very Fatherly care for Robie; you would think to hear him talk baby talk to him that he (Georgie) was an old nurse.

I am glad you like you new attendant so well, they say he is just the one to keep you in good spirits. I think Henry has done pretty well to get promoted, or rather the promise of promotion so soon.[4]

Sam commenced going to school today by getting up pretty early. He can easily do the chores and go to school too and Father and Mother are willing he should. Caroline worked for me sewing all last week and is at work this week for Mother. She is a real good hand. Mary Ward Whitney[5] is waiting for you to come home, to come to Worcester for a visit. We are having delightful weather for the season. We have had some snow but it is all gone now, the mud is

completely dried up and it is a good going a it was in Oct. so you are losing nothing more than the rest of us in the way of sleigh rides. I guess the snow is waiting for you to get home.
Tuesday morning. This is another beautiful day. I have never knew such weather for Dec. I have had my window open all morning without feeling chilly

Georgie and I are going up to the city with this letter. Georgie is quite important because he is going to carry a letter to PaPa. He has written one himself.[6] He got established on the seat of honor[7] this morning in his night dress and called for a piece of paper to write to PaPa. I send the result of (the written one of course). You can judge for yourself whether he has improved any in his style.

Fanny Manson's case is a hard one.[8] There are all sorts of stories afloat about her, some saying that she has paraded the streets ever since, but she has not been out of the house since she was brought home, not so much as to the front door. Her Mother and Father[9] are heart broken about it. By the way she is one of my Sabbath School scholars.

If you have made up your mind to my coming with Joshua and are any disappointed with my not coming and have to stay some time longer and want me to come, send for me. I can find an escort easy enough, and can have. The expense is the chief thing and you can tell better about that than I can, though I would be willing to deny myself anything in [the] future to be of use to you now. I hope you are having just such a day as we are here at home. Imagine me driving up St. with my oldest little boy. When I get up there I shall have to answer more than a bushel of questions about my husband. Good bye, I want to see you and I am starving for just such a hug and kissing as you have in store for me. Is your Moustache very formidable?

Your own wife,

Em

Another short note is included:

Thursday morning:

I had quite a little brush with Georgie just now. I had a beautiful sprig of green laurel and I put it over your picture. Georgie made quite a fuss because I "covered PaPa up" and climbed up to take it off, but I carried the day so you may imagine yourself laurel crowned – at home at least. Georgie sends kisses and so would I if there were any satisfaction in it.

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 16 Dec 1861 (151)

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[1] Given Emily's responses these would be GWH's letters of 10 Dec and 11 Dec 1861.

[2] George would, of course, return to active duty in February 1863. It is not clear whether Emily agreed with his decision but family lore says she did not. However, in the letter of 27 Dec 1861 Emily says she "won't say a word against it" should he decide to return to active duty.

[3] The following sentences indicate Emily is talking of her sister, Sarah (Mayo) and Frank Harrington, not George's unmarried sister, Sarah..

[4] See GHW's letter of 10 Dec 1861. Henry Clay Ward had enlisted as a private and rose through the ranks of the 15th to a 2nd Lieutenant. He then joined the 57th where he was a captain. He re-enlisted in the Regular US Army in 1868 and eventually retired in 1905 as a Brigadier General. He was wounded three times in the Civil War and briefly a POW, being captured at Fort Stedman outside of Petersburg in March 1865. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors; Ward Family History]

[5] Mary Lovell Ward was placed with Tyla (Bowdish) and David C. Whitney in Ashburnham in December 1860. She was adopted by the Whitney's 4 Nov 1862 and her name legally changed to Mary Ward Whitney. The placement may well have been with a view to adoption as a letter from "Mary Whitney" to "Sister Cally" (Caroline Ward) on 3 Nov 1861 is signed as such and she speaks of "Brother Joseph" and "Brother Charles", two Whitney sons serving in the 21st. [Worc County Probate, Series A: Docket 65042, Vol. 341, 15; Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 616, 631]

[6] Enclosed with this letter are 2 papers of "letters" from Georgie consisting mainly of childish scribblings with words of explanation from Emily.

[7] Emily appears to be starting toilet training.

[8] Frances (Fanny) Manson (1846 –) aged 15 at the time. It would appear that she tried to enlist in one of the Regiments being recruited in Worcester, perhaps as a replacement in the 15th. Indeed, a letter in the *Worcester Spy* for 29 Nov 1861 from "A Friend of the Fifteenth" to Lt. Jorgenson, the recruiting officer reads:

> Dear Sir: Seeing in the paper this morning that the young men of Worcester are afraid to enlist under the banner of the glorious Fifteenth, this is to inform you, sir, that if the men are afraid, the women are not; and will gladly enlist, if you will only give them a chance. I am sure, sir, we can whip the rebels; will you try us? You can raise of regiment of us in a week, any time.

[9] Harriet E. (Day) and Otis L. Manson. The Manson family lived at 22 Green Street in Worcester at this time and thus were near the Mayo household on Gold Street. [1861 Worc City Dir]

1990.63.2.152
EMW to GHW
18 Dec 1861

Worcester Dec 18th [Wed] 1861

My Dear Husband,

I have just received your letters of the 14th and am satisfied at last. I didn't want to come unless I could be of real service to you, but I thought from your letters that you were getting discouraged (and no wonder) and I was afraid of your have one of those slow nervous fevers that are so hard to overcome.[1] I knew of so many ways in which I could do you good and make the time pass more pleasantly (you see I have great opinion of my entertaining powers). Josh did not encourage my going in the least and he didn't magnify your case at all. He said if those three Drs. Had been in and "expressed themselves satisfied with the appearance your 'stump' as you wrote to me that you was all right." I knew nothing of the operation until last Sunday[2] after I had given up the idea of going. I am thankful that I did not and very thankful too that you are so much better and don't need me. When once you can get out into the open air and use your crutches you will gain ever so fast. I knew it would be all for the best and I will not lose Faith again.

I am not sorry that Robie is weaned, he is so well and I feel so much better myself. I was beginning to grow poor. After my babies get to be ten months old it drags upon my strength dreadfully to nurse them. Robie sleeps soundly every night until 4 o'clock. Last night he woke at the usual time and I offered him his drink; he wouldn't touch it by lay back on the pillow and went to sleep without a whimper. He can sit alone and will soon learn to creep. He has only bumped his nose three times today trying to get over on all fours.

Georgie and I had a beautiful ride yesterday. We came home by moonlight. You see I can't have Geo. The 1st so I take Geo. The 2nd. I thought all the time that I wished you could have been with us.

I met Joshua on the St. and said good bye to him. I expect he went to Boston this morning with the recruits.[3] Geo. Wyman[4] was in Worcester yesterday. He sent his love to you. He says he has the most wonderful baby that ever was. I told him I had two just the same kind.. I have not heard any thing about Mr. Scandlin since I heard he was sick. I shall try to see him soon.

About my meeting you in N. York. I perfectly agree with you; tell me when to come and I will come alone. When I wrote I was thinking of meeting you in Springfield. Now Robie is weaned I can go to N.Y. or any where else. Your Telegram has not arrived. It will be along sometime next week I presume.

Caroline received a letter from you tonight and one from Henry. You letter to Sam has not arrived but Fred's has. Mother & Cal are in my room getting ready for bed. Mother is using the rum bottle rather freely, externally of course. Mother says, "Tell George I had a presentiment he

wouldn't need you." My great chair came home this afternoon.[5] I had had new springs put in it and the rockers taken off and casters put on. It is a beautiful chair. I paid 3.62 for having it altered.[6] When I was up to Mrs. Leonard's she told me that your friends up that way[7] were thinking about sending you a chair like the one I wrote to you about.[8] She said if you were coming home soon, they would rather wait until you get home.

Have you heard about the accident to Lt. Col. Sprague? There was a report Sunday that he was hurt internally and that they were trying to hush it up but his letter home say[s] it was only a sprained wrist.[9] That is bad enough. It will trouble him very much. Is there any prospect of fighting in your vicinity? Henry's letter to Cal says something about an attempt of the Rebels to cross. I should think they would attempt it now that Banks has left Darnstown and they certainly can't be much afraid of Gen. Stone.[10] I long to talk over the war news with you. I don't have time to read the papers but when you come you will read to me, won't you?

You have said in two or three of your letters that you had "no objection" to my coming to meet you. I don't think that is a very pressing invitation but I won't say anything. I want to come so badly that I shall not wait to be urged only I had a little rather you would say "come and meet me" than "I have no objection to your coming. I have no fuss at all about coming and can get away as quietly as need be. Be particular in your directions about meeting you and write long enough beforehand for me to be sure and get the work.

We are having splendid weather. Every one sends their love to you. Good night my dear husband. I want to see you more than I can tell but I can wait if I only know you are contented and improving. I feel a great deal better about you tonight than I have done before for ever so long.

I send you a letter from Faustina[11] that I have just received; bless her heart, it sounds just like her. I presume she will write to you as soon as she learns how to "address an officer". Remember me to Henry and James, ever so much love for yourself from your own dear wife.

Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 18 Dec 1861 (152)

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[1] The term "fever" referred to any illness not necessarily one accompanied by an increased body temperature. Emily probably means what we would now regard as depression.

[2] 15 Dec 1861.

[3] The Spy for 12 Dec states Sgt Freeman, color bearer for the 15th, was to leave Worcester with recruits on Monday, 16 Dec.

[4] Neither parents nor child can be identified with certainty. The 1862-63 Worcester City Directories list a George S. Wyman, machinist but the context implies George was not a resident of Worcester when Emily encountered him.

[5] The one taken to Hood's. [see Emily's letter of 7 Dec]

[6] About $70 in 2004 dollars.

[7] The Leonard's lived on Harvard Place, along the west ridge overlooking Main Street.

[8] The reclining chair described by Emily in her letter of 1 Dec 1861.

[9] According to both the Spy (17 Dec) and Transcript (19 Dec), Lt. Col. Augustus B. R. Sprague fractured his wrist in a fall from his horse.

[10] Charles P. Stone was vilified roundly in official and unofficial circles after the debacle at Ball's Bluff. He would be called before the Joint [Congressional] Committee on the Conduct of the War in early January 1862 and put under arrest on unspecified charges a month later.

[11] Faustina (Munroe) Dennis (–), wife of Joseph S. Dennis, Emily's uncle in Dubuque, Iowa.

1990.63.2.47
GHW to EMW
19 Dec 1861

Poolesville Md Dec 19th [Thurs] 1861
Eight o'cl P.M.

My Dear Dear Wife,

I have just recd a letter from Theo stating you were not coming. I am very glad of it, for I am doing so well. My leg is gaining very fast, my health, and appetite are excellent, and I am feeling good, better than any time since I was hurt. The babies at home need you more than I do, and I am real glad you have changed your mind. I should be delighted see you, but it is a long way out here, and I do now confess that I was afraid to have you undertake the journey. I shall be on crutches in three or four days, and then I shall get out. Keep up good courage, don't wilt for trifles. You have got patience and hope, and faith equal to the occasion. All you want to do is to bring them into requisition and all will be well. You shall come to New York and meet me and I will give you ample notice of my arrival there. I didn't write to you. the last mail because I expected you here last night. Caroline wrote you would start Monday.[1] I shouldn't have written this time only Theo's letter stating you were not coming. Write often. I will every mail. Good night. In Great haste for the P.O.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 19 Dec 1861

[1] Monday would have been 16 Dec. With an arrival expected on the evening of the 18th, the journey would have taken 3 days.

1990.63.2.48
GHW to EMW
21 Dec 1861

Poolesville Md December 21st [Sat] 1861

Dear Wife and little children,

This is another one of those beautiful mornings, which are so common here, and I have just ate a hearty breakfast of roast pork, sausages, and warm biscuit. Hog is a great favorite here, and they cook it in a great variety of ways. And as it is hog killing time now, we abound in hog.

I am glad that you concluded to stay at home. I didn't want you to leave them children, more particularly on Robie's account Today is Saturday, and Josh hasn't got here yet and what would of become of you I don't know.

I am well, all but my leg, and that is pretty well. It is doing well at any rate. I don't keep any thing on it now. The end is exposed, keep it sprinkled with alum and flour and it does all the better for it.[1] I am not in any hurry about getting home. I shall stop in Phil and see Dr Palmer, he has written to me. Joseph wrote and requested him to. J. sends me a letter of introduction to him.[2] I am feeling smart, and I am in excellent spirits. I poke round here considerable. Downs will make me a pair of crutches in two or three days, and then I shall be out very soon. He and I play cards some, he plays pretty well but I usually beat him.

I want you to keep easy about me, have patience and don't get nervous. I am as well off as I could wish to be, under the circumstances, but don't keep in a continual stew about me. Remember if we have a fight here, I can't go. That part of it will be pleasant for you to think of. Keep up your courage and keep perfectly easy and contented I shall be at home before long. There are a great many unpleasant things in this life and this don't begin with some of them. I am not suffering; for any thing, on the other hand I have every thing I want. I have got money and friends: enough, for the present any way. Prominent citizens of Worcester have written me that they would gladly exchange places with me. I couldn't think of exchanging my wife any way, and I think I shall hesitate some about myself

Caroline wrote with a considerable display of logic, saying that she knew what would cure me up, that I needed you, and that you was getting nervous about it, and wanted to come very much, and that you could easily cure me. Now how she knew what I wanted I would like to know but she always did have the remarkable faculty of guessing right about every thing.

I shall send a letter to Joseph today. He is anxious to have me write often. He says "You don't know how welcome your letters are," so I try and gratify him occasionally. He has been writing articles on the War for a paper in Dubuque. He cuts them out and sends them to me and asks my opinion. His last letter contained about five pages of fine print cut from four papers.[3] His articles are good and require but little alteration in my opinion. It required too much time to gratify

his wishes if full. He has a more exalted opinion of military men than he used to have. He doesn't think much of Fremont[4] but has a high opinion of Banks,[5] and believes other people besides West Point Graduates know something about Military. He says, "O! I wish I could come and see you before you leave and also take a peep at our Army on the Potomac. It is the fight of the age, and if I could look upon it, I should be glad indeed, but that cannot be." I should be delighted to see him here, for it would be a great treat to him. If England tryes [*sic*] her luck with us, he will undoubtedly see something similar nearer home but I reckon there is more smoke than fire that shell.

I sold my horse for five dollars more than I gave. I hesitated some, for he is a nice one, but I thought of being away a month or two and preferred to have his value in my pocket, rather than leave him behind and run a risk. When I come back I can easily buy another. Henry is out but isn't able yet to do duty. He looks rather picked. He had excellent care, and had every thing necessary to his comfort. I hope soon to be able to say that I am out, but I am feeling pretty well where I am. It is a little cooler now, and a good fire feels comfortable. I have got better quarters than most of them. Kiss the babies for me, Georgie and Robie. Tell Georgie "How do", "Pretty well". Papa wants to see Georgie very much. Give my love to all. From your dear husband,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 21 Dec 1861 (48)

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[1] From this and other statements George makes about his leg, it would appear that there was not enough of a skin-muscle flap left at the end of his leg and the wound had to heal by secondary intention. Even after it "healed" it continued to bother him and made his prothesis fit poorly.

[2] The letter is in the Ward Papers: 1990.63.3.7.

[3] The Ward Papers at the Worcester Historical Museum contain two letters from Joseph S. Dennis and the clippings in question from the Dubuque Daily Times of 15 Nov and 6-8 Dec 1861 as well as an undated column. All reflect impatience with the conduct of the war but faith that the leaders knew best and the confidence that the rebellion was dying (with a rational for that opinion). [Ward Papers: Box 6, Folders 53 & 57]

[4] John Charles Fremont (1813 –1890). Somewhat of a "cult" hero and known as "The Pathfinder" because of his explorations in the West in the 1840s, Fremont was given command of the Department of the West, based in St. Louis. His command was a military failure and he made a political mistake by placing Missouri under martial law and emancipating all slaves. When Lincoln asked him to rescind the orders, he refused and was removed from command. Although he regained a command later, he had no military successes. He was the Republican Party's presidential nominee in 1856 and sought support for the same office in 1864. [Foote I; www.civilwarhome/fremontbio]

[5] Nathaniel P. Banks.

1990.63.2.153
EMW to GHW
22 Dec 1861

Worcester D[ecember] 22 [Sun] 1861

My Dear Husband,

I have not much more than time to write that we are all well this morning. Last night was letter night but Georgie woke and cried to be rocked, and I had to go to bed with him at last and let Papa's letter await. I suppose by this time you know that I have given up going to Poolesville, and are very glad of it. You would not wonder that I thought of it, if you knew what discouraging accounts of your condition were afloat, but I didn't think so much of rumors as I did of what you wrote yourself. You have always looked on the bright side, so that when you did seen to lose hope, I knew there must be good cause for it. I wish you were on the way home now especially if there is any prospect of fighting near you.

Mrs. Sprague & Mrs. Upton[1] have gone out to Annapolis.

Robie is doing finely. He slept all night last night without waking at all He is not half the trouble that he was before he was weaned. You won't know him when you get home he has grown so, and he alters every day.

Georgie is himself again this morning. He ate a few baked beans yesterday and that was what ailed him last night. He is very much interested in the pig, the one that is left, and he is making a great long speech about it to Grandpa. They have a great deal of trouble with that same pig. Father has nailed up the pig pen every time he has been down here and she jumps out every day, and roams all over the neighborhood. Father says if there is any premium to be gained on jumping pigs, he shall get it He has nailed up the pen now so that there isn't room between the top of the pen and the barn floor.

So much for the pig. The cows give milk enough for Mother to make 6 or 7 lbs. of butter a week, she has put down 83 lbs. The weather has been cold for the past two days, but we have not had a particle of snow for 4 weeks. and but little rain. The soft water hogsheads have been empty for more than a week, but the well is grand. I don't know: how we ever did without it.

Sam has gone to meeting this morning. Father and Mother are going up at noon. Mr. Burrington's time is up the last of this month. I don't know who they will try to get to fill his place. One thing the Society have learned that a young, inexperienced minister is not the one for them,[2] and another thing 'they will learn bye & bye [is] that the Society will never hold its own among others in the city until we have a new meeting house.[3] A good many have left us and hired seats in other churches. Eliz & Theo talk of going to the Episcopal.[4] I went with E. that Sunday I spent with her. I like the service very much, and the singing. <u>not</u> the preaching,[5] but I never would send my children to a Sabbath School where they would be taught endless punishment. Our S.S. is very flourishing.

Mother is all ready to go and I must say good bye. Get well fast as you can, and come home to your babies and your loving wife.

Emily

Georgie has just kissed those two blots, he says they are kisses for Papa.

[This refers to two ink blots on the second page of the letter]

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 22 Dec 1861 (153)

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[1] Louisa Maria (Farwell) Upton (1827 – 1882), wife of Edwin Upton, Colonel of the 25th Mass Vol. Inf.

[2] Although Lindley M. Burrington's birth date is not known, he may well have been only in his mid to late 20s when he was called to Worcester in 1860. According to Nutt, he was born and educated in Vermont and, after a few years of additional study, was settled (apparently as his first pastorate) in Reading in 1858. [Nutt II, 888]

[3] The church had built on Main Street in Worcester in the early 1840s. The first floor was for stores and the meeting took place on the second floor. [Nutt II, 887-88]

[4] All Saints Church, then on Pearl Street.

[5] William R. Huntington (–) had just become rector of All Saints Church (3 Dec 1862).

1990.63.2.154
EMW to GHW
24 Dec 1861

Worcester Dec 24th [Tues] '61

My Dear Husband,

It is Christmas Eve and I am sort of lonesome; my two little boys are off to sleep. They didn't know enough to say anything about hanging up their stockings and it has been too cold today to go up Street to buy any thing to put in them if they had. I got your letter yesterday written after you heard I was not coming.[1] I am glad you are glad but I didn't know but you might get reconciled to my coming so that you would be disappointed to think I didn't. I was up St. yesterday and I read your letter to Caroline. She gave me several messages to give you when I wrote; she hadn't time to write herself but she says, "Tell George I should 'grudge' the time I spent writing that letter to him (the one telling you I was coming) if I didn't know that it did him good. He was in a kind of a 'torpid state', and the thoughts of Em's coming gave him a shock. If Beauregard[2] and all his army had been threatened, he couldn't have been more alarmed. I'll give it to him when he comes home if that is the way he takes my prescriptions." I won't quote any more from her for I can't do justice to her peculiar style. I hope she will write to you.

We are all glad you are doing so well, and I am sure I think it was almost Providential that I didn't get started to go out <u>to take care of you</u>. What a reception I should have had. You were going to "send me right back?" I guess you would have kept me overnight, wouldn't you?"[3] Well, I didn't go. I have got you into more scrapes than one since I knew you, but I didn't go out to Poolesville & get sick; I wish you hadn't than awful road to travel. Dr. Bates says it is the -----!

We are having real Christmas weather, clear and cold snow enough for sleighing; last night we had quite a snow storm. Caroline is here for the week sewing for Mother. Elizabeth invited us all up there tomorrow to dinner but it is such an undertaking to go with the children, and the day is so short and cold that it won't pay, so we shall have boiled chicken and pig's feet and vegetables at home and not a man to eat with us but Sam. Father is going to try to run the Mill if the help will work. He is in such a hurry with the contract. If you could only be here but you must have just as good time as you can where you are. It seems as if I could not wait much longer for you to come home. No danger of my "wilting". I am not that kind you know, but I should like to hire Prof. Lowe's balloon[4] a little while. Why can't you engage it to come home in? You had better not though for I couldn't meet you in N.Y. if you did. I suppose you have all the papers and have read all that is written about England's taking part in the war.[5] What honor is there in such a course on her part? Tell about the <u>good</u> <u>feeling</u> established between the United States and England by the visit of the Prince of Wales,[6] now is a good time to show it.

000197

I am sorry to hear Henry has been sick and hope his is quite well now. Is James Dennis with his company still or has he gone back to his team? Give my love to them both and wish them a Merry Christmas for me.

Georgie gave me ever so many kisses for PaPa tonight. He is such a rouge, you would want to laugh sometimes in spite of yourself at his impudence. He pulled open a drawer today and began to investigate. I shut it up and locked it and took the key out. He turned round to me, "Now Emily, don't you do that again." He doesn't mean to be saucy but his is very cool in his remarks; something Mother threatened him today, said he, "No Missy Mayo, you won't." Robie is very well, he was ten months old yesterday.

You said nothing of Joshua in your letter. I suppose he had not come back; tell me when he does. When I send this letter up St. I hope I shall get one from you. I no longer receive one letter and read it than then I begin to look forward to the next one. I must say good night now and a Happy Christmas to you if not a Merry one. This is a real scrambling letter but you must take it "for better or worse" as you did the writer. Ever so much love for you, from you own dear wife,

Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 24 Dec 1861 (154)

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[1] George's letter of 19 Dec.

[2] Pierre Gustave Tousant Beauregard (1818 – 1893), commander of the Confederate forces along the Potomac until Jan 1862.

[3] Again, one of Emily's rare references to intimacy.

[4] See George's reference to Lowe's observation balloons in his letter of 14 Dec.

[5] The Confederacy expected that an embargo on cotton would close the English mills so that they would force the English government to intervene. The mission of Mason and Slidell was designed to further this aim. Unhappily (for the South), the cotton spinning industry in England did not suffer as expected and, although there were British officials in favor, recognition of the Southern government did not occur quickly. The Confederate defeat (or at least a Union stand-off) at Antietam, along with the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation shortly thereafter, ended all hopes of overseas help for the Southern cause.

[6] Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, had visited in Oct 1860. His was the first calm voice to try to mitigate the furor over the Trent Affair and the imprisonment of Mason and Slidell. [Foote I, 157-63]

1990.63.2.49
GHW to EMW
24 Dec 1861

Poolesville Md Dec 24th [Tues] 1861

My Dear Wife

I am not going to write [a] very long letter because I have several others to write. I want to tell you that I am all right, A No. 1, just as nice as can be, don't want to go home a bit. Josh returned last eveng bringing 19 recruits with him; he gave me the particulars of every thing. He says he was home sick and was glad to get back. He is in his element here, and so we all are. You speak about not giving your consent to have me go back. One thing is certain, you must make up your mind to it too, that I shall return just as soon as I can get fitted to a leg. I speak in earnest, that so long as this rebellion lasts, I shall be engaged in helping putting it down. I never can stay at home. My mind, my interest, my every thing is here but my family. I should be good for nothing at home. I am in for this thing and I am bound to see it through. I don't like to go home on account of the feeling which I may encounter against my returning. It will be of no use, if I live and have my health, I shall come back.

Henry is gaining, he is out most every pleasant day. James Dennis has been confined to the Hospital for some time. I didn't know it until a day or two ago. He gets out but is very weak. I have sent for him several times to come and see me, but he says he is too weak to walk it. Tell the folks to write to him.

Oscar Downes proves an excellent man for me. I should be exceedingly well pleased, perfectlv delighted to meet you in N. York on my return home. Will that do? I see you are <u>some</u> particular about nice points of etiquette. I shall stop at 5th Avenue Hotel and will notify you in season to get their [*sic*] first. But I shall not hurry, so you keep quiet and don't keep in hot water all the time. You will get kissed and squeezed to your satisfaction when I do get hold of you. About the time I was expecting you, a young Lieut's wife came here to board from R.I. and when she stepped to get out of the stage you ought to have seen her tumble into his arms, and such a time, I couldn't describe it. Mrs. Brace was in my room, and we were some what entertained. I told her that was R.I.

She (Mrs. Brace) is from Conn and is Judge Darling's daughter of New Haven. The weather has changed, it snowed and rained yesterday, today it is cold and very <u>windy.</u> Tomorrow is Christmas which is the darkeys' holiday and every one else's. Christmas is the day of the year out here, and every body "goes in". I am glad you had such good luck in weaning Robie. I have written more than I expected. Love to all. From your dear Husband.

George

009199

1990.63.2.50
GHW to EMW
25 Dec 1861

Poolesville Md December 25th [Wed] 1861

I wish you a merry Christmas, MaMa, Georgie & Robie. I am here Christmas instead of being at home, but I kinder wanted to be out here for I heard so much of Christmas in the South among the darkies. They have every thing their own way and go it with perfect looseness. Get up dances, get married, get drunk, get noisy, get licked, and then get over it. Last night the town was full of darkies buying little things for presents. Frank, the little black boy here, gave me a sugar hand and a sugar rooster. I have also had presented to me a large beautiful cake, heavily frosted, and six beautiful oranges, besides splendid apples from different sources. Dr Brace's folks have all gone away to dine ~~in~~ on invitation, and the darkeys have gone to Christmas. Downes and myself are pre-eminent here. We cook a turkey for dinner and had a jolyfication in a quiet way. I expect to get more presents before night. Henry has just come in and is much better. It is a beautiful day, one of our best kind, and there is no better any where. Some of the Irish have imbibed freely and several are already in limbo with the prospect of many more to follow.

Dec 26th

Here I am feeling as good as a cricket; just had salt fish and sausages for breakfast. It is cloudy overhead and looks very much like snow. The old stage has just rattled along on its way to Washington. Such a team in Wor-- would very likely give up business some day for want of support. Every thing was quiet yesterday. The darkeys had a good time but were rather quiet about it. They behaved much better than [a] good many of the soldiers. I don't mean our soldiers. Col Devens gave each company ten dollars (10 $) for extras, taken from the thousand dollar fund.[1] They bought oysters and one thing and another for an extra dinner.

I am not any hurry about going home. I feel more like staying here. I tell you, it is a thundering long journey home for a cripple. Still I can go it, but shall take my time. I am looking better every day. I have gained considerable the past two weeks and shall probably continue to if I have good health. I can't tell when I shall go home. I am afraid I shall be sick up north, not being used to the climate. The southern people have a strong aversion to cold weather.

I have just had five ladies in my room all at once. Mrs. Brace brought in cake and eggnog and it was a nice little time, – Christmas time, a "right smart time". And they keep it up until New Years. I had the cake cut, which was sent into me yesterday. It was nice, only it was baked a little too much. Mrs.Brace is down on darkey help, and now that hers are away for a few days, she says one feels perfectly independent. The darkeys will lie, steal, and are very deceptive

Give my love to all. Kiss the babies for me. Keep up good courage. The Drs. have just come in and dressed my limb. It is doing nicely. it has all healed over except a place about as large

000200

as a quarter of a dollar and it looks real healthy. The bone which the Drs thought would be necessary to cut off again, (the small bone)[2] is all covered with flesh and cannot be seen, so that is all right. The flesh will be all covered with skin in a week if it covers as fast as it has for the last week. It is a slow job and sometimes it takes longer than others, so that the Drs cannot tell always. They generally flatter the patient which sometimes causes considerable disappointment. But I shall be all right soon. Eat your meals regular, and do every thing just the same. Don't get off the track Take every thing easy. This isn't any thing after I get accustomed to it. I am your own dear husband still.[3]

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 25-26 Dec 1861 (50)

[1] Probably a descretionary fund available to the Regimental commander for such purposes, perhpas donated by supportors or requisitioned from the men themselves over time. The 10 Companies would have gotten a total of $100.

[2] "the small bone": the fibula.

[3] George sounds like he is reassuring himself more than Emily.

1990.63.2.155
EMW to GHW
27 Dec 1861

Worcester Dec 27th [Fri] 1861

My Dear Husband

I hope the wind doesn't blow any harder tonight where you are than it does here. It sounds wintry enough; and makes me wish you were here more than ever. We have had all sorts of weather this week. Sunday night snow; all day Monday rain, Monday night quite a snow storm; then three days clear, very cold with fine sleighing; last night another rain; and tonight a southerly blow[1] – such a one as takes every thing up chimney but the stoves. We have the wood house full of wood so I keep a nice fire up here in my room and am as snug as possible, that is, as snug as I can be until you come. Robie is a nice little bed fellow, especially when he don't wake up for all night. Still I think I have slept warmer and hope I shall again sometime, don't you?

It is lucky for you that you are not so dependent on me for the news, for I have not heard a word from up St. since Christmas day and I haven't seen a newspaper, not even a Worcester daily, since Monday so I don't know any thing. England may have declared war, the Rebels may have set fire to the Potomac, or "the Dutch may have taken Holland" for ought I know. This living in the country is getting to be a terrible bore to me. The more I try to like it the more I don't; and the more I never shall. I know I have a letter up St. and I shall go up tomorrow. Sam will be here to harness; ~~tomorrow~~ that is an accomplishment in which I am not skilled yet, though I can put the horse and carriage together when the harness is all on.

Georgie went in the tub tonight "like Papa" before going to bed. Robie is here in the cradle sound asleep with his two cheeks as red as roses. I do long, George, for you to see our children; our two little boys as Georgie says. I don't want to say too much about them for fear you will think I am like all the rest of the "crows" but they really are worth being proud of. I am so glad you are coming home to be with them and enjoy them now they are little. I couldn't bear the thoughts of their forgetting you when you went away. If I said nothing about it at the time, it was for your sake and not because I didn't think of it, and of a thousand other things that made me wish never to go through with another such a parting. I hope the War will end soon and that England will mind her business. Mother says if the "Britishers are coming", she shall start, for she knows all about them. I do believe she is almost in hopes that the old Fort down to Marblehead will be renovated and garrisoned, so as to look like old times.

You asked in one of your letters[2] if James Dennis was at Frank's and going to stay.[3] I don't know what he has written to Joseph. He is with Frank and will stay there until Spring certain I expect. He talked some about joining the 25th Reg't but he gave it up and I thought he was quite contented. He was glad and thankful for the chance of being with Frank and afforded him work,

and a good salary at a time when he would not have been earning anything at shoemaking, and when his wife was sick[4] and his expenses were very great. Now that work is more plenty, I presume he begins to think the confinement of the store is unpleasant. He is a good salesman and Frank likes him.

Caroline has been here all the week, sewing for mother. Mother says, "Tell George I have got my wrappers all made up and now I am ready to go to Poolesville"; you know she promised to come and take care of you if you went to war and needed her. Are the soldiers comfortable [in] this cold weather? Are they well provided with blankets and warm clothing? The poor prisoners in Richmond are the worst off; if there could only be an exchange made soon.[5] I am so thankful you are not among them and only think you might have been. How do the new officers acquit themselves? Blind leaders of the blind _____ of them are I should think.

Grandpa brought Georgie a picture book and three Tiny Pigs for a Christmas present, and he's keeping it very carefully to show Papa when he comes. Robie was slighted. Grandpa thought he was too little to know any thing about it, but I am going to buy him something that he can keep for his Christmas as well as Georgie. This is his fourth Christmas and he has all his presents now. Oh how the wind blows. I hope you have a good fire, George; make yourself as comfortable as you can. Give my love to all who care for me and keep ever and ever so much for yourself. From your own dear wife, Emily

Saturday P.M.

Sam has just come from town and brought me two letters from you. They sound very much like your old self and they make me feel very much better. I shall not borrow a bit of trouble about you nor "worry" nor "keep in hot water" nor "stew" as long as I know you are enjoying yourself so well where you are, specially as I know you can't be in the next fight. Take your time about coming home, only come some time. I don't want you to go back more than ever, but I shall be very glad to see you able to do so, and when you are, I won't say a word against it. I know how you feel about it, and I want you to be gratified. I will promise not to oppose you if you see fit to return, so don't stay away any longer than is necessary on that account. I guess you will say I "show a variety of colors" in this letter. If I wrote a little blue last night you must lay it to the wind, partly, and to my not having had any papers to read all the week.

I am glad one woman has been able to go from Washington to Poolesville in the Stage. I have heard so much of that awful road that I am glad to know that it is not actually impassable for "spunky" females. The query is, if a Lieut's wife survived such a journey, and there was still enough life of her to undergo such a meeting as you "can't describe", why couldn't a Lieut. Col.'s wife travel the same road and be able to go through a similar performance at the end of the journey (not in the R.I. style, however)?[6] I don't want to come but I am glad to know that it not an impossibility. I am

sorry James Dennis is sick; does he have the chills and fever? Mother will write to him tomorrow.[7] Look out for him all you can. Give my love to him and Henry. Isn't Henry a long time getting well? The cold weather is unfavorable, I suppose. Miss LeBaron[8] spent last Sunday in Boston with Miss Stevenson[9] from the Poolesville Hospital, and Miss S. says "Henry Ward is a darling boy." She also spoke very highly of you.

I don't care a fig about etiquette, you know I don't. I only wanted something a little more hearty than "I've no objections". I am glad you don't want to exchange wives with any body. I think we can live together a good while longer very comfortably (if we can be said to live together with five hundred miles between us). Don't let them make you think I am getting to be a nervous fussy old woman. It is no such a thing. I feel anxious about you (not so much so now as I did a little while ago) and it would be strange if I didn't; but I don't sit down and fret by any means; upon the whole I enjoy myself pretty well. I feel better and look a great deal better than when you went away. That last is my own private opinion. I don't know as anyone else knows it, but as Grandmother[10] used to say, "Everybody's a right to their own opinion."

It is a bitter cold night. Mr. Burrington preaches his farewell sermon tomorrow. Georgie gave me some kisses for PaPa. You will get this letter N. Years eve. so I will wish you a happy New Year. Good bye from your loving wife.

Emily

Emily Georgiana Lincoln Rice is dead.[11] She died this noon. She was taken by spasms yesterday morning. I do not know whether her child is living or not.[12] Sam carried Caroline home tonight and she sent back this note which I send to you. It is all I know about it. I am very sorry indeed.

E.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 27 Dec 1861 (155)

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[1] Sunday was 22 Dec, the letter being written Friday evening.

[2] GHW letter of 11 Dec 1861. "Frank" would be Frank Harrington.

[3] James Edward Dennis (1831 – 1905). [See Genealogical Appendix]

[4] Susan (Martin) Dennis who died in late September (see EMW letter of 3 Oct 1861).

[5] The Worcester Spy for 23 Dec stated that the prisoners in Richmond needed clothing. An exchange would not be made until late January 1862.

[6] Emily is reacting to the incident related in George's letter of 24 Dec 1861.

[7] James Tyler Dennis was Sarah (Dennis) Mayo's nephew and Emily's first cousin. [See GHW letter of 24 Dec 1861 for the reference to his illness and Genealogical Appendix]

[8] Martha LeBaron (1830 – 1888), president of the ladies group that supported Worcester soldiers.

[9] Not identified but clearly a nurse with the Sanitary Commission.

[10] Emily could be referring to either Bethiah (Smith) Mayo or Sally (Selman) Dennis. Since the latter died in 1826 and would have not been known by Emily personally, it is probably Bethiah (although the wording suggests someone no longer living). [see Genealogical appendix]

[11] Georgiana DeVillers (Lincoln) Rice (1840 – 1861). She had married Francis Blake Rice in Jan 1861. The cause of death was given as "puerperal convusions" (probably as a result of preclamsia which would not have been a recognizable or treatable condition at the time). Her father, George T. Rice, had been a business partner of Wm. B. Fox, Sr. and therefore the family would have been known to the Mayo – Ward family even if they did not belong to the same social circle. [See GHW of 3 Jan 1862 for more details; Worc VR; Obit of Wm. B. Fox: Worcester Spy: 21 May 1860]]

[12] The Worcester Vital Records list the child as stillborn. Its sex and gestational age are not known.

1990.63.2.51
GHW to EMW
28 Dec 1861

Poolesville Md Dec 28th [Sat] 1861

My Dear Wife and Children,

I hardly know what to write about except to say that I am in a good state of preservation and progression. I have not got along quite as fast as I meant to, but I keep what I get, and I am getting a little every day, and so long as I am doing well & feeling well, I am sure that I shall get straightened out sometime. I begin to feel now as though I had nearly reached the end of this job, but I see considerable to be done yet. Weeks fly away like sparks almost, and the time all but a day or two has passed away very pleasantly considering the circumstances. After the amputation, the flesh contracted and left the small bone[1] projecting about half an inch, and for a while it was thought necessary to saw the bone off again, but Dr Crosby (who is an excellent surgeon) succeeded in forming an artificial scab, and the result is (much to my delight) that the parts contracted, or the cavities are all filled up with new flesh, and the bone is completely covered. This shrinking of the flesh isn't customary but frequently occurs, and when it does it necessarily requires longer time to heal the wound. Much is my case exactly.[2]

I cannot tell the exact time I shall start for home, not until I get sure footed. I shall give you time to get to New York. Young Jim Wall,[3] who is clerk at the 5th Avenue Hotel, sent for me to stop there on my way home.[4] You can meet me there. If I remain here about a week into January, I can get my pay for the last two months, which will be quite an object.

We are having what they call winter weather. It is pretty cold some of the time but snow is among the rarities.

I see by the Spy that I am doing well, & am expected home soon on a short furlough.[5] I suppose people will expect me home about this time and will stop writing and sending papers, but I can get along for a while. I rec'd a very flattering letter from Isaac Goddard[6] the other day; he seems to have a very good opinion of me for some reason.

The new Lieut, Spurr,[7] arrived here last night. I have not yet seen him. Bartlett inquires every little while if I received his paper. I send word frequently that I do. He inquired again the other day, so if you see him, tell him "I do" and that I am very much obliged to him. How are the children, Georgie and Robie, and how are you? Have you got dried up yet? I hope you will fat up now. You didn't wean Robie because there is another ship behind coming into port, did you? Give my love to all the family. Inclosed you will find some of Josephs articles on the war. Kiss the babies for me, and remember I am your same old fellow.

George.

000206

P.S. Inclosed you will find a piece of "secesh" flag taken by the 2nd Rhode Island Battery at FairFax Meeting House in the Battle of Bulls Run.[8] Presented to me by one of the officers. G.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 28 Dec 1861 (51)

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[1] The fibula.

[2] This is the first time that George has described his wound in any detail.

[3] James Harkness Wall (1837 –) of Worcester.

[4] See George's letter of 14 Dec 1861.

[5] The Worcester Spy for 23 Dec had a letter from one of the staff of the 15th stating that "Lieut. Col. Ward is daily improving and he may soon be home *on a short forlough*." [Ital. in original]

[6] Isaac Goddard (1797 – 1862), manufacturer of paper machinery (Goddard and Rice) in Worcester. [1861 Worc City Dir

[7] Thomas Jefferson Spurr (1838 – 1862), lawyer, of Worcester. He is listed as 1st Lieut. in Company G (Grafton Company) although their Captain and both Lieutenants were apparently present for duty following Ball's Bluff. Lt. Spurr was mortally wounded at Antietam, dying in Hagerstown, Maryland 12 days after the battle. He was George F. Hoar's brother-in-law. An account of his wounding and death by Hoar is given in Ford's history of the 15th. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 182; 15th Mass Web Site; Ford, 206-208]

[8] The 2nd RI Artillery (Battery A, 1st Regiment of RI Light Artillery) was attached to the 2nd Brigade (Burnside), 2nd Division (Hunter/Porter) in McDowell's Army of the Potomac as it marched south out of Washington in mid-July 1861 towards Manassas, Virginia. On July 17th, it passed through Fairfax Courthouse, recently abandoned by the

Confederates. A Confederate flag was removed from the courthouse steeple. [see RI Mollus War Papers]

1990.63.2.156
EMW to GHW
30 Dec 1861

Dec 30 [Mon], 1861

My dear Husband,

I wish a little tonight to let you know that we are all well at home. We are having some pretty cold weather but thanks to our big wood pile we keep very comfortable. I went to church yesterday. I got home in season for Mother to go up in the afternoon and hear Mr. Burrington's farewell sermon which was very good indeed, from the same text that Mr. Adams preached his farewell sermon from.[1] Tomorrow Mother & I are going to make a grand rally and take the big sleigh and both children (if it is not too cold) and do a whole pile of business that has been put off for a week because we couldn't manage to get up St. of a week day. I will keep my letter open and try to tell you how we succeed. I expect to find a letter from you and I hope it will say that you are using your crutches.

Anna Richardson[2] is to be married New Years. The aristocracy are in the middle of the bustle of preparation for the occasion. I think Mrs. Frank Rice's death will cast a gloom over the wedding. I have heard nothing farther of the particulars than what was in C's note. I believe the reason why so many women of that class in society die at such time is because they never employ midwives. Sargeant[3] was the Dr.

I dreamed last night that I went to Poolesville. I saw Mrs. Brace and she said you were out to the Campground. I waited until you got back and then woke up before you had recovered from your astonishment at seeing me there.

Georgie said to Mother today, "Papa's coming home pretty soon, want to know?" Said Mother, "Who told you?" "O he wrote on a day." He has talked about your coming all day and told more than a doz great stories about what Papa said. Mother has written to James Dennis tonight; she feels very anxious about him.

Tuesday.

We have arrived safe & sound and I will just say good bye and up St. with my letter. Love to all from your loving wife,

Emily

000209

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 30 Dec 1861 (156)

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[1] The sermon was not mentioned in either the *Transcript* nor the *Spy*. Mr. Adams' text had been Philippians I:27:

> Only let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ, that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel." [Worcester Spy: 28 May 1860]

[2] Anna Maria Richardson (1836 –) married William S. Davis (1832 –1886). Mr. Davis was a lawyer and President of the Bay State Fire Insurance Co; Anna's father, George W. Richardson, was President of the City National Bank ("The City Bank"). Both families lived on Elm Street on what was known as "Nobility Hill". Since William B. Fox was one of the founders of the City Bank in 1854, the Richardson family would have been known, by name at least, by the Mayo – Wards. [Worc VR; 1860 Census]

[3] Joseph Sargeant (1819 – 1885), prominent Worcester physician.

1990.63.2.52
GHW to EMW
31 Dec 1861

Poolesville Md December 31st [Tuesday] 1861

My Dear Wife and babies,

How do you all do at home. and how is your health? have you got any news, and what is it? We all do pretty well here, we havn't got but very little news though. I cannot tell exactly when I shall start for home. I know you are not in any hurry so long as I am doing well.[1] I have got something to do now, a job on hand. The Col wanted me to, and I was glad of the opportunity.[2] It is to examine the Sergeants and Corporals in relation to their respective duties. I propose to make the examination pretty thorough, and very likely it will take several days. The object is to tip out some, and put in better ones. They are to come here where I am.

It is warm and pleasant, and it is our regular muster and inspection day, which comes once in two months. Our pay rolls are made up from today's returns, which is quite an important item in this section of the country. It is rather necessary that we should all be here.[3]

I have not got on to crutches yet, but am about ready. My leg is nearly healed up but it is quite tender, and when I hang it down it pains me some. The Dr thinks I might begin a little now. I shall soon. Downes is getting me out some crutches. There are so many chords and nerves packed in together there that it is slow work to heal them up. If it had been cut off above the knee, I probably should have been out three weeks ago as it is all flesh and only one bone.

The niggers here went to Christmas and didn't get back until Sunday. I wouldn't have a nigger about me any way. They are lazy, and deceitful, and a good many of them will lie and steal.[4] We had two come over from Va yesterday (run aways) who brought two splendid horses, and they are very intelligent. They say the rebels were whipped once at Balls Bluff and retreated & as we didn't know it (they being in the woods), they came back. They say if we had charged on them then, that we could have taken Leesburg. Darn the luck. We won the battle and still got licked.

Keep easy and don't get excitable. Your uncle will branch out soon all right. Give my love to all, don't forget the babies. Tell Caroline if she has any communication to make to me she can do it by letter, if she prefers to. James Dennis was over here yesterday. He looks pretty well but Is very weak. It is a slow country for any one to get well in. From that same old fellow

George.

000211

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 31 Dec 1861 (52)

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[1] George must not have been paying much attention to Emily's expressions of loneliness and frustration at their separation, especially after his wounding.

[2] Not exactly a "make work" project but still there were undoubtedly other officers on active duty who could have done this as the Regiment was in winter quarters. Devens seems to be looking out for George's morale as much as anything.

[3] As George mentions in subsequent letters, if he were listed as "present for duty", he would receive a better pay.

[4] George is merely expressing the commonly held beliefs about the Negro, even perhaps more common in the North than South.

1990.63.2.53
GHW to EMW
1 Jan 1862

Poolesville Md Jany 1st [Wed] 1862

My Dear Wife and babies

Ever so many happy new years to you. How I wish I was at home with you, enjoying these holidays. What "right Smart" times we would have. Wouldn't I buy my little boys some presents, and perhaps MaMa to[o]. But here I am, doing well, getting along well, feeling well, and eating well. If my leg had done as well all the time as it has the past three weeks, I should [have] been at home long ago.

I am on duty now, examining the Non-Com Officers, or Sergeants and Corporals, relative to their respective duties. The object is to make them more efficient. I shall make the examination very thorough, and it will necessarily take several days. Undoubtedly some of them will have permission to retire among the privates for the crime of incompetency. The Col asked me, and I was glad of the opportunity to do something.[1]

I received a letter from you last night dated the 15th Dec also one from Mr. Burrington dated the 13th which I should have answered before this had I recd it. I shall endeavor to soon. Please explain to Mr. B.

It is beautiful weather here, and every thing goes on in a salubrious style, I shall not probably get. home before the middle of Jany as my duties are of such a nature as to render it quite inconvenient. When I go home it will be understood that I go on recruiting service, and not on account of the game leg. I shall probably have leave of absence four or five months, open an office in Wor as I have been detailed for that purpose, and go into the recruiting business on an extensive scale. I shall have a Lieut. and two Sergeants to assist me. Jourgessen,[2] who is already there will be one. And I shall take on two Sergts with me.[3] You have patience, I shall notify you in season to be in N.Y. I shall stay at home so much longer than I expected that you can afford to wait a little longer.

Jany 2nd. All right again. Just been to breakfast. Had oysters last night, had "flap jacks" and sausage for breakfast. This pencil is a good looking one but poor to write with. I busy myself reading and writing letters, reading Newspapers, and studying tactics. I am reviewing so as to pass examination for U.S.A.[4] Henry got little cold Sunday, and has not been quite so well since. I believe this is the slowest place to get well of any thing I ever saw.

[illegible]13

Dr Crosby brought a New York Dr[5] in to see me yesterday. He expresses himself well pleased, thought my leg was looking and doing nicely. Every one says I an gaining flesh,[6] and I reckon I am a little. Just heard from Henry, he is much better this morning. Cal wrote that she was going to the farm to help you sew, that you had got two or three new dresses, "and the poor thing hasn't had any thing for so long she is as pleased as a child with a new doll". I havn't any comments to make. Give my love to all. Remember the babies.

From Husband

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 1-2 Jan 1862 (53)

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[1] One can be pretty sure those being examined were not glad that George had this opportunity.

[2] Hans Peter Jorgensson (1827 – 1863), a piano maker from Leominster in Company A. Wounded at Ball's Bluff, he was promoted from Sergeant to 2nd Lieut shortly after the battle and assigned to Worcester as a recruiting officer. Promoted to Captain in Oct 1862 and killed 2 July 1863 at Gettysburg. [*Mass Soldiers and Sailors*:: II, 138; 15th Mass Web Site]

[3] The NCOs were Amos Henry Shumway (1839 – 1862) of Co. E and Gilbert O. Shove (1837 –) of Co. K. Also attached to recruiting duty would be Corporal Henry A. Collar (1841 – 1862) of Co. H. and Pvt. Ralph T. Finney (1835 – 1876) of Co. D. All had been wounded at Ball's Bluff. Amos Shumway and Henry Collar would be killed at Antietam in Sept 1862. [Worcester Spy: 12 Feb 1862; 15th Mass Web Site]

[4] The U.S. Army. One can imagine Emily was not pleased to receive this information.

[5] Perhaps the surgeon from the 42nd New York which had participated in the Battle of Ball's Bluff or the 34th which was with the Brigade.

[6] i.e. gaining weight.

000214

1990.63.2.54
GHW to EMW
3 Jan 1862

Poolesville Md Jany 3rd [Fri] 1862

My Dear WIfe and Children.

And now I am stuck, I have about played out. What shall I say? I havn't got any thing. But you say "write about yourself", and so I will say a few words by way of Information. I havnt worn a white shirt but once since I left home and not a dickey have I had on. I sleep on cot bed, with straw tick, no feathers except in pillow. I have plenty of blankets, white, brown, gray, red & mixed colors,. Under my bed, I keep a variety of articles, some of which are highly necessary. Got some lemons, sometimes some oranges, frequently some candies, and a bottle of whiskey under there besides other things, some of which are of a more fragrant .nature. I take a table spoonful of it (whiskey) three times a day, just before eating, per Drs order. It is a poor kind of medicine, but I am getting used to it, We have got a new darkey boy named Mason. I call him Slidell.[1] His heels are exceedingly troublesome on account of their projection. His nose is not of a very intellectual caste. I call it rather flat, but his lips unfold themselves, presenting a striking contrast to his nasal organ. He moves like heavy Artillery stuck in the mud.

Josh came in today for examination, he being a Sergt. He passed a very good one, and I should judge he was well pleased with himself, for, as he went out, he jumped a fence some less than ten feet high. It snows a little this eveng, so Oscar says, and it will be a curiosity in the morning unless it goes off before.

I am sorry that Frank Rice's wife, Georgie Lincoln,* is dead but look at the fate of she and her mother since her Father's death.[2] The three are together again now probably, never to be separated. What a beautiful thought, what consolation there is in it, and how it softens the fear of death to think of being reunited to our dear friends and little ones who have gone before us. "O! death where is thy sting,." It seemed to me as though there couldn't be any, when I have seen men face it fearlessly with almost a sure certainty of meeting it. Only think, proud America, the land of exiles, the home for the world. A wreck. I sometimes think we don't fully realize our real condition. It is sad, awful to think of, but the right must prevail, and I have faith to believe that it will yet prove to be all for the best.

Jany 4th The ground is quite white this morning, and it is snowing now. Downs is an excellent man for me. He is excellent company, and appears to understand the business admirably. I have got through the examination of three companies, and have got seven more. I havn't seen or heard from James since I wrote last, he is out every day. I havn't seen Henry for a week. He goes up to his quarters I understand. Joseph never wrote me that Erasmus & James had left Frank. You wrote

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something in one of your letters that led me to think so.[3] Love to all. I am glad you are inclined to my opinion. I know some who stay at home, sacrifice as much as those who go, but where duty leads, that is the way. Remember the babies and I will remember you,

George,

Jan 3 1862 * P.S. Come to read this over it puts me in mind of a compound of oil & water – hard to mix, sublime & rediculous, Caroline's kind,

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 3 Jan 1862 (54)

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[1] A play on Mason and Slidell, Confederate commissioners to England, who were "captured" in November.

[2] Georgiana DeVillers (Lincoln) Rice was the daughter of George and Nancy (Hoard) Lincoln. Her father, a Captain in the Army, was killed in the Mexican War at the Battle of Buena Vista, 23 Feb 1847. Born "Anna DeVillers", her name was changed in Apr 1847 after the father's death. The mother, Nancy (Hoard) Lincoln married Stephen Salisbury as his second wife only to die in 1852. Georgiana (Lincoln) Rice is described by Waldo Lincoln as "very tall and strikingly beautiful". [Worc VR; Nutt I, 222; Waldo Lincoln, *History of the Lincoln Family* Worcester, Mass: Commonwealth Press, 1923]

[3] Emily's letter of 27 Dec 1861.

1990.63.2.157
EMW to GHW
3 Jan 1862

Worcester Jan. 3rd [Fri] 1862

My Dear Husband,

I have just been reading over your last two letters and I am glad you had such a good time Christmas.[1] It must have been a real treat for you. I see that I have no need to be very anxious about you while you have so many good friends all around you. Your friends at home want to see you very much. You don't know how many questions I have to answer about you everywhere I go. I was on the St. Tuesday P.M. and I hardly had time to do my errands. I can't get by anybody with simply bowing. They must stop & shake hands , say "How do you do?" and then, "When did you hear from your Husband last?" & "When is he coming home?" They are all so much interested that I try to give them satisfaction. I don't know how many ladies are waiting until you come home before they call down here. "I have been trying to come this long time, but I shall certainly come when hour Husband comes home." That is what they all say. If I wasn't going jto meet you in New Yourk, I shouldn't stand much chance of having you to myself at all. But I shall see you first and all alone and I don't care who comes next. I am the same "old Em" you see, as tenacious as ever of my privileges.

I am glad you wrote the particulars about your leg. I understand now just how it is. I didn't know before that new flesh formed over the bone and supposed that when the flesh shrunk away there was nothing for it but to saw the bone off. Dr. Crosby is said to be a more skillful surgeon than Dr. Bates. I heard the other day that Dr. Bates was very much better and would soon join the Reg't. I send you a piece out from the Transcript about Col. Devens. The Spy has the same thing on a smaller scale.[2] How little military knowledge is necessary to constitute a Brigadier Gen? One thing is certain, the less they know the more sure are they of promotion. What do you think of the war with England now? Is it not "inevitable"? Mason & Slidell are given up and now they are hunting up another pretext.[3]

What do you think I did tonight? I went out sliding. There is no sleighing but there is a great deal of ice all over the yard and in the fields. Emmie Freeman is here and she has been teasing Maggie to go out and slide with her, so I told her I would go after supper, & you ought to have seen us. My old plaid cloak & hood, no hoops, and a pair of your buckskin mittens on (I put them away very carefully). We didn't have to go out of the yard to find quite a little pond of ice. Of course we fell down and bumped our ----- heads, but we had a great time. I haven't had a real good slide on the ice before since I was a little girl. The pond is frozen over and makes beautiful skating. We hare having pretty cold weather now. I hope it will moderate before our Southern visitor arrives. Though I think we can make him comfortable if it is cold. The children are well, Robie especially.

Georgie doesn't look as tough as Robie and he is not nearly so hearty. Meat he won't eat and milk gets his stomach out of order so he lives on potatoe and bread & butter. Robie eats bread & milk, and potatoe and sucks roast beef and is as tough as he can be. I didn't wean him because there was "another ship coming into port."[4] I have proof positive that no ship is due at this port, so "eat your meals regularly," and don't lose any sleep worrying about it. It was four weeks last Tuesday since I commenced weaning Robie, and I am pretty thoroughly "dried up." (I made such a bad work spelling "thoroughly" that I am afraid you will not recognize the word.) I didn't write last letter day for I couldn't send the letter to the office. How are James and Henry getting along? I read Joseph's pieces. They were very good reasoning a month ago but I wonder if he isn't tired of waiting himself by this time. I am glad you enjoy yourself where you are since you are obliged to stay so long. I think you are remarkably patient. Did you have as good time New Year day as Christmas? I suppose you didn't make many New Years calls. Take your time about coming home, but do come sometime. You will enjoy yourself better than you imagine after you get here. I want to see you more than I can tell you but I would not have you run the least risk by starting too soon. Love to all. Good bye my dear husband. From your wife. Emily

Georgie sends the little boy Frank some paper dolls.[5] You must cut them out for him. They will amuse you and him both.

The sesesh flag looks very much like an old rag.[6] Some of the chivalry robbed their mother's of their petticoats.

E.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 3 Jan 1862 (157)

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[1] George's letters of 24 and 25 Dec.

[2] The article in the *Transcript* was on 31 Dec (printing an item from the *Springfield Republican*) and that of the *Spy* on 1 Jan 1862

[3] Mason and Slidell were freed to go upon their mission to England and France on New Year's Day.

[4] The reference is a bit uncertain. Perhaps Emily is referring to nursing as a form of birth control and reassuring George that she wasn't planning another pregnancy.

[5] According to his letter of 9 Jan, George gave the dolls to the Brace's daughter.

[6] Sent to Emily 28 Dec 1861.

1990.63.2.55
GHW to EMW
6 Jan 1862

Poolesville Md Jany 6th [Mon] 1862

My Dear Wife and little ones,

The time is short now, and I am beginning to write short letters So here goes. It snowed last night and I just saw a sleigh go by although the snow isn't over two inches deep. I have got some crutches making and think I shall begin about Wednesday. A new battery of Artillery from R.I. went by here yesterday. They had the Parrott gun, 20 lbders.[1] They were wicked looking fellows. They will throw shot ~~and~~ or shell accurately four miles. Some of their fortifications on the other side will hear from them soon. Three prisoners were released by the rebels, and came over under a flag of truce Saturday. Two of the were from our Regmt. They are under oath not to reveal any thing concerning the rebel army but do tell many things which are of interest to us. One ~~was~~ belonged to Fitchburg Co & the other to Oxford.[2]

Jan 7th

A beautiful morning and Oscar brought home my crutches and I began on them last night, but they were to[o] long and were not stuffed on top, so I couldn't do much. He'll saw them off and I shall try again. I find it difficult to balance myself but shall soon work into it. I took several steps.

I havnt heard from James since my last. Henry was in here Sunday.[3] It is a slow place here for anyone to get well. We are having "right smart" winter weather here now. The water has frozen so as to bear, and there was snow enough yesterday for one sleigh. Don't let Georgie tell big stories about PaPa for PaPa is pretty well magnified now. He is as big as he ought to be. Remember me to the babies, and all the rest. From your George

Endnotes: GHW to WMW 6-7 Jan 1862 (55)

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[1] Designed by Robert Parker Parrott (1804 – 1877), Parrott artillery guns were an artillery "staple" of the Civil War. The "20 pounder" (named for the weight of its standard projectile) had a muzzle bore of 3.67 inches. [www.civilwarartillery.com]

[2] Company B and E respectively. The individual men are not identifiable.

[3] January 5th.

1990.63.2.158
EMW to GHW
7 Jan 1862

Jan 7th, [Tues] '62

My Dear Husband,

I thought I would write this morning and trust to luck to get my letter to the P.O. If I succeeded in harnessing, I could go; if not, I must stay home. To my great satisfaction, Baker[1] has just happened down here and has promised to harness Kate, so I am "all right" as you say.

We had quite a fall of snow yesterday which has made good sleighing again. Mr. Scandlin and his wife[2] were here yesterday and took dinner with us. I saw them up St. Sat. P.M. [3] and made the appointment. He said he should have come before but he heard my husband's brother Henry had been home on a furlough & I had gone back with him to Poolesville. He supposed the reason of you all getting along so finely without him was "because Mrs. Ward was there." Mrs. Scandlin is a very pretty woman, very lady like, and just the wife for her husband. They had a sweet little girl with them, four years old.[4] Georgie was bashful and wouldn't say a word to her but after they were gone I heard him saying to himself, "the prittiest little girl I ever saw", so I expect he used his eyes if not his tongue. Mr. Scandlin will start for Poolesville Thursday night[5] unless he concludes to stop until Monday and lecture in Leominster & Oxford this week. I think it is doubtful if he gets back before you start for home.

It is rather warmer today than it has been but we have had some stinging cold weather lately. I went up St. alone Sat. and Sunday I went up again with Father, so you see the cold doesn't keep me when I have a chance to go.

Mr. Burrington has preached his last in W. We all had a good deal of sympathy for him when they first began to talk about his leaving but he has shown himself to be possessed of very little discretion and has behaved most unchristian like. He says he has but one true friend in the whole Society and that is Mrs. Brigham. He says he shall remain in the city this winter and it will not be <u>his</u> fault if the Society have a chance to use another man, as they have him. Don't tell anyone what I have written. We, our family, have all been entirely out of all the talk & trouble and want to continue so.[6]

I saw Mrs. Gill[7] Sunday and she asked if you said anything about "Oscar's" coming home with you. Mrs. Alexander's sister[8] met me as I was coming out of church and wanted to know how I found my Husband <u>when I went to Poolesville</u>. That is the question that meets me now at every turn. If many ask it I will make up some big story and tell them all about "my expedition to Dixie." Georgie heard us talking yesterday and last night he had a good deal to say about "Boy's Bluff." This morning it is "Misser Grout's Boy's Bluff." I made him go to sleep in the bed last night, the first time since he was sick last summer that he has not been rocked to sleep. He got out of bed a doz.

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Times and all the [didas ?] that I every saw he cut up. He made believe skate just as he sees the boys on the pond, and he imitates their motions exactly. He got still at last and the almost last thing I heard from him was "Oh my gracious, I'se so hungry." As I knew it was only a pretext for keeping awake a while longer I made believe not [to] hear him. He is a very funny boy but he never shows off before folks.

Robie is well and hearty. I hope to hear by your next letter that you are using your crutches. Don't start for home until you are all ready. I wouldn't have you risk anything for the world much as I want to see you. I must say good bye now and get ready. Love to all and from all. Your own dear wife. Emily

Georgie has just come up and says, "the old sower has got out." I don't know whether he tells the truth or not. He has given me two kisses for Papa. He says, "I'm going to Boston to buy my [*sic*] a wife and wheel her home in a wheel barrow." Excuse the mistake, I am in a hurry. E.

Note enclosed in EMW's letter of 7 Jan 1862
Enclosed also is a "Georgie's letter to Papa"

Tuesday P.M.[9] I have just rec'd your letter of Jan 1st. If you are going to be home 4 or 5 months, what do you say to my moving up St., that is, if you are going to be up St. so much. I write now because Mr. Delhannty's tenement[10] is to be had and it necessary to decide in season, immediately. Rent [$]1.10. If you are going away again, I must be nearer the P.O. You ought to have rec'd 3 letters a week from me. I always write but sometimes I cannot get my letters up St. in season. Your letters come very direct and mine ought to go to you more directly.

Cal told me what she wrote to you about my dresses[11] and I thought, to say the least, it was uncalled for. I don't know that I have appeared in such a way as to make a fool of myself. I don't think she meant any thing more than to be funny. Don't think that I am silly because I have got a new calico dress and 1 wollen one and one that is a strike between the two.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 7 Jan 1862 (158)

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[1] Probably a neighbor but not otherwise identified. The only Baker living in the Quinsigamond area was David Baker, a laborer in Millbury. Whether he could have been the person mentioned is conjecture.

[2] Elizabeth Maria (Foster) Scandlin (1827 – 1902)

[3] 4 Jan 1862.

[4] Elizabeth Frances Scandlin, born Feb 1858. [1900 Census as Elizabeth S. Battie]

[5] 9 Jan 1862. The Worcester Spy for this date states Mr. Scandlin would be lecturing in Leominster on the 9th and Oxford on the 10th, leaving for Poolesville on either the 13th or 14th.

[6] The Society lost little time in replacing Mr. Burrington. Thomas E. St. John of New Bedford preached (probably a candidacy sermon) the next Sunday (5 Jan 1862) and was issued a call in early February. He was "settled" in the parish 1 Apr 1862. The whole affair suggests a cabal formed in opposition to the minister. [Worcester Spy: 4 Jan and 11 Feb 1862; Nutt: II, 888]

Despite Lindley Burrington's predictions (or, perhaps, wishes), St. John would serve for 17 years until 1879.

[7] "Oscar" would be Oscar Downes, the orderly caring for George at Poolesville. Oscar married (1848) Anna M. Gill, daughter of George F. and Maria Gill of Worcester. Maria (Fish) Gill (1808 – 1889) was therefore Oscar's" mother-in-law and obviously interested in his return date. (George wrote in his letter of 19 Jan that Downes would accompany him but not before.) George Gill (1801 – 1876) was a machinist and might have been known to the Ward family pre-War.

[8] Elvira S. Garfield (1815 – 1885) was daughter of Russell and Abigail "Nabby" (Plimpton) Garfield of Shrewsbury. She married Cincinatus Nichols Alexander in 1840; he died 1852. Her sister, Nancy A. Garfield (1821 – 1900), married Enos Burt Wells. In the 1860 Census, Elvira S. Alexander, with her daughter, Ella M., was living in the Enos Wells household, providing the necessary link. [1860 Census: Roll 527, Pp 229-30, Hshld 1761].

[9] 7 Jan 1862.

[10] "Tenement" was the period term for an apartment house. Charles J. Delahanty was the former bookkeeper of Fox's Mills. The building in question was at 2 Winter Street.

[11] Letter of Caroline Ward to GHW (as quoted in GHW to EMW of 1 Jan 1862).

1990.63.2.159
EMW to GHW
9 Jan 1862

Worcester Jan 9th [Thurs] '62

My Dear Husband,

I wrote such a hurried postscript to my last letter that I think it needs an explanation, if not an apology. It looked so for my pen was poor and I had hardly any ink at all and I was in a very great hurry for fear I should mess the mail. I have been thinking for some time, that when you came home I would talk with you and see what you thought about my moving up nearer the St.[1] I didn't want to go up St. to live when you went away last August and am very glad I did not on a good many accounts. I had rather stay here as it is. I should miss Mother very much and she would miss me & the children. She would have less to do and be more at liberty, I presume, and we could be all up town together once in a while without having to bundle up the children and hurry home before dark. The last time we went up with both of them was the hardest days work that I have had for a long time. Mother says, "Don't you have George think you are obliged to move for you are welcome to stay here as long as you please". I know that very well and one thing that makes me hesitate is leaving Mother. She has a very good girl, the best one who has ever been here: honest, pleasant, and good company which is something of an object in this desert.[2]

I thought that when you came home would be plenty time to begin to talk about it but I heard that Mr. Delhannty's tenement and as far as I know it is just the thing. He hires the whole house for $1.75 and Uncle Erasmus pays him $ .65 for his tenement leaving $1.10 for the rooms down stairs. The parlor & sitting room and front chamber are large rooms lighted with gas. There is a bedroom out of the sitting room, and a good sized kitchen backroom and out house all under cover, and a good nice yard all fenced in for the children. Aunt Bethiah would be a good neighbor and I should be near Caroline's & Sarah's, not too far from the Street.[3] If I had a letter come I could get it immediately (my letters are put into the Counting room box and brought right to the mill) and if I wrote one Willie could take it to the Office and I shouldn't have to harness up and spend half a day about it myself. Write and tell me just what you think about it.[4] I have not said anything about the house yet to the owners. Mr. D is going into business in Fitchburg and will move in a week or tow. There have been a good many applicants for the house already but not such as they wanted to let have it.

I am very glad you are to be at home so long. Your presence here in W. will do more towards recruiting the 15th than any thing else, or are you not restricted to the 15th? Mr. Scandlin says my husband will be Col. as Col. Devens' promotion is most likely to take place.[5] I hope so for you sake but I still.must persist in saying that I hope the rebellion will be crushed before you have a chance to risk your precious life in another engagement. One thing I must say about that "poor

thing" who hadn't had any thing for so long &c. I had been after C. (she as coming that week to sew for mother) and were riding home when she told me that she had written to you, and mentioned some things she wrote, that among the rest. It came like a dash of cold over all my good feeling and sympathy for her that had prompted me to ask her down here and pay her well for what I might have hire a more experienced person to do. If her object had been to make me appear at a disadvantage in your eyes, she could not have chosen any thing that would have answered the purpose better, and she could not have told anything more untrue. I have felt too anxious about you, especially when she was down here, to act like a fool as she represented. I expected you home before now, or I should have written about it before for I can't afford to lose your good opinion undeservedly.

We are all well at home. The weather has moderated, and looks like rain. I asked Georgie just now have you got any word to send to Papa and he says, "Yes, I has got one, that's all." He heard Maggie say "I bet he won't know his Father when he comes home." "I bet I will," says he. Emmie is learning Robie to creep. He goes backwards in spite of her. I hope you have my letters that are due you by this time. I shall not stop sending them until I know you are on the way home. Caroline says, "Tell George to put a mark on the outside of the letter that summons you to meet him." She will harness Charley and come right down with it otherwise she would wait for some of us to come up. Make an E on one corner of the envelope. How is Henry and James? Give my love to them. Do they have every thing they need? My best love to you my dear husband from your loving wife.

Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 9 Jan 1862 (159)

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[1] What follows is the first description of the Ward-Mayo living arrangements. The Quinsigamond Farm was the property of William Mayo who apparently also had a living arrangement for himself near the mill as he doesn't seem to be present much of the time. Just when the George Ward family moved to the Village is not clear although the Worcester City Directory for 1857 has him on Green Street and in 1858 in Quinsigamond.

[2] Presumably describing Maggie Powers.

[3] The house was at 2 Winter Street. Caroline and Sarah Ward apparently lived together.

[4] George's letter of 13 Jan had a negative response to Emily's first suggestion in her note of the 7th. He must have thought that was sufficient as he does not mention this plan again.

[5] Charles Devens was promoted to Brigadier General in April 1862 and left the 15th. George was promoted to Colonel at the same time.

1990.63.2.56
GHW to EMW
9 Jan 1862

Poolesville Md Jany 9th [Thurs] 1862

My Dear Wife and babies,

Every thing is all right, and the ship of state still moves on, yet I am the same old sixpence, only I am a little smoother[1] than I used to be. I occasionally find a gray hair which is an indication of great personal sacrifice, and an honorable existence. If I have lost a portion of my habitation, I am just as proud as ever. Downes has about finished my sticks, and I shall put myself in practice as fast as possible. I shall be getting home now very soon, shall write when I fully decide on time. Can tell better after I see how I get along on crutches. Week after next sometime probably. You and I will take rooms at 5th Avenue Hotel.

I understand that Anna Richardson Davis and her husband are in Washington, also hear Geo. W., her father, is with them.[2] Have not heard of their intended visit here. I shall go home probably by way of Adamstown which is only twelve miles from here, and there I take the RRoad for Baltimore. It is 33 miles to Washington, and a poor road which would make it quite tiresome. James Dennis gets along slow, he was first taken with chills and then slow fever. It is a slow place to get over any kind of sickness. Henry makes slow headway. He came in here Sunday.

I have just rec'd [a] letter from Joseph, he sent me a letter of introduction to Dr Palmer.[3] I rec'd also [a] letter from Dr. Palmer who said I could have the leg made in Boston but he wished to see me on my way home. He said it was probable I could have the new leg applied within the present month. If I get it on within six weeks from now I shall be satisfied, though when I wrote to him about a fort-night ago, I told him how I was and the true condition of my leg. I pleaded poverty and patriotism in my letter to him. I only told him though that I was a man of moderate means, and he wrote me that his price was $150 – but would abate $50 in my case.[4] So much for cheek.

I gave the dolls to Dr. Brace's little girl.[5] The boy Frank is a nigger about 14 and large at that, he has left here now. We cannot tell about Col Devens promotion. Several are after it and are pressing their claims with much force. Devens I think though is ahead. We shall see what we shall see.

From your own
George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 9 Jan 1862 (56)

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[1] Undoubtedly meaning more worn, not polished.

[2] Anna Maria Richardson (1836 –) married William Sidney Davis (1832 – 1886) in Worcester 1 Jan 1862. Davis was a lawyer in practice with Edward Mellen and later President of the National Fire Insurance Co. Anna Richardson Davis' father was George W. Richardson, at the time President of the City Bank.

[3] Ward Papers 1990.63.3.7.

[4] A subscription to buy George a leg was taken up in Worcester in late Feb 1862 [Ward Papers: 1990.63.11.7]

[5] Helen Darling Brace, aged 8. [US 1860 Census: Medley's District, MD (Poolesville) Roll 478, Sh 23, Hshld 167]

1990.63.2.57
GHW to EMW
10-11 Jan 1862

Poolesville Md Jany 10 [Fri] 1862

Dear Wife and babies,

I still continue to write with a led pencil, because it is the most convenient. But I declare how time slips along. The 10th of Jany. I can hardly believe it One pleasant feature in my period of retirement is time has passed away rapidly, and most of the time very pleasantly considering the circumstances. It is going on six months since we left home and it seems but a dream. We are having a January thaw here now and it is the worst going we have had.[1] Some rain, considerable fog, and an abundance of mud.

But what will interest you most is to know how I get along in the crutch drill, – finely thus far, better than I expected. They were finished yesterday and last night I began by standing up side of the room and supporting myself. I could hardly balance myself without help but found by little effort that I could improve very fast. So this forenoon I made the second grand endeavor to free myself from a state of suspense. and the result was highly satisfactory. I mounted the wooden legs, and found much to my surprise, and your delight, that I was complete master of them. I could go alone and did so without any help walking about the room with an air of independence, bordering on defiance Mrs. Brace wanted me to go to the table to dinner, but as I had my draws on without any pants, (although my dressing gown is long) I thought it wouldn't be prudent for a modest man, so I reluctantly declined, or rather postponed it, for a day or two. I shall exercise my powers of locomotion hereafter freely. The crutches hurt me some under the arms but I shall soon become accustomed to them.[2] Every one almost says I am getting fat. I think I do look better than I did about the time that blue streak came over me, but Caroline's remedy wasn't accessible, and so I was obliged to do without it.[3] I finally recovered.

Saturday 11th Have got a slight cold in my head, but still feeling well. I have got my pants on for the first time, and the way I have been propelling my crutches about the house rather surprises me. I went out of my room, the first time for over ten weeks, sat down and to dinner with the rest and I tell you it has been a day of unusual prosperity with me. The room I have been in shut me off from the view of the camp, and today is the first time I have seen a tent since I came here. A good view of our camp can be had from the other side of the house, and I have been looking out, I feel – I don't know how. I feel good, that expresses all. I know that you will feel as good as I am. That will be a mutual goodness of feeling. I cannot hardly believe when I think of it that I have been shut up In this room so long, ten weeks, with nothing but a blacksmith's shop in front to look at. People who are obliged to submit to things can do it much easier than those who are not, I think I know myself better than ever before. It is a great thing to "know thy-self". The weather here is as changeable as

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it is in Mass. Yesterday, warm and muggy, today cold and windy, with prospect of storm. I expect to get a letter from you tonight as I had none by last mail. Love to all

From your

George.

Endnotes: GEH to ENW 10-11 Jan 1862 (57)

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[1] A foretelling of the imfamous "Mud March" of January 1863 after the Battle of Fredericksburg.

[2] Ideally one should not bear weight in the armpits but on the extended hands and arms. On the other hand George had remarked in a earlier letter that the crutches were not padded ("stuffed on top" per letter of 6 Jan).

[3] Caroline's "remedy" was to have Emily visit.

1990.63.2.58
GHW to EMW
13 Jan 1862

Poolesville Md Jany 13th [Mon] 1862

My Dear Wife and children,

Yours of 7th came Saturday night,[1] and glad to learn all are well, and that Mr. Scandlin has been to see you, and I presume you know it all. I should like to have had you counted the questions for curiosity's sake. He has not yet returned as he probably would have done had he left home Thursday.[2] I don't know how long I shall remain at home, only until I get right again, I expect. I don't want you to talk about moving up town. I'll risk but what I can get along well enough, and when I return I shall not write half the letters I do now. Nothing else to do now so the P.O. will not be so inconvenient. If I was about I probably shouldn't be able to write half what I do now. Very few of them here write home oftener than once a week, which will do very well when in good health.

I went out doors yesterday for the first time. Was out about half an hour, and walked all about the yard with my crutches. I can walk without any trouble, but I fell down once, and it came near being a serious matter. I was in the act of setting down on box; when my crutch stuck in the mud and I lost my balance. My leg hit the ground and it bled some. The Dr. said he didn't know as it hurt it much but he wouldn't want it to happen every day. It was the mud that did it and it was the mud that saved me. I walked about considerable afterwards, and didn't know of its bleeding until I got into the house. I shall keep still for a day or two.

I will tell you in my next when to meet me in N.Y. It will be uncertain, we may not hit each other exactly but you can wait until I get there. Perhaps the day I appoint to leave here may be stormy or I may not be able to travel quite as fast, or some thing, but there will not be much difference. My bodily health is good enough. I shall be most afraid of shaking or jarring my leg. Miss Stephenson accompanied with the celebrated Miss Dix[3] arrived here Saturday night. Miss Dix returned to Washington this morning, Miss Stephenson remains. They stopped here with Dr. Brace. Miss S. boards here. They requested an interview with me, which I readily granted. They said a great many pretty things and so did I. Very likely they left with a favorable impression.

I didn't speak of Caroline's remark, believing she intended any thing disrespectful. She thought, I presume, she was saying something funny and I think she did, it was very funny. It was that kind of fun though that people had much better keep to themselves. She wasn't aware of it I presume at time, but I considered it an unintentional 'dab' at myself. I don't accuse her of any thing intentional, it was only her way-but I took more of the dose perhaps than she intended. It has been mystifying to me and I have felt it as keenly as any one, and it wasn't necessary to be reminded of it. But if you want a dress, or two dresses. or even three, you shall have them or any thing else, and I rejoice to be able to gratify you, and you may feel just as "tickled" about it as you have a mind

to.

Jan 14th It was cold yesterday but warmer today It snowed last night to the amount of about 2 inches, so it looks quite wintery this morning but no sleighs are out. I dread starting for home some. Cold winter weather. Snow and ice, with a good prospect of falling down or catching cold. If I didn't think I could get well in half of the time by going home, I wouldn't start. I think now I shall start from here one week from tomorrow, (Wednesday 22nd) if nothing happens. Stop in Baltimore first night, be in N.Y. Thursday night. If you leave home by western NY City train Thursday morning you will meet me in N.Y. Thursday night. I will try and get some one to meet you at the depot. We will so understand it. You go to the 5th Avenue Hotel and if I am not there you stay there until. I come or hear from me. Keep mum about it.

[This is the end of the paper and letter. It was not signed and may not be finished.]

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 13-14 Jan 1862 (58)

[1] Saturday was 11 Jan 1862.

[2] 9 Jan 1862. The trip from Worcester to Poolesville seems to be about 3-4 days duration.

[3] Dorothea Dix (1802 – 1887). A resident of Worcester, during the Civil War Dorothea Dix was Superintendant of Union Army Nurses stationed in Washington, D.C. She is best known for her work in behalf of the mentally ill.

1990.63.2.160
EMW to GHW
14 Jan 1862

Worcester Jan. 14th [Tues] 1862

My Dear Husband,

I shall follow your example and write a short letter this morning just to let you know we are all well and looking out for Papa's coming; though I don't expect you quite as soon as every on else seems to. You will see by the Spy of last Thursday that you are coming home this week.[1] By your last letter I see that it is only a week yesterday (Monday) since you first tried your crutches, so I shall not expect you quite yet.

I am very busy trying to get my sewing out of the way before you come so as to be at leisure. I am making you some fine shirts for I presume you will come down to white shirts after you get home. You say you have had one on only once since you left home. I have quite a curiosity to know when that was.

It is a freezing cold morning and I am going to drive up town when I have finished my letter. I shall get one from you, and that will more than pay me if my fingers do get a little pinched by Jack Frost.

Mrs. Sprague came home Thursday after seeing her husband on board the Steamer N. York. She came home in excellent spirits. She left her husband in very good health. He has gained 20 lbs. since he left W. Ellen Stone has been out to Annapolis with her baby.[2]

Georgie is marking on his little slate. He has just brought me something that he says is a pig, and now he has made a horse. It requires a great deal of imagination to make out the likeness but I must admire them just the same. I can't begin to write all I want to say to you. I am saving it up to talk about when you get home. How I do want to see you but don't come until you are quite ready. I can have a good deal of patience now I know you are going to be at home so long. As for Georgie, he begins to think Papa's coming is all a humbug. "He don't see it." He hasn't forgotten you. He was looking at a picture of a [-]en. Reg't and he points out one of the Soldiers that he said was Papa. It was not a bad likeness and happened to be the best looking one of them all.

I sent you a Farmers Almanac instead of a letter last mail day. I had such a sick headache I couldn't write. I presume you Sutler has plenty of them to sell but I sent it for the notion (Yankee notion). I hope Henry & James are well by this time. Rev. J. G. Adams preached here last Sunday and will be in town all the week. You depreciate your letter that you call a mixture of oil & water. I think a great deal of it. I must say good bye now for Kate is shivering down in the wood shed and I must be off. A merciful man (woman) is merciful to his beast.

From your own dear loving wife,

Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 14 Jan 1962 (160)

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[1] Worcester Spy 9 Jan 1861. George made the same observation in his letter of 21 Jan.

[2] Unidentified. One presumes her husband in one of the Massachusetts Regiments stationed at Annapolis (21st, 23rd, and 25th) and would be known to George and that she had a child under the age of 2 as she was probably still nursing. Unfortunatedly no such person can be identified.

1990.63.2.161
EMW to GHW
16 Jan 1862

Worcester Jan 16th [Thurs] 1862

My Dear Husband,

I keep writing although I don't know but you will start for home before this letter reaches Poolesville. I have not rec'd a letter from you this week, but I expect there is one up to C's now that came yesterday. Georgie has been a little unwell for a day or two, and we have just decided that he has got the mumps. His is very comfortable and doesn't complain at all. I noticed that his neck was swollen under his right ear and he has been rather feverish at night and this morning he wanted me to kiss him under each ear as it was "sore". Those are his worst symptoms. I keep him up stairs all the time and think he will be quite well in a day or two. I hope so at least for if he or Robie are not quite well when you write for me to come, I shall lose my journey to N.Y. and it will be a bitter disappointment to me. If any thing should prevent my coming, remember your promise and don't let any one rob me, and get home as soon as you can.[1]

You can't imagine how anxious every one is to see you. Col. Leonard and his wife were in the city Monday.[2] I didn't see them. Sam Hathaway was in W. Tuesday to attend his brother John's funeral.[3] I don't know whether he has gone back or not. Mother is going to drive up town this morning and is hurrying me for my letter, and I have nothing more of importance to write. I expect to see you so soon that I don't need to write long letters. Love to all and ever so much to yourself. From your loving wife,

Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 16 Jan 1862

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[1] George had promised Emily the "first hug". [GHW to EMW

[2] Samuel S. and Lucy (Putnam) Leonard. Leonard was Colonel of the 13th Massachusetts and Monday would have been 13 Jan 1862.

[3] Tuesday was Jan 14. John Eaton Hathaway (1827 – 1862) was a physician in Worcester and Shrewsbury. He died of consumption 12 Jan 1862 and was buried in Rural Cemetery. The Rev. Mr. Hill of First Unitarian Church officiated. [Worcester Spy 14 Jan 1862]

1990.63.2.59
GHW to EMW
16 Jan 1862

Poolesville Md January 16 [Thurs] 1862

My Dear Wife and little boys,

As the time draws nigh for my departure form this lovely place, home with all its realities, it scenes, its pleasures, friends, wife, children, all come crowding in upon my mind and gives me new life and vigor the cheer me on the journey. I can only wish it was warmer and more reliable weather. If I get through the journey without taking cold or hurting my leg, my hopes will be realized.

We are having excellent sleighing this morning, and the weather is mild and pleasant, but a few hours warm sun will put a different hue upon nature's domain.

I shall start from here next Wednesday[1] if nothing new turns up and the weather is suitable. I shall expect to be in New York Thursday night, where I shall expect also to meet you at the 5th Avenue Hotel. I understand the Hotel is near the New Haven Depot where you will arrive. I shall try and have some one there to meet you. John Bradley,[2] formerly of Worcester, is conductor between New York and New Haven. I am well acquainted with him and I think you know him by sight. If you should happen to hit his train, he would gladly do you any favor and could assist you very much. The trouble of getting to the Rail Road from here, either way I dread, there isn't much choice. I Intend to go to Adamstown from here, which is only 12 miles, but it is an awful road most of the way. Mr. Scandlin returned last night, and has been to see me this forenoon, his arrival was most welcome. Henry has Just come in. He looks rather picked. He is troubled with chills and had one the other day which set him back considerable.

It is very cold, or stormy, I shall not start until the weather is suitable. Possibly you may have to do without me in New York several days. If I am delayed any time, I shall send you word. How are the children? They will not know me. Georgie will be calling me "the man", but I guess I can soon get into his good graces. I want you to stay where you are if it is agreeable to your folks.[3] It will suit me quite as well. I shall not be able to do any recruiting for some time after I get home, and when I do I shall not be closely confined so that I can go late and come home early.

James Dennis is getting alone well. He is now in his company but is at work in the kitchen doing light work. The companies do not suffer for any thing. They have plenty of good clothing and have enough to eat, and all appear satisfied. The Hospital boys are very much pleased on account of Miss Stephenson's return.

I shall not write again unless some thing turns up.[4] Remember you start Thursday the 23rd in the Western train via Springfield, Hartford, N, Haven, or go in the boat the night before if you prefer. I think though a woman going alone should take the land route. Kiss the children, leave them well cared for. Love to all,

From your loving Husband

George.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 16 Jan 1861 (59)

[1] 22 Jan 1862. In his letter of 21 Jan (the last in the series), George speaks of starting "next week".

[2] John Bradley (1831 –). Bradley's father was Osgood Bradley, maker of railroad cars. It would be natural for him to have gravitated to a railroading job.

[3] Emily alternated between the Quinsigamond farm and the Mayo home in Worcester at 10 Gold Street. The farm was purchased by WilliamMayo from the Artemas Ward estate in 1859. [Worcester County Registry of Deeds: 608, 282]

[4] There were at least two more letters.

1990.63.2.162
EMW to GHW
18 Jan 1862

Worcester Jan 18th [Sat], 1862

My Dear Husband,

I rec'd your letter this morning telling me when to start for N.Y.[1] You say keep mum about it. I would give a great deal for your advice just this minute. Nothing would be easier than for me to take the cars at the time you mention, and go on saying nothing to anyone, but I have my doubts whether you would advise me to do so if you knew all the circumstances. Everyone is looking out for you & you cannot start from Poolesville without those of your friends knowing it who wish to meet you in N.Y. and I have no doubt but that you will meet some of your Worcester friends there whether the time of my starting is known from W. or not.

Mrs. Leonard has sent word to me by Theo. that she is going to N.Y. and would be happy to have my company if I will let her know when I am going. Sam Hathaway left word with Theo. to telegraph to him (Sam) as soon as I started from Worcester. What I want to know is shall I let Theo. know so as to telegraph to Sam. Theo has got the impression that you don't want him to meet you in N.Y. and feels a little hurt already. The amount of it all will be that a good many others will go and Theo won't because he thinks you don't want him. Won't it be better to risk a little rather than have any hard feelings. I rather think he will keep all right under the circumstances. I should have been very happy if I could have gone my own way alone, but I suppose I must take it all as meant kindly. I don't want to be accused of rudeness towards Mrs. Leonard though I had just as lief she would go by herself and let me. I wanted to see you and have one good talk with you all alone but so much for "public honors."

I am very sorry you fell down.[2] I hope it will hot happen again. Thank Mrs. Brace in my name for all her kindness to you before you leave her house.

I shall go according to your directions if I do not hear from you (perhaps I shall).[3] You must risk a little bit of judgment. I shall do all for your sake. Good bye, your own dear wife. I can hardly realize that I shall see you so soon. It seems most too good to believe.

Emily

Georgie is doing nicely, he is almost well.

The following note is enclosed:

I have a note to you from the Recruiting Officer in Boston.[4] It is not necessary for you to have it until you get home, and I am afraid if I sent it in this letter, you may not get it before you leave Poolesville.

E.

000236

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 18 Jan 1862 (162)

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[1] George's letter of 13 Jan 1862.

[2] George's letter of 13 Jan 1862

[3] Presumably George wrote for her and Theo to meet him in New London at the boat train although this letter does not survive, the last of this series being George's letter of 21 Jan 1862 (before he received this letter) in which a meeting in New York was still the plan. At any rate a telegram to Theodore Bartlett from N.Y. on Jan 30th reads:

"Shall be home in boat train tomorrow morning. Emily & yourself meet me at New London."

The Worcester Spy for 31 Jan 1862 confirms the New London meeting. [Ward Papers 1990.63.6]

[4] Lt. Col. H. Day of the Regular Army.

1990.63.2.60
GHW to EMW
19 Jan 1862

Poolesville Md Jany 19th [Sun] 1862

My Dear Wife and little boys

I am sorry to disappoint you, but it is as much of a disappointment to me as it is to you. Yesterday I exercised crutches considerable and when I went out to supper my leg bled about ½ a teaspoonful. I had kept quite still since Sunday, but it showed that, it hadn't got quite healed up. The Dr. thought I needn't change my arrangements, but I prefer to defer my starting home just one week, perhaps sooner. Oscar Downes is going home with me. I am sorry for the delay but I don't want to run any risk. Consider the arrangement put off just one week. Don't give yourself any uneasiness, it isn't any thing, I am perfectly well. One week is but a short time, and will soon pass away.

I may start Monday[1] so I think you had better wait until I telegraph. I shall stop at Baltimore over night, and when I first get there I will telegraph for you so you will get into New York nearly as soon as I do. Consider it so understood that you receive a telegraphic dispatch from me before you start. It rains quite smart here today, and the weather is very uncertain so I think the telegraph arrangement the most advisable.

I am having plenty of business. Two Companies just returned from the river and their Non-Coms are to be examined, James's bundle came safely and was delivered. When you start, you may have rather short notice, so keep things handy. Have patience, there is a good time coming. Love to all. Kiss the babies. And remember I love you now just as much as ever, and I guess a little more.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 19 Jan 1862 (60)

[1] Undoubtedly meaning 27 Jan and not 20 Jan, the day after this letter, as Emily could not have received it until later in the week.

1990.63.2.61
[last letter from GHW in 1861-62 Series]
GHW to EMW
21 Jan 1862

Poolesville Md 21 January [Tues] 1862

My Dear Wife and babies,

It has rained now for several days, and the going is very bad. The mail has not arrived yet from Washington which was due Saturday. I could not start if I wished to, and I have no desire to so long as this weather continues. My telegraph, you probably recd in season. It is very difficult to decide upon any particular day for the reason that things are so uncertain. The fact is we are some ways apart, and it is no easy matter to close in on a distance of some 400 miles when we have wind, weather, and a game leg to contend with. I am sorry to disappoint you, but you must remember it is war time now, and great sacrifices are expected to he made. So you must feel "tickled" to think you have an opportunity to make a sacrifice.

I see by the papers that I was expected home last week.[1] I shall not say much more about going home, until after I have started, and when I get to Baltimore I will telegraph to you, which I think will be much the safest way. It snows & rains, then it rains and snows. Mud is as deep around the camp most. Miss Stephenson will return to Mass in about two weeks to take charge of a hospital in Boston for the accommodation of returned crippled and invalids. She wants me to wait so she "can beau me home", but I shall start first probably, every thing being willing, I shall not start until next week probably, and not until next spring unless the weather and going is more favorable.

We are counting on a fight before long, and it will be a rouser when it does come as there will undoubtedly be a general movement.[2] Every body is waiting for it, and are getting impatient, "On to Richmond" is the cry. The impression is it will be short, but very desperate. "We shall see what we shall see".

Henry has not been so well for a day or two, the last day he was out he took a little cold. It was a wet and rainy, and he was very imprudent, perhaps he will get a furlough. Dr. Crosby has gone home to New Hampshire. The boys in the hospital miss him very much, he is expected back this week. Three months ago today since the fight at Balls Bluff, and six since the Bull Run, Ought to be a fight today for you know the third time is sure ___?. I hope you will get my telegram which I sent this morning of my change of programme.[3] I will telegraph when I get to Baltimore. You leave in the next conveyance and I meet you in N.Y.[4] Love to all.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 21 Jan 1861 (61)

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[1] The *Worcester Spy* for 9 Jan 1862 stated, "We understand Col. Ward is expected home next week" while the *Worcester Evening Transcript* for 10 Jan 1862 carried an item that Lt. Col. George H. Ward has been detached as recruiting officer for the 15th and "is expected home next week". The source was not given but there was a steady progression of visitors from Worcester to the 15th's camp in Poolesville as well as numberous letters that were passed on to the papers. Finally a number of wounded from the 15th were returning to camp along with officers on furlough.

[2] The next movement was the Penisular Campaign of the Spring of 1862. George B. McClellan, commander of the Army of the Potomac, was notorious for "getting his ducks in a row" before making any move. The problem was he never thought he had enough ducks.

[3] Telegram sent from Poolesville on on 21 Jan 1862 reads:

> To Mrs. Geo. H. Ward Fox's Mills [Worcester, Mass]
> Wait until you hear by letter. All well. Weather is getting bad.
>
> [Ward Papers, Box 6, Folder 93]

[4] If George did send a telegram from Baltimore, it has been lost. Emily did not meet him in New York but rather at the boat train in New London along with Theodore Bartlett. The Ward Papers do include a telegram on the 21st from Poolesville, Maryland to Mrs. Geo. H. Ward, Fox's Mills, Worcester: "Wait until you hear by letter. All well. Weather is going bad." [1990.63.

1990.63.2.163
EMW to GHW
23 Jan 1862

Worcester Jan 23rd [Thurs] 1862

My Dear Husband,

I rec'd your telegram last evening.[1] I presume you will not start this week, so I venture to write a little note that will reach you Saturday. We have had a very storm week here; today is the first pleasant day we have had for a week.[2] The snow is quite deep and it is splendid sleighing. I hope it will last till you come home.

It is too bad you could not start at the time set, but you may be all the better able to endure the journey for waiting. I am happy to tell you that I have made arrangements to go to N.Y. alone just as you wanted me to. Mrs. Leonard, I expect, started yesterday. I called to see her and told her I was going to start Thursday. She said she should go Wednesday to New London, and go on to N.Y. by the boat Wednesday night if the weather fit; if not, she should take the cars next day and we might possibly meet on the train. She goes by the boat because it costs her nothing.[3] I should have liked her company but the male escort was what I wanted to dispense with.[4]

[Portion of letter clipped away]

and I believe I have without breaking any bones.

Theo. will telegraph to Sam. Hathaway unless you write to the contrary, and I shall go on my journey "alone in my glory" to my imminent satisfaction.

I have gotten over my housekeeping fever. After you get home it will be so much pleasanter down here and we two poor "grass widows" shall not be quite so lonesome. The children are very well indeed. Robie is 11 m'ths old today and last Sunday his Grandmother discovered his first tooth!

This is a beautiful day. The snow lies a foot deep on a level not a drift and not a dirty spot to be seen; just your kind of winter Scenery and I do hope you will be home soon to enjoy it. Give my love to all. I hope to see you soon and how glad I shall be, though I dread it a little bit too. I was very much interested in you account of the "crutch drill."[5] You bear your loss so bravely that it will seem a blessing instead of a misfortune. Good bye, your dear wife.

Em.

[See enclosure]

Enclosure in EMW to GHW
23 Jan 1862

Drilling

Sweet Amy asked with pleading eyes,
"Dear Charlie, teach me, will you,
The words I've heard your captain say –
I should so like to drill you."

"What, little one, you take command?
Well, Amy I'm quite willing,
In such company as yours
I can't have too much drilling."

"Stand over there and sing out clear,
Like this – 'Squad, stand at ease.'"
"Oh, Charles, you'll wake papa up stairs,
Don't shout like that, dear, please."

"I stand at ease, like this, you see!
And then, I need scare mention,
The next command is yours to give
Is this one –'Squad – attention!'"

"Now, Amy, smartly after me,
(You're sure, dear, it don't bore you?)
Forward! – Quick March! – Halt – Front – Right Dress –
There, now, I'm close before you.

Present Arms – well it does look odd,
You don't believe I'd triffle;
We hold our arms out just like this,
In drill, without the rifle.

Now say, ('salute your officer,!)"
"Oh, Charles, for shame, how can you
I thought that you were at some trick;
You horrid, cheating man you."

Charles "ordered arms" without command,
She smoothed her rumbled hair,
And pouted, frowned, and blushed, and then,
Said softly – "As you were."

From EVENING TRANSCRIPT

000242

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 23 Jan 1862 (163)

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[1] The telegram reads:

"Jan 21, 1862 Poolesville Md to Mrs. Geo H. Ward Fox's Mills
Wait until you hear by letter. All well. Weather is going bad."

[Ward Papers: 1990.63.2.199]

[2] The Worcester Spy describes a strong "Northeaster" at this time.

[3] The Leonard family had an express business between Worcester and Boston; either they expanded to New York or the business received complimentary tickets from another line.

[4] Referring to Theodore H. Bartlett.

[5] GHW's letter of 10 Jan 1862.

1990.63.2.164
EMW to GHW
29 Jan 1862
[Forwarded from Poolesville]

Worcester Jan. 29th [Wed], 1862

My very Dear Husband,

Wednesday night and no telegram yet; I begin to think you will not start for home this week.[1] I suppose I ought not to utter one word of complaint but, O dear, George, I cannot wait for you much longer. I know you have the worst of it because you have the dread of a journey over that awful road before you, and I hope and pray that you may be able to accomplish it soon, and safely. I know you are in good hands but I want you here, and I shall be the happiest creature alive when once I get you home. It will be such a comfort to wait upon you and Georgie too is the best little fellow to do little errands from one room to another.

I have moved downstairs, and occupy my sitting room and bed room just as we used to. The little single bed that you used to like so well is at your disposal in the same old corner. Georgie goes to bed every night in the "splendid bed" as he calls mother's great four poster which I use because it is too high for the chambers. He gives me a kiss for Papa the last thing before going to sleep. Then he says his "Now I lay me &c" and "Take care of Papa all the night and let him come home 'pitty' soon and see Mama and Georgie & Robie" and then he goes on and names over every body he can think of and the other night he ended with, "all his sisters and all his cousins."

Mary[2] is up to Elizabeth's. She came Monday, expecting to find you at home. I have not seen her yet. We are having very cold weather: the snow is quite deep, and the surface is composed of a crust hard enough to bear up horses and sleighs. We received by last night's papers the first news of the Burnside expedition. The Steamer City of N.Y. and the Gunboat Zouave, on board of which were the 25th Mass, are among the vessels reported lost. No particular mention is made of the Troop, although it is stated that but three lives were lost.[3] I write this although you may know all about it before now yourself.

This morning's Spy says Col. Devens is ordered to Washington to testify concerning Ball's Bluff battle, and that all the Officers then engaged will be called to testify.[4] Will it interfere with your coming home any? I am making up my mind not to see you this week. I can bear to be happily disappointed.

Thursday morning [30 Jan 1862]

Mother is going up to the city this morning. Georgie has gone out sliding with Emmie, she has her sled here. The weather is quite moderate. Emmie came down last week to be here when I go to N.Y. She begins to think she shall have to spend the rest of the winter here. I have not been up St. since a week ago last Tuesday. Theo came down Friday night and brought me two letters. I have rec'd another from you since. Theo says Lt. Col Day[5] was in W. last week and said he would

like you to have his note as quick as possible. I haven't sent it because I was expecting to see you so soon and I was afraid to run the risk of its being on the road a week or two before it reached you. I will copy it and keep the original. He says,

> "I have received your note of the 7th inst from Poolesville, and in reply thereto would say – that in your present crippled condition, I will dispense with your reporting in person to the Recruiting Service to me here. On reaching Worcester, where I understand your family reside, be pleased to notify me by mail and your wishes will be cheerfully complied with as to your being stationed there and I will make another disposition of the Lieutenant now stationed there.[6] "

Respectfully,

Your Obt servt

Lt H. Day

Lt Col 2nd Inf

Gen's Supt R.S. in Massachusetts

There, you have it entire.

Mother is in a hurry and I must stop writing. I expect to get a letter form you today if yo have not started for home. I am all ready to meet you. My nightdress and an extra pair of shoes and so forth are all packed and I wait like the other expeditions for sailing orders. Good bye my dear husband. I hope you are having a good time where you are seeing you are obliged to stay. Come soon as possible and I will meet you <u>all</u> <u>alone</u> as I wrote in my last letter.

Good by, your own dear wife,

Em

[This is Emily's last letter in this series]

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 29 Jan 1862 (164)

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[1] In fact George had started home the day before, 28 Jan 1862.

[2] Mary Lovell Ward (Whitney).

[3] Although the Worcester evening papers for 28 Jan are not available, the Worcester Spy carried accounts in its editions of 29, 30, and 31 Jan. A storm battered the naval expedition outside of Hatteras Inlet for many days, the worst being the night of the 22nd-23rd of January. The Steamer *New York* that carried troops of the 25th was not lost, it was a smaller ship of the same name that went aground. The *Zouave*, carrying 3 companies of thge 25th, was damaged and eventually sunk but without loss of any soldiers.

[4] The major aftermath of the Battle of Ball's Bluff was the establishment of the Joint Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War. Its first action was to try to affix blame for the defeat, which it eventually laid at the feet of Col. Charles P. Stone.

[5] Not further identified but presumably a regular Army officer assigned to the Recruiting Service. George had already left Poolesville and would have gotten the original long before this letter from Emily caught up with him.

[6] Hans Peter Jorgenson.

EDITORIAL SUGGESTION?

There is a year gap in the letters at this point. If you read the introduction, you would know that George had gone home to recover from his injuries. Is it necessary to include a paragraph or two at this point to remind the reader?

1990.63.2.65
GHW to EMW
3 Feb 1863

Brown's Hotel[1]
Washington, DC Feby 3rd [Tues] 1863

My Dear Wife and little boys, Georgie and Robie

It is now just after dinner, and not being particularly busy, I thought of the dear ones at home, and how glad ~~they~~ you would be to hear from me. I arrived here last night about ten ocl'ck after a very pleasant ride from Phila. Nothing unusual occurred along the route. I however enjoyed the ride because there was such a change in every thing. The houses and barns are so different, and the customs and manner so the people are so very peculiar that it is both amusing and instructive and sometimes almost ridiculous to one brought up in New England.

I hope you arrived home safely.[2] I thought of you constantly and how happy Georgie and Robie would be to see you, and how disappointed in not seeing me.[3] I imagine the thousand and one questions they would ask you, and I imagined a thousand and one other things also. I slept well last night for I was very tired, and manage my <u>small chores</u>[4] with excellent success.

This forenoon I have been around the City seeing the sights – went to the Capitol, visited the senate and house of Representatives, both of which were in session – heard Charles Sumner[5] speak and others of the lesser lights. All the lights together I hardly think would make a very <u>brilliant illumination</u>. Still there are some good men there, but I couldn't help thinking that many of them were hardly equal to their responsibilities.

I have procured a pass for Falmouth[6] and intend to start tomorrow morning for the Regmt at 8 o'cl which is the time the boat goes. It is about 60 miles from here but shall arrive in good season tomorrow night. Washington is full of people, some visiting, some on business, besides many played out shoulder straps,[7] who seem particularly anxious to cut a swell, blow off gas, and spend their money.

It is much cooler than it was yesterday, and warm fires are very comfortable. It is the opinion of some that another movement will not be made at present, and others say the Army of the Potomac is to be broken up.[8] I am feeling first rate, had my hair cut this morng and expect to buy a pair of boots this eveng.

I suppose Georgie and Robie will want to know what I have to say about them, well I don't know what to say, that is the hardest part of it. Tell them Papa wants to see them very much, and that they must be good boys, and mind what Mama says, and Papa will come back again. Have their pictures taken as soon as you get time and your own also. I shall write full particulars when I get to the Regmt. We all three have one room, each one a bed.[9] I hope you will get home safely, and find the children well. Henry Keith[10] is here and expects to leave for Worcester in a few days

on furlough. I havn't seen but a very few people here that I knew. Give love to all, kiss the children often for me.

From your own dear husband,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 3 Feb 1863 (65)

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[1] One of Washington, D.C.'s better hotels at the time.

[2] Emily saw George off from Philadelphia.

[3] Apparently George did not tell his children he was returning to active service.

[4] This appears to be a reference to dressing his leg and putting on his prosthesis.

[5] Charles Sumner (1811 – 1874), senator from Massachusetts, ardent abolitionist and powerful orator.

[6] Falmouth, Virginia. Across the Rappahannock River from Fredericksburg and headquarters for the Army of the Potomac.

[7] Army officers.

[8] On 25 Jan 1863 Ambrose Burnside was relieved of command of the Army of the Potomac after the disastrous Union defeat at Fredericksburg in Dec 1962 and Hooker given command. The next campaign would be Hooker's "flank movement" up the Rappahonack in late April that would end in the Union defeat at Chancellorsville in early May.

[9] The other two roommates are never named.

[10] Henry B. Keith (~1840 – 1910) enlisted in the 31st NY Vol Inf in March 1861, resigned Oct 1862 to be appointed to Captain, Asst Adjt General. Resigned 10 Jan 1863. His obituary [Wocester Evening Post, 12 May 1910] does not mention his civil war service. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors VI, 680; 766].

1990.63.2.66
GHW to EMW
6 Feb 1863

Head Quarters 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, 2nd Army Corps
Falmouth, Va February 6 [Fri], 1863

My Dear Wife and little boys,

So here I am finally, again with the old 15th which looks quite as well as I expected, and the boys were much pleased to see me. Things are taking a new turn and good order & good felling will prevail again.[1]

I arrived here safely yesterday about noon, while the Regmt was at the River on picket duty. I rode down to see them, and met them returning to camp when about halfway there. I reported soon after my arrival to Genl Howard[2] who was apparently delighted to see me and he immediately issued orders putting in Command of the Brigade. The Brigade is composed of 5 Regmt viz. the 15th Mass, 34th & 82 New York, 1st Minnesota and 19th Maine. It is Genl Gorman's[3] old Brigade and is one of the best in the service.

It snowed all day yesterday, and was very cold but the weather moderated towards night, and it has rained hard until now. The travelling is very bad, and there is a wide difference between here and Poolesville. The Rebels are just across the river, evidently feeling somewhat elated with their prospect, although they are extremely cautious about making any advances. I am getting along finely, and am feeling well. Our accommodations are at present rather limited, but shall arrange matters more satisfactorily as soon as the weather is suitable. My Head Quarters are near the 15th and are very comfortable situated. Major Joslin[4] is in command of the Regmt.

There is a great deal to do here, and things will gradually improve I hope although there isn't that life and soul manifested which perhaps is desirable. The polish has become tarnished in a measure, and new things will become old. The 15th looks so different I should not have known it to have accidently come across it. There is but very little sickness and the men are looking exceedingly <u>well</u> <u>what</u> <u>there</u> <u>is</u> <u>left</u>.[5]

Give my love to all. Kiss Georgie and Robie. In haste, Your Affectionate husband

George

000243

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 6 Feb 1863 (66)

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[1] Morale was as low as it was ever to get in the Army of the Potomac following the Battle of Fredericksburg in mid December 1862. George is referring to the replacement of Ambrose Burnside by Joseph Hooker.

[2] Oliver O. Howard (1830 – 1909), a very religious (and righteous) man. He lost an arm at Fair Oaks during the Peninsula Campaign of 1862. Later commander of the XI Corps whose performance was not distinguished at either Chancellorsville or Gettysburg. After the Civil War, he headed the Freedman's Bureau (1862–1872) and founded Howard University. Perhaps best known militarily for his pursuit and eventual capture of Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce Indians in 1877.

[3] Willis Arnold Gorman (1816 – 1876). Born in Kentucky and raised in Indiana, Gorman was the Territorial Governor of Minnesota prior to its achieving statehood in. He served with distinction in the Mexican War and thus would have been a known figure to military oriented families. [*Minnesota in Three Centuries 1655-1908* (New York, The Pub. Society of Minnesota, 1908, Vol. II, 471-72), viewed on line at HeritageQuestonline.com 14 Oct 2005]

The naming of units after their commanders was dropped in the Union Army in mid 1862. The Brigade's new designation would be 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, II Corps.

[4] George Clesson Joslin (1839 – 1917). Originally Captain of Company I in the 15th, he would eventually be promoted to Lt. Col. Aftrer the war, he became Custom Master of the Port of Boston. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 193; 15th Mass Web Site]

[5] The 15th had suffered significant loss at Antietam in September in December 1862 as well as incurring the usual loss from disease and disability.

George Joslin (1900.63.1.2.98)

000350

1990.63.2.165
EMW to GHW
7 Feb 1863 [No. 2][1]

Worcester Feb 7th [Sat] '63

My dear Husband.

I suppose by this time you are with your regm't and I am waiting anxiously to hear about your reception. When I miss you the most, I try to think how glad the "15th boys" are to have you with them, so my loss is their gain. We have had all sorts of weather this week. Wednesday was freezing cold. Thursday it snowed & Friday, it rained today is pleasant & comfortable. but you can imagine the going. I am going up St pretty soon. Robie is better but he has been quite sick this week. I have not done much but tend him. Father & Mother came up Thurs, and brought Georgie. He doesn't ask so many questions as I thought he would. He wanted to know what made Papa stay all night. I asked him what I should tell Pappa & he said "tell him to do his business down there, and shoot the Rebels and then come home". He seems to have an idea that you are down to the "barracks" and coming home very soon, and I don't tell him any thing to the contrary. Robie asks for you very often especially in the morning. They are delighted with the reins, Georgie wears them all the time and Robie calls him the Baker. Last night I told Georgie about the big ships and boats that I saw when I was gone, but it was impossible to satisfy him though I completely exhausted my small stock of knowledge of steamboats, ferry boats, schooners, tug-boats, tow boats &c and now he wants me to tell Papa to write him something about a boat. If you have any thing new to suggest concerning the "craft" that took you to Aquia Creek,[2] please throw it in. I forgot to say that I received your letter Thursday eveng and was glad enough to get it.[3] What comfort there is in a letter isn't there? I am going to number all my letters, and I want you to number your and then we shall know when one miscarries.[4] I want to know what days you get the mail at Falmouth (if you don't get one every day) and I will try to write so that you may have a letter by every mail. Sarah was over to Mrs Crompton's[5] last eveng & they sent me two photographs of Mr. C. I send them to you because I want you to see them; when you have looked at them please send them back

Martin[6] was here the other day and says you owe him a dollar. Just write how it is and I will manage It. I hope you have not had to camp out this rough weather; make yourself as comfortable as possible. I can't take a bit if comfort you are in want of any thing. Remember me to all my friends, and keep lots of love to yourself.

From your own dear wife,

Em.

000251

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 7 Feb 1863 (165)

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[1] Letter No. 1 of the 1863 Series is missing.

[2] Aquia Creek (Aquia Landing) was the major port on the Potomac for entry of Union troops and supplies for the Army of the Potomac.

[3] Probably George's letter of Feb 3rd, sent from Washington, DC.

[4] This is No. 2 of this series; No. 1 has not survived.

[5] Probably Sarah Ward, not Sarah (Mayo) Harrington. George Crompton was a prominent inventor and manufacturer of looms in Worcester with factories and house on Green Street. He lived across from the Mayo house at 11 Gold Street. [1963 Worc City Dir]

[6] Obviously a hired person who did work around the Mayo-Ward farm but not otherwise identified

1990.63.2.67
GHW to EMW
8 Feb 1863

Head Qrs 1st Brig, 2nd Div, 2nd Army Corps
Falmouth Feby 8th [Sun] 1863

My Dear Wife, Georgie & Robie,

It is Sunday morning and one of the most beautiful of days. I have just been to breakfast and am feeling well in every respect. Yesterday I went down to Falmouth town to see the sights and take a view of Fredericksburg which is directly opposite. The town has suffered severely and looks bad. The Rebs are in plain sight, and are evidently not well disposed towards our men. I saw the place where of wounded were take[n], and where Dr. Haven died.[1] The grim visage of war is visible in every direction, the 15th not excepted. The bulk of the rebel army are behind the hills out of sight, and it is even believed that many of them have gone west.

I am very pleasantly situated, have a little cabin all to myself, with a regular old fashion fire place and plenty of wood. I have a little cot bed, plenty of blankets, and plenty of every thing to make me comfortable. Soldiers cover the hills in every direction and the real, not the imaginary, is plainly visible. The sight before me is awful to behold. Yet magnificent to those interested in the romance of war, but the romance has about played out, and every thing is conducted in a regular business systematic way. Each one does what he is compelled to do, and voluntary aid or assistance is something of a rare occurrence. It freezes at night, and thaws in the day time. Now it rains, and tomorrow it snows. Mud forever, and good travelling at a high premium.[2] Most of the men have log huts with tents for covering. As a general thing they have good quarters, are well fed and comfortably clothed. Most of the horses look bad, and the mules which largely predominate are exceedingly mulish in their habits and dispositions. What the next move is no one can tell. Troops are passing through our camp daily, but where they are going, and for what object, is a matter of speculation. How long I am to command the Brigade I cannot tell. It is quite a responsible position for me with the reputation of <u>this</u> Brigade on my hands, but thank fortune I have no fears as to the result. I am about half a mile from the 15th but visit them daily. My Heads Qrs are at the fool of a large hill, where I get the full effects of the sun.[3] the hills are spotted with Camps in every direction, and the stars and strips float triumphantly over them all. When the Army first came here it was a thick wood; now we are obliged to go miles for fuel, and trees are not cut either with special reference to economy.

I don't walk about but very little. Lt. Col. Philbrick's[4] horse and I have a mutual understanding. It is a splendid horse, and he doesn't appear to a disadvantage with me on his back either. I have not yet rec'd a letter or paper from home or from any source by mail. My leg is full as well as when I left you at Philadelphia. I am very anxious to hear from home. I want to know what

Georgie & Robie says. How I should like to see them and you to[o]. Write me in detail for you know I am great on little things.

Sunday even'g.

Since I wrote the above Col. Bowman[5] ~~called~~ and Frank Rice[6] called and I went home with them to their Camp which is about 3 miles from here and took supper. Capt Gale[7] of the 15th went with me. Church Howe[8] has also called today, and I accidently came across Genl Devens who expects a leave of absence soon to return home. I also saw Genl Burns.[9] I find my name goes before me and the Genl officers appear to be delighted to see me, and all say they have heard of me before. The 36th was glad to see me, for I organized that Regmt at Camp Wool. Genl Burns leaves for the west tomorrow to join Genl Rosencrancs.[10]

I am perfectly contented, this isn't home by any means, but it is as good as I could expect under the circumstances. I have attained a position I never dared to expect, and what is more than all, every one seems to think I am fully competent for the position. I shall have out my five Regmts I think on Tuesday and see who, and what they are.[11] Many a Brig Genl would exchange commands with me, for all I am only a Col. The only difference is I am liable to be tipped out at any time.

I hope you are all well at home. I want to see Georgie and Robie very much. Kiss them many many times for me. It is a great sacrifice for me to leave home, which is the life of my existence, but I was compelled to do it from a sense of duty. I have no desire to go home, although home is just as sweet to me as it is to any one. I am here for something and for some purpose.

Give my love to all. I hope I shall hear from you soon. Good bye, Good Bye

George

P.S. Direct letters &c to Col. George H. Ward, 15th Regmt Mass Vol, Genl Howard's Division, Falmouth, Va

00025 I

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 8 Feb 1863 (67)

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[1] Samuel F. Haven, Jr, Regimental Surgeon, was killed by shrapnel while attending to wounded at the Battle of Fredericksburg, 13 Dec 1862.

[2] The famous "Mud March" of 20-22 Jan 1863 attested to the problems of maneuvering in Northern Virginia in winter time. Burnside put his Army on the march to cross the Rappahannock upstream from Falmouth and fall on the Confederate forces from the rear (a plan somewhat more successfully carried out by Hooker in the Spring). Mud quickly mired down men, horses, mules and equipment making the effort an unmitigated disaster – some would call it a folly. [Foote II, 129-130]

[3] On the north bank of the Rappahannock, Falmouth faced south. George clearly had the advantage of location.

[4] Chase Philbrick (1823 – 1893) of Northbridge. Initially Captain of Co. I, he was promoted to Lt. Col. in November 1862. Wounded at Fredericksburg, he was not on active duty at this time and, indeed, would be discharged for disability in the Spring of 1863. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 187]

[5] Henry Bowman (1834 – 1908) of Clinton. Initially Captain, Co. C of the 15th and captured at Ball's Bluff, he was released in Jan 1862 and became Colonel of the 36th Mass. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 148; III, 711; 15th Mass Web site]

[6] Francis B. Rice (1835 – 1913) of Worcester, Quartermaster of the 36th Mass. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors III, 171]

[7] Walter Gale (1833 – 1927). Enlisting as a private in August 1861, Gale rose quickly through the ranks and became captain of Co. C. He was wounded at Antietam and Gettysburg. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 150; 15th Mass Web site]

[8] Church Howe (1839 – 1915) of Worcester. Quartermaster of the 15th. [See Letters of 1861 after Ball's Bluff for more details.]

[9] William Wallace Burns (1825 – 1892). Burns was wounded in the Peninsular Campaign in the Spring of 1861 and was commander of the 1st Division, IX Corps at this time. He never went west to join Rosecrans as he resigned his commission in the Volunteers in late March and reverted to his regular Army rank of Major. He served in the Commissary Corps for the remainder of the War. [Papers of W. W. Burns, U Texas Library – on line inventory at Texas Archival Resources Online].

[10] William Starke Rosecrans (1819 – 1898). Corps and Army commander in the West, Rosecrans "won" the Battle of Stones River (Murfreesboro) 1 Jan 1863 but was routed at Chickamauga and relieved of command a few months later.

[11] "have out", to have in review. The 1st Brigade consisted of the 15th Mass, 34th NY, 82 NY, 1st Minn, and 19th Maine. See GHW to EMW of 6 Feb 1863.

Henry Bowman (1990.63.1.220)

Chase Philbrick (1990.63.1.214

Chase Philbrick (1990.631.2.14

000257

1990.63.2.166
EMW to GHW
9 Feb 1863 No. 3

Worcester Feb 9th [Mon] 1863

My Dear Husband

The boys are asleep and I am going soon. after I have had a little talk with you, or at you rather. I am quite anxious to hear from you, and look for a letter by every mail. Lt Robert Steele[1] was here tonight. He called to know if I wished to send you any thing. I told him the thing you wanted most I was afraid he would not be able to carry, that was the coat, but he insisted upon taking it, and I have sent it. Look in the pockets & you will find the old ambrotypes.[2] I should not have sent that one of mine with the bonnet on, but in my hurry I couldn't find that one of Georgie in the single case. I shall have some better ones to send you before long, and when you get them send the others back.

I went to the bank today, and took out $1.00. Don't be afraid I shall spend it all right away. I have made calculation of what I need in order to pay all up and have no bills running up but the grocers bill, and the one at Graves[3] (which will not increase very fast in my hands I assure you) and I thought if I took that much out. It would last a good while. I shall keep it in the square trunk all but a little change and I have taken one of the blank books that I found among your things for an account book where I shall set down every cent that I spend. I paid Mr. Hood[4] today, also for my cape at Jenkins,[5] my shoes at Bemis'[6] and called and got your photographs. Mr Claflin[7] finished off 8 vignettes and then the 'negative" fell out of the window and was smashed to pieces on the pavement, so you cannot have any more vignettes unless you come home and sit again. I have made an appointment with him on Thursday for the children: if I can have them taken together, I shall have photographs, if not I shall get ambrotypes. I have seen Dr Harris[8] and am going up the 24th of this month to have my teeth finished up.

I went up Sat. afternoon to see Sarah. She was down stairs for the first time. She is better but is troubled very much with neuralgia in her limbs. Dr Martin[9] says it Is not an uncommon thing after typhoid fever, otherwise she is gaining as fast as could be expected. Caroline had a letter from Eddie today, she had sent him the Spy of Jan 31st so he knew all about your going away and had considerable to say about it. Henry M.[10] was here last evening, came up stairs, and went down into the parlor and staid until after I had gone to bed and I rather think gave general satisfaction. Caroline said she came into the bedroom at the last thing before she went to bed, and there lay your rife with a boy each side of her, all three sound asleep, the center piece flat on her back so as not to show any partiality. and she thought you would have given some thing for our pictures "taken on the spot". Georgie wants to go to sleep in Papa's bed every night and he sleeps so very still that I don't move him into his own bed. I wish I could know that you had good comfortable quarters.

Georgie says his prayer for you every night and both the boys give me lots of kisses for Papa. Take mine now and a good night with it. I will finish this sheet in the morning, good night, good night.

Tuesday morning with my boys all around me.

Robie is standing in a chair at the end of table hunting "pickshers" in a book. Georgie has just dipped the end of a lead pencil in the ink and made a black mark on my paper. Robie says, "I want to go ridey in hack with Papa." He has got a lead pencil and is talking jto it. "Want to ride in a horse?" "Want to go 'ide in a cardge?' they don't play colt quite so much as they did but they are busy as ever and do a great deal of work in the course of the day. Robie skates after a fashion of his own and you would laugh to see him. He has just had a fall and to comfort him I am letting him sit in my lap and "write to Papa wid a pensu." Mary's "old beau" as she calls him is dead and she went to the "wake" last night.[11] She had a letter from her soldier beau in Newbern yesterday so her heart is not likely to break.

I hope you get the Spys, I send them every day. I have sent you something every day, either a paper or a letter.

I saw Col. Stoddard[12] the other day and he said you took him quite by surprise in leaving so suddenly. He said he should write and give yo a "blowing up".[13] I told him to do by all means. I presumed you would willingly take a "blowing up", provided it came in a letter from Worcester. I hope I shall get a letter this afternoon. I know you have written and I am so impatient to hear how you are situated.

Georgie sends "one kisses" to Papa. There is no satisfaction in <u>sending</u> kisses; <u>if</u> there was, I would send a bushel but take ever so much love and good wishes and prayers for your safe keeping from your own loving wife.

Em.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 9 Feb 1863 (166)

[1] William Robert Steele (1842 – 1903), first quartermaster of the 15th. Enlisting as a sergeant, Steele was promoted to 2nd Lieut in May 1862. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 133; 15th Mass Web Site]

[2] Ambrotypes represented an early photographic process that replaced the daguerrotype by the mid-1850s. Their advantage was that multiple prints could be made although the exposure times were still quite long. They were replaced by tintypes by the mid-1860s but would have been the process of choice in 1863.

[3] William B. Graves (1820 – 1887), a painter.

[4] Most likely Alfred Hood (1778 – 1865), a wheelwright.

[5] Jenkins & Hamilton, dry goods at 198 Main Street.

[6] Edward Bemis (1824 – 1876), boot and shoe store at Harrington Corner.

[7] Charles R. B. Clafin (1817 – 1897), photographer at 188 Main Street.

[8] Oliver Follett Harris (1822 – 1892), prominent dentist in Worcester, first president of the Worcester Dental Society. [Obituary *Worcester Spy*, 22 Apr 1892]

[9] Oramel Martin [1810 – 1892), Worcester physician; served as surgeon to the 3rd Battalion Rifles. [Obituary *Worcester Spy*, 17 Apr 1892; Mass Soldiers and Sailors: V, 304]

[10] Henry Mellen (1840 –), Emily's 1st cousin, who did odd jobs around the farm (see 1861 Series)

[11] Mary Ward Whitney. The person in question cannot be identified. It is possible that Emily just means that Mary had broken up with the young man.

[12] Elijah Stoddard (1785 – 1865). The title was mainly honorific. He had served in the 2nd Regiment of Militia 1822 – 1830 but had no real military experience. [Francis Russell Stoddard, *The Stoddard Family* New York, Trow Press (1912), 65-67]

[13] We would probably say a "bawling out" today.

1990.63.2.68
GHW To EMW
11 Feb 1863

Head Quarters 1st Brig 2nd Div, 2nd Army Corps
Near Falmouth Va Feby 11th [Wed] 1863

My Dear Wife, Georgie & Robie,

Here I am in my little cabin of very limited dimensions, with just room for a little cot, a small table and one chair. It is covered with two thicknesses of tent cloth and is very comfortable. I have fire place in one corner and plenty of wood. It is rather lonesome here, being away fro the Regmt, but I manage to go it. We have been having beautiful weather for several days past until today. I had ordered out the Brigade for today for inspection and review, but it stormed so that I was obliged to countermand the order. I have a tallow candle which with light of the fire produces quite an illumination. While I am writing the drums of the Infantry, and the trumpets of the Artillery and Cavalry are sounding the Tattoo, "turn the boys".[1]

I have got a little cold but otherwise I am in my usual condition. I get along with my leg nicely . The sore looks better every day. I don't walk on it near as much as when I was at home. When I go any where I always ride horseback. I haven't seen James Dennis yet, but ~~Johs~~ Josh is as good as new. He didn't like it because "Si" didn't write him.[2] I told him that babies had been on the stocks lately and that "Si's" attention had been divided. I have appointed Josh Commissary Sergt. The Regmt is improving daily. The dress parade last night was fifty pr. ct. better that the first one after I arrived. The boys are evidently feeling better, and are taking hold with renewed zeal and earnestness. I have issued a general order to the entire Brigade, which I should like to have you see, but shouldn't dare send a copy. It was some of my plain talk in my peculiar way. Telling them of their faults in detail, and how to remedy them. What would be required of the officers, things which they had sadly neglected. Some of it was rather tart, still it was digestable, and the men will thank me for it if the officers do not. No well disposed officer will find fault, only the drones, whom I do not care anything about.

I have a very clever boy from my Regmt who assists me in dressing my leg. I stay in Qrs usually forenoons, signing ~~orders~~ and transmitting orders approving and disapproving furloughs of both officers and men. All papers for the five Regmt pass through my hands going either up or down, and it is usually expected that I should say something. All requisitions for man or beast in the eatable or clothing line must receive my signature. I don't know how long I shall remain in command, probably not long as very likely some Brig Genl will turn up soon. I have not heard any fault found however since I came here. I can't write half there is going on here. I feel [a] little lonesome sometimes when I think of you and the children and I should be delighted to see you but that is all it amounts to. I shall not whine about it. Home is all the sweeter to me and think more of home associations for being here. There is an uncertainty about it but uncertainties in this life are

the chief obstacles we have to content with. I am happy to say that I have been permitted to take part in this great struggle for National existence. What ever the result is, it will always be a great gratification to me, and if I live to see the end, I shall feel that I have lived for something and thank God for it. I hope Robie has got well, and how I want to see Georgie. What a word that "home" is, and how its associations cluster around us when we are temporarily deprived of its enjoyments. Only think of the sacrifices that are made by those engaged in this war.

How long we are to remain here I suppose no one can tell as all movements are regulated in a measure by circumstances. Nothing has yet been heard relating to the consolidation of Regmts but I understand the matter is being attended to. I hav't rec'd only one Spy and that was dated the fourth, and your letter of same date[3] was rec'd yesterday, which has been read more than once. Write often and send the papers. How is Sarah? Give my love to Caroline and all the rest. Kiss Georgie & Robie and I want to say more but I can't. Good night my dear Emmie, Good night.

George

[Also included in this envelop was the letter written 12 Feb]

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 11 Feb 1863 (68)

[1] "Tattoo": the evening call for men to return to barracks, usually sounded about 9:30 PM. "Taps", the call the extinguish lights, was written by Daniel Butterfield, Army Chief of Staff, in July 1862 but may not have achieved widespread usage at this time.

[2] The reference is unclear but quite possibly his sister-in-law, Caroline (Mayo) Freeman, who had had a child in late December.

[3] This letter did not survive; the first letter from Emily in the 1863 Series is that dated 7 Feb and numbered "2".

1990.63.2.69
GHW to EMW
12 Feb 1863
[Enclosed in same envelop with letter of 11 Feb]

Thursday morn'g Feby 12th 1863

Your letter No 2. of the 7th inst also paper of same date have just arrived and I broke open the letter to let you know it. I rec'd the paper first & felt disappointed in not getting any letter but the letter came finally. I slept like pig last night and it is clearing off now beautifully. We pay ten cents each for papers. We usually get N.Y. papers the day after, and Wash'ton papers of same day they are published. Josh call and read the Spy, said there wasn't any marriages in it and wouldn't read any more.

Tell Georgie I came from Washington on Steam boat. It had some horses on it and lots of soldiers. I came past, and had a very fine view of Mount Vernon, saw the old mansion also the tomb. Aqua Creek[1] is about 50 miles below Wash'ton on the Potomac. I didn't arrive in season for the train to Falmouth, So I stayed at the creek with Capt. Hall,[2] formerly of Holden, who used to command the Holden Rifles. You probably have heard of him. I had very fine quarters. All the supplies for the Army are landed at Aqua Creek and is is astonishing to see the amount of business done. Every kind of boat: steam boat, tug boat, gun boat, brigs, barks, schooners, ships, and every conceivable kind of a craft afloat.

It snowed quiet hard when I took the cars for Falmouth, and then came another sight at F. of all the [---]king horses and mules, and there were swarms of them. 6 on a team loading on supplies from the cars. I telegraphed rom Wash'ton to Church Howe and he had a two horse team and an orderly at the Depot waiting for me. He is about 2 miles in one direction and I about the same distance in the opposite. The Regmt didn't appear to go off into wild excitement over my arrival, they acted more as though they could hardly believe what they saw. The old men and officers are most all gone, three of the old Capts resigned just before I arrived,[3] most of the men are recruits whom I have enlisted since I went home.

Mr. Crompton's photograph is good and I return it for safe keeping. War news isn't very plenty, what we get is principally from the papers. I heard of no offensive movements for the present, but still we don't know what is going on. Write often if not but little.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 12 Feb 1863 (69)

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[1] Actually Aquia Creek.

[2] Theron Edmund Hall (1821 – 1880). Originally on Adjutant of the 21st Mass Vol Inf Regiment, he was at this time a Lt. Col. in the Regular Army (Quartermaster Corps). [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 596; VI 764]

[3] George W. Rockwood (Co A) and Charles H. Watson (Co E) resigned in Jan 1863. It is not clear just who was the third George is referring to although he may have included Leonard Wood who was promoted in Co K after Moses Gatchell's death and also resigned in mid-Jan 1863.

Of the remaining 8 original captains, Clark S. Simmonds (Co B) was killed at Antietam in Sept 1862, Henry Bowman (Co C) resigned in Aug 1862 to become Major in the 34th MVI (and later Col. of the 36th), John M. Studley (Co D) resigned in Oct 1862 to become Lt. Col. of the 51st MVI, Sardus S. Sloan (Co F) was wounded at Ball's Bluff and resigned in Jan 1862, (Gideon) Walter Forehand (Co G) resigned in Oct 1862 after being wounded at Antietam, Chase Philbrick (Co H) was promoted to Lt. Col. in Nov 1862 and wounded at Fredericksburg, George C. Joslin (Co I) was promoted to Major in Nov 1862, and Moses W. Gatchell (Co K) was killed at Ball's Bluff. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 131ff; 15th Mass Web Site]

1990.63.2.167
EMW to GHW
13 Feb 1863 No. 4

Head Qrs At home on Primrose Hill[1]
Worcester Feb, 13th [167], 1863

My Dear Husband,

I received a letter from you this afternoon, the second that you have sent from Falmouth.[2] You say you have not received any thing from home; I presume you have by this time, and you will probably have a small shower of letters and papers all at once, this is my fourth letter and I have sent a paper every day. I am glad to hear you say you are "perfectly contented". I thought I detected a shade of disappointment in your first letter from Falmouth. I knew you were not expecting "great things" but I was afraid you had found things even worse than you expected. Theo's letter and mine came by the same mail, and you will see by the Spy of Wednesday that somebody reported to friend Baldwin.[3] It wasn't I, although I was very glad to see in print that My Husband was act'g Brigadir The worst I am afraid of is that you will have too much to do, take care of yourself and don't work too hard. I told the children tonight that Papa rode on Lt Col. Philbrick's[4] horse, and almost the last thing that Robie said before he went to sleep was Mama "want to go see Papa ride on a horse back", then he wanted me to give him "kisses Papa", so I kissed him a lot and he said "gin" and I kissed "agin" and we had quite a time. Georgie gave me fourteen kisses to put in Papa's letter, and wants me to "tell Papa to be a good boy" "no a good papa" "and send me some more kisses". It snowed all day yesterday and last night, and today the sleighs are flying about in fine style. Robie stands at the window, and shouts "theres anunner say" but the sleigh with the shiney soldier capped driver, doesn't come. and we boys and girls don't go to ride.

We are going down to the Farm[5] in a few days to make a good visit. Father was up tonight and he says he is breaking the colt. He has had him harnessed twice into a sort of a thing extemporized for the occasion, and he has done very well. Father is quite proud of him, he is the admired of all horse jockeys, (the colt I mean, not Father). Georgie is very much concerned when he hears them talk about "breaking" the colt; he wants to know if they are going to break his head and what they break him for. Father explained as well as he could, but in spite of him. Georgia more than half expects to find poor Dick all gone to pieces when he goes down to the Farm.

You havn`t written who is your orderly or whether you have one or not, who takes care of your "baby" for you?[6] or do you spread your own plaster's? Where did you get the photograph that you sent me? I suppose it is Philbrick's although I am not more than half certain. Write if you know anything about James Dennis & if you have seen Josh, and what he said.

000265

[next paragraph written by Sarah][7]

Em has run aground – so while she is floundering round I will occupy the time – as they say in nigger meeting. When you saw Gen. Burns did he want "tin cints" to "relase his saw"? You'd better let him have it. You may get your leg or some of your fighting tools where they'll nedd "relasing" and want a return of the compliment. Have you purchased a "Taguous" yet? I suppose as you are not bound for Jerusalem you ride a Hoss. Em says don't put in a pack of nonsense or I should write more and illustrate a little more clearly. I will write however that Deacon Cappen, Mosses Perry's widder, is dead or in other words Marin Perry is no more.[8] Sarah. P.S. I wanted to write that Orson Heath[9] had joined the cavalry but Em wouldn't let me. S.

I protested against Sarah's occupying my paper with her nonsense but she says I can write any time. She is just as full of the old Nick as ever and is trying to make Frank go to Mrs. John Davis' "costume ball" "in character". You will see an account of it in the Spy,[10] it is for the benefit of the Contraband.[11] Sarah says she could go and dress like an Indian and look like one without much trouble.

We are all well. Robie has been sick almost ever since I got home but he is quite well now. The Misses McCambridge called to know if you left any thing for them.[12] Couldn't you just send them a statement of what you know of the facts, whether rnuch or little? They don't expect it will do any good, but they dislike to give up until they have tried every means possible. When a letter comes here for you is it wicked for me to take off the envelope and send it along with mine? I enclose one from Stuart Brown.[13] I thought at first I wouldn't read it and then I thought that was a stretch of good manners, besides I really wanted to know how he was getting along, so you must excuse me, I don't imagine I shall have a chance to do so again.

We are jogging along after the same old fashion. I went up to C's with Georgie last Wednes, found them all well and the baby growing finely.[14] His rattle is the first thing he has tried to hold in his hand, and he is very much taken up with it. I am so glad you can have good comfortable quarters, it is better to be an officer, isnt it. I am so glad that you are being appreciated, I always knew you would be. In this stage of the war the true metal is wanted not the counterfeit. I only hope you will be kept from all harm and be restored to us safe in life and limb in God's own good time. good bye darling

Your own dear wife

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 13 Feb 1863 (167)

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[1] Location uncertain. Emily never referred to the Mayo-Ward farm in this fashion and does not further indicate her location. Her letter of 8 Mar of this year, however, places her at 10 Gold Street.

[2] George's letter of 8 Feb 1863.

[3] John Dennison Baldwin (1809 – 1883), editor of the *Worcester Spy*. Notice of George's arrival in Falmouth was reported in the *Spy* for 11 Feb 1863.

[4] See George's letter of 8 Feb 1863, #67.

[5] The William Mayo farm on Greenwood Street in Quinsigamond Village where George and Emily lived 1859-61.

[6] George and Emily's term for his stump (see GHW to EMW 20 Feb)

[7] Written by Sarah (Mayo) Harrington, Emily's sister. Much of it does appear to be "nonsense" as Emily feared.

[8] It is not clear why Sarah mentions this as the event occurred in Nov 1861 (see Sarah to GHW of 28 Nov 1861, #145).

[9] Orson N. Heath (~1831 –). Mr. Heath was the proprietor of the Poetic Exchange, which, despite the name, appears to have been a second hand honmefurnishings store. While there is no record of his service in *Mass Soldiers and Sailors*, the Honor Roll in the 1863 Worcester City Director does include him as a member of Vermont Cavalry (unit undesignated). Heath was born in Vermont so his service in a Vermont Regiment seems likely (although the Cavalry would not have been predicted). After the war, Heath went to the mid-West, were he can be found in Wisconsin in 1870 and St. Paul, Minnesota in 1880 and 1891. [Census Records]

[10] Worcester Spy, 10 Feb. There were a number of subsequent notices about the Ball in the ensuing week. Mrs. John Davis was Myra W. Kilburn (– 1910); John Walter Davis (1829 – 1909) was a prominent Worcester manufacturer. [Nutt IV, 759]

[11] Freed and/or runaway slaves who had passed into Union control.

[12] Probably Ann (aged 29) and Abby (aged 26) McCambridge, children of the (late) Alexander McCambridge. Other younger siblings were living with their mother, Abby H., in 1860. Their brother, Francis, a private in the 15th, had died of disease in Worcester in Aug 1862. They were apparently trying to collect his back pay. [See George's letter of 20 Feb, #72]

[13] James Stewart Brown (~1836 – 1917). Formerly a member of the 6th Mass, he was at this time Adjutant of the 51st Mass Vol Inf Regiment. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors IV, 548]

[14] Frank D. Freeman, born 24 Dec 1862, son of Josiah and Caroline (Mayo) Freeman. [see Genealogical Appendix]

1990.63.2.70
GHW to EMW
14 Feb 1863

Near Falmouth Va
February 14th [Sat] 1863

It is just after breakfast, and not being particularly busy for a little while I thought I would drop you a line. Every thing appears to progress as usual, with nothing very new in particular. I do not feel the effects of a change of climate very perceptibly. I live on beef, ham and potatoes principally. Usually roast the potatoes in the ashes, which makes them exceedingly well adapted to my taste. I went down to the river yesterday and visited our pickets, saw rebel camps very distinctly. On my way back I met several officers [on] horseback and two ladies in full riding costume. They evidently enjoyed it exceedingly. We see women here so seldom that it is a feast to the eye almost to behold one, particularly those who have been here longer than I have. I hear nothing definite in relation to any movements, although we don't know today what will take place tomorrow. Lieut. Jorgensen[1] is acting on my staff. I suppose he is appointed Capt. now. Direct your letters to Washington and then if any change is made I should be more likely to get them. Put on Genl Howard's Division. The mail come and goes every day, and we usually get it pretty direct.

When Martin splits up the rest of that wood which he left out, you may pay him 75 cts which is 25 cts more than he was to have. Don't let him impose upon you.

I am still at Brigade Head Quarters, with no immediate prospect of a change. I take it easy and am very comfortably situated at present. My leg doesn't trouble me much, and it is getting along very nicely. I think it has a notion of healing up.[2] I take off the wooden one every night but sleep in my breeches. I am getting used to it now, so that I sleep very well. It required some little experience as the Continental Hotel and Camp life are at wide variance in many respects.

The weather here is similar to our April weather, rather unsettled. The land is very uneven and most of it very poor quality. Falmouth is a very old place and so is Fredericksburg. Fredericksburg is one of the most aristocratic places in Va. Where the F.F.V's[3] largely predominate. Many relics of much value were appropriated when our Army left the place.[4]

How is Georgie and Robie? Is Georgie a good boy and Robie to[o]? Do they eat lots of cakies and do they play colty in the corner any with Papa's crutches? Do they get any "candy lasses" and chestnuts? Is the "hich" coming? Papa wants to see Georgie and Robie very much and Papa wants a hug and kiss to[o]. Papa is coming home ~~by~~ sometime, and then we will have good times again. I don't get any papers hardly, only the two Spys, 4th & 7th. I don't expect you to write every mail, I rather you would write little and often, than not often and a good deal written, although I have a fondness for long letters. Part of the above is for the children's benefit, you will probably recognize it. Give my love to all the folks, and keep lots for yourself. Kiss Georgie & Robie. From, your dear husband,

George

000263

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 14 Feb 1863 (70)

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[1] Hans Peter Jorgenson (1833 – 1863). Preceded GHW in Worcester as recruiter; killed at Gettysburg.

[2] George's stump / wound continued to bother him for the rest of the war. It seems likely that he had a low grade infection (osteomyelitis) in it.

[3] First Families of Virginia, i.e. part of the "cream" of Virginia society.

[4] Union troops ransacked Fredericksburg the day before engaging the Confederates on Marye's Heights above the city. [Foote II, 30]

Hans Peter Jorgenson

000270

1990.63.2.71
GHW to EMW
16 Feb 1863

Falmouth Va, Feby 16th [Fri] 1863

My Dear Wife and little boys,

Your letter No 3 was rec'd day before yesterday,[1] which makes three letters and three papers I have had. You wrote that you sent something most every day, but I do not receive something most every day. Lt. Steele arrived safely with the coat. I hardly know what to do with it as I cannot pack it. I am getting along well, have every thing to make me comfortable. We have stormy and fair days alternately. It snows quite hard today but will turn to rain. The Ambrotypes came safely, and was very glad of them although they are somewhat behind the times. If you get only 8 vignettes, be very choice of them. I hope you will get some good pictures of yourself and the children.

We are still stuck here in the mud with no immediate prospect of a start. I rode down to Gen; Sedwick's Qrs yesterday afternoon. I should think I rode some 12 or 15 miles both ways. I was pretty tired when I got back but am all right again this morn'g. I find I can ride as well as any of them, and am some at walking. We do not have much of any thing new here, it is the same thing pretty much day after day, with a slight variation occasionally. Jorgensen is acting on my staff now, and he gets the Spys quite regular via Front St. I have appointed Henry Sergt Major, in Bigelow's[2] place who was promoted and shall write for him to join the Regmt. My leg is doing well, and I am very comfortably situated. We probably shall not leave here until it is good going and settled weather. Did you put in my stock? I cannot find it. I shall be obliged to abbreviate some on this letter. Give my love to all. Tell Georgie and Robie that Papa wants to see them very much and you to[o], and has lots of love for you & them besides. Good bye.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 16 Feb 1863 (71)

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[1] Emily's letter of 9 Feb, received 14 Feb. Despite George's complaints about the mail, the delivery system seems to function pretty well considering distances, weather and troop movements.

[2] Henry Grove Bigelow (1844 – aft 1906). A member of Co D (the Worcester company) of the 15th, Bigelow was promoted to 1st Lieutenant in late Jan 1863. [Mass Soldiers & Sailors II, 190; 15th Mass Web Site]

1990.63.2.168
EMW to GHW
16 Feb 1863 No. 5

At home Worcester Feb 16th [Mon] 1863

My very dear Husband,

What should we do if we couldn't write to each other? My chief comfort is in receiving and writing letters. I got one from you this afternoon[1] and it was so welcome. I think it strange you receive no more papers. I have sent you one every day, today I sent Harpers Weekly. Let me know if you receive it.

The children are well, Georgie especially. The weather has been quite pleasant the past few days and he has been out doors. Sat. the snow was quite deep and he took his sled out, today he is mourning because the snow is all gone, it vanished yesterday. Robie is very much better of his cold but seems well one day and sick the next. I think he must be getting some more teeth. I hope so for he has more to come and I don't want him to wait until warm weather. He is just as cunning as ever, both the boys say more about Papa now than they did when I first got home. They seemed to think then that you were coming home soon, but as the days go by and no Papa comes they begin to ask why don't he come. Georgie says what made Papa go to "berginny"? "Oh, he went to see the 15 Regiment", I tell him. "Is the "Remigent" to Camp Scott?[2] Does Papa sleep in a tent?" "No he sleeps in a little house" "What does he sleep on?" "He sleeps on a little bed" O Mama he's too big to sleep on a little bed". When I am putting him to bed we have a good talk about you. Most of his questions I can answer but when he asks if there are any Rebels where Papa is, I don't tell all I know about it. If Robie wakes in the middle of the night the first word is where's Papa and it is the first thing in the morning. I wish you could see him come to me ever so many times a day, and turn up his little cheek. with "papa's kisses Mama ite on are". Then I give him a whole row of kisses that "Papa sent him", and he trots of as satisfied as can be. Georgie gives me lots of kisses and a good hug every night for Papa. I write all these little things because, although they may make you feel the want of home more than ever, still I know you will not be sorry to know how much your boys miss you and how much they say about you. For my own part I cannot say how much I long to see you,. I try not to think of the future except to pray our Father in Heaven that we may all be happy at home again some time not far distant, all the happier for what we are enduring now. Meanwhile we can love and trust.

Everyone seems pleased that you are acting General, and say they hope you will be confirmed in the position. I am glad at any rate that you have the opportunity to show what you are capable of. Doesn't it seem as though every thing was working round as nicely as possible? I am glad you are in Gen. Howard's division. He is one of the very few Gen'ls in whom I have

confidence.[3] But you want me to write about folks at home, so I will keep my opinions of the Gen'ls to myself, and see if I can't think of any news to tell.

I haven't been out much and have not had many callers since I got home. It has been such very bad going but the chief thing talked of now is the Ball next week. It is mentioned in the Spy's you will see, as a "Fancy Costume Promenade Concert for the benefit of the freed Slaves" under the patronage of Mrs. John Davis and other very pious public spirited ladies of the "upper ten" but it is generally understood that after ten o'clock when the "saints" have retired there will be dancing. Jim Burbank[4] says he is going in the costume of a Native African to show his sympathy with the "race". That is what he told Frank and Sarah the other night. It certainly would be as cheap as any thing he could get up, seeing it doesn't require any clothes at all. I rather think Sarah and Frank will go. If they do, I shall have all the particulars, and if there is anything likely to interest you, I will make a note of it.

Yesterday was Sunday. I stayed at home all day. Henry M. was here in the evening. He came in down stairs and went through into the parlor and staid until II o'clock Sarah is gaining still. I have not seen her for a week, but I shall go up there tomorrow. Theo. went to Portsmouth last week. Emily's Husband is very low.[5] I saw Connie Goddard Cleveland[6] last week, and she had a great many apologies to make for not call[ing] before you went away but she had been sick with a cold. She wished to be remembered to you. You sent me back only one of Mr Crompton's pictures and you speak of only one. Did you not receive two? I don't want the other if you wish to keep it but I was afraid it was lost.

Who does your washing or haven't you had any done; do you have good water to drink? You are very modest in your account of your reception by the Regmt. A soldier who was present when you arrived is here on furlough and says there was a <u>great rejoicing</u>, cheers and hurrahs unbounded. Your own account seems the most natural. Even if they were ever so glad to see you, I should imagine they would be too much astonished to show it. Wheelock,[7] the Qur Master who was here, said there were not a dozen men in all the Regmt who ever expected to see you again. Bless the poor fellows they have had a hard time. Give my love to all I know among them, and that's not many. Tell Josh that baby doesn't keep quiet long enough at a time to let any body write but if he continues to improve as fast as he has done, he will soon be able to write himself.[8] C. sends love Good bye my dear darling husband one kiss good bye & good night.

Em.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 16 Feb 1863 (168)

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[1] Probably George's letter of 11 Feb 1863.

[2] Headquarters for the 15th Mass at Poolesville, Maryland in the Fall of 1861, also the camp in Worcester at the Agricultural Fair Grounds between present-day Sever and Russell Streets. Since Georgie knew his father was in Virginia, he is probably referring to the Poolesville encampment.

[3] Oliver Otis Howard. It is not clear just why Emily would have such a high opinion of Howard's capabilities. A graduate of West Point (Class of '54), he served just two years as a junior officer before leaving the Army. At the outset of the War, he became Colonel of the 3rd Maine Vol Inf and rapidly rose to Brigade, Division, and Corps Commander. Although serving "heroically" on the Peninsula in 1862, he had little role at Antietam and was certainly not a prominent military figure at this time.

[4] James L. Burbank (1823 – 1878), at the apothocary store of M.B. Green in the Lincoln House Block. [1963 Worc City Dir]

[5] Emily Bartlett was Theodore Bartlett's sister. Her husband is unidentified.

[6] Anna R. (Goddard) Cleveland (1838 –), wife of Edwin C. Cleveland. Just why Emily calls her "Constance" is not clear.

[7] William R. Wheelock (1822 – by 1890) of Clinton. Enlisted in Co. C; promoted to Captain (Co. G) after Gettysburg. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 154; 15th Mass Web Site].

[8] Referring Frank R. Freeman, the Josiah Freeman's new child. [see EMW to GHW of 13 Feb].

1990.63.2.169
EMW to GHW
17 Feb 1863 [No. 6]

At home Feb 17th [Tues] 1863

My Dear Husband,

Now for a short letter. I wrote a long one last eveng and I have just received yours of Feb 14th. I think it is a shame you have not received any more papers. I have sent you one every day. Has Bob Steele got back yet? Have you received the Spy containing an account of your arrival, and your new position. I had. a call today from an Irish couple, very respectable people. They have a son 13 years old, who ran off with the 1st Maine Cavalry Reg'nt last spring. They have been trying ever since to get some tidings of him but they can't learn any thing definite except that he is sick in a Hospital near Falmouth. The city Marshall[1] wrote for them and learned so much, and now they wished me to write and beg of you to do what you can towards ascertaining what Hospital he is in. His name is Jeremiah Murphy, son of Dennis Murphy.[2] They want to learn where he is so that they can send him money to come home with if he is able to come or to supply his wants if he is unable to come and they lock as if they were able to do so. They don't know who else to ask, and they are ready to wish all manner of blessings on you and yours if you can only tell them the No or name of the Hospital where he is. There is an officer named Putnam[3] in his reg'nt who has told them what they do know, but they are not much better off for what they have learned from him. So help them If you can though the poor child may not be within twenty miles of you.

I went up to Liz's this afternoon. She and Mrs. Fletcher[4] went to Rutland this morning, will come back tomorrow night. Caroline went up to E's as soon as I got back, and she will stay until E. gets home. I have not seen Sarah before for a week, and she does not seem to have gained much. She suffers a great deal with pain and swelling in her leg & ancles. She looks badly. She needs good nursing now more than ever. I have read your letter to Georgie.[5] Robie was asleep when it came and Georgia says tell Papa, "yes. I am a good boy" and he says, "tell Papa did Church Howe sho[o]t that hen to Ball's Bluff?" I suppose he thinks now you are on the spot, you can ascertain the truth about it. I hope I shall not hear of any movement of the army at present; if ever I wished it to "remain` quiet," it is now. I want you to be thoroughly hardened to camp life before you nave to encounter the angers and deprivations of long marches and their attendant horrors.

I haven't been up to Claflin's yet with the children. Robie has not been well enough to go out but. I am in hopes to go with them this week. Have you had any Valentines? I bought a 5 cent one to send to Eddie Ward.[6] It is very pretty & I thought it would please him. The children play Colty as much as ever. They don't confine their quarters to the corner but take the whole room for a stable so papa's crutches have a rest. Georgie has teased me all day to buy him a horse and he followed me to the door today when I went out, charging me not to forget his pony. So I bought him

a tin horse with a boy on his back and he has gone to sleep with it in his arms. I bought Robie a shilling cry baby and he went to sleep with it in his arms, and pretty soon I am going to sleep with both my babies in my arms. Robie wakes in the night and wants me to be facing him. Georgie says "Mama, turn over this way," so with my many turnings I stand a fair chance of becoming quite a "rolley polley". I have taken out the trundle bed and turned my bed round so I can be towards the south. Is that the way your bed stands? Both the boys gave me kisses for Papa the last thing before the[y] went to sleep. I wish you were within kissing distance. I think I could do justice to the opportunity, don't you, but its no use wishing, though I do want to see you so. Good night darling, good night and good bye. Your own loving wife.

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 17 Feb 1863 (169)

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[1] Charles B. Pratt (1823 – 1898). One of Worcester's more colorful citizens in the latter half of the 19th century, Pratt was on the Common Council 1857-1860, an Alderman 1861-63, and would be Mayor 1877-1879. He was, among other things, founder and President of the Worcester Consolidated Street Railway. [Nutt I, 399, 401, 407; II, 993]

[2] While the war record of Jeremiah Murphy has not been found, he did survive the war as he is with his family in the 1870 Census.

[3] Unidentified.

[4] Dennis Fletcher lived at 12 Chatham Street, the same address as Theodore and Elizabeth (Ward) Bartlett. The Fletcher family was from Rutland. Elizabeth may have gone partly to visit her youngest half-brother, Edward (Eddie).

[5] George's letter of

[6] Edward A. Ward (1851 – 1890), George's youngest brother who had been placed with various families in Rutland after his father's death. [see Genealogical Appendix]

Edward A Ward (1990.63.1.288)

1990.63.2.170
EMW to GHW
18 Feb 1863 [No. 7]

At home[1] Feb 18th [Wed] 1863

My Dear Husband.

If you dont get all the papers I send you, I must write the more letters for I want you to receive something by every mail. The Penny Post has just left a letter here for Fred[2] from you and I want to see the inside dreadfully, but I must wait. Georgie has written a letter for Pa, today, and I think it is quite a cute one for a little fellow. If you could only have seen him writing it. When his right hand got tired he took :his left one. Robbie came round bothering him and said he, "Oh Robie: don't, I'm in a hurry writing to Papa." He really got tired, but he worked away, and grunted over it till he had filled his sheet, and then he looked at it, "why", said he, "I've made a lot of tents Mama". You will notice the resemblance.

Sarah is up here at work on a ball dress, she is going to the Fancy ball. She has got a new white muslin and a white thibet[3] Opera cape. Every body is making extensive preparations. Binner[4] is to be there with his menagerie, and there are to be some wax figures, and I don't know what not. I shall send you a full account after it is all over. You will be entertained, I know..

How I do want to see you George. I never can wait for the war to end. I must go to you some time if you can't come home until then. You know you said you should not come home again until you came for good. How many times I think over our journey to Phil'a. Didn't we have a good time, all but the ending, and the thought of the ending that haunted me all the time. People very often say to me, "Why didn't you go on to Washington? I would" but they don't know any thing about it. I couldn't bear to go any farther with that shadow hanging over me, but if you. ever get a furlough to come home, I should be overjoyed to come to Washington to meet you. You will say I am rather premature in my calculations, but Oh dear, how could a body live if they didn't look forward to some thing. Not that I think I have any thing to complain of while you sacrifice so much without a murmur, but the War must have a glorious ending to pay for all this weary waiting.

Sarah saw Mrs. Sprague[5] today, and she sent her love to me, and her regrets that she couldn't come to tea that evening that Mr. & Mrs. Smith[6] were here, but the bad weather and her children's being sick prevented her. She wants me to come up there. I must go & condole with her. Sarah Ward is rather better of her lameness than when I wrote last. I was really afraid she was going to lose the use of her limb but she is much better now. I don't seem to pick up much news, & there isn't much. Wonder if it will interest you to know that George Wesson[7] was put into the lockup last night for disorderly conduct. City Marshall Pratt[8] put a pair of hand cuffs on him, without any help, which I believe is considered quite a feat. By the way Mrs. C. B. Pratt's baby was a boy[9] – "of course". Sarah says tell George "I was reading this morning that Asses' milk was good for the

complexion and I want him to send me an Ass". For fear you should make a mistake, she wished me to say she particularly wished for one of the female gender. It is a pretty message to send a Gen'l but it is just like her.

Father has been here tonight with his milk can (do you ever get any milk?) and says that Colty is nicely broken. He has had him in a sleigh and he travels beautifully. Father is very much pleased with him. Robie is very much better and has a good deal to say about papa's kisses. Georgie gave me ever so many, and a good hug for Papa tonight. Every body sends love, and so do I, more than I can tell. Good bye darling, from your own wife,

Em

[On the bottom of the letter] When you look at this sheet you will not wonder that Georgie said when he had most finished it, "Oh dear, my hand aches so it's all swelled up." Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 18 Feb 1863 (170)

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[1] Because of the reference at the end of the letter to William Mayo's arrival, Emily appears to be at 10 Gold St.

[2] Frederick Ward, one of George's half-brothers. He lived with the Ward family on the Quinsigamond farm in 1861.

[3] A woolen cloth in the Tibetan style.

[4] Edwin Bynner (1816 – 1870). In the 1860 Census, he is listed as "Agent for Steam Boat Co."; perhaps he had access to caged / "exotic" animals. Born in England, he was in Harvard, Mass in the 1850s, Worcester in the 1860s and moved to Boston in 1869 where he died the next year. [1860 Census: Roll 527, Pg 298, Hshld 2270]

[5] Elizabeth Jane (Rice) Sprague (1826 – 1889), wife of Augustus B. R. Sprague, Colonel of the 25th Mass Vol Inf. [Nutt III, 59]

[6] Most likely William Addison Smith (1824 – 1913) and Eliza Adeline Howe (1824 – 1902). Smith was at the time assistant clerk of courts in Worcester. He later became treasurer of the Mechanics Association (1770 – 1913). [Nutt IV, 544]

[7] George R. Wesson (1825 – 1901), owner of a hotel in Washington Square (on site of present-day Union Station). Wesson was a "sportsman" and evidently of rather belligerent nature, having acquired the nickname of "Pug" for his pugnacious nature as a school boy. [Obituary: Worcester *Evening Post*, 23 May 1901]

[8] Charles B. Pratt (1823 – 1898).

[9] Isaac Davis Pratt, born 31 Jan 1861. Parents were Charles B. and Lucy A. (Brewer) Pratt. Obviously named for Isaac Davis, prominent Worcester politician and Mayor, 1856, 1858, and 1861. [Worcester VR; Nutt: I, 398]

1990.63.2.72
GHW to EMW
20 Feb 1863 No 6

Near Falmouth Va
February 20th [Fri] 1863

My Dear Wife and little boys,

Here we are still, stuck in the sacred soil of old Va. We have had snow and rain in plenty since Monday, and the roads are worse than ever. I rec'd a paper from you this morning of the 10th, also one from Theo of the 11th, both of which dates were rec'd in Camp about a week ago. I havn't rec'd any letter since your No 3[1] and I have most forgotten how long ago that was. The mail was very large this morn'g and I anticipated a pile. The weather having been so bad lately that the mail matter was kept back. I rec'd a letter from Lt. Col. Philbrick[2] this morng from Wentworth, N.H. dated the 14th.

I have made Henry Sergt Major of the Regmt and sent him his warrent to date from Nov 1st. His pay will be 21$ per month.

Ho! My!! Here come the orderly with a letter and two papers. Letter No 4[3] has arrived in company with Stewart Brown's,[4] well he is a good fellow to keep company with. Glad to hear every thing is all right at home. Tell Sarah that Genl Bum's[5] remarkable modesty will not allow of his imposing upon anybody, but if he gets his "fighting tools" in working condition, I don't think "ten cents" would be any object. If Orson Heath had joined the Cavalry, I presume his horsing propensities will be gratified.[6] My "baby" is well cared for,[7] and is remarkably quiet, but it must be indulged in every thing which contributes to its comfort, which I find is the best way for it is gradually improving, and is very little trouble to me.

Josh has applied for ten days leave of absence, so don't be surprised to see him at any moment. He says he can't stand it any longer and that his wife is felling as if something must be done to gratify her wishes and desires. I will try and get some knowledge of McCambridge[8] that will assist his sisters in getting his pay. If I succeed I will send a written statement. Tell your Father to look out that in breaking the colt, the colt doesn't break him. I noticed that friend Baldwin was very generous in his compliments[9] which are rather gratifying than otherwise, but Genls out here are not of much more account than Cols. The photograph I sent you was Lt. Col. Philbrick's, he sent it in a letter from N.H.

It is clear today with high winds so the mud will dry up rapidly. Genl Howard called and stayed over an hour. He is going to get [a] leave of absence for ten days to get an artificial arm.[10] I showed him my leg which was quite a curiosity to him. I am still in command of the Brigade and everything goes on smoothly. I am nicely & experience but little difficulty in getting along. I have not had an opportunity to see James Dennis[11] yet but understand he is attached to the Ambulance Corps and is all right. Two more papers have just been brought in sent by you, the 11th & 14th

which makes three of the 11th I have seen. I am glad Georgie and Robie are so nicely. Take good care of them. I send lots of kisses to them and to you to[o], and ever so much love. Kind regards to all. From your

Affectionate husband

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 20 Feb 1963 (72)

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[1] Emily's letter of 9 Feb 1863.

[2] Chase Philbrick (1823 – 1893). Originally Captain Co. H of the 15th, Philbrick was at this time a Lt. Col. His second wife, Maria Louisa Johnson, was from Wentworth, New Hampshire. He was wounded at Fredericksburg and never sufficiently recovered enough to return to active duty although he made the attempt (see GHW letter 5 Mar 1863) After the war, was City Marshall of Lawrence, Massachusetts. [15th Mass Web Site]

[3] Emily's letter of 13 Feb 1863.

[4] Stewart Brown was in the 6th Massachusetts during their passage through Baltimore in April 1861 when they were set upon by a crowd of angry Southern sympathizers in that city. Although not in one of the four companies that were directly assaulted, any member of the 6th would be viewed with pride and respect.

[5] Probably Sarah's nickname for George after his wounding.

[6] Orson N. Heath.

[7] From the context, George is referring to his stump.

[8] Francis McCambridge (~1839 – 1862). He had died of disease in Worcester and his sisters were trying to collect his back pay due him. See Emily's letter of 13 Feb 1863.

[9] There was a short account of George's arrival at Falmouth and his reception by the 15th in the Spy for

[10] Oliver O. Howard lost his right arm at the Battle of Fair Oaks (1 Jun 1862).

[11] James Dennis: Emily's first cousin.

1990.63.2.73
GHW to EMW
22 Feb 1863

Near Falmouth VA
Sunday morn'g February 22nd 1863

My Dear Wife and little boys

Your letter of the 17th came this morn'g and of the 16th yesterday, also some Spys and Harpers Weekly, all of which were very acceptable. Tom Thumb and wife are supposed to look very natural.[1] My impression is judging from looks that Tom will get the worst of it.

We are now in the midst of the heaviest snow storm of the season. It has snowed all night, and now at 10½ o'cl it has not abated. The snow is several inches deep and the animals are feeling the effects of it keenly. I am comfortable but I fear some of the soldiers are not so much so as they ought to be. I have Mr. Crompton's other picture. No one has yet done any washing for me. Wash women are not plenty, still I can get accommodated. We have excellent water from a beautiful spring near Camp, and I have not ~~had~~ been troubled with looseness once.[2] I was detailed for Genl Corps Officer of the day, but owing to the storm the surgeon gave me a certificate of disability. My duties were to take charge of the entire picket line of this Corps[3] which is about 15 miles long. None but Brig. Genls or Commanders of Brigades are detailed. I should have no objections in a pleasant day, but in this storm it would be awful. The details are made daily. I shall probably get a repetition of the honor the first fair day. I have not had the Brigade out yet as the weather has not been suitable. There would not be time for the mud to dry up before it would storm again. It will he next to impossible for me to do any thing for the "Irish Couple". The troops are so scattered here and there are so many hospitals that I might look a month and then not be able to find their son. I will do what I can for them. Every thing goes on well in the Regmt and Major Joslin is exceedingly well liked. Lt. Col. Philbrick will return the first week in March.[4] Time goes very rapidly & it seems hadly possible that I have been away from home most a month. I rec'd a Journal this morn'g from Chas Whiting.[5]

Don't get to be too much of a "rolley polley", you wouldn't look well unless you was extremely cautious. I should like to see you very much and the children to[o]. Home never seemed so dear to me as now, and the associations of home were never more pleasant. I never have been homesick, still I have a lingering desire to see this rebellion put down, and have peace and quiet once more reign supreme. I believe it will yet be accomplished, for right and justice must finally prevail.

Here is lots of kisses for Georgie, Robie and you, see that they are impartially distributed. And I send love to[o], by the arms full. A long hug, a strong hug, and a hug all together. Orders have just arrived to order out all the Regmts at 12 o'cl M, also a national salute[6] and I hear the guns

a banging away now but the storm is too severe to get out the Regmts. If fair there would have been a splendid display of fighting material. Tell Georgie & Robie that Papa wants to see them very much and will come home again and "ridie" ever so much. Love to all, from your dear husband,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 22 Feb 1863 (73)

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[1] "General" Tom Thumb (1839 – 1883) was a midget made famous by P.T. Barnum. On 10 Feb 1863 he married Mercy Lavina Warren Bump (1841 – 1919) (whose name had been shortened to Lavinia Warren by Barnum) in a ceremony that made world-wide headlines. A picture of the couple, undoubtedly the one that George is referring to, may be seen at www.disabilitymuseum.org.

[2] Diarrhea. A common cause of disability and death in the Civil War was from dysentery brought on by poor sanitary conditions in the camps.

[3] Second Corps.

[4] Chase Philbrick was unable to rejoin the Regiment and was discharged for disability in April. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 187]

[5] There are several Charles Whiting's in Worcester at this time but most likely Charles B. Whiting (1826 – 1901), a banker.

[6] Celebrating George Washington's birthday. The salutes would undoubtedly be heard by the Confederate troops across the river.

1990.63.2.171
EMW to GHW
22 Feb 1863 No. 8

At home Worcester Feb 22nd [Sun] '63

My very dear Husband

It is Sunday eveng and a very stormy one too,. It has been a bitter cold day, it commenced snowing this afternoon and now we are in the midst of a good old storm. It is a night when a good coal fire is appreciated, and I hope if you have any such weather as this where you are you will not suffer for the want of one. The children are asleep. Georgie in the bed and Robie in the cradle; both of them left kisses for Papa, and Georgie wants me to tell Papa that he wrote him a "larter", and he wants Papa to bring him home a "monkey". He is a great rogue and "cuts on" through the day, after the same old fashion but when I am putting him to bed he is full of promises of goodness for the next day, and loves Papa and Mama & Robie and every body and won't ever say any naughty words, but when morning comes he goes at it again, and has quite a pile of rogueries to be repented of before bed time.

I went to church today. Mr. St John[1] had a beautiful sermon on "Hallowed be thy name". It was so cold that I didn't take Georgie. Mrs. Farr[2] wished me to ask you if you would ask George[3] if he received a letter from her containing a paper that he was to sign, and then send back to her; it is of some importance and she is quite anxious about it. She has written to him about it but has heard nothing from him and is afraid it is lost. Mrs. Mary Bigelow[4] called on me yesterday. She was very sorry that she did not see you before you left and wished to be remembered to you. I gave her a photograph. She said if she had a husband who was a Col, she would exchange with me.

Georgie was down in the parlor and after she had gone he wanted to know if that lady was Mrs. Jorgensen, hasn't he a long memory for a child?

I am getting a little impatient for a letter. I havn't received one since last Wednesday.[5] I think there will be one for me tonight. Have you every thing you need, isn't there something I can send you? I may have an opportunity to send some little thing that would do you a great deal of good. I dont want to make any more talk about the children's pictures until I send them but I really expect to have them taken this week, if they are well.

Monday morning. I had to stop last night rather abruptly. Robie woke and I had to take him to bed. It is ten o'clock and he has just woke up and "wants supper Cally".[6] Sarah[7] is in the midst of preparations for the Fancy Ball tonight and we are all busy helping her. I shall write again tomorrow and tell you all about it. If the children are all right, I shall go and sit in the gallery. It is a beautiful morning. The storm is all over the snow is quite deep. Sarah is going to carry this letter to the Office and I must say good bye. Everybody sends love, the children send so many kisses. Good by, darling. From you own dear wife. Em

000281

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 22 Feb 1863 (171)

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[1] Thomas E. St. John, Minister of the Universalist Church.

[2] Mary A. (-----). The subject of her concern is not known although they were apparently recently married, George being but 24 at this time and single in his 1860 Census listing.

[3] George W. Farr (1839 – 1891), a private in Co. D.

[4] Unfortunately, there are several Mary Bigelow's who might be the person referred to (wives of Amos, Edward, Joseph, or Walter). [1860 Census]

[5] 18 Feb. The letter was probably George's of 14 Feb, #70.

[6] Caroline Ward, George's half-sister who was known as "Cal".

[7] Sarah (Mayo) Harrington, Emily's younger sister. See Emily's letter of 13 Feb.

1990.63.2.74
GHW To EMW
25 Feb 1863

Camp Near Falmouth Va
February 25th [Wed] 1863

My dear wife, Georgie & Robie,

Well, here I am again, all right as usual, with no news of importance to tell. Sunday we had the most severe snow storm of the season. The snow was several inches deep and would have made excellent sleighing had the ground been frozen. I hear it extended north with great fury, so I suppose you had a taste of it at home, which perhaps is the reason I have not rec'd much mail matter since. I have not rec'd a letter since I wrote last (Sunday) and but one Spy (19). Josh rec'd his furlough and has left for home. He was feeling as good as could be. He expects to enjoy himself for a short time, and I have no doubt he will. I remain about the same, every thing goes along about as usual. We don't pretend to do much except when the weather is favorable which is seldom. It is mud and snow now in abundance. Genl Howard has gone home to Maine on fifteen days absence, which gives the command of the Division to Genl Owen,[1] a Philadelphia lawyer of some pretentions. He is a very clever fellow, and I rather like him.

I suppose the grand costume ball was a grand affair, and must have been a complete success, if the preparations was any indication of it. The pepper and salt must have been well represented, but I guess each was taken in separate & select doses. How does Henry Wilson's new bill suit the timid ones?[2] It includes all, even members of congress are not exempt. I do not think there is any danger of consolidating the Old Regmts. The new bill specifies that they shall be filled up by drafting. I have heard some people say before I left home "never can enforce a draft". That will do very well to talk. This Army must be kept up and will be if not by voluntary enlistments, it will be by compulsion, and woe be to the man that dare ~~refuse~~ resist it. One side or the other must conquer, and if we are conquered, it will be next to annihilation. The trouble is business is too good and people are making money too fast to attend to the war, which cannot last if the war continues. It is an old saying to "make hay while the sun shines" but I tell you the Army are about sick of furnishing Sun to dry other people's hay.

I return Mr. Crompton's photograph, please give my regards to both of them. I cannot write any news because I have not any to write. Only think. In a Wilderness, surrounded with hills and not a house in sight as we are encamped back from the river about a mile, under cover of the hills. We are very pleasantly situated, however. I have not been sick any, feel first rate all the time. Instead of being loose, I am positive, don't evaculate much oftener than every other day, but I gag sometimes, particularly when I inhale the fragrant oder [*sic*] of a dead horse or partially decomposed mule.

How is Georgie and Robie? All right I hope. Here is a whole pocket full of kisses for them and lots of love to[o], besides any amount of both for yourself. Don't be at all uneasy about me. When I can't look out for no 1, I am not what I think I am, that is when I have the resources at my disposal. You will probably see Josh, and he will tell you more in five minutes than I can write in five hours. Only look out that he dont fool you any. He expects to meet his wife in Worcester. I should kinder like to be in his place, but then there is no use in talking. I am your dear old husband still, and should be delighted to see you and the children, and expect to sooner or later. A thousand kisses for you now, and will send more before the supply gets short. Give my love to all,

Affectionately

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 25 Feb 1863 (74)

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[1] J(oshua) T(homas) Owen (1821 – 1887). He was brigade commander of the 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division (GHW was in the 1st Brigade). An Irishman, his nickname was "Paddy" Owen. Later accused of dereliction of duty by his division commander, John Gibbon, at Spottsylvania (18 May 1864) and Cold Harbor (3 June 1864), Owen was arrested but never brought to court martial. He was mustered out in July 1864 on Gibbon's recommendation, approved by Grant. [Web Site: www.gamepuppet.com/civilwar/generals. Visited Oct 2005; *Official Records of the Civil War* I 36, 436]

Somewhat ironically, the 2nd Brigade, made up mostly of Pennsylvania regiments, included the 71st which fought (as the "California Regiment" alongside the 15th Mass at Ball's Bluff.

[2] Henry Wilson (1812 – 1875), Senator from Massachusetts, introduced a bill for national conscription in early March. He later (1873 – 1873) was Vice-President in the 2nd Grant Administration.

1900.63.2.172
EMW to GHW
26 Feb 1863 No 10[1]
Rcvd 4 Mar

At home Feb [26th Thurs] 1863

My Dear Husband,

I received a letter[2] from you yesterday, the third I have had this week,[3] and I see by it that you are beginning to get some of my letters and papers. I have been to have my teeth filled, ,yesterday morning. I am going once more and that will finish them. Sarah is up here talking about the ball and numerous things and she confuses me very much. I shall have to stop writing and join in. There was another Amateur Theatrical performance last evening at the Theatre. Frank[4] went and was very well entertained. Miss Caroline Heywood[5] took part in the comedy and Miss Emily Brown[6] did the tragedy. I am glad to know you were so comfortable through the snow storm of the 22nd. I thought about you all the time. It is raining today and the going is awful. not mud but "slosh". The children are very well indeed. Robie has grown fat this week, his cough made him look a little thin but he is "all right now". He and Georgia have been selling Transcripts tonight, "last 'dition'. Georgie would come by and throw one into my lap, and then Robie would try it, but he would give such a toss it would almost tip him over, he is so little. Georgie wants to know what made Papa go to "Berginny" and I tell him "to take care of the 15th Reg'nt", then he asks what makes the I5th "remigent" stay there. This morning he was talking about you and asking ever so many questions and at last said he. "O dear I wish the war would be over, then Papa would come home". I distributed the kisses and the hugs as fairly as possible. PaPa's kisses have become a regular institution. I should think a ten days furlough for Josh would be nothing but an aggravation, his wife will think so, I know. Do you expect Mr. Scandlin to join you? I heard the other day that he had given up all thought of rejoining the Army.[7]

Sarah is getting better, she walks about the room very comfortably. "Sarah Mayo" says tell George I have got a sore eye, she says she is the victim of poor liquor. Her pump burst the last cold snap and she is obliged to take her drink clear,[8] which is very bad. Caroline is not quite as well as when you left, she coughs rather more, and seems weaker.[9] The weather is very bad for her. All send their love to you, the children gave me kisses to put in PaPa's letter the last thing before going to sleep, and I put in over so many kisses & ever so much love on my own account.

I almost forgot to say that I did put in your stock.[10] I think about in the middle of the bottom of the trunk. If not, there perhaps inside your leg but I am very sure I packed it. Shall I send that ornament that looped up the side of your hat, if I can as well as not. I hear that Edw. Rice[11] is home from the 15th. He told some one that he was talking with my husband only a few minutes before he

left. I think he might have come and talked with me a few minutes when he first got home, but he didn't. There is a great deal of satisfaction in seeing some one right from you.

I don't always write how much I want to see you, but you know all about it, dont you? I think sometimes these husbands & wives here at home dont know how well off they are in each other's presence but then they dont know anything about the joy of meeting after a long separation and we do. I dont like to stop writing until I get to the bottom of the sheet but I must. So good night my dear husband, good night, and God bless you. You loving wife.

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 26 Feb 1863 (172)

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[1] Letter No. 9, written between the 22nd and the 26th, has been lost. In it, apparently written 24 Feb, Emily describes the Ball of the 22nd (see George's letter of 7 Mar).

[2] Probably George's letter of the 22nd.

[3] Most likely letters of the 16th, 20th and the 22nd. [George did not take to numbering his letters as Emily had suggested early on in the 1863 Series.]

[4] Frank Harrington, Sarah's husband and Emily's brother-in-law.

[5] Caroline Heywood (1823 – 1907), daughter of Dr. Benjamin F. and Nancy (Green) Heywood.

[6] Emily Brown (1842 – 1919), daughter of Albert and Mary E. Brown. She would marry John S. Baldwin, editor of the Spy in Mar 1863.

[7] William George Scandlin (1828 – 1871) had resigned from the service in Aug 1862. He later served on the Sanitary Commission and the American Unitarian Commission. He was captured and spent 3 months in Libby Prison, Richmond. [15th Mass Web Site]

[8] We would say "neat", i.e. without water.

[9] Caroline Ward would die of tuberculosis in October 1863.

[10] High, stiff collar. George had asked about it in his letter of the 16th.

[11] Edward A. Rice (1835 – 1909).

1990.63.2.75
GHW to EMW
28 Feb 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
Feby 28th [Sat] 1863

My Dear Wife, Georgie and Robie

Your letters of the 18th and 22nd both rec'd this morng. Also Georgie's letter which was full of interest although it was very difficult to read the whole of it. Still it was a very excellent one for such a little boy. Robie must write PaPa a letter to[o] some time, and Georgie must write another when he has time. PaPa's little boys I hope are good all day long and do lots of cunning things so as to make their MaMa laugh.

Henry Marsh,[1] Cashier Central Bank and brother of those Marsh girls,[2] was here a few days ago. He was going immediately home and said he would call and see you. Jorgensen has the Spy more regular than I so between the two of us we get most of them. Your paper scraps I had seen before except the poetry.[3] I appreciate your kindness though. The snow has mostly gone, but mud, mud, and now I am stuck what to say, except that we are stuck in the mud. I rec'd a letter from Henry yesterday. He is well pleased with his promotion.

You tell Sarah I should think she got ass enough of her own and keep her perpendicular, and if she wants some asses milk there is only one thing for her to do. Our asses out here are all he ones, consequently it would be extremely difficult to comply with her wishes, and even if we could it would be doubtful about its accomplishing the desired purpose.

You speak about wanting to see me and my getting a furlough, and your coming to Wash'ton &c. I want to saw you bad enough and miss you very much and sometimes even wonder how I can get along without you, but the fact that I do seems to prove that I can, although it is a great sacrifice, and I shall be as rejoiced as any one when the war is over, for no one is more attached to their family than I am, ~~and~~ or feels more keenly the separation. But how many there are that are situated just as I am, only they are not half as well off, and in too many instances they, and their families to[o], are suffering for the comforts of like. I sometimes think my sacrifice is small compared with others here in a more humble position, and who have associations at home as dear to them as mine are to me. But I am all right any way. I have a good and sufficient reason for resigning any time,[4] but I shall not do any such thing, unless I am subject to greater inconveniences than I am now or in other words not until I am obliged to.

Inclosed you will find my card, made by a fellow here in camp, who has an excellent taste for such things. All the news we get in the papers and we know but little that is going on even in the Army of the Potomac. We get enough to eat and very good at that. The entire Reg. have soft bread every day, and plenty of fresh meat. The qrs are the most defective, still they are quite

comfortable except in very bad weather. On the march is when we are obliged to rough it. I don't hear any thing in relation to any movements.

Lots of kisses to you and the children and ever so much love. I don't want any "little thing" that you speak of. I am getting along very well with what I have. From your own dear husband,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 28 Feb 1863 (75)

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[1] Henry Alexander Marsh (1836 – 1914). He would later become President of the Central National Bank of Worcester. [Obituary Worcester *Evening Post*, 6 Nov 1914]

[2] Alexander and Maria (Fay) Marsh had three daughters: Harriet Marie (1828), Mary Catherine (1830) and Annie Eliza (1833). All were unmarried in 1860; Harriet and Annie are in the 1880 Census, still unmarried. All were alive in 1890 when the father died. [1860 Census: Roll 527, Pg 252, Hshld 1917; Obituary Alexander Marsh, Worcester *Evening Post*, 30 June 1890]

[3] Emily's letter of 22 Feb contained some clippings from Worcester newspapers. The poem (by an H.S.W) was "The Deserted Camp of the Massachusetts Fifty-First" , which regiment had been under George Ward's command during its initial training in late summer/early fall of 1862. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors IV, 546]

[4] Officers could resign their commission, even without cause, and leave the service.

1990.63.2.76
GHW to EMW
1 Mar 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
March 1st [Sun] 1863

My dear Wife, Georgie and Robie,

It is Sunday eveng and I am here alone in my little cabin, warm and comfortable, making it as pleasant as can be under the circumstances. I should like to have you drop in for a little while, for I should be so pleased to see you. It cleared off today and the wind is blowing hard tonight, but I have got used to it so that I don't mind it. I rec'd a N.Y. paper from you this morng but the writing on the margin I do not recognize. I saw James Dennis yesterday. He is driving [an] ambulance team, and I never saw him looking so well. He likes his business and is very fleshy.

Nothing new has turned up since my last. Jorgensen recd a Spy this morning with an account of the ball. I shall get yours probably in the course of a week.[1] I suppose you sat in the gallery, taking part in the reserve, still being an eye witness to the engagements below. I hope you didn't engage yourself to any one. I notice the papers do not deal in personalities at all, so I shall be obliged to rely on personal information. Write all you know about it. Did Sarah get her asses milk? She needed it certainly to have all colors harmonize. If Bynner was there, there certainly was one laughable sight, and it wasn't all nonsense either. I suppose they ~~all tried to~~ vied with each other in pretty things and looking funny. Did you see any game legs, represented among "accidents of war"? What part did Mrs. Honest John[2] take? She can take one part with credit to herself and that is the independent part. I can imagine how she would look there with her night cap on.

I recd a letter today from Mr. Scandlin. He said he wanted to remind me where I could find one stick for a staff when I got the eagle knocked off by a Star.[3] I don't see it, the star part of it, I mean. Every thing here is in working condition and I have no reason to find fault except that I have tried to have several Brigade drills, and it would rain every time. Genl Howard came over on purpose one afternoon to see it but was disappointed on account of the rain.

Monday 2nd. It is a beautiful morning as one could wish. The snow is all gone and it is just such as we get at home in April of the very best kind. If this weather continues until tomorrow, I shall have out the Brigade. Bob Steele has just called, having taken a ride to air himself. He is quiet genteel in his get up.

I cannot think of any thing in particular to write about. This is a dull place for news. I had my shoulder straps sewed on yesterday, that Genl Devens gave me. It is the first time I have worn any. My frock doesn't appear only on special occasions and we haven't had any yet but I hear Genl Hooker is to review this Corps as soon as the weather is suitable. Then we shall trot out our good clothes. The Major[4] of the 1st Minnesota has his wife in camp and so has the Col of the 19th

Maine.[5] The Col of the 19 Maine has just been home and got married. His wife came to N.Y. with him where he left her. But she couldn't stand it so on she came after him. I think she must be very much attached to him. It is no place for a woman anyway, where the troops are all mixed up as we are here.

I suppose Georgie is out with his sled a sliding with 'his gal' and Robie stands looking of the window laughing. Take good care of them, and look out about their taking cold. Here is ever so many kisses and love unlimited. From your dear husband,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 1 Mar 1863 (76)

[1] Emily did write an account of the Ball on the 24th but that letter [#9] has not survived.

[2] Presumably Mrs. John Davis, sponsor of the Ball.

[3] When George got promoted from Colonel to General.

[4] Charles Powell Adams (1831 – 1893). The 1st Minnesota is best known for its counter-attack against the Confederate advance on the second day of Gettysburg where they suffered 82% casualties. The lady in question is not identified. [Web Site: www.firstmn.phpwebhosting.com]

[5] Francis Edward Heath (1838 – 1893). He married, 5 Feb 1863, Clara S. Moor in Waterville, Maine. [Web Sites: Maine in the Civil War; www.FamilySearch.org].

1990.63.2.173
EMW to GHW
1 Mar 1893 [# 11][1]

At home March 1st [Sun] 1863

My Dear Husband.

Sunday and another snow storm. I presume you are having a taste of the same, and more mud will follow in consequence. I suppose as a patrie[2] I ought to lament that the weather and state of travelling impedes the progress of the Army, but I must confess to a feeling of satisfaction when I see by your letters and the papers generally that you are still "stuck in the mud". I have never asked you what you thought of Gen. Hooker or have you been out there long enough to have formed an opinion of him. You ask what people say of Wilson's Bill. I have not heard any talk about it away from home but I presume it suits the soldiers better than those who are liable to be drafted. But I don't believe patriotism has all died out here at the north. Men want to know that if they risk their lives, it shall be to some purpose. They are willing enough to enlist, and to fight but not to throw their lives away because the Generals couldn't agree, or were too jealous of each other's laurels to help gain a victory that was not planned according to their own ideas of what should or should not be. I may be mistaken, but I believe if Hooker is what we hope he will prove himself to be and has the cooperation of his subordinates, it will not be so hard to fill up the Army or keep it up.

Business is good there is no mistake about that and no one to have looked in at the ball last Monday night would have thought we were in the midst of such a war. Since I wrote to you about it I have learned that Miss Martha LeBaron was dressed as Queen Catherine.[3] Columbus and Gov. Winthrop were there.[4] The young Corp'l (old militia style) who escorted Mrs Partington[5] was a Highland Cadet, a nephew of Gen. Butler.[6] There is to be a Calico dress ball this week under the management of Mrs. John Davis, the proceeds to go to the Soldier's Relief Society.[7]

I went up and had the children's photographs taken last Thursday. I send you the proof. I thought I should like your opinion, as you might not be well enough satisfied to have more struck off. Georgie's eyes look a little dull. He winked slowly, and then his eyelashes are so along that they shade his eyes unless they are very wide open. It was rather difficult to take them together. When we got Robie's head right, Georgie wanted to know "Mama who built this house?", then we hushed him up, and stood him up strait and Robie turned round to look at him. I turned Rob's head right and they seemed to be all ready when Georgie stood up on his toes, then Robie got both hands behind him, but after they both got ready, they sat long enough to have taken a half dozen pictures. I tried to make Claflin try once more but he said he had got a very good picture and he would not. Robie is perfect, he curled himself up in just that attitude himself, and after we were all through and were just going down stairs, he climbed up on the corner of the sofa and took the same

"posish" for another picture. I think upon the whole it is as good as we can get of them together and I think when I have mine taken I will try to have Georgie's with me. He has got a very pretty dress, a striped silk, light & dark green and he looks very pretty in it. When you get the picture, send it back directly. If you like it, I will have some more struck off.

Josh has arrived. I have not seen him. He stopped in Worcester last Friday but went home yesterday.[8] He is coming to see me Friday this week. I wish I knew of something that you needed ever so much that I could send you. When you get some decent pictures of us, send back the old ones. Georgie says tell Papa "my photograph aint 'actly like me". Caroline asked Robie the other day where he had been and he stuck out his lips as important and raised his eyebrows. "Been to Berginny". He really thought he was going to see Papa because he rode in a hack. Mr. St. John[9] started for the seat of the War last Friday night. I didn't know he was going till he called here a few minutes before [he] started. If you can send me something from your little cabin if it is nothing more than a cobblestone or a mud splatter. Glad you are so well and hope your stomach will get settled soon. The boys have gone to bed and left a bunch of kisses for Papa's letter. Robie has been trying to say tonight, A long hug and a strong hug & a hug altogether. You can imagine the work he makes of it.

I had four letters from you last week.[10] I do take such comfort reading them. I wrote four to you[11] but I am afraid you didn't receive as many. I mailed a paper every day. I send ever so much love and kisses to you but I should like to just be within kissing distance of you a little while. Good bye George, your own true wife,

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 1 Mar 1863 (173)

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[1] This letter is unnumbered but falls between #10 of 26 Feb and #12 of 3 Mar.

[2] Female patriot.

[3] Catherine the Great of Russia.

[4] Referring to persons dressed as these characters.

[5] Mrs. Partington was a fictional character of English literature who tried to sweep up a tidal wave with her broom.

[6] Not otherwise identifiable.

[7] The Calico Ball was held Thursday, 5 March.

[8] Joshua Freeman lived in Clinton. Presumably he was visiting his brother and sister-in-law, Josiah and Caroline (Mayo) Freeman in Worcester.

[9] Thomas E. St. John, pastor of the Univeralist Chuch. See George's letters of early March for his visit.

[10] The previous four letters that have survived are those of 17 Feb, 18 Feb, 22 Feb (#8) and 26 Feb (#10). There should have been one written after the Masquerade Ball of 23 Feb (presumably #9). The letter of 16 Feb is #5 in Emily's sequence so it would seem the only one missing is #9.

1990.63.2.174
EMW to GHW
3 Mar 1863 No 12

Please mention the No of the letters you receive from me. E.

At home Worcester March 3rd [Tues] '63

My Dear Husband,

I am going to write you a short letter tonight if I can, for some how whether I have anything worth while to write about or not, I always spin out just about such a long "yarn". It is snowing again today and melting as fast as it snows. Sarah Ward is down here Dr, Martin[1] brought her down to see if the ride and change would not do her good. She is very miserable; unless she gets better very soon she will run down; she coughs constantly. and raises a good deal & she is as weak as she was when she first came down stairs, besides having some other very bad symptoms. The children are very well. I wish I could tell you half the cunning things that Robie says and does, he — There goes the bell and here comes a letter. You are the best husband to write that ever was Your 'card' is beautiful. I am very much pleased with it and shall treasure it carefully. You must have some fine talent for penmanship in camp. Thank Gen'l H. for me.[2] Your answer to Sarah's request is very "appropos" She ~~will~~ has gone up St. to get a calico[3] for the Calico Ball.[4] When she comes home I will tell her, what you say.

Henry Marsh[5] called on me last evening, and I was glad enough to see any one direct from Falmouth. I was glad to hear that you were in such good spirits, and so comfortably situated, not but that you have told me the same thing yourself, but then I know you will put the best side out. He gives a more encouraging account of the Army than I was prepared to hear. He made quite a call and if he didnt tell me all he knew it was not because I didn't ask him any questions. I suppose Mr. St. John is with you by this time. I was going down to the Farm this week but I have postponed my visit until after Joshua has been here. I see by the papers that Gen Devens & Col Bowman are among the invited guests at the Calico Ball. I didn't know before that Col. B. was home. The Gen. has not waited upon me nor I upon him for that matter. Mrs Col. Wetherell[6] gives a great party tomorrow night on the occasion of the visit of Major Genl Wool[7] to this city. I don't think I shall attend.

I wish you could get my papers. I sent two today; a Palladium & Spy. I shall send some scraps with this letter they don't take up much room,[8] and if they are old no matter they may not be. Sarah has come. She says the sum and substance of your message seems to be that "every tub shall stand on its own `bottom". I didn't mean to complain when I wrote about wanting to see you. I have forgotten just what I wrote about coming to Washington. Once in awhile the longing for you will break out and find expression, but dont think that I' ungrateful for our peculiar privileges over the thousands of families who suffer from this War. I am very pleasantly situated here at home and you

know I am naturally hopeful (when I am not farming) and I look forward to a happy ending of this war, sometime. And when my soldier comes home to me hale and hearty. I shall be very glad he went, but that doesn't make me want to see him any the less now. I don't go round moping for I have to remember that I have two boys who are looking to me as the pattern of all perfection (bless their ignorance.) and I want their Father to find them so improved morals & manners that he will be very proud of them when he sees them again, although I must confess that they grow in grace rather slowly I suppose they are "sowing their wild oats". Dr Martin asked Georgie what his name was & he told him: how old he was & he said "5 years old," which was an improvement.[9] Georgie & Robie were giving each other one of Papa's "long hugs" and they both fell over and bumped their heads but kissing cured them.

Remember me to Jorgensen if you think it is worth while. The boys send ever so many kisses and so do I. Good night my dear George. Your wife, Em.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 3 Mar 1863 (174)

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[1] Oramel Martin.

[2] George had indicated that a soldier named Heath had made the cards. Emily's reference, then, to Gen'l Heath is obscure.

[3] Calico was a patterned cotton cloth from India. Obviously the point was not to dress in fancy clothes and certainly not to wear anything made of Southern cotton

[4] The Calico Ball was held to benefit the Soldiers' Relief Society. .

[5] Henry Alexander Marsh (1836 – 1914). He would later become President of the Central National Bank of Worcester. [Obituary Worcester *Evening Post*, 6 Nov 1914]

[6] Ellen Adela Gates (1839 – 1910), wife of Emory F. Wetherill.

[7] John Ellis Wool (1784 – 1869). A career military man, Wool had served in both the War of 1812 and the Mexican War prior to the Civil War. At the time of secession, Wool was commander of the Eastern Department and helped preserve certain forts along the coast, most notably, Fortress Monroe at the tip of the York-James Peninsula. The training camp at the Worcester Agricultural Fair Grounds was named for him. The account of his visit is in the *Worcester Spy* for 5 Mar.

[8] Enclosed were 2 newspaper clippings: Calico Ball ad and accounts of various people and events of the week in Worcester. The advertising stated "Ladies requested to wear calico but not required."

[9] Georgie, born in Dec 1858, was just 5. In the past, he had been given to inflating his age.

1990.63.2.77
GHW to EMW
5 Mar 1863 Camp near Falmouth Va.

March 5th [Thurs] 1863

Dear Wife, Georgie and Robie,

I have not any think in particular to write, except that things remain about as usual without any particular change except it may be slightly for the better. Mr. St. John,[1] Harding,[2] and Mecorney[3] arrived day before yesterday and left last night. They appeared well satisfied with their visit although they did not see any parades. David Cook[4] is here. We have had a grand review today by Genl Hooker. Nine Brigades of Infantry were out, besides Artillery and Cavalry. It was a splendid sight, and the day was very favorable. I did not receive the orders until late last night, or until after the party had left some time, otherwise they would have remained. It was a splendid sight and well worth a trip out here. It was a complete success, and highly satisfactory. Our Brigade behaved themselves finely. and I had reason to be-proud of them. I saw many Genls I never saw before, and it was really a ~~fine~~ great treat to me. Genl Hooker is a fine looking man, and is not so desperate in appearance as many suppose.

I recd your letter of 26 Feby. yesterday, and I expect by what Mr. St. John said that the photograph will be along soon. I am sorry they left before the review as it was the greatest sight they ever did, or ever will, probably see. It was a cold and blustering day yesterday, and froze harder last night than any night yet since I came. The air is chilly today but the sun is warm. Lt. Col. Philbrick has just arrived and I see him coming. Here he is.

He has just gone after staying about an hour. He is a little lame but is felling well. The mud has dried up very rapidly within a day or two. Why dont Caroline write? Is she up at Elizabeth's?[5] I have not cc'd letters except from you since I came except business letters. I wrote to Bartlett but he had not answered it. I dont care if you will write often; I can get along. I have just seen George Farr[6] who was at the review but not on duty, and he says Mr. St. John, Mecorrny & Harding were there, but arrived late. I did not see them as they left immediately after for the Depot. I telegraphed to them to come back last ~~late~~ night from Aquia Creek, as they were to stop there over night.

Here comes the mail and Oh! A letter from you, one from Theo, a City document from Mayor Lincoln[7] and a bundle containing 15 papers. Your letter is March 1st and that photograph. Robie is perfect, Georgie is fair, but not quite satisfactory. You ought to brush up his hair more off his jorehead and part it on the other side. I should want to try once more. On the whole it is very fair and [I] should be satisfied if it was impossible to get any more. It is so much better than nothing that I cannot but help liking it. Why did you peak [*sic*] out a little. You show just enough of yourself to make it aggravating. I shall not return this one but I want you to try again on Georgie's account. I forgot to say that Elizabeth also sent a letter. I am sorry Sarah doesn't get along any faster. I

thought she would recover rapidly when she began to get well. You will probably see Mr. St. John and Mecorney and they will be full of it. I am going to bed now so good night dear.

Friday morng 6th. I had a glorious old sleep last night. I went to bed pretty tired. I was on horse yesterday between 6 and 7 hours and the result was a little that cerate was freely administered on a tender place in a tender locality with highly beneficial results. It stormed again today, a little hail and a little rain, and little most every thing we have. It is freely talked among the officers on the sly (of course I know nothing about it) that the Brigade never appeared to so good advantage as yesterday. I do say (between you and I) that they went through movements by my orders that I never saw done before, or they either. Some who have been airing themselves lately, although with the best intentions and with all due respect to me, are very quiet today. I think they touched bottom yesterday, and some of them struck rather heavily. It was the first time I had been in command, but it wasn't my fault.

Tell Georgie he must not wink so next time. Robie's is very funny, and the small part of you which is in sight is perfect, particularly the figure in the dress. Plenty of kisses and ever so much love to you and the children.

Your affectionate husband,

George

P.S. You speak about getting three or four letters a week; perhaps I write too much and you would prefer less.

Geo.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 5 Mar 1863 (77)

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[1] Thomas St John, pastor of the Universalist Church in Worcester.

[2] Samuel D. Harding (1806 – 1889). A carpenter in Worcester, Harding was a long time member of the Universalist Church. [Obituary: *Worcester Spy*, 10 Apr 1889]

[3] William Mecorney (1819 – 1902) a tailor and traveling shirt salesman. Sabbath School Superintendent of the Universalist Church in Worcester. [Obituary: *Worcester Spy*, 9 Mar 1902]

[4] David W. Cook(e) (~1809 – 1887), a mason.

[5] Elizabeth (Ward) Bartlett, living on Chatham Street.

[6] George W. Farr (1838 – 1891), Co. D of the 15th; later in the 20th. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 157, 580]

[7] Daniel Waldo Lincoln (1813 – 1880). Son of Levi Lincoln (former Governor of Massachusetts and one of Worcester's most illustrious citizens. He was mayor of Worcester 1863-64. According to Nutt, he was "one of the most zealous supporters of the Worcester Light Infantry and "took an active and prominent part" for the promotion of the welfare of its members during their service in the Civil War. [Nutt I, 176-77]

1990.63.2.175
EMH to GHW
6 Mar 1863 No 13

At home Worcester March 6th [Fri]

My Dear Husband

I have been expecting Joshua all day. He was to have started for Falmouth tonight but I have heard nothing from him, neither have Josiah folks and I don't know whether to be disappointed or not. If he has really gone without seeing any of us. I shall be very sorry, but I am in hopes it is not so. I wanted to send you a lot of newspapers and the boys want to send Papa some nuts because he used to bring them home so many in his pockets. Georgie has written a letter "all about his 'lation". Robie got a slate and a meat skewer and he was going to "write letter to Papa". I wrote in my last letter that Sarah Ward was here. Dr Martin brought her down last Monday and she has hardly held her head up since. She looks dreadfully and she is very weak, a great deal more so than when her nurse first went away. Dr Martin is giving her medicine for diarraeha all this week but tonight she seems worse & weaker than ever. I have put a cot bed in the front room and am doing all I can for her with Caroline's help. Tomorrow Morris Fletcher[1] is going up to Theos after C's things and then we shall be a little more comfortable. Now Caroline gives up her bed and C. & I take turns sleeping on the sofa. Sarah has a bad cough. Dr Martin says he is quite anxious about it though he doesn't wish us to say any thing to alarm her. She can't keep any nourishment on her stomach any time and she is as thin as she can be. She is very patient and so thankful for all we do that it is a pleasure to wait upon her. Caroline is pretty feeble, she waits on Sarah and keeps about the house quite well but she has no strength to walk out doors, or to go up stairs and down.[2]

The children are well and <u>hearty</u>. I have given up my visit to the Farm for the present. I don't like to leave Sarah; we were going Saturday. Father commenced at South W. this week.[3] Josiah works for him; they have got to spinning already and are doing finely, mother has hired a new girl.[4] Corp'l Grout[5] is home on furlough, for his health, he brought a letter from Sam Do you know how many men the St[ate]s are losing from disease? I hear that the Regt is removed to a more healthy locality. A lady called on me this morning to know how I directed my letters to my Husband, because she was going to write to him, wasn't that cool? She was neither very handsome nor young, and she has known you ever since you were a little boy, so I am not jealous.

Sarah[6] went to the Calico ball last night and had a beautiful time. Ladies wore what they pleased, very pretty calicos, and some not so pretty, muslins plain silks, every thing but ball dresses.

Georgie says "who told Papa to go to Berginy to take care of the 15 Remigent?" He is in no danger of forgetting you nor Robie either. They say more & more about you every day. Robie pulled one of Georgie's leggins onto his arm yesterday and started for "Berginny". I saw Mrs. Wm.

Smith[7] Sat. and she wished to be remembered to you. She said she recd your regards through Mr. Marsh. I havn't sent you anything today through the mail because I thought you would rec more directly from Josh, but I will send more tomorrow. I must say good night now, turn round here and let me kiss you, and here are the children's. I hope you have their pictures by this time. Goodbye darling. Emily

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 6 Mar 1863 (175)

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[1] Morris/Maurice Washburn Fletcher (1846 – 1880). Fletcher, 17 at the time, lived on Green Street (near the Gold St house) and later ran a "hack" business. It would appear he did errands involving moving and the like.

[2] Caroline Ward, George's youngest full sister, was also ill with tuberculosis and would die in the Fall of 1863.

[3] As mentioned in previous letters. William Mayo and Charles Fox started a new mill in the South Worcester area.

[4] Name Unknown. Maggie Powers, who had worked for the Mayo's since late 1861, had married in early 1863.

[5] William G. Grout (1827 – 1874), neighbor of the Ward's in Quinsigamond.

[6] This would be Sarah (Mayo) Harrington, Emily's sister, not Sarah Ward who was dying of consumption.

[7] Probably Eliza A. (Howe) Smith (1824 – 1902)

1990.63.2.78
GHW to EMW
7 Mar 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
March 7th [Sat] 1863

My deal Wife, Georgie and Robie,

I recd your letter of Feby 24th[1] this morning when I recd the one of March 1st day before yesterday.[2] The 24th gave the account of the Ball, which was very Interesting, I am glad you went. Your letters I think all get here, but not always in their regular order. I receive about 1/3 of the papers, that is if you send them every day. You neednt cry about it, the letters all come and I do not expect to get all the papers. When you put on "Genl Howards Division", just add "2nd Army Corps" and I think it will make a difference.

I am surprised to hear Capt Goodhue[3] is ordered into the Field. It will come hard for him, and his wife to[o], but I dont know but they are as well able to bear it as any one. I dont know where Shields Corps is, not very near here,[4] however. I have not seen Sam Leonard,[5] but I have recd a line from him. He is stationed some 6 or 7 miles to the east of us near Belle Plain. We had a Division drill yesterday of two Brigades. In the absence of Genl Howard, Genl Owen assumed command. I had out all five of the Regmts[6] and the Brigade looked finely, but the drill didnt amt to much because the Genl introduced tactics of his own instead of using what was in the book. My idea is to learn what is in the book first, which is the only way to have a uniform system of drill. All that is necessary to learn can be found in the tactics, which is three times as much as 9/10s of the officers ever do learn. I guess it was a little unexpected to Goodhue although I noticed his wife was in rather an unsettled state of mind when I was down there. If he comes out here I shall try and find him. It will be something new to him.

I cannot hardly keep my eyes off of Georgie's and Robie's pictures. They look so cunning. I should like to see you so well. How glad I shall be when the war is over, and we can all go home; and I am not all alone in the wish either.

Sunday 8th It rained hard last night, and this morning we have our usual supply of mud again. I have become used to a hard bed and <u>sleeping alone</u>, so that I enjoy it now, and sleep just as good as can be under the circumstances. My leg has not yet healed up and troubles me some still, about as much as ever. I suppose it will heal up sometime, but I wish that sometime would come. I suppose Mr. St John has arrived home before now, and Mr Mecorney will be able to tell the Sunday school of the great sights <u>he</u> has seen, which will undoubtedly amuse the children very much.

We are continually hearing rumors of a movement, but we cannot count on anything reliable until we get the orders. I have no doubt but what we shall pull up as soon as the travelling is suitable but what plans are in contemplation, I cannot say. I think Genl Hooker is exceedingly

uneasy in his present condition. The army is in trim for anything and the best of feeling prevails both among the Officers and men. No body is "spoiling for a fight", still I do not think there would be any shrinking if a demonstration was made in that direction. What the Army and the Country want just at this time is success on the battle field. It will encourage the one and stimulate the other, restore confidence in tbe Govmt and cause general rejoicing every where.

Lots of kisses to you and the children and love in great quantities. Your letter No 12 of March 3rd has just come. Sorry Sarah is so poorly. I have recd 10 letters, I believe, from you in all, the other two are on the road some where and will come along in due season. I should like to see the calico ball; presume it will be a grand affair. Love to all

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 7 Mar 1863 (78)

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[1] This letter is missing.

[2] Thursday, March 5th. The letter was Emily's No. 11.

[3] John Milton Goodhue (1814 – 1895). He served in the Worcester City Guards in the early 1850s and with the 3rd Battalion Massachusetts Rifles for three months at the start of the War. He was mustered in as Captain in the 11th US Army Regiment in May 1861. His "field duty" apparently consisted of serving as mustering officer at Gallups Island in Boston Harbor. He continued to serve in the Army for a few years after the War. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors V, 304: VI, 763; Obituary: Worcester Spy, 26 Jul 1895]

[4] The only Union general by this name would be James Shields (1806/10 – 1879), a brigadier general from California. There is no record of his having been in Corps command although he had had overall command in the Shenandoah Valley in 1862.

[5] Samuel H. Leonard (~1826 – 1902), commander of the 13th Massachusetts. After the Battle of Fredericksburg, the 13th spent the winter at Fletcher's Chapel, Virginia, near Belle Plaine. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 69]

[6] The 15th Mass, 34th NY, 82 NY, 1st Minn, and 19th Maine.

1990.63.2.176
EMW to GHW
8 March 1863 No 14

At home March 8th [Sun] 1863

My Dear Husband

I received your letter of March 1st yesterday. It is Sunday night again and I imagine you sitting in your little cabin writing home. Shouldn't I like to put my head over your shoulder; would you know who was there without looking. As you havn't accommodations for keeping visitors over night I suppose you wouldn't keep me long unless I insisted upon staffing and you couldn't get rid of me. I suppose Mr St.John has got home. He was to have come this morning, but we have had another snow storm today and I have not been out, anxious as I was to hear directly about you. How you look and what you are doing &c. I think it is a shame that my letters are so long on the road, and I dont believe you rec a third of my papers. I dont see why your papers dont go on as regularly as Jorgensen's. My letters, I always mail the next day after they are written, and I never write until the boys are asleep or I should mail them the same day. The N.Y. paper you speak of I didn't send, it must have been some other woman, what was the hand writing on the margin?

I didn't engage myself to anyone at the Costume Ball. I had a very good seat in the gallery, and every lady seemed very well contented to let me stay there. Bynner was not there so I didnt see the elephant.[1] The Soldier's Relief Committee, considering the staid habits of most of the ladies, has been rather dissipated the past fortnight with the two balls and the amateur theatricals. I believe there is nothing pending now but St. Patrick's Day and the Ist of April, and the "committee" are not responsible for those. It doesn't look much like April now; there is more snow on the ground than I. have seen before this winter. I have come to the conclusion that Joshua went back to Falmouth without seeing me. Tell him it was just as well if he didnt want to come.

When I put Georgie to bed last night he felt a little lazy and wanted me to say "Now I lay me" for him. He was in quite a hurry for me to say "Pray the Lord take care of Papa, and bring him home to see Georgie & Robie & Mama" then he asked "who is the Lord? is he an officer? Will he bring Papa home in a hack and say 'Is this No. Ten Gold St?'" so you see he has not made much progress in Theology. He and Robie got a singing book today, and such music as they made, if you didnt hear them in Va it was not their fault. They have had a great time. Today Robie can make quite as much noise as Georgie and tonight at supper he made rather more, he began "want banes, want banes, want banes" beans and he ate "banes" and what will be the result – remains to be proved.

Both the boys are very well. Georgie went out with his sled and had a nice time the other day but he got his feet pretty cold and at night complained because they itched and finally went to sleep with a "rag on his toes." He wanted Papa to come and hold him so his feet would fell "batter".

Sarah is rather better though her cough is still remains. I have no news at all. I have not been up St. since I wrote last. I went up to Caroline's the other night; they had a long letter there from Joseph to Mother. He talks as if he might possibly come on this summer. Caroline sent him the papers containing your temporary appointment as Brig. Gen. He spoke of it and says he shall write you soon. As Sam says, "I must draw to a close". Here are kisses and hugs by the bushel from your domestic trio and ever so much love from your loving wife. Em

Monday morning. Emerson Rice[2] called just now and wants to know what you ask for that anvil down in the stone yard. Mr. Brooks,[3] a farmer up at the north part of town, wants to buy it.

It is a beautiful morning. The snow is 9 or 10 inches deep and the sleighs are flying round briskly. Georgie is out doors snowballing and having a grand time. Robie sits in a chair with a string over the back. "going to see Papa down in Ginny."

Caroline's things came down from Chatham st this morning and she is busy putting them to rights. Sarah is on the sofa, she doesn't sit up half the time. Mary is washing down stairs.[4] I sit here with my hood on my head to keep the dust from my hair while I swept, finishing up my letter for Ned Freeman[5] to carry to the Office. There isn't much in this letter, still I know how glad you will be to get it and I do hope it will not be more than a week on the road. I should be very glad to know that Mr. Scandlin was with you. I should think with such a Gen. as Hooker you might stand as good a chance as anyone to wear one star at least. Who sewed on your shoulder straps? I forgot to mention that I did not see any "game legs" at the Fancy ball. I kept wishing all the time that I could see one that I know of. Georgie has just come in for a ginger snap. I asked him what I should tell Papa, and he says "tell about me and Robie."

Ned is waiting. Good bye my dear husband from your own wife,

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 8 Mar 1863 (176)

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[1] "Seeing the elephant" was a Civil War era term for being in one's first battle. It seems unlikely, however, that Emily was using it in this context but more in terms of the "menagerie" Bynner was supposed to have supplied.

[2] Emerson Keyes Rice (1813 – 1894), a carpenter

[3] John H. Brooks (1809 – 1894), a farmer on Nelson Place. [1863 Worc City Dir]

[4] Unidentified but possibly Mary Ward Whitney.

[5] Edward I. Freeman (1854 –), Emily's nephew.

EDITORIAL SUGGESTION?

A few of Emily's numbered letters are missing from the collection. They never came to the museum so we can only speculate what happened to them. Should something be mentioned about the gap?

1990.63.2.80
GHW to EMW
12 Mar 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
March 12th [Thurs] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children,

Your letter No 13 of March 6th has just come to hand this morng and [I] am very sorry to hear you are so unpleasantly situated. Two sick ones I declare is about enough to occupy one's time, and it must be a great care. I am sorry Sarah has such unfavorable symptoms. I never though[t] she was inclined that way; I hope she will get along soon. I presume you have seen Jorgensen before now and have learned every thing and perhaps more to[o], for he has a faculty of giving every thing a high coloring.

Genl Sully[1] has returned and resumed command of the Brigade, so I am now with the Regmt which is quite as pleasant with less responsibilities. The Regmt have now a complete set of field officers present which hasnt been the case before since the battle of Balls Bluff. I came out on dress parade last night for [the] first time. Every ting is going on well here but I cannot help thinking how you are situated at home. I suppose the only thing you can do is to make the best of it, but I am afraid you will get sick yourself.

We have orders to be ready to move at a moments notice but where no one knows. The knowing ones say it is equivalent to remaining here a month, but I dont see it.

I am getting along well and have sent Qr Master Wheelock[2] to Wash'ton to buy me a horse; he is due today. Josh is here and is all right. I have a new tent all by myself, with a little stove in it and every thing comfortable. The bed and trunk is on one side and stove and table on the other, and I have places to hang up my clothes, besides two stools to set on. I recd the Journal of the 6th this morng. It is pleasant and windy today, excellent weather for drying up the mud. If it should hold three days of pleasant weather, the roads would be in very good condition.

I think Georgie's letter is a very nice one; he writes very well for such a little boy, and Robie must write Papa a letter to[o]. I send both of them my card[3] which you will find enclosed. This is a very dry place for news so I cannot entertain you much with what is going on here, and it is pretty difficult to find <u>any</u> thing to write about. The wind is now blowing so that my table is shaking, which makes it quite difficult to write. Give my love to Caroline and Sarah. I hope really they will not be helplessly sick, it will be very unpleasant but still I suppose it is impossible to rectify matters beyond our control. Josh told me about your father and Josiah, hand how busy they were "starting up". Success to the enterprise, I say, and hope your father will make lots of money for he is worthy of it. How is Caroline F. and the young Dennis?[4] I suppose Ned has a great many wise sayings and if the baby doesn't rapidly improve in knowledge and general information, it will not be Ned's fault. I

am in some hurry this morng but will try and answer Georgie's letter in my next. So here is lots of love to you all, and kisses in proportion, for papa's little boys, and MaMa to[o]. Always,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 12 Mar 1863 (80)

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[1] Alfred Sully (1820 – 1879) On May 1st, men of the 34th NY refused duty, saying their enlistments had expired. Sully reported the incident to John Gibbon, the Division commander, stating he had no control over his men. Gibbon picked the best Regiment in the Brigade (the Mass 15th), surrounded the "mutineers" and ordered the 15th to fire on the 34th if any of them refused duty. None tested his resolve. Sully was relieved of duty but re-instated. Gibbon, however, refused to have him serve in the Army of the Potomac any longer and banished him to a frontier outpost in North Dakota for the remainder of the War. GHW was in Washington at the time and does not mention the affair in his May letters. [Stephen W. Sears, *Chancellorsville* (Boston/New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1996); Web Site: *Civil War Generals*]

[2] William R. Wheelock (1822 – by 1890) of Clinton. Enlisted in Co. C; promoted to Captain (Co. G) after Gettysburg. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 154; 15th Mass Web Site].

[3] Presumably *a carte visite* with his picture on it.

[4] Frank D(ennis) Freeman, born 24 Dec 1862, son of Josiah and Caroline (Mayo) Freeman. [see Genealogical Appendix]

1990.63.2.81
GHW to EMW
13 Mar 1863
Rcvd

Camp near Falmouth Va
March 13th [Fri] 1863

My dear Wife and Children,

Your letter No14 of March 8th came this morng all right.[1] We are getting along ~~all-right~~ about as usual, have a little by way of change occasionally. We are holding ourselves in readiness for a moments notice. It has been reported that the rebs were concentrating their army five or six miles above here for the purpose of crossing and we have been waiting anxiously for the last two or three days, but they don't come yet. Yesterday the troops above us and in plain sight were under arms most all day and large numbers were pushed forward last night, preparatory to an attack early this morng, but no rebs yet. We are sleeping now with one eye open, but I do not believe they will come over here. They would have a merry time of it if they did.

I supposed you would start for Mr. St. John as soon as he returned as he might give you a very interesting act. of things. It is very cold here, it froze hard as a stone last night and this morng it is snowing some. I wrote to Joseph[2] the other day and sent my picture. The one you find enclosed is Capt. Wood,[3] formerly of the Leominster Co, now discharged, who was one of the best officers in the Regmt. That photograph of the children is a great gratification to me. Every one says "beautiful". Is Sarah intending to stay? What does Elizabeth say? You needn't feel obliged to take care of her, for some other means must be provided some way. I think one will do for you who isn't directly interested. I am perfectly willing Caroline should stay as long as she desires to but I don't want you to make a slave of yourself, setting up nights and sleeping on [the] sofa. You will be sick yourself. I don't think folks can expect it, and it doesn't make any odds if they do. Tell Emerson Rice[4] he can have that anvil for $8 which is cheap enough for any one that wants it. The poetry you send is very good, I never saw it before. The Palladium of March 4th came this morng.

I think I could keep visitors, or a visitor over night if you should come. I wouldn't try to get rid of you very hard, and you might stay just as long as you wanted to. If I should catch you putting your head over my shoulder , I should kiss you without writing another word. I do want to see you any way real bad, and the children to[o]. I dont want to go home until the war closes, but I want the war to close just as soon as possible, but I do not see any immediate sight of it. Our Regmt is down on picket duty today. We have so many field officers now that it isnt very hard. Lt. Col. Philbrick is with the Regmt and I shall go down this P.M. David Cook's son[5] takes care of my horse and quarters. He is first rate and very attentive. He also helps me about dressing my leg.

I should think Georgie and Robie would look funny enough singing with a book. It would be more noisy than musical, I guess. Are you all right and no signs of any thing? A little bit of fun

came off here the other day. A fellow wanted a furlough to go home because his wife was about being confined. He was asked how long since he had seen his wife and he said eighteen months. Suffice it to say that his case was considered an extreme one and his furlough was readily granted for it was thought his interests at home needed looking after.

I have written a little letter to Georgie which you will please deliver. It is in reply to the one he sent me. When are you going to have your photograph taken? I am anxious to see it. Put on your prettiest dress and fix up, roll you hair up at the side, and "little finger behind [the] seam of pantaloons".[6]

Here is ever so many kisses for you and the children and a full supply of love nicely put up.

From your dear husband

George

[Enclosed with the above letter]

My dear little Georgie and Papa's boy,

I got your little letter that you sent me with MaMa's and was very glad to hear from you. I suppose you have lots of good times snow balling, sliding down hill and playing horse with Robie and the bells. Papa wants to see you and Robie and Mama to[o], very much. What a good hug we would have and lots of kisses to[o]. Papa dont see any little boys out here; they are all soldiers who have guns and have shiny buttons (or ought to have). Papa rides on horse back. We dont have any hacks out here. Papa has got three oranges on the table here, and if he could, he would give you one, Robie one, and one to Mama. You must be a good little boy all the time because when Papa comes home, he will be so glad to see you. You tell Robie he must be a good boy to[o] and you must kiss him and not hurt him. Do yo have any chestnuts and candy lasses? What did Colty say to you down at the farm? Do you sleep in Papa's bed? You must write again sometime.

Papa

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 13 Mar 1863 (81)

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[1] This is the last letter from Emily that survived until her letters starting with No 29 in mid-April.

[2] Joseph Selman Dennis, Emily's uncle; currently living in Dubuque, Iowa.

[3] Leonard Wood (1830 – 1886). He was appointed Captain in Company K after Moses Gatchell's death at Ball's Bluff and had resigned 16 Jan 1863. [*Mass Soldiers and Sailors* II, 141; 15th Mass Web Site]

[4] See Emily's letter of 8 Mar 1863 (note 2).

[5] George M. Cook (1841 – after 1904) of Company D. [*Mass Soldiers and Sailors* II, 136; 15th Mass Web Site]

[6] The reference is obscure; perhaps some "private" talk between George and Emily.

1990.63.2.82
GHW to EMW
15 Mar 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
March 15th [Sun] 1863

My dear Wife and Children,

It is Sunday morng and here I am all alone in my tent quite comfortably situated, but still this is just one of the times when I most want to see you and the children I have been little out of sorts today but am feeling much better tonight It looks very much like storm and it is hailing, and raining some already with considerable thunder.

I recd [the] Spy of [the] 10th this morng with my letter to the Mayor.[1] Col. Clark you must remember is a professor in Amherst College.[2] They didn't tell me they should publish it. I recd [a] letter today from Henry. He thinks he shall start for the Regmt tomorrow. He has been paid up to 1st of March and must have $100, certain. I also recd a letter from Mr. St. John who expressed great pleasure from his visit and much gratitude for favors showed him. Mr. St John wrote he had been to see you, so I suppose you are now knowing to a great many new things.

I have got a horse and equipments which Wheelock bought me in Washington. You can tell Georgie that Papa has got a horse. He is dank bay and good judges call him a nice horse. I see by the Spy that some of the 15th were taken prisoners which is a mistake. The rebs made a dash on our right just above here a few days since and captured a few Cavalry, but no Infantry. I don't know but I write some things twice, but anything to fill up. There isnt much of any thing to write about any way and some things will bear repeating. Your letter No 14 was my last, but shall expect another one tomorrow morng. Major Joslin has also a new horse, but mine is very much the best and my saddle is a very easy one and rides nicely. We have very good stables for our horses. They are made of logs and covered with hides. It wouldn't be considered superb at home but does very well for the times, and circumstances, quite as good in proportion as what the men have.

It is storming now nicely, and it sounds like sleeping in [the] garret when it rains hard. It is now just about Georgie's bed time & I can imagine him cutting on and having a nice frolic, wanting lots of cakies, and Robie too in the cradle with his heels in the air, and you trying to quiet them by telling than stories and answering, questions about Papa. I should just like to drop in, I must confess. I hope they will always be as well cared for.

My tent is a wall tent, the same kind I had at Camp Scott.[3] My bed stead is an iron one, that came out of the Hospital, but has wooden slats and is quite springy, have a tick and plenty of blankets. Use my overcoat for a pillow, and have a tin dish for other purposes. The Washington Chronicle has published a complete roster of all the officers in the 15th since the Regmt was organized with all the changes to the present time. It is the. most complete of any thing out, perhaps I will send you one. I will wait and finish this in the morng so good night dear, sweet sleep

& pleasant dreams.

Monday morng. Your letter of 10th and Spy of 11th has just come as I expected. Glad you had such a welcome visit from Mr. St John. Robie's letter is very good for [a] first one, but I think he is capable of improvement. You need not trouble yourself about that star. It isn't to be had. I am not one of that kind and besides I should feel mighty shaky if I had one, although the impression about here is, or was, that I was counted in sure but I see by the long list just confirmed that I am counted out. And as the Senate has now adjourned it is a foregone conclusion. It requires influential friends and plenty of them at that. Of course I was minding my eye at the review. I had it on "Old Jo"[4] at the time Mr. St John referred to.

The ground is white with snow this morng or rather hail & it is still cloudy. Nothing new has turned up here in Camp and nothing more about a movement. I wrote to Dwight Foster about selling off the old place and closing up the concern, so I suppose there will be an auction very soon.[5] He requested Bartlett to write to me about it which he did. My horse is not worth as much as Philbrick's, he didn't cost half as much, but is worth a great deal more in proportion to what he did cost. I understand Genl Devens came down on the boat from Wash'ton yesterday so he has stared it all he can at present. I hear also Church Howe was at the Calico Ball. Did you go? Might have worn your pumpkin and milk dress. Josh just came and stuck his nose into the tent and was off again. Nothing more this time worth writing so good bye. Lots of love and kisses you and the children.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 15 Mar 1863 (82)

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[1] Apparently Mayor Lincoln's letter had requested the return of the 15th's American flag to the city. George wrote to say that it had already been sent on to the Boston authorities. A similar letter must have been sent to Col. Clark of the 21st as the Spy published a similar response from him in the same edition.

[2] William Smith Clark (1826 – 1886). At the time, Clark was Lt. Col. in the 21st Mass. He was instrumental in establishing the Massachusetts Agricultural College (later the University of Massachusetts) in Amherst and became its second President in 1867. He later went to Japan to help found the Sapporo (Hokkaido) Agricultural College. [see his biography: John M. Maki. *A Yankee in Hokkaido: The Life of William Smith Clark*. New York: Lexington Books, 2002]

[3] Small wall tents were commonly issued to officers in the field.

[4] Joseph Hooker, Army commander.

[5] Dwight Foster, a lawyer in Worcester, was co-executor with George in Artemas Ward's estate.

000311

1990.63.2.83
GHW to EMW
18 Mar 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
March 18th [Wed] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children

I suppose you will be expecting another letter about this time, so I thought I would gratify you. I am pretty tired today. I was Corps officer of day yesterday and was on horseback a good portion of the time. I went the entire picket line of our Corps from right to left making about 18 miles. My Hd. Qrs was at the Lacy House[1] on the bank of the river directly opposite Fredericksburg. From where I was I could converse with people in F. I saw plenty of their soldiers and I should think about one entire Regmt out together. Heard their band playing very distinctly, and very beautifully to[o]. The rebel pickets are posted thickly all up and down the entire river so far as I went & I could have talked with any of them, but the orders forbid it. I slept on floor last night where the accommodations were very limited. The Lacy house, as it is called, <u>was</u> one of the finest houses in all Va and furnished magnificently but it is all a complete wreck now. It is but a short distance from the Phillips house[2] which was recently burned. It was in the thickest of the cannonading at the bombardment of F. Washington's mother is buried just across the river and I could easily see her monument.[3] I never had so good a view of the place as yesterday, and the destruction made by Burnside's cannon.

Genl Mahar[4], the Irish author, celebrated St Pats day yesterday in fine style. Horse racing, leaping hurdles, jumping ditches and a <u>Mule</u> <u>race</u> and I believe a few races to see who would drink the most whiskey were the principal entertainments. Every body was there, Genls and all, ~~besides~~ including many ladies. I couldn't go as I was on other duty. At the Lacy house are three ladies from Pha[5] somewhat past the flowering of their youth, who belong to the sanitary commission, Christian commission, <u>female</u> <u>mutual</u> <u>relief</u> commission, and I believe one or two other commissions.[6] Their object, I believe, is to do good generally. They had a prayer meeting in the evening which was very generally attended by the soldiers in the vicinity. I was invited and went. It was very interesting. I forgot to say that as the big time was going on at Mahar's (but they had got nearly through) heavy firing of cannon was heard up the river, and all were immediately ordered to their Regmts. The firing was very rapid and heavy for about three hours. You will probably see the particulars in the papers.

Thursday 19th All right this morng. I slept nicely ~~the~~ last night. I forgot to say that I was yesterday detailed on Genl Court Martial at Genl Howard's Hd Qrs. The Genl is President of the Court. Yesterday we had a full Col hauled up for repairs. Inclosed you will find Genl Howard's photograph.

Also Genl Devens' card which he sent me inviting me to dine with him in company with other gentlemen of military fame and distinction.

I recd two Spys from you yesterday and nothing today. My horse is a good one and I like him very much. I get up in about as good style as any of them now.

We are having good weather now, and the travelling, is fast improving. My leg has been troubling me a few days past, but is feeling better this morng. The dead bone is poison and until it is all out it will be sore, and more or less inflamed. I wish the plaguey thing would get well. Does Sarah get better, and is she still at our house? It is a bitter pill any way. I suppose she is there, however, at your special request. It will be a special time if you all get sick.

I see by the papers that Col Leonard had been at home. Confidentially, I dont hear very favorable reports of him out here. They say he never has yet been in a fight, is always sick. He would very much like to be a Brigadier but they don't see it. There was quite a number appointed and had been wearing the star for some time but were not confirmed. Their places having been filled as Col, they are supposed to be out entirely now. Brig Genl C. E. Pratt,[7] I hear, is one of that number, and others here that you are not personally acquainted with. Nothing more in particular now. Kisses and love in plenty to you and the children,

From

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 18 Mar 1863 (83)

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[1] A photograph of the Lacy House is available at www.photoantiquities.org/civilwarshow.

[2] The Phillips House served as Burnside's headquarters during the Battle of Fredericksburg in December 1862. On Stafford Heights, just northwest of Falmouth, it would be the site of a Union signal station during the Battle of Chancellorsville in early May.

[3] Mary (Ball) Washington (1708 – 1789). At this time only the base of the monument was finished; the obelisk that now marks the spot was not erected until 1894. The site was at Kenmore, the Fielding and Betsy (Washington) Lewis estate, Betsy being George Washington's sister. [www.Kenmore.org]

[4] Thomas Franklin Meagher (1823 – 1867]. One of the more colorful Union generals, Meagher was an Irish expatriate who had escaped from confinement on Tasmania and made his way to the United States in the early 1850s. At the start of the Civil War he formed the 69th New York ("Irish') Regiment. At this time he was commander of the "Irish Brigade" (2nd Brigade, 1st Division, II Corps). After the war, he became Governor of Montana Territory. He died in 1867, falling overboard from a river boat on the upper Missouri. His body was never recovered.

[5] Philadelphia.

[6] The Sanitary Commission was the forerunner of the Red Cross.

[7] Calvin Edward Pratt (1828 – 1896). He had served in the Worcester militia befor the war and would have been known to both George and Emily. He formed the 31st NY at the start of the War and at this time was a Brevet Brig Gen, commanding the Light Division in the VI Corps. He resigned in Apr 1863.

1990.63.2.84
GHW to EMW
22 Mar 1863

Sunday March 22nd 1863
Near Falmouth Va

My dear Wife and Children

Capt Jorgensen returned yesterday bringing safely your letter and papers. Your letter of the 15th (No 17)[1] came by mail last night and Henry came last night, so you see that there was considerable coming yesterday but it was not all of the most pleasant kind. The course you have taken in relation to Sarah is perfectly right, and since I have learned the true state of the case, your motives are entitled to admiration. I only thought if Sarah was comfortably sick as I supposed she was, and getting along tolerably well and could stay at Eliz., I couldn't see the necessity of your putting yourself to extra trouble and labor, but I am now satisfied that the circumstances justify, if not demanded, the course you have taken. I am glad of it and neither of us will ever be the worse off for it. Make her as comfortable as possible & if she doesn't recover, arrange matters as you think proper. Tell Caroline not to be at all anxious for as long as I have a home, she is welcome there. You needn't feel delicate about writing what you most desire to on account of the P.O. Stamp the letter with sealing wax and it will be safe.[2] I have been expecting that B would lose his situation for a long time and I have heard things about him since I came out here that [it] would not surprise me to hear of his tip out any day.[3] I forgot to say Fred's[4] letter came, and Henry showed me Caroline's. He feels very bad about it. I have nothing to say about the course they have take, it it is any gratification to them, let them enjoy it.

Henry is looking finely. He has a new uniform and is capable of making a very respectable appearance. He is rather ashamed of his nigger letter to Bartlett, and was probably governed by public sentiment in Phila – the soldiers' part of it around the Hospitals. I have heard no objections to darky Regmts out here.[5] Every one is inclined to let them fight if they want to. You needed be particular anxious because I am with the Regmt. I should be no more exposed as I know of in battles. Major & Brig. Genls both put themselves forward, or should when necessary, and quite as many of them have been killed and wounded in proportion to their number as of other officers. I feel more at home where I am. The position without the rank or pay doesn't amt to much, only perhaps slightly honorary. Inclosed find Dr. Monroe's[6] photograph who is our very excellent Surgeon and a nice man. He took Dr. Haven's place.[7]

I hope Gerogie has got well now. Papa is very sorry Georgie was sick and Papa wants to see him and Robie and Mama to[o] very much and get lots of kisses.[8]

The mud is as deep as ever. It snowed and rained yesterday and is rainy and foggy today. We do not do much of any thing in such weather; only lay about. Jorgensen got me a pistol at Richard Fiske's[9] and came away & left it at the Bay State House.[10] I am not very particular about it

any way, and you see Fiske as soon as possible & tell him to call there and get it and wait until he hears form me. Jorgensen forgot it.

This wet damp weather makes my leg feel rather uncomfortable, and sometimes little festers come out which are very sore. I am much obliged for the papers you sent by Jorgensen but most of the news I had heard before. The N.Y. papers we get about every day. Send the Spy and Journal when convenient and those two will be enough. I don't mean to say but what all papers are acceptable but what I mean is to give them the preference. The local news is the most interesting. The genl news we get in the N.Y. and Wash'ton papers. The boy is outside now, hollering "Harpers Weekly"[11] and "Frank Leslies".[12] Genl Howard has just sent me some religious papers which I had distributed about the Camp. Henry says he had a letter from Sam[13] a few days since and that he was well and all right. Sam thinks he would like to be in the 15th Regmt though,[14] and could fill the position of my orderly very satisfactorily.

Give my love to Sarah. Tell her I hope she will get better soon. Also tell Caroline to keep cool and not borrow any trouble.[15] Lots of love to you and the children and plenty of kisses. Send the photograph as soon as [it is] finished.

Affectionately,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 22 Mar 1863 (84)

[1] Letter lost. In its absence, we have only one side of the "conversation" and must guess at the other. Apparently Sarah Ward was now clearly dying of tuberculosis and could no longer stay with her sister, Elizabeth (Ward) Bartlett so that Emily volunteered to take her in. Sarah would die in May 1863 and must have worsened during the past two months as George did not seem to realize the terminal nature of her illness until this letter. The circumstances of her leaving the Bartlett's apparently put quite a strain on their relationship with Emily and George (as judged by George's comments in this and subsequent letters).

[2] Theodore Bartlett was the assistant Post Master of Worcester and apparently not above opening letters both coming and going. At any rate, Emily seems reluctant to be completely frank with George about their strained relationship.

[3] Referring to Theodore Bartlett who was, at the time, a clerk in the Post Office. He would later become a clerk in the Worcester mayor's office.

[4] Frederick William Ward (1848 –), George's half-brother. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[5] Negro regiments (commanded by white officers) were formed in the North starting in the early 1863 partly to relieve the manpower shortage of recruitment and the draft.

[6] F(rancis) Lebaron Monroe (1836 –) of Medway who became regimental surgeon after Samuel Haven's death in Dec 1862. He had previously served as surgeon in the 1st Mass Vol Reg and the ist Battery Mass Light Artillery. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 133; I, 2; V, 338]

[7] Samuel F. Haven was killed at Fredericksburg.

[8] This short paragraph is clearly addressed to the children.

[9] Richard Fiske (1825 –), jeweler at 195 Main Street. The store obviously also sold pistols.

[10] The Bay State House was at the corner of Main and Exchange. Howe stayed at the Bay State House and was to purchase it in April.

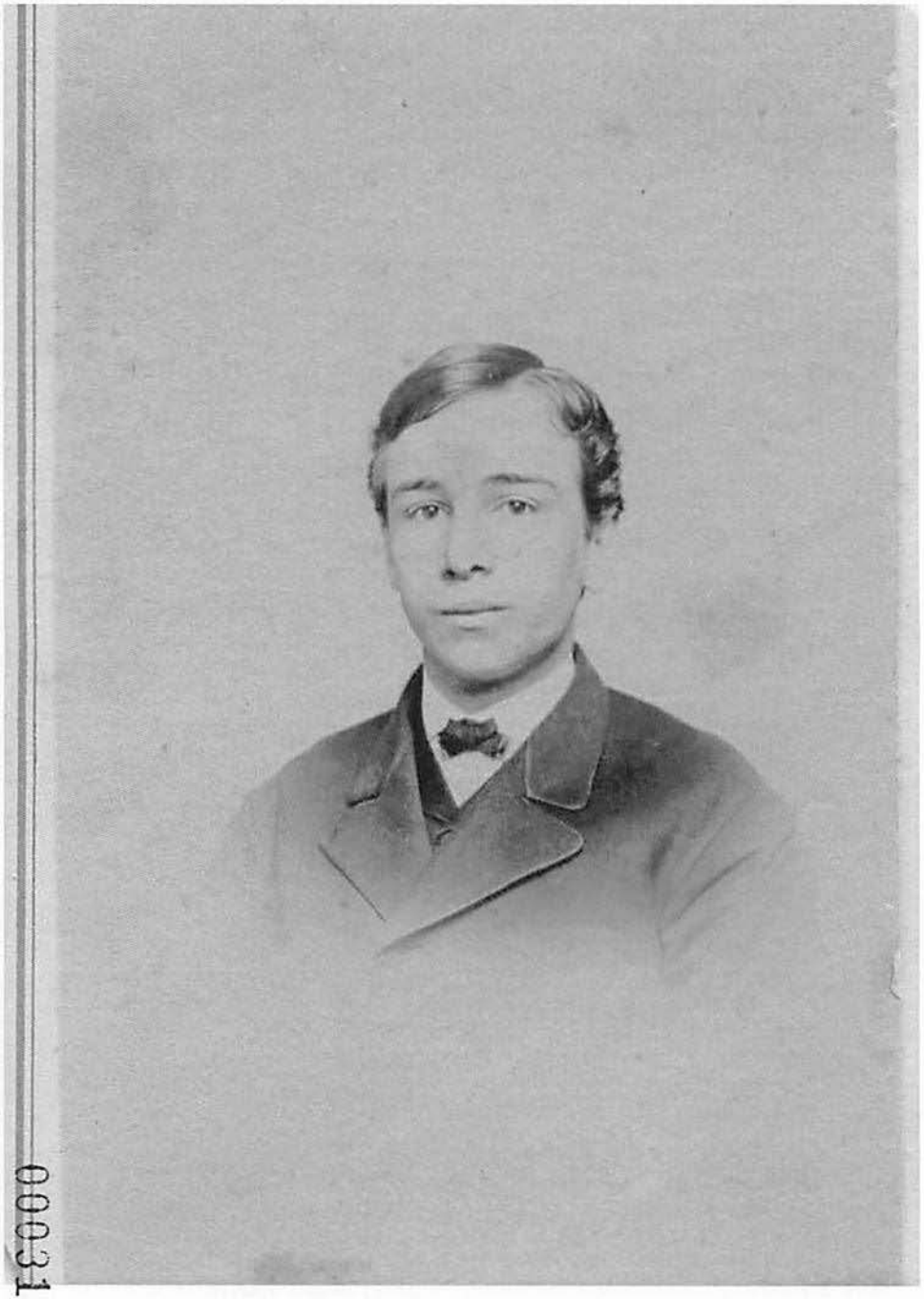
[11] *Harpers Weekly* (published 1857 – 1912) was a popular illustrated newspaper of the time. It featured extensive coverage of the Civil War and fine lithograph prints by popular artists.

[12] Another illustrated newspaper (published 1855 – 1922) which featured somewhat more lurid stories and gossip than *Harpers*.

[13] Samuel Wesley Ward (~1845 – 1904) served in the 25th Mass Infantry from Mar 1862 to Apr 1865. [*Mass Soldiers and Sailors* III, 48]

[14] It would be common for senior officers to have their relatives serving in this capacity.

[15] Caroline Ward, always outspoken, apparently said something about the change in Sarah's living arrangements. The two sisters were living together before Sarah's decline.



000311

Frederick W. Ward

1990.63.2.85
GHW to EMW
24 Mar 1883

Camp near Falmouth Va
March 24th [Tues] 1863

My dear Wife and Children

Your letter of the 20th with photograph inclosed was recd last night. If You have any more of the same kind just put them where they will be out of sight. If you look as bad as the picture, you must have changed wonderfully since I saw you. I do not like it, try again. Georgie is very fair, but I don't like it very well. It looks some like him and some it don't. I do not think his is near as good as the one taken with Robie. I hope you will have a good time at the farm. Georgie and Robie will enjoy it so well only don't let them take cold. I don't propose to show your picture to any one except those who know you, and then only to show what injustice has been done you.

We have not much news here, only preparation are being made for a move in some direction. No body knows when or where. I dont believe we are to go across here though. Inclosed you will find a photograph of Capt Ellingwood[1] of the 15th. He is a single man, the senior Capt and an excellent officer. He belongs in Salem and went out with the Regmt as Lieut. I also send my card by way of variety, made by the same Lieut. Heath.[2]

I shall be obliged to cut short some on this letter. The Sanitary Commission Agt has just called. He detained me a long while answering questions and then I have just been to dinner which makes some difference. The most natural thing about your picture is the dress, which took very well. Georgie dont look as he ought to. He looks sick and you do look <u>so</u> indignant about something that it is really unpleasant to look at. I shall return it, I do not know what I have done to be so frowned upon. I should like to have been behind you and just given you a tuck with the end of my finger. I suppose you will get back home again before your receive this. Write how Sarah is every time. Make her as comfortable as possible.

I dont expect we shall stay here much longer. In fact, I shouldn't be surprised to receive orders to start any day. Major Joslin didn't remember he promised you his photograph. He is intending to get some more and will then send one. My leg is very sore today. [I] have one of those little stinging boils which are so uncomfortable. I drilled the Regmt this forenoon in the loading and firings. They said it was the first time they had had such a drill since I last drilled them in the same thing at Poolesville. If we had had the rebs in front and had loaded with powder and ball, we would have cleaned them all out. Every body wishes the war would come to an end. Furloughs have been freely granted of late and the men are not any better contented after they get back. It is almost like starting anew again. I must close ~~up~~ this as the mail time is nearly up. Love and kisses to Georgie, Robie & you. Affectionately,

George.

000318

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 24 Mar 1863 (85)

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[1] Lyman Haskell Ellingwood (1839 – 1911) of Co F. Wounded at Antietam and promoted to Captain upon the death of Clark Simonds in that battle. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 171;15th Mass Web Site]

[2] Unidentified.

000320

George & Emily Ward (1990.63.1.2.66)

1990.63.2.86
GHW to EMW
25 Mar 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
March 25th [Wed] 1863

My dear Wife and Children

I have been to supper and being here all alone with my tallow candle and a good fire in the stove & I thought I would gratify you a little and write a letter although I havnt much of any thing to write about. Still I suppose any thing most will be acceptable. It rained yesterday and fair today, but rains again this eveng. I took a horse back ride tonight. Lt. Col. Philbrick and I rode up to the outer pickets and we tried the speed of the horses a little. I should be slow to swop with him and pay the difference in the cost. My horse is gentle, sound, handsome, kind, beautiful color, and can jump ditches splendidly. Inclosed you will find another photograph, Capt Eager of the Fitchburg Company.[1] I have heard several time within a few days that our Corps was going to Fortress Munroe[2] or in that vicinity. It would be nice if we could go there and remain, but if we are ordered up the Isthmus it wouldnt be so pleasant. The 9th Corps, including Bowman's Regmt,[3] have been ordered to Kentucky and are now on their way The impression is they will see some fighting.[4] I shall not take any risk. If my leg is too bad, I shall go on sick list, but if I think I can go it, I shall pitch in. The old thing has a sore turn once in a while and then it is any thing but comfortable. I don't calculate to get sick for you have as many sick ones as you can attend to already. If any thing is the matter, or the leg doesn't go right, I can lay off here by keeping in the rear.

Thursday morng 26th. I have just been to breakfast and as it still rains I think I will finish this letter. I noticed extracts for the Richmond papers in ours of yesterday which seem to indicate a feeling of doubt if not dispair among the rebs. I send a little slip copied from their papers, which is an omen of something. They are getting desperate. Their Army is on short allowance, both for man and beast. Every one says that there never was a better feeling in our Army than now. And there is sort of a natural feeling which seems to come of itself that the war isn't to last long and that the rebs will be obliged to submit. There is no hope of foreign intervention for them. They have forced every body and every thing, and their Army is constantly growing smaller and less effective. Orders have been issued stopping all furloughs for enlisted men, which is a great disappointment to many. Some of them I really pity. Henry gets along very well, for one in a new position.[5] We have troops encamped near us from most all the Northern States. One Regmt from Va (Union) is but a few rods from us.[6] They have seen some hard service and are good fighters. Some of them I hear have brothers over the other side of the river.

I recd your letter of the 13th last nigh, also ~~paper~~ Spy of the 20th. I have read two or three letters written since from you. I guess I get them all, but not always in their regular order. The

roster of the 15th which is published in the Spy was copied from the Washington Chronicle and I wish the Spy had credited it to that paper as it was rather complimentary to us and the roster was furnished at the request of the Chronicle. As it is, it looks a little like vanity on our part as though we sent it home on purpose when we didnt send it at all.

I hope you will get a new picture the first opportunity and one that will do you justice. I like the way Georgie's was first taken decidedly the best. Tell Georgie that PaPa rides horse back but hasnt got any Colty. Tell Robie that PaPa will get him some "candy lasses" when he comes home, and tell them both that PaPa will bring lots of hugs an[d] kisses for them, and that Mama shall have her full share besides.

By the way, I forgot to mention before that we had some lady visitors yesterday. The were from Wor and vicinity. One's name was Hall from Sutton,[7] and I believe two of them were from Fitchburg. They had two men with them and all of them I believe were married and homely at that. I believe they have something to do with the Sanitary Commission. Three of them sat on my bed so I guess it would hold up two if you should come. They didn't stay long. One of them said she was introduced to me once in Worcester but I didn't remember it. Remember me to all the folks. From your loving husband.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 25 Mar 1863 (86)

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[1] Charles H. Eager (– 1903) of Company B. He was mustered in as 1st Sergeant, and promoted successively, becoming Captain after Antietam. [*Mass Soldiers and Sailors* II, 143; 15th Mass Web Site]

[2] A strong Union position at the tip of the Williamsburg Penisula; held throughout the war by the North.

[3] Henry Bowman (1834 – 1908) was originally Captain, Co B of the 15th. Captured at Ball's Bluff, he was one of the officers held hostage against the threatened execution of Confederate privateers taken by the Union. After his release, he became Colonel of the 36th Mass. [*Mass Soldiers and Sailors* III, 711; 15th Mass Web Site]

[4] The 36th Mass saw no action in Kentucky but was assigned to Grant's Army in front of Vicksburg in June 1863. Col. Bowman resigned in July 1863. The 36th was returned to Burnside's command, was with the IX Corps in eastern Tennessee and then went on to participate in Grant's spring offensive in Virginia, seeing action (with considerable loss) at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Bethesda Court House, and Petersburg. [*Mass Soldiers and Sailors* III, 709-10]

[5] Henry C. Ward had been promoted to 2nd Lieutenant on 14 Mar 1863. [*Mass Soldiers and Sailors* II, 162]

[6] Va (Union) = West Virginia. According to the Union Order of Battle at Chancellorsville, the only West Virginia regiment in the II Corps was the 7th West Virginia (1st Brigade, 3rd Division). [Sears*: Chancellorsville*, 456]

[7] There are several married women over 40 with the surname Hall listed in the Sutton returns in the 1860 Census. The particular one cannot be identified from the information George gives.

000323

Charles H Eagen

1990.63.2.87
GHW to EMW
28 Mar 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
March 28th [Sat] 1863

My dear Wife and Children

It is now just after breakfast and we are having a "right smart" rain. I awoke this morning and the water was running into my tent in fine style. We don't have much of any thing to do when it rains but write letters so you may think yourself lucky on act of the rain. I wrote to Joseph I think more than a month ago[1] and he answered by sending me the Newspaper slip in an envelope which I rec'd last night. You will find it enclosed. It will explain itself. I presume you have heard of his intended change[2] before this and learned "the facts in the case."

The sealing of your letters I think will be a good thing. I recd yours of the 22nd last evng with Georgie's enclosed, both were very acceptable and highly interesting. I find it difficult to read all of Georgie's as some of it is in a language that I am not familiar with; still I shall think just as much of it. I am glad your father is getting along so "swimmingly" at South Worcester, hope he will keep doing so.

Dont worry yourself about stars.[3] I dont aspire to such high honors. I havnt the social or political influence to secure one, and even if I had it, would then only be a game of chance, and, inasmuch as I dont understand the game, it would be a losing operation in the end. A friend wrote me, who is a member of Congress (this is confidential) that "the number of applications was really amazing and the president, good easy soul, had made three times as many promises as there were possible chances of appointments".

Gov. Curtin[4] of Penn is here, and reviewed several Regmts of Penn troops[5] here last eveng. He is a very good looking man and he made a very excellent speech to them. While I am writing here, it occasionally thunders, and I stop short for the moment on account of the striking resemblance to heavy artillery in the distance, then I am stimulated by the thought that all is all right, and quietly proceed. Lt. Col. Philbrick has gone to Washington on four days furlough, to get some money and make some purchases. He is considerably used up, has the chronic diarrhea most of the time, but he is a man of iron constitution and is the last man to cry "hold, enough."

I am afraid the children have been more sick than what you have written. I judge by your being detained with them so long at the farm. Not but what I am glad to have them and you there, but knowing ~~that~~ so well that your feelings, wishes and desires are so at variance with any thing that partakes of the retired, "out of the way" style of living, that I thought you would return to the "home of brave" long ago. I do not know what to say about Sarah. Although you have not written in so many words that she never will get well, still your letters seem to indicate that such is the case.

If she isnt going to get well, hadnt she better know it? It is hard to tell her so, I know, but I think it would be better if she understood it.

I should like to be at home. I almost feel some times as though I must go, and then duty steps in, pride dictates, the future looms up in the distance, I see a ray of hope beyond. The dark clouds which have hung so heavily over us are beginning to lift, and we shall soon see the clear blue sky beneath them. The country is safe. The right must prevail. God will have it so. I believe it. And then how happy we shall be. I don't want to go home until the war is ended, and then go with the old 15th. Remember me to Caroline and Sarah and all the rest. Tell Georgie PaPa is very glad to know he can write so well, and that Papa wants to see him and Robie very much, and Mama too, and sends lots of love and kisses.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 28 Mar 1863 (87)

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[1] In his letter of 13 Mar, George mentions writing Joseph "the other day".

[2] Joseph S. Dennis left the ministry and took a sales position in Chicago. [1870, 1880 Census]

[3] Emily continually thought (and wanted) George should be promoted to Brig Gen, his rank in the Mass militia before the start of the War.

[4] Andrew G. Curtin (1817 – 1894). Wartime governor of Pennsylvania, Curtin was one of Lincoln's staunchest supporters.

[5] There were several Pennsylvania regiments in the II Corps. The 2nd Division alone had five: one brigade with four (the 2nd under Brig Gen Owen) and a fifth in the 3rd Brigade. [Sears: *Chancellorsville*, 456]

1990.63.2.88
GHW to EMW
31 Mar 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
March 31st [Tues] 1863

My dear Wife and Children,

Your letters of 24th and 26th have both come to hand, and [I] was very glad to get them, for I do like to get a letter from you so well. There is real pleasure and satisfaction in it, especially when you are all well at home. I mean you and the children. It is sad to think of Caroline and Sarah, but I am glad to think they are comfortably situated.[1] You needn't be afraid of writing too much about the children, or about yourself, it is just what I like most to hear, even if you do any thing funny, just make a note of it. I really do not know what to-say about that money. Perhaps on the whole it had better stay where it is for the present. A hundred dollars here and another one there I don't like. Let it be for the present. You say you took out all but 500 – I do not know how much you have on hand but there was about 800 in the Bank when I came away. It cost[s] me over a dollar a day to live here, and i want you to be as saving as possible for we do not know what may happen.

I do not know who sent me the N.Y. paper. I supposed you did at the time and have hardly thought of it since. Genl Howard's picture doesn't do him justice, and he is a very different man from what you would take him to be the looks of the picture. It snowed last night and this morn'g, it is all slosh and rainy. Yesterday was a very fine day, but we seldom get more than one at a time. I don't care any thing about Genl Devens fame or glory, or what J.S.C. Abbots' history says, it is all the same to me. It will probably remain as it is and who cares? I don't blame him or anyone else for getting all the glory they can, provided they don't steal it.

You needn't pay that new bill of Mr. Newton's.[2] Art[3] can keep it if he wishes to.

I have seen the Adj. Genl report where it speaks of Col. Kimball's[4] report of the 15. It says, "The report of Lt. Col. Kimball is written with so much modesty and ability" &c. Kimball didnt write the report and had nothing to do with it. Adj. Hooper[5] wrote it, and it was dictated by Lt. Col. Philbrick, and nothing was done about it until after Col. K. left the Regmt, but they signed K's name which they ought not to have done, as it gives him the credit. Philbrick ought to have signed it himself. As for Bartlett's and Eliz's talk, I don't care a fig for it. It they have been abused and are deserving of pity, pity them if they want to be.[6] But I would rather you would write about something else. I don't want to hear it. If they write any thing to me about it, they will not get any satisfaction. My advice would be to drink less rum and attend more to his own business, for his own sake. Bartlett better draw the money himself and keep it himself, and let it go towards the interest on what he "is out of pocket". I shall not send a new order for it as the orders have already been changed several times, and I do not know as I have any more to do about it (legally) than any one else.

000326

Our Surgeon is a young man, and unmarried.[7] He says the barber waxed his mustache and he is not in the habit of doing it himself, only on special occasions. I have not recd the Spy yet containing an ac[coun]t of the freshet.[8] If it keeps on raining and snowing here as it does now, we shall have one here. I am glad Robie is doing so well with his teeth, be careful he don't take cold. I recd a letter from Sam last night. He is all right. He wants we should write to him more. I gave Henry Caroline's letter; I didn't read it.

Remember me to Caroline and Sarah and look out for yourself. I wish you was out here, where you could sleep with me. I think I could keep you warm. I should like to see you and the children real well. I tell you a single man don't know any thing about it, or a single woman either. I have not recd your new photograph yet, but am waiting patiently. Just look as pretty as you can so I can kiss it with some degree of satisfaction. I have seen you look just as you look in that photograph but it isn't your natural expression. Have you heard any thing about selling off the "old place"? I have been expecting to see it advertised in the papers, but I suppose it will not be sold until the ground is settled. There seems to be an opinion that the war will not last much longer. I think two or three good victories would help our case very much,[9] and if we are ever to have them, it is about time. For my part I do not care how soon it closes, provided we whip them, which I am inclined to think we shall do. Tell Georgie and Robie that Papa sends lots of hugs and kisses, and Mama can distribute them in large quantities every night and morn'g. Good by my dear Em and little boys.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 31 Mar 1863 (88)

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[1] Caroline Ward was apparently also showing signs of tuberculosis; she would also die in Oct 1863 [see Genealogical Appendix.

[2] Rejoice Newton (1782 – 1868), prominent Worcester lawyer.

[3] Artemas Ward (1821 – 1865), George's older brother.

[4] John White Kimball (1828 – 1910). Kimball had resigned in Nov 1862 to take command of the 53rd Mass Vol Inf. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 145; IV, 621; 15th Mass Web Site]

[5] I. Harris Hooper (1839 – 1873).

[6] There must have been ill feelings about the circumstances of Sarah and Caroline leaving the Bartlett's and coming to live with Emily.

[7] F. Lebaron Monroe.

[8] See the Worcester Spy for March 24-27. The flood raised Mill Brook by 3 feet and inundated Fox's Pond (in present day Kelly Square).

[9] Even Gettysburg and the capture of Vicksburg in early July 1863 were not enough; the War would go on for almost two years longer.

000328

Artemus Ward

125
1990.63.2.89
GHW to EMW
6 Apr 1863

Camp Near Falmouth Va
April 6th [Mon] 1863

My dear Wife and Children,

I have recd three letters from you since I sent my last which was only day before yesterday[1] and I find I must scratch to keep up with you, so here goes. I am detailed again for tomorrow as corps officer of day, so if I didn't write tonight, I couldn't until day after tomorrow. I shall have another trip to the Lacy House, just opposite Fredericksburg. Like it very well in fair weather, still it is pretty hard as I am obliged to ride about 18 or 20 miles. There was a grand review[2] today of Cavalry and horse Artillery by President Lincoln & wife and Genl Hooker, and a thousand other stars. I went although I hadn't, or wasn't, a star.[3] Still I was on eagles' wings which is a very pretty bird and usually gets as near the stars as any thing. It was a splendid sight and most all the officers in the Armyu were present, so I had a splendid opportunity to see them and judge of their quality, as near as I could by their looks. Quite a number of ladies were present. Officers' wives. One a Prussian lady, the Princess of Sam Sam,[4] her husband is Col. of the 8th N.Y.[5] She was nicely dressed, rode splendidly and was very handsome. Mrs. Lincoln was in a carriage and I had a very good view of her. "Old Abe" is growing homely faster than ever. I didnt speak to him, but heard him talk with others. It was the greatest sight I ever saw.[6] It was only Cavalry and Artillery. As many more of Infantry are to be reviewed on the same ground tomorrow but it is doubtful about my going. The 1st, 3rd, 5th & 6th Corps, I hear.

I forgot to inclose Steele's[7] photograph in my last. Your dress is very pretty, rather on the Quaker style. I should think you would look very nicely in it after it was made up. I rekcd a letter from Joseph tonight. He appears well pleased with the change and says he will write me again very soon [with] the particulars. Your last letter is dated the 2nd. I am glad Robie is so well and funny. How I should like to see you and the children. Georgie will have a nice time at the farm, but I am afraid he will be harder to manage aafter he gets home. My leg is a good deal better. I dont think the trouble was owing to good or poor living but to exposure and damp weather. I have plenty to eat, and that which is good. I shall not say any thing about Cook,[8] only that he found it wouldn't do for him to say here every thing that he thought. He ~~owed~~ apologized and was released. He felt ashamed of it and I was sorry the occasion required it.

We had quite a snow storm night before last, and the roads are all mud again today. It was rather bad at the review but everything passed off very well. We were in plain sight of the rebs. I saw Hashook Davis, he is Lt. Col of an Ill. Cavalry Regmt[9] and was in command. I was on my horse as he passed. Genl Devens pointed him out to me. Genl Calvin E. Pratt was with us. Genls

Sedgwick, Howard, Gibbon, Couch, Handcock, Butterfield, Mede, Sickle, French, (red nose) ~~Orman~~ Owen and three times as many more that I didn't know.[10] There was a regular army of Field Officers and even Cols was at a discount. The 15th is improving very fast and what there is left cannot be beat by any of them about here.[11]

Henry recd a letter from Mary tonight, nothing very particular. We do not hear any thing about any movement although the Army is supposed to be in a complete state of readiness. I hear Hooker is anxious to start, but the govmt at Washington do not think it prudent. The rebs are in very strong force over the other side, stronger than ever before. I really shudder at the thought the Sarah cannot get well. I can hardly realize it. The fact is I cannot say any thing about it. She ought to know her situation but I don't blame you for not wanting to tell her. I feel sorry for she and Caroline both. I think and feel more than I have words to express. They can both have my money so long as it lasts to make them comfortable.

Tuesday. I am not very well today and remained at home. Nothing very particular the matter. I had some diahrear but am better. Lots of love and kisses. You look out for the photographs, all of them, and we will have something suitable to put them in sometime. Nothing more in particular now.

Goodbye,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 6 Apr 1863 (89)

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[1] This letter, written 4 Apr, is missing. [Emily mentions receiving it on 8 Apr in her letter of 9 Apr]

[2] Lincoln's visit and review are described in Sears. [Sears, *Chancellorsville*, 114-117]

[3] George means that he wasn't a General.

[4] Agnes (-?-) (1842 – 1881). Born in Baltimore and married to the Prince in 1862, she had been an actress and circus rider under the name of Agnes LeClercq. No doubt she was "very handsome and rode splendidly" as George describes. [www.famousamericans.net/princefelixsalmsalm]

[5] Felix Salm-Salm (1828 – 1870. Born in Prussia, he joined the Prussina army, came to the US in 1861 and volunteered his services to the Union. After the war he went to Mexico and served in the Maximilian's military. He then returned to Prussia, re-entered their army and was killed in action. [www.famousamericans.net/princefelixsalmsalm]

[6] Attorney General Edward Bates called it "the grandest sight I every saw". [Sears, *Chancellorsville*, 114]

[7] William R. Steele (1842 – 1903). Originally a non-com on the Staff of the 15th, at this time, Steele was a 1st Lieut. In Co E. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 133]

[8] Apparently David Cook made some comments during his visit with Mr. St. John that did not "sit well" with the Regiment.

[9] Hasbrouck Davis (–) of the 12th Illinois Cavalry. In May 1863, he would lead his regiment in a successful raid into Confederate territory under Stoneman. [Sears, *Chancellorsville*, 368]

[10] John Sedwick (VI Corps), Oliver O. Howard (XI Corps), John Gibbon (2nd Div, II Corp), Darius N. Couch (II Corps), Winfield Scott Hancock (1st Div, II Corps), Daniel Butterfield (Chief of Staff to Hooker), George G. Meade (V Corps), Daniel E. Sickles (III Corps), William H. French (3rd Div, II Corps), Joshua T. Owen (2nd Brig, 2nd Div, II Corps). [from Order of Battle at Chancellorsville as given by Sears, *Chancellorsville*, 453-467]

[11] John Gibbon, commander of the 2nd Division, thought they were one of the best under his command.

000332

William R Steele (1990.63.1.235)

1990.63.2.177
EMW to GHW
9 Apr 1863
No. 29

At Home April 9th [Thurs] 1863

My Dear Husband

I would give a great deal to look in upon you tonight and see just how you are and what you are doing, and have a good long talk about matters and things and so on but there's no use talking so I will write. I recd your letter of the 4th last night,[1] it had been five days since I have rec'd a letter from you and I was getting ineasy. Then the direction looked so different from your writing that I thought it must be Henry's and you were sick. I was glad to hear that you were all right, and "not so much prospect of a move". I keep hoping that there will be very little fighting needed to subdue the Rebels, especially in Virginia. I am sorry you have lost Gen. Howard and hope that some time things will turn up to your advantage, even though your political friends are few and far between. I didn't find any "Bob's photograph". You said you enclosed one in your letter, but I "didn't see it". I have been up today to have my picture taken; it was the fourth appointment I have made with Claflin and the first that I have been able to keep. But this afternoon circumstances the weather were propitious and Mr. Claflin says he has got some very good pictures. I am to have the proofs day after tomorrow, and then you shall have one of each kind. I presume there will be something lacking,[2] but then you know that is the case with the original. Why don't you send the other one back? I am going to have the children sit together again for Georgie's sake. I know I can have a better one of them, they were so still the other time. Georgie has dropped that habit of winking entirely. He went down to the Farm again today, he left lots of hugs and kisses for me to put in Papa's letters. Yesterday Georgie was sitting on the <u>indispensable</u> in the bedroom, when he and Robie took a notion to have one of "Papa"s hugs." Rob stooped over to accommodate himself to circumstances and they began "a long hug" but when they got to "strong hug", they rolled over all in a bunch. I picked them up and repaired damages and Georgie set down again now said he "less have a hug all together". So they went at it again and I stood by to prevent accidents, Today Robie was fussy and I gave him a lead pencil "want letter Mama" (he calls all paper, letters), want to write Papa letter," so I gave him some paper. In about two minutes he came again pointing up to where my writing tools were, "want some of that stuff Mama, want some of that stuff up dere". He meant the ink. I dipped his pencil into the ink and he scratched away a little while and then got mad because I wouldn't give him the inkstand. I don't know what he did with his letter, he generally uses them up writing them.

Mr. Newton called today. he has seen Art, and he says he will pay for the pew, but he wants it, if he pays for it, all to himself. I told him he could have it. I think that was rather smart seeing how much his family have sat in the pew without paying for it.

We have been having very bad weather since April came in, a snowstorm every two or three days. Today has been pleasant and tonight we are having the most splendid exhibition of northern lights.[3] I presume you are having the same thing with you.[4] The light formed a perfect arch from the eastern to the western horizon, and looked as it the tails to a lot of Comets had started off in single file to seek their fortunes, only it was about six times a bright and large as any comet's tail.

Don't be anxious about us at home. We are getting along very well; if any one had hinted six moths ago the possibility of my being situated just as I am, I should have protested against it, but now that I am so situated, I make the best of it and it doesn't seem half so hard. Caroline waits on Sarah altogether in the day time, sits with her and is over her more than I am. Some things that she isn't strong enough to do, come upon me, but nothing but what I can get along with easily. I am sure anyone to see what Sarah suffers couldn't have the heart to complain of any thing they had to do for her; she has the worst of it. Her lungs are affected badly and she coughs dreadfully but her chief trouble, and what she suffers most from, is ulceration of the bowels. Dr. Bates came down with Dr Martin last Sunday, and he says nothing can be done for her but to make her as comfortable as possible. She takes no medicine now but opium drops, her appetite is all gone, and she grows weaker every day. Caroline's cough has been better for the last week. I am very well, and think so much of my health that I shall try to keep so, and the children are "all right" as Robie says.

How is your leg now? Does it look as it did when you left home or does it look better? It ought to. How do you get along with your stockings? How do you dress your leg now? I wish it would heal. Do you get my papers any more regularly now? The Spy has been rather dry lately of Worcester news. I am most interested in the war news, what shall we hear from Charleston? Give my love to all my soldier friends, send me all the photographs you pick up and don't tell wrong stories about putting them in my letters. Love & kisses to you from me and the children. Good bye darling. from Your wife

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 9 Apr 1863 (177)

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[1] This letter is missing. The reference to "Bob", therefore, is somewhat obscure although it may refer to his artificial leg.

[2] Emily seems resigned to the fact that she will not take a good picture or, at least, George will not be happy with them.

[3] The Worcester Spy for 10 Apr commented on them. Apparently the last time they had been seen so spectacularly in Worcester was in September 1827.

[4] Aurora borealis are dependent on local conditions but this, of course, would not have been known to Emily.

1990.63.2.90
GHW to EMW
11 Apr 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
April 11th [Sat] 1863

My dear Wife and Children,

We are having very fine weather now, and things begin to look as though we might look for it with some degree of certainty. I suppose you know before this that Henry is promoted higher and still higher.[1] I have not recd a letter from you for several days but get Spys often. Mr. Hooper[2] of the Transcript was here yesterday and I showed him the sights: took him down to the river where he could see plenty of rebs. He appeared to enjoy it very much although he got very tired. He wasnt used to riding which accounted for it. It was the first time he ever saw any rebs, and it was a great sight for him. They happened to be quite plenty on the other side of the river just at that time. I went to Falmouth and then opposite Fredericksburg, showed him where our Army crossed, and pointed out the principal places of interest, where the battle was fought, and the buildings that were used for hospitals, showed him "Old Lady Washington's" tomb. He appeared to, and I guess he did, enjoy it. I came away and left him at the Lacy House. He agreed to come back by 5 o'cl and witness our dress parade but I didnt see any more of him.

I understand there is an order out to reduce all Regmts below 720 to a battalion organization of not less than five Companies. To muster out of service the Col, Major, one Asst Surgeon, and all Company officers above the number required to officer the Co's retained. I do not know how is is coming out but if it is carried through, it will make the biggest row in the Army that ever yet happened. It will apply to the 15th, of course. The Regmt that have suffered the most, been in the service the longest, been foremost in every fight, and because they have been unfortunate enough to get killed and wounded, the Govmt is going to dam[n] them for it. Officers that have seen the most service, of the largest experience and consequently are supposed to be the most competent are to be kicked out. It is like a man grabbing a drowning man by the hair just as he was sinking the last time and, because he was instrumental in saving the man's life, the man kicks his A-S for it. But such is life. We shall see in a few days, probably, "what we shall see"; in the mean time, let her rip. It seems a pity just as the Army has got into excellent condition and the best of feelings prevails and every thing going on smoothly, to throw a fire brand. When this war ceases to be a political war, then our army will begin to accomplish something and not till then. It was supposed to be the conscripts were to be take to fill up the old Regmt which is the true way to dispose of them. One new man in an old Regmt is worth three new men in a new Regmt. If the order is carried into effect, Henry's commission probably will not amt to any thing, and you will see "your uncle" coming home pretty soon, all covered with glory. You neednt show this letter to any one as I didnt write it for exhibition. The order will apply to three fourths of the Regmts in the Service.

I am all right, felling well, only a little cross perhaps, but that will happen, you know, occasionally. I don't think there is any prospect of this Army's moving for the present and, if that order is carried out and they attempt to mover afterwards, they will get licked like the devil any way.

Here is lots of love to you and the children, and any quantity of kisses and every thing else imaginable.

From your old game leg,

George

P.S. Since I wrote the above, I have seen a copy of the order and it is not so bad for us as was supposed. Instead of being less than the minimum as it was told me, the order read less than half the minimum number, which is 490 and we have on our rolls 560.[3] I will take back a good deal that I have written, but I was not to blame as I got my information from a general officer. He was mistaken. I would tare this up and write a new one if I had time. I did not care so much about the order on my own account as I did on ac't of the Regmt. I am feeling better now. Don't let any one see this. I wrote just what I thought but shall let it go.

Very Affectionately,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 11 Apr 1863 (90)

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[1] Henry C. Ward was promoted to Sgt Major in Co D on 26 Feb 1863 and to 2nd Lieut on 14 Mar. The latter promotion was apparently after Albert Smith declined the position. [*Mass Soldiers and Sailors* II, 162; Worcester Spy, 6 Apr 1863]

[2] William Robert Hooper (1820 –).

[3] According to Ford (p 243), the 15th had 607 men on its rolls at morning report, 9 Apr 1863

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[3] According to Ford (p 243), the 15th had 607 men on its rolls at morning report, 9 Apr 1863

1990.63.2.91
GHW to EMW
12 Apr 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
April 12th [Sun] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children,

It is Sunday eveng and here I am all alone in my tent writing to you, to tell you how I am and what the news is &c &c. It has been very fine weather for several days past and the traveling is very good. I took a ride down to the picket line this morng but didnt see many rebs. Grass about here is quite green and I saw cherry trees in blossom. You can hardly form any idea of the uneasiness of the Country about here. If this is a specimen of Old Va", I wouldnt live here permanently for the whole State The habits of the people, their style of living, and manner of doing things are so at variance with every thing that partakes of enterprise, skill and genius, that a live Yankee would be out of his element here entirely. Shiftlessness and laziness are the crowning features, so far as I am able to judge, of the FFVs of Va.

I suppose Georgie and Robie must alter very fast. They must be learning to talk very rapidly & I presume they are growing very fast, for such little folks do usually when they are healthy. I do want to see them so, and you too, but it doesn't do any good to wish. I am here and you are there, but I cant but help think of home every little while, most always when I am not thinking of <u>any thing else</u>, and who can help it, when they have got such a kind wife and two such pretty children. I can hardly realize that I am so far away. Who ever thought that occasion would ever require it but so it is. I hope and pray that we shall all be reunited again, and that this wicked rebellion will soon be brought to a close.

We are having a warm rain tonight. It is commencing very gently but gradually increasing. and I am inclined to think it will be considerably of a shower before it is over. The chances are that we shall be on the move before another Sunday, report has it so. and I think it more than probable that each is the case. Two or three Corps I hear are now under marching orders, and a Cavalry officer here today said the Cavalry force were under orders to move tomorrow.[1] I think it is the intention to cross above here, but hardly think a movement in force will be made here until we hear something definite from Charleston.[2] I must say that I have great anxiety for our forces there. I hope for the best however.

Inclosed you will find our Adjts photograph,[3] also Capt Kimbal's of the 51st[4] which he sent me and requested mine in return. He wrote me a very flattering letter. The Bank account is all right. I recd Spy tonight from you of [the] 8th. I suppose Sarah is no better and Caroline wrote Henry that he neednt be surprised to hear of her death at most any tme. I recd a letter from Artemas in which he speaks of calling, and his is willing to do all he can, but does not speak very complimentary of Bartlett.

Monday morng. I have just been to breakfast and thought I would finish this letter. It has cleared off nicely, and we shall have a fine day. Henry is rather elated with his promotion; still it is somewhat uncertain about his getting mustered, on act of the order I referred to in my last. If any of the last batch of promotions are mustered, he will be. Henry goes out on picket today. We detail 50 men and two officers daily as our share. Sometimes more than half of the Regmt is off on special or detached duty. It happened so at the President's review, but our Regmt was even then larger than many others. As our Regmt passed the President, Genl Gibbon, who took Genl Howard's, place[5] told the Presdt "that is the Mass 15th of Ball's Bluff notoriety". "Old Abe" made an extra very low bow.

I shall endeavor to keep you posted in relation to our movements. Lt Col Philbrick is quite out of health, and the Drs advise him to go North on leave of absence. His complaint is chronic diarrhea and is very severe. He is almost discouraged. I am afraid if he doesn't get better, he will be resigning.[6] He is one of that kind of men that we can hardly afford to lose. He is one of those blunt, outspoken men, but a man of fine feelings, generous, and very brave. I shall expect your photograph in the next letter, and hope it will be a good one.

Give my regards to all. Love and kisses to you and the children,

Affectionately,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 12 Apr 1863 (91)

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[1] Federal cavalry, under Gen. George Stoneman, set out on a raid south on the 13th but aborted it two days later when torrential rains made the river fords uncrossable. [Foote II, 263-64; Sears, 123]

[2] A combined Union naval and army force was attempting to enter Charleston harbor and capture the city. Unfortunately, Confederate guns crippled the naval force and it was forced to withdraw on 8 April. [Foote II, 221-232]

[3] Albert Prince (1839 – 1881), Captain, Co E. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 167; Ford, 235]

[4] Daniel W. Kimball (~1839 –) of Blackstone.

[5] O. O. Howard was put in command of the XI Corps in early April and John Gibbon assumed command of the 2nd Div, II Corps.

[6] Philbrick would, indeed, resign 16 Apr 1863 on a surgeon's certificate of disablility. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 187]

000339

Albert Prince

1990.63.2.178
EMW to GHW
12 Apr 1863
No 30

At Home April 12th [Sun] 1863

My Dear Husband

Sunday night: Georgie down to the Farm, Robie asleep in bed, Caroline down stairs with Henry, Sarah asleep in the next room, and myself writing. That is our situation. We are all well with the exception of Sarah. Caroline's cough has been less troublesome for the past week. She has been drinking ale lately and it seems to strengthen her. She has had several bottles sent her, and Art has promised to send her more.[1] He was down here the other day and brought oranges & oysters and Madeira wine for Sarah. She can't bear the sight or smell of an oyster, so we were obliged to eat them ourselves which was a trial, of course.

I don't like to hear of your being sick ever so slightly. I am afraid you don't have a very good chance to take care of yourself. The Review must have been a great treat to you. I am glad you have had so splendid an opportunity to see the Lions and Lionesses.[2] Be sure and report when any thing happens worth telling. I am always interested in all that interests you.

We have had two very pleasant days, and the mud has dried up very much. It is very good walking but it is getting ready to rain tomorrow. I hope the drying up of the mud will not be the signal for the Army to "cross".[3] If they are ordered across, I don't want you to go. I wouldn't say a word if you stood a fair chance with the other Off's but you can not go through what would be required of you, and you run a double risk. Don't tell me I don't know any thing about it because I do.

I am sorry to say that my photograph is a failure again, the one you have is a beauty [compared] to the one last taken. I shall keep trying. When I find that I really cannot have a picture without showing the whites of my eyes on the lower side, I will give it up. I sat and looked just as Claflin told me to. (The first time with Georgie he let me have my own way;) and the face has such a resigned expression it is enough to make you sick You couldn't kiss it, I know you couldn't. When I went to Claflin's last week they gave me another card taken at the same time of the one you have. I send it to you because it is a little better about the eyes. It will do to keep until I get one fit to send you for I mean to keep trying. I know I'm not handsome but I don't look like a fool, and my last picture does. Lt Steele's[4] photograph arrived safely. It is very good, no better than the original. Thank you and him for it.

Waldo Healy[5] & wife[6] are visiting at Caroline's.[7] Mary Lucy's[8] brother William Amidon[9] who belonged to the 15th has got his discharge and is at home all broken down; his health is entirely ruined. Mary is very anxious that you should see Dr. McGregor about your leg. He is in

Washington in quite a prominent position and if you should see him, he may tell you of something new for your leg.

Dr. Martin brought Dr Geo. Bates here today, all the way from "Yarrope" as he says.[10] He wished to be remembered to you. He arrived in New York the ... I have forgoten the date but not many days since and he was in London at the time of the great rush to see the Princess Alexandra on her arrival from Denmark.[11] Miss Mary Bigelow[12] called the other day. She heard that the children had the croup and she wanted to know how they were. We have heard nothing from Joseph since he he moved. We are all rather glad that he is out of the ministry; it was too hard work for them both. Roland Perry[13] has left Crompton's and gone into a grocery store on Front St in company with a Mr. Allen on Park St.[14] I see by the Spy that Mr. Scandlin leaves for the seat of War as soon as the legislature adjourns.[15] He goes as Chaplain at large in the Army of the Rappahannock. Can't you manage to need his services very much in the 15th Regmt?

Sarah is about the same as when I wrote last. The opium drops quiet her and keep her free from pain when she is under the influence of them, but she grows poorer & weaker all the time. I am, taking care of Sarah tonight. She has quite comfortable nights but still she needs some one 'to see to her. I get a great deal of sleep on the sofa. I am getting so sleepy that I cannot write, so I bid you good bye, my dear husband. Remember and take good care of yourself, from your own wife

Em

P.S. Please send back my other photograph. Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 12 Apr 1863 (178)

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[1] Artemas Ward (1821 – 1865), George's older brother. He owned an "eatery" on Norwich Street in downtown Worcester.

[2] Referring to the review of Hooker's army on 6 April and all the dignitaries and wives who attended. [see GHW to EMW: 6 Apr]

[3] To cross the Rappahanock River and engage Lee's army around Fredericksburg.

[4] William R. Steele (1842 – 1903). At this time, Steele was a 1st Lieut. in Co E. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 133]

[5] Waldo Healy (1821 – 1885). The Healy's were residents of Dudley, Mass where the Mayo sisters were born. They would thus be well known to Emily and George.

[6] Mary Lucy (Amidon) Healy (1822 – 1908)

[7] Caroline (Mayo) Harrington, Caroline Ward being at Emily's and ill.

[8] William Amidon (1829 – 1910). A private in Co E, Amidon was among the missing at Ball's Bluff and was discharge for disability in Jan 1863. Note that he lived another 47 years despite Emily's comment that his health was "completely runined". [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 162; 15th Mass Web Site]

[9] Mary Lucy (Amidon) Healy.

[10] George Bates, brother of Joseph N. Bates, had made the "obligatory" European visit for 19th century physicians. He returned to Worcester to help his brother in his practice.

[11] Princess Alexandra "Alix" of Denmark (1844 – 1925) married Edward, son of Queen Victoria (and later Edward VII of England) in March 1863.

[12] Mary Bigelow (1821 – 1872), sister of Francis Bigelow. Aged 32 at this time, she would never marry.

[13] Rowland Perry (1820 – 1897), a pattern maker at Crompton's Mills. He lived at 23 Washington St, around the corner from Gold St, and thus was a neighbor of the Wards. [1863 Worc City Dir]

[14] Dwight D. Allen (1837 – 1864), a grocer at 8 Front St. (Emily was mistaken as to the address). A notice in the Worcester Spy at the time indicates that Rowland Perry had assumed the business. At any rate, Allen enlisted in the 57th Mass in late 1863 and was killed at the Battle of Crater (Petersburg) on 30 July 1864, leaving a wife and young son. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors IV, 857; Warren Wilkerson *Mother, May You Never See the Sights I Have Seen* New York:, Harper & Row (1990), 558]

[15] Worcester Spy for 11 April 1863.

1990.63.2.179
EMW to GHW
14 Apr 1863
No 31

At Home[1] April 14th [Tues] 1863

My Dear Husband.

Wednesday night and I have not had a letter this week. Don't put me on short allowance yet, write often if you write ever so little. The last time you wrote you were a little unwell and I am anxious to hear again. We are all well at home excepting Sarah. She is still failing. The medicine she is taking makes her seem better than she really is while she is under the influence of it, but when that passes off she is all gone, and is in the greatest distress until she takes her drops again.

We are having beautiful Spring weather, the blue birds & robins are looking up tenements and getting ready for housekeeping and the trees are just ready to burst into blossoms. Georgie is here tonight. Mother came up this P.M. to Sewing C, and brought him, she stays tonight at C's and will go home tomorrow and take Georgie. He is just as easily managed when he comes home. I can do any thing with him if I will only tell him stories, and I have told him every thing I knew. and made up as many more about all sorts of good and bad pigs, ugly wolves, and good and bad little girls and boys. He always gives me the text and I have to extemporize to suit my congregation (of one people). He gave me kisses for "Father" (he wont say Papa) tonight when he went to bed. He asks some queer questions; tonight he wanted to know if God lived up in the sky, what he did rainy days. As for Robie he beats all the boys I know Here comes a letter, we'll let Rob go till I read it. The date is April 11th. I have read it, and I must say that t sounded perfectly natural. I read the P.S. first, so I didn't have a chance to feel bad. I cant help laughing now to think how wrathy you got. I don't wonder at it, I think you had cause. I think the occasion would have justified your kicking over something as I have no doubt you did; but I am glad it was not so bad it would have been a burning shame. I would like to see my Uncle come home ~~well enough~~ ever so much, but not on those conditions. How will those Reg'nts feel that come-under the required No? Are there enough of them to make trouble? I send three letters a week and a Spy every day; if Hooper has been to see you, I shall look out for the Transcript.

I see by the papers that Church Howe has resigned his Major's com[mission] and will take charge of the Bay State House.[2] Isn't that a sudden change? I presume it is caused by the state of his health. Mrs. Dwinnell[3] has gone to her husband, she expects to remain with him. Mrs. Harkness[4] is out there. Mrs. Capt. Foster[5] of the 25th is with her husband; he was sick and sent for her.

I went to the Worcester Bank yesterday, and took 100 dolls. and put it in the Mechanics Savings Bank. They will receive $1000 from any one individual. but will only receive $100 a quarter from any one individual.[6] So we have $600 in the Mechanics Savings and $500 on deposit in the Worcester Bank

Fred has not gone to Mr. Ward's yet.[7] Mr. W. has been waiting for his wife's mother[8] to keep house for him. Today he came here to see Fred, and told him he was going to carry on Mrs. Barrett's Farm and wants Fred to go there next Monday. Fred says he as much as told him he was going to be married to Mrs. B. Perhaps he may and perhaps he mayn't. I shouldn't dare to report it for truth quite yet.[9] Caroline is a little disappointed because Henry has not answered her letter, the one she sent with mine.[10]

William Freeman[11] of the 53rd has got his discharge and come home. He was on his way at the time of the attack on Charleston. He says some of the officers of the attacking squadron came on board the steamer in which he was, and from them it was generally understood that the *Keokuk* was sent up merely as a bait to test the strength of the Rebel defenses,[12] and that they are as sure of taking Charleston as they can be possibly [be]. William likes to talk, but he is so apt to croak, that we are inclined to believe him when he does tell a piece of good news.

Robie sat on the carpet yesterday talking to himself. I didn't notice what he was saying until he turned round, "Mama, I talking to Uncle George. Where is Uncle George? Up here," pointing up to your picture. I keep it in the dining room now that Sarah has the front room, and Robie talks to it ever so much, try to "make Papa laff". He went down to Mrs. Manson's[13] & Mrs, Fletcher[14] with Sarah[15] yesterday. He is a very good boy to take out and both the children behave much better when anyone comes than they did when you were at home. Robie goes to every one, and is not at all afraid and he is not too forward. You must not think because I write so much in praise of our boys, that I don't see their faults. They have plenty of them but they really do improve upon the whole and of course when I am writing to you, I write what you like to hear best. Lois[16] asked Georgie where his Papa was the other day. "Oh (said he) he's off with his five hundred fifteenth." I wish if you can do any thing about transferring that order for drawing the state aid, you would do so.[17] I don't want Bartlett to draw it and make a great spread, and bring it down here as if -he was my right hand man. I don't want any of his favors and he would consider that one.

Write often as you can. I do I hope you are all right. Love to Henry and love and kisses more than I can tell from your little boys and your loving wife

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 14 Apr 1863 (179)

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[1] 10 Gold Street

[2] Noted in the Worcester Spy for 14 Apr.

[3] Ellen Adeline (Shepard) Dwinnell (1838 –), wife of Benjamin D. Dwinnell, Quartermaster of the 51st Mass Vol Inf.

[4] Ella M (Huntington) Harkness (1841 –), wife of Elijah J. Harkness, major in the 51st Mass Vol Inf.

[5] wife of Albert H. Foster.

[6] Emily presumably indicates the initial deposit may be up to $1,000 but subsequent deposits are limited.

[7] Asa Wiliam Ward at the Barrett farm in Auburn.

[8] Esther (Jacobs) Alton (– 1897).

[9] Asa Ward and Mary Barrett were married soon thereafter.

[10] The exact date is not known as Emily did not so indicate in any of her earlier letters.

[11] William T. Freeman (–), brother of Joshua and Josiah Freeman. He was discharged for disability in New Orleans in March 1863 [Mass Soldiers and Sailors IV, 649]

[12] The *Keokuk* was one of Admiral DuPont's monitor's attacking Charlestown. Last in the line of Federal ships, it was "riddled like a collander", according to one witness by 90 hits from the guns at Ft. Sumter. It sank that night. [Foote II, 230]

[13] Harriet (Day) Manson, wife of Otis Manson. They lived at 22 Green Street, probably just around the corner from Gold.

[14] Johanna C. ( ) Fletcher (1822 – 1887), wife of Benjamin Fletcher at 27 Green St.

[15] Probably Sarah (Mayo) Freeman as Sarah Ward sounds much to ill to be up and about.

[16] Lois Harrington.

[17] Monies paid by the State to support families of soldiers.

1990.63.2.92
GHW to EMW
14 Apr 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
April 14th [Tues] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children

Your No 29 of the 9th inst was recd last night, and was glad to hear you were all right. Dont be surprised ~~be~~, we are now under marching orders and liable to start at most any moment. We are ordered to have eight days rations and 140 rounds ammunition to be ready to start tomorrow but I hardly think we shall get off for two or three days, cannot say whether we go up or down the river but we are to cross over somewhere. The troops are all feeling well and are getting ready as deliberately as though they were about starting for home. The general impression is that the rebs have most all left on the other side. Report has it tonight that Genl Lee is N. C,[1] and that Genl Foster has surrendered.[2] If Lee is there, he has most or a large portion of his army with him. Still I guess there are some over here.

Lt Col, Philbrick has tendered his resignation. He is all used up and has been unfit for duty for several days. He cannot get well here and rather than ask for a furlough, has applied for a discharge. He is a very valuable officer and will be a serious loss to the Regmt. The Dr Munroe looked at my leg today and told me I was unfit for active duty, and could not stand it. Dr Dyer[3] thought I could by being careful. Dr D is the Div. Surgeon. I think I shall try it, but if I am obliged to give up at all, I should prefer to do so now, rather than go on and give up after we get under way. I shall not take-any risks, but I want to see what there is to see though. Inclosed you will find Capts Russell[4] & Murkland's[5] photograph[s], both are nice men and good officers. I wrote the direction you returned; it was a little odd, but I did it nevertheless.

Wednesday morng. It is raining very hard this morng and I hardly think we shall get off today. I am just thinking what I could do in this rain. I should be obliged to give it up if I undertook it. I think I shall go down and see the Corps Surgeon with Dr Munroe this morning. My leg doesn't appear to get along much, and I am about discouraged with it. It will look sometimes as if it was going to get well immediately, and then it will break out new almost as bad as ever. This rain must disconcert the plans very much and a move now would be equivalent to a "stick in the mud" When I wrote last, it did look as though we should remain here for a while but the wind shifted very suddenly and things look very differently now. I confess I feel little blue this morning with my prospect in view. I do not like to resign. I only want to feel sure I can stand it. If my leg was sound, I shouldn't hesitate a moment. I presume your advise would be to get out of it, but there is where the stick comes.

Art can have the pew by paying for it, but I think after having the use of it for a year at my expense, to now make such a statement is a little strange. Let him have it. I cannot pay new rent

any longer for his family. I do not feel much anxiety about you at home; still I claim an interest in that direction. No doubt you are getting along well as can be expected. Henry is well and feeling well, and I am pretty well. We shall manage to get along some how, so don't borrow any trouble. It will all be for the best, This war is not to last always, and when it closes it will be the happiest time this country ever saw. The mails will probably be very irregular for a while, owing to the uncertain state of things. I shall keep your photograph until I receive the new one. I shall write as often as I have opportunity, whether we stay here or move on. Give my love to all, kiss Georgie and Robie often, remember me to Caroline and Sarah. Lots of love to you, the children and plenty of kisses. From your affectionate husband,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 14 Apr 1863 (92)

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[1] Lee sent Longstreet's I Corps to southeastern Virginia, both to harass the Union forces in the area and to relieve the pressure on northern Virginia for supplying his entire Army with food and supplies. [Foote II, 256-261]

[2] John G. Foster (1823 – 1874), commander of Fortress Monroe

[3] J. Franklin Dyer (1826 – 1879), surgeon in the 19th Mass. His letters and journal have been recently published: Michael B. Chesson, ed *The Journal of a Civil War Surgeon* (U. Nebraska Press, 2003).

[4] Edward Justin Russell (1833 – 1916) from N. Brookfield. Captain, Co F. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 175; 15th Mass Web Site]

[5] John Murkland (1835 – 1863) of Co B (Fitchburg). Starting as a Sergeant, Murkland received a battlefield commission to Captain at Antietam. Died of wounds at Gettysburg, 3 Jul 1863. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 145; 15th Mass Web Site]

000343

Edward Justin Russell

1990.63.2.93
GHW to EMW
16 Apr 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
April 16th [Thurs] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children,

Here I am again all alone as I usually am when I write to you. We have not moved yet, but are expecting to every day. Yesterday it rained torrents most all day, so that things will be deferred a few days longer, but the mud will dry up now very rapidly, only give it a chance. The ground is so well settled. Hon Henry Wilson[1] was here this afternoon and stayed until after our dress parade, He expressed himself well pleased with the Regmt. He was in considerable of a hurry or would [have] stayed longer. He told me he would do any thing he could for me, said I was deserving of it, and was entitled to favors if any one. I made several suggestions and we shall see what we shall see. Say nothing.

Lt. Col Philbrick, I am sorry to say, has applied for, and will probably receive, his discharge tomorrow. He is all used up and cannot live if he remains here, his complaint was contracted years ago in California.[2] It will be a great loss to the Regmt as he fills a certain place that no other man in the Regnt can fill.

I revd your letter of 12th (No 30) tonight with the photograph and it was quite a relief to me when I learned that it was not the new setting. I think it rather better than the other one, but I don't like it any way, either of yourself or Georgie. Georgie looks sick and you look cross. I will wait patiently until you get a good one. Henry rec'd Caroline's letter with Sam's tonight. Henry is attached to Co F which is the Brookfield Co, commanded by Capt.Ellingwood.[3] Inclosed you will find photograph of Lt Fletcher[4] who is one of our very bravest officers, They are very desirous of exchanging with me.

Friday. I don't believe the Army will move today because it is Friday, and it looks very much like rain. It looks a little as though Genl Foster was getting into a tight place. A man of his reputation ought not to be caught knapping. Large numbers of troops in the vicinity of Washington have gone to Fortress Munroe. The rebs are in the vicinity of Suffolk in large force.[5] Some still think we are to remain here (our Corps) but no one knows, it is all guess work. There has been so much of this and that thing that I don't much care where we do go. Rol Perry will find a difference in his business.[6]

I have not heard any thing new from Joseph. I saw James Dennis, he is well and never looked better. Geo Bates didn't stay in "Yarrope" as long as he expected. He thought he should be gone a year.[7] Dr. McGregor[8] may be a wonderful man, perhaps he is, but we have lots of them out here. I took a ride down to Falmouth last night for exercise. The river is very high now caused by

the recent heavy rains. Grass is very green and "cattle are on the hills" and rebs to[o] on the other side. The country around Fredericksburg is looking beautifully now. There are some very pretty rides around here. My horse feels so good when he gets out, that he is off like a kite. I let him out sometimes when the road is all right, and then grass doesn't grow under his feet much.

I am glad Georgie has stopped his winking habit. He will get so accustomed to the farm that he will hardly be contented when he gets home. I should think Robie would miss him, but there are so many school children about there, that he wouldn't get lonesome. I should think Sarah's taking so much opium would move her sick to her stomach, and take away her appetite. I have just recd Lt Col Philbrick's discharge. He will probably leave for home tomorrow. I am real sorry. I have been watching the papers expecting to see the old place advertised, but as yet "don't see".[9] I see in the Spy Mr. Crompton has contracted for a nice house on his new lot, so I suppose he will be moving some day.[10] I should rather some of the others would move more and have him stay. If Mr. Brooks[11] will give $5.00 for that anvil and no more, let him have it. It is worth more than that though.

Give my love to Caroline and Sarah and all the rest. Lots of kisses for you and the children.

Affectionately.

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 16 Apr 1863 (93)

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[1] Senator from Massachusetts.

[2] None of Philbrick's biographies mention time spent in California prior to (or after) the War.

[3] Lyman Haskell Ellingwood (1839 – 1911).

[4] Samuel Judson Fletcher (1831 – 1924), Co H of Northbridge. One of three brothers in the 15th, only Samuel survived the War, the other two James Brainerd and George Fergo being killed at Antietam and Gettysburg respectively. [15th Mass Web Site]

[5] Longstreet's Corps had been detached from the Army of Northern Virginia in mid-February and sent to southeastern Virginia, both to counter Union moves in that direction and to relieve the supply situation around Fredericksburg. [Foote II, 240, 251ff].

[6] Roland/Rowland Perry (1822 –), carpenter and pattern maker in Worcester.

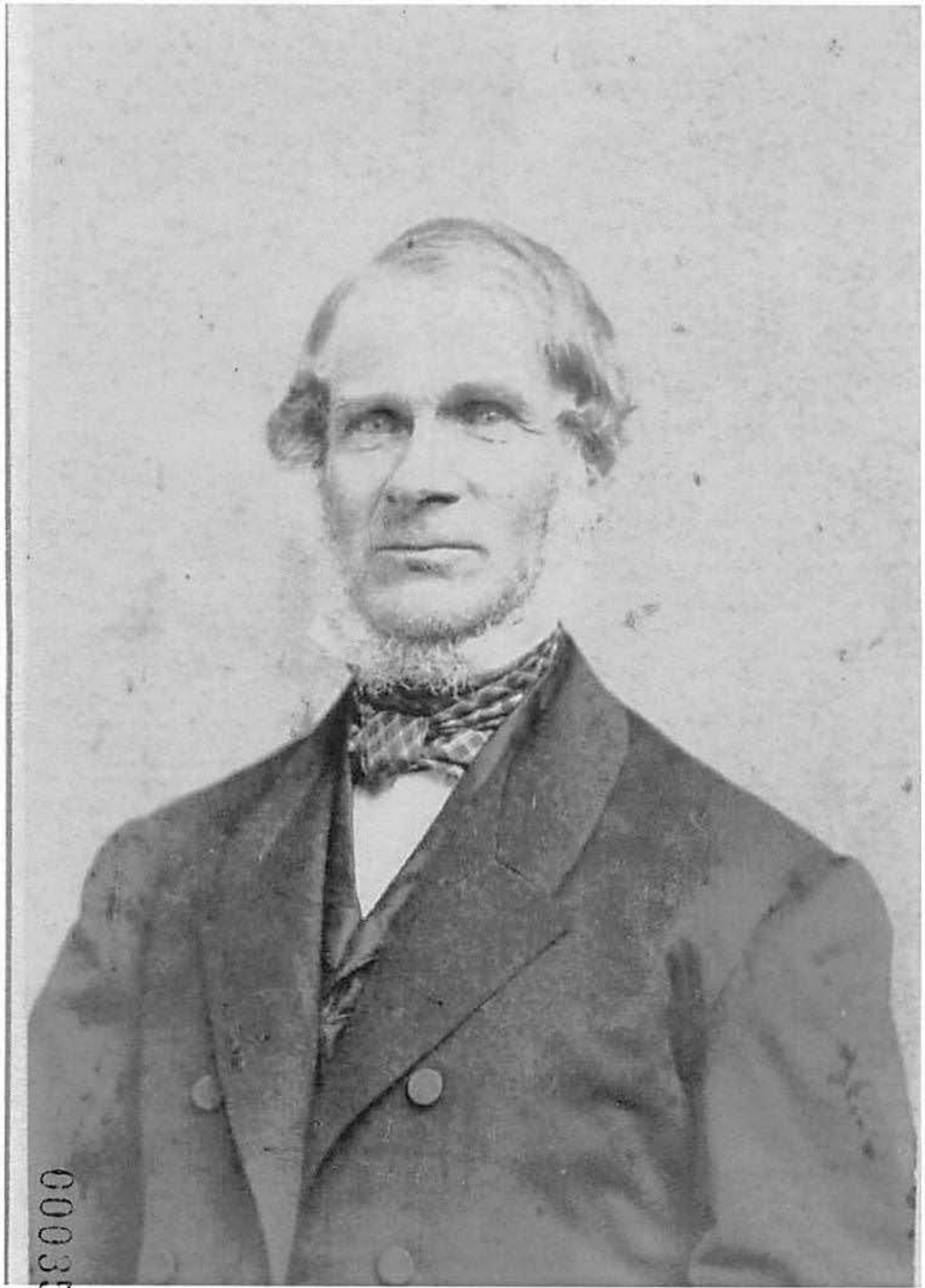
[7] George Bates cut his European tour short to return to Worcester to assume his brother's, Joseph, practice when the latter joined the 15th.

[8] See Emily's letter of

[9] Presumably the home of Col. Artemas Ward, George's father. Dwight Foster, as surviving executor, did sell some Ward property in 1863-64 after George's death but not at this time.

[10] The Spy for 10 Apr 1863 stated that George Crompton planned an "elegant mansion" on the John F. Pond estate on Union Hill (current site of St. Vincent Hospital).

[11] John H. Brooks (1809 – 1894), farmer in North Worcester. See Emily's letter of 8 Mar 1863.



00035

Samuel Judson Fletcher

1990.63.2.180
EMW to GHW
17 Apr 1863
No 32

At Home April 17th [Fri] 1863

My Dear Husband,

I haven't any thing in particular to write, but I write just the same and know it will be just as acceptable. I have been again today to Clafins but shall not say any thing about it until I have the picture to send you because I want to surprise you. I hope it wont look very cross, and I'm sure I hope it wont look so like a fool as the last ones did. I met Mrs. John Davis[1] this P.M. in the news room and she made very particular inquiries about you. She is anxious about your being able to endure the wear of camp life She is full of patriotism, and impatient for the army "to do something".

We have had a real northeast rain storm, the first of the season. Today is cloudy but the walking is very good and the grass begins to look green in spots. (By the way, the first flower you see this spring, please send to me. I don't care if it is a dandelion. Perhaps I am too late with my request, if so, you can send the first you see after you rec this letter.)

Georgie went back to the Farm this afternoon. Mother came up Wednesday and it rained so Thursday she had to stay up to Cs. Of course she felt badly and Caroline too. Georgie is very good when he is at home. I wish you could hear him talk. He preaches, tells stories and sings, and mixes up the sublime with the ridiculous in a way that is very amusing. Robie comes after and tries to say every thing that Georgia does. Tonight he came up to me, Mama "I 'ove, you 'ove me? I 'ant to kiss you, how you do, you piddle well"? He looks like Carrie[2] ever so much about the eyes.

I saw Mrs. Pickett today, she has been trying to get a photograph and has given it up because her eyes don't show. She is anxious about her husband. Oh George, you don't know how we wives feel about our dear old soldier boys. There isn't much comfort with us at home thinking of all that our husbands are exposed to. I don't begin to say half I think and feel about it. I couldn't if I tried. I take up the paper every morning almost afraid to open it for fear I shall read of the advance of the Army. I only wish you had a good position in a good safe place. You'll think I'm patriotic, but I cant help it. I dreamed the other night of being in camp with you and you don't know what great things I was doing. I don't remember what exactly but I thought I was taking care of you as Georgie says.

I have recd only one letter from you this week, and I want another. Caroline wrote to Henry and put his new title of Lt. on the envelope. She is afraid it was rather premature, but she thought it was so long ago that his appointment came out in the paper that he must have recd his commission. I hope you are all right in the Reg'nt & no change to be made of an unpleasant kind. I see by the Spy that Gen. Hooker wouldn't issue ~~the~~ an order of so much injustice as the one you referred to. I wish the War department knew as much as he does. I send you a Transcript

containing an account of Mr. Hooper's visit to the Army.[3] I presume you have seen it but it is possible you have not.

It is too late for me to have a letter tonight but you don't know how I want one. We are all well here except Sarah. Today has been a bad day with her. She has been faint, and distressed for breath all day. She takes no comfort whatever of her food. We get her every thing good we can think of, and she has had a great deal sent to her, but every thing distresses her until she throws it up. I don't know what keeps her alive. She is getting used to the opium drops, and they are losing their effect upon her. I have made up my mind not to say any thing to her about how sick she is until she talks about it herself first. Last Sunday night,[4] she questioned ~~her~~ me very closely about what I thought of her, and I didn't know what to say. "Do you think I am getting any better Emily?" I told her it didn't seem as if she was just at this time. Then she asked if I thought she was growing worse. I told her. there were some very unfavorable symptoms about her sickness, but we had a good Father in Heaven and he knew what was best for us all. and He would take care of her. She burst out crying so that Caroline & Sarah[5] heard her down stairs and came up. She clung to me, and cried, "Oh I don't want to die, I don't want to die, do make me well", and I had all I could do to pacify her. She got quiet at last and had a very comfortable night. I have never flattered her, and I should not have felt right never to have said any thing to her. Still it has effected her just as I was afraid it would and I shall not say any thing more nor have any one else ~~said~~ say any thing to her unless she begins herself. Mrs. Forbes,[6] her Sunday School Teacher, and Mr. Richardson[7] have both called and were both anxious to talk with her and prepare her mind and they would both do her a great deal of good if she was in just the right frame of mind to see them, but she wouldn't see them and she don't see anyone. I told Mr. R. that if any thing was said to her I should rather say it my-self, because she was so nervous and sick she would bear it better from me.

Mrs. Harris[8] has written, and wants to come and see Sarah, but she would only worry her, and Sarah wouldn't want to see her hardly if she came. It would do Sarah more hurt than good to send for any body. If we can, we shall send for Mary[9] so that she can see her once more, but we shall not send for her at present. She has written and wants to come.

I should like to give a peep into your cabin tonight before I go to sleep. Just to tuck you in nicely. and kiss you good night. I hope you are well and will remain so. Every body sends love to you, the boys give me kisses and hugs for 'Papa every day. They get more comfort from such far apart hugs & kisses than I do, but then I like them a great deal better than none. So here are ever so many more from your dear old Em.

good bye darling

000253

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 17 Apr 1863 (180)

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[1] Myra W. (Killburn) Davis.

[2] Caroline Mayo Ward (1854 – 1856), George and Emily's first child.

[3] The Transcript was published every Saturday so the letter presumably appeared on 11 April. Unfortunately this issue is not available.

[4] 12 Apr 1863.

[5] Emily probably meant "Caroline and Henry".

[6] Eliza L. (Southwick) Forbes (1813 – 1890), widow of Moses Forbes.

[7] Merrill Richardson (1812 – 1876), pastor of the Salem Street (Congregational) Church.

[8] Presumably someone not in Worcester who would have been known to George but not identifiable without more detail.

[9] Mary (Ward) Whitney.

1990.63.2.181
EMW to GHW
19 Apr 1863
No 33

At Home Worcester April I9th [Sun]1863

My Dear Husband

I recd your letter of the 12th yesterday, and of the 14th this morning. I need not tell you that I am very anxious. I have not been to church today. I cant keep still any where. I am afraid to have you go with the Reg'nt. though I am almost sure you will be gone before this letter reaches you. I know so well how you feel about it that. I shall be sorry for your sake to have you feel obliged to resign, much as I dread the thought of your being in action again. But we poor mortals can look forward so very little ways that all that is left for us is to do what seems best under the present circumstances, and if you are obliged to resign, because you know that it is rashness for you to go on with the Reg'nt, it will be all for the best in the end and you will live to see it.

I have been hoping your regiment would be stationed to guard some Fort or "Post" where both it. & its Col. & Lt. Col. might recruit and still be~~ing~~ doing good service for the Government. I am sorry you have lost Lt. Col. Philbrick, both for his sake and yours. and I should be still more sorry for the Reg'nt if it were to lose its Col. Still I cannot help saying come home and let me nurse you up. Don't let the thought of sickness already here make home seem any less attractive. It is very pleasant here, and by making the best of every thing that is just as we would not like to have it, we get along quite happily; and if you were here, the ~~one great~~ chief source of anxiety on my part would be set at rest. How I do want to see you. Have these last 11 weeks altered you any?

We are getting along very well at home. Georgie didn't come up today. Emmie[1] was at the Farm. He told Mother to come, "Maggie[2] don't want to go, and Emmie don't want to go, and I don't want to go, so you can go just as well as not". Yesterday she came up an hour or two. and he charged her not to stop at his house, for fear she would stay too long. I was up to C's today a little while. Mother carried Robie up there in ~~his~~ her carriage and I went after him.

She says that judging from Wm Freeman's story, Col. Kimball is having a hard time. His Reg't[3] has been greatly reduced by sickness, his Lt Col.[4] is past help with the chronic diarrhea, and the climate is having a dreadful effect upon the whole Regn't.[5]

I am in hopes there has been no advance from the Rappahannock yet. There was a report of Gen Stoneman's crossing with cavalry, infantry. and artillery and occupying Gordonsville, having turned the flank of the enemy.[6] I hope it is true although I have heard it contradicted. I hear nothing of the 2nd Army Corps and hope you will obliged to wait until something turns up in your favor. I mean something that would suit you better than resigning and coming home, although that would suit me best of any thing

I saw the moon tonight over my right and I wasn't looking for it either. I was watching that beautiful star that is always visible at this season in the west just after sunset,[7] when out peeped the new moon from behind some bits of clouds. I wasn't looking for it and was quite taken by surprise. I accept it as a good omen for you for I was thinking about you and, wishing I knew just exactly In what direction to look for Falmouth.

Mother has had a letter from Joseph and he gives his reasons for going to Chicago. He seems to like his situation very much, and we are all glad for his sake. He is a sort of confidential clerk and, when he has become fairly initiated into the business, he will travel for the firm.[8] I hope we shall see him on this way this summer.

Sarah continues very much the same. Yesterday she almost fainted away while we changed her clothes. Poor child, she doesn't ask much comfort, she cant eat so much as a piece of bread & butter without throwing it up, the least particle of food distresses her, and it is almost a wonder that she can endure the sight of it at all. It is strange the unnatural strength her opium drops give her. Today she walked 6 or 8 steps after she had taken them long enough for them to effect her, and yesterday Mary & I had all we could do to lifter her into bed when she was not under the influence of them.

Bartlett came down here this morning. He brought me a letter and Mother one from Joseph. It is rather amusing to see any body get so indignant and say such smart things, and then come round so awful good, without any coaxing, For my part I prefer the wrathy phase. I cant stand the palaver just now and I will not. As for E, she is false hearted through & through, and her smooth outside will never deceive me again.

I mean to try and send my picture in this letter if I get it tomorrow noon. I do hope you will like it. Robie is well and funny as ever, He is sleeping in the bed right now on his face. When I ask where is Papa, he points to your picture and says "up dere", he ignores "Virginny" entirely. I hate to say good night, George, but I must I wish I could be with you and help you just now but I can't do any thing ~~for you~~ but pray for you, and bid you help me to trust In our Good Father who will bring us all together again soon. Love to Henry and the best wishes for all the "boys of the 15th" I forgot to mention the photographs in your last two letters, thank you very much. Good bye my dear husband your loving wife

Em.

P. S. I send you all your wives. The next time I have my picture taken I will wear a veil. C. has received Henry's letter and commission, and I conclude from it that you will not go on with the Reg'nt.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 19 Apr 1863 (181)

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[1] Emily Gray Freeman

[2] Margaret Powers (1841 – 1890), domestic help at the Quinsigamond farm.

[3] The 53rd Mass Vol Inf.

[4] George H. Barrett (1834 – 1899) of Ashburnham. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors IV, 621]

[5] The 53rd was stationed on the lower Mississippi and Gulf region. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors IV, 619-20]

[6] Cavalry under George Stoneman undertook a raid into Confederate territory on the 15th but aborted the attempt two days later when the Rappahannock began to rise from heavy rains. [Foote II, 263-64]

[7] Not a star but the planet, Venus.

[8] In the 1870 Census, Joseph S. Dennis is in Chicago with occupation as "Lamp maker" and in 1880 he is listed as "Manufacturer".

1990.63.2.94
GHW to EMW
19 Apr 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
Sunday mornq April 19th, 1863

This is a beautiful morng; very warm, and pleasant and the signs indicate settled weather. The traveling is good, and why we are remaining here no one can tell. Everything is arranged, and the preparations are complete. Something new has evidently turned up. It is reported that forty thousand troops have left Washington for Suffolk, and as active operations are going on at Newbern, and Charleston, perhaps it is not thought advisable to move just at this time from here.[1] It is also reported that the rebs are being largely reinforced on the other side, which I presume will serve as a check in a great measure. I don't care how long we remain here, still this is a very large army to remain idle.

Lt Col Philbrick left us yesterday. He thought he should be able to stop and see you on his way home. I hope he will. The Regmt is in excellent condition all but numbers. We have plenty of officers, many of those who have been away sick and wounded are getting back, so that we have enough now to get along very comfortably. I understand here that it isn't the intention to enforce the 'Conscript Act' at present. The President thinks we have men enough already to subdue the rebellion, but that remains to be seen, They are expecting our Army to cross here, is the reason they are re-inforcing. Our men are supplied with eight days rations, which was dealt out to them only two or three days ago. One of the reb pickets hollowed across to ours only a day or two after and inquired when we were coming across with that eight days rations as they wanted some of it. At another time a reb picket hollowed, "We have got a new Genl over here." Our boys as usual were anxious to get all the news, and one says, "Who is he?" "Genl Starvation." That was where the laugh came in. They are evidently hard up for supplies for both man and beast.[2] I think we can starve them out if we can cut off their supplies.

I have not any photographs to send this time, I have the promise of some as soon as they arrive. Our Cavalry have been making a demonstration up above here, and have taken some prisoners within a day or two. I have been out to ride this morng and it is splendid, very warm and balmy. It is really next to uncomfortable. "Bob" has been here hindering me. I told him what you said about his photograph.

Today is the memorable 19th of April, of Lexington & Baltimore renown.[3] It is very quiet and still about-here today, nothing in particular going on. The men go visiting some, but most of them remain quiet in their qrs smoking, talking, reading &c. We have plenty of news papers and some books. Some of the Army news is rather conflicting, that is the small part of it that we are familiar with. Some of these reporters must say something, and they get hold of what they can and jump at the

rest. Frequently a small thing is very much exaggerated. Some of these officers live by puffs; they entertain these reporters and keep them full and in return their name goes into the papers as one of the biggest guns of the Army, when really their caliber is of the smallest size, and quality very insignificant. The greatest newspaper GenIs are general[ly] of that kind who "went in" for political notoriety, and to accomplish their sublime object, are obliged to call into requisition the press, and some of them are exceedingly hard pressed at that, so much so that it takes about all their pay and in some cases the pay doesn' t near pay their expenses,

I suppose you will go to meeting today and see the spring fashions, new-bonnets, and every other thing worthy to be seen. Very likely some will ask "Heard from your husband lately?" "How does your husband do?" "Do you think he will be able to stand it?" "Does his leg trouble him any n-o-w?" I suppose of course you can answer all such questions, usually with perfect satisfaction.

Keep a good look out for Georgie and Robie. Georgie, I suppose, can run out doors all around now, it ought to be good dry going now and probably is. Remember me to Caroline and Sarah. Love and kisses to you and the Children.

Affectionately

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 19 Apr 1863 (94)

[1] The same estimate of re-inforcements from Washington was received by the Conferates. The Confereates treatened the garrison at New Bern, NC while the Union excursion at Charleston, SC was led by Rear Admiral Samuel Dupont. [Foote II, 221ff]

[2] According to Foote, the daily ration of the Southern soldier consisted of a quarter pound of bacon and eighteen ounces of cornmeal. Both were often spoiled. [Foote II, 237]

[3] The first shots of the Revolution in 1775 and the attack on the 6th Massachusetts in 1861.

1990.63.2.95
GHW to EMW
21 Apr 1863

Camp near Falmouth, Va
April 21st [Tues] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children,

Here we are still, brought up against a rain storm. It has rained most all day but not very-hard, showery. We do not have to work very hard so I find considerable time to write, and as you are fond of "letters", I'll keep writing. I have not much of any thing to say, so you cannot expect me to say much. We have until today been having some beautiful weather. It is beautiful enough today, only it rains. I presume you will consider it most beautiful.

Yesterday I rode over and saw Capt Goodhue.[1] He is about three miles from here, and appears very pleasantly situated. He is looking well and appears to enjoy it. Said his wife[2] was living in Worcester, and I conclude by what he said, that she wrote about as often as you did.

We have strange stories afloat about camp today. One is that Genl. Hooker has resigned and that Genl. Couch[3] is in command. Report says that Hooker is out of his head. and another is that Genl. Wilson[4] is to take command but none of them probably are correct, so you needn't say any thing about it. President Lincoln, Sec Stanton[5] and Genl. Halleck[6] were at Aquia Creek yesterday, where they had an interview with Genl. Hooker, but I hardly think they had any difficulty. Still I cannot say what might have happened.[7]

Inclosed you will find photograph of Capt Gale of the Clinton Co,[8] which was formerly Bowman's.[9] Gale was a brother of Fred Gale who married Mr. Sargent's sister, I think, and you will remember they were lost at sea.[10] Capt Gale graduated at Browns University and formerly studied law in Mr. Devens' office. He came out as Sergt of his Company.

You have not written what you thought of the Balls Bluff report.[11] I think it is about as clear as mud. It really doesn't amount to any thing. I thought something new was coming out, but they didn't tell half as much as I knew myself, and a good deal they did say was not correct. It didn't particularly flatter or censure any body, and I guess the public generally were a little disappointed.

Tuesday morn'g. It has not cleared off, but it is ~~not~~ much cooler, and the weather is by no means settled. No signs of a move any more than yesterday. I don't want you to borrow any trouble about me, as I shall not get into a fight at present, whether we have one or not. The Drs have told me that I am not able to stand the hardships of an active campaign, and that I not only assume the risk of permanent disability but perhaps of life itself. I don't like to give it up, but am afraid I shall be obliged to. We have had several very violent rains storms of late and if we had happened to have been on the move, it would have been hard for me. I shall try and get on light duty and, if I do not succeed, shall apply for my discharge and go home. I have applied for leave of absence to go to

Washington where I expect to meet Henry Wilson. He told me he would do all he could and I think he can do considerable. I saw Genl. Couch this forenoon and he seemed to think I was taking considerable risk. I should feel very cheap to go home now; still no one could blame me if the Drs all said I was disabled. I would rather die from exposure and fatigue than to be called a coward. I had made up my mind to go it any way, and stand it as long as I could and when I was obliged to give up to do so, and not till then. If it were not for my game leg, I should have been Brig Genl. long ago.

So much for being unfortunate. It was my luck and I cannot help it, but darn the luck I say. I have no desire to go home until this thing is settled, although no one thinks more of home than I do, but still I may be obliged to. There are thousands here that would be glad of an excuse to get home. I have the excuse but not the desire. I expect leave of absence to go to Washington where I shall make a desperate effort to get the Regmt ordered back or be put on light duty myself. If I fail in both, I shall go home, to see my wife and children. To talk plainly there is no use of my trying to rough it in active service any longer. My pride has kept me up, and I am just as proud as ever now. The Govm't owes me a living, and I shall try and get it some way.

Love to all, kiss me for the children. From your dear husband.

George

P.S. Say nothing about it. I expect to go to Wash'ton tomorrow and shall see what I shall see.

Geo.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 21 Apr 1863 (95)

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[1] John M. Goodhue (1814 – 1895) of Worcester, 11th US Infantry. The 11th was attached to the 2nd Brigade (Col. Sidney Burbank), 2nd Division (Gen. George Sykes), V Corps (Gen. George G. Meade). 8 companies saw action in the Battle of Chancellorsville, the 11th suffering 28 casualties (7 dead, 16 wounded and 5 missing). [Sears *Chancellorsville*, 460; 483]

[2] Mary C. (Black) Goodhue.

[3] Darius Nash Couch (1822 – 1897), II Corps commander. Not only wasn't Hooker replaced by Couch, the latter would himself resign after the Battle of Chancellorsville, disgusted by Hooker's incompetence. [Sears *Chancellorsville*, 236]

[4] Probably Henry Wilson, Senator from Massachusetts who had briefly led the 22nd Mass Vol Inf. He was Chair of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs at the time.

[5] Edwin McMasters Stanton (1814 – 1869). Originally Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, he became Secretary of War in 1862. It was his dismissal by Andrew Johnson in 1867 that triggered impeachment proceedings against the President.

[6] Henry Wager Halleck (1815 1872), General in Chief. Known as a good administrator but poor field commander.

[7] The visit is described by Sears. Stanton was included because Halleck and Hooker were not on speaking terms! [Sears *Chancellorsville*, 129]

[8] Walter Gale (1833 – 1927) of Northborough. Captain Co C.

[9] Henry Bowman (1834 – 1908), Capt, Co C. He resigned from the 15th in Aug 1862 to assume the post of major in the 34th Mass Vol Inf. [15th Mass Web Site]

[10] George was confused as to the Gale-Sargent connection. Frederick Gale (1816 – 1854) married Sarah A. Whitney (1822 – 1854). Her sister, Emily, married Dr. Joseph Sargent of Worcester. The Gales, with their infant child, were on board the steamship *Arctic* when it collided with another ship and sank with great loss of life in the North Atlantic on 27 Sep 1854.

The circumstances of the Gales' death were described by an eyewitness and recounted in a book on the disaster. The family had been seated in one of the few lifeboats when, during its lowering, the boat upturned, dumping the father (holding the infant) and mother into the sea. Father and child were lost, the mother being lifted back on board the *Arctic*. She presumably went down with the ship shortly after. All-in-all, over 350 lives were lost. No woman or child survived and the bulk of the survivors were crew members who rioted and took control of the few lifeboats available. [David W. Shaw *The Sea Shall Embrace Them* New York: Simon and Shuster, 2002]

[11] The Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War had released its report on 9 Apr and a summary was published in the *Worcester Spy* for 10 Apr. If faulted the lack of communication between various unit commanders and the lack of adequate transportation for moving the troops involved across the Potomac. It found conflicting views on the role of Gen. Charles Stone and Col. Edward Baker and came to no conclusion as to their possible blame.

1990.63.2.182
EMW to GHW
22 Apr 1863
34

At Home April 22nd [Wed]1863

MY Dear Husband

I recd your letter of the 17th and feel rather better about your prospects, though I don't dare build any hopes. Lt. Col. Philbrick was here tonight, and I was very glad to see him. I watched the carriage up the hill, and when I saw it stop here and spied the uniform inside, you may believe my heart gave a thump, and I wasn't long going to the front door, but it wasn't the Col. I was a little "set back". I had my mouth made up for a "little smack" but his weren't the lips to receive it, so I passed him along to Mrs. Philbrick[1] who has the best right to the first salute. I was very glad to see him and hear so directly from you. He says that if he were in your place he should not go on with the Reg'nt (supposing they are ordered.) but he told me with a knowing look that I needn't borrow any trouble about you. I put that with what you wrote me and feel quite encouraged. Lt. P[2] was in a great hurry, but he says he will come again before long, and bring his wife.[3] Mr. Rogers[4] brought him down and he says he will bring you next time if he can.

Sarah is failing very fast. She is too weak to turn herself in bed. Lois is here tonight and she will take care of Sarah She needs some one by her all the time. Caroline has written for Mary to come. She will stay up to E's. She has wanted very much to come and see Sarah but we thought it best to have her wait a while for fear S. might be startled and think we had sent for her; but now she begins to think she is not going to get well. Last night she spoke of you and said she would like to see you. She suffers a great deal. The opium doesn't effect her stomach in the way you speak of. She has been sick to her stomach ever since she has been here, every particle of food she eats distresses her.

Don't worry about Georgia's liking the Farm too well. Just now he is better off there, but it will be all right when he comes home to stay. Mr. Wm. Ward & the Widow Barrett were married yesterday.[5] Fred has gone to work there. I send you this little letter tonight because I have got a good old headache and must go to bed early and sleep it off. Next time I will write more. I thought this would be better than none. Lt. Col Philbrick wished to be remembered when I wrote, all send their love to you and Henry. Eliz called here today and took Caroline to ride. It is fine weather but the wind is east, and effects C. rather unpleasantly.

Good night George

[no signature]

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 22 Apr 1863 (182)

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[1] Mary Louisa (Johnson) Philbrick (~1825 –). Possibly a widow at the time of her marriage to Chase Philbrick in 1856, she was his second wife. [15th Mass Web Site]

[2] Undoubtedly referring to Philbrick, Emily omitted the "Col".

[3] Mary Louisa (Johnson).

[4] Abner Rogers (1805 –), hackman at 20 Chatham Street. [1863 Worc City Dir]

[5] Asa William Ward was possibly a distant relative of George's; the Widow Barrett was the Mary E. Alton, widow of Marcus Barrett who had died in 1861. The Barrett farm was on Packachog Road just over the Worcester line in Auburn. [See EMH to GHW: 6 Nov 1861)

1990.63.2.96
GHW to EMW
23 Apr 1863

Camp near Falmouth Va
April 23rd [Thurs] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children

I though[t] perhaps you might be wanting another letter by this time so here goes although I have but very little to say. We are still here, and still [a]live, and for all I know, are liable to stay here. It has rained hard most all day, and the roads are in very bad condition again. It would take several days of good weather to dry up the mud.

I recd your letter of 17th last night, also several papers including Hooper's letter.[1] Charles Whiting[2] sent me several in one bundle. I had not seen H's letter before. I should think he had quite a time here. The pay-master has arrived and the boys are feeling well of course.[3] Some of them take care of their money and some of them spend it and those who spend it, fool most of it away, buying dainties that they do not really need and many of them get sick by it.

I have got a furlough for a few days and am going up to Washington to see if I cannot get the Regmt ordered to Washington, or some other good place where it will be easy for us.[4] I do not know as I shall accomplish any thing, but if I catch Henry Wilson there as I expect to, I shall make a desperate effort. You needn'd say any thing about it to any one, not even that I am going to W. If I cannot get the Regmt away from the front, shall try to get detailed on some special duty. I very much prefer to remain with the Regmt. If I do not succeed in either case, I shall resign and come home as it is not safe (and the Drs tell me so) to risk the exposure and fatigue of an active Campaign. I can get along well enough except when we are on the march, and can then if it was good weather all the time. But I have seen enough of the rain storms here to know that with the condition my leg is in it would be taking a risk which as the Drs say would endanger my life. I shll be exceedingly sorry to leave the Regmt and hope I shall be able to effect a change in locality & threby avoid it. Direct your letters to Washington until I notify you of the contrary.

Inclosed you will find a photograph of Lieut Buss.[5]

I am feeling well but cannot bear the thought of leaving the service before the war closes. Henry is well, and all right, and appears inclined to make the most of his new position. The Regmt are all very anxious to get back. They say they have seen all the fighting they want to. They do not know what my intentions are if I do not succeed. I don't believe this army will move at present. It is worse now than it has been for a fortnight.

I suppose you have seen Lt. Col. Philbrick before this and learned all the particulars. He thought he should be in Wor. Wednesday.[6] I had the Regmt out to drill yesterday. There isnt any thing around here that can make a better show for the number. But it isnt necessary to put them through very hard.

Your letter of the 19th with photographs has just come. The standing one is by no means good. The vingette is pretty good, and the sitting one is very good. I like the sitting one very well and think it is as good a one as you can get. I dont think any of them flatter you. I should judge from the tone of your letter that you was feeling rather blue. There isnt any use in that. I am not going to whine about any thing. That new moon over your right shoulder will make it all right.

Friday morn'g. It has stopped raining and the wind is blowing. I am getting ready for Washington. With good luck I shall probably get there tonight. Cant tell where I shall stop. I shall take my trunk•. and clothes but leave my horse and equipments. The boys all know what I am going for and it is even reported now that we are ordered to Washington already. I wish it was so. Dont you say any thing about it to <u>any</u> one. The officers & men both think it would be too good to be true. They have confidence to <u>believe</u> I can do it if any one. I hope I shall be able to gratify them.

I wish Sarah knew her real condition. She ought to, and I should like to have Mr. Richardson & Mrs. Forbes both see her. She must know it sooner or later, and I can see no harm in telling her at once. I shall take this letter to W. and mail it myself. Remember me to Caroline and Sarah. Lots of love ~~to you~~ & kisses to you and the children.

Affectionately,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 23 Apr 1863 (96)

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[1] William Robert Hooper. As editor of the Transcript, his letter was published only in that paper.

[2] Charles B. Whiting.

[3] The paymaster, a Major King, arrived on the 22nd. [Ford, 245]

[4] According to the history of the 15th, George went to Washington to have his leg examined. [Ford, 244]

[5] Elisha G. Buss (1835 – 1863) of Co K. He would die of wounds received at Gettysburg.

[6] 22 Apr 1863.

1990.63.2.183
EMW to GHW
25 Apr 1863
Unnumbered

At Home April 25th [Sat] 1863

My Dear Husband

I have recd two letters from you since I wrote last, those of 19th & 21st. I am so glad to have you say positively that you "shall not get into a fight at present", I hope your journey to Washington will result in something very beneficial to yourself if not to the regiment although I think if you could only be contented to come home, your leg would get well very much faster here. Any duty that requires you to be up and dressed with your wooden leg on all the time must aggravate the trouble. I am afraid you ~~didn't~~ will not find Henry Wilson in Washington. "Perley's waif"[1] dated the 20th in Friday night's Journal says Henry Wilson probably starts for Boston tonight. I don't want you and the 15th to separate any more than you do, but if you should be obliged to come home to your wife and boys, it would be a kind of luck that I could meet with a great deal of fortitude. Don't be discouraged, every thing will come round right at last. Only have patience.

We are all well here, that is, the children and myself. I never felt better. I don't think my face has been so broad this five years as it is now and my old dresses are really getting tight. I can't account for it unless it is living here in these old rooms where you and I have enjoyed so much (and I might add, suffered so much, too) for I have plenty to do and have a great deal of care and anxiety, no more than I can get along with. Sarah is very low, she has failed very fast the last week. She is not able to sit up, only just long enough to have her bed made, and today she has not wanted to get up at all. She eats almost nothing at all and is so weak that she cannot turn herself in bed. I am taking care of her tonight. I don't sit up much. We have had some one come in every night this week to stay with her. Every one is very kind and ready to do any thing to help me take care of her Miss Follet's[2] school was examined this P.M. and she sent Sarah some most beautiful flowers. that she had had to decorate her rooms, a wreath and pyramid made of evergreen and may flowers and a dish of cut greenhouse flowers. Her room (Sarah's) looks almost like a flower garden. Caroline has been quite unwell the past fortnight, being with Sarah so much wears upon her. It is very hard for her even to <u>see</u> Sarah just as she is because she knows she must go through the same herself before long.[3] She is better today. Mary & Eddie[4] are both up to E's. They came yesterday. Eddie will go back tomorrow. Mary will stay a while. She came down here this afternoon and was very much shocked to see Sarah. Mary Is looking very well indeed; she is going to make a very pretty young lady.[5]

I saw John Boyden[6] the other day. I was getting a piece of oilcloth and he came in where I was. He had just taken a letter out of the P.O. for <u>Mrs</u>. <u>Goodhue</u>[7] (don't that look funny) and wanted to know what I would give to see a letter form the Potomac. I told him I <u>had</u> seen one that

very morning; he said he looked for-a-letter-or-a-paper-from-that-source-every-day and he seemed to think that Mrs. G. was uncommonly favored. I told him I get three letters a week and came to the conclusion that she averaged about that number. He wants me to hold myself in readiness for the "War Widders" are going to have a ball next week for the benefit of the Sanitary Com.[8] He was in his heaviest style and dropped off his words as if they weighed about a pound apiece.

I didn't go to meeting the 19th of April to see the fashions. We have had so much cold weather this spring that there is no great hurry about changing. I suppose you will be interested to know that I have had my gray straw pressed and trimmed with the green ribbon that I wore last summer, and as I had nothing to buy but a little lace to go with the flowers, for the small sum of 94 cts. I have got a very pretty spring bonnet. My gray alpaca that I bought last Spring for 57½ cts a yard is just the thing, and cant be bought now for less than 62½ . I have washed my dress and turned it wrong side out and up side down and have got it a very pretty dress of it. In the shawl and mantilla line, I am well supplied. So much for having something left over. All sorts of goods are higher than ever before, though calico, I believe, is falling.[9]

You remember Lois' and Chauncey's friends in S. C. Chester Co.[10] They have just heard from them. He is a 300,000 dollar planter in times of peace, but now, his wife writes, they not only have to do without luxuries but they have not even the comforts of life. Thanks to her Yankee forethought they laid up a good stock of salt, shoes, and other indispensables, but now they are getting short and will soon have to do without, for such things cannot be had for love nor money. They are wearing shoes of their own manufacture and drinking tea and coffee of their own raising The genuine article is only used on the holidays.

About the Ball's Bluff investigation. It came out just as all those investigations, like the Old Deacon that Father tells of. He was charged with getting drunk, and the members of the church sent to reason with him on his conduct, took a drink all around and got so fuddled that at last their report was that Dea --- had given Christian satisfaction. What will be done with the last batch of traitors! Who does the puffing for Col. Bowman.[11] I send you a letter from the 36th Reg'nt that I cut from the journal, also a piece in this morning's Spy about "Devins." I am afraid you won't get the paper, so I send the article in this letter. It is very necessary that the Army of the Potomac should know what a Gen. they have among them, and nobody knows anything about it but his Worcester Satellites.[12]

Mrs. Sprague has gone to her Husband with both her children, so I heard.[13] I rather like the looks of Capt. Gale. What do you think of my photographs, do you think they are worth kissing? I don't. Caroline recd Henry's letter with his commission, write how he is next time. Keep writing. your letters are always interesting and I like to hear all about "down South where the soldiers be" and what they are doing. You can't be too careful of yourself this changing weather. I am so afraid

of your getting cold in your leg. Georgie is all right at the Farm. I have got a piece of Maple Sugar to send him by mother when she comes up tomorrow.

I meant to have written how cunning Robie is, but I have crowded him out. Mary asked him today if he was old botheration. "No I'se comfort." I asked him "whose comfort?" "Youse" Dr. Martin called today and after shaking hands with Caroline and me, he passed along to Robie. Robie stepped up and shook hands and bowed as sedately as you could have done. He goes to every body. They all call him Judge, he is so dignified. I am expecting a surprise every day. I watch the hacks that come up the hill. Good by now my dear husband. Love to Henry from your loving wife.

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 25 Apr 1863 (183)

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[1] A column in the Journal.

[2] Charlotte Newton Follett (1817 – 1903), principal of the Ash Street School. Miss Follett was living at 26 Washington St and her school was just one block away from Gold. Thus she would have been aware of the illness in the Ward household even though no children were attending school there yet.

[3] Caroline Ward also had symptomatic tuberculosis.

[4] Mary (Ward) Whitney and Edward A. Ward.

[5] Mary, born Nov 1849, was 13½ years old.

[6] John Boyden (1816 – 1887), broker. [1863 Worc City Dir]

[7] Mary C. (Black).

[8] Emily describes the ball in subsequent letters. The Sanitary Commission was a combination of Red Cross and USO that oversaw the health and welfare of northern soldiers.

[9] Although the cotton embargo initially hurt the production of goods both in the North and England, Indian and Egyptian cotton soon made up the difference.

[10] Chauncey Goodrich Harrington (1826 –), son of William and Abigail Harrington. As he was unmarried at the time, Lois is presumably the daughter of Luke and Harriett (Tainter) Harrington and sister of Frank, Emily's brother-in-law. The Harrington's inter-relationships need to be yet delineated athough they were certainly related as Lois died in 1864 at William's home at 4 Portland St. Their South Carolinian friends are not otherwise identified.

[11] Henry Bowman (–) of Clinton. Originally a Captain in Co C of the 15th, Bowman had been progressively promoted and was, at this time, Colonel of the 36th Mass Vol. Inf. His "claim to fame" at Ball's Bluff was that he was one of the prisoners at Richmond who was selected as hostage against the North killing some officers from the Confederate raider *Savannah* who were deemed pirates. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 148; III, 711; Farwell, 163ff]

[12] The *Worcester Spy* for 25 Apr carried a laudatory piece about Devens' leave-taking of his Brigade to assume Divisional command. It is not clear whether Emily means her comments as supportive or condemning of Devens but it is clear from comments in other letters she was less than enthusiastic about him. His conduct on the afternoon of 2 May when Jackson made his flank attack on the XI Corps at Chancellorsville was less than stellar. [Sears, 263ff]

[13] Elizabeth Jane (Rice). The children were Josephine Elizabeth (b. 1851) and Carrie Lee (b. 1858). [Nutt III, 59]

1990.63.2.97
GHW to EMW
26 Apr 1863

Washington D.C,
April 26th[Sun] 1863

Dear Wife and Children,

Here I am nicely housed, all out of danger from shot and shell and the more dreaded fire of musketry. I came from the Regmt yesterday, and arrived here about 4½ o'cl P.M. Many of the officers and men looked at me with an expression which seemed to say, "We very much doubt whether you come back". My excuse was to better the condition of the Regmt. Mr Wilson is not here and no one can tell when he will return, so I can see no immediate prospect of accomplishing my object. I have a furlough of 20 days, and if the pay-master was here I might take a trip home. He will be here, however, by Wednesday or Thursday.

Did you know today was my birthday.[1] I suppose it is, that is what the records say, but I cannot say exactly what time in the day.

When I came away yesterday the roads were awful. With the very best of weather, the army cannot move for a week or ten days. Hooker has chaffed and chaffed under disappointment until I should think he would be raw most all over. His plans have been seriously interfered with, both by the weather, and from other sources, I think. It is a very nice day, I am stopping at the Metropolitan and am now in my room writing this letter. It is an old house, but sets a good table which is its principal attraction. It is the same house I stopped at when I went on to join the Regmt. It is now after one o'cl and I have not yet been out doors today. It is very quiet and but very little going on. I wish you was here for I should like to see you so well. There are accommodations here for two. But I take out your picture every little while and look at it, but I cannot make it look any different. It wont open its mouth, nor say anything and even looks a little in another direction. We could have a real good time together here today. Although I don't see the horse cars I could get a horse and carriage which would be better, and I suppose you would let me kiss you all I wanted to.

You will find enclosed another photograph. Capt Prince, now in command of the Oxford Company.[2] He is one of our very best and most reliable officers. Your vignette is a good picture. It looks like you, only you appear to be in deep thought, serious meditation. If you were only looking up a little more, I should call it grand. The sitting position I think is the best. I will make no reference to the standing one. It looks ten years older than the others. Your new dress is very pretty judging from looks in picture.

Dont you be at all anxious about me. I have seen a good deal of trouble and anxiety the past few years and expect to see more if I live, but it is a comfort to know that I have a wife, whose cheering words have always lightened the burden, and has willingly, without murmur or complaint, done all she could by word and deed to smooth and make even the rough places. I feel now more

keenly than ever the loss of my leg, for I am now forced to believe that I cannot endure active service. I have not much faith to believe I shall succeed in my cherished desire and, even if I could be placed on light duty in my present position, I very much doubt the prosperity of it. The condition of things at home, although they are unavoidable, I must say weigh heavily on my mind.[3] You need think I am blue for there is always some way. Still, if I had my other leg, I should feel more sure and very much better. I really want to see you and the children very much and don't believe I was cut out to live away from home contentedly. Still it is almost the last place I desire to go just in these times and under these circumstances. I didn't intend neither did I want to go home until after the war was over because I never cold settle down in any thing else so long as it lasted. But many a poor fellow whose situation I now envy will, before this war closes, drink deeper of sorrow than I have. I am sorry that occasion required such a sacrifice. Whoever before could have realized such a situation of things? The world never saw two such hostile Armys (composed mostly of men who have been looked upon as types of civilization and possessed of all the elements of every thing that is sublime and noble) arrayed against each other in deadly combat. The cause, I contend, is sufficient for the act. People who will rebel against the best, the most liberal &, I claim, the most perfect form of Govmt the world ever saw, must and will be made to smash under the iron heel of justice, & I want to help do it. Don't think I am getting too patriotic, that is impossible. We are to see stirring times yet before we see peace, and the more stirring and active, the sooner we shall accomplish it.

I don't expect to get a letter from you for a day or two although I have requested them here at the P.O. to retain my mail matter, but some may be sent forward by mistake, which will be sent to me. Love and kisses in abundance

Your dear old played out husband,

George.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 26 Apr 1863 (97)

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[1] Born in 1826, George was 37 years old this day.

[2] Albert Prince (1839 – 1881) of Oxford. Captain Co E

[3] Undoubtedly referring to his sister's, Sarah, terminal illness and the burden that fell on Emily in nursing her.

1990.63.2.184
EMW to GWH
28 Apr 1863

At Home April 28th [Tues] 1663

My Dear Husband,

I always mean to write about so often., even though as you say, I "haven't any thing to write about". I most always write in the even'g ~~but~~ because Robie is so plenty in the day time, but he has been out doors this morning and was glad to go to sleep in his "cadu" when he came in, so here I am in my bed room sitting in my rocking chair, my feet on another, and my work box in my lap for a writing desk. The one o'clock whistle has just blown. Caroline is in the dining room. She is much better than when I wrote last. Sarah is quite easy now. She does not seem much inclined to sleep today, but is quite comfortable. Mary is ironing. We get no dinners, so that just now we are very quiet. Eddie went back to Rutland yesterday. Mary is still at E's. She comes down quite often to see Sarah.

I recd your letter of the 23rd last night. I hope Henry Wilson was in W. and that you saw him and succeeded. I cant bear to have you give up the Reg'nt much as I want to see you. By the way, did you see that Col. Raymond Lee[1] and Col. Palfrey[2] had been appointed Provost Marshalls in Boston, (having left the army on account of disability.) Worcester will have to have a Provost Marshall. Why not try and get the appointment?

Since I wrote the first page I have had a recess. Theodore came and brought me the $I2 from the City Treasurer. He would be very glad to be called upon for help to take care of Sarah nights or to get her any thing and every thing she wants. but we don't need any ~~one~~ extra help now and when we do, I shall give her own brothers the preference. We have had Sarah, up, made her bed and rubbed her all over, and got her back again. Robie has woke up. I have been mending his log cabin cart. The wheel was off. Now he is making believe Butcher selling meat at "cents a pound".

Sarah wanted Caroline to tell her yesterday just what we thought of her. She was very anxious to know and Caroline told her we were afraid she would never be any better; she cried some but seemed to be prepared in a measure. She said she had known all along that she should not get well. She knew it from what I said to her that Sunday night.[3] She seems very calm since then. Today she talked to me as if it was all for the best "there was no knowing how much trouble she might have if she lived" [and] "you know I ~~was~~ am one of the kind that always worried about every thing". I am so glad to have her feel so. I think she will get so as to want to see Mr. Richardson before long, but it will not do to urge her at all. She must come to it of her own free will.

I have just recd a letter from my "Dear old played out Husband", only I don't accept the prefix in any sense. You are not played out yet by any means. I knew you would never be satisfied that you were unfit for active duty until you learned it by experience, and I am very thankful that the

experience has not cost you your life. It frightens me to think what might have been the effect of the exposure you have already endured. I wish I was with you in Washington. I dreamed last night that you and I occupied the same room &c. I don't like to thin that "dreams go by contraries". I have kept very mum about your business and especially your journey to Washington, but my letter that you wrote in W. came this afternoon, and Bartlett carried it into Frank's for him to bring home at tea time. He had got hold of something. He said that Church Howe had recd a letter from some one out with the 15th Reg'nt saying that you had got a twenty days furlough and was coming home. He want to know if they had heard me say any thing about it. He rather thought ~~it wasn't just to~~ they were trying to keep it private. Frank told him that he should think it best not to say any thing about it then. I wish you had a seal. Curiosity is apt to get the better of some people's discretion.

I am not a bit afraid of you being too patriotic. There is a time coming wheh you will receive a reward for your patriotism. You have tried very hard to serve your country, and you must not feel that your patriotism is all lost because you can not work in the way that seems best to you. I believe there is something for you to do at home. I don't know what, but I have a strong presentiment that you are not going to be the victim of ill luck. For my part I feel as if we had been especially the objects of kind Providence since you went out first with the Reg'nt. To be sure you were wounded and lost your leg but would you change places now with Kimball, Philbrick, Bates, or even Devens who went out with you?[4] About the last named I mean would you accept his position if you had to give up to him your military knowledge and take his.

I am finishing this letter this evening. Mrs. Brigham[5] is taking care of Sarah and I am in by bedroom. Mother came up with Georgie this afternoon. He will stay a while until Mother does her cleaning. He is a very good boy. I shall not say much about the children because I expect you will see them soon. Robie asked yesterday, "Where does Papa live"?. I don't think much of those photographs. I don't feel as if I wanted any more of them. The reason I didn't look up was because in the other pictures I showed the whites of my eyes. As for looking pleasant, if I put on a smile my mouth is as wide as the boys that couldn't be made any bigger without setting his ears back. I do want to see you. Now that there is a possibility of your coming home, you don't know how impatient I am. I cant write half I want to but I will <u>tell</u> it to you soon. You don't know how happy it makes me to have my Husband think well of me, even though I know I don't always deserve his praise. Still it is just as sweet and I will try to be more worthy of it. You and I cant have any great misfortune while we are happy in each others affection and confidence. Wonder if you are in Washington tonight. Wish I was there to spread your plaster and fix you all up nicely. I am half starved for a good hugging & kissing. Don't you want me to meet you if you do come home. I don't say any thing about the war news but it is good, isn't it, as far as it goes. Good night George.

Your by no means played out wife, Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 28 Apr 1863 (184)

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[1] William Raymond Lee (1807 – 1891), Col. of the 20th Mass Vol. Inf, captured at Ball's Bluff and discharged for disability in Dec 1862. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 494]

[2] Francis W. Palfrey (1831 –), Lt. Col. of the 20th, wounded and captured at Antietam, discharged for disability 12 Apr 1863. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 494]

[3] 12 Apr 1863. [see EMW to GHW of 17 Apr]

[4] Kimball, Philbrick and Bates had all suffered from disability or severe wounds while in service; Emily implies her opinion of Devens in her next sentence.

[5] According to the Worcester City Directory there were two Bingham families living on Green St at the time: Charles at 16 Green and Leonard at 24 Green. The likely candidate is Eunice, wife of Charles.

1990.63.2.98
GHW to EMW
29 April 1863

Washington D.C.
April 29th [Wed] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children

Here I am still keeping cool and taking it easy. I recd you letter last night of the 22nd, also of the 25th with the newspaper clippings. Genl Devens always had very affecting partings. It was so with the 15th, so much so that Watson[1] cried but he swore afterwards. Devens could have had a Division before if he ~~had~~ desired, but I understand he preferred not to take it. He is one of the senior Brig. Genls and there are plenty of them commissioned long since he was who have been comdg Divs for months. Devens is all right, he is bound to shine before the war is over.

The article on Bowman was highly complimentary, and I presume justly bestowed.[2] I guess he is worthy of it, if he isn't, he ought to be. I had seen a Journal with Cowdin's dinner account.[3] The old fellow must have been sadly abused, he always was one of the abused kind. Some one had, or was trying to, injure him. The reason he was not confirmed, I suppose, was because he was not considered competent.

I recd two Spys also of [the] 24th & 25th. This is very poor ink, as you will see by the looks. I heard from the Regmt last night. They are all right. The Army are on the move & I understand they had all started excepting our Div. which was left to Picket the river directly in front. How long they were to remain so no one could tell, but they will probably move soon. No one knew what was to be done except that they had started. Very likely before you get this, a battle will have been fought.[4]

Mr. Wilson is not here and no one can tell when he will be here. I am inclined to think though not for the present. I can do nothing without him and hardly think I can with. I am sick of staying here and have about concluded to return to the Regmt. Probably before I get there the fight will be over. I don't think judging from the appearances of things that our Div. will get into it any way. It will be a big fight, no doubt about that, and, in my opinion the result is doubtful. The rebs are driven to desperation through hunger and the critical condition of affairs, so that they will fight desperately. I understand Hooker is confident of success, still he is liable to be deceived.[5] One thing I will say, I believe if he gets any advantage over them, he will improve it to the upmost. I have no idea if he will attack them in front of their works. It would be impossible to accomplish anything, and would be attended with great slaughter. I think he will attack above and below at the same time, with the intention of getting in their rear.[6]

I saw Col. Wells[7] here this morn of the 34th Mass and several of his Officers. They (the Officers) are desirous of going to the front, and say they would like to exchange places with our Regmt.[8] That would please me, but the next thing is to get it done. This is the biggest, little town I

ever saw, charge the biggest prices for the littlest things. Put on the biggest airs on the littlest capital. It is full of loafers, office seekers, and Military gentlemen of every style of shoulder strap.[9]

I went to the Theater last night, saw a tragedy, afterwards a farce. The music was excellent and the playing good. You speak of being surprised, an expected surprise doesn't, amt to a surprise. I knew Lt Col Philbrick would call for he said he would. I didn't send any kisses by him but I suppose he would have given you one if you had only mentioned it. You tell Rogers to keep a sharp look out for all the trains. I hope his eyes will not get sore watching.

Your 94 cts worth of repairs on you bonnet will make a dashing affair of it. If you have other things in proportion, you will evidently shine among the "War Widows" at John Boyden's Ball.[10] I must say that I have never have yet kissed your photographs but look at them often with a great deal of interest. I should most surely kiss the original if I should get a chance. I should think Ward was getting married rather soon.[11] I suppose the looks of that farm changed his tears from sorrow to joy.[12] He would have an eye out for the money part of it. Where has Fred[13] been since 1st April? I am glad the children are all right. Georgie must be troublesome to your mother. No doubt he enjoys being at the farm and prefers remaining there. Robie (the Judge) will keep things moving where he is. You inquire if I am altered any. I don't think I am. Every thing is about the same. I don't think you would perceive any particular change. Several of the two years Regm'ts have already been mustered out of service and others will be soon. The Army will now be growing smaller fast instead of larger. I think the consolidation of the small Regm'ts will be carried into effect. The act has only been temporarily suspended for the reason that it would delay a movement.

Remember me to Caroline and Sarah. Lots of love and kisses to you and the children.

Affectionately,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 29 Apr 1863 (98)

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[1] Charles H. Watson (1824 – 1892). Capt of Co E, Watson was mustered out of the 15th for disability on 21 Jan 1863. Soon thereafter he enlisted as Sergeant in the 1st Battalion, Mass Heavy Artillery. He is known to have been in Boston on 27 Apr 1863 (for his marriage) but may well have been present at Devens' farewell a few days earlier.

[2] Henry Bowman, formerly of Co C of the 15 and, at this time, an officer in the 36th. Bowman had been taken prisoner at Ball's Bluff and was one of the six officers selected by lot to be held as hostages against the possible execution of Confederate prisoners taken from the Shenandoah, who were deemed "pirates". He was, therefore, somewhat of a local hero.

[3] Robert Cowdin of the 1st Mass Vol. Inf. The Worcester Spy for 22 Apr included a note on a dinner given in his honor by the City of Boston.

[4] Anticipating Chancellorsville, 1-5 May 1863.

[5] After the Battle of Chancellorsville, Hooker claimed he was defeated because "Joe Hooker lost confidence in Joe Hooker." [Sears *Channcellorsville*, 504]

[6] Hooker left the 2nd corps under Gibbons in front of Fredericksville and marched the remainder of his Army upstream to cross the Rappahannok above and attack Lee from the rear. The plan was basically a good one and met with early success but then Hooker's confidence faded, he went into a defensive position and was decisively defeated at Chancellorsville.

[7] George D. Wells (~1827 – 1864) of Boston. He would be killed at Cedar Creek in Oct 1864. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors III, 590]

[8] The 34th remained in garrison duty at Washington until July 1863. They were then sent to the Shenandoah Valley where they saw action at New Market (May 1864), Opequan (Sept 1864) and Cedar Creek (Oct 1864) suffering over 325 casualties in the three actions. They then were sent to the Petersburg front in the Spring of 1865. All-in-all they got their desire for action. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors III, 588]

[9] Some might claim Washington has changed little since George's description.

[10] John Boyden (1816 – 1887), broker. [1863 Worc City Dir]

[11] Asa William Ward married Mary E. (Alton) Barrett on 21 Apr. [see EMW to GHW of 22 Apr]

[12] Mary Barrett had inherited a relatively large farm in Auburn upon the death of her husband, Marcus, in Nov 1861. [see EMW to GHW of 2-6 Nov 1861]

[13] Frederick W. Ward, George's half-brother. He would later marry Sarah Alton, Mary (Alton) Bartlett Ward's sister.

000379

Charles Watson

1990.63.2.185
EMW to GHW
30 Apr 1863

At Home April 30th [Thurs] 1863

My Dear Husband,

It is Fast day, what there is left of it, and I am trying to write to you,. If I don't succeed it will be because I have so much help. Robie is at the other end of the table, writing to Papa and he wants to dip his pencil in my ink. He writes so much faster than I that I expect he will get through first and come round my side. He and Georgie have been out play together today. Georgie is very careful of him, keeps hold of his him all the time and Robie minds Georgie and trudges round just where he says. Robie came in and had a nap about three hours long, and I presume he will be asleep tonight before Georgie. They have got a new trick. Georgie will put his arms round Robie and carry him across the mat making believe carting him across a mud puddle. I always stop then when I see them and tonight made him put Robie down. Rob rebelled, "No! No! No! Take me up in youse lap. Mama's naughty." "No," says Georgie "Mama's good, she ain't naughty now", so Rob had to give it up.

The schools over here have all been examined lately and Robie has got hold of it and he calls it "assination" "Emmie, ~~have~~ yous had assination?" "No". "Goin to has some?" "Yes." "Want some?" "No." He is a queer boy. He wont give me kisses to send to Papa, but he has to be held up to your picture to kiss it ever so many times a day, and he says Papa kisses him too. I asked Georgie what I should tell Papa, and he says, "Tell Papa, Robie and me, we's good boys."

We had a meeting at our church today, and Mr. St. John 'had a very patriotic sermon There is not much going on this evening. Madame Anna Bishop sings at Mechanics Hall.[1] The Academv of Fine Arts[2] is open, and that is about all of Public entertainment. We have had a beautiful day and every horse & carriage in the city has been "on the go". Father has lost one of his oxen, the "nigh" one, I believe, the one that is a little fractious once in a while. He lent them to Josiah Perry[3] and he over-worked them. The other one is well but this one has been sick a fortnight. I didn't want to say any thing about it before because they were in hopes he would get well.

Mrs. Fred. Leonard[4] called on me yesterday. I have not seen her before since I came home from N.Y. She had a thousand reasons for not coming before. She had just returned from Hopkinton where she has been making a visit and was looking very well indeed. She inquired about you, and when I heard last, (I had had two letters this week then) but she didn't say she had recd any from you. She was on her way to Mrs. Cleveland's who is in a "delicate situation". The deed culminates in July[5]. Mrs. Crompton[6] is likewise. There is just a perceptible change barely visible to the naked eye. It is to be hoped that our two boys across the way will cast a reflection.[7]

000380

Just now while I was writing a seranade struck up over opposite. Some young Irish fellows & girls came to serenade Mrs. Crompton's girl, Sweet Annie of the Vale. They sang just one piece and the big dog barked an accompaniment It was bright moonlight and I looked out of the front windows. When they finished they started and ran down the hill like flock of sheep and Sweet Annie came out and gave chase. The cook followed and they had a great time down on Green St.

Lois & Sophia[8] are going to stay with Sarah tonight. Mrs. Rice[9] (her nurse) stayed with her last night, and tomorrow night Elizabeth is coming. She is so weak that we don't attempt to go to sleep at all with her. She fails very fast. At times she cannot speak at all. She talks very calmly about dying but she cant bear to see any one except her watchers. Mary has gone down to stay all night with Emmie and tomorrow they are going down to the Farm.

Are you in Washington yet? and do you intend to stay and see Henry Wilson? I listen for the boat train every morning. I see by today's paper that the Army of the Potomac is beginning to move. I am so glad that you are not with them.[10] I hope every thing will come out just right and in your favor, If Government knew as well as I do how hard you have tried to serve your country, I think your claims would be considered.

Have you every thing you need for your leg, are you where you can take the best care of it? I have linen in abundance still left. How did you manage to pack your trunk when you left the Reg'nt? I don't believe you carried half your things. You must have prized the luxury of a decent room and a bed where you could turn over without getting up. I am very anxious to get another letter from you. I have nothing more of any interest to write and I will say good night. Caroline had a letter from Sam today, he was well and in anticipation of eating a baked shad which a "nigger" was going to stuff and bake for him. Georgie left kisses for Papa. I am going to bed now and sleep while I can. Good night your loving wife

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 30 Apr 1863 (185)

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[1] Anna Riviere Bishop (1810 – 1884), world renowned opera singer. The review in the Worcester Spy on 1 May stated the concert was "largely attended and one of the pleasantest entertainments of the season."

[2] Not covered by Nutt and not advertized in the Spy. Probably a group that put on "entertainments".

[3] Josiah G. Perry (1810 –), farmer on Vernon Street near the Mayo-Ward farm in Quinsigamond.

[4] Ruth A. (-?-) Leonard (– 1907), wife of Frederick Smith Leonard.

[5] Anna Richardson (Goddard) Cleveland. The child, Grace G(oddard) Cleveland, was born 24 Jul 1863. [Worc VR]

[6] Mary C. (Pratt) Crompton. The child, Mary C. Crompton, was born 4 Sep 1863. [Worc VR, Nutt IV, 858]

[7] Unfortunately, as noted, both children were girls.

[8] Lois and Jane Sophia Harington, sisters of Frank Harrington, Emily's brother-in-law.

[9] With so many Rice families in Worcester, her identification is difficult.

[10] The start of Hooker's ill-fated flank movement that culminated in the Federal defeat at Chancellorsville.

1990.63.2.99
GHW to EMW
2 May 1863

Washington D.C.
May 2nd [Sat] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children,

Here I am still. Without as yet having made any particular headway towards accomplishing my object. I rec'd yours of April 28th in due season, and am much obliged for the very kind expressions of sympathy hope, ~~and~~ firm and unshaken confidence in a prosperous and successful future. You have always been hopeful, and strong in the belief that all things worked together for good, even when the clouds were the darkest, and seemed to threaten our quiet peace and happiness.

You refer me to several and ask if I would exchange places with them. I am not prepared to exchange places with any one, high or low, rich or poor. I am willing to take life as it is & make the best of eve'y thing and abide the result. You never saw me in a very discontented frame of mind. I think I have a moderate faculty of making the best of every thing, although I don't claim to superiority with yourself, nor hardly your equal.

My leg causes me to feel a little blue at times, and when I write I always write just what I feel at the time. I don't borrow any trouble. I am willing to throw my chances in with the rest, and trust to luck. I suppose you are aware that you have not yet been "disappointed." Don't hang your hopes too high. I cannot tell yet how the cat will jump. Even if Mr. Wilson was here, it would be impossible to do anything just now as the whole Army are on the move and are today in desperate combat with the rebs. They have been fighting the past two days, but with what result we have not been able to learn although report has it that Hooker is driving them & that he has 60,000 men in the rear of the rebs. I think he will whip them. Still there is, I think, a possibility of his not doing it.[1]

Our Regm't was at their old camping ground yesterday morn'g at 9 o'c;l. Our Div, I think, will hardly get into the fight.[2] Still it may. Report has it that if we get possession of Fredericksburg, our Brigade is to be [missing] the place. In that event, I

[The page is cut at this point and resumes at the top of page four]

made application for furlough. I do not claim that I am a victim to "ill luck." Still I don't believe that to lose a leg even in battle is a blessing to any one, particularly when it doesn't get well in a year and a half. I think

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Endnotes: GHW to EMW 2 May 1863 (99)

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[1] Hooker did, indeed, cross the Rapahannock above Fredericksburg and get in Lee's rear. On the first day (1 May) three Corps advanced steadily toward Fredericksburg but then Hooker got cautious and consolidated his position around Chancellorsville. The result was that Lee, dividing and managing his forces skillfully, achieved a total victory.

[2] Gibbon's 2nd Division was detached to Shedwick's VI Corp and made a demonstration in front of Fredericksburg to try to freeze some or all of the Confederate troops while Hooker's main force marched upstream to get in Lee's rear.

1990.63.2.186
EMW to GHW
4 May 1863[1]

At Home May 4th [Mon] 1863

My Dear Husband,

I recd your letter of the 29th May Day, and I expect to hear again tonight. So the Army has really crossed (all but the 2nd Corps, thank Fortuneand the news is encouraging. I do hope your Division will not be ordered into action. Not that I have any fears now of your going with them, but I know if you can't go you will feel better if the I5th stay with you. I dreamed last night that you came home, and you had on a military overcoat of white doeskin, like the Guards' old uniform. It is a remarkable thing to write, but I thought you and I were very glad to see each other! I want very much to hear from you again. It don't seem to do any good to watch for the boat train so I expect you are back with the Regm't

We are about as usual at home. The boys are very well and so am I. Caroline is a great deal better, and Sarah still lingers with us. She suffers a great deal and longs to go. We have watchers for her every night. I took care of her last night until 3 o'clock and then Sarah H.[2] came up and stayed with her. I don't sit up much nights. People are very kind, and offer to come, and they all take very good care of her.

Mary is here still. She stays up to E's. Fred was up there a fortnight. They kept him busy working about the yard while he was there, and he stayed three or four days after he might have gone to Mr. Ward's. Eliz. told Caroline that she would say this much for Fred that "he was the smartest boy she ever saw. She bought him a pair of shoes and he well earned them." That was very well but she let him bring his dirty clothes down here to be washed ironed and mended for three weeks and it was when C. was real sick. I don't care any thing about it but when she made such great offers to sew for me, I wanted to tell her of it. She took care of Sarah the other night and she (E.) is alive after it though she had a very hard time.

Georgie has just brought his Mother Goose book for me to read to him, so I find the peice that he knows and set him going and he says the rest. If my letter is disconnected it is because I have to stop so often and explain about the Three Wise Men of Gotham, Four and Twenty Black Birds, Jack & Jill &c. Robie has got some reins and is driving horse and getting into trouble about it as usual.

We have had very pleasant weather for most two weeks, but today is cloudy and it looks as if we were going to have a storm. It is very dusty. The grass is green and the trees are "leaving" and it only wants a good "smart" shower to dress up Mother Nature in her best Spring rig. That reminds me of my bonnet and I tell you it is a pretty as any body's if it didn't cost much. I shouldn't wear it if it wasn't just the thing. The prevailing fashion, I presume you are aware, is Lavender

color. It is so fashionable it is getting to be tiresome. I have plenty of it already that I had last summer.

Mrs. (Sarah Wesson) James Rice[3] was in Frank's store the other day. She was dressed from "top to toe" in the fashionable color looking like any thing but a widow. They say she has a good business. She is as coarse looking as her brother[4] and as portly.

I have not heard any more about the "War Widder's Ball" unless we may call the Fair that is coming off this week Thursday, a Ball. It is for ~~the relief of the~~ the purpose of procuring reading for the Soldiers, and is to include Sale of Fancy Articles, Supper, and Dancing.[5] The two Unitarian Societies get it up, and Mrs. Geo. Burbank's name heads the list of Managers.[6]

I have not been near Claflin yet and I don't want any more of those photographs. The children don't recognize any but the cross one, the others are "the Lady". I wouldn't kiss them if I were you. I don't think the whole lot is worth a kiss.

It is evening and the children are asleep. Just after supper we heard a great noise, and I thought it was Mary as she is rather noisy, but, going into the bedroom soon after, there were the bed, cradle & part of the carpet covered with plaster where a part of the ceiling had fallen. It was so fortunate that no one was in the room at the time. The children had just come out and Robie's reins were on the cradle where he had been playing horse. I am so thankful that they were not hurt. You may imagine what a sweet mess I had to clear up and all the questions I had to answer about it. The sight of the bare laths afford them a theme for much speculation. Robie woke just now for some water and just opened his eyes enough to look up at the scene of the disaster and, said he, "The man's going to fix it" and then turned over and was sound asleep in a second. Georgie went to church with me yesterday. He was a very good boy indeed. It was communion day. He sat still all sermon time and seemed to watch the minister so closely that I asked him after we got home what made him look at Mr. St John so when he was preaching. "I wasn't looking at him, I was looking at the table".

Miss Warren[7] is staying with Sarah tonight. She is the one you used to think was so handsome that went to the Salem St church, and sat in front of the long pew. She is prettier with her bonnet off. We don't get much more news tonight but what there is, is good, if any News of Battle can be good news. I am so thankful that you are not in danger, though I should feel much more sure of it, if you were here with me, and I do hope your poor Reg'nt will be spared this time. If they are, there will be little fighting left to be done, for this is the turning point. Victory is with the Union after this time.[8]

It is too late to expect a letter tonight, and I am disappointed. I do want to know just where you are, and how you are. and what is the prospect of things, or, in other words, whether "things is

workin" as the darkey woman telegraphed to her husband, when he sent the message, "How is things going?"

Give my love to Henry, and all the rest. All send love to yo. Mother wishes especially to be remembered. She is just as much interested as ever in your welfare, and as ambitious for you. Write often as possible, a very little will be better than none. Good night my dear husband. God's blessing rest upon you and bring you home sometime, to

Your darling bovs & your loving wife

Em.

P. S. What Is the No. of your Div? and isn't it as well for me to write the No. as the Gen'l's name on the direction? E.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 4 May 1863 (186)

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[1] This letter is postmarked "Washington, DC Jul 17 1863". It is unlikely that George ever received it but that it was returned to Worcester when unclaimed.

[2] Sarah (Mayo) Harrington, Emily's sister.

[3] Sarah Wesson Rice (1830 –) was the widow of James P. Rice, a house painter who died in 1862 at age 35. The direct Worcester connection is not clear.

[4] Sarah Wesson's family is unknown and cannot be searched for this brother.

[5] So described in advertisements in the *Worcester Spy* during the preceding week.

[6] Lydia Octavia Whiting (1830 – 1902), wife of George G. Burbank, druggest at James Green's 117 Main St.

[7] In her letter of 11 May, Emily refers to an Eliza Warren watching Sarah. Unfortunately, even with this information, she cannot be further identified.

[8] Actually the battle of Chancellorsville was the "high point" in the War for the Confederacy. Defeats a few months later at Vicksburg and Gettysburg marked the start of Union military dominance but the War would last for almost another 2 years from the time Emily wrote this.

1990.63.2.187
EMW to GHW
5 May 1863

At home May 5th [Tues] 1863

My Dear Husband,

I sent one letter away this morning for you, and I write now to let you know that I have just rec'd your letter with the check.[1] Bartlett brought it down here. He had written a note authorizing him to take the letter from the P.O. & deliver it, which I signed; he is bound to be accommodating in spite of me; he thought it might not be convenient for me to come up street if he sent me word that I had a registered letter the P.O. I thanked him and opened the letter after he was gone. I have not said a word about your being in W. but letters have been recd here from the Reg'nt saying you were gone to Washington. I don't tell anyone about your business at all, and you needn't be a bit afraid of making me your confidant. I intended to go to the Wor. Bank this P.M., but it is very cold and rainy today, and my health is rather delicate just at this present writing. Don't think I put a light estimate on your loss of limb. I have wondered a great many times how you bear it so well as you [do]; if you had been some men, you would have fretted yourself to death about it. Only I don't like to dwell on the dark side of any thing. I feel as if your loss, (our loss for "what's yours is mine") had been made up to us in a measure, and while you bear it so well, will become, if not quite a "blessing" not altogether the opposite. But don't talk about my always making the best of trouble. I am afraid if the case was mine, I should be inclined to be rather fussy. I am sorry to own it but truth compels me to confess that I have made about as large a stir. on small capital, before now, as any body , but I won't do so any more.

We have had some news from the other side of the Rap'k today. Gen Devens, wounded.[2] Sarah says "it hit him where it missed him before," an imaginary ball, I presume, in the soft part of his back. Hope the truth will be known this time about the cause of the panic among his brigade.[3] What terrible tidings we shall have soon even if our Army is victorious. Oh George, I can't help feeling glad that you are not with them though I am sorry for the cause that keeps you away. You must appreciate a good comfortable house and good accommodations, Has Mr. Gaylord left the Army?[4] Mr. Scandlin called this afternoon on his way to the Army. I am so glad he is going. I know you would rather see him than any one else, (excepting me of course). I tried to make him take me with him, but he said he wouldn't without a written permit from the "Col." I suppose like you, he didn't want to be bothered with any one else's baggage.

Wednesday morning 6 o'clock Mrs. Barker[5] took care of Sarah last night and she has just gone. Sarah is very low, she can hardly speak, and she looks dreadfully, still she is, very patient and thoughtful. She, talks about dying very calmly. We shall never be sorry that we have been able to make her last days comfortable.

000283

Col. Barker called here about the taxes.[6] How much shall I tell him? I told him we haven't grown any rich[er] than we were last year, but he said, if he guessed at it, he was afraid he should get too much.

The children have woke up, and each had a little ceremony of their own and now have gone back to bed again, each with a gingercake in his hand. Georgie is telling Robie a story. I wish I had time, I would give it to you. The scene is laid at the Farm and the chief actors are horses, cows, and oxen.

Joshua Freeman's wife[7] was here yesterday to dinner. She called on her way to Caroline's. She had not had a letter for a week and was very glad to learn that the Reg'nt were still at Falmouth. I do hope they will not go into Battle at all.

If you had the particulars from Wm. Smith, you probably know more than I do; isn't it awful?[8] There is as little said about it as possible. Every body tells every body not to tell, but I think the truth ought to come out in order to clear the innocent, if there are any. I know very little. S.V. Stone was on the investigating committee. It must have been very shocking to his sensibilities. What little I have hear came in a round about way from him. Two Allen girls, daughters of the Saddler in Bank Block,[9] and a Gleason girl, adopted daughter of the City Messenger,[10] Wm S. Lincoln's boy[11] & a son of Dr. Blood[12] are the most conspicuous. Don't mention these names to any one for it is rather unsafe business writing them.

This is a real stormy day the wind north east and very cold. When I began to write I thought I should write just a few lines, but I seemed to have considerable on hand that needed telling, and yesterday brought a good many calls that I wanted to mention. I almost forgot one last but not least. Artemas called. He is very attentive and wants to do a great deal. Sarah can't eat any thing, what she depends on chiefly for nourishment is brandy and water, and but little of that. Artemas has brought some very nice wine but she doesn't like it; Caroline drinks it and it does her good and when my inner woman feels a little wilted, my temperance principles don't prevent my taking a little for the stomach's sake.

The boys have each an imaginary horse harnessed. Georgie has the cradle & Robie his high chair and the little rocking chair with the N.Y. reins. Robie is going to "Missis Greenleafs"[13] and Georgie is "going up St after a new plough."

This letter is essentially a home letter for I commenced it ,yesterday morning and have written it just as I have had a chance, stopping at almost every period to "see to" something. I send you one of Rob's curls. His brother, Georgie, attempted to play barber. It isn't the prettiest curl by any means, but I couldn't spare another. This was right over his left ear and he looks as if the rats had been gnawing his hair. Don't forget to tell me what to tell Col B.

George says tell Papa Robie & I are good boys. I give you his word for it and just this minute it is true. They are both in the cradle & Robie is driving to Springfield. All send their love. Remember me to my Washington City friends. Go to Willards[14] when you get this and see if Mr. Scandlin is there. Good bye my dear husband

Your loving wife

Em.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 5 May 1863 (187)

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[1] Probably the letter of 2 May. Unfortunately, much of that letter has been cut away so the details are missing.

[2] Devens was commander of the 1st Division, XI Corps that was so badly routed by Jackson's flanking attack at Chancellorsville. He was wounded (apparently not seriously) in the foot. His overall performance at Chancellorsville was deplorable to say the least. [Sears *Chancellorsville*, 263ff]

[3] As mentioned above, Devens was a Division commander. It is hard to tell whether Emily is being critical or supportive of Devens from her comments, but she certainly was not a "fan" of the General.

[4] Noah Murray Gaylord, Chaplain of the 13th Mass Vol Inf. was mustered out 12 Mar 1863 to become Army hospital chaplain. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 71; VI, 763]

[5] Perhaps Mary ( ), wife of Levi who lived at 19 Park St (present day Franklin Street) which would be reasonably close to the Mayo-Ward house on Gold. The connection was probably through the Universalist Society.

[6] Levi Barker (–), city assessor. Apparently the assessor made rounds of properties on foot and agreed upon a value with the owner.

[7] Jane R. Wellington (~1826 –)..

[8] Emily must be referring to some "scandal" involving several young sons and daughters of Worcester citizens but her letters of mid-late April do not make any reference to one. There is no information in the Spy for the week preceding that would indicate what the occurrence was. George may have inquired about the affair in his letter of 2 May, much of which has been lost.

[9] The saddler is Willard E. Allen (~1819 – 1876). He had three daughters: Elizabeth G. (b. 1846), Josephine (b. 1849) and Juliette "Nettie" (b. 1852). Probably the affair, whatever it was, involved the two older girls, aged 17 and 14.

[10] The city messenger in 1863 was Charles Marvin. David Gleason had been messenger in 1862; perhaps Emily did not realize the position had changed. Gleason and his wife, Ruth, had a daughter, Mary E., aged 13 listed in the 1860 Census.

[11] Likely William S. Lincoln, Jr.

[12] Oliver H. Blood (1800 – 1858) was a dentist.

[13] Julia (Whitney) Greenleaf, wife of John C. Greenleaf of Rutland who was boarding Eddie Ward at this time.

[14] Willards Hotel in Washington, D.C. At the time (and still today), the gathering place for Washington visitors.

1990.63.2.100
GHW to EMW
5 May 1863

Washington, D.C.
May 5th [Tues] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children,

Here I am still with nothing new in particular ~~except~~, besides what you will get before you receive this. I suppose the most bloody and desperate battle of this war has been and is now being fought, and one thing is certain, there will be no draw game about it. Although reports are in our favor, still we have not as yet won the victory. One Army or the other will be annihilated. I do hope our Army will be successful. A great many prisoners have already arrived here (about 3000) and thousands more are on the way. They are very seedy looking, most of them, but the physique of the men, I think compare favorably with ours.

I have heard nothing in particular from the 15th. Up to last night I don't think they were in the fight and report this morn'g has it that our Brigade was on this side, having recrossed. You will get more news and more reliable than I can write. Every thing now is so conflicting. It is an awful, awful fight and who ever comes out of it alive will be very lucky. If Hooker gets the advantage of them, he will "drive them to the wall" and it will be the same the other way.

I should have started for home before now, if this fight was not raging so fearfully but it is doubtful no[w] if I go at present. The place that I am boarding is kept by a widow lady named Holmead.[1] Corner of Penn Avenue and 4½ St. It is a very nice place. The boarders are very social and I like it much better than the hotel. I should think there are 20 here in all. Some few are Pay Masters of the Army, many of them are clerks in the various Depmts. It is impossible for me to do any thing in my line at present owing to the active operations in front.

I saw Genl Hincks[2] of Mass here ~~toda~~ last even'g. He is serving on Court Martial here but is very anxious to take the field and he wanted I should take his place on C.M. He said he would see the Adjt Genl today about it, but he would be obliged to serve until the present case was disposed of which would take two or three days longer. I do not know how he will succeed.

I have not rec'd any letter from you since Friday, I think. It is now about 6 P.M. which is about the time I go to the P.O. If I do not get one tonight, I shall be disappointed. My leg is pretty sore at times. I don't think it is ~~all~~ as well as when I was with the Regm't. I am pretty well otherwise. I have written this in a hurry so as to take it to the Office with me.

The weather thus far has been very favorable for the Army but it is raining now quite hard. Two to three hundred wounded men have arrived today and more are on the way. Don't you say any thing about what I wrote relating to Genl. Hincks and myself because it is by no means certain, hardly probable. I should rather like it though. I am in hopes to hear something from the 15th by

tomorrow. I hope they have been luck[y] this time. They have been under fire as Mr. Gaylord said one man (Brown) had arrived here wounded.[3] I suppose you rejoice to think I was not there, but I do not feel that way. If I had supposed the weather would have been so favorable, I wouldn't have come away. It was the bad weather, cold, wet, camping out with not tents that I was afraid of. Some may accuse me of being a coward, perhaps they will, but I think a very few cowards would be disposed to go through what I have. It is all the same with me though. I hope you and the children are well, and every thing going on nicely as can be under the circumstances. Remember me to all the folks. Lots of love and kisses to you and the children.

Yours affectionately,

George

Washington P.O.

No letter from home tonight.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 5 May 1863 (100)

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[1] An E. Holmead, aged 35, is listed in the 1860 Census for Washington, D.C. as proprietor of a boarding house in the 4th Ward.

[2] Edward Winslow Hincks (1830 – 1894). Hincks was Col. of the 19th Mass at Ball's Bluff and wounded at Glendale in the Seven Days Battles in the Summer of 1862 and at Antietam. He would serve on Court Martial duty in Washington until Mar 1864. He then was put in command of a prison for two months and, for a short time, was division commander of a negro division in the XVIII Corps in front of Petersburg. That was his last field command.

[3] No soldier in the 15th with the surname Brown or Browne is listed as injured at Chancellorsville in the Mass Soldiers and Sailors.

1990.63.2.101
GHW to EMW
8 May 1863

Washington D.C.
May 8th [Fri] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children,

I rec'd your letter of the 5th last night and was glad of it. Hope you are getting along well and keep right side up with care. Mr. Gaylord has not left the army, he has left the 13th Regm't and is now chaplain for the Hospitals. He has his family here, wife and two children.[1] Mr. Scandlin was here yesterday and left this morn'g but I did not see him. I heard he was here and looked fo him but ~~but~~ couldn't find him. He knew where I was, and I should thought he would [have] called.

You tell Col. Barker I am worth $1,500 – which is the amt to be taxed for. Tell him I thought I was used rather unfair, for last year I gave in $1,000 and was taxed for four times that amt. Perhaps he may say I was taxed on my salary, but I pay a Govm't tax on that and it is hardly fair to be oblige to pay a double tax for the same purpose.

Glad the check arrived safely as I felt [a] little anxious about it. I should liked very well to have had you come out with Mr. Scandlin as I have a room ~~wide enough~~ by myself and a bed wide enough for two but I guess in-as-much as you didn't come, you had better not come at present. You spoke about having sent one letter away the morn'g you sent this, before as I understand it, which I have not rec'd but probably shall tonight.

We have had a cold rain storm for several days which must make it very uncomfortable for the soldiers, particularly the wounded ones. Large numbers of wounded men are being brought here. Hooker is on this side with his whole army. The 15th was in the fight but not very bad. They helped take the works at Fredericksburg but, strange to say, not a man was hurt.[2] They are now in their old quarters but are under orders to move at a moment's notice. Hooker came back on account of the storm. He could not get supplies to his army, the river was so swollen and the traveling so bad.[3] The opinion is he will make another move as soon as the mud dries up.

If S.V.S.[4] was one of the investigating committee, I have no doubt the case was fully and thoroughly "looked into". I have no doubt but that the facts were all brought out, and the matter probed to the bottom.[5]

I should think Robie's hair was growing darker, the curls are very pretty. I have not yet been able to send you any flowers as I have not seen any wild ones, and but very few cultivated ones. I am here still, but am not able to tell what the result will be. There is no prospect of doing any thing for the Regm't at present, and am not yet able to tell about the matter I ~~spoke~~ wrote to you last about.[6]

Look out you do not drink so much wine as to get <u>winey</u>. I am glad Artemas is doing well. Art is a good whole souled fellow, if he would only keep from spreeing it, he would be all right.

Perhaps it is a good thing he got married after all.[7] I hope so. I do not hear anything from Charles. Wonder he doesn't write. I shall know probably between now and Monday what the result of things will be. Remember me to all. [I] should like to see you and the children.

I see Stone is appointed Marshall and that Lee and Palfrey are not.[8] I think it is a shame, out of 30 only 2 are appointed from the played out officers, when the discharged officers should have had the preference. It is a political affair entirely & I doubt if I could have obtained the appointment if I had applied.

I suppose the boys are very funny and do and say a great many wise things. I know they are capable of such actions and think I should enjoy it to see and hear them. Take good care of them and yourself to[o].

Your loving husband,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 8 May 1863 (101)

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[1] Susan Van Hook. The children have not been identified.

[2] After action reports and other "official" records indicate that two men were slightly wounded.

[3] While it is true that heavy rains on the 5-6 of May made Hooker's position below the Rappahannock difficult, he basically retired a thoroughly defeated commander.

[4] Samuel V. Stone (1822 – 1875)

[5] George seems to be referring to the affair in late April implied in Emily's letter of 5 May.

[6] Serving as Court Martial officer in place of Edward W. Hincks. [see GHW to EMW of 5 May]

[7] Artemas Ward's first wife, Jane L. Marble, died in 1860. He married Augusta Patterson two years later. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[8] Samuel V. Stone was appointed but William Raymond Lee and Francis Palfrey were not.

1990.63.2.188
EMW to GHW
8 May 1863

At Home May 8th [Fri] 1863

Dear Husband,

I recd your letter of the 5th last night and I don't like the P, S., that is why I am writing now, not that I have any thing in particular to write but because I want you to have a letter. I mailed one Tuesday morn'g & Wednesday so I presume you have heard from "home" by this time. We had bad news last night and I must confess it made me feel rather disheartened. The Army recrossed, Stoneman not heard from, &c.[1] Just the kind of news that suits some people here;[2] but this morning we get a better story and I hope a truer one.

The Spy mentions Francis Bacon[3] as killed and Thomas Brown[4] wounded of the 15th and adds "he was probably on picket duty, as the Reg'nt is supposed not to have been in action". I presume you know as much about it as Baldwin;[5] still I hope his version of the case is the true.

I am sorry your leg troubles you so. Why not try to see Dr. Gregory[6] now you are in W. I don't imagine he knows every thing but he may know just what will answer for your leg. It can't be a worse case than Mr. Healy's.[7] How are your clothes, do they compare well with the rest of the boarders. Have you seen Mr. Scandlin? Don't be afraid of my talking about your affairs, considering that I am a woman, and the splendid opportunities I have of telling all I know. I think I am very discreet. I am glad that you are not with the army, and I am very glad that the Reg'nt is not with the army. I am just ambitious as you are, but there is a time coming for you to shine and be useful, and you will find enough to do and dare to satisfy even you.

I am writing in a hurry, because I want to send this by the 10½ mail. We are about as usual. Sarah just lives and suffers, that is all. She can hardly speak.

We have had a very stormy week. The children are well. Georgie sends kisses to Papa, Robie kisses your picture. I had rather kiss your letters; they come right from your hand and look almost as much like you, you don't know how much good they are. I should like to have you come home but I know you will do what is best and wisest, and that it is not because you don't want to see us that you stay away. I can't help feeling glad that you are in comfortable lodgings this stormy weather. I enjoy my own bed all the better for knowing that you are not in camp. I never like to say good bye at the top of the sheet but I must do so this morning. I am so thankful that I am not dreading to see your name in that terrible list that is to come, and will bring such sorrow to so many homes.

Good bye, more next time from your loving wife,

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 8 May 1863 (188)

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[1] Hooker took his Army back across the Rappahannock on the night of May 4-5; Stoneman's cavalry showed up a few days later. [Sears *Chancellorsville*, 438-39]

[2] Undoubtedly referring to the Copperheads as the anti-War faction was known. Anti-War, or even pro-Southern, sentiment in Worcester was undoubtedly present but not tolerated in "official" circles. No mention is made in Nutt and the Worcester Spy is filled with invectives against those professing non-Union views.

[3] Francis Bacon (1841 – 1863) of Worcester. Formerly a private in Co A, Bacon had been discharged in April to become 2nd Lieut. in the 102nd NY. The 102nd was in the 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division (Geary) of the XII Corps and suffered heavy losses, including 10 dead, on 3 May covering a Federal retreat. A brother, William B. Bacon serving in the 34th, would be killed in 1864 at New Market, Virginia. [Sears *Chancellorsville*, 341, 490; 15th Mass Web Site]

[4] There is no record of Thomas Brown being wounded at Chancellorsville in either Mass Soldiers and Sailors or on the 15th Mass Web Site.

[5] John D. Baldwin, publisher of the *Worcester Spy*.

[6] Prior references are to a Dr. McGregor. Both are unidentified.

[7] Waldo Healy of Dudley. The nature of his affliction is not clear.

1990.63.2.189
EMW to GHW
10 May 1863

At Home May 10th [Sun] 1863

Dear Husband.

I wanted a letter last night but it didn't come. We hear that Richmond is taken and that Hooker's Army has recrossed with eight day's rations. I am anxious to know whether you have gone back to the Reg'nt. The papers speak of three wounded of the 15th, and from that it is presumed they were in some part of the fight. Still we cannot hear any particulars of the Reg'nt, The bulletin today attracted crowds, as people were going to and from church. Some are inclined to think the news of Richmond's being taken almost too good to believe, but I am determined to believe all the good news and make the most of it. Mr. Boyden[1] preached here today. I went this morning and took Georgie. Sarah seemed so feeble this morning that I hadn't thought of leaving her today , but she wouldn't have me stay at home and seemed hurt because I talked of it. She said today she would like to see Mr. Richardson, and on my way home from church I stopped at his house[2] and told him and he called between the meetings. Mr. Boyden called on me tonight and he saw Sarah a few minutes. They both talked beautifully to her and she seemed much happier after seeing them.

Mr. Boyden's sermon this morning was on the thoughfulness of God, and you don't know how comforting it was. He wished to be remembered to you and thinks you ought to be at home if your leg is not healed. Dea. Pratt[3] was with him. Georgie says, "I don't like that man, I'd rather hear Mr. St. John."

Mrs. J. Burbank[4] called on me yesterday. She was on the committee of the Fair last week held for the purpose of procuring reading matter for convalescent Soldiers, and she says they cleared $500. She is looking finely in new Spring array. She sent her love to you, and said remember Jim[5] also. After tea yesterday, Harvey and his wife[6] called. He had a letter from you which he read to me. His wife has been having her photograph taken, and she is about as successful as I am. I think of the two, mine is preferable. Harvey's mother[7] wanted one of yours and I sent her one. It was after dark when they went away, and come to go to their carriage some one had stolen their whip. The worst of it was <u>their</u> carriage was being repaired, and they had Walter Sutton's,[8] the whip was his, and was a very valuable one. Harvey came down this morning to bring a shawl that I lent his wife to wear home. but he had not heard from his whip.They both wish to be remembered in my letter and will write soon and answer yours ~~letter~~.

This has been a very warm day, almost sultry. Sarah & Frank[9] went home from meeting with mother. Henry and Caroline went to ride this afternoon, and stopped at the Farm on their way back and took supper with them. Caroline is pretty weak and coughs a great deal but she keeps up

wonderfully. You must not be surprised to hear of Sarah's death at any time. She cannot last more than a week longer at farthest. She said to me today that next Sunday was the 17th of May, the day her Father died.[10] She speaks of you and Henry often and would like to see you if possible, but does not expect to. She doesn't sit up even to have her bed made. We move her from side to side and sometimes she faints when we just turn her from one side to [the] other.

How I do want to hear from you. I won't say see you, though you may judge something by yourself of how much I would give for a good long, strong, altogether hug. That makes me think of Georgie. Tonight he gave me six kisses for Papa and a hug. "Now lets have a left hug, Mama," so you may have it. I suppose you will say "over the left."

Sometime when I have more time I will send you better looking letters, but to tell the truth I don't have time to make them look decent to say nothing of the composition, but I know you are charitable and will make all due allowance. What do you think of the last Campaign? It didn't turn out just as we hoped, but I'm inclined to think the end is not yet, and that Hooker will make a clean sweep this time,[11] only don't you go with him. I must not write any more for two good reasons.[12]

I have no more to write and not wit enough tonight to be entertaining on small capital. Good night, kiss me,

Em

P.S. I must find a new place for your picture. I have held Robie up to kiss it until my back is most broken over it. E.

Monday m'ng. Sarah had a very bad turn this morning at 4 o'clock. We thought her dying. She revived and is a little better now but can not live long and she is impatient to go. Just rec'd yours of the 8th. You ought to have had 3 letters last week. Good bye.

E.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW (189)

[1] John Boyden (1816 – 1887).

[2] Merrill Richardson lived at 28 Orange St which ran parallel to Portland St. It no longer exists.

[3] Undoubtedly a member of the Unitarian Church but there are several "Mr. Pratt's to choose from.

[4] Persis S. (Wood) (1835 – 1913). In her letter of 4 May, Emily says Mrs. Geo. Burbank was one of the sponsors. The Burbank husbands, both druggists, may have been brothers.

[5] James L. Burbank (1829 – 1878), druggist with store (M.B. Green) at the corner of Elm and Main Streets.

[6] Harriet F. Chapman (1839 – 1864).

[7] Harriet (Eaton) Wilder (1801 – 1894).

[8] Walter T. Sutton (1834 –), a bank cashier.

[9] The Harringtons.

[10] Col. Artemas Ward died 17 May 1857. (see Genealogical Appendix)

[11] Hooker resignation was accepted in late June 1863. Although a failure as Army commander, Hooker would prove his competence as Corps commander at Lookout Mountain in front of Chattanooga, Tennessee a year later.

[12] Referring to the two children.

1990.63.2.190
EMW to GHW
11 May 1863[1]

At Home May 11th [Mon] 1863

My Dear Husband,

I mailed a letter this morning to you and I write again this even'g to tell you that Sarah is gone. She breathed her last at 6 o'clock this even'g. I wrote you this morning that she ad a distressed turn at 4 o'clock, so much so that I sent up to Elizabeth's and she and Mary have been here all day. Sarah revived this morning, and seemed quite bright through the day until about 3 o'clock when she wanted me to rub her. She has lain on her right side all together lately but wanted me to rub her. The moment I did so, she began to cough and was too weak to raise[2] and seemed to fill up. She lived until 6 and was conscious all the time. She was in a great deal of distress until a short time before she died. She was unable to speak but very little and with great difficulty. Towards the last she said, "I want to see them all.[3] Henry, Sammy, George." I mentioned Charley, Artemas and the rest and she nodded her head. I couldn't get Fred here in season but I sent for the rest. Artemas came just as she breathed her last breath. He was down here at noon and brought oranges & lemons to Caroline. He brought his wife[4] and Emma[5] here tonight. The funeral is appointed at 4½ o'clock Wednesday P.M.

Capt. Chenery[6] & Wm. Bickford[7] who died yesterday are buried the same day, and we must have it at that hour or at 1½ o'clock. The days are so long that I prefer 4 ½. Besides it is so much nearer to sunset and I always thought that a beautiful time to die or be buried. Charley[8] is here tonight; he will sleep on the sofa in the dining room. I feel ~~all~~ almost lost tonight. It is ten weeks now since Sarah came down here, and it has been such a constant care on my mind that now I'm almost lost.

Eliza Warren[9] watched with Sarah last night but I was up until after twelve and then at 4 when they called me. I have slept today but I am tired now. I can say it since it is all over. I wish I had you here now to tell me just what to do, not that but I can manage very well and have plenty of help, only I'm tired and don't want the trouble of thinking. I shall feel brighter after a good night's rest. I am so thankful that we have had her here. Almost the last words she said to me before she began to be so distressed were, "Emily, I couldn't <u>do</u> without you, <u>no</u> way." I told her she wouldn't have to. After she was unable to speak or make any sign, she drew my face down to kiss her, and she died in my arms. She clung to Caroline's hand but it was too much for C. and she couldn't stay to see her go.

We have had two very sultry days. It is raining tonight and is cooler. I rec'd you letter of the 8th this morning. I hope you have mine of the 5th by now. How do you know Mr. Scandlin knew where you were? I didn't tell him. I read you letter in haste this morning and entirely forgot the

boarding place, excepting that Mr. Gaylord[10] boarded there. I don't know what made me so absent minded that day unless it was that I had so many calls and was trying to write to you all day. If yo stay away much longer, I shall get to be a woman of business. Write often and write everything. I am very discreet. I have forgotten whether I wrote that I went to the Bank. At any rate, I did, and rec'd a certificate for the amount and have it in the strong box.

It was Charley Whitney[11] who gave me the Transcript I sent you, saying that Col. Ward was in Washington. He insisted on my taking it and I told him I should send it to you.

Robie's hair is darker and thicker than when you left but you ought to see it since Georgie cut it off. I must send Georgie to the barber. I hope you will succeed in Washington. I can't stop to write about the War news, but I feel as if we might hope for better things some time. I mustn't write any more. I wish I was with you helping you make the most of you spacious accommodations.

Don't worry about us. We shall get along very well. I shall write very soon. Good bye my Dear Husband,

Your loving wife,

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 11 May 1863 (190)

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[1] The letter is addressed to George at "Gen. Gibbon's Div, 2nd Army Corps, 15th Mass Reg't, Washington." Emily must have been so distracted by Sarah's death and arrangements that she forgot that only George was in Washington, the 15th being still at Falmouth. At any rate, George's subsequent letters indicate he never received this one.

[2] i.e. to bring up phlegm.

[3] Indicating her siblings.

[4] Augusta (Patterson) Ward (1838 – 1865), his second wife.

[5] Likely Emanette V. Ward (1843 –), his oldest child.

[6] Horace Chenery (1796 – 1863), a manufacturer of cotton cloth (died 9 May). The military title probably came from earlier militia service (he would have been too young to serve in the War of 1812).

[7] William Millbury Bickford (1805 – 1863), a loom builder (died 10 May).

[8] Charles Augustus Ward (1828 –), George's next younger brother. He boarded at 6 Maple Street at the time. [1963 Worc City Dir]

[9] Even with this information, she is not identifiable. Obviously a member of the Universalist Society and probably living close to the Mayo-Ward residence on Gold Street.

[10] Noah M. Gaylord (1805 –), Chaplain to the 13th Mass Vol. Inf.

[11] Emily probably meant Charles B. Whiting as there is no Charles Whitney in Worcester at the time.

1990.63.2.102
GHW to EMW
13 May 1863

Washington D.C.
May 13th [Wed] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children,

I rec'd yours of 10th yesterday also Spy which did not have much news. I have not much of any thing to write. News here is very scarce although you would suppose there would be news here if any where. I have been among the hospitals considerably for two or three days last and I must confess I never felt the horrors of war so real as I do now.

The weather is very warm and the wounded suffer exceedingly from the effects of it. A great many have died and many more will. I have seen some shocking wounds where shell have taken the flesh. I feel some times that I was exceedingly fortunate in getting as near well, even as I have, as there are large numbers that have already died, and many more will from the effects of amputation. Mr. Gaylord and his wife are at work from early morn to late at night.

I am glad Sarah realizes her condition, and that she is reconciled to it. Very likely she may have passed away before you receive this. I should like to see her on some accounts, but perhaps it is all for the best.

I have been talking with Mrs. Gaylord.[1] She tells me she was once very low with consumption and that her friends thought she could live but a very short time, but that she found a remedy. It was while she lived in Boston some time ago. She has great faith in it, and declares it the wonderful remedy. She says many of the most eminent Drs now use it in their daily practice. It is made in France, put up in small bottles, and is very powerful. She commenced with one drop at a time, then increased it to two and so on as she could bear it, on loaf sugar. I t is called "Fousells pabulum vitae".[2] Trial bottles are 50 cts, larger ones 1.00. I don't think there is any kept in Worcester. It can be had at O Tompkins, corner Winter and Washington St, Boston, Send and get a trial bottle by Express for Caroline, it may help her. Mrs. Gaylord says she knows many extreme cases where it has done wonders. You can get a bottle and not let C know any thing about it until you receive it. The effect at first is very strange and queer, but tell her not to be alarmed, and take but one drop at first. The first once or twice she takes it, it may make her cough considerably, but it will relieve her lungs. Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord both have unbounded confidence in it except in advanced cases.

It is very warm and sultry. No definite news from the army has been rec'd for several days. I am about the same. It must be very warm for the soldiers. A great many soldiers are passing through here on their way home. Some of them are nine months men, some two years. Three Regm'ts went through yesterday. Their times are out. A great many wounded officers are here, so that they are no curiosity.

President Lincoln, his wife and Charles Sumner[3] stopped here last night. They were in a carriage and called for Mrs. Genl. Doubleday[4] who boards here. Abe looks rather shaky, but his wife looks as though she might ~~hold her own~~ bear up under any circumstances.[5] I have got a lot of photographs of distinguished officers to send home the first opportunity. Perhaps I might bring them myself, but you needn't count on it. I haven't heard from the Regn't for several days. If Hooker crossed over again, the chances are they will get into a fight.

I rec'd a letter from Sam yesterday. He is all right or appears to be. He is drilling with the shovel making earth works.[6] I very seldom dream about any body, but yesterday I had a ~~dream~~ nap & dreampt Georgie was with me. I thought he was standing by my side and looked as natural as could be, I asked him a great many questions and he nodded his head just as he used to. I thought I had hold [of] both of his hands and while talking with him I woke up. I was real sorry for I had not said half I wanted to. Perhaps if I had not awoke I should have dreamed about you and Robie. I like real dreams the best when they are good ones.

I am sitting at my window and a very heavy shower is coming. It thunders and just now there was a splendid display of chain lightning. The air is growing cooler and the sight is grand. The effect on the wounded men will be of great benefit. They have suffered very much on account of the heat.

Remember me to all. Lots of love and kisses for you and the children.

George.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 13 May 1863 (102)

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[1] Susan Van Hook.

[2] Obviously a patent medicine, ingredients unknown. "Pablum Vitae" merely means "a bland substance of life", hardly an apt description of a medicine to be taken one drop at a time.

[3] Senator from Massachusetts

[4] Mary Hewitt (– 1907), wife of Abner Doubleday (1819 – 1893).

[5] A surprising remark as most historians portray Mary Todd Lincoln as withdrawn and depressed. Lincoln himself, of course, was also of a depressive nature.

[6] Samuel W. Ward had enlisted in the 25th Mass Vol Inf in Mar 1863 and was serving in Co H. At this time the 25th had just returned from Plymouth, North Carolina and was resuming its station at New Bern. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors III, 1; 48]

1990.63.2.103
GHW to EMW
17 May 1863

Washington D.C.
May 17th [Sun] 1863

My dear Wife and Children,

Yours of the 14th[1] was rec'd last night but I have not yet rec'd the letter you allude to concerning Sarah's death, but very likely I shall tonight.[2] It may by accident have gone to the Regn't. I rec'd Tuesday's Spy on Wednesday containing the notice and had heard nothing further until last even'g. The details would be interesting; still I didn't expect you to write them all. I shall be satisfied with what you thought was necessary & proper. I am glad she was well cared for, and that circumstances were such as to make her situation comfortable in ~~her~~ the last, and most trying, hours of her sickness. It must have been hard for Caroline because she thinks it may be her turn next. Life is short at the longest, and none of us can tell how long we remain here.

There have been a great many deaths in these Hospitals and not in a single instance has one of them been afraid to die and many of them have had but a few hours' notice. Some of them appear to be doing well today, are very hopeful and cheerful. Talk of home and its associations, of wife, children, and friends. Tomorrow a sudden change comes over them. They are conscious that they must soon pass away, and they die calmly like going to sleep. They all say they have tried to do their duty and hope they have succeeded. The only regret is that they are unable to see their family and friends. They admit that the chances were against them, that they went into the fight thinking perhaps they might be instantly killed, so that it is not so hard for them as if it would be if it came upon them suddenly, without in the least expecting it. To look upon them and see how manfully they suffer, how nobly they die, men of cultivation, learning, of refined manners, to see them give up their life so willingly, with such a perfect trust and faith and hope in the future, it does seem "that to die is to gain." Either a great revolution has taken place in the moral and religious sentiment of the Army or else those who were the best prepared were selected as the ones to go. It is only a transfer from a lower to a higher state of existence, and those who were in the most complete state of preparation were certainly entitled to the preference.

Although I have been an inmate of the hospital myself, and have suffered some, and made some sacrifice, still I never had so much pity and sympathy for the wounded as I have now. Men with much slighter wounds apparently than mine seem to suffer more than I ever did, although they seem to have every attention necessary to their comfort and welfare. I tell you people at home don't know any thing about it. They can't realize it. I have heard officers and men who have been north say it made them feel sick & discouraged to witness the indifference there in relation to this rebellion. I don't know what we are coming to as a nation, still I yet believe it will all come out right.

I expect new courts will be organized this week, and have been told that I would probably be detailed. If I am not, I shall resign and go home and I am not very particular which I do. I wish you would send me all those letters recommending me for position in the army. I may have occasion to use them. Send them in one large envelop well done up. You will find them in the trunk in an envelope by themselves. I have written asking you several times if you have heard any thing about selling the old place. It is very warm here some of the time, then again it is cold enough for an overcoat. I am well though and don't wear an overcoat either. I wear my flannel shirts and buy paper collars. Drink a little whiskey and don't smoke. Very seldom speak to a woman, and when I do, it is a married one. Remember me to Caroline. ~~Lots of~~ Get that medicine for her for I have sort of a presentiment it will do her good. Lots of love and kisses to you and Georgie and Robie,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EHW 17 May 1863 (103)

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[1] This letter is missing.

[2] This would be Emily's letter of 11 May. There is no evidence George ever received it.

1990.63.2.191
EMW and Sarah (Mayo) Harrington to GHW[1]
17 May 1863

Sunday May 17th, 1863

Dear Brother.

Em has got the nettle rash[2] and can't stop scratching long enough to write so has enlisted my services.

She has not been dressed today, although not very sick. As the elbow rash keeps moving round, she is part of the time able to sit up on her and part of the time on her ----- shoulder blades

Georgie is very attentive, his last office of love was to chew up a wad of paper and stick it on to his mothers face in the reddest part. Robbie is asleep in his cradle. Caroline has taken the first dose of her new medicine. Frank found it at Spurs.[3] She says, "give my love to George and tell him it has done me a dollars worth of good already." At any rate it has inspired her with new courage and she is so well otherways, I think if her lungs are not too far gone, she will be better, if not entirely strong. I have heard that people sometimes enjoy a tolerable degree of health with only one lung.

Emily received a letter last Monday and did not get another until yesterday. I can't write much tonight I must tell you one thing, however; I don't know but Em has written it already,

Rev E. E. Hale[4] joined the home guards in Brookline where he resides. They got a military man to drill them who did not know one person from another. Just as he got them into a line, Mr Hale recognized a ministerial friend in the crowd, whom he had not seen for a long time. He started for him, gun over his shoulder, and as the drill master ran his eyes up and down the line, he discovered the vacancy and the man who should have filled it, shaking hands with one of the bystanders. This was more than military patience could endure and he roared out, "You d--m slopsided buss, <u>fall in</u>. The crowd, home guards and all, burst into such a roar of laughter that they could drill no more that day. And Mr. Hale has not attempted to since. Mr. Hale brought the story to Worcester himself, it being to[o] good to keep.

Monday morning, May 18th.

Henry Ward arrived last night in the last train. He had not heard of Sarah's death, and his first question was, how is Sarah? It is just six years ago yesterday since your father died, had you forgotten it? Emily is very much better this morning and is dressed. This disease, if it runs over twenty eight hours goes forty eight and Em's time is about up – perhaps she would like to add a few lines so I leave space.

From Sarah H. as Robie says

Aunt Sarah Hang-ton-ton-ton

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My Dear Husband,

I feel so much better this morning that I will add a line or two to Sarah's letter just to let you know that I can write. Yesterday I felt so badly I couldn't. My right hand was as broad & thick as it was long and I couldn't hold a pen; the disorder has reached my feet and will soon be ready to jump off at my toes.

Uncle Jeff Harrington[5] was here Saturday. He said he saw you in Washington. Rec'd a letter from you just before he called so he couldn't tell me any thing new about you. Henry is here. He stopped to see you at your boarding place but you were out of the city. The children are very well. They are up in the attic now with Henry helping him look over his trunk. I can't write much now for I want to send this letter up by Henry. Robie was almost puzzled when he saw Henry this morning. He thought it was Papa and then he thought it wasn't. He would know you very quick if you should come. Henry came in the late train last night, and rattled the latch of the side door a little. It woke Caroline and she came in to me. I thought you had come surely. I went down all in white and though I was glad to see Henry, still I don't want many more disappointments. If your leg troubles you very much, don't stay too long till it gets very much worse. I only received two letters last week, one Monday and one Sat'day and I was very anxious. I will write a better letter next time after the nettle rash goes away. Good by for now. The children send kisses and so do I.

From your loving wife,

Em

Endnotes EMW to GHW 17 May 1863 (191)

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[1] George did not receive this letter until 29-30 May when he returned to the Regiment in Falmouth.

[2] Hives or urticaria. A non-specific condition, usually of acute onset and of allergic etiology.

[3] Geo. R. Spurr, druggist at 201 Main St. [1863 Worc City Dir]

[4] Edward Everett Hale (1822 – 1901), former (1846 – 1856) pastor of the Church of the Unity (Worcester). Author and orator, he was an ardent abolitionist in the pre-War era; author: "Man Without a Country".

[5] Thomas J(efferson) Harrington (1804 – 1888), brother of Luke Harrington, father of Frank. He was a manufacturer in Millbury. (see Genealogical Appendix)

1990.63.2.192
EMW to GHW
19 May 1863

At Home May 19th [Tues] 1863.

My Dear Husband.

Yours of the 17th is just rec'd and I presume before now you have rec'd mine of the 11th. Theo. carried that letter to the P.O, and it is rather remarkable that he carried up the other one that you didn't get. Before I forget it let me mention that have never i heard word about selling the old place. I have never asked any one about it. I have never inquired for I knew if any thing was said or done about a sale, I should hear about it right away. John Conlin (the painter)[1] came here a while ago to hire a piece of land for pasture, and I sent him to Col. Foster.[2] I have not heard any thing from him since. You say nothing of Henry but I presume by this time you have my letter speaking of his arrival Sunday night. He went to your boarding place Friday night and again Sat. morning but they told him you were away with some other gentlemen visiting some Hospitals out of the City.

I am glad you can go round among them; it must do the poor fellows good to see you knowing that you have been just where they are; at least where a great many of them are. What a field for benevolence those Hospitals must afford the people of Washington, and every where else in fact. I should feel really guilty that I work so little for the poor soldiers. If my time & strength were not so fully occupied by sick ones at home. The Relief Society have sent three boxes of Hospital supplies this week, and they send one box certain every week. Still as you say there is a great deal of Indifference here on the part of those who call them selves very loyal, and as for the ladies of Worcester and everywhere else, I think they never were so extravagant. I think with you that it will all come out right, but I think we shall have to realize it rather more than we do. It is bad enough to have our husbands & brothers away exposed to the horrid fortunes of war but it would be still worse if those who live, to get home at last, found no homes to come to; we know little about war compared to those who have it in their very midst.

Worcester never looked more beautiful than now; the trees & shrubs are all in new dress; the cherry trees and pear trees round our house are in full bloom, the lilac, flowering almonds, ~~lily~~ lilies of the valley. and more that I cant call by name, are budded and tulips and dandelions are looking their prettiest. Don't mean to say much about your coming home. I am so afraid you won't come but, If you <u>should</u>, you would meet with a warm reception, I will assure you. Pity your dream ended so abruptly, that is always the way.

I got the medicine for Caroline and she has been taking it since Sunday. She thinks she coughs less but as she says she feels a "tightness in her wind pipe." She means to give it a faithful trial and it does se[em] as if it might help her. She has been having a very severe pain in her right

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side tonight. We tried all the remedies that have usually helped her pleurisy pains, but nothing helped her until Frank went up to Dr. Nichols and he says the trouble is Pleurisy of the liver. We have all been up with her. Frank & Sarah have just gone down stairs. It is most two o'clock and she is getting easier. I shall go to bed soon when she has taken the medicine a few more times; once in twenty minutes are the directions. She has just gone to bed. Henry is not here tonight. I expect he is at Artemas'. Georgie and I went to the Cemetery with him today.[3] After we came home he took Caroline & Robie down to see Fred and to "the Farm".

Henry starts for the Army tomorrow night and I will send these documents by him. I can seal and direct them just the same so if he doesn't find you, he can leave them for you at your boarding house. Glad to hear about you collars & shirts. Wonder how it is with your pocket handkerchiefs. Do you flourish silk & colored cotton? Or have you bought some more white ones? I believe you carried three or four white ones with you. I don't feel at all uneasy about you. If I did, I should say that from what I have heard of the ladies of Washington, the <u>married</u> ladies are the most dangerous, but I don't borrow any trouble. I have not the least doubt but that you think your wife is the most lovely woman. You know "distance lends enchantment to the view." I shall try to invent some way of pulling the wool over your eyes, so that you shall keep thinking so after you get ~~home~~ a nearer sight. Caroline is so much easier that I shall go to bed now. Good night darling I'd kiss you if you wasn't fast asleep ----- in Washington.

Wednesday morning. Caroline is better this morning, she is not up yet. Mother is here. She will stay over night and wants me & the children to go home with her for a few days. I shall see how Caroline is when she gets up. I think my going is very doubtful.

Our boys are in the charcoal business. Robie drives the team and Georgie takes the money. They go on the cash system altogether; their capital consists of two cents and a brass button. I wish you could hear them talk. They know a great deal. Georgia says "Mama, what's the news in that paper about the war?" Georgie don't see what made Papa go off. I tell him to take care of the 15th Reg'nt but he is not more than half satisfied with that answer.

My nettle rash is all gone but I don't feel very smart and I don't feel sick either, only lazy. I don't believe I could set the North River on fire if I should try, and I don't feel a bit like trying. Henry Harrington[4] talks of going to Washington; perhaps he will go on with Henry Ward tonight. If it wasn't for a good many reasons to the contrary, I believe I should go too. I am at the bottom of the sheet, all send their love, the children send kisses. Good bye.

My dear Husband,

Em.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 19 May 1863 (192)

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[1] There are only two John Conlin's listed in the 1862-64 Worcester City Directories, one a wireworker and the other a moulder. There is, however, a James Conlin, painter, listed on Providence Court.

[2] Dwight Foster

[3] Rural Cemetery in Worcester, undoubtedly to visist Sarah Ward's grave. The Ward plot is a large one with many family members in it.

[4] Henry Harrington (1827 – 1867) Frank Harrington's brother and business partner.

1990.63.2.193
EMW to GHW
22 May 1863

Greenwood Farm May 22nd [Fri] 1863

My Dear Husband,

Here we are, the boys and I, having such a good time. We came down with Mother yesterday, and I wish you were here too. I don't like farms but it is a nice thing to have a place like this to come to [in] such warm weather. Yesterday and today have been very warm, indeed so warm that I have not let the children out to play until 5 o'clock, and then you ought to see them, They are so delighted. They are up at the barn now with the hired man.[1] Robie is sitting next to him in the barn door, and Georgie just outside on the horse collar. Mother & I are in the front door and can hear them talking; the conversation seems to be on horses & cows & " taking de wains", and how far Georgie can run and jump. He goes after "dinner eggs." He calls them so to distinguish them from the nest eggs. Yesterday I was in the barn with him and he cautioned me not to go near that black hen "she's laying a chiney egg & a dinner egg". He's very bold about hunting eggs when the nests are empty but he wouldn't dare to scare up a motherly hen more than I would. Last night we were all in the barn together; up in one corner was a hen's nest in a tub; Mother looked in, and spying what she took to be a black hole, put her hand down to see what was at the bottom, when up jumped a black hen with a "squawk" that sent Mother at a respectful distance. She thinks she will wear her glasses next time she goes on an exploring expedition.

Dick[2] is off to Northville to pasture. Mrs. Broken horn and the red and white cow are the interesting mothers of two nice "bossys." The young fruit trees are very thrifty. Most of them are in blossom. The row of apple trees that you set out are growing finely, green peas have been up a fortnight. John[3] is hurrying up the planting, he wants to get through before it rains. That piece of land where the row of little apple trees are has been ploughed up to be planted with corn and potatoes. Every thing is in a flourishing condition. I wish I could except the mosquitoes, but truth compels me to say that they are very thick and spry.

Sat. morning. Today is quite cool and pleasant, and here we are in the barn again. I came out to look for the boys, and found them having a nice time so I have come out to see that they don't get into any danger. The cattle are all out but Charley[4] is here and Georgie is rather fond of pitching hay over for him to eat. I have set them up one in the carriage and one in the long wagon, and they are driving away as satisfied as if they were going over the road at a 2.40 rate.[5]

Mr. Grout is still at home.[6] He talks of trying to get a pension on account of his ruined health. He looks as well as ever but he don't seem to work much. That may be a sign of poor health and it may not. I haven't heard from home since I came away. Father stops at Josiah's

every night and they promised to let me know if they wanted me. Meantime I am taking my ease as fast as I can.

A.M. I have one of "Job's comforters"[7] under my right arm and I am glad to be where I don't have to dress up tight. I suppose I ought to be very thankful that when any thing affects my stomach or blood, out it comes on the surface in the shape of one of these nuisances. It is better than fever or disease of the lungs or even chronic sick headache but it is very inconvenient to say the least.

How do these hot days effect you? I hope you can keep quiet if not cool. Do you ever leave off your leg for a day? You will have seen Henry before you receive this letter. I gave him the package of letters and hope they arrived without accident. Are they necessary for that matter you have mentioned? or is there something else in view. I look up the road once in a while to see if you are not coming. It seems so natural to be down here expecting you. I shall go home as soon as I feel real well and expect that will be by the middle of next week if not before. I presume you will not be home before that time if you come at all. I want to see you ever so much. I am so afraid you will get sick where you are. Every one who sees you tells that you are looking very well and strong but I know your "weak spots" (physically of course) and I know you put the best side out.

You won't expect me to write any news from this locality and I presume Henry has told you all the Worcester news if there was any. He and I left the city at about the same time. Mother sends love to you. Robie sends a kiss, it bears his mark. He cleared his mouth of gingersnap but I didn't wipe his lips.

[at this space on the paper there is the colored mark of Robie's gingersnap kiss]

Mother said to him, "did you send some ginger snap to Papa?" "Yes I be." Georgie is out overseeing. He seems to take to farming naturally. Excuse the pencil in this letter. I couldn't take ink out to the barn very well. If the pencil marks last until you read them that is all that is necessary, and if not "small loss" as Martin says. Good bye George from your loving wife

Em

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 22 May 1863 (193)

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[1] Unidentified.

[2] One of the farm animals, probably a bull or steer.

[3] He must be the "hired man" referred to in Note 1.

[4] A horse. [see EMW to GHW of 27 May]

[5] Emily means at the rate of a mile in 2 minutes 40 seconds or 22.5 miles per hour, quite a rate in those days. Probably similar to our current expression of "60 miles an hour".

[6] William G. Grout, a neighbor. Recently discharged for disability from the 25th Mass Vol. Inf.

[7] A boil.

1990.63.2.104
GHW to EMW
22 May 1863

Washington D.C.
May 22nd [Fri] 1863

My dear Wife and Children,

Yours of the 19th was rec'd last even'g but I have not yet rec'd the one of the 11th. I didn't say anything about Henry as I supposed he went back to the Regm't. He left no word where he was from, or where he was going and since he was here, I sent him your letter. I was away that night at the Hospital and slept between two Drs. You will probably see Mr. Wheelock, our Qr-Master, who will want 40$. I had money, but thought I would draw at the other end as a matter of convenience. Lieut Col Joslin went home last night and you will probably see him. I kinder mistrust he is going to get married but don't know.[1] The reason I don't go home is I am afraid I shall not get back again. The Regm't is very pleasantly situated now and but a very short distance from Falmouth depot.

It is very warm here which makes it uncomfortable in the middle of the day. Henry will tell you all the news very likely. I had my doubts, about any thing helping Caroline, but I though if any thing could be found, or if there was any thing that had a high reputation to give it a trial. I declare it is rather hard but I don't know as it could be helped. I expect every day to hear you are sick. I am sorry I sent for those letters as I don't think I shall have occasion to use them. My "hankshifs" are all right, I use mostly my silk ones, occasionally a white one, or what was once white. I don't know whether married women are the most dangerous or not. I think a single woman can be dangerous if she has a mind to be. Danger is danger whether it is married or single.

I think you had better go to the farm whenever you can get a chance. It will be a relief to you and much better for you. The change will benefit you. I recd a letter from Harvey Wilder last night. He says the 15th Band are reorganizing and he heard them play -- he says they play <u>some.</u> He also says the folks on Harvard St[2] he doesn't know much about as he don't go there now, so I suppose there has been a slight jar for some cause or other. He speaks of attending the funeral, and says he expects his wife will go up to N.H. soon.

I shall probably go back to the Regm't day after tomorrow. I shall not wait here any longer on uncertainties. I send you a Tribune of the 20th; read the correspondence of the 11th Army Corps. Our friend, Col. D commanded the right Division. I call it pretty severe on any one and feel <u>exceedingly</u> about it.[3]

You speak of having the nettle rash[4] which is the first intimation I have rec'd of your having it. Don't go to getting <u>rash</u> about any thing. You can "break out' once in a while if you want to but keep as cool as possible and I guess the rash will pass off. I suppose Georgie and Robie have nice times selling charcoal. R. goes out with G. now, I expect, and they will have fine times together.

Look out they don't get strayed away. I have bought me a thin coat. If Wheelock or Joslin can bring conveniently my flannel pants, I would like them but nothing else. Henry will probably get here today if he started when you said. I have some things I wish was at home. I have too much baggage if any thing and not all the right kind for this weather. Mr. Scandlin makes it his headqrs with the Regm't and itinerates daily.

Give my kind regards to all the folks. Tell the children I shall come home when my turn comes and then we will have lots of real hugs and kisses. Until then I shall be obliged to send the imaginary ones. Good bye

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 22 May 1863 (104)

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[1] George C. Joslin married Martha Ann Walker (1841 – 1868) in Sept 1863. [15th Mass Web Site]

[2] Frederick and Ruth Leonard.

[3] Civil War historians would probably believe Devens deserved all the blame he was given for his actions on 2 May at Chancellorsville.

[4] See letter of 17 may (written by Sarah mayo Freeman). The "nettle rash" was a term for urticaria (hives) of non-specific origin.

1990.63.2.105
GHW to EMW
24 May 1863

Washington D.C.
May 24th [Sun] 1863

My dear Wife and Children,

I hadn't much any thing else to do just now, so I thought would write. Henry came last night all right after having been home and seeing what there was to see. He hasn't told me any thing in particular, so I conclude there wasn't much. It has been very warm here for several days and it takes hold of me. I can hardly keep comfortable. I expected to return to the Regm't today but didn't. I shall go down with Henry tomorrow or next day, but cannot tell how long I shall stay. The war news from Genl Grant's Army today s excellent.[1] If we could only whip the rebel army in Va now it would amt to something. It would go very far towards closing up the War. But we shall not do that at present, I am afraid.

Henry brought the letters safely, and I rec'd the one acknowledging the check some time ago but I have not rec'd the one informing me of Sarah's death, of the nettle rash, or informing me of Henry's arrival which you speak of. I do not know whether it was all in one letter or not. Georgie's hair is very pretty and the flower I presume once was pretty, but it looked rather the worse for the journey. Henry thought Caroline looked better than when he saw her before. Have her give that medicine a fair trial. He spoke about Art's wife taking laudanum.[2] I should think it would scare the old fellow so that he would look out. Henry liked the look of things at Art's house and thought she must be a good wife & mother.[3]

I see by the papers that Charles Paine is selling considerable of his property.[4] Is it because he is obliged to? I see any quantity of building lots to be sold at auction which are more desirable than the "old place". I have time now to read the advertisements and all, so that I see most everything in the Spy. It is only a small set of local news that is new.

An order has been issued from the War Depmt establishing an invalid corps. What the result will be or how many or to what extent it will "take in" the cripples, I am not prepared to say. The order, however, says all who are unfit for field service. That may mean me. The organization is for Garrison duty. If it would take the 15th entire, I would like it. I am feeling sticky enough. It is so warm, almost hot, but I keep on my flannel shirts and intend to. I don't see any prospect of getting the Regm't back to Washington, or being detailed myself. Henry Wilson will do a man a favor if he thinks he can turn it to his political gain. He is always reading and willing to do every thing but to get him to do it, is another thing. Politics is at the bottom of everything here, and the man who is backed up by the strongest political influence (regardless of circumstances) is sure to accomplish the most. The appointments are nearly, if not all, political appointments both in civil and

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military Depmts. A great many officers are away now on furlough and I think Hooker's Army will not move at present, unless Lee attacks him.

Monday morn'g It rained somewhere last night for it is much cooler this morn'g and it looks very much like rain here. I have had some cold in my head for several days but I think it is improving. Shall start South tomorrow morning wind & weather permitting. The Regm't is nicely located near the Depot. Genl. Gibbon is not such a man as Genl. Howard, either in habits or disposition.[5] Genl. Sully has gone West to take command of the troops to operate against the Indians.[6] If you see the article on Devens in the Tribune, you keep quiet about it. He is trying to whitewash it over. How well he will succeed remains to be seen. It may be said it is only a newspaper correspondent, but he was a Genl Officer, an eye witness. But I have heard remarks from other sources very similar in character. Genl D. is here still. He has not lost any of his toes, nor is he likely to, although there has been some question about the big one.[7] Howard is an excellent officer, but he had not any more than brains enough to manage his part of it that day. I think the 11th Corps have had as much to account for as properly belongs to them. The natural disposition of all officers is to shirk the responsibility in case of a defeat, and it is just the reverse in case of a victory.

I hope you are well and getting fat. Georgie and Robie, Henry says, look nicely. He didn't make any remarks about your good looks. He naturally supposed I would take that for granted. I should like to see you any way, and the children to[o]. Kind regards to all,

Affectionately

George

You wished me to return your photograph and so I have.

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 24 May 1863 (105)

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[1] Grant had successfully crossed the Mississippi, defeated the Confederates in five separate battles and was investing Vicksburg from the east. The siege would last until 3 July.

[2] Tincture of opium, commonly given to women for a variety of "ailments".

[3] When Artemas Ward's first wife, Jane Marble, died in 1860, she left 7 children between the ages of 1 and 16. Augusta Patterson, therefore, inherited a large "ready-made" family. It would also appear that Artemas was not the most providing of husbands / fathers.

[4] Charles Paine sold 4 houses on West Street for a total of $9,000. [*Worcester Spy*, 27 Apr 1963]

[5] Oliver O. Howard was a very religious man and acted accordingly; Gibbons was more profane and certainly "suffered no fools."

[6] Alfred Sully, commander of the 2nd Brigade. He was essentially banished to North Dakota by Gibbons after he could not control members of the 34th New York who refused duty in early May claiming their enlistments were up.

[7] Charles Devens had been wounded in the foot at Chancellorsville. [Sears, 274]

EDITORIAL SUGGESTION?

The following is a letter written by George to the War Department in response to him being reported as a deserter in the Washington papers. In letters to Emily, it is apparent how much this horrifies him. I wondered if this letter to the War Department would be appropriate to include.

1990.63.2.107
GHW to War Dept
25 May 1863

May 25th [Mon]

Much to my surprise and regret, I find myself announced in the papers of today as a deserter. I have been in the service ~~nearly~~ about two years, have always endeavored to discharge my duties faithfully, honestly, and to the satisfaction of my superior officers.

On the 25th of April I obtained a furlough of 20 days on Surgeons certificate of disability. At the expiration of the furlough I reported to Dr. Clymer[1] (MD) who granted an extension of 15 days more which does not expire until the 30th of May. I sent a copy of the extension to the Adjt Genl Office, one to my Regm't, and retained the third myself. But you can imagine my feelings better than I can describe them when I found myself this morning announced to the Army and the Country as a deserter. I have already lost a leg in helping put down this rebellion, but that loss is nothing compared to the shame and disgrace which has been ~~unjustly~~ heaped upon me by being incorrectly reported as a deserter.

I cannot say who is to blame but the mistake was made in some one of the various departments. I have taken means to have myself relieved of the blot which now disgraces my record, but the stain will still remain. It may be said that it is only a mistake but it is one of those mistakes that robs a man of his reputation as an officer, his position as a man, his character as a citizen at home. I cannot look upon it as a trivial matter. Perhaps I am inclined to overate the magnitude of what might seem to be the offense committed, still I claim that any one who is jealous of his own good name, who has a regard for his own reputation, and the reputation of the country, cannot quietly submit to such gross misrepresentations undoubtedly made through mistake. I should much prefer to have lost my other leg in battle. Although the wound would have been of a different nature, still it could not have been more severe.

I merely write this in justice to myself, hoping my case will receive that attention which the circumstances seem to require.

Very Resp'y

Your Obt Servant

George H. Ward

Endnotes: GHW to War Dept 25 May 1863 (107)

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[1] Probably Meredith Clymer (1817 – 1902) of Pennsylvania. Clymer's father, George, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

1990.63.2.106
GHW to EMW
26 May 1863

Washington D.C.
May 26th [Tues] 1863

My dear Wife and Children,

I rec'd yours of the 22nd today. I should not have written again so soon were it not for the fact that I was reported with several others in yesterday's Washington Chronicle as a deserter. I have not had any thing take me down like it for a long time. I was notified that unless I made satisfactory explanation within 15 days I would stand dismissed from the service. Of course I gave the matter immediate attention,[1] and today appeared before the "Commission" and satisfactorily explained the matter. It was owing to an unpardonable bull made by a clerk who failed to do his duty either from laziness, indifference, or something else.[2]

My furlough was not out until the 30th and I was intending to rejoin the Regm't today. Henry went down this morning. Everybody says it is confounded mean. The most that I care about is its being published in all the papers. It will all come out right and is corrected but I don't like the style. I wrote to Mr. Baldwin[3] about it so that he will explain the matter. Willie Hacker of Worcester who was Capt. in a Md Regm't and who died sometime since on act [account] of wounds rec'd at Antietam was also reported in the same list. It is outrageous. Hacker formerly commanded the Highland Cadets.[4]

I wrote a letter to Sec. Stanton about it today, and I wrote just about as I felt. He is Sec. of War and I thought I would strike at the root. Some of it might be construed as a little impudent, and what the effect will be I cannot say. I shall probably hear from it before many days. I may get my walking papers. It will not make any difference if I do. I don't propose to be ----- upon, any way, either mistake or otherwise. It has been the case in a great many instances where officers have been killed in battle, or died from the effects of wounds that they have two or three mo[nth]s afterwards been reported in the papers as deserters. It is mighty poor encouragement for an officer to get killed or severely wounded, and then being charged as a deserter, one of the most infamous crimes an officer can possibly be guilty of. These mistakes all happen through the negligence of officers whose duty it is (and are paid for it) to keep an accurate [account] of all such cases. I shall go to the Regm't tomorrow if nothing new turns up.

I am very well and hope you are having a good time at the farm. It is real pleasant for a visit, I know. When you live up town, I mean. I shouldn't have written you any thing about it, but I knew you would hear of it in another way.[5] I shall not borrow any trouble about it but it is devilish provoking. Some folks will chuckle over it, which will be the most annoying part of it to me, but " let 'em rip." Good bye until next time.

George

000418

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 26 May 1863 (106)

[1] See George's formal letter to the War Department dated 25 May 1863.

[2] Most likely the 'snafu" was entirely unintentional although George seems to think there could be no "accidental" occurrences in the War Department

[3] John Dennison Baldwin, Editor of the Worcester Spy.

[4] Mass Soldiers and Sailors list William E. Hacker, Capt. 3rd Maryland, as dying of disease on 29 Mar 1863. There is no mention of a wound at Antietam. His obituary, however, in the *Worcester Spy* for 31 May indicates that, while he died of typhoid fever, he was greatly weakened by a chest wound received at Antietam. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors VI, 732]

[5] Perhaps meaning that someone in Worcester would learn of the affair and spread it around.

1990.63.2.194
EMW to GHW
26 May 1863

Greenwood Farm, May 26th [Tues] 1863

My Dear Husband,

I suppose before now you have rec'd my letter written mostly in the barn[1] telling you what a good time we were having down here, we are still rusticating, enjoying the sea breezes from the Frog pond over opposite, which by the way is almost dried up for want of rain. We have had none for most two weeks, but nothing seems to suffer for want of it. Farmers are having a nice chance to get their seed into the ground before the rain comes. Since I have been down here we have had a variety (I am speaking of the weather): two days of July the hottest kind, a piece of the bluest end of November and today has been a very pleasant May day. Tomorrow is Old 'Lection[2] and of course it will be pleasant. Mother & I and the boys are going up to Caroline's. I am glad you don't like cake, if you did, I should be so sorry that you can't have some of Mother's 'Lection cake. As it is I am disposed to take comfort in thinking that if you were here you wouldn't care for such vanities.

I rec'd your letter of the 22nd Sunday and I presume you are with the Reg'nt by this time. I have had a sort of a hope that you would come home, though ~~I haven't~~ for your own sake (not for mine, remember). I have not wanted you to be <u>obliged</u> to come. What makes you say that you are afraid you couldn't get back if you came home? I should keep you if I could certainly. I don't believe you have begun to tell me how bad your leg is.

I went up town Monday P.M. I didn't see QrMaster Wheelock, but I left the money with Jim Burbank. He had your order and was coming down that afternoon to see me, not knowing that I was at the Farm. I expect Wheelock will bring the pants. I was in a great hurry that afternoon, because I left the children down here with Maggie or I should have sent you something else, nothing of any bulk but just a notion or two. Can't you send home some of your superfluous baggage? It is too bad you should be troubled with it. I recd your Tribune yesterday and have read all about the Commander of the 1st Div of the 11th Corps. I had forgotten to what Div Gen "Devins" was assigned. I should hope he would "feel keenly." He ought to be Court Martialled but, if he was, he would manage some way to have the truth kept in the background.[3] I have thought from the first that it was a shame to speak of Sigel's old Corps[4] as "Cowardly Dutchmen" when they have always fought so bravely in other battles. Better make the brave Gen D. Minister Pleni-potentiary to the Sandwich Islands until the War is over. He couldn't do much harm there.

There was a report in the St Sunday that Col. Sprague was dead. I inquired Monday and that it was a mistake, but that he was dangerously sick with chills & fever and had been up by physicians. A nephew of his in the 25th brought the news home. I haven't heard anything about the "jar" you mention.[5] I don't pretend to be a prophet but didn't I tell you if a certain gentleman ever

got married, there would be trouble? I haven't seen Mrs. Harvard St[6] since you went away but once and that was when she called on me a week or two since, but she told me some things on board the boat coming home about Mrs. W.[7] and Mrs. B.[8] that surprised me very much. Not so much on account of the facts themselves, but that she should speak so freely about two whom I supposed were her most intimate friends. There was no trouble then I know. Is Harvey's wife going home to "fix" again?

You don't know what a splendid time the children are having down here. It is something entirely new for Robie, He never has had so much liberty out doors before, and he appreciates. it. Georgie takes very good of him. "'Kisses the place to make it well" when he tips over, comes leading him in when he wants "dinku" or "Caku" or "something else", and is sure to give warning if Robie gets Into any trouble. George saw John go over the land after it was harrowed, "bushing" I believe is what it is called, so he got Robie today, and made him take a bean pole under each arm, while he drove him as you would a yoke of oxen all round the yard. I interfered for I thought it was rather too much for Robie, and they were both as indignant as could be because I wouldn't let them brush their land.

I found Caroline as well as usual, better than when I left home. She takes the medicine, without any unpleasant effects, and I suppose it is too soon to see any favorable results. She means to give it a good faithful trial. Don't think I shall get sick. I got pretty tired. My head was tired more than my body and I got a little bilious but I am resting and feel ever so much better. I shall go home the last of this week and next week I expect to take hold of work with a good relish. I am all right when I know you are. Take good care of yourself. You know the news from Vicksburg. I hope it will be completely taken by the time this letter reaches you. Georgie says he wishes Papa would come "down't the Farm with a horse and carriage" and Mama hopes he will come some time. Good bye your own wife

Em

P.S. I shall not see Joslin.[9] "Limpey" Lewis[10] says he has come home to get a furlough for the whole Reg'nt to come home and recruit. E.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 26 May 1863 (194)

[1] Emily's letter of 22 May.

[2] Congress established the 1st Tuesday after the 1st Monday in November as election day for national offices in 1845. Emily must, therefore, be referring to a holiday celebrating state or local elections in the past.

[3] At Chancellorsville, Devens ignored repeated warnings that the Confederates were massing in the woods to the west of the XI Corps position. Jackson's flank attack routed his Division as well as the rest of the XI Corps.

[4] The XI Corps (now commanded by O. O. Howard) and made up of a lot of Germans (derisively referred to as "Dutchmen")

[5] Referring to the "falling out" between the Leonards and Harvey Wilder mentioned in George's letter of 22 May.

[6] Ruth Leonard who lived on Harvard Street.

[7] Probably Harriet (Eaton) Wilder.

[8] Possibly one of the Mrs. Burbank's, wife of George or James.

[9] George Clesson Joslin (1839 – 1917), major of the 15th. In George Ward's and Lt. Col. John Kimball's absence, Joslin was the *de facto* commander of the 15th in many of their campaigns.

[10] Not identified although there was a Thomas Lewis who lived in the rear of the Universalist Church on Main Street who may have been a source of local gossip.

1990.63.2.108
GHW to EMW
29 May 1863

Opposite Fredericksburg Va
May 29th [Fri] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children,

Here I am again with my Regm't opposite Fredericksburg. We have a very nice place, just back of the Lacy House[1] and in full view of F and all the Rebel works. They, and we too, are out drilling most every day with only the river between us. I arrived here Wednesday[2] and found things all right. We had a Brigade Review yesterday, and a Division Review today. When I arrived here I found a letter you and Sarah wrote of the 17th which was the first I knew of your being sick, but I had rec'd yours from the farm before and in that you wrote you should qo home as soon as you got well.

I have not heard any thing about the matter I referred to in my last. It was a confounded blunder and if I wouldn't boot the fellow whose carelessness was the cause of it if I knew him, then it would be because I couldn't. Genl Gibbon was very indignant about it, and everybody said it was mean.[3] It will not do me any harm. Still it isn't very pleasant; such blunders don't pay.

I arrived back several days before my leave was up. Henry Wilson can kiss my boot. He is a mighty small specimen of a man in many respects. If we could remain where we are, I should prefer to be here than in Washington. We are guarding the Rail Road and Depot which is called Falmouth Depot.[4] Some think Lee will act on the offensive and cross over here. If he does, he will get peppered.

Willard Pond[5] was here this morn'g. He expects to go home next week. I suspect he has done well at Aquia Creek.

The weather is beautiful, where we are encamped is on a side hill. The boys are getting green bows and, fitting up their camps very nicely It has been pretty warm today but we take it easy. Mr Scandlin has gone home in a hurry. I believe his wife is a little ahead of her time, and he was sent for.[6]

I see by the papers that the 25th have had a big time, a rousing old fight, with the great loss of three wounded.[7] So I suppose the Spy will be full of letters for the next month "up come our people." I see by Spys (two of which I rec'd tonight 21st & 22) that the 15th Band have reorganized.[8] If they play as well as the, used to, they can play some. I hope they will do well. Lt Col Joslin will probably be back tomorrow or next day. He was to call on you but I am afraid you was at the farm and will not see him. He is very much attached to that young lady of his. Adjt Hooper is now Major and is a very fine officer.[9] His wound troubles him some. At times he is quite weak.

Saturday morn'g 30th

Every thing is all right this morn'g. It looks like rain very much. The quails ~~having~~ have been singing "more wet" for several days, which sounds the most like "the farm" of any thing, The Whip-o-wills are also a very common bird in this part of the country. We have a large open plain in front of us, and the hills and Rail road in the rear of us. With my glass I can get a full view of rebeldom, and it looks beautiful over there. Tell Sarah I am very much obliged for her kindness in writing to me. She wrote you was only a part of the time able to sit up on your -----. I hope you have so far recovered now as to be able to all the time. I think Rev Mr. Hale must have had a very vague idea of Military discipline, else he would have known better than to have taken such liberties.

I presume your disease has run out at the end of your toes before now, and that you are all right again. Glad to hear the trees are all doing so well at the farm. How are the children? I suppose they are just like other children in many respects only a little smarter. Tell your mother when I come home I will make her a good long visit, How does your father get along at S.W.[10] I hope he will do well. I presume Caroline's baby[11] can almost go alone. Has she been out yet? Take good care of yourself. Lots of love & kisses for you and Georgie and Robie, kind regards to all,

Affectionately,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 29 May 1863 (108)

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[1] An old house and prominent landmark on the north (Union) side of the river. [See George's February letters]

[2] 27 May 1863.

[3] The report of George's "desertion" is not mentioned in the 15th's Regimental History. Written some years after the war, the incident may not have rated comment even if it had been known.

[4] The railroad was the main link to the Army of the Potomac from its supply base at Aquia Creek on the Potomac.

[5] Willard F. Pond (1827 – 1908), a farmer and land holder on Providence and Vernon Streets. Just why he would have "done well" is not clear. [Obituary, *Worcester Evening Post* 18 Aug 1908]

[6] Actually Eliza Scandlin gave birth to a son, John M., on 8 May. She apparently had developed complications of childbirth.

[7] Mass Soldiers and Sailors describes an "expedition to Gum Creek" on 21 May without further details [III, 1]

[8] The Regimental Band was organized as the Worcester Cornet Band to give concerts in Worcester, not to rejoin the 15th as regimental bands had been dissolved in 1862.

[9] I. Harris Hooper was promoted in April but did not assume his duties until 11 May. He was one of the few men to be wounded at Fredericksburg on 13 Dec 1862. [Mass Soldiers and Sailors II, 199; 15th Mass Web Site]

[10] William Mayo's mill in South Worcester with Charles Fox.

[11] Frank D. Freeman, born in Dec 1862 (see Genealogical Appendix).

1990.63.2.195
EMW to GHW
30 May 1863

At Home May 30th [Sat] 1863

My Dear Husband,

I received your letters of the 24th & 26th duly. I assure you the contents of the latter rather "took me down" as you say the list of deserters did you. I should have answered immediately but I wanted to wait until I got home to see if any of the papers this way had copied from the W. Chron. I have not heard a word about it. The Spy says nothing and of course it would if other northern papers published the piece in the C. I have said nothing about it and conclude that the mistake didn't travel out of W. I hope so at any rate. I felt sorry enough when I rec'd your letter. It seemed so hard to know you were in the midst of such vexations and I couldn't do any thing to help you. If I had been with you, it would have been a relief to have poured forth your indignation without the trouble of writing. I dreamed that night of having a great talk with you, but of course It didn't amount to any thing. After all it was some consolation to me, though you might not "see it," that you were not a deserter but a most-honorable patriot. You speak of returning to the Reg'nt but don't know how long you will stay. Are you going to resign?

We are having very warm weather. I have thought of you very often these sticky days. I came home yesterday. We had a nice visit to the Farm, not half long enough for the children. I took Georgie to church today.[1] He was a very good boy. Mr. Adams preached. His sermon touched upon the "Nation's Struggle" and he closed with the assertion that God Almighty's Forces would be the last to quit the field, though the strife might be long and desperate.

I hope before this letter reaches you that something will have "turned up" to your advantage. I don't specify any thing because at this distance I cant tell what would be best. I am anxious to hear from you again. I presume you found some of my missing letters when you rejoined the Reg'nt; there were three of them. The day I had the nettle rash I couldn't write. My right hand was so swollen, Sarah wrote for me and I only added a P.S. Sarah says she hopes you will get the letter for she ~~should~~ wouldn't like it to be opened at the Dead Letter Office. Besides she wrote some things she really wants you to know.

Caroline was down here this morning with her baby and she took Robie home with her. It is after three o'clock and they have not brought him home. Mother and I were up to C's 'Lection Day. I came down here with "Charley horse" and took Caroline Ward up there. It is the first time she has been up there since she has lived with us. I called on my old neighbors at the Farm. I didn't find Mrs. Burbank[2] at home. At Mrs. Grout's a woman came to the door saying that she didn't believe I'd want to come in (I had the children with me) because Henry & Emma[3] had the canker rash.[4] You may be sure I made a hasty retreat. They were having it very lightly.

000425

I saw Mr. Grout one day as we were riding and he does look miserable enough. Father says several have been to him about hiring the land about the Old Place,[5] and he has sent them all to Foster, and Foster has told them all that he was going to sell off the whole concern. I presume the sale at Auction of land more valuable has prevented his offering that for sale. I have heard that Charles Paine was selling because he was obliged to.[6]

A telegram last night says that "Vicksburg is taken and Grant is killed," but we don't believe it. Sarah has just told me that there was something in last night's Journal. I was going to look at their paper before I sealed this letter but as there is nothing in the Tribune, I didn't expect there would be in the Journal. I can't tell what it was for they burned the paper before they told me but it was a correction that was in the Chronicle. I presume by tomorrow morning it will be in the Spy. Don't borrow any trouble.

Georgie writes a little letter and says he has made a house for Papa to live in with lots of doors. If you look very sharply you may be able to see it. I want this letter to go tonight so I will not write any more now. Take good care of yourself. If you are not fit for active duty, I wish you would resign at once. You have had a fair trial. I send you a piece cut from last night's Tribune.[7] Is it one of the white washes? I shall write again very soon. Your loving wife,

Em

P.S. Caroline is quite smart and sends love to you. E.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 2 Jun 1863 (195)

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[1] Mr. Adams preached on Sunday the 31st. Emily may have either misdated this letter or started it Saturday and finished Sunday without so indicating.

[2] Lucy (Tatman) Burbank (~1826 – 1903), wife of Samuel H. Burbank, a farmer in Quinsigamond.

[3] Henry Grout (b. 1849) and Emma Grout (b. 1853), children of William H. and Hannah (Carter) Grout.

[4] Streptococcal disease (scarlet fever), highly contagious and often fatal in this era.

[5] Col. Artemas Ward (George's father) had extensive property holdings. This seems to refer to land around a quarry in Quinsigamond Village, near the Mayo-Ward farm.

[6] In response to George's inquiry in his letter of 24 May.

[7]

1990.63.2.196
EMW to GHW
2 Jun 1863

At Home June 2nd [Tues] 1863

My Dear Husband.

I wanted a letter tonight, but I didn't get one, so I suppose you are in Falmouth. I have seen nothing in the papers about you and heard nothing excepting what was in the Boston Journal Sat. I sent you two Spys today. If you get them, you will see in Tuesday's paper a piece of poetry entitled "The Babv's Funeral". "The Baby" was Mr. James'.[1] It died in Newbern and was sent on here for burial. It was carried into the Old South Church yesterday at noon where a short service was held and then it was sent to Bolton. Neither of the parents were here.[2]

We have been having some very warm days; last night we had a shower and today the wind blows and a fire feels comfortable. I am afraid you have had some of the same kind of weather and in camp it must be very unpleasant. Georgie put on very pompous look tonight at the table and asked "What's the news Mother on the Bulletin Board." Mr. Draper[3] has put up a board on the fence around his land advertising it for sale and Georgie thinks it is the Bulletin board. Robie tries to say just what Georgie does, so he asked the same question but it was too much for him - the "Barn board" choked him.

I wish you could see them. They came back from the Farm as brown and tough as plow boys, and even my delicate complexion shows the effects of sun and air. I have had some of my photographs finished up; they came home yesterday. If I hadn't positive knowledge to the contrary. I ~~thought~~ should certainly think, to look at my picture, that I was the most amiable, humble, patient, thoughtful individual living; don't imagine you are coming home to any such a wife as you look at. When your admiring gaze falls on my placid countenance as represented in the last specimens I sent vou, look at the cross one. It is a great deal more like me. My teeth have been done some time but I didn't get Dr. Harris'[4] bill until yesterday. He was too busy to make it out. I am very much pleased with my teeth, They are all sound and white, and if they are not handsome, are at least wholesome looking. The bill was $25.

If you read the advertisements in the Spy, you will see that Mr. Bushnell's[5] house is for sale, he asks only $5000 for it. I saw Mrs. Pickett[6] yesterday. She is expecting her husband home soon on furlough. I presume you have read of the late fight in which the 25th were engaged, and of their swamp march. We hear from Sam quite regularly. C. had written him now sick Sarah was. Still he seemed very much shocked to hear of her death. He says he has not heard from you or Henry for a long time. I guess Artemas[7] is all right. He was riding Sunday with his three little girls.[8] I am happily disappointed in his wife.[9] Emma says the children take to her as much as they used to to "Genie"[10] and they seemed to have a perfectly good natured understanding among themselves.

000427

The three little girls are as pretty behaved children as ,you will see any where. Albert Allen[11] is in the County House as a common drunkard. Isn't it awful? While I am on the drinking topic I will just say that I have sworn off from everything but ale. Frank has a half barrel of ale down cellar and there is danger of its spoiling [in] this warm weather if Caroline & I don't help drink it. I brought home a nice lot of "roots & herbs" from the Farm, and I made some beer yesterday. It is working splendidly. While I was gone Mrs. C. B. Pratt[12] and Mrs. Charley Ruggles[13] called here with their babies,[14] each in baby carriages. Fred Leonard & his wife called one evening when I was gone. She has been spending a few weeks in Newark, N.J. and has just returned

You have not mentioned your leg in your last three or four letters. Is it troubling you now as much as ever? That reminds me of Georgie. You know how he likes to "make believe". He came up to me today looking as large as he could. "How do you do Mrs. Ward. I called to see Mr. Ward, is he at home?" "No, would you like to see him." "Yes. I wanted to have a little talk with him". "Well, tell him I'll call again". He started for the door and then turned as if a sudden thought struck him. "Let me see, how's his limb now? Does it trouble him?" It is amusing to see how much is packed away in his head and Robie's. Nothing escapes them. Georgie was out yesterday with Georgie Dunlap[15] making mountains. Robie spend Sunday up to C's. I sent for him after supper, and they said they had kept him he was so good.

We don't hear that Vicksburg is taken yet, but it is something to know that Grant is in no danger from Johnston, if we may dare believe that much. There seems a lull in the war news since Col. Jones' raid. I see by the papers that Genl Devens has arrived in Boston. Will you please send me an order authorizing me to take Sarah's money from the Bank. Caroline has been spending the day with Mrs. Woodward.[16] She came home very tired and has coughed dreadfully. Tonight she thinks she takes cold but I don't think she does. All the time I was away from home she coughed very little but now she coughs a great deal, still she thinks the medicine helps her.

I hope I shall have a letter tomorrow. I dreamed of seeing you last night. If dreams go by contraries, I shall not expect to see you this good while for I dream of seeing you every other night. Godbye. I wish I could write half I think and feel, but I can't do justice to the subject. Good bye George, Your wife,

Em.

Both the boys gave me kisses tonight for Papa's letter E.

(on a separate paper) Next Friday is the 12th Anniversary of our wedding day. Just realize it if you can. Jim Burbank's house took fire yesterday, not in their part.[17] I believe the damage was not much.

E.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 2 Jun 1863 (196)

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[1] Horace James (1818 – 1875), pastor of the Old South (Congregational) Church who was, at this time, chaplain to the 25th Mass Vol. Inf. His wife was Ellen/Helen Leavitt.

[2] At this time the James' were in New Bern, North Caroline where the 25th was stationed.

[3] Edwin Draper (1809 – 1866), a flour and grain dealer, owned a lot on the SE corner of Gold and Summit Streets. The Mayo House at 10 Gold was on the SW corner of the same.

[4] Oliver F. Harris, dentist.

[5] The Rev. George Bushnell, former pastor of the Salem Street Church, owned a house opposite the Commons between the 1st Baptist and Salem Street Churches. He had also been superintendent of Worcester schools. An advertisement in the *Worcester Spy* describes the residence as "most desirable" with "9 rooms, a bathing room, gas, hard and soft water and a furnace in the basement." No price was given. [Nutt II, 807; *Worcester Spy*, 1 Jun 1863]

The house was not sold until 1 Jul 1865 when George H. Clark, a painter, bought it for $4,800. [Worc Reg of Deeds 707-84.]

[6] Sarah E. (Burnham) Pickett (1827 – 1906).

[7] Artemas Ward, George's older brother.

[8] Emma, almost 8, Fanny, 6, and Florence, 3½. [see Genealogical Appendix]

[9] Augusta (Patterson) Ward, his second wife.

[10] Jane L. Marble (1823 – 1860), Artemas Ward's first wife.

[11] Albert S. Allen (~1827 – 1895), music teacher with house at 20 Portland St.

[12] Lucy A. (Brewer) Pratt.

[13] Mary A. (Brewer) Ruggles. The two women may have been sisters.

[14] Issac Davis Pratt, born 21 Jan 1863 and Maud Ruggles, born 10 Dec 1862.

[15] George Dunlap, aged 5, son of George and Julia E. (Clapp) Dunlap and 3 months older than Georgie.

[16] Most likely Mary A. (Woodward) Woodward (1832 – 1888), wife of David M. Woodward, a stone cutter at 28 Green St. The 1870 Beers map of Worcester shows a large house at the corner of Pond and Green streets belonging to Mrs. Woodward. [1863 Worc City Dir]

[17] The house was at 4 Madison Street. According to Emily's next letter, the report was false.

1990.63.2.109
GHW to EMW
4 Jun 1863

Opposite Fredericksburg
June 4th [Sat] 1863

My dear Wife and Children,

Thinking perhaps you might be expecting another letter about now and may be wondering why I not written before, I thought I would devote a little time for your gratification. Here we are still with nothing new in particular to write about, except an occasional alarm which does not amount to much. We turned out this morn'g at daylight in anticipation of something, but it didn't come. I turned out about 2 o' cl. We are having review, Sham fights, imaginary battles, and frequently a horse race, by way of entertainment. The rebs are changing about considerable on the other side, but what they are expecting to do, remains to be seen. If they let us alone, I am quite sure Hooker will them, for the present any way.

Col. Leonard[1] called to see me the other day. He is looking well. Mr. Scandlin has returned and will have services here Sunday A.M. and will go down to the 13th in the P.M. Mr. S.says Dr. Hill[2] is coming out here in two or three weeks to visit the Army. Joslin has returned and he had not heard of Sprague being as sick as you represented, so I think it is a mistake.

We have had very comfortable weather of late, except a few days when the wind blew very hard, and the dust and dirt was so plenty that we were constantly covered with it. Clothes, papers, books, blankets, hair, eyes, and in fact nothing was exempt. It has looked very much like rain for several days, but it has cleared off again and today it is very warm and dry. We keep our camp looking very nicely, have it swept every morn'g and do not allow even a piece of paper to be blowing about.

Genl Couch is away, home in Mass. and some think he will ask to be relieved from command for the present. I hear he and Hooker are not congenial spirits.[3] Couch is very ambitious and has got along exceedingly well for a Mass Col. I have heard a report here that Genl Devens intends to apply for his discharge, but I think it is a mistake as it will blast his prospects for being Gov. of Mass.[4]

Mr. Scandlin just came in and found me writing. He said he wanted to be kindly remembered and so I put it in. His wife was pretty sick but is now getting along well. She had a baby. I should hardly thought he would [have] left her so soon before.

I suppose every thing looks beautiful at home and particularly at the farm, but one man will make slow work of it unless he is very smart. I have pine bows stuck in the ground in front of, and covering, a space about as large as my tent and covered with canvas. I have had a rustic seat made and it makes a beautiful place in the hot weather. It keeps the sun out and is cool & comfortable.

000430

I have not rec'd a letter from you for several days. I believe the last on date the 27th of May. I receive Spys last night and some papers from Chas. Whiting.[5] I receive Spys from you frequently. I rec'd Palladium from Bartlett. I have every thing to make it comfortable except you, and am now very pleasantly situated if we could only remain so. The maple sugar came safely. I tasted it and the rest is now on my table before me, except what the pismires have stolen. Henry is well and is now in command of his Company as his Capt. is away on furlough. I suppose Georgie and Robie are growing very fast and are great talkers. I should like to see them and you too, but it is no use to talk about it now. Give my kind regards to all. Lots of love and kisses for you and the children.

Affectionately

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 4 Jun 1863 (109)

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[1] Samuel Leonard of the 13th Mass Vol. Inf.

[2] Alonzo Hill (1810 – 1871, pastor of the First Unitarian Church (2nd Parish Church), Worcester. [Nutt II, 884]

[3] Couch never thought Hooker was very competent and tried to have him relieved in early 1863. He and other Corps commanders were furious when their advance was halted after the first day of Chancellorsville. Couch started the war as Col of the 7th Mass Infantry but was advanced to Maj. Gen. rapidly. He would not resign at this time but requested reassignment.

[4] Devens would not become Governor but served on the Supreme Judical Court for 12 years 1867-79, including time as Chief Justice. He then became U.S. Attorney General in the Hayes administration 1879-81.

[5] Charles B. Whiting (1826 – 1901), Worcester banker.

EDITORIAL SUGGESTION?

This is the last of the surviving letters written by Emily to George. It is apparent, when reading George's remaining letters that Emily is still writing to him after this letter. Should something be mentioned that Emily's last letters to George were lost?

1990.63.2.197
EMW to GHW
5 Jun 1863[1]

At Home June 5 [Sun] 1863

My Dear Husband.

I rec'd your letter of the 30th today, and you may be sure it was welcome for it had been a week since I had heard from you. Today is our wedding day. I wanted to do some thing to distinguish it from common days so I went to a concert this evening. (You know we went to the Theatre 12 years ago) Emmie[2] went with me tonight, she is all the beau I have, and she answers every purpose seeing I can't have the one I want. The concert tonight was a children's affair, a representation of the Rebellion.[3] I shall not attempt to give particulars but it was very good indeed and I enjoyed it full as much as I expected to.

I am glad you had no further trouble in Washington, and I hope if any more blunders are to be made, they will not practice them on you. I sometimes think that it might not be a bad thing after all if that little old sink of iniquity should be attacked and illuminated just enough to purify it, and scare some of those clerks with big pay, and office holders, and the like into a little common honesty.

I am glad you are with your Reg'nt. I wanted to see Lt. Col. Joslin. and I was in hopes he would have taken a ride to the Farm with that Lady but I don't think he wanted to see me very much. I left word for him & QrMaster W. with Jim Burbank that I should be happy to see them both at the Farm. By the way that was a mistake about Jim's house taking fire, that was one of "Limpey's" lies.

Don't you want your Flannel coat? I have cleaned it today, and had it out airing. You have any quantity of thin stockings that soon will be very comfortable if you remain through the summer. Try to send home some things you don't want and let me send you some more comfortable clothing.

Saturdav even'g It was late last night and I didn't write much. I went up St tonight after five o'clock, and I heard that Hooker had crossed and there was not a rebel to be seen. I hope they have not escaped him, still we it is just like them.[4] Caroline received a letter from Henry today. She began to think he had forgotten her. Artemas' two little girls, Clara & Fanny,[5] spent Wednesday afternoon with me. I didn't know what you meant about the laudnum until I came home and C. told me. It wasn't a bad idea but it won't do to try it too often. I really think his wife has a great Influence over him and will keep him about right, if anyone can. Oh, isn't it a pity that men (and Women too) should put an enemy to their mouths to steal away their brains.

We have very little rain today. Georgie went out after it was over, and he said he "couldn't make the dust fly," it had been raining so. From that I concluded there has been rain enough to lay

the dust. We are very much in need of rain. A house was burned here yesterday because there was no water to extinguish the flames.

Mother was up today with a can of milk. She supplies us with butter and it is so good that I wish you had some. Father is doing well in S. W. and he has excellent help at the Farm which keeps him in very good spirits; if "Grant would only take Vicksburg," he & Mother would be very happy; at present, that is their chief concern. The boys are well. They have been playing "meeting` today, Georgia does the. preaching and Robie assists in the singing. It happens very often that he is not ready to stop singing when preaching time comes, but his brother has a way of setting him right that makes him sing another tune sometimes. Upon the whole they agree pretty well. and are very good to each other. Today at the table Robie was naughty, and Georgia told him to "see what a good boy Georgie is." It reminded me of "the D---l turned preacher." I met S. V. Stone tonight in all the glory of a Provost Martial's [Marshall's] Uniform. It quite overcomes him, literally speaking. I understand that a lot of uniforms came today for the drafted men.

Sunday. Georgie & I have been to church. The day is cloudy and the wind is east, and we had a few drops of rain this morning, but I am afraid it will not rain any more. "All signs fail in a dry time." Did you see Mr. Scandlin? What do you know of his wife's sickness? You will see by the Spy if you get it, that Caleb Wall is married.[6] The ceremony took place in the church of the Unity and was very entertaining, so I hear. I send you a piece of my new dress. It is gingham, very nice for warm weather if we have any more. Georgie has outgrown everything I made him last summer, and Robie comes in for the cast off dresses. I wish I could have a letter from you tonight. Only one letter for more than a week is something unusual for me; don't write any less often than you have done. If your letters are short, no matter. I hope you don't depend on me for news for I don't hear much. If you receive the Spys I send you, you will not be disappointed in the letters from the 25th, and the 51st too. The latter didn't go on the expedition, but they were ready if called upon.

Mr. Farr[7] is at home. His wife[8] is dangerously sick. Her mother[9] is very sick too. Don't you like your present camping ground better than the one near Falmouth? I hope your Reg'nt will remain there; write all about your housekeeping, tent keeping rather. Robie says "Papa got some candy to me, Mama." He has just given me some soft wet kisses for you. Georgie, contrary as ever, says he will send some tomorrow. He is teasing me to stop writing and sing to him and, as I am at the bottom of the sheet and have nothing more worth telling, I will leave George the first, for George the second. Good bye my dear Husband. Write often. Your wife

Em.

Endnotes: EMW to GHW 5 Jun 1865 (197)

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[1] Although in his last surviving letter of 19 June, George speaks of receiving letters from Emily dated 9 and 12 June, they did not survive. This, therefore, is the last of Emily's letters available.

[2] Emily Gray Freeman (1850 –), Emily's neice.

[3] The performance was of J. M. Hager's "Great Rebellion" with a cast that included 300 "young misses and gentlemen." A review in the Worcester Spy for 6 June deemed the affair a "great success" in front of a "large and enthusiastic audience."

[4] It would appear that Emily, like many Northerners, wanted Lee to "stand and fight".

[5] The girls were 8 and 6.

[6] Caleb A. Wall (1820 – 1898), a reporter for the *Worcester Spy* married Ellen Tucker (~1839 –) on 4 June. [Worc VR]

[7] William T. Farr (1814 – 1869).

[8] Louisa M. (Wilder) Farr (1815 – 1863).

[9] Mary H. (Chaffin) Wilder (1797 – 1863). Both women would die 8 June from a "liver complaint". Most likely they had some form of acute infectious hepatitis.

1990.63.2.110
GHW to EMW
6 Jun 1863

Camp 15th Mass Vol
Opposite Fredericksburg June 6th [Sat] 1863

My dear Wife and Children,

I recd yours of 26th inst tonight and was glad enough to get it. I am getting along well, every thing flourishing & my leg is behaving very well. The Regm't was never in better condition what there is of it and we are very pleasantly situated. We have been well entertained the last two days by witnessing the effects of our shells thrown from our 32 pound guns on the rebs. There was a smart fight last night just below us and in plain sight of our Camp. The firing of Artillery was very heavy and terrific. Our men succeeded in putting down a pontoon bridge and have crossed a brigade of Infantry and two batteries of Artillery. Today our guns have been busy shelling the rebel works opposite. What will grow out of it I cannot tell, but I think Hooker is inclined to keep the Army busy There has not yet been much Infantry firing except by pickets. We have taken two and three hundred prisoners, besides a lot of mules and horses. I cannot say what will grow out of it, but you will probably see by the papers before you receive this. The whole Army are under marching orders to move at a moment's notice. Still I do not think there will be a general engagement. I think one object is to hold the rebs here and prevent their going to Vicksburg.[1]

We have had a beautiful shower this afternoon with very heavy thunder which, in addition to the heavy firing and the explosion of shells, has made noise which is anything but pleasant to a nervous temperament. It so happens that my nerves are not of the shaky kind and I rather enjoyed it than otherwise. Very many of the shells struck right in Fredericksburg town and the splinters flew some. The firing yesterday lasted about three hours and is reported to be fully equal to Burnside's best although not so long. Today the firing has been at intervals and some of the shell [have] done awful execution. One shell penetrated a house when it exploded and took the roof completely off. A large number of rebs were known to have been in there, and the probability is they had a taste of it. Some times whole batteries would go off at a time, when the ground would fairly shake, like an earth quake. Some of the shells were seen to strike at a distance of from 2½ to 3 miles. It was a grand sight, and it did me good, although a great many Rebs were killed and wounded. But they will come to their senses bye and bye. If they keep on, I have no sympathy for them nor any one else who dares utter a word against the Govmt. Mistakes may be made, and I presume will be made, no matter who manages the affairs of Govmt.

Sunday morn'g It is very much cooler this morn'g and it has cleared off. The air is beautiful and every thing looks lovely. The chances are that we do not remain here but a very short time. I don't know which way we shall go, whether forward or back. There has been some firing down the river

this morn'g. We are so pleasantly situated here that it seems almost a pity to leave. Mr. Scandlin is here and we shall probably have services at 11 o'cl but I think it doubtful about our going down to the 13th. I suppose you will go to church today, and perhaps take Georgie. I should like to be there and go with you or may be I should stay at home with Robie. I should enjoy either way. I suppose you saw Mr. Adams[2] to speak with him. I hear Geo. Adams[3] is in the Army. Henry rec'd a Spy last night but I didn't get any. I see letters from the 25th begin to come in, and the 51st are not far behind.[4] I wish Foster would sell that property, or give it a trial. I am glad Art's folks are so united but I am sorry Albert Allen[5] has got so low -- it is too bad particularly on act of his wife and children.[6]

I didn't think about our marriage anniversary until I recd your letter which was the day after.

I think Grant has something to do yet before he takes Vicksburg. These Rebs are a stubborn hard folks to conquer. We have still a job before us. And I must say that the end is not yet. Give my kind regards to all. Lots of love and kisses to you and the children.

Your Affectionate Husband,

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 6 Jun 1863 (110)

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[1] Lee had started withdrawing from Fredericksburg on 3 Jun. At this time only A.P. Hill with three divisions opposed Hooker's army across the Rappahannock. Hill reported to Lee that the federal bridgehead was "nothing he couldn't handle." [Foote II, 437.

[2] John Greenleaf Adams (1810 – 1887) of Providence, former pastor of the Worcester Universalist Society.

[3] George Adams (1842 –), son of John G. Adams.

[4] Letters from the two regiments began to appear in the Worcester Spy on 1 June.

[5] Albert S. Allen (~1827 – 1895), music teacher. Emily had reported that he had been jailed for drunkardness. [EMW to GHW 2 Jun 1863]

[6] Eliza A. (Cole) Allen (1830 – 1885). There were at least 3 children, Charles Albert (b. 1852), Mary Salisbury (b. 1853) and Frank L. (b. 1862).

1990.63.2.111
GHW to EMW
9 Jun 1863

Opposite Fredericksburg
June 9th [Tues] 1863

My Dear Wife and Children,

We are still in our own camp with nothing new in particular to write about, except that things are progressing gradually. Although we are in plain sight of the place and did see the crossing of our troops we were not called upon to render any assistance. The Artillery firing was excellent and the scene from our Camp was very exciting. We were ready to start at moment's notice & expected orders to do so. We have considerable force over there now, and the pickets of the two Armies are very near each other. I was down there last night, crossed over on the pontoon bridge, and rode to the extreme front. The pickets are posted about five paces apart, and are within easy shooting distance of each other. I cannot tell what will grow out of perhaps a big fight and perhaps not. The crossing was a bold thing, and even astonished the rebs who evidently were not expecting it.

The weather is beautiful and not any warmer than it usually is in Mass at this season. I wish you would look at my Sword (the nice one) and see if it is rusty at all. Put a little sweet oil on a woolen rag & rub it a little if necessary. I have nothing to do with Sarah's money and no order of mine would be recognized as I was not her guardian. It would be necessary for judge of Probate to appoint some one in order to draw it. Mr. Foster could arrange it. Henry will pay Sarah's Dr's bill and you can tell Dr. Martin so. We will pay part of it next time he is paid. I want you to go to Claflins and have him print a dozen of my vingettes. If he cannot, get a dozen of the other kind, half and half, as I have promised them here where I have rec'd others & you send them the first opportunity. Art's pistol is in a little box which is in my big chest. I shall not want it and you send it to him the first opportunity. Did you ever see Fisk about that one at the Bay State, the one I wrote you about, some time ago?[1] Willard Pond has just called. He was in Worcester last week, said he saw Bartlett. He thinks of going west in a few days.[2] It is getting very dry here. We havn't had any rain of any amt for some time, consequently it is very dusty when the wind blows which is frequently the case.

Wednesday morn'g 10th The rebs opened with their batteries on our troops last night. Our pickets were thrown forward yesterday and Mr. Reb was not pleased with the idea. Our batteries replied but the distance was too great to accomplish any thing. It is very warm this morning, and we are in for a "sticky day." The N.Y. 34th left for home yesterday, they being two years' men. They have been in the same Brigade with the 15th ever since we were at Poolesville, and have fought side by side in every battle. They parted amid the cheers of all. I do not think Hooker intends to bring on a general engagement, the object being to hold the rebel army here, and prevent their going south

and west, as they are much needed there just now. The authorities at Washington were inclined to think the rebs had evacuated their works over opposite and had fallen back but Hooker didn't believe it, and this last move has pretty clearly demonstrated the fact that he was right.[3] The prisoners say that a portion of them were about leaving, but have concluded to remain for the present. The general felling is that Grant will reduce Vicksburg and that Port Hudson is in a tight place. Genl Burnside, I see, has taken the field and things are "looking up". The rebs are straining every nerve and have their full strength already in the field. If President Lincoln would only call now for 800,000 men it would have a stunning effect on the rebs and do more than any thing else towards crushing them out.

I am all right and feeling first rate, There is just excitement enough going on now to make it interesting. Our camp is within easy shelling distance of the rebel batteries, but they know better than to point their guns this way. The whole Army is in excellent condition. It is almost astonishing to see how little sickness there is among so large a number. The water here is excellent and green things are not plenty.

Georgie's house[4] has many peculiarities, still I think it is a nice one for such a little boy to make. Tell him he must make the smoke coming out the top, and make a door so Papa can walk in. He must have a post outside so I can hitch a horse when we go and ride. I think if you can get a load of that pine wood at the farm, it would be better for hot weather, and save the hard wood. You needn't pay Sarah's funeral expenses until her money in the bank can be obtained. If you are up town call in & see Mr. Foster about it and ask him to arrange the matter. What does Mr. Draper ask for his "corner lot"?[5] Here is lots of love and kisses for you and Georgie and Robie. Regards to all.

From

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 9 Jun 1863 (111)

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[1] See George's letter of22 Mar 1863. The pistol had been misplaced by Church Howe. The is no evidence that it was ever found and certainly not returned.

[2] Widowed in 1859 and with small children, Willard Pond disappears from the Worcester City Directories 1863-65 but appears from 1866 until his death in 1908. He went by the title "Major" but this seems to have been more honorary that military; there is no record of his having served in any Massachusetts Civil War unit.

[3] Actually the Confederate withdrawal was well under way at this time.

[4] The picture of a house sent in Emily's letter of 30 May.

[5] Edwin Draper's asking price in 1863 is not known. He died 29 mar 1866 and his executors, Harriet P. Draper and Samuel Houghton, sold the lot to the Putnam brothers, Sibley of Worcester and Sumner of Sutton, for $825. The

Putnams apparently subdivided the lot, which had 100 feet frontage on Gold Street (and was 57 feet deep), and built two houses which show on the 1870 Beers Map of Worcester; neither exist today. [Worc Reg of Deeds 660-383]

1990.63.2.112
GHW to EMW
12 Jun 1863

Opposite Fredericksburg
June 12th [Frid] 1863

My dear Wife and Children

Thinking perhaps we may move tonight, (and things look very much like it) I thought I would write a line now I have an opportunity. The 1st & 3rd Corps moved last night and yesterday, and report has it that they have gone to Warrenton, and that we are to follow. It is also reported that Lee is massing his forces at Culpepper and that Hooker is to keep between him and Washington. Lee evidently is up to some thing and Hooker is on the alert for him.

I am feeling well, and the Reg'nt is all right. I do not think there is to be a fight at present, the object is to keep between Lee and Washington, and prevent Lee from executing any designs he may have in that direction.[1] Our Army has been much reduced in numbers, and the Rebs evidently are disposed to take advantage of it. If we move, I shall write every opportunity and keep you posted.

Your letter of the 5th was rec'd all right; also one from Mr. Baldwin[2] of the Spy expressing his indignation at my being reported as a deserter. Mr. Baldwin, I think, is a good friend of mine. I answered his today and it will go in this mail.

Our pickets are now being relieved by other troops which looks very much like going on our part. Don't borrow trouble about me. I shall fight if I get a chance, that is certain, still if I am obliged to give up I shall. Nothing but my leg will stop it me. I can ride any where any body can, but if we are obliged to go where horses can not, I shall be obliged to stop. The weather is beautiful, and the traveling good. I am in for it and shall take the chances. It is rather warm and no doubt it will be different from many kinds of camp life, still what I am short in one respect I can make up in another, so that the parts will all balance. I shall take good care of myself so far as my leg is concerned. I expect to suffer some and am willing to from heat and exposure, but intend to take care of myself and I will wish but what it will all come out right. Don't give yourself any uneasiness, keep in good spirits. Kiss the children often for me. Lots of love and kisses for you and Georgie and Robie.

From your Affectionate Husband

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 12 Jun 1863 (112)

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[1] Although Hooker wanted to be more aggressive, his basic orders were to protect the Union capital. Chafing under these restrictions and believing he was being "micro-managed" from Washington, he resigned on 27 June.

[2] John Dennison Baldwin (1809 – 1883), editor of the *Worcester Spy*.

1990.63.2.113
GHW to EMW
19 Jun 1863

Fair Fax Station Va
June 19th [Fri] 1863

My dear Wife and Children

Having changed our "base of operations" we brought it here night before last. We left Falmouth Sunday night[1] at 9 o'cl, rested only two hours the first night and marched until 3 P.M. Monday. It was very hot and the men suffered exceedingly. Monday night I slept about two hours. We took up the line of march Tuesday morn'g about 2 o' cl and did not turn in until about dark. We did some tall walking, I tell you. We arrived at Dumfries about 10 A.M. Tuesday. From D we came direct for this place which is about 15 miles from Alexandria. We shall probably move on today but have not yet learned where to. Probably to Fairfax Court house. Our Div was the last to leave Falmouth although I see the papers say it was the 6th Corps. The men all agree in saying it was the hardest march they ever had. The first night when we halted, not over ¼ of the full number were with their Regm't.[2] The rest had fallen out from fatigue and exhaustion. Many were "Sun Stroke" and I hear that many have died. The weather was perfectly awful and it is almost a wonder that any of the man stood it.

The roads were very dry & very dusty. It has rained most all night and this morn'g it is much cooler and sweeter. The 6th Corps are is ahead of us and left here yesterday. The entire 2nd (ours) is here, but the men are very much used up and ought not to move at all for several days. I never saw any thing like it, men dropped like sheep. They would go as long as they could stand and then fall. They threw away their clothings overcoats, blankets, undercoats. We had plenty to eat such as it was, and it was good too. I ate raw salt pork and relished it nicely for the first time and with hard tack and coffee went first rate. Our mess chest was ahead with the teams and we did not overtake it until the third day. Henry stood it well and is all right. Old Lee has played it on Hooker this time and no mistake. He will get out of it some way and get back again I amn afraid.

I rec'd the Telegraph to Geo Farr but it was impossible to get him a leave. I have just rec'd 4 Spys, 2 Journals, and 2 letters, 9th & I2th from you[3] and was delighted to get them. I had not rec'd any thing for about a week, and it all came in a lump. I had seen the article on H. Davis before,[4] Bartlett sent me the paper. You speak of the long days but I can say something about that. Turn out at 2 A.M, and march until night will give, I think, a fellow a taste of long days, when we do it two or three days in succession. Faustina,[5] I presume, was disappointed as most all women frequently are but such is life and we must take things as we find them.

I laid down on the grass under a tree tonight and slept just like a bug in a wall. I spread out my rubber blanket on the ground and use my woollen ones to cover over. Take my Travelling bag for a pillow and go in. Last night it rained and we pitched a tent. Things, I confess, look a little dark

but the men will fight better faced towards home than they will faced towards Richmond if they are tired out. The rebs are in Penn and if they get back again without being cut off, we shall be obliged to acknowledge them to be a superior race. I am afraid they will slip through some where. Old Lee has always been smart enough to get out every time he has been "surrounded" thus far.

I shall send this the first opportunity, it may not be for a day or two as the mails to not go regular. My leg is all right. I stood the march as well as any of them much to the surprise of all. I carry my blankets, ~~and~~ rations, overcoat &c &c &c on my horse with me. I have a splendid stallion. I sold my other horse as he was a little tender in one foot. The horse I have now is a gentleman horse, iron ~~gray~~ grey, very handsome, large size, sound and very strong. He is a Va horse and formerly was rode in the rebel black horse cavalry by a rebel officer at Bull run. I think I shall take him "home." The sun is coming out again and it will be very warm. Perhaps we may get still nearer Wash'ton One report said we were going to Fort Lyon but I don't believe it. If we do it will be only for a day or two. I see Spy that Ccl. Picket is at home. If you ever see Mrs Sprague, how does she appear? I hear Sprague and Studley do not get along the best, that Studley is the favorite. Sprague will never get over my "interference." Kind regards to all. Lots of love and kisses to you and Georgie and Robie. Don't borrow any trouble about me.

Affectionately

George

P.S. We have just rec'd orders to move but where I do not know, think to Centerville. Good bye. 2½ P.M. Geo

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 19 Jun 1863 (113)

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[1] 14 June 1863.

[2] Despite the rigors of the march, the 15th bore up well, so well in fact that Gibbon commended them and held them up as an example to the other regiments. [Ford, 256]

[3] These letters do not survive; the last extant being Emily's letter of 5 June. Perhaps George did not have time to save them with the others prior to his death at Gettysburg.

[4] Probably Henry A. Davis (1842 – 1908), a blacksmith/mechanic. Emily's letter with the original comment is lost and a search of the Worcester Spy from mid-May to mid-June does not reveal a reference.

[5] Faustina (Munroe) Dennis, wife of Joseph S. Dennis who had just left the Universalist ministry and moved from Dubuque, Iowa to a sales position in Chicago.

1990.63.2.114
GHW to EMW
21 Jun 1863

Camp at Thoroughfare Gap[1] Va Monday, June 21st 1863

My dear Wife and Children,

I suppose you are feeling quite anxious about me and very naturally so to, but you needn't for we are very pleasantly situated here. I wrote you at Fairfax Station which you have probably rec'd. From F.S. we went to Centreville and from C. here. Our march was very pleasant from C. We passed over the old Bull Run battlefield where were depicted the horror of war to the satisfaction of the most curious. We found fragments of shell solid shot, trees cut off by shell, an abundance of dead horses, and some human bones, and a great many graves. I saw human skulls in the road, but our boys moved on steadily but quietly, evidently with a full realization of the peculiar circumstances which surrounded the scene and place, although the effect was to turn one's thought to noble acts, brave and sublime purposes. Still an expression of sadness was plainly visible, particularly on the countenances of those who had lost friends in the battle, but you could see mingled with the sadness, revenge, ~~a determination to~~ a spirit of retaliation, a deep seated earnest determination to wipe out the foul blot from the record of ~~the~~ our Nation's history.

We arrived here about 12 o'cl Saturday night. The roads were *very* bad some of the way but the country through which we passed was beautiful. We may remain here sometime. The object is to guard the pass here in the Mountain.[2] It is said we are the extreme left of the army, although there is considerable force near us. Our Cavalry are scouring the country in every direction, and I hardly think the rebels are very near us in force, although they are represented to be near Warrington which is about 20 miles below and at the terminus of the chain of mountains. The move is a blind one to us all, but we are evidently here for some purpose. Most of our forces, I hear, are on our right where it is expected most (if any) of the fighting will be done.

This gap is a passageway through the mountain and is considered an important position towards keep[ing] the enemy in check. The men have recovered from the fatigue of the march and are now feeling very well.

Our mail at present will be very irregular on account of the difficulty in getting it through. None has been rec'd or sent off since we arrived here & I understand Genl Hancock's orders will not allow it. I write this in anticipation as probably we shall have an opportunity to send very soon.

I am well and so is Henry. I was in command of the Brigade part of the time on the march and am at the present time on account of the sickness of Genl Gibbon.[3] My leg does not trouble me much & although I don't think I am as corpulent as when I left home, yet I am in very good condition. I do want to see you and the children so at times that it almost makes me feel

homesick. This is an unnatural life for me, (and so it is for most of us) and I sometimes think a change for the better would be very desirable. How glad we shall all be "when this cruel War is over."[4]

We have just rec'd ~~orders~~ notice that a fight took place above here yesterday in which Stewart's Cavalry were awfully whipped.[5] Our men drove them through Ashley's Gap,[6] took pieces of artillery and on the whole were highly successful. We heard the cannon very distinctly with an anxious feeling of distress and were much relieved when we heard the true result.

Tuesday P.M. I have just learned that a mail is to leave at 3 o'cl so I will put in a word more. Every thing is all right. I have been through the Gap where I got a nice dinner today. We are having beautiful weather, and are nicely encamped in a wood. Don't borrow any trouble. I am all right and every thing goes on nicely. They are waiting for this and I must close. We expect a mail tonight and I hope I shall be one of the favored ones. We have not reed any for four days. Kind regards to all. It looks like [we are] staying here for a little time at least. Rail Road is open to within 6 miles and Hooker's Qrs are at Fairfax. Lots of love and kisses for you and Georgie and Robie.

From your dear husband

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 21 Jun 1863 (114)

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[1] One of the several "gaps" or natural passages through the Blue Ridge and Bull Run Mountains between the Shenandoah Valley and the Virginia piedmont. Thoroughfare Gap was an important access route for Lee's troops at 2nd Manassas in the summer of 1862 and thus Hooker needed to guard it to prevent Lee from turning east at this point. He remained unaware of Lee's true intentions of invading Maryland and Pennsylvania.

[2] The Bull Run Mountain(s).

[3] The chain of command was such that the senior officer at each lower level would advance one command. William Harrow of the 14th Indiana took Divisional command and George that of the Brigade.

[4] From a popular song of the time.

[5] There were cavalry engagements at Aldie, Middleburg, and Upperville (which currently lie along US Rte 50). Although retreating, J.E.B. Stuart was successful in screening the Confederate movements up the Shenandoah Valley to the west. His successes so embolded him that he proposed his famous ride around Hooker's army that essentially deprived Lee of cavalry support during the remainder of the Gettysburg Campaign. [Foote II, 440-41]

[6] A gap in the Blue Ridge, west of Upperville, Virginia.

1990.63.2.115
GHW to EMW
27 Jun 1863

Poolesville Md June 27th [Sat] 1863]

My dear Wife and Children,

Here I am in Poolesville again. We arrived in camp last night about 12 o'cl having marched from Gum Springs since 6 o'cl yesterday morn'g. It rained most of the day yesterday and it was very bad marching. Don't know how long we shall remain here, probably we leave today. We are in the rear, all the other Corps are ahead. We are all pretty well used up, and we have seen hard times, but the men are feeling well. We are about two miles from town and probably I shall not get a chance to see Dr. Brace[1] and others unless we pass through on our way up to Frederick where I suppose we are going.

The past two or three days has been rainy but my rubber coat prevented my getting wet and I got along nicely. We crossed here at Edwards Ferry and things here look quite natural. Balls Bluff is but [a] short distance but I shall not be able to go there as we are expecting orders to "move on."

I am still in command of the Brigade. Genl Gibbon has recovered but Genl Harrow[2] is now sick and rides in an ambulance. I expect it will be my turn next as I feel very much like it now. All are surprised to see how well I stand it. I have not had my leg off for ~~several~~ two days, neither has it been dressed, but I manage to get along very well.

We have not red'd any mail since the 18th and we cannot tell when we shall. I should like to hear from home very much and when we do get a mail, we shall have a pile, I hope. Henry is well and all right. It agrees with him better to be an officer than it does a private.

Last night there was here and in this vicinity probably 50 to 60,000 men but most of them have moved on. The rebs are reported to be in force at Frederick where we may possibly meet them. Things look rather bad, I must confess, but I have always said the war was too far off for the North to fully realize its magnitude. You probably get more of the general news, movements of their Army and ours than we do as we see but little of the papers. The time has now come for <u>action</u>. A vigorous and <u>earnest</u> prosecution of the war is inevitable, and the quiet slumbers of the people of the North will get most shockingly disturbed, I am afraid, unless they rally en masse to check the progress of the rebs who are now invading the north.

I am writing this out doors in the open field. I have just reached down and plucked a leaf of clover which you will find inclosed. It was right by my foot and I send it as a memento. I am afraid we have not seen the worst of this rebellion yet and I almost shudder at the thought of what we are to pass through before this struggle is over, but I still trust and believe that all things will turn out well.

000446

We have just rec'd Washington papers of yesterday and things to not look very encouraging. It looks as if Lee meant something and is bent on [a] desperate effort to make ~~the north~~ Penn taste of the bitter fruits which Va knows so well how to appreciate. They will be partially successful at least, but one thing is certain: our men will fight much better with their faces turned homeward.

How is Georgie and Robie? I should like to see them so well, and you too. I hope you are all well ~~and you have~~. I think a great deal of you, and pray God to take good care of you. Dr Munroe, our Surgeon, is going to Washington with some sick and will take along this letter, otherwise it couldn't go until Monday. I hope to hear from you soon. I shall write to you every opportunity. Kind regards to all, and lots of love and kisses to you and the children

From your dear husband

George

Endnotes: GHW to EMW 27 Jun 1863 (115)

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[1] Russell Brace, in whose house George stayed while recovering from his leg wound in late 1861-early 1862.

[2] William Harrow (1822 – 1872) of the 14th Indiana. He apparently was still ill on 2 July but refused to relinquish Brigade command, stating he would not "play safe" during a battle. [Harry W. Pfanz *Gettysburg: The Second Day* Chapel Hill, NC: University of North Carolina Press, 1987, 71]

Ward Monument at Gettysburg PA

000448

15th MA at Ward Monument at Gettysburg 1886

George & Robie

000450

George Jr & Robie 5 & 7 yrs

Robie, Emily + George Jr

000451

Emily Mayo Ward later in life

000452

George Ward Jr.

Robert L. Ward Age 25

000453

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World Wide Web: http://www.nextech.de/nm15mvi/ [active link July 2006}

Family Record.

Artemas Ward born Sept. 15th (1794

Sarah Ward born Sept. 28th 1794

Children's Names

Births and Deaths

Sarah Ann. Nov. 1st 1817

Mary Grout. Feb. 6th 1820.

died Aug. 29th 1822. aged 2 yrs.

Artemas Dec. 1st 1821

Mary Grout Feb. 29th 1824

George Hull. Apr. 26th 1826

Charles Augustus May 28

Wrought by Sarah Ann Ward aged 10 (1828.

000455

Ward Family Sampler From Collections of WHM

Descendants of Peter MAYO
(1774-1857)

1-Peter MAYO (bef 3 Jul 1774 – 27 Jan 1857)
mar (1798): Bethiah SMITH (1 May 1776 – 12 Oct 1870)

2-Mehitabel MAYO (4 Dec 1798 –)

2-Peter MAYO (21 May 1801 –)

2-William MAYO (30 Nov 1803 – 9 Dec 1884)
mar (bef 1827): Sarah DENNIS (17 Apr 1802 – 9 Dec 1890)

3-Caroline Ellen MAYO (30 Jul 1827 – 28 Oct 1907)
mar (1846): Josiah G. **FREEMAN** (Nov 1823 – 26 May 1904)
4-William J. FREEMAN (30 Jul 1847 –)
4-Emily Gray FREEMAN (18 Feb 1850 –)
4-Edward L. FREEMAN (9 Aug 1854 –)
4-Frank D. FREEMAN (24 Dec 1862 –)
4-Grace Ward FREEMAN (27 Sep 1864 – 16 Aug 1865)

3-Emily Elizabeth MAYO (28 Oct 1830 – 24 Sep 1917)
mar (1851): George Hull **WARD** (26 Apr 1826 – 3 Jul 1863)
4-Caroline Mayo (Carrie) WARD (17 Sep 1854 – 3 Dec 1856)
4-George William WARD (9 Dec 1858 – 19 Feb 1939)
4-Robert Lincoln WARD (23 Feb 1861 – 15 Jul 1927)

3-Sarah Abigail MAYO (27 Feb 1834 – 3 Mar 1920)
mar (abt 1858): Frank W. **HARRINGTON** (28 Aug 1830 – 28 Nov 1916)
4-Charles Mayo HARRINGTON (21 Jan 1867 –)
4-Isabelle HARRINGTON (10 Apr 1874 –)

2-Bethiah MAYO (30 Oct 1805 – 7 Apr 1881)
mar (1828): Erasmus **DENNIS** (Mar 1806 – 11 Jan 1878)

See **DENNIS**

2-John Smith MAYO (13 Dec 1807 -)

2-Hannah MAYO (24 Oct 1809 – 1898)
mar (1841): Joseph **BURGESS** (18 Nov 1799 – 20 Jul 1879)

3-Alice Annette BURGESS (18 Sep 1842 –)

3-Sarah Elizabeth BURGESS (19 Jan 1845 – 11 Jan 1846)

3-Elizabeth BURGESS (20 May 1846 –)

3-Daniel S. BURGESS (19 Sep 1850 – 21 Jul 1851)

2-Elizabeth Smith MAYO (24 Oct 1809 –)
mar ( ): Leonard MELLEN (1806 – 1873)

2-Nathan MAYO (Jul 1812 – 15 Feb 1816)

2-Joseph MAYO (18 Jul 1814 – bef 1880
mar (?): Harriet (-?-)

2-Isaac James MAYO (28 Aug 1816 – after 1880)
mar (1836): Ruth PAINE

2-Harriett MAYO (16 May 1818 –)
mar (abt 1848): Martin Jenks **STEERE** (– 1877)
3-Harriett STEERE (1849 –)

2-Warren MAYO (26 Sep 1820 –)
mar (abt 1843): Ann (-?-)
3-Ellen MAYO (abt 1844 –)
3-Emma MAYO (abt 1847 –)
3-Charles W. MAYO (Sep 1859 –)

Descendants of Col. Artemas WARD
(1796 – 1857)

1-Col. Artemas WARD (15 Sep 1796 - 17 May 1857)
mar$_1$ (1817): Sarah H. FIFE (1794/95 - 16 Feb 1842)

2-Sarah Ann WARD (1 Nov 1817 - 7 Apr 1835)

2-Mary Grout WARD (6 Feb 1820 - By 1824)

2-Artemas WARD (1 Dec 1821 - 29 Dec 1865)
mar$_1$ (1843): Jane L. MARBLE (20 Apr 1823 - 24 Oct 1860)

3-Emanette V. WARD (12 Jul 1843-)
3-Eugenia Marion WARD (13 Aug 1846 -)
3-Franklin Artemas WARD (14 Aug 1848 – 28 Aug 1848)
3-Artemas Franklin WARD (23 Jul 1849 - 26 Aug 1851)
3-John Marble WARD (14 Jul 1851-)
3-Franklin P. WARD (abt 1853 -)
3-Clara Isadore WARD (28 Jun 1855 -)
3-Fanny Elizabeth WARD (9 Mar 1857 -)
3-Florence Adelaine WARD (19 Sep 1859 -)

mar$_2$ (1862): Augusta PATTERSON (abt 1838 - 29 Dec 1865)

2-Mary Grout WARD (29 Feb 1824 -)
mar: (1843): George **LOVELL** (-)

3-Sarah Elizabeth Lovell (6 Oct 1844 –)
3-George Albert Lovell (10 Apr 1846 –)

2-George Hull WARD (26 Apr 1826 - 3 Jul 1863)
mar (1851): Emily Elizabeth MAYO (28 Oct 1830 - 24 Sep 1917)

3-Caroline Mayo WARD (1854 - 1856)
3-George William WARD (9 Dec 1858 - 19 Feb 1939)
3-Robert Lincoln WARD (23 Feb 1861 -)

2-Charles Augustus WARD (26 May 1828 -)
mar$_1$ (1865): Mary D. FLAGG (-)
mar$_2$ (1877): Mary L. BROCKWAY

2-Elizabeth M. WARD (15 Apr 1830 - 24 Feb 1885)
mar (bef 1850): Theodore H. **BARTLETT** (23 Oct 1823 - 16 Nov 1893)

3-Charles Artemas BARTLETT (11 Aug 1850 -)

2-Caroline G. WARD (abt 1832 - 28 Oct 1863)

000453

Descendants of Col. Artemas WARD
(1796 – 1857)

1-Col. Artemas WARD (15 Sep 1796 - 17 May 1857)
mar$_2$ (1842): Huldah P. REED (abt 1812 - 27 Jun 1854)

2-Henry Clay WARD (10 Sep 1843 - 16 Nov 1925)
mar$_1$ (1867): Sarah DENNY (-)
mar$_2$ (1876): Frances Crutcher MANEY

2-Samuel Wesley WARD (abt 1845 - 11 Feb 1904)
mar (1871): Sarah A. ALTON (abt 1849 -)

3-Helen Sarah WARD (24 Jan 1875 -)
3-Elizabeth M. WARD (28 Apr 1879 -)
3-Samuel W. WARD (18 Feb 1881 -)
3-Frederick Baine WARD (6 Sep 1884 -)
3-Robert Chester WARD (7 Nov 1887 -)

2-Sarah M. WARD (2 Nov 1846 - 11 May 1863)

2-Frederick William WARD (26 Jan 1848 -)
mar (1871): Mary G. B. WHEELER (abt 1845 -)

3-Mabel Harriet WARD (1 Mar 1872 -)
3-Edith Mary WARD (3 Aug 1874 -)
3-Alice C. WARD (23 Aug 1879 -)

2-Mary Lovell WARD (WHITNEY) (3 Nov 1849 - 26 Jan 1933)
mar (1872): Addison C. **WHITE** (abt 1849 -)

2-Edward Aiden WARD (27 Mar 1851 - 5 Feb 1890)
mar (bef 1877): Minnie M. PORTER (-)

3-Bertha P. WARD (20 Apr 1877 -)
3-Ethel WARD (12 Jun 1879 -)
3-Amy C. WARD (12 Nov 1880 -)
3-Mary E. WARD (10 Nov 1886 -)
3-Gladys Porter WARD (29 Dec 1888 -)

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Descendants of Erasmus DENNIS
(1775 – 1853)

1-Erasmus DENNIS (abt May 1775 – 26 Nov 1853)
mar (1800): Sarah (Sally) SELMAN (abt 1776 – 24 Oct 1826)

2-Sarah DENNIS (17 Apr 1802 – 9 Dec 1890)
mar (bef 1827): William **MAYO** (30 Nov 1803 – 9 Dec 1884)
3-Caroline Ellen MAYO (30 Jul 1827 – 28 Oct 1907)
mar (1846): Josiah G. **FREEMAN** (Nov 1823 – 26 May 1904)

3-Emily Elizabeth MAYO (28 Oct 1830 – 24 Sep 1917)
mar (1851): George Hull **WARD** (26 Apr 1826 – 3 Jul 1863)

3-Sarah Abigail MAYO (27 Feb 1834 – 3 Mar 1920)
mar (abt 1858): Frank W. **HARRINGTON** (28 Aug 1830 – 28 Nov 1916)

2-Erasmus DENNIS (Mar 1806 – 11 Jan 1878)
mar (1828): Bethiah MAYO (30 Oct 1805 – 7 Apr 1881)

3-Nathan Mayo DENNIS (30 Jul 1829 –)
mar (1851): Anna F. MAGINNES (abt 1833 –)

3-James Edward DENNIS (23 Jul 1831 – 1905)
mar_1 (1859): Susan S. MARTIN (Mar 1838 – 30 Sep 1861)
4-Mary F. DENNIS (8 Jan 1861 – 27 Sep 1861)
mar_2 (1862): Alona Hubbard CLAPP (2 May 1836 –)

3-Henry Warren DENNIS (29 Jul 1833 –)
mar (1853): Almira Jane FISH (21 Sep 1832 –)
4-George Francis DENNIS (24 May 1835 –)

3-Erasmus DENNIS (15 Nov 1838 – 30 Apr 1839)

3-Mary Ellen DENNIS (26 May 1841 –)

2-Edward Selman DENNIS (abt 1810 – 24 Mar 1845)
mar (1836): Maria Prudence Stockwell (4 Jun 1813 – 2 Oct 1851)

3-James Tyler DENNIS (23 Jan 1841 – abt 1872)

2-Abigail Selman DENNIS (abt 1812 – 6 May 1851)

2-Betsy Selman DENNIS (abt 1816 –)

2-Joseph Selman DENNIS (abt 1821 – aft 1880)
mar_1 (1842): Sabrina R. COLE (20 Sep 1824 – 23 Aug 1849)
mar_2 (1848): Faustina MUNROE

3- J. Frederick DENNIS (abt 1853 –)

3-Charles Selman DENNIS (11 Oct 1855 –)

3-Lewis DENNIS (abt 1864 –)