Hartford May 25th 1864.
Wednesday.

Dear Henry

Your two letters were received on Monday evening - The sword & spurs were forwarded by express this morning to Mr. Gallaudet New York. I hope you will get them safely. I am very sorry that you are not well - Alice tells me in her letter received last evening that your disease is something like dysentery - have you Dr. Palmers Dot drops with you - we have great faith in them as a remedy in such diseases. My dear son I hope you will not remain long in Richmond. the war is over now, and even if your regiment is not sent North soon, it seems to me that you could be spared, and come home

and do as much good here as there - where I fear your health will give way.

Your letters has comforted me greatly my son - I thank you for its words of love - O that I had been the faithful mother, you would represent me. - - Pray for me - that this last terrible affliction may be sanctified to me - that I may spend the short time that remains to me here to the honor of God. that I may strive by a holy life & conversation to influence those about me in a right direction.

Mary is with us - she is far from well - we expect Will, to come up tomorrow to spend three or four days.

Mrs. Charles Goodrich & Mrs. Kate Dutton called & spent an hour with us, this

morning - Kate seems very happy - she is keeping house in College street. Mary made her a very handsome present - of a 20 $. Silver vase.

I write in great haste - as your father waits to take my note to the Office -

I shall write to Alice tomorrow - Charley Camp called this morning says his mother is much better - her mind is clear again - she talks - occasionally hesitates a little for a word - but is improving constantly -

all the family join me in love to you -

Your affectionate
Mother
S. A. Trumbull

May 24-1864

In Camp. Deep Bottom, Va.

June 29th. 1864.

Dear Father:

My letters by way of Washington will reach you, I trust, with but little more delay than while Alice was in Hartford. You are also to see the full and interesting letters of my good friend Henry Camp as soon after they reach his home as hitherto. You are, therefore, likely to keep well posted as to my whereabouts and doings, without anything from me to your particular address. Yet, there are many matters of business about which I am obliged to trouble home dear ones, and it is always pleasant to me to avail myself of such an excuse for a letter to you, even though what I write to Alice is to be seen by and is written for you.

The enclosed slip is from a Lewiston, Me. paper. You will be interested in seeing it, and perhaps the Courant might like to quote the reference to the Com'l. Chaplain if handed by yourself. The slip I would like preserved for my scrap-book.

I see that Dan'l. Nodman's wife is dead. Poor man! How lonely he will be. He had but few to sympathize with or comfort him at the best. You know I always valued him highly.

The delay of that express box I am sorry about. I trust it is ere this on its way. Ft. Monroe is as near us as I expected it to come except by special order from here. Even a letter address to me as of the 18th Ct. at Ft. Monroe would reach me promptly in any part of the department, and any package, I could get from there without difficulty. Yet, I suppose I did not mention this soon enough, hence the delay. I sadly need the clothing. My pants are actually a mass of darns and rags, and I have no change. I am the laughing stock of our mess from my seedy appearance, yet I do not wish to purchase anything here with an abundance on the road hither. A lot of express matters came to the regt. yesterday but mine was not with it. The price of clothing horrifies me. I had no idea of anything of the sort.

I enclose an express receipt recently received from Capt. Campbell who took North for me last winter the box of fruit and preserves from St. Augustine. He expected to go through to New York, but stopped at Ft. Monroe and expressed the box from Norfolk. Alice paid on it, I think, some $3 or more in Hartford. I was surprised at the charge and sent for an explanation of its high rate. Now, after this long time I learn that he prepaid the freight as this receipt shows. Adams Exr. will refund it on application to them. They must have it on their waybills between Jan. 11th & Feb. 1st. The sum re-

turned must, of course, be what they rec'd in Hartford, as they were entitled to nothing there. May I ask if you or Anne are at home will call for this money, showing but retaining this receipt?

I see that Dr. Barstow's brother in North Carolina — with whom Camp and I boarded for a time at "Mary Ann's" died at about the same time he died, and almost as suddenly.

I intended to write more but find the mail is about closing. Tom is no longer near me. You hear from him oftener than I do. You can find our location on any newspaper map of this region. We are at Deep Bottom, nearly opposite Jones' Landing. The weather is now so cool that we are as comfortable in the shade as we should be on the tin-roof of a cracker bakery at noon day in July anywhere in Southern New England. Quite an improvement on last week when our finger nails almost crisped if we stepped out of our tents with no gloves, and the perspiration which stood on us so freely fairly simmered before it could evaporate. My health remains good. With love to all, I am

Your affectionate son

Henry —

P.S. I know nothing about army movements. Even reports from head-quarters are as unreliable as the most authentic N.Y. dailies. All I can say is, we are not yet thoroughly whipped out.

Yours H.

Deep Bottom, Va. July 6th 1864

Dear Father:

I heard from Alice last evening with dates of only the day previous. Letters from Wash^n or from Hartford seem to come more quickly than mine go towards those points. The delay in mails here is provoking. I cannot understand it.

Tom was before Petersburg when last I heard from him. You have doubtless kept better posted as to his movements the past three weeks than I have.

I am quite disturbed about that express box. When I sent home my baggage last April, I had no idea it would be so difficult to procure again what I might need. I looked forward to an active campaign of perhaps five or six weeks. My calculations were all at fault. I am now in sore need of clothing. My pants are a curious piece of pretty patch work. My coat

is a disgraceful mass of rags and pine-gum. Yet I can procure nothing from the North. I am now trying to have the box brought for me by the Christian Commission and hope I shall succeed in thus obtaining what I need.

But the price of clothing alarms me, and I wish to know if I cannot use some of the old garments I returned. There was a heavy beaver sack, which I had worn for eighteen months, which could be cleaned and bound at the cuffs, and made again serviceable. Perhaps Mother can find it and send it to the tailor or to a clothes cleaner according to this suggestion. A new velvet collar on it — silk velvet of course — will pay in giving it a neat and comely finish. If the box is not yet off, and Mr. Camp can get this coat in, I shall be very glad to have it come thus. Or if the coat does not weigh above four pounds, it can be sent at a

low rate by mail to "George Dikeman Co. D. 10th N.Y., Bermuda Hundred, Va." Woolen clothing, to the address of an enlisted man can be sent at the rate of two cents per ¼ lb, if less than 4 lbs in weight. If there is a pair of old pants that would answer at all to wear in such a campaign as this, I should like to have them thus mailed, to help me out in my emergency. I also need half a dozen pair, additional, of thin white socks from the lot I sent home. These can be sent by box or mail. I asked for my razor with the other things. Did I ask also for my shaving brush? If I did not, it is doubtless still in my dressing case, and I will thank any of you at home to see it is sent with the razor.

I give you a great deal of trouble, but this being separated from one's baggage in active campaigning brings many unsatisfied require-

ments, and I have been so accustomed to call freely upon the home loved ones, that I send to you about as often now as while Alice was with you.

My letters to Washington are, I presume forwarded to you, regularly.

With love to all, I am

Your affte son

Henry

July 6th

Hon. G. Trum[illegible]

Hartford

Ct.

July 6th.

1864

Deep Bottom Va, July 21st 1864.

Dear Father:

Henry Camp and I have sent by express a box of things to his father's address. It will probably be in Hartford soon after this comes to hand. It contains on my account that coat which Mr B. Smith made and which is a shocking misfit. Mr. C. is to return this to Smith. A package of old letters and of newspaper slips is to be left with you for preservation with my papers. A small Testament in a newspaper wrapper is one I took from the pocket of a dead rebel at the outer line of Drury's Bluff works before we buried him. A home letter is with it, stained with the poor fellow's life-blood. Both may be retained for the present. Thus with a small purse of bullets - as battle-field mementoes - including one of the explosives of which I have written

Alice as popping about our ears on the picket-line. The only articles needing attention from you, outside the house, are the telegraph relics which Mr. C. will leave with you, and the unexploded shell which he is to send to Hemingway and Stevens' for exhibition. The former - a glass insulator and two or three pieces of wire - were taken by me from the telegraph poles on the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike on the 7th of May when Gen Butler made his first advance to cut the railroad and telegraph lines. They may be objects of interest - if left at the Covenant or Bers office for a few days with a published statement of their character. You can do as you please with them. There are two styles of wire, as you will perceive. I should not like to lose them only to put them where they may be seen. The shell was thrown by a rebel battery, just back of Malvern Hill on the north bank of the James River, into the camp of the 10th C.V. on

the morning of July 16th. It passed just by our regimental head-quarters, while the field and staff were at breakfast, then went through three tents of the line, and lodged under a fourth. It capsized a coffee-pot belonging to Capt. White, tore great holes in the cook tent of Co. D. - Capt. Brewster's Co. - passed just above the bunk of Lt. Marshall - he being out on picket at the time, and was picked up from under the tent of Serg. Grinsell of Co. H. It being unexploded, the boys emptied it and turned it over to me. It is a well finished shell, being carefully turned in a lathe to prevent its injuring the gun. It is a 20 pounder Parrott shell, but was probably fired from a Blakeley (English) gun. The fragment of shell - which belongs to Mr. Camp - is a piece of a similar projectile fired at the same time and bursting so near our regimental head-quarters that this piece as it struck the ground barely cleared the head of one of our servants as he was bringing a cup of coffee from the cook tent to the breakfast table. I suppose that Remington and Stevens will be glad to have these articles on exhibition at their corner window for a few days. The Courant might notice

them by giving the substance of what I have written to you. You can, if you choose, talk the matter over with Mr. Camp and arrange it mutually. He will, I think, send them where you say, while you can have the newspaper notices inserted at the same time. Any other place than N. Stevens' which you prefer, please designate. All may be at one point, or part at one and the remainder at another, only in any case I want the safety of them assured. Perhaps James or ~~Mr. Marsh~~ will be kind enough to write a card to attach to the shell. If the shell is rusty it may be wiped over with an oiled rag to show its finish. It was bright when fired. Of course you understand it is now as harmless as any piece of iron.

I was sorry not to find my sermons in the express box, when at last that came. I asked for the bulk of the edition for distribution in the regiment where it belongs. I ought to have these with as little delay as possible at any cost. I suppose

the Express Co. now takes packages without hesitation to this portion of the army. May I trouble you to send all but say fifty of the unenveloped sermons of the last edition in a box by express as soon as possible? Perhaps you had better send first a package, by mail, large enough to cost $1.00 in postage, the others in a box. The new box may include the old sack coat and old pants, already written about, in case they are waiting transportation; also three or four pair of cotton socks from my stock of these; together with a few things from Mr. Camp's asked for by Henry. There need be no delay for the new sack in exchange for that just sent back. I want the sermons as soon as I can get them. I am sorry to trouble you about these things, but am in a strait. I suppose Mr. Barber will make the box for you, without your having anything more to do than to send the order to him. He also will nail it up when packed.

My letters to Alice have probably informed you of our change of camp and of the incoming, or expected advent, of the 19th corps. I finish this letter from our new

picket-line. My last dates from Alice are nine days old. I am hoping to hear to-night from her. She sent me recently a letter received from dear Mother, which I was very glad to see, also a letter from Miss Mather which I hope you all read at home. The enclosed slips will interest you. Those sound steamboats on which Gonsalves went so regularly as a passenger in olden time are now running as army transports. Of course there was nothing left for the Rev. M. J. G. but to secure a position in the army that he might keep up traveling as formerly.

The Rev. M. J. Gonzalves, chaplain in the United States Army, will preach in the Fiftieth street Presbyterian church (Rev. Dr. Bell's), between Broadway and Eighth avenue, at half-past ten A. M. and quarter to eight P. M. Subject of discourse—"Experiences in the Army."

Please inform me, by any one who writes, just what you have paid for any and every article sent to me or included in the present order. Some of these things, newspapers and postage and the like, are to be paid for from funds in my possession for the use of the regiment. The expense of others is borne by Henry Camp and myself jointly. It is important that I should know the cost of all and each.

With love to all the dear ones, I am

Your affte son Henry

Hon. G. Trumbull

Hartford

Ct.

July 21st 64

Deep Bottom, Va.
July 23d. 1864.

Dear Father:

I am so desirous of having that howl of mine, against the impudence claim of the stay-at-home able-bodies that they are entitled to credit for refusing to go themselves to the war, in some way to penetrate the public ear, that I write again on the subject, asking you to have the Courant publish it, if possible - with or without cenuring comments, and with or without my signature -: Or in case of the refusal of that paper to give it place, then to have it published in the Press - as from a private letter, or a special correspondent, anyway or anyhow;

and as a last resort to have it go to the Times. Whatever is thought of policy, I want to speak my mind on this matter, and am ready to stand or fall by the utterance.

Oh it is too bad! too bad!! Here are men falling by tens of thousands from lack of support. One quarter of all our own brigade have gone down since we moved from Gloucester Point. Other brigades have suffered yet more fearfully. The rest of us may all perish here, because of the refusal of our money-making, ease-loving fellows in Conn.t to come to our relief. Every new call for troops only sets our Yankee office holders on a new ciphering "stent", to prove the quota not more than filled by counting one old soldier over again, or a three years man for three one years men, or a substitute ten times purchased, for ten "volunteers"; or it necessitates a

new vote of money or a new plan of getting foreign recruits. It stirs never a man of the thousands who should go, to the work to which they are summoned by the cry of their perishing ~~[illegible]~~ brethren. And yet they boast of their patriotism, and ask to be honored above the soldier.

Let me, while I am yet alive, cry out against this, and even those whose peace is disturbed may denounce me for my plainness of speech, I shall have my record right for coming generations. Do not, please, let that article fail, in some form, to appear.

The paper of the 20th gave my letter as to the recent work of our regiment, with some provoking errors. I send a copy corrected, which please return. That substitution of "veterans" for "volunteers" touched a tender spot with the boys of our regt. It may

give me trouble.

All well. I write in haste.

Love to the dear ones.

Your aff.te son

Henry

Hon. G. Trumbull
Hartford
Ct.

BLOOMSBURG PA
JUL 28

Bndy 20th 1864

P.S. Haven't I a pair of woolen gloves in my trunk. If so I would like them (Saturday aft.)
all well. No attack. No prospect of one. Henry

Deep Bottom, Va.
Friday P.M. July 29th 1864

My very dear Mother:

It is always a real treat to have one of your precious letters. Alice sends me those you write to her, and now I am in receipt of another to myself under date of 25th inst.

The sack coat came safely. It looks better than I anticipated. I shall find it most serviceable. Thin clothing is of little use in such a campaign as this. During the warm days we seldom put on a coat. In the evening heavy cloth is none too warm. You know we cling to woolen shirts throughout the year. I am now better dressed than for months previous.

The sermons are, I suppose,

ere this on their way. The sacks, and perhaps other things ordered, may be with them.

I was indeed surprised to learn of Mings's appearance at Hartford. He is an efficient and faithful fellow for one of his class. He will do capitally at the Allegn House if he gets in there. Don't spoil him by putting him under the same roof with you. You have probably read before now my description of his successors in our service. I know you will be interested in them.

Tom has, I see, taken a lift. I am glad he is doing so well. I heard from him yesterday through Capt. Robins his old Quarter-master, who was over here with the 2d corps and called at our tent.

Thank you for speaking so approvingly of Henry Camp and myself as letter writers. We try to do

the fair thing by you all at home. It is pleasant to know that both families read the letters of both. Henry sends warmest love to you and is grateful for your affectionate words of him. We are not usually up late at writing. Rarely do we prepare a letter by candle light. This evening is an exception. We think a morning attack is more than probable and are finishing up some items of work and correspondence. We have been unusually pressed for the past ten days. My letters to Alice will give all the details. Only nine wounded, and none of them seriously, is a very small list for such service as we have been called to. God has preserved us wonderfully. May He still spare and protect us! Above all, may we trust Him ever, and thus be blessed in living or dying!

I am glad to hear so good a report from Annie; also that Mary is enjoying herself. I see notices of Gordon's pictures. Is he busy painting now? I wish he would come down here and make some sketches. It is a fine country. The James is a beautiful river.

You are a constantly imperilled community. I do not wonder the burglars alarm you. I should be more afraid of them myself than I am of Johnny Reb. But is there any trouble since Rose and Alice obtained their wonderful tailless dog? I should suppose the Hill was now as well guarded as the National Capital.

With love to all, I am

Your truly affectionate son

Harry

Hon. G. Trum

(for Mrs. Trumbull)

Hartford

Conn.

From Henry August
1st - 64 -