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LETTERS OF  
RICHARD TYLDEN AUCHMUTY

FIFTH CORPS  
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

EDITED BY E. S. A.



*PRIVATELY PRINTED*





## LETTERS.

WASHINGTON, October 8, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I found my commission all correct when I arrived last night. To-day I have been looking for a horse, but have not found one to suit. There was a review near the Capitol, but I did not go to it, but saw most of the performance on the avenue.

The weather has been showery and cool, so I suppose the hot spell is over.

I do not expect to get settled at Hall's Hill till Thursday, but shall try to ride over to-morrow. I met Siebert in the street this morning; he is a lieutenant in Blenker's brigade. I will write as soon as I get there and give you my address.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, PORTER'S DIVISION,

HALL'S HILL, VA., October 11th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I left Washington yesterday afternoon in a drizzle, and arrived here in a pouring rain. I came out dry, however, and was very comfortable. We have enormous fires and plenty to eat.

To-day it does not rain, but is not much better. Generals Porter, Martindale, Butterfield, and Morrell are all here in a small pine-wood, and so many people together make it very gay. Robert Livingston is a volunteer aid with Butterfield.

This afternoon General Morrell, with 3,600 men and the Rhode Island battery, occupy Minor's farm, near Falls Church. A Pennsylvania regiment slept there last night, and no "Secesh" are in sight. There is a large farmhouse there, I hear, for us to live in.

I bought a beautiful, well-behaved mare at the corral yesterday for \$125, but find she is worthless and must take her back. If you do not hear for some time, it is because there are no mail facilities. My address is :

"Captain R. T. Auchmuty, Assist.-Adj.-Gen. Second Brigade, Gen. F. J. Porter's Division, Washington, D. C."

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S HOUSE, VA.,  
October 20, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have as yet had no letters from home. Two days ago I got one from Willy Redmond, saying he had seen you, and Sallie W. also told me that she had a letter. I have not been very busy this week, and have had a great deal of pleasure. On Wednesday Mrs. and Miss Wadsworth and Miss Katie Heckscher came over to see

me, and I gave them lunch. On Thursday, I went to a review of General Smith's batteries. The target was a small wooden house, but it did not seem to be much hurt; afterwards, we were invited to a splendid spread, presided over by Mrs. Smith, in the house of a man named Smoot—a large brick house, and the only gentleman's house that I have seen. Three bands played, and the company danced in the hall. McClellan and his staff were there. I telegraphed to the Wadsworth party to come, but they did not do so. The review was to have been on our hill, to which they promised to come. I should have liked to have the princes see them. Mrs. and the Misses Barry and Mrs. Benton were the ladies present.

Robert Livingston has gone to New York to get his uniform, and will now be in our division.

The weather has been rainy, but warm; the leaves are just turning; the bee-line roads are beginning to show what they will be in the way of mud.

Since the rebels fell back, there have been no more disturbances at night, and telegrams, blue lights, and rockets are in the past.

Last night, however, a great telegraphing set in, and I was up all night. It related to our movements, which appear to be perfectly safe and for the better, viz., to Smoot's house. I rode over to Hall's Hill at 1 A.M. after a man, and not finding him there, went to a house about four miles off, near the pickets, and then to Falls Church, getting back at three o'clock. It was the first time

I had seen the pickets at night. They consist of men every few yards, who stick a bayonet in your face, till you give the countersign. As the Secesh are far away, I thought the most danger came from our own men. I had to rout out the captain at Falls Church before I could enter the village.

The other day, I went to Lewinsville, then just occupied. It consists of about twenty rather good houses, abandoned by their owners, and ransacked by two armies. As all the really fine trees had been cut down that morning, to afford a clear space for some neighboring batteries, it looked pretty forlorn.

Our parlor is still constantly filled with great people. We have just completed a tower, and now there is nothing to see. General Morrell's staff consists of Lieutenant Williams, of Rochester, A.D.C., Dr. Waters of Pennsylvania, a very nice man, as surgeon, and a sporting man, named McElroy, as commissary.

Address as an experiment, "Care of Col. James McQuade, Fourteenth United States Volunteers;" their things all come straight.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S HOUSE,

October 23, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We are still here, although we have had several false alarms of being moved.

To-day it has cleared, after two days' rain, and the wind makes the house shake. I went to Wash-

ington on Monday, and after running about all day, found my saddle and uniform, and put them at G Street, and told the quartermaster of the Pennsylvania regiment to bring them here to-day. Sallie W. was very polite, and seemed glad to see me. She wanted me to dine there, but as I could not promise to be ready, I declined, and as it was, did not get home till nine o'clock. That night, just as I got asleep, came the news of the fight at Edwards Ferry, and an order for us to be ready to start at daybreak. Daybreak and a countermand came, but I was up all night. I wish we could go to Leesburgh, as it would be more comfortable.

It is so cold to-night that the officers of the Carlisle battery have just come in to get warm.

This afternoon I took a very long ride, first on the Fairfax and then on the Leesburgh road. I stopped at a great many houses, some of them quite venerable, but mostly deserted. One house was occupied by our pickets, under the command of a Lieutenant Martindale. It looked so clean that I asked the woman where she learned to use water, and she replied that she was from Dutchess County. She gave me some hot rolls, fresh butter, and milk. Mrs. Childs, whose house was bombarded, was living there. She was quite a nice woman, from New York State, and it seemed a pretty hard case. The soldiers, women, children, and two prisoners made a curious household. Coming home I met General Wadsworth at the head of 1,200 men. I was quite alarmed lest our brigade had also moved, but he told me he was only taking a little exercise.

None of the very great people have called on us lately, but we have a succession of smaller fry.

I have not yet been able to get a man, which makes it very uncomfortable; most of the niggers are afraid to come out so far. The few natives prowl about, looking completely cowed and accusing their neighbors of being "Secesh." They are constantly here for passes from one house to another, and the other day I gave a man a pass to pick what was left of his own corn.

I wish you would send me a sketch-book, such as Madgie has, by mail, if possible; the express takes from a week to ten days.

Your letter of the 16th arrived on the 22d.

With love to all,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S HILL,

October 30, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have been expecting another letter from you, the only one I have being that of the 16th. I got one from Carroll ten days old, and one from Johnny of the 24th.

We are still here, and do not even hear of an advance. I have cleaned up the house and moved into a tent. We have good servants, and Sallie W. sent over a man who was scullion to the Spanish Minister, and is a very good cook.

On Saturday we had a review of our division, which consists of 11,000 men, three batteries and

some cavalry. McClellan reviewed us. Afterward we had a collation at Hall's Hill, and a Pennsylvania colonel in our brigade had a splendid supper in the evening. The Comte de Paris told me he was always so glad to have a talk with me. Sunday I dined at the Wadsworths', and I have quite a circle of people to take meals with. Our pickets have been drawn in, which somewhat curtails my rides, but I believe I know this part of the country about as well as any one; still, I rather miss looking for "Secesh" across the valley. The weather is splendid and the leaves just beginning to turn.

There is considerable sickness in the brigade, but I never was better.

Robert has come back and is with Butterfield. "Union" men are turning up quite thickly.

I am afraid I shall not see much of Aunt Jo, as I cannot go to Washington, and it costs five dollars to come here.

Try "Second Brigade, F. J. Porter's Division, Washington, D. C."

With love to all,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

P. S.—I received to-day your letter of the 28th, two from Madgie and one from Carroll; the letters between are not forthcoming, so you'd better address care of Colonel McQuade.

I have ridden seven hours to-day, have a pile of papers to draw up, and cannot write any more. No

orders to move. The sketch-book came. I am sorry about the house. I can give you \$100 at Christmas as my share of the expenses ; still, do as you please. It must be very lonely by yourselves.

MINOR'S HOUSE,  
November 3d.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—If Aunt Jo has not gone yet, I wish you would get her to bring on my overcoat. It can be put in an old carpet-bag. If she has left, please send it by express. It is in my cedar box, probably at the bottom. If the house should be let, I hope you will be careful to lock up all my things. Perhaps it would be best if you could get \$1,200 and be sure of the rent.

The tremendous storm has blown itself out. Every one here is uneasy about the fleet, which is probably dispersed, if not worse.

I took a ride on Friday, within three miles of Vienna, with the lieutenant-colonel of the Fourteenth New York. We came at one time upon a mounted man. I saw him first, and stopped, and he called six more out of the woods. We consulted whether to run, but knew they would fire, and as we could not take to the bushes without leaving our horses, we decided to trot on and trust to luck. They came galloping down on us, and when they saw the U. S. on my cap, the captain began to "damn" it, as he thought he had two rebels. It was a scouting party from Smith's brigade. I do not think I shall try such an expedition again.



We were to have had a review yesterday, but the rain prevented it, for which I was glad, as I was tired and not very well.

Your affectionate son,  
R. T. A.

MINOR'S HOUSE,  
November 14, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I received your letter of the 12th this afternoon. When I wrote for my overcoat I had not been able to draw one from the arsenal. To-day I got a very warm soldier's overcoat for eight dollars, so I will not want the one in the cedar box.

On Monday we had a dinner-party, which was quite successful. Tuesday was our picket day, and I was there most of the day. I saw Mrs. J. W. De Peyster and Louis Livingston at Hall's Hill. We intended giving them a dinner, but they left suddenly.

Last night I started to spend the evening with a family near Falls Church, but General Morrell called me back and said I was very foolish to travel about, as I might get shot by some one who would like a horse and a pass. To-day we all went to see a review of Franklin's division, near Alexandria. It was followed by the usual feasting and drinking. Moses H. Grinnell and his son and Willy Cutting were there. It wound up in the usual rain. We came home with three generals and seventeen "aides," across country, breaking down fences

when we could not get over them, arriving here at 6.30, and had an unusually good dinner. Willy Cutting is coming, on Monday, to spend a few days at Minor's Hill. Mrs. General Smith invited me to a party at Smoot's house to-morrow, but I have arranged to go to Washington with Lieutenant Sackett.

On Saturday we partly expect General Porter and General and Mrs. Martindale to dine.

I hope you lock up the house and look out for fire. I often feel uneasy about it.

I shall be glad to see Aunt Jo, and suppose she will make an excursion to Minor's.

With love to Madgie and Tiny,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S HOUSE,  
Sunday.

MY DEAR MOTHER,— . . . I hear nothing of an advance, and do not see much object in one, although it is hardly probable that this immense army, along which I rode twelve miles to-day, will be kept idle all winter. We had a review yesterday. It has been postponed three times on account of the weather, and yesterday, as we got on the ground, it began to pour, and did not stop during the five hours we were out. I got very wet, in spite of my India-rubber. We did not go to the feast at Hall's Hill, but came directly home.

The Carlisle battery went yesterday to the reserve

at Washington, and were succeeded by Griffin's (U. S.). The Carlisle is a loss, as I spent my first day with them when I came on to Washington, and know them now very well. The Griffin people took refuge with us last night, their wagons getting stuck in the mud somewhere between here and Chain Bridge.

Last Wednesday was our picket day. The usual number for one mile and a half is 300. That day General Morrell ordered 200, and two officers instead of nine, as a review was ordered, which was afterward postponed. I took them down, the rough-scuff of the brigade, and after getting them posted, I found I only had 130, and they were so stupid that I went back to say that I would stay all day, but found the review put off and the relief getting ready. I put two men to examine passes on the Leesburgh road, and found that they could not read! I put one Massachusetts boy all alone; he asked me how far it was to the outer pickets, and he was horrified to hear there was nothing but the woods between him and the Secesh. I spent part of the day with a Mrs. Haycock, an old woman about eighty. She and her daughters were grumbling because the soldiers put her lights out at seven the evening before. I told her the house had a bad reputation, and she replied that they were "Virginians."

To-day I went with Sackett, of Weeden's battery, to Ellsworth. It is the prettiest thing I have seen. I then went to see General Kearny, who was out. I rode twenty-four miles in all. My horse tumbled

in the mud, but I clung on to him, and only got splashed.

This afternoon, the General and I dined with the Colonel of the Fourteenth New York Volunteers. We like our cook very much; my bill for three weeks was \$10.25, and lately we have lived very well. For instance, on Thursday we had soup, *filet-de-bœuf*, and a bread pudding that I had made at a farm-house. Robert comes here quite often. I do not go to see him, as I do not much like Hall's Hill and the camp of brigadiers there.

I made a great bargain in potatoes. An old man told me that if I would bring some soldiers I might have a third for digging them, as his niggers had run.

I was sick for a day or two, but took a dose of castor-oil, which cured me. The weather is very bad, one day fine, the next cold, raw, or rainy.

I have been living in the house for a week, but have bought a stove, and will go back to my tent.

Tell Fanning I like my revolver very much. I only got it the other day.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S HOUSE,  
November 23d.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Everything goes on so quietly here that there is little to write about, except the weather, which is bad. Two good days,

then a hurricane from the east, then pouring rain, followed by a hurricane from the west, and piercingly cold. I am comfortable, however, as, after trying two patent beds, I got a litter and mattress from the hospital. My stove warms me while dressing, and, unless the wind is unusually violent, I can sleep well. When it is, I put my clothes on and keep a knife in my hand, in case of a grand collapse, as once happened.

The big review read better than it appeared to the actors, and the *idea* of 60,000 men is greater than the sight. I got on horseback at 7.30 and got off at 5. I got a chunk of bread during the day for refreshments. As I know every road for ten miles around, I was sent ahead and rode at the head of 4,070 men, composing our brigade.

Yesterday General Smith had a sort of sham fight, which was beautiful. 12,000 men were drawn up on the Lewinsville road; they fired; a battery on a hill near us banged away, and three batteries at Lewinsville. Then a regiment of cavalry charged the retreating foe, and we retired to Smoot's house for oysters and champagne. It was the first time I had seen a cavalry charge. It was very pretty.

Our staff was increased, two days ago, by a balloon. I went up the first morning with Professor Lowe, but it was too foggy. He saw wonderful things, some of which I proved to him were humbugs. It blew a hurricane till this afternoon, and just enough gas was left for one, so I had the ropes explained and went up alone, emptying the sand-

bags, to 950 feet, and after looking well about was pulled down.

General Porter telegraphed for me to go to Barrett's Hill, with a guard of 300 men, to see what I could and make a drawing of it, but the weather has not allowed.

. . . I like the Griffin battery better than the Carlisle, and am glad of the change.

I suppose you will not be able to rent the house. Renwick writes that I will not get the \$600 I counted on from the Commissioners of Charities. Pleasant news!

I have made my horse as good a saddle-horse as there is on the staff, by practising him on the R. I. battery grounds.

Please send two of my *cartes de visite* in uniform and the overcoat in cedar box.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S HOUSE,

December 8, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER,— . . . I am to go through a round of festivities next week. I am to be groomsman to Captain Griffin, United States Artillery. He is to marry Miss Sallie Carroll on Tuesday. Miss Bessie Fish and the French princes are to be on the "staff." On Monday, I am to make the acquaintance of the party. Tuesday night, the wedding; Thursday, a ball; and, I suppose, incidental entertainments. I want to ask the Fish's to Minor's on Wednesday.

You need not be alarmed about me. I do not care to get hurt, and generally know where I go.

The event of the week took place on Friday. General Hancock, with a large force, marched out to the right of Vienna. It was supposed the rebel cavalry would come down the cross-road to cut off whatever they could, so General Morrell, with the Fourth Michigan and Sixty-second Pennsylvania, started at daylight, and marched to a place two miles from Fairfax Court-House, where we left the Sixty-second in a wood, and we went with the Fourth about a mile away to another road. Both regiments concealed themselves in the bushes, and did it so quietly that people in a house close by had no idea that 11,000 men were there. Those who saw us were, of course, carried off as prisoners. We waited all day, but nothing came. If they had, very few would have gone away again, as they would have caught a volley nearly a quarter of a mile long. It was what they did to the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry.

I went with a party to surround a house, into which two mounted men were reported to have gone. We were at every door and window without their observing us, and found the "mounted men" were only two negroes.

The weather, which has been horrible, has taken a new turn, and is now like June in New York. The Secesh had torn up the railroad track where we were, and heated the rails, and bent them around trees. General Morrell does not invite reporters to dine, which accounts for his name not appearing

in the papers. The principle is good, but it is a little like the king who quarrelled with the historians. . . . With love to Madgie and Tiny.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S HOUSE,

December 14, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—This week has seemed more like Newport than Virginia. On Monday the rehearsal of the wedding took place at the Carrolls'. On Tuesday the wedding, on Wednesday our party, and on Thursday the ball. The wedding was very handsome; there were fourteen bridesmaids, in veils, and the groomsmen in full uniform, with red sashes across the breast. The bride stood at the head, splendidly gotten up, and Dr. Pyne, in his gown, in the middle. This occupied one room; there were three others, all filled with uniforms, and an enclosed piazza with an excellent supper. The ball was very much the same, with the addition of dancing. My bridesmaid was a daughter of General Marcy. Miss Bessie Fish was by far the best looking of the party. The bridal party, with the addition of Mrs. Senator Thompson and the Comte de Paris, came out on Wednesday to Minor's. The only drawback was a Virginia hurricane, otherwise it was a complete success, and, certainly, an original party. They arrived at 2.30, drove past our house into the Griffin camp, which was gotten up with evergreens, triumphal arches, and G. and C., etc. There they had champagne and cake.



Then they walked about, and came over to our house, which was pretty well filled; we had roaring fires, and two bands of music, and a spread of stewed oysters and roast turkeys, to which they did full justice, besides emptying a large tub full of champagne punch. At five our two nearest regiments were drawn up; the Griffin men cheered, and the party drove off. We had the guns drawn up in picturesque positions, and it must have been a novel sort of party to most of them.

Mrs. Griffin is quite handsome; the other Miss Carrolls (three) are pretty, and the whole family as polite as possible, and profuse in thanks for our entertainment. The President kissed the bride after the ceremony.

I met Phil Lydig in Washington, and brought him out yesterday morning. He saw all the sights and went back this afternoon. He seemed to have rather a horror of the accommodations at night, or he would have stayed longer. I showed him everything inside the lines and took him up the railroad, with fifteen men, a little way to show him how the Confederate States look.

Next week the Griffin people propose to give an entertainment to the President on a grand scale. I do not want a buffalo robe at present. Aunt Jo made me a dressing-gown, which is the most comfortable thing I have had yet. I intend, on Monday, to enclose my tent for the winter. The Wainwrights propose giving a dinner for Trollope. . . .

Your affectionate son,

MINOR'S HOUSE,  
December 22, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have not heard from New York for ten days, and hope nothing has gone wrong, either there or in Brooklyn. There is nothing new here. The warm, beautiful weather has changed, and it is now rainy and cold.

McClellan has been here twice lately; once while I was in Washington, when he and his staff and Morrell and his were photographed. He was also here during the fight at Drainesville. We could hear the firing and see the troops moving out from our hill.

My contraband went to Washington to get clothes, got drunk and was sent to the work-house for sixty days. I must go to the Mayor to get him discharged.

The Griffins had a very pretty party on the 19th, and there was dancing in the open air till nine o'clock, it was so warm. Last night Colonel Black (Sixty-second Pennsylvania) had a dance and supper, and to-day we dine at Colonel McQuade's. All the colonels have their wives here, and have built log houses. While out drilling on Tuesday I heard a roar of laughter from the Fourth Michigan, and a man on horseback appeared asking for me; who proved to be Anthony Trollope. I invited him to come to Minor's this week to stay, and he said he would.

The camps are dressed quite gorgeously for Christmas, with bushes, wreaths, and little gar-

dens. The Ninth Massachusetts are to open their \$1,000 chapel tent on Christmas and have a blow-out in the evening.

Enclosed are three \$20 treasury notes for a Christmas present. I am asked to be groomsman to Johnny Heckscher. I believe he is to be married in February. I wish you would look out for some pretty-looking silver thing. If possible, I will get three days' leave and come on.

With love to all,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S HOUSE,

January 3, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I cannot remember whether I have written to you since Christmas. The buffalo is a great thing. Last night I slept in Captain Griffin's tent, which, as he lives in Washington, is equivalent to the open air, and was as warm as possible. Tell Madgie I could not have had a better present, although I think it is almost too good a one for rough usage.

General Morrell went to Mrs. Thompson's ball on New Year's eve. He wanted me to go, but I preferred the camp. At 11.30 we had an alarm, and General Porter telegraphed me to have the batteries ready by daylight and to send word to the pickets. I went out to them myself, and saw the old year out on Barrett's Hill.

Trollope came on New Year's morning and stayed

till this afternoon. He is a regular J. B., and seemed to like his visit. He does not say anything amusing, nor does he always see a joke when made by others.

I do not remember whether I told you that I picked up the *Herald* correspondent and gave him some dinner. Since then he has stayed here constantly, and sends frequent mention of the Hill and its inhabitants to the *Herald*. He is an amusing man, especially from his "brass."

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S HILL,

January 14, 1862.

MY DEAR MADGIE,—I received your letter on Sunday, and two from Ma. I am very glad to hear that May is improving, and hope she will stay well. On Saturday, while you were having a snow-storm, we had a warm fog, and on Sunday I had breakfast in the open air, and it was really hot riding in the sun. The buffalo is very much envied; it is very comfortable, and as a tent, when the fire goes out, is like the open air, it is very useful.

Trollope asked me to a splendid dinner on Thursday, as handsome as any I ever saw in New York. The guests were three from the British Legation—Captain Hanceck, who came to carry off Lord Lyons, and Major Anson. The Americans were Captain Wise and I.

On Sunday some of the Legation paid me a visit.

They wanted to visit the outposts, but Porter would not let them, so I took them over to Wadsworth, who said they might go as often as they pleased.

The Heckschers, Helen Russell, and Mrs. Lewis Jones arrived on Saturday. I have not seen them yet, but am to dine with them to-morrow at Butterfield's. . . .

Porter telegraphed to know why our pickets did not see 500 rebel cavalry who came within 300 yards of them on Saturday. As I was out all day, and up the railroad, it is curious that I should not have seen them. Butterfield, who relieved our pickets on Monday, and always sees a thing when it is expected, immediately discovered some in the woods. I told him I saw those, too, but they were chopping wood.

Remember me to Mr. Tucker, and believe me,

Your affectionate brother,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S,

January 19, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—All New York seems to be at Willard's, but there is such a sea of mud between here and the river it is almost impossible to get there. I was in Washington on Thursday night, but did not feel well, and had to go to bed. The Heckschers, Mrs. Lewis Jones, Harveys, Wilkes, Schermerhorns, Cuttings, etc., are at Willard's. I meant to go to see them to-day, but the rain is coming down in sheets; the frost is coming out of

the ground, and the mud is really terrific. The Heckschers were dressed for a party, and it looked quite strange to see people gotten up so gorgeously again.

Mrs. Colden, Pen. Hosack, the Harveys, and Wilkes were here on Friday. They seemed delighted with the sights, though everything looked splashed and dirty. They had lunched at Wadsworth's, so we gave them cake and champagne. Mrs. Schermerhorn sent word she wanted to see me. She arrived on Friday night, but I hope it will dry up before any one else comes over. . . .

The Heckschers do not know when Johnny is to be married. I hope it will be soon, as I could get away now.

It looks very comfortable at the Wainwrights', though there is a falling off in the fires, coal being \$10 a ton. G Street is filled with long trains of wagons, it being the road to one of the ferries. . . . Has Tiny had any more tea-parties, or been to any? The Wilkes' said she looked so well at the Ogdens'.

Do you see the *Herald*? The correspondent sponges on us and gives us frequent puffs.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S HOUSE,

January 26.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have been in Washington a good deal lately. I went in on Monday, and

stayed till Wednesday, to see the New Yorkers. Besides Mrs. Jones's party, the Beekmans and Aspinwalls are there; the Schermerhorns left on Friday. Mrs. Schermerhorn braved the mud and came to see me on Thursday. I took them through the Fourth Michigan camp, gave them a good lunch, and went with them to Falls Church, to see the old church and the graves of friends and foes. They were much pleased, and it really looked quite war-like. The picket guard were coming over the hill, splashed with mud, and Griffin's battery was booming away.

The Heckscher party are in a whirl of excitement. They have a parlor which is filled every night with officers, diplomats, and princes. They have been over the river twice, once to Arlington, and Robert Livingston gave them a dinner on Friday at Hall's Hill, and to-morrow I have a party in conjunction with Mrs. W. F. Smith. The Lewis Jones party, with the Aspinwalls, Carrolls, and Duc de Chartres, and lesser lights by the dozen, are to be here at noon, be *serenaded* and saluted by Griffin's battery, and then go to Mrs. Smith's, and have dancing in her big house. When I asked the Duc de Chartres, he said he would have come without an invitation, as he had been here so often when no fun was going on.

To-day I went with the Heckschers and Helen Russell to St. John's. We sat in Aunt Jo's pew, and afterwards they went with me to see her.

We do not hear anything of a start, although it was supposed we would make a feint of attacking

Manassas to help Burnside, but it would be almost impossible to feed the men. The roads, after one warm day, are simply impassable.

I was at a house near the picket line on Friday, and was looking at the view, when three men on horseback started out from a neighboring house and made for the woods. They looked very like Secesh. I sent out a party, but they could not find them. The same day I found a man trying to cross the lines; he refused to come with me until I drew a revolver upon him, which brought him about. He did not seem to be of much account. I hope you see the *Herald*. The reporter keeps us constantly before the public. I dare say Philadelphia will do Madgie and the baby good. I wish they could come to Washington, but it is mighty expensive. Carriages to cross the river cost \$15 instead of \$5. I will write an account of the party. With love to Tiny,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S,

February 3, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—In my last I told you of a party we were to have. Mrs. Jones rode on horseback with the Duc de Chartres, and Anderson and Ware of the British Legation. The mud was terrific, and they were two hours getting here. We had the room dressed with flags, and the Fourth Michigan band, threw shells with Griffin's guns, gave them lunch, and started for General



Smith's. Did you see the piece in the *Herald* about the frightened Spanklins? Griffin's shells fell near their house. Weeden said the ancient warriors kept a minstrel to sing their deeds, and we kept Hendricks; so you may take any wonderful adventures you see in the *Herald* with a little salt. I make him show his items to me now before he sends them.

On Thursday I received a telegram from the Hecksehers, to come in for a farewell supper. I was two hours and a half getting there. We sat down at ten and did not get up till two. It was given to those who had been polite to them, and included Comte de Paris, Duc de Chartres, and several others of the aristocracy.

Aunt Jo is always extremely polite, and makes everything as comfortable as possible. She has an inflamed eye, which prevents her writing.

The men, having nothing to do, have been getting up several rows. The Fourth Michigan and Ninth Massachusetts got in a row to-day, and the Ninth and the Sixty-second yesterday. Lieutenant-Colonel Peard, of the Ninth, died suddenly on Monday. He was a very good man, and I have been on one or two excursions with him.

Your affectionate son,  
R. T. A.

MINOR'S,  
February 10, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have had no letters this week. The weather has improved. Every other

day is clear. The mud is partly frozen, and the roads are passable.

The quiet of our life was broken by the "long-roll," as the Fourteenth New York were telegraphed to go to the assistance of the Cameron Dragoons, in case the Secesh pursued them. I could not go, as Williams has broken his arm and is in Washington, and Seymour and I had to stay in case orders were to be sent.

Four negro girls belonging to Jeremiah Moore, whose house I visited the day we went near the Court-House, came into the lines, and were sent on to Washington.

To-day we went to the Fourth Michigan Episcopal Chapel, and afterwards General and Mrs. Smith, General Porter, Joe Peabody, and two others, dined here. As Williams, the Doctor, and Hendricks were away, General Morrell invited the people. I told him he was crazy, as there was nothing in the house; but I went through the brigade and borrowed a pretty good dinner.

Yesterday corduroy roads were commenced from Falls Church to Washington. We draw all our provisions *via* the Alexandria and Leesburgh Railroad, but those in the rear have hard work. There has been a very bad feeling between the Fourth Michigan and the Ninth Massachusetts, which has given us a great deal of trouble to keep down. The Twenty-second Massachusetts distinguished themselves by cutting down a holly tree near Minor's house. It was two feet in diameter, and one mass of green. Holly grows all over the country

luxuriantly as in England. Do you see our doings in the *Herald*? The brigade gets a puff every day. The Butterfield people are jealous. Mrs. McQuade and the Generals were here the day the Fourteenth were out. She gave me a pair of mittens, and Butterfield asked if I should put it in the *Herald*. I told him he had a puff in the *Times*, and Hendricks was small game compared to Russell. Does Tiny go to see Mrs. Carroll L——? She must be pretty lonely now.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S,

February 15th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I received your letter of the 5th on the 12th. It takes three days to get a letter from G Street to Minor's. I suppose you saw in the *Herald* the account of our reconnoissance. We started at seven and returned at five, resting about twenty minutes at Vienna. The day was raw and cold, and I was not very well, and had, of course, a very disagreeable day. The Fourth Michigan and the Ninth Massachusetts went up the railroad, relaying the track for about two miles, and occupied Vienna, while we, with the Ellsworth regiment and about six hundred cavalry, went on the Leesburgh turnpike, made a circuit of twenty-seven miles, and came home through Vienna. It had been reported that a regiment was stationed near Hunter's Mills.

General Morrell went to New York to-day, and will not be back till Wednesday, which gives me a

great deal to do, particularly as our pickets go out to-morrow.

Last week, Seymour, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourteenth, and I were invited to a Secesh dinner just outside the lines. We took plenty of revolvers and put a man to watch. They gave us an excellent dinner, and the host, Mr. Klock, brought out a "star-spangled banner" to show his Union sentiments.

An old negro woman was abandoned at a house on our picket line. The men pulled the house down, except her room, and then she got the measles. Seymour and I went all over the country to get some one to take her away, and at last found an old woman, named Scott, to do so. I asked her if she were any relation to the Scott girls who entrapped the Connecticut officers, and she said she was one of them!

To-day we are having a heavy snow-storm, which will destroy all the roads again. I have not been to Washington for three weeks, and there is not much chance of doing so. . . .

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S,  
February 21, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I received your letter of the 13th on the 19th, and one from Heckscher, same date, to-day. General Morrell has returned.

I am glad of it, as there is a very great deal to do when he is away. I was just counting General Porter's telegrams; there have been, since Sunday, eighteen to me and about as many more to Colonels McQuade and Woodbury, who commanded the brigade on different days. The pickets were out; two parties of 300 men were sent outside the lines, besides the daily business of the brigade, all of which I had to see to. The day Fort Donelson was taken, a crowd of men from the Fourteenth and Fourth came over to see General Morrell. As he was away, they gave three cheers for Captain Auchmuty. I told them I had not much to say, but had three gallons of whiskey, which would probably answer as well.

It has not rained for two days, but it looks very black to-night. This constant wet does not agree over-well with me, and I packed up my things and rode over to see Porter about staying four or five days with Aunt Jo. He said I might be of use to-morrow, so I had to come back.

There is a report that the rebels will celebrate Washington's birthday by attacking us. I hope the war is coming to an end. Things look as if they were getting settled.

Johnny is to be married on the 4th of March. I cannot tell whether I can come on or not; it depends on the mud. Enclosed is a check; use your own judgment. I like something of classical shape, and not the American scroll style. Flower vases don't sound like much. I would rather have something useful, but not a slop-bowl. The card-

plate sounds pretty well. Should it be given to him or to Miss W.? . . .

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

MINOR'S HILL,

February 27, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I applied for six days' leave, and intended starting for New York this morning ; but yesterday afternoon orders came to the entire army to be ready to advance at daylight this morning, which settled my trip. It poured in torrents all night, which may have changed some of the plans. What they are, of course, I do not know, and the whole thing may be one of the many false alarms we have had during the winter ; still, the Second Dragoons moved up to Banks's division this morning, at Frederick, which looks as if Leesburgh were to be attacked. Banks has 20,000 men, and if more were needed, Smith and McCall would go—and each has 12,000 men—which would make as large a force as could easily be employed. I rather think the rest of the army will merely make an advance to prevent the rebels sending troops to Leesburgh.

This morning we are having a hurricane from the northwest, and as there is no frost in the ground, the roads are drying rapidly.

I have read all the papers with a good deal of anxiety, to see if the house suffered in the hurricane. Here, it carried everything before it. I

came out from Washington, and the horse could hardly get along. My tent was damaged, but did not go down. The observatory and one of the big trees were upset.

It is a great disappointment not being able to go to New York, as the last two months have been dreary and uncomfortable beyond description. They say New Yorkers think the war is about over. I am sure I hope it is. If Tennessee should come in the Union, it would probably stop any further fighting in Virginia. . . .

You need not be alarmed about me; there is no chance of our getting in a fight, and very few are hurt even then.

With love to Madgie and Tiny,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

[He went to New York, 2d of March, for a few days.—E. S. A.]

MINOR'S,

March 10, 1862, 4 A. M.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The Fourth Michigan occupied Vienna to-day. I was passing the night there. At one, got order to return. We start for Centreville at daybreak. The rebels are reported away. Do not be afraid for me. All in confusion. Love to all.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE,  
March 10, Evening.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I wrote you a few lines at 4 A. M., about the advance of the army. We left Minor's Hill in the rain at six this morning, and arrived here at ten o'clock. The roads were muddy, and very hard for the men to march over.

Fairfax is quite a large village, with a picturesque brick court-house in the centre. All the houses but three were abandoned, and the few natives looked unutterable things at us as we entered. We took a partly finished, unfurnished house, with eight or ten rooms in it, and made roaring fires in every grate. The village is crammed with soldiers, and 30,000 men are encamped around it; and to-night, as the men sleep in small "shelter tents" around the camp-fires, the scene is beautiful. McDowell occupied Centreville, and we are waiting to hear the result of a scouting party to Manassas. . . .

I am pretty well now, and had a good two days' work. I went to Vienna, seven miles out, at 10 A. M. yesterday, and returned at four, rode out again at eight, and started back at 1.30 A. M., and then started at six this morning for Fairfax.

McClellan and his suite are living here, and as we will most probably remain a week, it will be quite an addition. I do not see where the rebels mean to go if they leave Manassas; it certainly seems strange to leave such fortifications. Fairfax



is surrounded by earthworks, and there are the remains of numerous camps.

The Regulars have crossed the river and are held in reserve near Fort Coreoran. It is an agreeable change to come to a new country and see new people. I do not believe we will get in a battle at all.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

NEAR ALEXANDRIA,  
March 16, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — We left Fairfax Court-House at six yesterday morning and encamped about three miles from Alexandria; started at six and arrived at three, only ten miles. The rain came down in sheets, and every one was pretty well drenched. I kept tolerably dry, but even india-rubber fails in a nine-hours' drench.

We took possession of the camps of Sumner's division, which has gone out to Manassas, and they were a godsend. To-morrow or Tuesday we expect to start, by water, I do not know where to; not very far, probably, for the Potomac at Alexandria is crowded with old North River and Sound steamboats. I believe we are to be in Heintzelmann's *corps d'armée*. The Regulars go with us, 4,000 in number, which, with our division, will make 20,000 men. But this morning we hear that Sumner and McDowell are returning, which would swell it to 50,000.

The stay at Fairfax was pleasant. We had a beautiful house and good fare. Here, we are in old tents, and are in dread lest Sumner may come and turn us out of them. One blessing is, that 100 miles will bring us into spring.

I went to Centreville and Bull Run. The fortifications at the former are not so tremendous, but there is an open, sloping plain, about two miles wide, all around it. The Secesh have destroyed the country as much as we have, and from Alexandria to Manassas is one scene of ruin and desolation—thirty-five miles. The houses are torn down, no fields cultivated, and but here and there an inhabited house. At Bull Run the bodies of our men are lying under the fences, their white ribs and shrivelled arms sticking through their clothes. This was allowed, with 100,000 men encamped around them. Our men revenged it by setting fire to the few remaining houses.

I fear it will be a long time before I hear from you, and you must not expect to hear much from me. I will, of course, write whenever I can. I have just been told that the steamboats reach from Washington to Alexandria. I hope the expedition will about wind up the war. You need not be alarmed about me. The rebels will, most likely, run. I will try to write when we start, but may not have a chance. Johnny Heckscher and Stephen Van Rensselaer are with us.

With love to Madgie and Tiny,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

ALEXANDRIA,  
Thursday, March 20.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We are still here, and it looks as if we would not get off this week.

Hamilton's division started on Monday. The boats have been coming back to-day, and it is said that King starts to-morrow, which would delay us several days. I do not know where we are going, but presume to Fortress Monroe. The boats are not fit to go to sea.

We are living in what was once a very comfortable brick house, but now dismantled and almost in ruins, belonging to Mrs. Fairfax, about two miles from Alexandria. The men are encamped in shelter tents, which comes hard on them. I was in Washington on Monday. We are in Heintzelmann's *corps d'armée*, consisting of the divisions of F. J. Porter, Hooker and Hamilton. Johnny Heckscher is in camp a short distance from this house.

Last night Post's regiment of sharpshooters arrived in front of our house, about 2 A. M., having lost their way. They had not even rubber blankets, and had to stay out in the pouring rain all night. Post came to my room at daylight, and I set him straight. How he ever got here I don't know, for we are far away from the road, in what was once a dense wood, and now a wilderness of stumps.

The contrabands came in groups of twenty at a time. They all make for Washington.

Your affectionate son,  
R. T. A.

STEAMER "STATE OF MAINE,"  
March 22nd.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Just after I sent off my letter on Thursday evening we received orders to move next morning. We marched into Alexandria at one o'clock, and got the men on the boats about seven. We then hauled out in the stream, and started at eleven o'clock this morning. We are now (8 P. M.) near the mouth of the Potomac, where, I believe, we are to anchor for the night. Our destination is supposed to be Fortress Monroe. I have a comfortable state-room, but the boat is overcrowded with the Ninth Massachusetts, a pretty dirty lot. The other regiments are as neat and well-behaved as Newport passengers would be, and I was sorry to find we were to go with the Ninth Massachusetts.

We came off in such a hurry, and Morrell is so slow, that we have nothing to eat but bread and butter and pickings here and there.

We are on sixteen steamboats, and, after passing Fort Washington, the gunboat flotilla escorted us past the rebel batteries, although they seemed deserted. It shows how accustomed a person gets to roughing it, that I rather like living on the boat, and only object to the slim fare. A steamboat of Washington people, Carrolls, etc., came to see us off and weep over our imaginary dangers. The Alexandrians did not condescend to look at us.

FORTRESS MONROE,  
Sunday, 5 P.M.

We are landing here now, and are to march to Hampton, where we will stay till the rest of the men arrive. The officers say there are very bad mail arrangements, so I send this by the steamer, and you may not hear from me for a long time.

With love to all,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

NEWMARKET BRIDGE,  
Thursday, March 27th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I sent you a letter on Sunday by the clerk of the *State of Maine*, telling of our arrival at Fortress Monroe. The change is truly delightful from the dreary, ruined country around Washington. Here, the grass is quite green, the peach-trees are in blossom, and the weather is perfectly splendid. The country is quite level, the trees are huge pines and live oaks, and the swamps are full of English holly. The fortress is on an immense scale, but the *Monitor*, which is the centre of attraction, looks ridiculously small.

The first night we went about two miles beyond Hampton, arriving at the camp about 9 P.M., and spending the night under a tree. Hampton was a large village built of brick; only two houses now remain. On Tuesday we moved to this place, three miles further out, on the bank of what is called Back River. Beyond is Secesh, and the

pickets are told to fire at all they see stirring. We are in tents, but very comfortable. About 30,000 men are now here, and the fleet goes and comes every day bringing more.

To-day, for the first time, I came in close quarters with the enemy. We went on a reconnoissance, with Morrell's, Butterfield's, and Hancock's brigades, in all about 12,000 men. Each brigade took a different road, and we met Butterfield at Big Bethel. The rebels abandoned the place as we approached, the sharp-shooters firing upon them. General Porter then sent our brigade, with a battery and two companies of cavalry, ahead. We went about three miles toward Yorktown. At a little village, was stationed a small party of rebel cavalry. I had just given an order to a colonel, when we saw them; he gave the order to charge, when they all scattered, except three. These ran along the road, we after them as hard as we could tear, not more than 200 feet behind them. They threw away their swords, and at every turn our men blazed away at them, until one fell over on his saddle; the other two held him up, and they disappeared in a wood. Fortunately my man had come to see the fight, and I had another horse, as mine, after the long march and three-mile chase, was pretty well knocked up. We then went on towards Yorktown, till we came on a battery across the road, mounted with brass guns, and defended by quite a large force. The sharp-shooters crept up, gave them a volley, and then we returned to Big Bethel, and came back with the other brigades,

having been on horseback twelve hours, and ridden thirty miles. They did not fire on us at any time.

My horse got sick at Fairfax, and at Alexandria I changed him for a government horse in the Fourth Michigan. I also have the use of a Secesh horse captured on picket last fall, and one of the team horses.

We expect to remain here some time, as the army has to be provisioned.

With love to Madgie and Tiny,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

NEWMARKET BRIDGE,

April 1, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We have made no move since I wrote last. The whole Army of the Potomac seems to be assembling here. Each morning brings a fresh supply, and the little point of land we occupy already contains 90,000 men. . . .

I am sitting by the fire, in one of the three inhabited houses left within our lines, occupied by Isaac Jones, and in front of our tents. The farms here are splendid. Three or four hundred acres each, of rich soil, and now without a fence.

The regulars are encamped near us, and yesterday Mrs. Heckscher, Paulina, Johnny and his wife, and Miss Smallwood came to Newmarket Bridge. I went back with them to Fortress Monroe; they had three casemates nicely furnished, and big coal fires, looking quite civilized.

A party of cavalry went to Big Bethel yesterday,

and found that the rebels had broken down the bridge. I wish they would put us there, as it is altogether too crowded here, and it will most likely take some time to get the provisions ready for an advance. . . .

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

COCKLESTOWN,

Sunday, April 6th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The army started on Friday morning. At Howard's Bridge the Secesh opened on us with two brass field pieces. We fired back and they ran. I entered this place first, with Seymour, Colonel Skillen, and three sharp-shooters. We had a little skirmish with some rebels at the other end of the town.

On Saturday morning all started for Yorktown, except myself. I was taken with violent fever and dysentery. This afternoon I feel better, and have sent for a wagon to go on in.

It was terrible lying here all alone, with the house shaking from the guns. Some large guns, drawn by thirty-six horses, passed by here this morning. The gunboats are up, and to-morrow will finish the fight.

The people here are very kind to me, and do all they can; but I feel perfectly miserable, being away.

With love to Madgie and Tiny,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.



## BEFORE YORKTOWN,

Wednesday, April 9th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I wrote you a few lines in pencil, from Cocklestown, telling you I was sick there, on Sunday. I left there next morning, and on arriving here found the enemy were preparing to defend the place, and we were preparing for a siege.

We left Newmarket on Friday at daylight, and met with no trouble, except a few torn-down bridges, until we reached Howard's Bridge. Our brigade, Allen's battery, and Berdan's sharpshooters were ahead, the other brigades some distance behind. At Howard's there are earthworks on both sides of the creek. They fired at us from two brass field pieces, doing no harm. Allen's battery threw about twenty shells into the place. The Fourteenth then crossed a small creek and got directly opposite the earthworks. We saw a good many men, and thought we would have a fight; but they retreated through the woods.

From there to Cocklestown, four miles, a party of cavalry kept ahead of us, blazing away at every good opportunity, but doing no harm.

I stayed Saturday and Sunday at Cocklestown; two old women, shaking with ague, were as kind as possible. Our troops, too, as they kept pouring through the town, killed their cow, pig, and chickens. The bed was dirty, and every now and then a stray bug wandered around, but I was too miserable to care.

On Monday I came here, a cold storm began, and

it has been cold and rainy since. The next day my dysentery was very bad, although I had no fever, and I came to the hospital, where I am now.

We have, or will have, about 50,000 men here; the rebels are supposed to have 30,000 inside the walls. The fortifications go around the town in a semicircle for about two miles. At present we have nothing but field artillery; they have very heavy guns. The fleet is anchored below the town, and we are waiting for heavy guns. Thus far there have been three killed and twelve wounded in our division. The Berdan sharpshooters have done the most work, running up in front of the works and hitting the gunners.

Everything looks dreary in this weather. The pleasures of war are now probably over, and its horrors and discomforts are to be seen, and the little I have seen of the two latter leads me to think that imagination cannot exaggerate them much.

We understand that McDowell is to take Richmond, which will confine McClellan to these swamps. This job will most likely take a fortnight. As you see how few are hurt, you need not be worried about me, and when well, although rough, the life is exciting.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

P. S.—Thursday. I feel better to-day. It is freezing cold, and has been snowing.

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT,  
NEAR YORKTOWN,  
April 13, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I suppose the papers keep you informed of the progress of the siege, which seems here to be slow. The delay is caused by the difficulty of getting up the big guns. It is first necessary to build a dock to land them, and then a corduroy road to drag them over.

I left the hospital this morning, having been well three days. I am very weak, but endeavor to keep quiet and warm, and hope to get on well again. The brigade is encamped in a large peach orchard, just coming into bloom. Our tents are on the edge of a small bay setting up from York River, and, to the joy of the men, filled with oysters. We are about a mile and a quarter from the earthworks. A little steamboat, loaded with hay, yesterday coming up the bay was fired at, the shell passing over our heads, so we are within range.

The rebels sent up a balloon yesterday, but seemed to see enough very quickly, as down it went in about five minutes. It is likely they have not much powder to waste, or they would stir us up a little. Our pickets form a line around the town, about 800 yards from the walls; behind them are large bodies of men, with sections of artillery here and there, and about a mile back is the bulk of the army. On the dock are lying some 100-pound Parrott guns, which ought to make things shake.

The last two days have been pleasant. To-day is cold, and getting ready for a storm.

If I am not well after Yorktown is taken, I shall go to Washington for a week. Perhaps this will end the war, as there does not seem much for the rebels to do.

Your affectionate son,  
R. T. A.

BEFORE YORKTOWN,  
Thursday, April 17th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The attack on Yorktown has not yet begun, and as none of the guns are yet in position, I doubt if it will be this week. Still, although they say the firing has not begun, from morning till night and at intervals during the night, there is a constant banging of the guns, followed by a *whir* as the shell goes through the air. The batteries which guard the picket-line keep up a constant fire—I suppose to let the rebels know that we are here. On Gloucester Point the rebels have a 120-pounder, which keeps up a firing with the gunboats peculiarly interesting to us, as many of the shells pass over our heads.

They say it will not take more than forty-eight hours to destroy every living thing within the earthworks when the firing once begins. The number of guns being brought up is certainly very large.

General Smith yesterday attacked a fort which, as far as I can learn, resulted most disastrously, he being driven back when endeavoring to carry it by storm, losing 150 men. It is difficult, however, to get at the truth, even when so near.

I have been perfectly well since I left the hospital, better than I have been for three months past, and, as I take great care, hope to remain so.

The weather for the last week has been lovely. The trees are coming into leaf very fast ; the grass, however, is brown, and is not destined to grow much just yet.

Johnny Heckscher spent yesterday in our camp ; he was quite sick, and I took him to the doctor of the Sixty-second Pennsylvania, who cured me.

We all hope here that this will wind up the war, and no one hopes so more than I do ; although, as far as I have seen, the horrors of a siege do not amount to much.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT,  
April 25th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,— . . . Last night, the numberless roads and bridges being nearly completed, the trenches were opened, and the attack has now fairly begun. General Morrell was the first “general of the trenches.” I went to the front at seven last evening, and returned to camp at six this morning. Strange to say, although there was scarcely anything to do, and for fear of getting sick I rarely sat down and did not once sleep, the night did not seem long, and it did not make me sick, as I expected it would.

During the night the men ran to the trench,

across a field, about half a mile, and about 600 yards from the rebel rifle-pits. Some immense guns were also mounted during the night. They did not fire at us, and, of course, we kept quiet. The only noise was the usual roar of the shells that the gunboats throw into Yorktown at one o'clock every night. Our turn to go out comes, I am told, once a week; the next time we shall take our light covered wagon, which will serve as a tent, staying out of shelter all night being decidedly rough.

At daylight I went into a deserted house, near the rifle-pits, with a good glass. It was almost like a play. The men came out on the ramparts and looked at our trench; a field battery came out; some ran down and jumped into the rifle-pits, concealed in groves of holly; a regiment could be seen in one place, and innumerable camps behind the earthworks. These latter stretch as far as can be seen, and are mounted with a great many guns. The map in the *Herald* is absurd; it shows a line of rebel earthworks, starting on the right, where our camp is, and running through McClellan's tent and the hospital.

General Barry told me the *Galena* was to come here, which is equal to an army. . . .

There was a report last night that a New York colonel and lieutenant-colonel had deserted; the countersign was changed, and the pickets were ordered to arrest any one who approached. Not a shot has been fired, thus far, to-day.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT,  
April 27th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I write often just to let you know that I am not hurt. The first parallel of trenches is now completed at this end of the line. The batteries, however, are not yet ready to open fire, and, with the exception of the stirring up at night by the gunboats, we do nothing in that line.

For the last two days the rebels have fired pretty steadily at the men in the trenches, but doing little damage. The trench is about as far from the Yorktown earthworks as Madison Square is from Sixth Avenue, and both parties have rifle-pits between these two points. They get the range, and fire four or five guns as rapidly as possible. The men, at the first flash, fall down on their faces. We had a large party from the Fourteenth in an exposed place last night, and about two o'clock the rebels set up a tremendous banging, which woke us all. I was afraid a great many would get hurt, but, strange to say, only one man was wounded. They kept it up till daylight, and are at it again now. A great many of their shells do not explode, but they generally send them pretty close to the mark.

In the trenches we are very near them. I have been near enough to talk had I wanted to. People seem to get accustomed to everything; while the firing is going on half a mile away, the Fourteenth New York and the Fourth Michigan are playing baseball in front of our tents, and it is as peaceful

here as in New York. No one, excepting Captain Wood and the men on the first Saturday, have been killed, as yet, in our brigade.

The officers who deserted were Colonel Crocker and Major Cassidy, of the Ninety-third New York. Their regiment was on picket; they told their men they were going to take a look, and as they approached the rebel pickets they waved their white handkerchiefs. They had the impertinence to send a flag of truce for their clothes, saying they had been taken prisoners.

Old Vanderbilt is on board his steamer, they say, at Fortress Monroe. He has had an iron prow put on, and built her up solidly for twelve feet, has a captain, he says, who is afraid of nothing, and he means to run into the *Merrimac* when she comes again. He says he is an old man, and would like to serve the country before he dies.

I am perfectly well now, and as the weather is warm and pleasant, hope to remain so. Robert is still sick.

We miss the bands very much; all music or noise which might indicate our position is forbidden.

The firing yesterday injured one man of the Fourth Michigan in the hand.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

YORKTOWN,  
Sunday, May 4th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I suppose when you came out of Trinity Chapel to-day the news reached



New York, that the "siege of Yorktown" was at an end. We heard it in camp at seven o'clock, a portion of the Fourteenth having been on picket, and entered the works. I am, of course, glad the anxiety is over, but feel rather out of spirits that the war is just where it was a month ago, when we arrived before the town. If they could have been beaten or bagged here, it would probably have settled the rebellion. I do not see where they will stop now. Williamsburgh can be surrounded, which Yorktown could not, and Richmond will have Fremont, Banks, and McDowell upon it.

All Heintzelmann's corps, except Porter's division, have gone in pursuit. The gunboats are also out of sight, but have left traces in the shape of some burning houses near the river.

I went over the fortifications, and found them even stronger than Centreville. I do not think we made any too much preparation to take them. They left all their big guns, their tents, and piles upon piles of shell, grape, canister, and every species of shot. They also left, as you have seen by the papers, infernal machines by the hundred. Some eight or ten of our men were blown to pieces before they were discovered. In one place I counted eleven. They consist of a bombshell with a little knob projecting, which explodes the shell if a person steps upon it. They are covered with a piece of india-rubber blanket, and put about an inch under ground.

The papers will probably pitch into McClellan. It would have been impossible to have taken it

anyhow without an immense loss, and I do not believe it could have been taken by assault.

Three of their largest guns had burst, tearing everything near them to atoms. They were of Richmond make.

The filth of the place is disgusting—old clothes, bones, and stagnant pools in the midst of their tents. The smell is enough to breed a fever.

Yorktown consists of one handsome brick house and six wooden ones. It is to be garrisoned by the Forty-fourth New York (Ellsworth Avengers).

Last night it got rather unpleasant in our peach orchard, as the shell came whizzing about in all directions, one bursting in front of our tent. The rebels stopped about midnight, when battery No. 1 opened on them, making everything shake the rest of the night.

The bands and fires, which had been suppressed, are all going again to-night. I am very well. Weather pleasant.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

YORKTOWN,

Wednesday, May 7, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We start, or expect to start, this evening by steamboat for West Point, the head of navigation on York River. Franklin's and Sedgwick's divisions are already there. West Point is twenty-one miles from here and forty from Richmond. I hardly think there will be any fight. If

they could not hold Yorktown against McClellan's army, they can scarcely defend Richmond against McClellan, McDowell, Fremont, and Banks.

At present Porter's division is in reserve with the Regulars, there being considerable feeling against Porter's division (McClellan's pets, as they call us) going first and getting all the credit.

We know nothing about the battle on Monday and Tuesday five miles from here. We heard the noise, and McClellan telegraphed that we had won. What or how, nobody knows. I will write whenever I can.

With love to all,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

WEST POINT, VA.,

May 11th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have received a letter from Madgie of 1st of May, which is the latest I have heard from home. I hear a mail has arrived, and I shall probably have something.

We left Yorktown on Thursday evening, and anchored off this place during the night. We came up on the *C. Vanderbilt*, with the Fourteenth New York and Fourth Michigan, who are pleasanter travelling companions than the Ninth Massachusetts. To show you how things are managed, there is a telegraph from Porter's headquarters to the dock at Yorktown, so he could know exactly what was going on. He started us off at midnight

on Wednesday; we arrived before the gates of Yorktown at 2 A.M. I went to the dock, found everything crammed with soldiers and wagons, and our steamers anchored in the stream, and it was one o'clock next day before the first of our steamers got up to the dock; thus every one was tired, to no purpose. We had to land in scows, which took all day, and at night pitched our tents in a very dusty, ugly place, which I hope we will quit as soon as possible. Yesterday McClellan's army arrived and opened communication with us.

We hear no news that can be relied on till we get the New York or Philadelphia papers. The weather is splendid, and I am well; but this being in reserve is very dull.

McClellan has just ridden past; the whole brigade rushed out and cheered most tremendously.

It seems to be a pity that Russell is not here, and that no good account can be written; one half of the letters are perfect trash.

I got a cow and a calf yesterday. The former we will keep and have fresh milk.

The York River is very wide, with banks like the Hudson. The country is very pretty, and very thinly settled with "Union" women, all the men being in the rebel army. Yorktown, after a little cleaning up, looked very picturesque. The houses look a hundred years old, and the walls, gates, etc., give it a very foreign air.

McClellan is very anxious to patch up a corps for Porter, probably with this division and the regulars; but thus far nothing has been done. I should

be sorry, as I prefer to stay with the brigade. I saw Harmon Patterson, but had no time to go to his ship. McClellan has brought the news from Norfolk ; if true, the war must be coming to an end.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

COLONEL LEE'S PLANTATION,  
May 16th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I wrote you on Sunday from West Point. On Tuesday, at 4.30 A. M., we started for Cumberland on the Pamunkey, twelve miles from West Point, where we arrived at six in the evening. Porter went ahead, leaving no one to show the road; and, as a matter of course, we went straight ahead and got mixed up with Franklin's division. The country was beautiful and the weather hot.

At Cumberland I lost Morrell in the darkness, and slept on board a steamboat, getting a good supper and breakfast. The next day was cold and rainy. McClellan and Seward inspected the army, in a heavy shower, which seemed to be an uncalled-for nuisance.

Yesterday we were ordered to march nine miles to this place, and as I had a slight fever, I came up in one of the steamers. The division got stuck in the mud, and our brigade did not start. This morning it is clear, but the roads are very heavy, and I doubt if they get here to-day. I am living on the steamboats ; when one goes, I move to another.

The Pamunkey River is navigable for steamboats, about thirty-five miles from West Point, where it empties into the York. It is narrow, with high banks covered with white oak and cottonwood trees, and, crowded as it now is with gunboats, steamers, and schooners, it presents a beautiful appearance. Lee's plantation extends for ten miles along the river. He has a neat wooden house, which McClellan is to occupy. The land just here is perfectly level, with rows of huge trees. He has left about one hundred negroes, who are preparing to emancipate themselves. They say he treated them very cruelly, and their quarters look like a village of pigsties.

We are twenty-one miles from Richmond. Yesterday when we arrived, the telegraph was working between here and Richmond, and if the machine had been here, a message could have been sent. There seems to be an impression that we will remain here at least a week, perhaps until McDowell, Banks, and Fremont do something to help us. I do not believe there will be any fight between here and Richmond. When they abandoned Norfolk they opened the James River to the gunboats.

I shall try to persuade Morrell to apply to be made Governor of Richmond! Going South is not a pleasant idea in summer. As it is, after every storm half of the men have a low fever.

It seems to be understood that we are to be in the reserve with the Regulars. I am not so very anxious to be in a fight, but this arrangement takes away all the excitement. Porter will probably command

both. Morrell is very busy endeavoring to get the division.

I have had no letters from home since Madgie's of May 1st. I suppose the best address is: "Morrell's Brigade, F. J. Porter's Division, Third Army Corps, Washington, D.C."

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

BARKER'S MILLS,  
(THIRTEEN MILES FROM RICHMOND),  
Wednesday, May 22, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I received your letter of the 17th in three days. On Sunday at White House (Colonel Lee's), some changes were made in our military arrangements. The regulars, under General Sykes, Porter's division, and the artillery were put together, under General Porter, with title of "Fifth Army Corps Provisional." Morrell took command of the division, and Colonel McQuade succeeds to the brigade. At first I thought I would stay with the brigade, and told Morrell and Porter so, but various objections were made, and I concluded to try the division. I rather regret that I did not stick to my first notion, as I miss the brigade very much. McQuade is a pleasant man to get along with, agrees with me about carrying on affairs in style, etc., which is more than Morrell does. The work here is tremendous. I have three clerks, two of whom know more about it than I do; yet as everything—orders, requis-

tions, squabbles, and the wants of 14,480 men—pass through my hands, and I am supposed to know all about them, it makes a great deal to do. The only part of the duties that I like—being with the soldiers at drills and on picket, etc.—I do not now have. So, on the whole, the importance of the position does not pay.

. . . We left Colonel Lee's on Monday, and came to Tunstall's Station. On Wednesday we marched to Mount Airy, and to-day we came here. The country is beautiful; immense fields of wheat and corn, thick woods and huge white oak and cottonwood trees, the roads hard, neither muddy nor dusty. The weather is warm, but not uncomfortable. We have managed to get good water at each camp.

We are, at present, in the reserve. Heintzelmann is at Bottom's Bridge, Smith and Franklin are at New Bridge, and we are near the railroad bridge over the Chickahominy, ready to help either; not that I have the slightest idea that they will require help.

Every few minutes the heavy boom of the *Monitor's* guns comes echoing through the woods, and, although they keep pickets blazing at us, I expect to hear of another "strategic" scamper to-morrow.

I am well, which makes camp life very different. The fare is slim, but perhaps that is healthier. . . . I went over to the brigade to-day, and felt even more put out to see the improvements that McQuade is introducing—just what I have been trying to get Morrell up to for seven months.



At White House I dined with Harmon Patterson. He has a beautiful new gunboat, with one huge Dahlgren gun and two brass ones, a pretty cabin with chintz furniture, pictures on the walls and books lying about, comfortable state-rooms, geraniums from Lee's greenhouse, etc. He had an excellent dinner; china and glass with his initials. The gunboat service seems to combine fighting and comfort. . . .

Your affectionate son,  
R. T. A.

HANOVER COURT-HOUSE,  
May 28th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The correspondent of the *World* promises to forward this. The battle lasted from one o'clock until dark, and I am happy to say that I am unhurt. For a small fight, it was a long and bloody one.

Your affectionate son,  
R. T. A.

[A letter of May 30 seems to be missing.—  
E. S. A.]

CAMP NEAR NEW BRIDGE,  
June 14th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I received your letter of June 5th, and also one of an earlier date. We are, as you see, in the same place, waiting, I suppose, for some grand combination. Burnside stopped at our camp on his way to see McClellan. He is the most military-looking of the generals. McCall,

with 15,000 men, is at White House. As McDowell has done nothing, I hope McCall, who has one of his divisions, will do some of the fighting.

General Prim was here; he and his staff were gotten up in picturesque and splendid array.

Yesterday a party of rebels did the pluckiest thing of the war. They started at Hanover Court-House and went completely around us, burning Garlick's Landing (our forage depot), killing three men there, crossing the railroad at Tunstall's Station, firing into and burning a train. They took twenty-two wagons belonging to Butterfield's brigade, and came around us to Richmond. It may seem strange that our rear is left so unprotected; it does to us here. Somebody is certainly to blame, and it is a great disgrace to the army. There is nothing to prevent General Lee sending one of his aides into camp. Morrell has a reception every day of rebels who come to complain that a chicken has run away, or a bunch of leeks been stolen, all refusing to take the oath of allegiance. . . . If possible, I shall resign after Richmond is taken, or else try to go with Griffin, just appointed a brigadier. I do not like this place.

I went up in the balloon yesterday, but the wind rolled it about, and I sung out to them to pull me down.

The pickets, as I wrote before, are so close that the men can talk. As I never believed the talking stories, I put on a soldier's coat and cap and went out to see. A Georgia regiment was on guard, and at one point the pickets sat looking in each other's

faces. The men on either side had agreed not to fire. I must say I was rather startled at being so close. The Fourth Michigan were on guard, and as this was the scene of their exploit, they managed to find the bodies of four more Secesh.

The weather was tolerably hot to-day, 104 in the shade. It is better than the cold storms which always bring fever and dysentery. The sickness is getting to be frightful. In Butterfield's brigade nearly one-fourth are on their backs. I am perfectly well.

I begin to think I never appreciated Mr. Tucker's place, the Livingstons' and the Masons'. I should like to make the tour again!

Since the excursion of the rebels, the roads are unsafe and the mail has stopped, but I presume it will go through again to-day.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

NEW BRIDGE,

June 18, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—There has been nothing of interest here since I wrote. General Porter got it in his head that there was a skedaddle going on this afternoon. It blew too hard for the balloon to go up, and the enemy suddenly commenced shelling our pickets and appeared in considerable force on the hills, so I fear they are not off yet. To-night they have a splendid band playing, which sounds well. Our bands are not allowed

to play. It shows how close the armies are, when I can sit in my tent and listen to the rebel bands.

Yesterday I went over the river to see John Astor, and then to Fair Oaks Station. John Astor is anxious to get home, and will take the first boat from Richmond.

I thought our camp very nasty until I saw how the troops were over the river. They are encamped on the battle-field, which is a partially drained swamp, cheerless beyond description. They have thrown up earthworks and small forts. The ground is covered with the usual remains of a battle.

A great many negroes have come in lately. They say Jeff Davis is called a villain, and the soldiers say they will hang him if he attempts to leave ; that we are sure to take Richmond, and there is no use in fighting.

Porter's and McCall's are the only troops this side of the river, and I doubt if we will see much of the fight, even if one should come off.

Tell Madgie the buffalo is as useful in summer as in winter. It is such a good one, there is no smell, and the rainy nights are so cold it is extremely comfortable.

Great boxes of lemons have been brought here lately, and lemonade is the common drink. The water here is unusually good. Dig a well three feet deep, and it comes out clear, without any bad taste. We also get ice.

With love to all, believe me,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

CAMP NEAR NEW BRIDGE,  
June 22d.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I suppose you are now at Cornwall. We are still digging, and so are the rebels. Each army is now enclosed by lines of earthworks, broken here and there by pretty large forts. None of the big guns are here yet, and I do not hear that any are to come, although the 120-pound Parrotts would throw shell into Richmond from some parts of our lines.

We have planted a row of cedars around our camp to keep off sun and dust. The troops have been scattered in new fields, on account of their health.

I went up in the balloon on Friday afternoon. Just as I got up, a battery which has never hit anything began to fire. I suppose the rebels thought it pretty rough to have a battery firing and a balloon to look where the shell went, so they opened on the balloon. Of course they could not hit it, but they made the little hollow the balloon is kept in rather warm for the men who held the ropes.

On Saturday they threw shell from morning till night; they struck in the road, tearing a wagon to pieces, and one fell in the camp, killing a man.

During the intervals the balloon men built a bomb-proof to sit in, and this morning, at sunrise, I tried it again. First the balloon was sent up with a stuffed man in it; they did not fire. Then I got in, and just as I came within range (while the balloon is from fifty to three hundred feet high), a

puff of smoke came from a new quarter, with the usual whiz. The balloon was let up 1,000 feet, and I sat there an hour, having a magnificent view of Richmond and its surroundings. Coming down they gave me another shot. The stuffed man was again sent up, and got one shot. The balloon is not in range more than two minutes. Their chance of hitting it is almost none, or of doing much harm if they did. Once up, it is the safest place about. A deserter, who came in, said he fired at me on Friday with a gun captured at Bull Run.

I have just seen a Richmond *Despatch* of yesterday saying Beauregard was at Montgomery. We will probably stay here a month and starve them out. Negroes and deserters tell the same story, viz., nothing to eat, and plenty of discontent. . . . Winthrop, who is in Berdan's sharpshooters, went home to-day on two weeks' sick leave. I told him to tell Mr. Livingston, as I had not cost him anything this year, to send me two bottles of his old brandy.

The weather is very hot. I am better than usual, but anxious to get home. . . .

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

CAMP LINCOLN,

June 28, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—A day of horrors has passed, such as I pray God I may never undergo again. To see our splendid division crushed down, to say noth-

ing of the more selfish fear of death, for six hours, was an awful thing to undergo. In addition to that, I had been under fire, at the battle of Mechanicsville, for three hours the afternoon before, had ridden backwards and forwards all night, and was just settling down for a nap when the rebels came pouring down like an avalanche. At 11.45 they opened on our division, drawn up in a single line on the crest of a hill for a mile and a half. They came up three times, with fresh troops in solid masses. Three times we drove them back, being reënforced by McCall and Slocum, until at the fourth attack of over half an hour of shot, shell, and musketry, our line gave way, partly rallied, and then rushed pell-mell to a position in front of the lower bridge. We left there during the night, crossing the Chickahominy and destroying the bridges.

I sincerely thank God for my escape. I have had experience in shelling and volleys of musketry, but never, until now, of a continuous sheet of fire for six hours. My horse was shot and ran away with me (my new horse), nearly dashing my brains out against the peach trees. When I got back under fire, which was in about five minutes, the Fourth Michigan rushed past me. I knew then that all was over, and resting a short time behind a shanty I ran, too. It was a terrible sight, but we might as well have stood up against an avalanche as against their forces.

Colonel Black fell dead at the head of his regiment, the lieutenant-colonel, Sweetzer, was left

wounded, and the major is missing. As for the men, I tried to collect the Second Brigade, and could not get more than 150 of the Sixty-second Pennsylvania out of 980. More, of course, have come in, but the loss in our division is about 3,000 out of 10,000, and between Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mills, I fear the poor Second will lose a third. Lieutenant-Colonel Skillen of the Fourteenth New York was shot, and died last night. He stood where there was no hope, as calmly as if at home. One man with his jaw shattered came up to me dragging his musket: "Captain," said he, "where is the Fourteenth? I am not dead yet." I took his musket, and advised him to go to the hospital and gave his name to General Griffin. I suppose he was left behind with other wounded ones.

The Prince de Joinville came up to us in the hottest fire, as cool and polite as possible. The two princes rode about looking as sad as if their own countrymen were being defeated.

Griffin took command two hours before the battle of Mechanicsville.

We are now here, I suppose, for an indefinite time. Our position is good, and we have an immense army and should be safe. I telegraphed Mr. Tucker last night. Heckscher was complimented by General Sykes. Both of his other company officers were shot.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A .



CITY POINT,

July 2, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Tired and worried, I have just arrived here. I telegraphed you I was safe after the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mills, a sad and desperate day.

I have to thank God for two more battles passed through safely. On Sunday night the army made a hurried retreat to the James River. That afternoon the rebels attacked us, and yesterday morning they renewed the battle. Porter's division, as at Gaines' Mills, bore the brunt. Our men were abandoned, dead and dying, on the field.

I have lain down exactly two hours in three nights. I am too nervous and dispirited to write.

In the Second Brigade, MeQuade is the only colonel alive.

Thank God for the awful days I have gone through safely. Send word that I saw Heckscher yesterday at 6 P.M.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

HARRISON'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER,

Saturday, July 5, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have sent you several notes and one telegram, telling you of my safety. From what I hear, however, of the stoppage of mails, I doubt if they arrive under a week. The telegram which went over the wires the night of the 27th, I see by your letter of the 29th, you had not then received.

I sincerely thank God that I have passed unhurt through the horrors of the last ten days. I am, of course, worn out with fatigue, but am otherwise well.

I see by the *Times* of the 4th, that you are still but slightly informed of what has been going on here. The correspondents mostly wrote from the steamboats on the Pamunkey.

The army is too immense for one person to have a clear idea of what is going on all along the line. I will confine myself to the right wing, which was supposed to be sufficient to protect the rear.

McClellan undoubtedly meant to swing the army around until it rested on the James ; but the fate of war had, in the end, more to do with it than he. On Thursday, about five o'clock, while enjoying a dinner of lamb and green peas, an order came to send a brigade to assist McCall near Mechanicsville. Butterfield's brigade was on an expedition to the rear, Martindale's somewhere else, and Griffin's (he had taken command that day of the Second) alone remained. We went with them about four miles, and got in a very heavy cannonading, the rebels having crossed the Chickahominy at that point. This lasted until about 9 P. M. The cannonading was the loudest I have heard, batteries being planted for nearly a mile ; and after dark it became more terrible than by day. The Fourth Michigan came to close quarters with the Fourteenth Louisiana and Sixty-sixth Virginia, losing fifty men. The rest of our division suffered but slightly. At eight o'clock Morrell left me with Weedon and went to look after

Martindale. I lay on one of the gun-carriages and got a nap of two hours.

At 2 A. M., an order came to fall back to our old camp near Gaines' Mills (Camp New Bridge); I went after Griffin, and by daylight we were on our way back, the rebels shelling the road. At Gaines' Mills we had breakfast, and heard that our camp was to be abandoned for a better position. Most of the supplies had been sent over the Chickahominy during the night; those remaining were burned.

At 9 A. M., on Friday, the 27th, we crossed the mill-dam and broke down the bridge, the rebel scouts coming in sight. The men were posted in order of battle, and lay down to rest. The sun was extremely hot. Morrell's division was posted along a wooded ravine, with an open field rising behind them. In the ravine ran a creek, draining the mill-dam. I did not see the position of the right of the line. Behind us, in reserve, was McCall's division.

About twelve, the artillery commenced, and the skirmishers, who were in a field beyond the ravine, returned. Musketry began on the right, and gradually worked down to us. About one o'clock hell itself seemed to break loose on our division. First Martindale's, then Griffin's, and then Butterfield's brigades, caught a storm of shot, shell, and musketry, which made the trees wave like a hurricane. The enemy would bring a large number of guns to bear on one point, and then advance a whole brigade on one of our regiments. Three times they did this, each attack lasting about half an hour. After each attack, reënforcements went in, but our

men still formed the front line. At six came the fourth attack, more fearful than any. The right wing had gradually fallen back, until our line was thus :

Suddenly a rush of men, horses, and guns passed over the field, the line was broken, the battle was lost. A line was attempted further back, but it broke at once and all moved towards the bridge. A line of fresh troops being formed near the bridge, the men halted, and the officers tried to collect the regiments, or even the brigades, together. Darkness coming on, the firing ceased, and the men were sent over the bridge in good order. The last passed about 6 A. M., destroying it after them.

I got a cup of coffee, and slept on the ground for two or three hours at daylight. At one o'clock we were told to move to Savage Station, about three miles, but marched eight miles to White Oak Swamp. There we had a beautiful camp and a good night's rest. We were around the house of a Mr. Brilton. The next morning McClellan and his staff took breakfast with us. Everything looked so pretty and peaceful there, that I left my horse that had been shot at Gaines' Mills with him, but the next day the whole army swept over his place and destroyed everything. The rear guard was attacked, a fight took place, and his house was burned to the ground.

That day (Sunday) we were posted ready for an attack, and at night commenced to make for the James River. The night was an awful one, as

dark as pitch, with constant alarms that the cavalry were upon us, when all would be confusion. To add to our troubles, it was found that our corps had gone by the wrong road, which made it 10 A. M. before we reached the James.

We lay down in a wheat field till one o'clock (on Monday), when heavy firing began, and we were sent to the front. The enemy shelled us from the woods without doing much harm. In the meantime McCall and Heintzelman suffered terribly and fell back to our line.

We were encamped at a lovely place—an old picturesque brick house, surrounded by splendid white oak trees, on a terrace as fine as Hyde Park, overlooking the river. This terrace, instead of following the river, came abruptly around at right angles to it, overlooking the fields and woods, which were humming and crashing under the shells from the gunboats. Towards the enemy the ground sloped gradually down, rising again in wooded hills, first occupied by Heintzelmann and now by the enemy.

The men slept that night in order of battle. I got about an hour, on the floor of the old house. At daybreak things were gotten ready, and at 8 A. M. the enemy opened. The day was clear and cool. The Second Brigade was posted around two sides of the front. At 5 P. M. the enemy advanced in great force on the Fourteenth New York and Sixty-second Pennsylvania, and much the same scene as at Gaines' Mills was gone through, excepting that the men stood like heroes.

At 6.30 things looked very black. Then up came Porter, who took command in person, with Meagher's Irish brigade. As they passed to the front, Colonel Cass, of the Ninth Massachusetts, was being brought back, his jaw shattered by a ball. As they recognized a fellow-countryman, they gave a yell that drowned the noise of the guns. They moved to the front, and Porter sent for a battery of thirty-two-pounders, something very unusual in a field fight. This turned the enemy back. They said they lay down trembling with fright as the immense shells roared through the woods. At nine the firing ceased on our side, the rebels having stopped about an hour before.

We had repulsed their attack, and remained masters of the field, but, great God! what a field it was. To the surprise of all came the order to retreat. The troops could not stand another such attack, no reënforcements having come.

I took part of the Second Brigade with me, and after showing them the way, went back for our light wagon, which I got in a battery, and rushed through, riding in it myself. This retreat was a regular stampede, each man going off on his own hook, guns in the road at full gallop, teams on one side in the fields, infantry on the other in the woods. At daybreak came rain in torrents, and the ground was ankle deep in mud. This was Wednesday. I found shelter in a quartermaster's tent, and lay down to rest.

The next day, Thursday, we were prepared for

battle. A battery opened on us, and things looked badly, the troops weary and ankle deep in mud. The battery was soon shut up. Then fresh troops, 10,000 strong, came up, and our men went into camp, and I on a steamboat.

Yesterday and to-day all have been quiet. I can scarcely stand. This letter is all I have done in two days. Our loss has been, I fear, enormous. The Second Brigade lost over a third, nearer a half, of those in the field.

Colonel Black was killed at Gaines' Mills; Lieutenant-Colonel Sweetzer, of the Sixty-second, was left wounded on the field; Colonel Woodbury was shot on Tuesday; Lieutenant-Colonel Skillen at Gaines'.

It seemed horrible to abandon our dead and wounded to a savage enemy. Several doctors remained in each hospital to look after the sick. War is a horrible thing. I never want to hear any one talk of military glory; it only reminds me of scenes of horror and anguish.

What is to be done now I do not know. England and France will, I suppose, recognize the rebels, if nothing more. I think the Army of the Potomac has been seriously injured by the way the proslavery generals associate with and pamper the rebels; in every case sacrificing the health and comfort of the men, rather than inconvenience an insolent rebel who insults the guard that protects his house.

Robert Livingston and Seymour have gone home sick. The term of the French princes expired on

the 1st of July. John Astor, also, goes home shortly.

With love to Madgie and Tiny.

Your affect onate son,

R. T. A.

HARRISON'S LANDING,

July 11, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We have settled down into a most profound state of quiet. The enemy have fallen further back, and we are nearest the river, in the rear of the whole army.

The accounts in the papers of a fight on the 4th, and of an advance of seven miles, are pure inventions. The troops are not fit either to fight or advance, and will not be for two weeks, both artillery and infantry being disorganized by their losses. I saw a piece in the *Tribune* from the *Richmond Examiner*, by which it appears that Magruder made the attack on us at Malvern, and it describes his loss as most severe. They seem to have a holy horror of the gunboat shells, which is not surprising, for they make me nervous merely passing over our heads.

Johnny Heckscher is going home on sick leave. He looks miserably.

I am well, but almost worked to death. I have always had my hands full in life, but never have been where there is such incessant drudgery, and so little thanks, as in my present position. After all I have gone through, I hate to come away, but have



neither strength nor inclination for a Fall campaign. I also think that unless the war is made one of extermination it will be impossible to conquer the Gulf States, or to keep them if conquered.

There is one improvement—the sick and wounded are put into the really handsome brick houses of the planters and not left broiling on the ground. The heat of last week has been followed by a heavy rain which, at any other time, would be a relief, but just now two-thirds of the troops have no shelter but the bushes.

Porter has received his appointment as major-general, Martindale has gone home sick, and Butterfield expects to go somewhere else; so a general change is being made. . . .

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

HARRISON'S LANDING,  
July 18th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—There is nothing new here. All the generals seem to be going home, thinking themselves ill, or something of the sort. Butterfield really looked so; he has gone to Hyde Park.

We have had no reënforcements worth speaking of; everything looks like a long stay, which, as the place seems to be healthy, will do the troops good.

I have almost made up my mind to resign. I have written my resignation, and unless I change my mind will send it in to-morrow. I hate to go, and yet I do not want to stay. I suppose I shall miss

the constant excitement, but am almost worn out by it here. We have had, lately, very hot days, with thunder showers every evening.

We miss having no back country to buy fresh things in; everything we eat must come by water.

Near here is the only very handsome gentleman's place I have seen. It stands on a high bank on the James, with a beautiful lawn and Virginia trees, which are always superb. The house is of brick, about ninety feet front, built in 1740 by a man named Byrd. It is two stories high, high ceilings, and a French roof. Behind is a courtyard, with a brick wall and fancy iron gates with birds worked in. It is a place that a person might really be attached to. Porter has pitched his tents on the lawn. Part of the family, instead of our sick, occupy the house, the story being that McClellan went to school with the owner. You may think it hard that the owners should be disturbed, but my sympathies are with the ghastly crowd known as "the sick."

The *Tribune* had a pretty good piece describing the splendid soldiers that landed at Fortress Monroe, and the wretched crowd that were left to shovel at Fair Oaks, taking up a cupful of earth on their spades and gazing exhausted around. If the writer could have seen the earthworks 150 men of the Forty-fourth New York threw up one rainy night at New Bridge when they expected to be shelled in the morning, it would have spoiled his story.

I see Pope does not mean to have any "strategic movements" or "change of base."

The only amusement the rebels indulge in is firing at the pilots on the steamboats; they now incase themselves in iron. . . .

With love to Aunt Jo and Madgie, believe me,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

HARRISON'S LANDING,

July 22d.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I sent in my resignation yesterday, and presume that it will be accepted. Now that it is done, I cannot say that I look forward to a return home with any great pleasure, glad as I shall be to see you all, for I hate the idea of turning my back on the war. I have waited nearly three weeks to see how I should feel, and really cannot do the work. I have been in four bloody battles, two skirmishes, and the siege of Yorktown, to say nothing of sitting in the balloon while the rebels were firing their cursed shell at me—a piece of work I noticed that very few staff officers did.

General Morrell indorsed on my resignation: "Captain Auchmuty has labored faithfully in the office and fearlessly in the field wherever my command has been engaged, at Howard's Bridge, Yorktown, Hanover Court-House, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mills, Malvern, etc." I never got any credit for capturing Cocklestown with poor Skillen,

Seymour, and two men of the Fourteenth New York.

My resignation should return from Washington by the 5th of August. I shall have to stay three days in Washington, which would bring me in New York about the 10th.

If there should be any signs of advancing again, I would, of course, stay, but of that there seems no probability whatever.

There is a regular stampede among the generals on sick, or homesick, leave. Colonel McQuade, the only colonel left in the Second Brigade, has gone home to recruit and get, if possible, a brigadiership. The colonels and brigadiers are the most discontented set I ever saw; the colonels because they are not brigadiers, and the latter because they have not divisions.

Kearny wrote to Willy Cutting, offering him the place of assistant adjutant general. His brother told me he had written him to explain how unhealthy the position is, Kearny having killed off his staff once. He rides about on a white horse, like a perfect lunatic. At Malvern he went right into the enemy's skirmishers; an officer asked for orders. "Orders," he said, "d—— it, do as you have been told. How dare you come here without orders!" and flew off.

He rode up to our house at Malvern, and sung out for me. I was sitting on the ground to keep clear of the sharp-shooters. I went to the fence, and he sat there talking, a perfect target, with the bullets hitting the fence every instant.

There is literally no army news ; it is even more quiet here than at Minor's Hill.

With love to all, believe me,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

HARRISON'S LANDING,

August 7th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have not written to you for some time, as I have expected every day to hear from Washington. To-day is the eighteenth day, which should have given time enough.

The weather is oppressively hot, and the flies and mosquitoes are very troublesome.

A brigade from Porter's corps is kept over the river, and there is talk of sending the whole corps there, about which the rebels will probably have something to say. About 20,000 men went to Malvern yesterday. I saw our quartermaster, who had gone after Colonel Woodbury's body at daylight this morning, and he met them all coming back, the rebels being reported as coming down in great force.

I have been tolerably well the last few days.

With love to Aunt Jo and Tiny,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

HARRISON'S LANDING,

August 11th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am still expecting an answer to my resignation. On Saturday I wrote

to Townsend asking him to see if it had been mislaid, and on Sunday, to the War Department, asking for an answer.

Something is on foot here ; I do not know what, but I think the army will fall back on Yorktown, or at least a large portion of it. I believe that Williamsburgh is thirty miles from here, and could be reached in two days. What the rebels will have to say about this second "change of base," a few days will show. The army is under marching orders, and, except backwards, it would be impossible to move.

Griffin and Martindale are away, which is a serious loss to the division.

I see that Fanning has gone to the Rappahannock.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

HARRISON'S LANDING,  
August 12th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We did not make a move yesterday, owing to the enemy being in the wrong place. I told you what I supposed was to be done, thinking it would be accomplished before you got the letter. I believe I have guessed rightly, but, as the affair is delayed, hope you have not mentioned it ; for, if it once gets circulated, the rebels will know it in a very short time.

I consider my resignation lost, and have no idea when I shall get home. The doctor offered me a

certificate as being unfit for a march, but I did not take it.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA,  
Sunday, August 20th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I received a leave of absence of twenty days on Thursday.

The army started at 9.30 that night, and I went aboard one of the steamers and arrived at Fortress Monroe at 4 P. M. next day. There I took a boat for Baltimore, and reached Washington at noon on Saturday. I got part of my money, and my clothes, saw Townsend and the Carrolls, and started for New York at five that afternoon.

On reaching Philadelphia I was pretty well used up, and concluded to lie over till to-morrow. I am in hopes this may reach you by Monday morning. If you get it in time, I hope you will come to town on Monday afternoon or Tuesday morning.

I felt very badly at leaving the army, but I could have been of no use; and the doctor told me that another attack of fever would send me under. I feel well enough, but can scarcely stand up.

For the last few days every man in the army has known that we were to retreat, and the Richmond papers announced that we were going.

On Sunday afternoon the order was given to send away all baggage, etc., but it was Thursday night before the move was made. Our corps, for-

tunately, started first, and, I hope, got through safely. The rear will, I fear, have to fight.

It was not known exactly which road was to be taken, but I rather think through Williamsburgh to Yorktown, which could be made in three days.

I see the rascally *Times*, as usual, gave all the particulars.

It seems very strange to be in a civilized place, with sheets and good water.

I hope you will receive this early to-morrow, and that I shall see you and Aunt Jo in the afternoon. I am sure Aunt Jo does not like the Hudson as well as Broadway.

I suppose the Tuckers are very uneasy about Fanning. There were all sorts of wild stories in Washington yesterday, but that is usual there.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

[The resignation was accepted on August 18, 1862. The two following letters were written when on a visit to the Army of the Potomac, under command of General Burnside, while out of the service.—E. S. A.]

OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG,

December 15, 1862, 9 P.M.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I arrived at Falmouth this afternoon, and, as night was coming on, concluded to make for Burnside's headquarters, and am staying with Phil Lydig.



It is sad to have to write that another disaster has happened to our arms; 13,000 dead and wounded are here, and nothing is gained as yet. It seems too hard. There was no fighting to-day, although the big guns boom every now and then, as at Yorktown and at the camp at Gaines' Mills.

You will know before this reaches you what the fate of to-morrow may be. May God help our soldiers.

I will keep out of danger.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG,

December 17, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—When I wrote on Monday it was still in contemplation, I believe, to storm the fortifications opposite. At 2 A. M., Burnside sent for Lydig, and when he returned he told me he had been to recall the troops, and the army was to fall back to its old position.

I was certainly delighted, as I had been arguing the folly of such an undertaking. The soldiers of Butterfield's corps had lain flat on their faces on a side hill some fifty yards from the rifle-pits since Saturday, being constantly picked off. In many places it was death to raise a head. At night they were fed, and the wounded removed.

Of course I did not get in the town; it is completely ruined, and was sacked by the soldiers.

Griffin said he saw men smashing pianos with axes, and sitting in the street on pictures cut from their frames. A considerable amount of valuables was also found.

I hear but little criticism on the disaster. At Burnside's they lay the blame on Halleck.

I stayed at Butterfield's last night, and am now at Griffin's. There does not seem to be an idea in contemplation of another attack, but rather how best to get out of this place. A man was *paroled* by a party of rebels last night, just beyond our camp, inside the picket lines.

The weather is pleasant.

The soldiers are building huts, and look better than usual.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

[He was reappointed assistant adjutant general in March, 1863, and assigned to staff of General S. W. Crawford, commanding the Pennsylvania Reserves stationed in the "defences of Washington."

There is a letter from General Griffin, dated the 7th of March, asking that he be assigned to him, he being in command of Morrell's old division.

He volunteered on General Griffin's staff for the battle of Chancellorsville, which is described in the following letters.—E. S. A.]

UNITED STATES TRANSPORT,  
April 30, 1863, 10 A. M.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—A lady, going to Falmouth for her son, has just told me that she saw Mrs. Hendricks, wife of the *Herald* reporter, yesterday, who said that on Tuesday she rode to Griffin's headquarters, which were then at Hartwood Church. Hartwood is ten miles up the river from Falmouth, near the United States Ford. United States Ford is between Kelly's Ford and Fredericksburg. I also hear that a bridge is being built at United States Ford.

We are now passing through a fleet of schooners loaded with forage, etc., which the captain says were at Acquia last night. This looks as if the army were to go south via Gordonsville and Hanover Court-House, for in that case the supplies would be sent by rail from Alexandria.

The mud is said not to be very bad.

If I telegraph you that Van Rensselaer is safe, I wish you would send word to the Heckschers, 63 Fifth Avenue.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

FALMOUTH,  
April 30th, Afternoon.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have just arrived at Griffin's old headquarters. Bliss and Batchelder are still here, but have gone to General Hooker's headquarters. I am waiting for them and some dinner,

and shall then go on to Kelly's Ford, across which I hear the division is. Kelly's is seven miles from here.

General Hooker, I am told, is in the highest spirits, and has issued an address saying the rebels are just where he wants them and must run or surrender.

I can learn of nothing but some artillery fighting. I think to-morrow will show that the rebs are on the Rapidan.

Your affectionate son,  
R. T. A.

FRIDAY, 8 A. M.

P. S.—It was impossible to cross last night. I am just starting now. There has been no firing during the night.  
R. T. A.

NEAR CHANCELLOR'S HOUSE,  
Saturday, May 2d, 10 A. M.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I crossed the Rappahannock in a roar of cannon, and got to the front at 3 P. M. yesterday. I was only under fire a few minutes with Sykes, while looking for Griffin. Griffin's division lost none.

To-day, at 3 A. M., we were put in line of battle, in a splendid position. The rebels are cornered, or supposed to be, but an attack would fall on the other corps. Our position is equal to Malvern Hill. Meade says we will not be attacked. Sykes lost heavily. Young Temple, a great friend of mine, was shot dead, and was buried last night.

I have just given a drink to Stephen Van Rensselaer. Please send word to the Heckschers that he is safe. Sykes will not be attacked either.

Hendricks says he will get this through.

The troops are hungry and exhausted ; it will be necessary to rest a week after this. I think myself that Fredericksburg will be evacuated to-day, and that we will occupy it. The houses here are filled with refugees who now do not know which way to run.

With love to all,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

BATTLEFIELD AT CHANCELLORSVILLE,  
Saturday, May 2d, 5 P. M.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I sent you a letter by Hendricks this morning, saying that I was safe and sound, and that we were in line of battle. There has been fighting at different times, both artillery and musketry, on our right, near the Chancellor House, where we were last night.

Our position here is so splendid, that much as I like to have a battle postponed, I wish the rebs would come on. Even the Fourteenth New York, which goes out of service in a week, and is, therefore, not anxious for another fight, is quite enthusiastic.

I don't like to go into any particulars as to what we are about, as the mail goes through a hostile country.

I am more and more convinced that the rebels will quit. Not a shot has been fired near us to-day.

The weather is heavenly; the nights as light and as warm as day.

Last night, when the troops fell back to our present position, the pickets were left out, and men kept chopping wood, to deceive the Secesh pickets. I asked Griffin to let me take charge of the front, and had some 500 men under my orders. I went to each officer along the mile and a half and told them what to do, and at three o'clock, as day broke, I gave the signal, and back they all fell, formed in a road, and marched to the new line, without a sound.

I have been interrupted once or twice; it is now near sundown; the men are cooking their suppers and becoming more desirous for the rebels to attack as the chances vanish. Our loss in the division yesterday was one killed and four wounded.

10 P.M.—A terrible battle has taken place; our division not engaged. Sykes sent to re-enforce. Van Rensselaer (tell the Hecksehers) unhurt.

Griffin is sure the rebels have gone.

I write by moonlight; I cannot see. All is quiet. Love to all.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

CHANCELLORSVILLE,

Monday, May 4th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I wrote you on Saturday, 10 P.M. I then went to sleep in a wagon, but in

a short time, by the bright moonlight, another battle began, and lasted until nearly two o'clock. Then we were ordered out of our beautiful fortifications that we had worked at so hard all day, and Howard's corps, which had just been beaten, was put there, and we were put in an open field.

At 5.30 a really tremendous battle commenced. Three lines were formed, we, with Sykes, being the third. Towards eight o'clock the two outer lines were gone, and we stood face to face with Stonewall Jackson; but in the two hours we had thrown up earthworks, and, except with artillery, no attack was made.

Just as the battle began, a bullet struck and killed Griffin's horse. Our loss in the division was about eighty.

Both armies suffered heavily. The result was, we "contracted our lines."

The Southerners fought more furiously than ever before; we held their line of retreat, and they retook it. To add to the other horrors, the woods, filled with wounded, caught fire.

As soon as this campaign is over (and I suppose it will soon succeed or fail) I shall come home. I have had no rest, and have not undressed since Thursday night. The weather has been hot, but splendid.

All day yesterday, all last night, and until now to-day, we expected an attack. Now it is believed they are in full retreat. Their lines, however, are close to ours; the trees are filled with sharpshooters, making it as much as life is worth to

walk along our line. The men lie behind breast-works.

Hooker was always under fire. I saw a horse blown to pieces within twenty feet of him, and he himself was blown from his horse by a shell. Barry was killed, and also General Whipple just now, behind one of Griffin's brigades.

Major Boyd, whose regiment is mustered out, takes this on.

Yesterday we heard a heavy cannonading near Fredericksburg. We know nothing of what is going on, having seen no papers since Friday. I suppose you are in a state of suspense about us.

Your affectionate son,  
R. T. A.

[He was in New York a short time after this.—  
E. S. A.]

UPTON'S HILL, VA.,  
June 6, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I came out here this afternoon and established our headquarters. General Crawford will be out to-morrow. This is much superior to Fairfax Station, being nearer Washington, and prettier country. One brigade is at Fairfax Station, three and a half miles from the Court-House and twelve miles from here; one at Alexandria, under General Slough's command, and one regiment at Vienna, eight miles from here; so there will be plenty of riding to do.

To-night I am staying with Mr. and Mrs. Upton.



Mr. Upton has just been defeated as member of Congress from Fairfax and Loudon. They have one married and one unmarried daughter, both handsome. They live very well, and have a large wooden house. Before their front door is a fort, and our tents are in their garden. They had a very nice tea, and ice-cream and strawberries afterwards. I have a large room on the first floor.

Meade's corps is only sixteen miles from Fairfax Station (thirteen by rail), having been moved up the Rappahannock. Alexandria is being stockaded, a plot to burn the Government stores having been discovered. The river part of the town is now shut off from the other half by a stockade, loop-holed for rifles, with gates at the principal streets, and the inhabitants are to quit the enclosure after sundown.

Officers have a way of sending communications "across lots," as it is called, writing to Stanton, Halleck, or the President. I have received a paper from the War Department, sent by a captain who states that his lieutenant-colonel objects to the emancipation of the slaves, and called Halleck an "old ass." It is sent to us for investigation, but whether we are to investigate the fact or the truth of his statement is not mentioned.

A company of the First United States colored infantry marched through Washington yesterday, and looked very well.

The Copperheads seem to be going it strong. I wish the President would send Butler to New York. I shall go on his staff if he does.

My address is: "Assistant Adjutant-General, Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, Upton's Hill, Defences of Washington."

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

FREDERICK, MD.,  
Sunday, June 28, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have not seen a paper, except some Baltimore ones, since Wednesday, so I do not know whether you have found out that the insatiable Army of the Potomac has swallowed up the Pennsylvania Reserves. Such is the case, and at noon to-day we joined Sykes's Fifth Army Corps at this place, two miles south of Frederick City.

On Wednesday morning an order arrived from Butterfield to move the entire division to Edwards Ferry, near Ball's Bluff, and to send the batteries to Fairfax Court-House. Not being under Hooker's orders (Butterfield is his chief of staff), the order was referred to Heintzelmann; but, knowing that Butterfield must have authority, we prepared to move. Heintzelmann was very angry, and referred the order to Halleck, and the latter indorsed on it "The order must be obeyed," and on Tuesday evening we started, the men having, in thirty-six hours, obtained wagons, 400 horses, provisions for ten days, etc.

Just before leaving, Heintzelmann got the batteries and the Alexandria brigade back again, leaving us the other two brigades.

We spent Thursday night at Upton's Hill, the troops having gone, and although within sight of Washington, had quite a scare, as the guerillas swarmed over the country as the troops moved off, and the Union inhabitants came, bag and baggage, inside the fortifications. We stopped a battery and put some men in the fort.

On Friday night we stopped at Dranesville, having made a march of twenty-five miles in thirty hours.

On Saturday we crossed the Potomac, near Leesburgh, and went to the Monocacy viaduct, and to-day reached here.

The country in Maryland seems like a land of plenty. Every field yellow with wheat, and every house full of eatables. The army, however, sweeps down fences and grain, eats up every mouthful and steals most of the horses. The people never insult us, and often refuse to take pay for their things, and sometimes express pleasure at seeing us. After the desolation of Virginia, the contrast is striking.

This morning, on the road, we heard that Hooker was removed. I am sorry Meade is to leave the corps, although Sykes is an excellent officer.

I did not mean to write to you until the battle that I supposed would take place in a day or two was over; but that important event is postponed, as it is believed that the rebels have escaped into Pennsylvania. As it is easier to go ahead than for us to catch up, they will probably postpone the affair.

This is the anniversary of the "seven days," and as I got through that, I need not feel scared now.

My address is: "Care of General Crawford, Sykes' Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, Washington, D. C."

With love to Tiny and Aunt Jo, believe me,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

UNIONTOWN, MD.,

June 30th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We have marched incessantly since we left Upton's Hill, and are now on the border of Pennsylvania. The rebels passed through some of the villages on the road this morning, and are supposed to be on the Susquehanna, near York, 90,000 strong. The weather is showery and cool, the country beautiful, the people polite, and for the first time in my army experience I have heard the people cheer and have seen them wave flags and throw flowers at the troops.

I think that Lee is either humbugging or will try to break our lines, divide the army, and retire to Virginia.

With love to Aunt Jo and Tiny,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

NEAR GETTYSBURG,

July 3, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—A merciful Providence has preserved me through another battle, and for the second time out of seven I have seen a battle-field when the fight was over.

We arrived on the field yesterday afternoon, a few minutes after the Regulars broke and came running back. Crawford formed one of our brigades, and taking the colors, charged the advancing rebels. We cleared them off and reoccupied the ground. The battle closed at 8 P. M. It is going on still, but is principally on our right.

I doubt if they will again try our position on high, rocky bluffs, fortified. I will write more another time.

Van Rensselaer was wounded slightly. The Second Brigade has suffered terribly; only thirty-six of the Fourth Michigan, once 1,100 men, reported this morning. The rebels have not gained the least advantage yet.

With love to all,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

GETTYSBURG,

July 5, 1863, Noon.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have not had time yet to write any account of what I have seen. Last night I expected to get some rest, but it rained in torrents, and having nothing but a bit of canvas, open at both ends, my rest was somewhat disturbed.

Since leaving Upton's Hill, I have not had an hour to myself.

Yesterday morning one of our brigades drove in the enemy's pickets, and the bullets flew around pretty thickly. Last night all was quiet, and our

men, who have been out two miles, report them all gone.

One of our brigades did all the fighting in our division. It numbered 1,300 men, and lost 209. They took 120 prisoners, 3,647 rifles, one flag, one brass gun, and three caissons.

The Regulars feel pretty sore at our occupying the ground that they were driven from.

On one of the houses the rebels have written :

“ Cheer, boys, cheer, and raise a joyful shout ;

We’ve made a raid in Pennsylvania, and now we’re going out.”

The rebels have left a scene of ruin behind them, pretty well matched by what we have done.

The people here are all “ Pennsylvania Dutch,” and being mostly Copperheads, the soldiers help themselves in spite of orders to the contrary.

Sykes hears the rebels are in line of battle. Our men say they have all gone. Prisoners say ditto.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

NEAR EMMITTSBURG, MD.,

July 6, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have sent sundry despatches telling of my whereabouts and of my safety, but have not had a moment’s time to write until now.

The division is halted along the road, and I have a comfortable chair at a farm-house. The rebels are in full retreat, and, according to all accounts, a

most disorderly one. They are alarmed by the destruction of the pontoons, the assembling of the militia, and the thrashing that we gave them.

We are on the road to Frederick, the short line to Antietam, which has been partly fortified by their rear-guard.

The battle of Gettysburg was the greatest engagement this continent has ever seen. Although the army was small, every man was engaged, and every gun was fired. The Reserves marched all night before the battle, excepting two hours rest. We arrived on the battle-field at 11 A.M., lay in a wheat field in the rear until four, when the battle commenced to make the hills roar.

Then we marched to the front, and our line was extended along a line of rocky hills, some bare and some covered with woods. Just where we were, a hill covered with dense woods rose up, occupied by the enemy's sharp-shooters. One of Griffin's regiments and two of ours cleared them out and held it. Our other brigade (McCandless') was formed in line of battle about a quarter of a mile to the right; between it and the wooded hill, was a pinnacle of rocks piled up about 150 feet high; on this stood Griffin's old battery, now Hazlitt's. Behind McCandless' were two brass guns. Some distance in our front were the Regulars and one of Hancock's divisions, kneeling behind a stone wall, a swamp being between our hill and their line. The guns from the hills, riflemen behind every rock, and a long line of musketry from behind the wall, fired from our side. The rebels replied with

sheets of musketry from the woods, with sharpshooters from the trees, and some (not much) artillery.

The sun was setting, shining straight into the eyes of our men. This, of course, was only one part of the fight; for two miles or more down the line came the rattle of musketry and the thunder of guns.

Suddenly a sheet of fire swept the Regulars in the rear and flank. The rebels had flanked them. Up they rose, fell back a little way in good order, then broke and came in a disorderly mob back to our line, followed by the rebels, yelling like mad.

Crawford and I and McCandless called to our men to stand steady as the men came pouring through our ranks. In a few moments we were in front, and the rebels behind the wall that the Regulars had left. We advanced a little and fired a volley, and then Crawford took a flag, and, followed by us all, rode out into the swamp. The brigade, only 1,400 strong, followed, cheering. Not a shot was fired until we were half way over the swamp, when the men began indiscriminately, and I expected every moment to be shot in the back. I could not see much ahead for the smoke.

Suddenly a cheer came from the hills behind us, now crowded on every rock and tree by the run-aways, as spectators, and the troops in position. I then saw that the rebels were running, and in a few minutes we held the wall.

It was getting dark, and but little firing was done after that, except from our guns, which kept throw-



ing shells over the country far and near. Looking back, our line of wood and rocks looked tremendous, and I cannot understand how the rebels dared to attack it.

After dark I went with Crawford to the line of skirmishers, lying on their faces in a wheat field beyond the wall and keeping up a foolish fire with the rebels in a dark wood just in front. As I walked down the line a man called me by name, it being moonlight, and there I found a boy belonging to the Sixty-second Pennsylvania, one of Morrell's brigade, with his leg shot. I went back and got a stretcher and had him taken in. This was, however, but one of many, for that sickening moan that follows a battle was heard all around, and dead men lay by dozens.

I should have said that the colonel of the regiment that went with us in the charge (the Buck-tails) was shot in the head and killed—Colonel Taylor, a brother of Bayard Taylor.

At one o'clock we went to the rear, had some coffee made, and went to sleep. At daybreak repeated volleys of musketry and the booming of the guns awoke us. We got breakfast, and started to look after the brigades.

It became quiet till ten o'clock, when the rebels shelled the entire line, and then an attack was begun on our right, about a quarter of a mile away. We wandered about until one o'clock, when a tremendous artillery fire was concentrated on our two hills, lasting for two hours.

We went on the rocky hill, where Hazlitt's

battery stood, and found some two hundred officers and a regiment of infantry crouching behind the rocks, looking at the grandest sight ever seen. For two miles, over an open plain spread out like a map before us, ran the rebel lines. The batteries blazed away, and here and there a burning house sent up a column of smoke.

Our men behind the rocks kept up a duel with the sharp-shooters in the trees, and every now and then some incautious head would fall back dead, or a cheer would announce that a rebel had fallen from a tree.

Hazlitt, who commanded the battery, was killed while bending over General Weed as he was dying.

At five o'clock Sykes told Crawford that he could see that the rebels had left the woods, and, unless we were convinced to the contrary, to occupy it. We went down, and found the woods still full of soldiers. I rode back to Sykes; he said it was all nonsense, and he wished he could be obeyed. McCandless' brigade then advanced about a hundred yards in the woods and over a wheat field, the rebels opening a fire of musketry and canister from a battery.

I said to McCandless, "For God's sake, go quickly, or there will be no hope for us." The rebels fell back and ran off their guns, thinking a general advance was being made, especially as the troops on the rocks began to cheer.

On getting to the edge of the woods we changed front, and moved parallel to and some distance from

the hills, under a pretty heavy fire. Suddenly we found ourselves in the rear of the Fifteenth Georgia. They threw down their arms and ran, we capturing their lieutenant-colonel, their colors, and 110 men. This finished the fight ; but the field was awful, the dead and wounded lay in straight lines, some having been wounded and uncared-for for twenty-four hours. The next morning we picked up 3,647 rifles, a brass gun, and three caissons.

On Saturday the brigade was brought into camp, and the Regulars took their place. McCandless' brigade lost 209, and Fisher's 20, a small loss in numbers but large in proportion to their size.

Saturday morning there was a good deal of firing, but since then I have not heard a bullet whiz ; but I have been able to get little rest, as rain is constantly falling.

Last night (Sunday) we started at seven and marched until midnight, started again at ten this morning, but were immediately stopped, why I do not know.

Meade has just published a proclamation, this time after a victory.

I did not get a chance to go to Gettysburg. The "Pennsylvania Dutch" came by dozens to see the field, and unless they brought supplies for the wounded I sent them back, as I do not think a battle-field is a proper show. I also told them that in Virginia there was not an able-bodied man to be found.

I am glad to be in Maryland, as the Pennsylvania Dutch are a hard set. The Marylanders are Ameri-

cans, live in a land of plenty, and are either friendly or subdued.

I believe I have told you all. Van Rensselaer's wound was in the leg, and slight. Vincent, who commanded Butterfield's old brigade, was killed. The major of the Sixty-second Pennsylvania and the colonel of the Fourth Michigan were bayoneted to death.

Griffin is here again, and looks well. Crawford does extremely well.

Our mail carrier, with horses and wagon, was captured by the rebels, with, I suppose, one of your letters, as I have not had any since Upton's Hill.

One of our men, after being two years in the service, was killed on his father's farm.

With love to all,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN, NEAR BOONSBORO, MD.,  
July 9, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I wrote you a long account of the battle, and sent it via Frederick City. I received your letter of June 26th, and one from Miss Heckscher of July 1st. I think some of your letters must have been captured in our mail wagon, that Stuart took near Washington.

The army is still on the tramp. Men are shoeless, and horses lame and sore-backed. This is the second afternoon's rest since I left Upton's Hill. The rebels are supposed to be fortified near Hagers-

town. I do not think Meade wishes to attack them, as last night he published a circular containing a letter from Halleck, urging him to go ahead, as he (Halleck) had reliable information that the enemy are not recrossing.

The army marches from 4 or 5 A. M. till sundown, making about seventeen miles a day. No baggage is carried, the trains being left behind. I got a small soldier's tent yesterday. Till then we have had nothing but a fly-tent or bushes, though we often get a house.

It rains incessantly, but that is perhaps better than heat and dust. I feel tired, as I seldom get to bed before eleven, and am up by four; but I am perfectly well. We are in a healthy country, and it is a perfect garden. Such farms I never saw outside of England. Twice the Army of the Potomac and once Lee's army have passed through here in two weeks, and yet there is plenty to eat in every house. To-day, for dinner, we had soup, lamb, young chickens, vegetables, and cherries. Griffin and Willy Jay dined with me. The farms are full of cherry trees, which the troops strip bare.

You say nothing of the Langdons. I wish Walter had come when I asked him. Such a battle as Gettysburg will never be seen again. It is the only time that a battle has been fought on an open plain commanded by one point of view.

I suppose, if Lee crosses, we will scamper back to Washington, and have a month's rest.

I meant that Crawford only went once to see Stanton about me; and then he was out. If I

cannot be promoted, I would rather go to a corps' headquarters. I wish Meade would take me. I hear that he always praises me.

The Reserves have gone up, in my opinion, since the battle. Our loss was 230 killed and wounded. The present number of men is 2,687—rather small. There is nothing now to be seen of the battle that took place here. . . . Sykes was very obstinate when I told him the rebels were in front of McCandless' brigade; and, sure enough, Hood's whole division was there, and only luck saved us. Not one man out of a hundred can stand his "Stars." Griffin is an exception.

Our cavalry have possession of Antietam, and had a fight in that direction yesterday. The prisoners say that when the Regulars ran, they supposed they were fighting militia; but when we went in, they knew they had struck the Army of the Potomac. The Regulars were murdered, however; they were between two lines of rebel fire.

Marquis Livingston works hard, but is nearly dead.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

JULY 10th, 8 P. M.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The army crossed the Antietam this morning without opposition. There are squads of cavalry about, with whom our pickets are fighting; and every little while we shell the country. I think, as we have been allowed to cross

the river without opposition, that the campaign is over, and the rebels are crossing the Potomac.

We are at Boon's Mills, a picturesque place, with a moss-grown stone bridge. It is said that the *Tribune* reports a great battle at Williamsport. None has taken place.

Your affectionate son,  
R. T. A.

NEAR HAGERSTOWN, PA.,  
July 13, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I suppose you are wondering what the army is doing. I see the papers talk of tremendous battles about to take place, and call the Army of Northern Virginia a demoralized crowd of runaways. I am inclined to think the former statement will prove a humbug, and I know the latter is.

Lee's army has fortified itself in a semicircle, both ends resting on the Potomac, one at Williamsport, and the other just east of Hancock. It is a strong position, strongly fortified. Behind them is the overflowed river, across which they have sent their wounded and prisoners, and some baggage; and across it they will, at the first opportunity, take their whole army. Just now they cannot do so, as the bridges were burned, and the river is too high.

Around them is the Army of the Potomac, on all sides and very close. What it is about, I will keep to myself, except that to prevent their breaking our line, we also are building fortifications.

The rebels, during their retreat, had nothing to

eat except what they picked up along the road. Now, however, I suppose they are supplied. They are very careful of their powder.

I do not think we can injure them much without a siege, which, of course, they will avoid by crossing the river.

We have had two fine days, and now it rains again in torrents. I am wet night and day, but the country is so healthy that it seems to do no harm.

The other afternoon part of the army advanced about a mile and a half in line of battle. The fields were one sheet of ripe grain and young corn, which were trampled smooth. The Marylanders seemed stunned by the destruction of their property, and came in crowds to know what to do. The Pennsylvanians were accused of being Copperheads and told to clear out; but the people here are loyal, and have to be treated more politely, which is about all they get.

I have had no letter from you since June 26th. The mail carrier says that two letters, addressed to me, were opened by the rebel cavalry.

I suppose, if Meade finds that the rebels are partly across the river, he will make an attack; but it is difficult to discover such things.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

FALLING WATERS, MD.,

July 14th.

· MY DEAR MOTHER,—I wrote you yesterday, telling you the positions of the two armies and what I



supposed would take place. My ideas were correct. Last night we received orders to make a reconnoissance of the enemy's line of battle, in concert with two other divisions. We started at day-break and marched to this point, seven miles beyond Williamsport, meeting nothing more formidable than abandoned earthworks, broken wagons, a thousand prisoners, and seas of mud.

At Falling Waters the cavalry made a charge on their rear-guard, which in any other country would be talked of for a year. I saw nothing of the fight, excepting our dead men.

The campaign is now over, and the army thoroughly worn out, requiring at least six weeks to refit. I am glad Meade paid no attention to the howls of the Copperheads and the newspapers, and refused to run his army against such a place as the rebels held.

I suppose the army will now cross at Harper's Ferry, and move down the Leesburgh pike to the fortifications.

There is no harm in saying now that the Army of the Potomac numbered only 60,000 men, one-third less than in Lee's command.

We have taken refuge in a farm-house. It rains hard, and everything is mud and dirt. I was on horseback from 5 A.M. till 6.30 P.M., and am used up.

Marquis L. intends to retire from military life.

I should like to hear from home, it being three weeks since I had a letter.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

NEAR HILLSBORO, VA.,  
July 18, 1863.

MY DEAR MADGIE,—I am getting quite uneasy that I do not hear from home, nothing having reached me since Ma's letter of 26th of June, though I have letters from New York up to 10th of July. I hope nothing has happened.

The army is once more tramping through Virginia, but this part is a continuation of the Frederick and Middletown valleys, long ranges of blue hills and splendid farms.

The corps crossed at Berlin yesterday, and we are now twelve miles from the Potomac. To-day I took a holiday, rode up to Harper's Ferry, and then made a cut across the country, eighteen miles, to the division. The Ferry is beautiful—something like West Point, with a steep rocky hill covered with ruins, worthy of Italy in picturesqueness and filth. Steps go from one street to another, and guns stick out of all corners.

I have just read to-day's Baltimore *Clipper*, and am delighted to see that to Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Port Hudson can be added New York. I was afraid the President might get scared, but Stanton's order settles that.

Three days ago I stood by General Fitzpatrick at Falling Waters; I see that he is now in New York. He is a most excellent man, and understands shooting. I cannot understand how the mob drove back Colonel Winslow with his men and a field-piece. He belongs to this corps, and the Army of the Potomac ought to have shot better.

. . . This incessant tramping is hard on the horses. I have two of my own, and a government one; two are lame, and one has a sore back.

If we keep on, this road leads to Manassas, a dreary, horrible place. I wish we could catch Lee and finish the war, but the Army of Northern Virginia is not easy either to catch or to beat.

I hope all at home are well. I hear from the Heckschers that Van Rensselaer's wound is a bad one. In the hospitals they call everything "slight" that is less than a leg or the side of a head.

I am lying on the grass, eating blackberries, and looking at mountains almost equal to the Catskills.

Please remember me to Mr. Tucker and Sarah, and believe me,

Your affectionate brother,

R. T. A.

NEAR WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, VA.,

August 2, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The army has at last come to a standstill, for which I am thankful. We first encamped at Fayette, a poor place, inhabited by a Mrs. Newhouse and two girls. We then moved to a delightful camp, with good ground and plenty of water. Our tents were in the courtyard of a Mr. Bussy, where we had cold water, milk, and vegetables. The family, consisting of Mr. B., his wife, two white and two black daughters, were very accommodating.

After remaining there four days, Sykes got an

idea that we were too far from the other divisions, and brought us where we now are—a miserable place, although susceptible of being fixed up with bushes. We are near a house, a filthy establishment, occupied by a white man and his black wife, and an old man who says he is 160 years old and claims to be a prophet. He has a long white beard, and wears only a shift made of sacking, full of holes and patches. He has sandals on his feet and a staff in his hand, the whole outfit being covered with filth. I am going to see Sykes this morning, to ask him if we can move.

Two days ago, with sixteen sharpshooters and eighty teamsters, I crossed the Rappahannock and brought back a large amount of forage and plunder. Nothing was seen of the rebels. An old black woman called me into her hut to warn me against going further, which I did not do, as we were three miles from the river. I put the sharpshooters on horseback, thus converting them into cavalry.

Coming back, I passed a ford guarded by our cavalry. An officer with a squad of men crossed to see what we were, and said they were about to fire on us, not having been told that we were out. I told him it would have made no difference, as there was not much likelihood of their hitting us.

We are now engaged in a feud with the Regulars. They seem to feel aggrieved at our taking the place they lost at Gettysburg. A Lieutenant Sayles knocks down one of our men, because he does not leave a pump where Sayles's nigger wishes to fill a

tub. This case is too complicated to write about, but ends in Sayles getting a black eye.

Then a Lieutenant Swan knocks another man into the mud. This being a clear case, the man's colonel sends a communication to Crawford on the subject ; Crawford sends it to the Secretary of War, requesting that the lieutenant be dismissed the service. Sykes takes Swan's part and writes to Meade on the subject, and does not forward the papers to the War Department. Meade orders a court-martial.

To get the subject before the Secretary of War, I composed a harrowing letter to Governor Curtin, which the man copied and signed, asking for protection against "such cruel indignities." This letter, in the due course of things, will be sent by the governor to the War Department, and from there, through army headquarters, to General Crawford for information.

Another row is also brewing, but has not yet come to anything.

We hear constant rumors about being ordered back to the defences.

Since the train was fired into near Warrenton, and the lieutenant murdered, Halleck has ordered more rigorous treatment of the citizens, giving directions very much like Pope's, as common sense would dictate.

I went last evening with Jay to the springs. There are the ruins of a large brick hotel and a circle of brick cottages ; the grounds are pretty, with beautiful trees, paved walks, fountains, etc.

A band was playing, and soldiers were drinking the waters. The hotel was burned by Sigel.

The weather is burning-hot, but there is no sickness ; the place is healthy.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

CAMP NEAR FAUQUIER,  
August 7th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We are, to our comfort, again at Bussy's. Since I last wrote, we have made two moves, and have now been here three days.

General Sykes went to Washington on Tuesday, leaving Griffin in command during his absence. General Humphreys telegraphed Griffin to mass his corps near Beverley Ford, and be prepared to move in either direction. Griffin, naturally enough, supposed we were to have a fight, and started off, and we marched all night.

In the morning we were told that Humphreys only meant us to change camp. I think Butterfield would make a better chief of staff than that. The move, however, brought us back to our old camp, which is worth the trouble.

The natives here will not take money ; they say there has been nothing to buy for two years, so we exchange sugar, coffee, and salt for chickens, butter, and vegetables. They sometimes value their things pretty highly, but as we consider brown sugar worth a dollar a pound, we do not lose much.

The weather is very hot, and the mosquitoes are

lively; but the constant showers temper the one, and a netting mitigates the other.

We have breakfast at 7.30, milk-punch at ten, lunch at one, and dinner at seven. I take a ride every afternoon to see the country or visit the natives. I always take an orderly with me. A very clever young fellow. He asked me to take him, and when I said I had no horse, he stole a very good one from a farmer.

To-day one of the fashionables sent General Crawford some tomatoes, and some corn to me. The natives in our vicinity come to me for guards; I always make them feed the men and sell us their butter, etc.

I see by the *Washington Star* that we are all across the river on the war-path, and by the *Herald* that Lee is about to gobble us. "Something," as they say, is now being done; but both of these statements are wrong.

There is a horrible picture in *Harper's* of the charge at Gettysburg. I wish I had sent *Harper my* sketch of the most picturesque battle-field of the war. The brigade talks of having a picture painted, and have raised \$1,000. I advised that the artist that painted the storming of Chepultepec, on the staircase of the Capitol, be employed.

Louis Livingston has gone to Washington. Crawford wants to go when Sykes gets back. I would rather be at Bussy's than at Willard's.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

SUNDAY, August 9th.

P. S.—We moved yesterday to Rappahannock Station.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION,  
August 12, 1863.

MY DEAR MADGIE,—I received your Lenox letter, enclosing a very pretty pincushion, which is also very useful, as I was just out of pins.

We have now been left in peace for four days, which is very pleasant. Our camps are badly off for water, but are otherwise good, on dry ground near the river. The men have thick bowers over every row of shelter tents. Our tents are in the courtyard of a large brick house, with the usual splendid Virginia trees.

The country from here to Fredericksburg, about twenty-five miles, having been fought over four or five times, is completely devastated and to a great extent abandoned by the inhabitants; but, as the trees are standing and the grass is green, that is rather an advantage than otherwise.

The house we occupy is about seventy-five feet long, with the usual out-buildings. It has been sacked and shelled, the owners have fled, and a most miserable family has squatted in the second story. When we came they were literally starving, living on scraps picked up from the soldiers. The family consists of two women and their babies, a deformed boy and one girl, and the husband of one of the women. They sold their farm for Secesh money, intending to buy one in Prince William.



Since the fall of Vicksburg, Confederate money will not buy anything, and so they are stuck. They had cows and a pig in the cellar, a mare and colt in one of the parlors, some chickens upstairs, and filth beyond description everywhere.

The day after we got here they washed their faces and put on clean dresses, evidently thinking that was enough. To their horror I told them I was about to have the house cleaned. They immediately retired to one corner, with their necessary dirt, and I put twenty prisoners at work for two days, and am making a good-looking place of it.

They showed, hidden away, about six bushels of wheat, on which they expected to live during the winter. These people are respectable, and were rich farmers before the war. The cattle were kept in the house to prevent their being stolen.

A most wonderful change has come over the inhabitants of late; they seem to have resigned themselves to despair, as they sincerely believe that they are to lose their property and be ruled over by their niggers. . . .

There are a great variety of bugs here, not known at home, which crawl and bite at different hours of the day and night.

Louis Livingston was in Washington three days, and seemed delighted to get back, as the heat was intense—thermometer 104 at Willard's, he says.

The train, coming back, was fired into. To-day

is as cool as October. No one seems to be sick ; the country ought to be healthy. . . .

Your affectionate brother,

R. T. A.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION, VA.,

August 15, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We have now been over a week at this place, which is as pleasant as could be desired. The house is now clean, the inhabitants having retired to the second story. We cleaned out the well and have good water, and have made the grounds look beautifully, sweeping the grass and planting cedar bushes where required. Our tents (by dint of fighting I have always kept one to myself) are shaded by big beech and white-oak trees, and, although I read in the papers of the tremendous heat, have felt none to complain of here.

I do not go out much until afternoon, when I ride until dark.

We are making preparations for our great entertainment a week from Monday, which, if it comes off, is intended to be the greatest thing of the kind ever given in the Army of the Potomac. I believe I told you that when Meade had the division, the officers bought him a sword for \$1,300, and we have raised as much more for the presentation ceremonies. I have taken charge of the decorations, and, as labor is unlimited, shall make a show. We will build a triumphal arch, a place to present the sword, and a refreshment room 100 feet long. The

house is to be illuminated with candles, and the grounds with colored lanterns.

In the meantime, I am convinced a march to Manassas will knock it all, and the trees and grass will be exchanged for a dreary plain.

I told you something was being done ; yesterday, as part of it, the Regulars left for Alexandria. Lee is said to be collecting an enormous army, which, if true, would make it advisable to quit this place.

As the Pennsylvania papers are still filled with how the Reserves took the stone wall that the Regulars left, the latter were constantly excited, and from talk the two divisions were coming to blows ; so I am glad they are off, although I fear it may break up the corps, and I should be very sorry to be separated from Griffin's division.

The business of swapping with the inhabitants is carried to such an extent that Meade has published an order forbidding it ; but as the inhabitants will sell as much for a cupful of sugar or salt, as for a greenback, it will most likely continue.

One of our orderlies was in Falmouth yesterday, and the rebels have infantry on the heights of Fredericksburg.

It is not more than seventeen miles from here to Chancellorsville ; I should like to see that again.

Crawford and the rest of the staff have been away all day, which leaves me alone, but it is so quiet and pretty that I am glad to have them away and nothing to bother me.

Livingston has written his resignation. I shall

be sorry if he goes, as he is the only New Yorker here. . . .

Tiny's picture is more admired by the natives than any in my book.

With love to her, believe me

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION,

August 22, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I received your letter yesterday. There is but little doing here. We do not expect to move for some time, and, except that I think it a dangerous place to keep the army, I hope we will not, as we are remarkably comfortable.

The sickly season is beginning, and the troops are suffering somewhat from fever and dysentery. The days are warm, the nights often very cold.

Our Meade entertainment is postponed until Friday, as Governor Curtin could not come before that.

I send you an account I wrote of Gettysburg. I wrote it in lead-pencil on my knees, in the rain, which accounts for a number of mistakes made by the printer, which I have corrected in the copy I send.

About a thousand conscripts have arrived in the army, six of whom are ordered to be shot next week, by way of example.

I could have gone to Philadelphia after Meade's

sword, but I am very comfortable here and want, later, to get a week to go to New York.

I do not see the slightest chance of our attempting a fight, for a long time, although it is not too late for the annual Bull Run.

With love to Tiny,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION,  
September 1st.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have not heard from you for some time. I received a letter from Madgie, ten days ago, from Saratoga.

I send you a *Chronicle* with the account of the Pennsylvania Reserves' blow-out. I could not get a *Herald*, as we see the New York papers very irregularly; if you have one, I wish you would send it to me.

The decorations looked well. At the entrance I built an arch twenty-five feet wide and forty-five feet high.

The road ran for about thirty yards through a locust avenue, and at the end was another smaller arch, built very heavy to look like an old-fashioned doorway; this was the entrance to the grounds, which are shaded by fine trees, with the old brick house in the centre; just beyond the second arch were the tents of Livingston and myself. In front was an arbor, and by my tent a bed of flowers surrounded by basket-work. Near by was General

Crawford's tent with an arbor in front and a square room behind, made, roof and all, of evergreens so smoothly clipped that it looked like a wall.

Beside this was Governor Curtin's house, which was the prettiest of all. It had a room in front, entered by an arch, and two tents opening into it at the corners. The windows were oval and looked like pictures on the wall. The floors were matted, and the main room was furnished with a mahogany sofa, marble table, glass lantern, etc., taken out of the neighboring houses.

We also built a refreshment room of evergreens, with a canvas roof, thirty by sixty, and thirteen feet high, and a platform with canopy, for the presentation ceremonies.

At dark, 200 colored lanterns were hung in the trees, and every pane of glass in the house had a candle behind it. The refreshments were liberal, \$1,500 of wine, whiskey, ice-cream, and meats having been ordered in Philadelphia for 450 persons.

The committee, in spite of my constant string of telegrams to the contrary, would bring them on with the company. They were dumped on the ground, and the waiters, not understanding camp customs, were unable to keep order, and the things were wasted in the confusion. Still it was the finest thing of the kind ever given in the Army of the Potomac. We pulled down a barn seventy-five feet long, to get boards and nails.

I did not go to the execution of the Copperheads, as my three horses had been stolen and I was looking for them. It went off very well; only

one gave a kick afterwards. All were shot in the heart, except one, who was hit in the face.

The Reserves were late ; Sykes wanted Griffin to wait. Griffin said that after four o'clock the men were free and he would not have them shot, so the Reserves were ordered up at double-quick. Another dispute arose ; there were a Roman Catholic priest, a Methodist parson, and a Jewish rabbi. Each claimed precedence, and it was decided that the oldest religion should go first, so the rabbi led the procession.

I found my horses at Bealton Station, in a wagon train.

Crawford went to Washington on Friday night, with the great people, and McCandless now has the division. Crawford has applied for ten days' leave.

The weather here is very cold. I pile on all my blankets, and then freeze. Livingston and I have moved into the house built for Governor Curtin, and have sent for stoves to put in our tents. I have had two successful pictures taken at last. I am on horseback.

Yesterday afternoon I went out to see the cavalry pickets in front of the First Corps. Two companies of Rebel cavalry came down and drove us all back toward the river.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION, VA.,

Sunday, September 13, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have just got my leave for fifteen days, and will start to-morrow for Alexandria. I will stay in Washington Monday night and will be in New York on Tuesday afternoon, unless I am too tired and have to stop in Philadelphia and reach New York on Wednesday.

This letter can only reach you by good luck on Tuesday, and probably will not do so till Wednesday. I hope you will come down and stay in Twenty-fifth Street. I would not stay at Cornwall for \$10 a day; it is so disagreeable to answer questions all day. I believe Crawford is at West Point.

It was discovered yesterday that Lee's Army had disappeared, and as the whereabouts of two Rebel enemies are now unknown, I suppose something will soon be done.

This morning the cavalry started for Culpepper Court-House, we being in readiness to assist, and from the roar of the guns, I suppose they have found something.

I am not very sick, but I know, from last year's experience, that I shall not get well without a change.

I received your letter of the eighth and am glad you went to Saratoga. I hope you will be able to come to town on Wednesday.

With love to Madgie and Tiny,

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.



## SUNDAY EVENING.

P.S.—I have a letter from Mr. Tucker dated the eleventh. As Madgie is at home, I shall try to get through on Tuesday and go there and wait for you. I trust you can get down on Wednesday, and then we can go to Twenty-fifth Street. I want certainly to be at home, even if I do the cooking myself.

From the infernal racket all day, I suppose we have been “shelling the country.” It is over now, and the happy Virginians can come out of their cellars.

R. T. A.

[At the end of his leave, he returned to the army and was at the battle of Bristoe Station in October. On October 15th he received another sick leave and came home, and October 31st Dr. Markoe wrote that he was too ill to travel. On November 24th he was appointed to “temporary duty” in Washington, D. C.—E. S. A.]

BEAUFORT, S. C.,

December 4, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The *Fulton* left her dock at eleven o'clock on Saturday, but remained in the harbor till twelve on Sunday, on account of a fog. We had it rather rough till off Hatteras, where we pitched badly; then the sea became like glass and the air like summer, until we reached Port Royal on Thursday, at 9 A.M.

We lay some time off Charleston, and saw the city and the bombardment plainly. I was not in the least sea-sick.

At Hilton Head I took a steamboat for Beaufort, twelve miles. On arriving I went to General Saxton's, who was as kind as possible; gave me a comfortable room, and a horse to ride. He lives with his wife and two aides (Captain Hooper, of Boston, and his brother) in the Heywards' house, a big establishment, with fine large rooms, directly on the water, and surrounded by a grove of orange trees.

The town contains about a hundred big brick houses, much the finest I have seen in the South, surrounded by groves of live oak and clumps of orange and oleander trees. About twenty are used for government purposes, the rest for hospitals.

The troops are both white and black, and seem to be on the most harmonious terms.

To-day I rode over some of the abandoned estates and also saw the troops drilled. The weather is perfectly heavenly, and I should like to stay a month.

General Saxton and the other officers here are doing a great deal of good. Farms are given to the negroes, who appear to be doing mighty well. The children are taught by women, and all are preached to by the missionaries.

The furniture from the houses was sold the other day at high prices, and on the 2d of January the entire town is to be sold at auction to the highest bidder.

I shall go to Charleston on Sunday, and shall probably be ready to leave by the *Arago*, which sails about the 15th. If any letters come for me, keep them until I return, also the papers. We are entirely out of the world, and I worry a good deal about the Army of the Potomac.

Your affectionate son,

R. T. A.

[He was in New York after this, hoping to get stronger, but in March, 1864, decided that he never could stand field work again, and sent in his resignation.

He was asked to withdraw it, and was placed in the War Department on the staff of Gen. James A. Hardie, Inspector-General. His duties were to travel and inspect forts, camps, and military prisons, and report on their condition.

In July, 1864, when General Early attacked Washington, he was assigned as assistant adjutant-general to General McCook, who had charge of the defence. In December, 1864, he again offered his resignation, but Secretary Stanton declined to receive it, and he remained with General Hardie till the end of the war.

On his appointment in the Inspector-General's office he received the rank of Major, and on January 1, 1865, General Crawford wrote the following letter :

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH CORPS  
January 1, 1865.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS,  
*Adjutant-General U. S. A. :*

GENERAL,—I have the honor to recommend that the brevet of lieutenant-colonel be conferred upon Major Richard Tylden Auchmuty, assistant adjutant-general, “for conspicuous gallantry during the battle of Gettysburg, and highly meritorious conduct during the campaign.”

This officer was a member of my staff, and by his untiring energy and earnest devotion to the service, not only in his own department, but in other departments of the staff, contributed in no small degree to the success obtained.

He accompanied me in person in the movement on our left, on the afternoon of Thursday, July 2d, and for his conduct in that affair was recommended highly in my official report of the battle. I now earnestly recommend the recognition by the Government of the services of this officer for this especial occasion.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

S. W. CRAWFORD,

*Brevet Major-General,*

*Commanding Fifth Corps.*

## INDORSEMENT ON BACK OF LETTER.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,  
January 16, 1865.

Respectfully forwarded and approved. Had Major Auchmuty been serving with this army at the time the list of brevets was made out, his name would undoubtedly have been included.

GEORGE G. MEADE,  
*Major-General.*

The brevet was issued immediately and was dated July 6, 1864. On 7th June, 1865, his services being no longer needed, he was honorably discharged and mustered out.—E. S. A.]











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