

Camp 10th C.N. Deep Bottom, Va.

Thurs. P.M. Aug. 25th 1862.

Dear Mother:

I know you are anxious for your boys, all the time. Every line from us is, so far, a comfort to you.

Were I not so pressed I should write often direct to you, as well as send my usual letters to Alice. But I am crowded up in correspondence. Ten letters are before me, already prepared for to-day's mail. I wish I had time for as many more before night.

Never before have I known so hard a time as since a week ago last Sabbath. Thirteen of our officers and ^{men} are already dead, and upwards of sixty more are wounded. Fully a quarter of our whole brigade went down. The brigade lost nearly one third of the whole ^{of the campaign} loss, yet it is scarcely named

in the N. Y. papers. By my letters to Alice you will learn something of what we did and suffered. It rained, I think, every day of the move. I was sick when we started; but I came back comparatively strong. God preserved us wonderfully. Oh how grateful I am that Henry Camp is safe, and that I have been spared. Our escapes were many and narrow. But we were unharmed.

We are now about moving again, but I think not to immediate battle. We go with camp equipage - probably to Petersburg. I may again be close by Tom. That will be pleasant.

I write now occasionally for the Springfield Republican. Henry Camp has pressed me constantly to write out incidents for the press. I am inclined to send, now and then, a free and easy letter to where it will be

seen by more - and printed better -
than in the Courant.

Every word from you is precious.
Alice sent me a letter from you
which reached me on the battle-
field. I was most grateful for it.

I am now quite well and
strong again. Do not be anxious for
me. Henry Camp is a strong-armed,
faithful friend. He does for me all
that man can do. God cares for us
both. With love from both Henrys, believe
me

Your affectionate son

Henry

Dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the
and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.
I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. H. [Name]

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Your obedient servant,
J. H. [Name]

In the Petersburg Trenches.

Monday, Aug. 30th 1864.

My very dear Father:

After toilsome marches and tedious watchings, with much of fighting and exposure, for two weeks and more, our shattered regiment finds itself in this much talked of field of strife, contented even in the midst of peril because of the comparative rest which is secured to us here. All through last night, artillery and musketry fire was continuous about us. Bullets whistled past us and fragments of shell struck near us, if we moved from our close bomb. proof quarters; and the roar and the rattle which sounded in our ears would have delighted a 4th of July Committee for all the cities of the Union. Yet we slept on undisturbed. There were narrow escapes to many, but they were escapes, and as long as a man was unhurt he had no thought of troubling himself about possibilities. After the experiences of Morris Island, our boys are in no way disturbed

by the milder demonstrations of the rebels at Petersburg. We should be glad to know we were to remain here in the trenches for the next three months rather than to run the risk of such campaigns as we were called to, week before last. My letters to Alice have doubtless given you a sketch of that move of peril and toil, before this reaches you. God has preserved me wonderfully, and has kept unharmed the friend by my side whom I love so well. He can still protect us. We give Him thanks, and trust Him fully.

Tom came to our camp on Sabbath afternoon. We were then at a point nearer the Appomattox - just where Gen. Steadman met his death. I was delighted to see him. He never appeared better. I had more respect for him than ever before. He is a striking illustration of the elevating influence of active service. Just when I deemed him faulty before this campaign commenced, he now shows himself to great advantage. We may well be proud of him and thank God for what he is and does.

Tom showed me a recent letter from you. I read it with deepest interest and feeling. I was glad of the privilege of its perusal. It is rarely that I see

your loved hand-writing, now a days. I do not expect it, yet when such a letter as this does come, I rejoice in my share of it, and wish to thank you for its precious assurances, knowing that I may claim their full benefit as well as your other son at the front. Dear father, I know how it is with you and dear mother. Your burden of anxiety is heavier than any which can weigh upon those in the field. To you, there is no rest from active campaigning, no bomb-proof from flying missiles of doubt and fear for the absent loved ones. Your tour of duty is continuous. Your vigilance as a picket of observation on the mail line exceeds anything in the work of boys of the Conn. 1st or 10th. Telegrams from Virginia give you wounds slight or severe, far oftener than do flying shell or bullets the soldiers of both these regiments. You, not Tom and myself, need sympathy. And from us you have it. We dare not think too much of home. But whenever our dear parents come to mind, we are disturbed for them, and we wish we could comfort them by assurance of our safety. We appreciate your affectionate anxiety for us, and understand how much you

endure in our behalf. Whatever there is of efficiency
in either of us, we owe - under God - to our dear father
and our dear mother. Our hearts swell with
gratitude to them whenever our thoughts turn toward
them. Lovingly, patiently, judiciously, you watched over
and trained us during all the years of our
earlier age, and your example, your counsel,
your prayers, have been richly blessed to us. In all
that we fall short of the right, you are in
no degree responsible. Your words of wisdom
as to the practical, every day matters of life
have given me any success I have had in
reaching the hearts of my fellows, in influencing
others through a correct view of human nature.
I am - as I trust - true now to my country
because - by your instructions - I am neither a
copperhead nor a negro-worshipper, opposing neither
the government nor the nation, ready to die in defence
of lawful authority, but not willing to risk defeat
and utter ruin, to carry out peculiar views as to the
superiority of the sons of Ham.

I am usually content with narrative letters

to those I love best. I do not trust myself to talk of feelings or even to express opinions. I have a work in the present, calling for all my energies and to the performance of that I must limit myself, except as I tell about it. But the reading of your letter opened the fountain of filial affection, and I could not let the occasion go by without saying words of love and gratitude which were seeking expression as I thought of you and dear mother in the quiet endurance of home suffering for absent boys.

I know you will be glad that Tom and myself are again near each other. We shall now hear from home oftener than if separated, and we can perhaps be of mutual service in time of need. Trust God to care for us both, dear father. And oh may those at home and those in the war draw so near to Him, pray to Him so earnestly, serve Him so acceptably and rely so firmly on His grace, in Christ, that we all be united on earth in spirit, and reassembled in His eternal presence. With love to all at home, believe me

Your affectionate son Henry

(See over)

P.S. (Wednesday P.m.) I merely write a line to give you one day's later news from me. We were relieved from picket this morning at 3 o'clock. We are in our new camp about half a mile back from our position of yesterday - not yet out of shelling range. We have tents pitched with bomb proofs close at hand to crawl into when the shells are flying thickest.

Our express box with sermons and shirts came this morning. We are glad to receive all the enclosures.

I am writing now regularly to the Springfield Republican. I shall henceforth give some descriptions there which I should otherwise write to Alice. I send to day a sketch of the Petersburg field. I shall be glad if you at home see the letters in that paper. The weekly will doubtless contain them all. They are to be less of the recurrent than of topics of general interest. Your keen eye will discover them as they appear and you can procure single copies at the news office if you do not take the weekly.

Yours affectionately
Henry -

Hartford Dec. 20th / 41.

My dear Son;

I think your box will be forwarded to day - they have been waiting for the Eclipse a long time I think - I sent up to Mr. Camp for yesterday - and found they had already sent their package by express.

Annie left for Stonington last Friday - I received a letter from her yesterday - I am with her at Mistick - they received her very kindly, and she thinks she shall enjoy her visit. I am expecting his brother Charles, from California, to spend the Sabbath with him. I have received a letter from Mary - Will. was quite sick when she wrote - a severe sick headache I think. Mary

has not seen Alice since you were
with her there - May's sickness
has prevented Alice's going to
the City with the children -

I had a note from Alice on
Saturday accompanying your
letters - May was playing
about again - poor Alice - she
must have been very anxious
about her - I fear she will not
recruit very rapidly, she has so
much anxiety.

I am sorry to hear of your
being sick again - but it is a
much greater wonder, to hear
that you are able to keep about
at all - with so much to distress,
and so few comforts about you.
O if you could only come home
for this winter, and get recruited
a little - even if you felt it
your duty to return to the
army in the Spring, I should

be so glad. Could you not serve
your Masters cause here as well
as there. Your work is enough
to break any one down - you do
so much more than any human
being can bear. You know it is a
duty to take care of your health
and to endeavour to preserve your
life, and there are those to whom
your life is as precious, as was your
Friends to you -

Wed. & A.M. I was interrupted in
my writing yesterday, by a visit from
Sarah & James. The box went
by the Express train last evening.

W. Smith says he has forgotten
what he charged you for the
Coat when he made it - but the pres-
ent price would be forty five dollars,
he would not make one for less.

Unnie has received a polite invi-
tation from Ed. Gallaudet. to visit
them in Washington this winter, &

wrote to Rose Terry inviting her to
come with Annie. I don't know
how Annie will feel disposed, about
it. Mary Prime - writes us if she
~~was~~ feeling very sadly, about our
national affairs - but she derives some
comfort in "knowing that those who
don't agree with her, will live to be
sorry for it." We had a letter from
Tom, yesterday mailed 18th he says
"I hope to be home in Jan. unless the
winter moves again - but since the
weather has been so cold, I have been
too lame, to be of much service here."

Dr. Hawes called here a few days
since - and asked me to remember him
to you when I wrote & I never met him
but he makes the same request.

Mother received her Christmas letter
and Gloves for us both, from Uncle James
Hammond last evening. she joins
me in much love to you. -

from your affectionate

Mother - Sally A. Turnbull

Dec. 20. 1864

Before Richmond. Dec. 29th. 1864.

Dear Mother.

Your letters are always precious, ever a treasure to an absent child. I am grateful for your loving words of 20th. inst. Do not be anxious about me. I am now quite well and strong, and I shall try to take care of myself.

That box will not be likely to reach me until the last of next week as our express matter for the 34th. Corps has just come from Ft. Monroe and will not be brought again at once. And now do you know I want another box? Do not think me childish or unsystematic. On taking actively hold of the memoir of dear Henry Camp I find I need to refer often to my own home letters. Much that I wrote of him is not fresh in my mind, and some of it I could not write again with the same freedom I then used. Coming to

need these sooner than I anticipated - indeed I not think of requiring them at all, but I am sooner at my memoir than I looked to be - I have written to Alice to send them to me. She knows where they are. Possibly she has them, if so she will send them directly from New York; if they are at home she will write about them and you will be burdened to pack them off. In case you send them, you can include anything else I have asked for since the other box was forwarded, and perhaps the Testaments at Moser's had better come at the same time. The Camps will also have some letters and papers to add. The package of which Alice writes - if indeed she writes at all - I shall be glad of right speedily.

The preparation of the memoir is a blessing to me. I try the harder to take care of myself, and it is such a comfort to be doing something for dear Henry's memory. I hope the work will be well done. I have written to Annie for advice about publishing it. Some time must yet elapse ere

it is ready for press.

Of course I could not go North this winter unless by resigning my position. When I see my way clear to leave this work, I shall be too glad to be at home again. Meantime I am grateful that I am so well cared for in God's Providence, and that I have so pleasant a work in my loneliness.

Thanks for Dr. Bawes' kind remembrance. Please give my affectionate regards to him when next you meet him. I love to hear about James Hammond. Is he not a wonder? I send you a printed slip by way of letter to Annie at Stonington. You can return it to me when read.

Please let me know what you pay on any of the express boxes, that I may remit it to you. With love to all, I am

Yr affectionate Son

H. C. Crumhull

P.S. In the little room over the front door are my printed sermons. You know there are three kinds

of these. The first was preached to the Veterans at St. Augustine. May I trouble you to send me two copies of that in the wrappers enclosed?

I really wish Gordon could visit the front here and see our camps by fire-light and our picturesque cabins by day. He could find subjects enough for his pencil.

Yours
Young



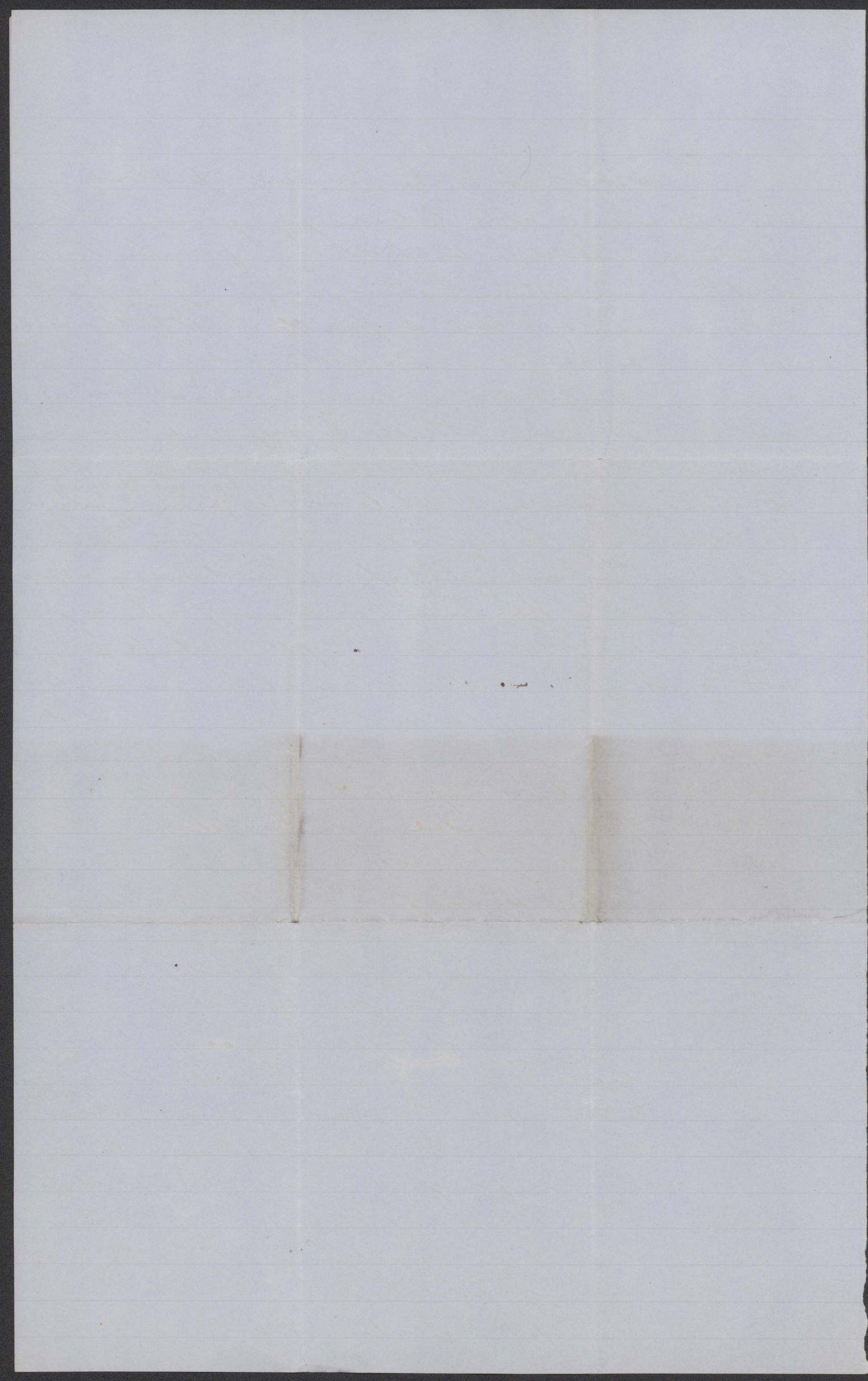
Mrs. G. ~ ~ ~
Hartford
Ct.

Jan. 1st '65

For what is the Courant publishing the names of able bodied young men who obtain ~~substitutes~~ substitutes to shield them from the draft? Is it to disgrace them in the eyes of an intelligent, patriotic community? Or, is it possible that public sentiment is so vitiated at the North that such shrinking from manifest duty is deemed specially praiseworthy? What! Shall a professed Christian receive commendation for hiring a proxy to keep the Sabbath for him while he goes ^{on a special hunt?} ~~to the fairer~~? Shall that son be honored as more than dutiful who sends a hireling to fish out his drowning father that he may ^{go on with} ~~play out~~ his game of high-low-jacks? Is he ~~more~~ a man above his fellows who bargains with another to do battle for him at his nursery door against the midnight ruffian, and then sits down composedly to his game supper in the dining-room, while the shrieks of imperiled wife and affrighted little ones fall unheeded on his besotted ears? Away with such a theory! Out on such a standard!

This season of war is the blessed nation's sacred, holy day. The government - of more than parental claim and forcefulness - is struggling in agony for life, this hour. Our country - home of all we love on earth - is assailed by fiercest foes. The cry of its ^{bleeding} children ^{waits through} ~~is waiking through~~ the burdened air. There is bitter, pressing need of every stout and willing arm. Even yet there is danger - positive and fearful - that all will be forever lost from lack of men. None are exempt from ^{the} duty of helping to the utmost in this struggle for existence.

Of a noble hearted woman, or a



brave old man, or a mere child, of wealthy
parentage, or a helpless invalid, or a ^{wounded} returned
soldier, or any other exempt, sends a substitute
to fill the place that she or he - would fain be
in, then give them praise, and let their deeds
be known. ^{Let the} ~~publish their~~ names, ^{of such to be published and let} and ~~ask~~ others
^{be asked} to do as well. But when he who ^{himself} can for -
the young lawyer, or student, or bank-clerk,
or merchant, or mechanic, or gentleman of leisure,
able-bodied, of proper years, and not shut out
by being a common drunkard or imbecile - offers
to hire another and skulk himself, let him
be denounced and held up to shame. ^{Let} ~~publish~~
his name ^{indeed to be published} ~~from~~ ^{only} with black
lines ~~about~~ of disgrace around it, that he
may in coming years be laughed by posterity as
he ^{is} now, ~~as~~ by the soldier.

Henry on Substitutes

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