

Paris Rue Fontaine 44.  
St. George

My dear Jack.

I write you a few lines from Paladille where we are waiting for 12 to strike, the time we are going to the Mask Ball. I have been to Versailles today and have seen the splendid pictures by Horace Vernet, they are magnificent, and I we can ever paint together pictures of that sort I think ambition would <sup>not</sup> have a higher pitch.

Paladille sends you a photograph he promised you it is the head of the Emperor, I direct my letter to Proulx to ensure its not being open

Give my best regards  
to that prince of good fellows  
and also to Barrie if he  
is still with you, I hope  
to see him in Paris, but  
have not yet been to see  
his father. I write

in a hurry as you see  
dont neglect to write

Best regards to all my  
friends. Tell ~~me~~ Poulant  
that his family has been  
more than kind to me  
here

Yours

CMT

Please hand to Mrs W. Person  
this note & enclose for her

I try to disguise  
my former writings  
if Mother or any  
not open it.

Paris Hotel de Silex et d'Albin

Sunday Evening  
August 28<sup>th</sup> 1850

My dear Father

Don't think hard of me, were  
you in my place, you could not help feeling  
as I do. How dare I tell you? I start  
tomorrow for America, it would be useless  
now to tell you how long I have ~~struggled~~  
against my own feelings, and how much  
the effort has cost me. I feel that I  
am acting the part of an undutiful son  
towards the best of fathers, and that  
forfeiting the trust put in me. <sup>Oh my,</sup>  
I feel like a ~~the~~ thief <sup>stealing off with your</sup> if you  
<sup>money</sup> forgive me <sup>Oh</sup>  
God. But stop, I must express what  
I feel at this moment.

I have acted a deceitful part  
to those who placed the most confidence  
in me. But father, remember, before  
you condemn me, I tell <sup>you</sup> I thought at  
the time you advised me against going,

that I  
could not give it up. I pray God for  
your forgiveness and blessing. And  
my mother, my dear mother, how can  
I think of her, make this news, as  
well as you can to her, <sup>and</sup> tell her  
to remember me in her prayers, though  
I feel I am unworthy of them. When  
I think of you all, it almost sends me  
mad, could I but get a line from you  
before I left, I might feel different.

When I think of what you have undergone  
for me, and how I am repaying that  
love, I feel ~~not~~ wretched, more wretched  
than I have ever felt before.

Be assured my dear father this is  
no mad freak, <sup>of mind</sup> but a long thought  
over plan. I have seen ~~some~~  
Southerners here and they tell  
me I can get to Virginia, by a different  
route than I had thought <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ when  
in Rome. ~~I had intended~~ <sup>in two or three</sup> two weeks  
from now I hope to be serving my  
country and may I not say family?  
~~Never was I so~~ I shall go straight  
through with a brother gentleman, friend of  
the Broadwoods, <sup>I have</sup> as much money as I need

<sup>when</sup> I left Rome I had more than you  
know of. I shall enclose a letter  
to Jack in this, with regard to settling  
my account with Mr. Hooker. ~~of~~  
Now I wish I could have left  
Rome, with the feeling that what I  
had was not borrowed money but  
earned especially for my country.

I cannot and will not turn  
back now I am off. But ~~see~~  
and I ~~do~~ know you could not wish  
it. But I shall always have your  
example of before me, a pattern of  
what a man should be, and trust  
in God that you may never have  
to blush for your son. When this  
reaches you I shall be out at sea,  
and with your blessing I feel I would  
brave any thing. I have all <sup>of</sup> your  
photographs and only death can part me  
from them. Don't think I am ~~hard~~  
secreted, or reckless of the future to  
which I look forward with as strong  
a hope as boy ever felt. When  
I shall see you all again, and talk  
over the issue of this ~~journey~~.

I shall keep a journal all the time  
I am away, and we shall read it  
together. I must ~~stop~~ now and continue  
this letter tomorrow as, I may have  
more to tell you, and feel I could  
write no more at present.

Monday Morning I have  
but a few minutes to bid you  
good bye, My dear Father and  
Mother I start in a few moments.

I have drawn ~~to the amount of~~  
the 1000 francs and on Monday  
sailed my place to New York  
and got all I needed for  
the journey in Paris.

I shall write from  
where I shall ~~now~~ next stop,  
I am going vite ahead, so  
don't try to stop my me <sup>in</sup>  
the route, it will be worse for  
me if you do. Tell dear Mary  
I have often thought of her in Paris  
and wished I had money enough  
to get her what she most desired.  
So good bye, good Bye your affectionate  
Cousin

Liverpool 28<sup>th</sup>  
August/61



My dear Mother and Father

~~I~~ began as you see to write  
to Mother but ~~found~~, as I have found,  
and always shall find, that I had  
no time. I start in a few minutes  
~~we sail~~ <sup>must be on board</sup> at 10 and I have but little  
time left to get there. I was going  
in the "City of Baltimore," but she is  
undergoing repairs and the "City of Manchester"  
sails instead, I <sup>have</sup> found no difficulty so  
far but have got on as well as I  
could expect, ~~reaching~~ New York  
I shall just ~~go~~ <sup>go</sup> for Kentucky  
and thence ~~into Virginia~~, how I  
wish I could hear from you, but  
of what use thinking I ~~ever~~ <sup>can</sup> make  
it better, I shall continue writing  
from every place I stop at,



for I know how anxious you  
 are about me, it breaks my  
 heart to think of ~~it~~ but  
 I must clear up this will  
 never do. I have taken the  
 responsibility and on me shall  
 fall all pain. How often have  
 I thought of you all since I  
 left "dear old Bonne" as Mary  
 used to say in her letter, give  
 my love to her and I tell  
 when I return we shall  
 have me ~~all~~ together.

Tell Jack he will find it  
 more difficult if he tries to  
 slip off <sup>as I desire</sup> for ~~prevented~~ for armed  
 I have the start of him, and  
 beg him to remain with you,

1851

I feel I am doing my  
duty to the Country I own as  
my own, and am proud of it,  
~~but from and hope to~~  
and feel to I have your blessing,  
to, with which I dare death  
itself

Goodbye Goodbye to  
All Goodbye

I see you waving your hand  
perhaps and wishing me a  
"bon viaggio and felice ritorno"

Your affectionate  
son Cooney.

P.S.

I have cabins and some one  
to talk with all the way over and  
with plenty of cigars I think I  
can do

St Bear up Bear up dear  
Father and Mother, if you  
despout what can be hoped  
of me, I



Rome 138 Via del Babuino.

Aug. 31. 1861.

My dear Henry,

It is hardly worth while  
to tell you how well pleased we were to receive  
your letter of 24<sup>th</sup> - telling us that you had  
reached Paris well and safely. We are on  
the look out for your next, to tell us more  
of how you are getting on - It is strange you  
should have stumbled upon the same hotel  
that I stopped at the first time I ever slept  
in Paris - just thirty three years ago - We are  
all well - I am has got right again - and  
is today out on the campaign - yesterday  
we and Owen and Watty went <sup>out</sup> together -  
— You must not take the business of sight-  
seeing in Paris too earnestly - or you may lose  
time and ground, by getting yourself knosed  
up - The weather continues here very pleasant  
- as yet we have had no rains -

You hear the news from America comes  
thru me do - A sad misfortune has befallen our  
friend W Conrad - I give you the extract from the Jour-  
nal of Commerce - taken from a Maryland paper -

"Holmes Conrad Esq. of Martinsburg, a prominent lawyer

and a firm Union man, had two promising sons -  
aged about 22 & 19. - One we believe following the  
profession of his father - and the younger a student  
of theology - Both belonged to Captain Nadenbrook's  
company, composed of about one hundred of the most  
active young men in Berkeley County - The two  
young Conrads, like all of their companions, volun-  
teered for the war, against the consent, and urgent  
protest of their father, who told them that they  
could not expect to enter his house again, if they  
disobeyed his orders. But feeling that they were  
in honor bound to follow the fortunes of their com-  
mander, they enlisted for the campaign - At the  
recent battle of Bull Run, Capt. Nadenbrook's  
company was put in the front line - where they  
fought with great bravery until relieved - When  
the roar of the cannon ceased, and the  
strife ceased to go on, the two brothers, the Conrads,  
were found dead, locked in each other's arms in  
brace. Together with three more, of the same com-  
pany who were also killed, their bodies were  
brought to Martinsburg - and buried at the  
solemn hour of midnight, the moon shining  
beautifully - Their hearth a fond father  
house been made desolate, and two bright  
young men, upon whom all his cherished

hopes were centered been hurried into eternity  
— The sadly depressing effect their melancholy  
intelligence of our dearest friends — has had upon  
us you can well imagine — On which side  
their poor boys were sacrificed — I cannot gather  
from the paragraph — Any way it is terrible  
to contemplate — more terrible to the living  
than the dead — The lives and happiness of a  
whole family forever blighted — by the unfor-  
tunate yielding of these ill-fated young men  
to the impulse of bad passions and mistaken  
sense of honor — and against the councils and  
commands of a father — one of the best and  
purest characters that ever blessed the earth —  
— and more than that — one whose sense and appre-  
ciation of true honor are higher than any man  
I ever knew — It shakes my faith in the cause  
of secession — to know that Polk's <sup>son</sup> opposes it —  
— and at this distance, unable as we are, to judge right  
of the merits of the cause of either side — I would rest  
my own hopes upon his judgment — than all the  
politicians in the country. — Let us be thankful  
to God, that we are not of the whirlpool of these  
evil impulses and frenzied passions — and e-  
qually it is our duty to ourselves to avoid contact  
with them even here — The fatal quarrel that  
rages in America — is none of ours in truth, either

by investigation or aggravation - neither side has  
any just claims upon even our sympathy -  
and whatever may be its natural tendency - we  
know not against whom, among our dearest and  
best friends, we may array our opinions - as we  
might be forced to do in actual strife - had we  
the misfortune to be in its midst - Let us therefore  
patiently and hopefully abide the result - that  
might soon bring an end to this unholy and  
unnatural contest - and whatever injury we  
~~may~~ ~~have~~ to our personal interests we may  
have to endure - endure it with many confidence  
in ourselves, and trust in God - It is, therefore,  
that I would renew my urgent advice to you  
carefully to ~~abstain~~ abstain from all agitation of the  
matter with any one - Whoever presses you  
to it - avoid them - no matter who they are -  
Depend upon it they can be no true friend who  
would do it - With you it is of more importance  
than with me - You have a life of ~~years~~ before  
you - with the tide of which, mine - for joy or  
sorrow - happiness or disappointment - for this little  
that is left to me, is now identified - In my  
opinion our course is plain - We have nothing  
left to look to in America at present - or any  
where else, that I can see, but here - at all events  
while this appalling contest rages in America -

- You will have opportunities of discovering more  
clearly your deficiencies - and receiving new and  
healthful impulses in your studies during your  
present excursion - of which I am sure you will  
rightly prize - Come what may, I think we  
can sustain ourselves through the coming winter,  
- and if we can keep afloat this season - and  
make our way in Rome - we can do it anytime  
- My advice to you, therefore, would be, as soon  
as you are satisfied with your observation of  
Paris - and especially, when you have seen all  
you can of art there - to start upon your route  
Rome-ward - and to take your time by the  
way - two or three days in Turin - as many  
in Genoa and Florence you will not regret  
- and when you reach Florence I think it  
would be greatly to your advantage to take  
the land route by Perugia, by Viterbino -  
It will delay you a little, but still bring you  
in time for the life school, which I am sure  
you will feel more than ever on your return  
the importance of - A steady writer's work  
and study - which you can command here, I  
know, to greater advantages than any place  
in the world - with less in expenses, ~~of~~ which  
I do not mention, even in the face of present ~~pros-~~  
pects - If you or we can raise the ~~one~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~

season you could spend to advantage, in  
Switzerland or some where else—

— Every thing goes on precisely as it did when  
you left— We are all well— Terry W. & Maria  
and Mrs. Hooker are expected tomorrow. They  
have taken a villa in the Via S. Paolo at Albano  
for the rest of the season. Mr. Thompson was  
in from Tivoli yesterday on his way to L'Aquila  
for two or three weeks, or until the season clears  
up— His letters give deplorable accounts of  
the trouble among the artists in Ancona—  
— they are utterly without notice or employment  
at present— I have received no letters from them  
since you left— I had one from Mr. Hale the  
other day— I hope to get his pictures off shortly,  
when I will write to him to remit you the  
balance he owes to you at Paris— I need  
not tell you, my dear Conny, to take care  
of your frames, because I know you will  
go to no unnecessary expense— But you  
must not restrict your comfort in any  
respect— Be careful not to overdo yourself  
and take care of your health— All  
I write in love and affectionate remembrance  
wearies you more than I can say—  
As ever y<sup>r</sup> affectionate father

Mother will write next week—

Friday December 27<sup>th</sup> 1861

I remember the letters I received to go to the mountains  
are. We are still at ease, in a manner of speaking, and my  
papers, as usual, are there, with the exception of  
one or two books that I have placed on the company,  
and by me over a barrel out of flow of whiskey in camp.  
In the evening of houses, all was quiet, and our  
shadows were cast to clearly heard all over  
the camp, as he proceeded to the assembly tables.  
It was a beautiful scene, and I was surprised that  
we were able, when you speak of the pictures of  
mountain and river, their tents in the light of the setting  
sun, officers and soldiers, young and old, standing  
by each other, with the many of expressions on their  
faces, some more or less affected by the season. It  
was indeed, more of the of the camp, in the  
middle of the harvesting than any thing else  
could be said.

The season was, the season, sounded for the  
and we went through the usual shelter orders. Present  
again but we had as usual the best of the  
In the evening we had a few more, and I  
was that night I could not sleep, for the soldiers  
and myself.

My dear Sister.

Remember me to all who enquire about me,  
and tell Mr. Cousin, that her brother made himself so  
scarse when I was at Santa Fe, that I had not the  
time to bid him goodbye.

I will send you in Camp. Number 4. I will send you  
my photographs soon as  
I get a chance to have them printed. December 26<sup>th</sup> 1861  
My best love to you all  
Your affectionate  
Cousin

My dear Mother

We are encamped near the road on the same  
ground we were two days ago, we got here late last night after  
a forced march of four hours without a minutes rest. The day  
before we had marched from sunrise to sunset, expecting  
to get in a fight. To day we still are unwilling to  
move on again to some other point for the hour, but we  
be returning, there we will depend on the mountains, but only  
harmless, although we are now on the war.

The happy times you are all having, that I wish I could  
I wish I could be there to enjoy, for a few days, but  
but it will not be long before I will be with you  
again during my duty here in the country, I have left  
a home to fight for.

Tramping over frozen ground, through  
mud sometimes knee deep, on a road at times impassable  
except at single file, with a heavy pack on my  
my shoulder back and on my feet for a night  
rest but in a frozen tent to sleep in with a couple of

for a pillow after the difficult task of bundling a fire  
in the rain, to cook a little supper here and there in the  
morning to be woken up by "cassille" at three or four o'clock  
to be ready to start off again at sunrise. Such is my  
life here and such do I cheerfully bear, without ever  
regretting what I have done, knowing it is <sup>my</sup> duty  
that I am doing. The only thing that really gives  
me pain is that of not hearing from you all, and  
the anxiety I feel on your account.

What is the reason I never hear from you,  
did I flatter myself too much, when I thought I would  
be missed at home, or have none of my letters <sup>ever</sup> reach you  
and you know not where I am? I expect the world  
will blame me for leaving as I did, but under the  
circumstances I am satisfied I did right, I feel I did  
as well would do again, for my country, were the in-  
surance. I fear, my dear Mother, you are more anxious  
about me than is necessary; I know I don't deserve it  
but still I can't help thinking that you all feel towards  
me the same as I do.

Two or three Christ-masses may get past before  
I see you all again, but stop, more that God knows  
whether I will be ordered to see Congress, for a

3  
soldier's life is an uncertain one. Today we are strong  
and well and to-morrow we may "bite the dust". I  
rarely indulge in such thoughts, for I feel the time  
is not far distant when I shall see my home again.  
Today is a gloomy dark day and my thoughts run  
unconsciously that way, for I have the blues of the  
warrior kind and feel five years older than I did  
when I left home.

This is the second march I have been on, since  
I was sworn in the militia, and I stand it better than  
I ever expected. Though ~~very~~ <sup>from</sup> each march  
has thinned our ranks, not any encounter with the enemy,  
but from sickness caused by exposure, I never have  
been sick a single day and never felt better in my  
life. The first march was to Rochester and back,  
a distance of all together of about a hundred miles,  
and this one is the second, on to Green River or  
whichever comes where next. I must now be off after noon  
before time for drill, for we keep up the drilling on  
a march, wherever we stop for a day, so I leave my  
letter for to be completed some other day.

Your affectionate Son  
Cooney.



Camp. Bowling Green: Kent: -

Wednesday 30. Oct: /61.

The other night, while lying in my tent, some one told me that the Colonel had a letter for me - I thought it was from home, and in the next moment stood hatless, and coatless, in the midst of a crowd of Officers - I crammed the letter in my hand, and ran to the first Camp-fire to look at the handwriting, to be assured that it did really come from home. You can imagine my disappointment, when I found that it came from New Orleans - Although it was a very kind letter, for a minute or two I could not read it - It was from that good kind old Captain . . . . who crossed in the city of Manchester, and travelled south as far as Hopkinsville with me. He spoke of having written to you about me, by a gentleman who has left for Europe, which made me feel more easy. He begged me to draw upon him for any amount I might need; but as I have wanted so little money thus far, and expect the eleven dollars, my regular pay will more than cover the little expences of tobacco, &c. | for I have not spent more than two or three dollars in the whole time that I have been here - I shall write to him today, and tell him that I have no wants that warrant my imposing upon his generosity.

Since I have been here I have written to Gen: -

and Mr. — — but have received no answer from either.

- I have not seen, since I have been in the Southern Confederacy a single person that I have ever met before - yet all are friendly to me, and I feel as much accustomed to the hardships of camp-life as any one who has been here so short a time as I have.

I will now try to give you an outline of the life we lead - This, however, is more for mother, who I am sure will have patience in reading over all the little details - or, perhaps, get Mary to read it for her.

At 5. in the morning we are roused by the roll-call - and all stand in double-file to answer to our names - Then the fires begin to blaze up in every direction, and some of us go to the spring for water, while others are cooking breakfast - Every thing has to be cleaned up by 7. when the drill in the "manual of arms" comes off. At half past 9. we have a skirmish drill, which takes until dinner time, - or no dinner time; for it often happens that the "little mice" make way with our rations, before we can get back from drill to cook. The blame is always put upon the "pigs" or "dogs" that cross the guard-line by day, or the neighbouring farmer's cows that do so by night - but in both instances the two legged animal is suspected - So we have often <sup>to</sup> fast until the hour to go to the Commissary comes, as is the case to day. Thus I have until 3 to write, when we have battalion-drill which takes until sundown with the dress-parade together. After that

we take our time about cooking supper, which over we sit around our fires, with our pipes in our mouth and our feet to the fire - and pass away the time telling long yarns and telling a good joke now and then to make up for a poor one that ~~perhaps~~ preceded it. At 9 we are cut short by the roll-call, and all turn in for the night; for five minutes after that, "taps" are sounded for all lights in camp to be out. All who miss roll-call, or drills, are either put on double guard duty, or sent to the fortifications on "fatigue duty" - Saturday is wash day - and Sunday we only have a dress parade and general review - On Sunday last our Regt won a silver cup, as the best drilled of four regiments, who were out for Genl. Hardie to review - after his "tactics" on all drills. Genl. A. P. Johnson, the Commander of this division was there. He is a fine military looking man (the Black Johnson) Genl. Buckner commands this brigade - Our Colonel has been promoted to the rank of Brig. General - also - and is no longer with us. We have, however, in his place a fine and accomplished officer, who was captain in the artillery comp<sup>d</sup> attached to our regiment - He got the most votes at the election, and will soon be in command. Leon is his name. - He was a graduate of West-Point and had seen active service - With such men at our head, I feel I am not boasting in saying that you will hear of our flag gallantly flying in Louisville before long, and, perhaps, farther north.

We are well armed and clothed, and fed equally well - We have Belgian rifles - our uniform is of good stuff - "rebel grey" with blue facings - We have plenty of coffee

although it is so expensive, and shall always have "Buckner says" "cost what it may." No ardent spirits are allowed in camp, or can a soldier buy a drink in town - Everything there is under martial-law.

Bowlinggreen is rather a pretty place - indeed I have seen it look lovely if a morning - the steeples shining in the sunlight with the frost, as I have witnessed at the spring and in consequence kept my companions waiting for water - It is about the size of Albano. The people are mostly Lincolnbites and civil enough to the soldiers although they cheat them out of all they can - I have only been there two or three times since I have been in camp, although we are but half a mile off.

The soldiers, by their good behaviour have won the esteem of many ~~Union men~~ in this country; who, when they first came, were strong Union men, although they will "confiscate" every now and then a cabbage or a sticken - one man went so far as to kill a pig, and when charged with having done so said "He wouldnt let no union man's pig bite him" - There is very little sickness in camp, and as for me, I never was better in my life - The first chance I get I will have my photograph taken that you may see for yourself.

The second Kent<sup>h</sup> Reg<sup>t</sup> arrived here thaday before yesterday - the 3<sup>rd</sup> is over and the 4<sup>th</sup> is also here - so we are all three encamped together. We have music at night and at all times; some of it, I must confess, could be easily surpassed by the band that used to play at Castello - as the negroes say - "there is but one brand, that is real

for the Lincolnites are said to be advancing - Where we are to spend our Christmas, God only knows - although we are now on the eve

The happy times you are all having this Christmas I wish I could be there to enjoy, for a few days, for I know it would not be long before I would wish myself back again, doing my duty towards the country I have left a home to fight for.

Tramping over the frozen ground or plashing through mud sometimes knee-deep, on a road at times impassible except in single file, with a heavy knapsack on my back and no prospect of a night's rest but in a frozen tent - to sleep with a cartridge box for a pillow, after the difficult task of kindling a fire in the rain to cook a little supper: - and then in the morning to be awaked by "reveille" at three or four o'clock, to be ready to start off by sunrise - Such is my life here - and such do I cheerfully bear without ever regretting what I have done, knowing that it is my duty that I am doing. The only thing that gives me real pain - is not hearing from you all, and the anxiety I feel on your account.

What is the reason that I never hear from you - Did I flatter myself too much, when I thought that I would be missed at home, or have none of my letters ever reached you - and you know not where I am? -

oil from the cane - all the rest are dregs" Kentuckians  
make fine soldiers and I would as lief fight with them as  
with any soldiers I ever saw. Tell Jack, that if he has any  
idea of coming over, to give it up and stay where he is, for the  
South has more men than she has arms for - and she has no  
small number of those either - One of us is enough, and the  
one that can be of most service at home ought to remain.  
- I am obliged to cross these lines although I know how you  
dislike to see it done - This is my only sheet of paper left, and  
as I must write all I can, Jack will I have no doubt make  
it out - It is a letter for you also - for it may be long, before  
I will be able to write again, as we are expecting to march  
in a day or two.

It seems strange that here I am, the same <sup>Coony</sup> as of old,  
in my tent sitting in straw and writing in an old box

(written in pencil.)

Guard House 30. Oct: -

- With a soldier how things change - While I was  
writing - I was ordered on ten minutes' notice to be at the  
Adjutants' office, with rations for twenty four hours - and here  
I am on the porch of the guardhouse. I am on the third  
relief and so have four hours before going on guard

The view from here is beautiful, and I am enjoying the  
landscape, and a pipe at the same time - But here comes  
the guards, with a prisoner, who has come down to take  
a little air for a few minutes - I can't get this letter off,  
as I expected, by this evening any how "I reckon" as they say  
down south.

Thursday Morn: 31<sup>st</sup> Oct:

My dear Mother. — This morning is one of those delightful October ones we have in Rome — Every thing is quiet, and but for the military preparations going on around, one would imagine all the world at peace. Last night I was on guard a good part of the night, and the rest I passed asleep on a soft plank in the guard-house. We sleep every two hours and are on guard the rest of the time, although the rule is four hours' sleep to two on guard. It is cold at night; but, wrapped in our blankets we feel it but little. We have had ~~had~~ very little rainy weather since I have been in camp — but we expect to move into winter-quarters before long — When you see Mr. . . . . tell her the reason I could not forward her letters as I expected is — that I have left my trunk at Hopkinsville, as I walked from there to Clarksville, and have not been able to have it sent on since, but expect it every day now, and as soon as I catch it I shall immediately send them on to the Major — I shall try to leave my trunk, etc. with Mr. . . . . at Nashville if I can get to hear from him. As soon as I get my sketch-book, I shall begin to make some sketches which will be a pleasant remembrance after this war is over. — Tell Jack — I hope soon to be a pretty good shot with a rifle — and when I get back to be able to out ~~with~~ shoot and out walk him "or any other man" — No — but really — without bragging — I feel stronger and heartier than I ever did in my life before — I think, I accept, as rough a

specimen of humanity as ever walked - with a rough  
woolen shirt to my back - my beard which I have let  
grow ever since I have been here, spreading out every way.

I am sure you would laugh to see the awkward way I  
go about washing a shirt, or cooking dinner, as Jack  
or father would to see me at work at the fortifications,  
pickaxe or shovel in hand. The first day I tried, I made  
as much of a bungle at it as I did in New York when  
a lady handed me the money to pay the omnibus fare  
- It was the first time - and thus I stood, not know-  
ing what to do. Were I to attempt to describe the many  
strange things and scenes I have passed through since  
I left you all it would take more time and patience, on  
your part, than it would on mine - We will leave  
all this for future gossip around a happy fireside -  
Father in his old arm chair, looking over his spectacles - it  
seems I can see him now - My love to Mary and father  
and Jack of course and believe me ever, your affectionate son  
Coony.

(In pencil).

Camp No 4 Christmas eve - 1861.

My dear Mother. -

We are encamped near the road, on the  
same ground we were two days ago. - We got here late last  
night after a forced march of four hours, without a minutes  
rest. The day before we had marched from sunrise to  
sunset, expecting to get into a fight - Today we are  
still awaiting orders to march on to some other point -



seconds - to Green river - or - who knows where? -

I must now be off for word before time for drill, for we keep up the drilling on a march, whenever we stop for a day - so I leave my letter to be completed some other day.

Friday Dec. 27.

We are still at camp No. 4. Christmas passed as any other day, with the exception of one or two froils that took place in the company, caused by an overabundant flow of whiskey in camp. In the evening, however, all was quiet, and our chaplain's voice was to be clearly heard all over the camp, as he preached to the assembled soldiers - It was a picture more ~~and~~ easily to be imagined than described - when you think of the picturesque groups inside and around their tents in the light of the setting sun - officers and soldiers, young and old, standing by each other, with the variety of expression in their faces - some more or less affected by the sermon. It reminded me more of the Mass in the campaign in the time of harvesting, than any thing else, in its solemnity.

The sermon over, the drum beat for dress parade - and we went through the usual "Shoulder arms" "Present arms" "Arms, etc." - and so ended the Christmas for me. - In the evening we had a few songs and yarns - that night I could not sleep for the anecdotes and songs -

Camp No. 4 - Dec. 29, Sunday -

My dear Jack - I write to father the day I left Fort

Johnson on this march - It is in my trunk now - I thought  
best to leave you a few lines in case I should not return  
- You will receive it if any thing happens that I am not  
able to write again -

Yesterday - three months ago, I was sworn in the Con-  
federate Army for three years, or the war. I wrote you  
all as soon as I got to Bowling Green and have written  
often since without getting an answer. I also wrote  
from Paris - London - Liverpool - Queenstown, New York, Louis-  
ville, Henderson and I don't know where not, telling you  
of my progress towards my place of destination, Virginia -  
- You will wonder, perhaps, at my being in Kentucky  
but as I gradually came on, my small funds di-  
minished - until I found myself in Clarksville with  
just five dollars - I then went to Colonel Felghman  
who was colonel of this regiment at the time and  
he gave me a free pass to Bowling Green

I hope all goes well with you - I can't tell you how  
I long to get to painting - I have made a few sketches  
since I have been here, but, you know I never could do  
much at that. This winter, if we get into winter  
quarters I shall get a paint box and go to work  
for then we will have little or no drilling to do -

When I am out of the war I will have plenty of  
time to go around sketching and making enough to  
pay my way, painting portraits about the country,  
and shall try to get enough to get home to see you  
all again - So you may look out at any moment

after peace is declared, to be surprised by seeing me  
in "dear old Rome" You will all hardly know me -  
I have changed so much in the last few months  
that the boys in camp notice the difference. I have  
got a beard that nearly comes up to yours -

Yesterday and the day before ~~evening~~ was  
boarded up towards Green-river and there is news of  
a fight there. Last night it was still kept up, but this  
morning it is all quiet. We will soon be marched on  
and the boys greet the prospect with hearty cheers -  
"Let us drive the accursed Yankees from the dark and  
bloody ground" is the universal cry. I wish you  
were here to join in the carousal we have at night,  
there are some very good singers in our company - and  
there is a great deal you would enjoy ~~there~~ but there  
are hardships - a plenty. I must now get ready  
for the inspection of arms that is to come off at ten o'  
clock this morning. Remember me to Darken, Daving,  
Lucien and Monte - and to all who remember me as  
a friend -  
Your affected brother  
Corry.

Yesterday was one of the most stormy days, followed  
by the most stormy night we have had yet - While we  
were quietly having our supper in our tent, there  
came a sudden blast of wind and our great tent  
supper and all, and we found ourselves out in  
the pelting rain. The rest of the night we had  
to sleep wrapped in wet blankets - on wet straw, after

I expect the world will blame me for leaving as I did - but, under the circumstances, I am satisfied that I did right - I feel that I did so, and would do so again for my country - were she in danger - I fear, my dear Mother, you are more anxious about me than is necessary - I know I don't deserve it - but still I can't keep thinking that you all feel towards me the same that I do -

Two or three Christmases may pass before I see you all again - yet stop - none but One knows whether I will be spared to see tomorrow, for a soldiers' life is an uncertain one - To day we are strong and well and tomorrow we may "bite the dust" - I rarely indulge such thoughts - for I feel that the time is not far distant when I shall see my home again. - To day it is gloomy and dark, and my thoughts run involuntarily that way, for I have the blues of the most kind and feel five years older than I did when I left home.

This is the second march, that I have been on since I was sworn into the service and I stand it better than I ever expected. Through each march has thinned our ranks, not from any encounter with the enemy, but from sickness, caused by exposure - I have never been sick a day, and never felt better in my life. The first march was to Rochester and back, a distance altogether of about one hundred miles, and this is the

writing several pages more if I thought you all  
would not be wearied - for I mean this letter for  
all. Knowing that what may not interest one will  
another - I never wished more than I do now that  
I was a good English scholar, and could de-  
scribe the scenes I have gone through - but having  
neither the power nor time to do so, must con-  
tent myself by giving you a mere outline -  
You will perceive no doubt, and need not be told  
that this is written on an old and soiled piece  
of paper, and with a pencil - which is quite  
a fortunate acquisition in camp - I shall write  
more whenever I have time

Yr Affectionate Son  
Coan

New Year's night 1862

Camp No 5. on the Washitaw  
and Louwenta Rivers

My dear Father,

I have at last a chance to  
send the letter that I have written to Bowling Green  
- You see by the number that we have changed  
our camp. New Year's day has passed like all  
other days with us - We had our drilling & do  
as usual. Last night and today I have been  
thinking of the happy time you were all having  
at home, but my time for enjoyment may come  
some day yet.

The letter I wrote you I left at Camp Idon.

son where we had built our winter quarters. A  
little huts will be good and comfortable places for  
the sick soldiers this winter, who are quartered there  
at present. Our brigade will be kept in motion  
all the winter I hear. — We may however turn  
the Lincolnites out of their snug nests, and get  
them for a reward — (not the Lincolnites, but their houses)  
— We have every thing in camp that we need for  
the winter — blankets, clothes, &c. — Two of us put  
our blankets together and with plenty of straw  
keep as warm as we need to be, We get plenty  
of exercise in the "skirmish drill" and bayonet  
performance, — are up by four in the morning  
and in bed by eight, and always sleep soundly —  
To night I have caulked up an old piece of candle  
and with my bayonet for a candlestick, <sup>thus</sup>  
may, I shall write on until it gives out,  
and then will have to bid you good night.

— I have written to you all — perhaps you may  
think it was foolish as one would have done  
for all, but I do not know when, if ever, I shall  
have a chance to write again, as we are a little  
moving world — Today we are here, and tomorrow  
now ~~no one~~ <sup>no one</sup> knows where we may be. It  
is hard, I assure you, to have no hope of hearing  
from you, for, who can tell how long. Four  
months have passed and not a word.

How many more will pass God only knows.

I often read over the directions that you gave me when I left for Paris as you thought. Did I do right?— I then ask myself— I deceived you all I confess it— but then I had to do it, or give up my plan to serve the country I have been always taught to love— No— I feel that I did do right and will stand up to it till death— I know my own feelings to be true, let the world think of me as it may, I care not.

In the letter that I wrote from Camp Johnson I told you all about our march from to Rochester. It was a hard one, but nothing to compare with what we expect to go through this winter— We will march on towards Green River is the general idea— The candle is getting low, and I must write to Capt. — — — who will forward this to Europe— Wishing you a happy new year, although this may not reach ~~its~~ its destination before 1862 is out— If there are many mistakes in this short letter you must attribute it to the numerous voices that ~~that surrounded~~ surround me— some singing— some talking— and half a dozen straws tickling my face, applied by as many tent comrades who want to get to sleep— Goodbye to all

Yr affectionate son

Crosby

a fruitless search after some that was dry, with the expectation of the tent coming down again at any moment. I merely mention this case as a sample of our camp life, not that it is a rare occurrence by any means, for we frequently find ourselves in similar difficulties.

Today we are all right again. It is a lovely day and our blankets are drying by the fire. We, (our mess) have hauled a load of wood and straw enough to last us for the next four days - if we stay here - But, just as sure as bad weather sets in again, we will have marching orders - and start off again through the mud and rain - for we have never had the luck yet to have good weather on any trip.

Tell Mary that I had my photograph taken for her a month after I had been in the army while my "soldier's clothes" were all new and pretty. Mary and you could not have helped laughing to have seen me and my pretty soldier "tricks" all spattered with mud even to the nice little cap as I sat on a fence rail eating an old turnip - The only thing we think of here is how our guns are - If they are in good order for the Yankees - and if we have cartridges enough to give them a warm reception - We are drilling in the bayonet exercise, and will depend more upon that than any thing else.

I have written so much and yet could go on



My dear brother.

A very long time has past since I last wrote you. It is not that you have not ever been in my thoughts. In the early part of the summer I was ill, and since then I have felt so unwell myself that I did not feel that I could do any thing. Since my return from Albans I have been very much better. I wish the change had proved as beneficial to mother who was sick all summer, and since our return to Rome she has had intermittent fever. If you could only come back to us she would be well again I am sure. Your nice long letter to mother gave us all much happiness. I wish I could write such agreeable <sup>letter</sup> as you do. You talk about mistakes there is rarely ever a mistake in any. I expect you will see a friend of mine in Richmond the son of governor Morehead of Kentucky.

Mary has brought up this letter - as she calls it - The fact is she took the much more old Leechman - and is a letter to night. It is not better, especially in England - unless it is as far to do as much as ever - Mother is a good good letter to day. The letter has somewhat seemed off and the matter is planning - Do not expect to engage at West? about you letter - We are assured here that they are only Philadelphia - but now I hope an exact copy in the table about it. You and Miss write you report only a few words that the Philadelphia may get one or two of them - and with good money like the other - Do let me hear from you as often as possible -

My dear sister -

With our regards to all

Yours affectionately

He promised faithfully to bring you  
back to Rome with ~~him~~, and  
(then said, will you have me  
then?) This of course is between  
us. He will tell you - all  
about last winter, he was with  
us constantly and of course you  
were the topic of our conversation.  
He is a very kind hearted person.  
I hope you will see him. We had  
many pleasant southerners here  
last winter. I wish I could  
give you some news my dear  
brother. I have seen no one  
since our return except  
some Bradford we had in long  
walk together the other day.  
I like her the best of any  
of them. Your old flame Mrs  
Doak is still at Torrento.  
Mr. Gibson is your most devoted  
friend, he always speaks of  
you in the most exalted  
terms. Father has made two  
of the most beautiful  
etchings of the drawings  
you sent me from  
Richmond, and I mean to give  
Mr. Gibson two of them.

He says your letters are so  
good, that they ought to be  
published. Giolina Barberini  
was married this day week  
I received a letter from her  
from Florence (where she  
was married), in which she  
spoke of you in the kindest  
manner, and begged I would  
write and tell her all  
about you, and to give you  
her best love. She is married  
to Junie Corsini. Mr.  
McPherson is in England  
with her sister, I will  
write you a long letter  
next week. Mother says  
she will be well enough  
to write you soon.  
All unite in the kindest  
love to you, do write us  
as often as you can  
Do take care of your  
self, my dear brother  
and come back as soon as  
you can. With much  
love from all believe  
me ever your devoted  
sister Mary Chapman

Dear Mother  
I received your letter of the 10th and was  
glad to hear from you. I am well and  
hope these few lines will find you the same.  
I have not much news to write at present.  
The weather here is very warm and  
pleasant. I have been out for a walk  
every day and enjoy it very much.  
I have not much news to write at present.  
The weather here is very warm and  
pleasant. I have been out for a walk  
every day and enjoy it very much.  
I have not much news to write at present.  
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every day and enjoy it very much.  
I have not much news to write at present.  
The weather here is very warm and  
pleasant. I have been out for a walk  
every day and enjoy it very much.

Director  
Or enclose the letter to  
John Peter  
New-Orleans.

Conrad W. Chapman  
3rd Regt  
Col A. Thompson  
Baylor's

Dear Sir,  
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst. in relation to the above named subject. I have the pleasure to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
John Peter

Enclosed for you are two copies of a letter from the Secretary of the War Department, dated the 10th inst., in relation to the above named subject. I have the pleasure to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
John Peter

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst. in relation to the above named subject. I have the pleasure to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
John Peter

# **Chapman Family Correspondence and Other Documents**

**1791-1898**

**MSS.0048**

**Oversize: FB-363 Folder: 3**

**CORRESPONDENCE - Correspondence between  
Conrad Wise Chapman and his family, 1860-1862**



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