

Paris. Place de l'Orangerie
January 7th 1865.

My dear Father,

I write you a few lines, to let you know that I am still here. Every thing goes well, I have made my arrangements to leave here on Saturday or Sunday so as to have ample time for any arrangement I may have to do in Liverpool. I have drawn on Messrs. Dickson & Co - for Mrs Jones Money and shall have it by day after to morrow.

Madame Boulart has made me feel quite at home in her house and they are really so kind I hardly know how to thank them. I have been at work during the raining spell we have had here painting a

a portrait of Miss Bouler
& shall write
not weak, but was
disappointed not hearing
from you to day.
I am always reduced
to the last moment to
write. I am just in
from a ~~trip~~^{walk} over Paris.
and I ~~had~~^{was} engaged not
to come for this evening
would be ~~so~~^{so} glad to see you
Yours affecly
John C. M.

As I sit here by myself at a
long table in the hotel trying
to write with one of these infernal
English quill pens (I say by myself
for you cannot wait as human
beings the ottomans that surround
the table and work their noisiest
John Bull quietness) I feel a
good deal more lonesome than ever
& am in Paris, and wish that
fortune would turn it that I
had my face turned towards home
instead of the direction it is.

We had good weather crossing
the channel and found London
not as cold as Paris. Tell mother
not to forget to write to me.

Please tell Dr. Con that the gloves
& ~~gloves~~ his wife were 8 Franks.
a pair and so I only got 4 pair
32 F. and if you will give
him 4 F. the change of 36 F the
Bishop gave me. They were much
more expensive than the Bonnets
at first thought. I will write
to you from Liverpool Give my
love to Mother & all
Your affectionate son
CW Chapman

Twistols Hotel, Covent Garden,

London W.C. January 10th 1864-

My dear Father

I arrived here at 12 to day
and went immediately to off
Hotel and Mr. Mason Mr.
Mason tells me the repel &
was to go on, will probably not
leave Liverpool before the
last of the month. Before I
left Paris I went to the Illustration
and saw Mr. Marc its director,
he told me they would like to have
drawings from Camps since he
in the Confederate Army, and
I told them that I would forward
them outlines on tracing paper of
different events I could make drawings
of. Mr. Marc also said he would
like to have outlines of those
already engraved, so if you think

worth while, you might send him
photographs or engravings of those
scenes about Charleston I have
finished in Rome and outlines
~~on tracing paper~~ of those I have not - When
& make the drawings in America
& shall make careful tracings
of them and shade them in India
ink and then send them to you
in Rome to do what you like
with them. It might pay to
send them to the illustrations
much better than to the
London Illustrated News.

The address of Mr. Hark is
60 Rue Richelieu. Have you written
to Tyron. If you have not let me
send him a little note before
I leave England.

To day I dined with
Worley's brother who I
found at the Hotel. I shall
not leave London before tomorrow

evening, as Mr. Hodge offered to
try and make other arrangements
for me, but I don't think I
shall go in any other vessel than
the one I first thought of. Con-
cussion them all at home not
to mention the fact of a steamer
for the C. S. being about to leave.

I cannot tell you, my dear
friend, all the kindness that
Boulent's family showered down
on me. No one could have
been more kind, tell Boulent
that I shall always think
he liked me, by the reception
I met from his family. Old
Col. Conlant is a fine specimen
of a French gentleman. & with
mother to remember their
kindness when she ends my
time to Paris. I left 6 tubes of
French Vermillion at P^r Boulant
for you and also a tube of
yellow lake for Jeph.

Please tell Mrs. Middleton
that I found at Mr. Trapman's
a package for our son that I
will take charge of for him. It
was so badly packed that Mr. T.
thought it unsafe to send.

Tell Jack to write to me and
let me know what is going on
in home. It is said to have
been prevented by circumstances
from being with you all, but
then I had better make the
best of it and try and hear
from you as often as possible.

I have not seen Nutts
yet till just but will go
and see him tomorrow.
As to cash I have plenty on
hand for all my wants and
enough to buy all I want here.

Give my love to all at
home and tell Mother not
to despond about the South.
All those here that ought
to know think the news from
the C.S. good.

Good bye your son
W.W.

Liverpool 13 January 165.

My dear Father

I arrived here at
10 last night, and this morning
have seen Mr. Trapman who
has asked me to spend my time
with him at his house. As the
steamer I am to sail in does not
leave before the end of the month
I shall have some time here,
and tomorrow shall set to work
and paint some little pictures
from the photographs I have
with me. If Jack could photograph
the drawings of the batteries I have
not finished, and will make me
careful tracings of the same &
can make pictures of them here.

Do ~~not~~ wait the mount can't
get to ~~not~~ Mahomet, Mahomet
must come to the mountain.
In the mean while I will
paint some of the pictures I
have already done.

I found my picture at Mr Patterson's office, and it will be put off the Southern Club - Mr Trapman thinks I had better not have it raffled but wait for a good chance to sell it, and I think it is the best thing I can do. Some of the things sent for the Southern Bazaar have been sold but the pictures have been kept for a fitting opportunity to sell them, as there are a great many things left over from the fair.

While I was in London I went to the National gallery and the exhibitions of water color drawings which were very fine. There were also some pictures of merit at the Crystal Palace. Mr Poinsett's brother is found an agreeable person, and I was with him all the time I was in London.

The vessel I am to sail in is a very fine one and there will be a good many officer Confederates going in her. Capt Morris of the Florida is here. Don't let the Yanks get the wind of when I am to sail or if I am going at all.

The English people are one and all with us. I was more struck with the fact in London than elsewhere. In one of the coffee singing saloons, I heard Lee and Beauregards names mentioned amidst thundering shouts from the people. I saw also a friend of the Capt of the deer named who saved Capt Jimmy and a portion of his crew and we spoke up the highest terms of the gallantry of that officer.

I rather like Paladille, he seems a good fellow. He gave me a piece of news about about that infernal squirt that was regarded as a friend in our family. He has planted at Paris and is living at this time with that M^r. Murphy who is the scandal of Paris, with her husband in N. Y. When I think that such a ~~part~~ of his living proposed to say my blood boils & told madame Boulat that he was the only person, that I knew of who I did not. Your affectionate brother wish to see in Paris. C.H. Lefèvre

Mon cher Boulat

Vous ne savez pas de mois encore quelle reception j'ai eue de votre famille. Meme que je savais par vous que je serais tres bien reçu, je ne me serais jamais permis d'espérer une reception pareille. Votre mere et pere me trentent apprécier comme une personne de la famille, e je suis bien plus content. Je vous écrit de la chambre de votre frere que j'abrite pour le present.

When you again visit direct
M. C. Bourland, and tell
him our most kind regards
and give my best regards.

My dear Brother.

If my sympathy can do you any good, be assured that you have it. I feel for you, my dear fellow, more than I can find words to express, and know that you have a much harder role to go through than I, that you have the moral courage to go through all that a crisis such as you fear might come before the end of the year, I feel equal confidence that you have. Stand by your old father and protect the family hearth-stone, and you will have accomplished at the end of the war what I can never expect to do balance with a soldier's life.



Paris Place de l'Arsenal
January 1st 1865.

My greatest regret on leaving you all, was that I had reached a time in life that by hard work I could have repaid in a measure what as a son I owe to my family, my duties as a soldier could not permit it, and I left and with what regret, God only knows. You are left now, do not despair, but face the hard times with as equal a hard stern determination to conquer them, — That a good time is coming I feel as certain as there is a just God in heaven.

As to that hound of a brother I dare say he ^{has} heard of my being in Paris, and may think I am waiting for money to get off to America, and so has come down on the Old Gentleman. I hope the day will not be long off when father can close his account

with him, and give us a chance to settle ours with the aid of a good counsele with him. He is a damned Rascal and if you should ever think that Reddenham could clear matters for you, I hope you will not be too proud to write to him.

This is as sad, if not worse than a sad New Year for me, I am down in the mug, and but for the cheerful faces of Boulart family, and all that reminds me here, that I have a home and warm hearts in Rome, I should wander out in Paris and drown my grief in a debauch of wine and instead of being quietly in my cosy little room, smoking a cigarette and writing to you. Tell Boulart for me, but no! I will write him a line at the end of this note.

have expected to find a sister of
his as pretty as I did. But I
expect, as I had not taken before
in Poitiers France, they must
consider me a "vrai sauvage de
l'Amérique." All of that family
are charming. The old gentleman
took me to the Theatre the first
night I was there, in the fashion
that I would have imagined my
old grandfather would have done,
and told me, when I come back
from the wars he would go to the
Casino Casino with me.

By the way I must not forget
to tell you I have disposed of my
big picture of Brantôme, it was
the first day it was exhibited for
£ 600 - to Mr. Cain. Tell Bourlot
that I have got back the money spent
on the blue paint. Tell father
that yesterday I got his letter of the
13th December 1864, where he'd

Liverpool 19th Janst 1865
Dear Jane
Mrs. Derby

My dear Mary.

This morning while
I am waiting for Mr. Chapman
to come down to sit for a sketch I
have commenced of her, I will
write you a few lines, my dear little
girl, to tell you that although I
have not written before you have
been constantly in my mind, perhaps
more even than the others of the
family, for I am more anxious
about your welfare and happiness
than my ruff outside ever let you
see. I often ^{think} of how hard it must
be for you without a single young
girl of your own age and taste
to lead a life such as you do. It
will not always be so, my dear
Mary, of that, and we will yet

pass some happy days I hope in
our Native State.

What I thought of Paris you
ask me in your letter. Well, but
for the kindness and hospitality shown
to me by Boulard family, I should
have left there disgusted with the
whole concourse. Honestly I believe,
were we established there, it would
not be long before we would be
sighing for old Rome, and even facts
would not be contented there.

Every things seems in an unnatural
state, and Parisians themselves say
that at present every thing is in so
great a strain, that they fear it will
end in a crash. In Rome two
ladies can walk the streets, but
in Paris Madame and Miss Boulard
come home with their dogs that
had been treaden on by the whole
way home by rascally students, and
you cannot walk without one hand
hanging down by your side without

the risk of having it seized by the
first rascal that passes you, even
when you are with a gentleman.
The most of the men are brutes and
the women slaves all.

While I was at the Arsenal I
saw something of the best class of French
and the way they arrange marriages
is quite surprising. I hope you
see a good deal of the Miss Boulards
they are fine girls, and I think that
once you know them they would be
pleasant companions for you. Don't
let French Nagbobs be the cause
of your treatmen, them mostly. I
suppose you deck you self out in
umber and amethyste every Friday
evening for their inspection. Amongst
all I do not know one that I care
a rap for, except Boulard who I
think is spighted of his prejudices
and little tempers, a fine honest
fellow. Tell him that I never wear

He knew Dromedie very well in Genoa, he is short and with black whiskers and moustache we both fell on Dromedie as the first person to talk about, he stayed in the same house with him, if I remember right. When I was in Liverpool I enquired for Hatt's, he was at Pae with his wife. Mr Carter I saw yesterday, and he gave me recent news of you all from letters received from his family in Rome. The last letter I got from Father reached me over a week ago, I expect to have letter tomorrow, before I get on board the steamer. The name of the splendid vessel is the "Louisa Anne Fannie", she is the largest, strongest and fastest blockade runner that has yet been constructed here. The Yanks are on the look out for her, no doubt, but just ^{her} clear the British waters, and she can defy the whole yankee navy — to catch her. Capt Carter is a fine fellow, I go as his deck "entre nous" let all this remain until you hear that I am on my way from Bermuda to some port. The English will scare at this moment when

London Queens Hotel

February 5th 1865.

My dear Jack.

Today is Sunday, and a Sunday in London at a large Hotel with no one to speak a word to, is next to being dead and buried. The English, those who are not at church, sit are sitting in the Coffee room in which I am writing smoking their long clay pipes and drinking their glass of half and half in silence. When I think of you all in Rome, and how, but for the war, we might be together to day, I feel sadder than, perhaps you think me capable of feeling. It is one o'clock, I say a lot of others are probably with you in the photographic department of the house. I wish I could be with you & wash over your negatives, and positives, and lack but not cast up your "scamare of Potassium", which I am willing to let is right under your nose. I wish to remain

you would give up the use of this infernal concoction, or photographing altogether, one of the two, for I assure you, since I bid you good bye at Civita Vecchia, this thing has been uppermost in my mind. I think you stand double the chance of being settled by that damned stuff than I do by Yankee battles. You need not look put out, and think I have been hearing too many sermons lately, and want to give you the benefit of some of them, for such I am sorry to say has not been the case. Take a word from your brother and friend before he steps on the decks of a steamer, that will either land him in the Confederacy, or ⁱⁿ the hands of the Yankees, and throw where you nor any one else can get at them, those bottles marked

with ~~21~~ and make of your mind to use no more. Don't let me think of you while sitting on my blanket in camp, as one killing himself with slow poison. Do not laugh at what I say; there is more in it than at first you may think. Boulart is right on that question if he is around on seeing others.

(cont.)

Tell him that when I get to America, and are in camp once more, I shall get Pardigon, my french chum, to instruct in the art of writing French, and that I shall let him see how I succeed, although it will not be for him that I make the effort. Boulart is a good fellow, and I believe he likes me, more than ^{I did} when I left, by the kindness I have received from his family which he must have been the cause of.

You have no idea, my dear fellow, of the attention they showed me while I was at their house and since then I left Paris, I have heard from them; they feared that I had gone out from Liverpool in the "Celia" that was lost about the 15th of last month.

I have nearly written you three pages, and what have I said? You see plainly enough I have nothing to write about. What is there in London that can interest you. "Tete de Melon" may enjoy his Londonie for me. By the way, I met an old friend of his on board the boat, coming from Dieppe to New Haven. Botheration! I have lost his name.

that your thoughts are of me. Carnival has begun. Mary I dare say is on the Coosso enjoying herself. Last perhaps in the studios, or on the balcony, with a long pipe in his mouth, with Pontalot by his side. Don't be sad, my dear mother, let us all hope for the best, cheer up and try to look at things in their right light. I am not as bad off as I might be, and certainly much better than my most sanguine expectations could have imagined. On a splendid ship with a pleasant set of fellows and on my way to Bermuda for the present; I shall make sketches here that will be interesting to look over and talk of hereafter.

All of these days I ~~wrote~~ pack and I will be able to travel through this lovely country, now before me, and which I have as yet but had a glimpse of. We must be quick, or Pontalot and the like of him, will destroy with their "Stocce ferrate" all that is picturesk and interesting here, as they have nearly succeeded in doing in the States. I think artist ought to interfere with them. . . I hope Mary has written to that good family, since I left there. Their kindness was only equalled by Mr Trapman. He saw me off at London and on board this craft. Then Mary writes, as I hope she will, to the Pontalots. She must give them my best regards.

I have much more to write about but am warned by the end of my paper, that I must say goodbye. Your affectionate son C.W.C.

On board the Louisa Ann Fannie
in the Harbour of Ferrol near Corunna
Feb. 14th 1868.

My dear father.

It seems as if I was nearer to you now, and in fact I am. This morning when I went on deck, several of our party commenced talking of their respective ages. I said I would be 24 on the 14th, of which fact however I was not quite sure, when all said "why man this is valentines day, we must go and celebrate it with good old Spanish Wine." I agreed on condition that first I could write a few lines to Rose. I have not much to say, only I was as much surprised, as you will be to know of me in Spain. As we steamed into this lovely port yesterday morn I could hardly believe my eyes. so beautiful and strikingly picturesque was the scene. More than once since then have I wished you and fatc were here. Last night, I was talking with Col Andrews from Baltimore, and he asked me among a question about our family and that of Mrs P. H. Hunter which I was ashamed not to be able to answer, after you had taken so much pains to impress the subject on my mind. Do, my dear Father, when you have time make me out a family tree. For it is hard indeed not to be able to show, my title to rights of a Virginian. All letters send through Mr Trapman to me in Bermuda will no doubt reach me before I sail for the C.S.A. Your affectionate son C.W.C.

Spain Febrd 14th 1865
on Board the "Louisa Ann Fanny"
in the Harbour of Ferrol

My dear Mother

Little did I think, when I left London, that this my birthday, would be spent here. How long we shall remain here, time alone will prove. All is a mystery to a person's clairc. Here I am under the bright sky of Spain, it is perfectly delightful, as a riple on the water of this lovely harbour; in fact it is ~~so~~ no ~~so~~ much like Italy, that last night while rushing my sugar on deck, I almost fancied myself back in Italy again, as the chime of the evening bells, and the music of the guitars reached me from the shore. This morning is such as we often have in Rome, the atmosphere is as clear as I have ever seen it there. The sailors and fishermen in their bright shirts and caps and the women in their picturesque costumed sailing in their boats, present picture that I long for Jack and father to enjoy with me. What I would give, now for the war to be at an end, you can well imagine; were such the case I could go through Spain on my way back to you all. It is tantalizing to think what might be in the present is a full of gloom for us.

At this moment, a certain feeling tells me there is good news for our cause, on its way to you if it has not reached. Did I not trust in a God, I should feel otherwise. That organization, will be our end, I would believe, for should I fear so, I should not feel as I do. We have suffered defeat, and reverses of every kind lately, but that ^{we have} ultimately succeed, I feel no doubt. The Yankees turn has come now, let them look out; the Southern man is like the lizard, he flourishes in Southern and warm weather, and if they don't make ^{it} rather hot for Miss^r Yanks in South Carolina and Virginia this spring and summer I am very much mistaken. There are other things that ought to work on them before long. Look out for squalls.

We made a splendid trip of it from London here, I of course am never so rich so I enjoyed it very well. All those on board are a greatle companions. From Bermuda I will write you a long letter and give you all the detail of our voyage, for the present I must confine myself to a limited space. Is today, my 24th birthday, or am I mistaken? I do tell me I am, for I begin to feel that I am getting old and a few years off would help me a great deal. To day I shall drink your health in a glass of "Montellado", and wish I was near to see you all on this day, feeling the ^{affection} of your best wishes. I am sure at this moment

state of things. Genl Lee advised at the beginning
of the war the abandonment of the sea &
board, and now that we are in a measure
obliged to do so, who knows but it will all
turn out for the best. It gives Genl Lee much
anxiety that otherwise he could never have had,
the Yankees had to garrison every point they
take. The Blockade runners think that it
is all up with us because they can get no more
cotton out of us. Capt Carter has just come
from shore and reports bad news. Sherman
is at Charlotteville N. C. Bad news
if true. It is all Yankee news. I
am so nervous and anxious that I will
have to leave off writing until I can find
out what it is all about. When will the
news cease?

March 8th 1865.

I wrote until a late hour last night, and left
off with the hope of being able to reply to a letter
from you, which I fully expected this morning. The
ship is just putting off from the shore, where she has
been coaling for the last few days - I expected also to
have heard from Mr. Trapmann, but not hearing
Majt. Walker who is the agent for the P. S. A. has accepted
my draft on Fraser Trenholme & Co for £35, which
I thought it as well to add, to my other funds in case
I should need it going through Mexico and Texas.
We leave here to day at 4 P.M. for Nasau and then
we shall go on to Havana. There will be a large crowd
on board principally business men bound for Nasau,
so now or other I cannot sympathize with these blockade
runners, they have made too much already out of the
blood of these people. There is a Capt. Hitchens of the
Royal Engineers who came from England with as he
knowes, "Arthur Seven", and if he should ever go
to Rome, let him be well received for my sake.
He has been very polite to all of us and have
enjoyed the Company of him and his messmates
since we have been here. Your affec son

This has been the last chance I had probably for a long time to send you some news of me. My dear father, write to me often as you can, so that your
letters will reach
me. Send them
to Capt. Trapmann
in Nassau. Give my love
to Capt. Hitchens and Mother
and Mary tell them
me. Send them
to Capt. Trapmann
in Nassau. Give my love
to Capt. Hitchens and
Mother. This is the
last chance I have
got to send you
news. Your affec son
John Fanny
Bermuda
March 7th 1865.

I last wrote to you from
Ferrol, a port in Spain where we stopped for
two days. On our arrival here there were two
steamers leaving direct for England, but unfortunately
I heard of it too late, or I should have written
by one of them. I hope however that you got
the news of the safe arrival of "our ship" and its
crew. It is useless to say that I have got along
so far very well, you know I am not sea sick and
also that I am with friends. Ever since I left
you all I have been exceedingly blue, and for the
last few days particularly so, perhaps on account
of being at such a miserable forsaken place as this
Bermuda is, now that blockade running is at an end.
I have not made a sketch, since I left Rome, and
by that you may understand how my mind has
been otherwise occupied. I made some attempts
while I was at Ferrol, but soon gave it up in
disgust at what I was doing. Sometimes I think
it is all burning, my attempting to paint, and
I wonder how I ever managed to do the little I
have done. If my feelings have undergone this
change, I attribute it ~~partly~~ to my not having
your encouraging voice to cheer me on and to
the quiet loneliness of this island. It is miserably
so, and not knowing what do with myself for the
last week I have been wandering about ~~by myself~~
and getting up each morning with a determination
to do something during the day, which has
generally closed, to find me with a sketch book full
of blanks and a good appetite walking toward the Louisa

Ann Fanny" which I have snuck my home since & have
seen here.

The Mail Steamer from Halifax is in sight,
the signals are up, to morrow we shall have the
news; let us hope it is good. When we reached here
we found the bad news of the Fall of Charleston
awaiting us. All my plans were knocked in the
head at once. There was no longer a chance of taking
any thing in to the Confederacy; especially the
commissary stores intended for my regiment, so I have
sold out and shall take them the money instead.

This is no time to get rid of any thing here,
so, although I have disposed of my coffee and
sugar. I shall hold on untill the last moment
to the flannel and other things I have. If
I can take them into to Texas from Matamoras,
or get them to the Florida coast I shall make
the effort, but if it is impossible to do so, I
shall ship the whole to Mr Trapman in Liverpool
to leave them in charge of some responsible man
in Habana. The Louisa Ann Fanny leaves
Bermuda to morrow morning for Hasan, and
from there she goes to Havana. So far I have
not spent more than a few shillings since I
left the Victoria Docks at London, and shall
probably spend but little untill I reach
Havana from which point it will not
be very difficult I think to get to some point
on the Florida coast. Col Andrews will be
with me also Capt ^{Davison} of the navy, relative
of Mr Genl Hunter, he told me the other
evening that he had often been shown the
Picture of Rockabrook as a work of one of
his relatives. I was glad to make his acquaintance
although I fear I showed my ignorance of
my family history.

The mail is on shore, but no one of us can get
a peep at it before daybreak to morrow. I hope and
trust to have a letter from you. For two weeks since
& left England no letter reached me from you, you
probably thought me on my way to America.
Had I been off as soon as I reached Paris,
for the P.S.A., it is quite probable that I should
be there now. I regret that I shall be so far
behind my time, had I have sold my Mouthpiece
a few weeks before I did, I might now be
writing to you from camp, instead off being
severed so far from where my duty calls me.
I have done my best to get there, and if
I have failed I am satisfied it has not
been my fault.

The winter is over in Rome I hope
it has proved a good one for our interests.
Do not think my dear father, because I
am far off and not sharing by your side
all that may distress you for the present, that
my heart and mind is ^{not} with you, for I
assure you that from the moment that I
left I have felt as if I ^{ought} to do all in
my power to alleviate your embarrassments,
and felt more than sorry that circumstances
would not even let me remain with you as
long as I might have. Let us hope it is
all for the best. Mother I expect about the
time, since the fall of Charleston thinks more
than ever that we are all doomed, but I
have seen Confederates yes who left that place,
just before they evacuated it and report a differen-



Nassau N.P. March 12th 1865

Dear Jack

In weighing my letter I find that it is over what they allow for single letters, so here it goes for you old fellow. This is the grand hotel, at which we put up. The harbour is full of blockade runners, and the city full, of human beings who are in the same business. They are a detestable race, and not contented with making money out of the south they now coke it down. There is a large party of southerners here, principally escaped prisoners, on their way back to the Confederacy, if I break up with the party of gentlemen I am now with ~~I~~ all start with them for either the Florida coast, or Metamoras. I shall leave here tomorrow for Savannah, as I wrote to father he had better forward his letters there. I am afraid that I will have to get rid of all my surplus baggage in that case I had better send them on to Liverpool from where you can easily get them to home.

dear old fellow; you must write to me as often as you can, send your letters as directed and some will reach if in no other way through Mexico, while you would keep me advised of the welfare of all at home, through via Fortep Monroe; let us hope you will never have occasion, to write to me directly to that post. Keep a stiff upper lip, to the difficulties that may fall on our country, and leave the croaking to the dumb Blockade Runners, who find they can no longer make any thing off the south, and now have taken that turn. If they fall in your way, please them. Many will tell you that they would like to get back to the south but wait, I could say the same thing, but that until I have given it a fair trial and am either on Southern soil or in a Yankee dungeon. You will hear from me again when I get to Havannah, and perhaps from Mexico. Give my love to Bonlart and all the party at his house, which I hardly know where to locate at present. I shall often think of you, as I do at this moment, and wish to be in Rome, which you find so distasteful - When you write, which I think rather improbable, remember me to Doerken and Barra also to Cousin. Never mind old fellow the time will come, when we shall all have a good time in Rome, and talk over these times as hard times indeed. I have written you a stupid letter, but what can you expect for Nappa it is almost as bad as Bermuda

Your affec. Brother C W C.

I shall probably give Capt. Hill Hitchens a letter of introduction to the ^{my} friends in N.Y. as he will go from Havana to that City. He is a fine English Gentleman, and an officer in the Royal Engineers, if you write to them you can mention the fact. I know he would be well received with a word from you, whereas it is doubtful what effect a few lines from me would have. I shall also give him a line to our friends the Nelsons and Howard Hoffmann, for as he intends to visit the South before returning to England I shall also be able to hear of them. This of course is all ^{to be in the} about his going to Dixie, but if you would write a few lines enclosed to his care of the English Consul at New York he would take it strongly for me, of course nothing that could compromise him in any way, yet when the address would be necessary as I shall give him - note with my address and also one to our friend the Genl. in case he should be in Richmond before me. Capt. W. Hitchens Royal Engineers.

I have just thought of the English Consul of how you could ascertain the name in full of the mother in law of Mr. G. R. A. Brown (or Gus Brown) of Paducah. I think but am not sure that her name is Mrs. M. Hooper. But to be sure get just to write to Huttons, who knows them very well, and then perhaps something could be done about my sketch book left with them. I left it with Mrs. Gus Brown who afterwards sent it to Paducah and said it was safe with his mother in law. These sketches are more valuable than any I could now make, for they are of a more primitive character, and more distinctly picturesquish. Our army is getting more and more like the European armies every day. I hope my dear father, that the winter has not closed without bringing you some fruitful results in the way of art. I hope you are all in better spirits than when I left.

Remaind ever your dear father
of the affection of two.



On board "Louisa Ann Farley"
off Nasau March 12th 1865.

My dear Father

After an disagreeable voyage of 3 days and a half from Bermuda, we are at last in sight of land. We should have come this distance in less than two days had we had fair weather, which unfortunately was not the case. Capt. Hunter Davidson who will leave us at Nasau, offered to get this letter to England for me by the first blockade runner leaving. This infamal ship rolls so that no one can write, and sometimes either stand, sit or eat in peace. Yesterday at

11 dinner, each man had his knife and fork passed him with the occasion to hold on those coarse ten south that went into every body's keep instead of the point and we were all trying to get it. At night chairs stood, every thing in the cabin ~~and~~ flying about in the most wonderful way. Some times we thought the ship was going to turn right over, bottom upward. It made all the ^{sea} dogs of whom we have four on board, quite sick and the only two who have kept their legs through this voyage have been Col. S. Andrews and myself. The ship rolls so I will have to leave off.

It is a little better now. I wrote to you from St. George via St. Thomas, and expect this letter may reach you before that one will. We are quite a large party on board, three sea Captains, two of the U.S. Navy, and two in the English service, it is a wonder that something has not happened to the ship between them all, fortunately we just

two of them are there at Havana, before starting for Havana, I expect to have to remain in Havana sometime before being able to get into the Confederacy. I don't think except one or two on board any are anti-slavery but to the C.S.A. Their pay is good and so is their living out here.

What you wrote to me while I was in Liverpool about the Priests trying to get into some kind of alliance with the South, with a view of being able to exert their influence over them, has often occurred to me. I don't think they will ever make much off our people. I expect the Yankees in Rome are jubilant over the news of the fall of Charly^s and Sherman's grand strategetic movements. They will shortly have their noses out of joint, and a blow on them and Sherman now from Webster Lee would tell better for peace than any thirty I could imagine to happen. That Lee is up to what every Southerner expects from him, who can doubt? We shall have some hard knocks this summer, but that campaign will close prosperously for us. I have but little doubt. Did I doubt it, I could not trust in God.

Now my dear Father, I know you feel the same, and although perhaps you cannot persuade mother of it, you are confident yourself. I shall do my duty to my country, and hope in doing so I follow the wishes of my family. One man cannot amount to much, but especially when his only duty is to count cartridges; but there was & even of less importance, I would feel that my duty as a soldier was the same as if I filled the position of our greatest General.

Every day I am getting farther and further from you all and at each step the difficulty of hearing from you increases. Had you have written after I left London your letters would have reached me at St. Georges, as it is if you write at once and direct your letter to our Agent at Havana, whose name is Major Helm. I might get them before leaving for the Confederacy, as I may have to remain in Havana for some time. You might write by the mail from Cadiz, or Liverpool. If I could hear from you I should feel more at ease, for the trials that my duty keeps me as a soldier in the army, but since that I see my way clear back to you all & with art. I shall be on my way back. At times I think I had better have remained where I was until the end of the war and then at least when I should have returned to Rome I could have devoted the rest of my life to hard study to realize your high opinion of my capacities in the way of art which I must say, & ~~it~~ ^{it} certitudes don't. Altogether however my full though has done me this good. I have got completely rid of my ugly sketches and, poor, have seen you all and ~~feel~~ ^{the} refreshing influence of of kind and loving hearts at home, and over so many failed attempts at art I know I have gained a great deal not only in facility of touch but in confidence of myself. I am decided now to try my best and get no more material together as I can for future pictures, not merely the rough sketches, as those I have hitherto made, but careful studies from life that will be of far greater use. At Havana if I stay there any length of time I shall make a few studies of Spanish Peasantry if there is such in existence about those parts. I hope my dear father I will be able to hear from you before I enter the Confederacy, for once in, I fear I will have to give up all hope of hearing. Only think that over a month has passed sin a I last got a letter from you - This is the address of the C.S.A. Major Helm #12 Calle Mercaderes Agent at Havana.

Life seems to have been fight up in a night. There are nothing but ~~dead~~ ^{more} than ~~nothing~~ ^{most} thickly put up of planks, and the people are the ~~worst~~ ^{most} unpropertied set of ever saw. There has been a great deal of money made here, and I would not live in this sandy lonely point of land. The Yankees are in sight of here, but it is more than we dares to appear on this side in uniform, while the grey coats are greatly sought for by those who try to in anyway make up for their neglect of duty towards their country, by showing ^{to our body} all the kindness they can afford to show. To day 12 of our party, escaped prisoners, had the stage given up to them to go on to Mazatlanos, and I would have been with them but for the fact of hearing a box of letters etc, which was under ^{the} cargo of the schooner and not being able to get it out, to day I shall have to postpone until tomorrow or next day my journey by stage to Mazatlanos.

The Mexicans are the most abhorred, hating every living race I ever saw, and those who inhabit the rest of the ~~country~~ ^{island} are not much better. No more mixed crowd could not be found anywhere, not even on board the *Lion of Guadalupe*. They are principally Greeks and here and there and Italian a Spaniard and an Englishman, a few Yankees & the like quiet and work for Quarz, when this again might be appearance they say here, backed by the Yankees. Coahuila is the capital a city in the interior, ^{about 500 miles from here} I forgot now the name of that place and is reported advancing toward Mazatlan last night or rather this morning at 8 of M. as I was on the way down to the beach to get a lighter "a kind of flat boat used here to go over the bar", to get over to the *Lion of Guadalupe* I met the Mexican artillery, having toward their fortifications with their guns, they are men I would never trust, they either native Mexicans, and would turn over in a moment to Juarez' party. Every one here seems to be in the most unsettled state, like the country they live in. Those who are migrating are a band, set indeed, and mixed with deserters, "Twenty jumpers"

On board the Schooner
Isaac Van Dyck
at sea. April 1st 1865.

My dear Jack.

You see "road-thompson" com again", here I am - after you were gone with a letter. Don't blame me, for the coming down on you and I is of the public, that we will be the best - as, as well as now and then puffing away the mail, and the voice of a "lame wife" is only one to that disturbed the quiet of this alone. We have now been in for two days, are things not better for me to keep at writing. With this for a excuse, if I need one to bore you, you are fixed.

Would you like to take a look at me, we float along on board the *Lion of Guadalupe*, a boat the size of "Wingfield's", an old fisher. Built for the ^a a suff. of her, his mate of the ^a a cabin & by a big fat Indian, three sailors, and a steward from the crew. All a pretty lot. The passengers won't be ^a a nice crowd, about 1000 in all, the work of the escaped brother from open

about every state in the Confed., then there are two or three states
where we were few in the service, if the soldiers could not have
the Confederate soldier as their teacher. The Confederates would teach
the rest. Some of them carry a Q.M. pistol, say, think they had done
their duty in carrying the pistol & months of the year, and are making money
then all the rest time. The other eight in the States, and let me
tell you the average of the others, to see the men who goes with
a pistol, a lot more than any other, and most at the same time. There are
as in as this, over one dollar a day, no one could have been more bold
than those having money to live.
One old man I know has a pistol on board, what a surprise he could give
you. He is from Alabama, & either says he will never fire it, then
he says, and often, the God man, God No, won't hardly ever use it, then
he stands talking the rest and him forever close together. He used to keep
it in his pocket, as was sometimes comes within the horizon of these noblesse men,
they probably did this, and last as thin with out tool, a cold bat & a gun
and all off, however the God the once, as a watch, coat, we
say the wind. If it is the fact, is a family, in the house, this is so scarcely open
it is on board, and as many one creates some miseries influence, for
which are about to have a blow, a whole crowd there is sure to an audience

Consider old - G. has a bits on board, with a proprie to be could bring
back. This very same Hannas, & either sulphur or lead & few others.
This due to the fact we are Castile, with hardly Cadiz.
In fact, taking the uses and this closer, he asked to help
of standards, taking the uses and this closer, as was common to be found within the ordinance of these noblemen.
Very probably such things; and last on this with our Castile, a coalition of two
anglo am. & Afghan the King of the King, as a negative const. we
have the King of the King is a monarch, with his King as successor of his
itself is on board, and an army one creates some military influence, for
which we are about to have at Gibraltar, a warlike ground there is sure to another

To you too, Mrs. H. I am sorry to tell you that we were
unable to get in touch with you, so we have had to get the
news from Mr. Blaine, as record in the "Daily
Advertiser" of Boston. That paper has
done a good service in publishing this
news, and I hope it will be
widely noticed.

the start of them, and will do some damage.
I am afraid yet before they can be got at. It is only
a small force, about 600, but they have plenty of
food and ammunition; and are very well mounted.
Two days ago they stopped the stage going from
Monterrey to Monterrey and had not rolled
very long. Here the Mexican troops have
put up a bold post at the end of the street with
as children could trust, and have two little pop
guns to play on the guerrillas should they come
down this way. Yesterday I got permission from
the Capt. of the Post, to make a sketch of these town
hated savages and of their works, and after breakfast
this morning, I shall go up to my office for that.
I can get a good view of them.

I am ashamed of myself for not having sketched
more than I have sent to you all. Here now
I am to Spain, and Bermuda, Nassau, Havanna
and here, and my book is nearly empty. The
fact is I have been in a continual fever of
anxieties, perplexity, over work & started, but
never let me touch Virginia soil, and if with my
Comrades once more, and I will be myself.
as it is I do not feel satisfied with the delay
my stay in Texas has caused. I look at my self
and hardly believe that I have ever done any work
in my life at painting. It is a long busy spell
to have past.

The Southern Prisons that came out with me from
Albuquerque, have succeeded in getting on to Houston, as
Mr. Perkins, said for their journey to the South
on the stage, so that from Brownsville to Dallas
go by the same route. I have a small space to add
a few words by off & have anything to add between now
and when I have to leave.

April 9th Bogardia —
Shall I just bid you cordial and leave this
place without telling you all know where before
you go, & will outcome on part of what I can

5

I was glad to get word to such a place as this
in, after we had a week's voyage on the schooner. We
left Morgan on a trading day in got here on a Friday afternoon.
Now — much the land is a mystery to us. I went to an
officer — doctor, and our poor ship before we reached
the Rio Grande in the water, set him as and that is
done for him to be open party, does you could have
been at such time that was a general want to
get the first table and at night each man started
for the night shift or in the cabin. Small arms
I got well loaded by the wages that you all sincerely
and ever so. One of these last night shall I give
you to give you an account of the whole trip, and
the various fights we had en route. There was a
big Mexican party of band, that tried to play with
but failed, and might have ended his days in the
water there, etc. We all called from the Mexican
people. "I have written you a number of letters, but
my side fellow, it is the best in the department".
When I left home five years ago, to see it again, the
old of old world, you as I do now, and never would
have written you such long and foolish letters as I
have done since, but I could not help it, as I have
life writing, to a an old and true friend that to
the old, full headed, old age of thirty that you are.
Do you keep the cipher of that infam "Garrison"
of your mouth? I or do you go or in the name
you can't say you have been going. I can
tell you old fellow, how often I think of that
and to what you are son of yours and when
you asked the prison along until the end
of the war or day. If you like to one of
I don't care a rap.

Don't put me down as a good natured and
kind sort of fellow, who will look on money to
long as he can and I look, for I tell you that I have
no other object in view is nothing to you but the up there,

and force you to it, not as if you are going to visit it like
and pull yourself up into the saddle you sit on it and then ride
the details of what you are up to in the country to me. And then you
in this country. And if I could do nothing to help you
at this house or you were doing any thing at all, you know I would try it
in Lingua Portuguee, a part of the language I speak up a Spanish in Don
the Chancery. One of our good men of the navy, Captain [unclear] is in the
and has been and continues to be very ill in bed in the
most unspirited way, & with the most terrible loss of his health and mind. His
friends have, and I have, done every thing I could
I have not done with you yet, after which give you more news
nowhere, but at present I have not done it my means especially to you have not
done it.

At noon this forenoon I am still here in this in the hole, and not
farther towards getting my box on here than I was this morning. At last
I have got out another yesterday or the day before and I see that the box is to
send back to them to us over sea. It's to be held on to the next day by
to day, and shall go to us as soon as I can get there off Boston.
will dispose of them as best I can and then put out for the Africa.
I will write a Boston paper, yesterday giving a copy of a letter from Sherman
and Beaumont, in which I was completely defeated, but Beaumont was
killed. It will soon change to you, in some that the news here is no
unreliable, unless you have all the information about this on other right side
as we are here communicating on the latter of this subject. But just now for the first
time I have written to Sherman, asking him to do something
where I am now writing it to him. Yesterday the
yesterday the Boston Post wrote that the Boston Post
was going to do something to help him. Now so always for
this reason.

The same general opinion is at some time to day again.
It is a strange position this issue of the Post, and
from the Legislature, it is a certain one. I think
the river from that, we are in a tight place. Still night falls over us,
the land around us of Boston is in the hands of
Loring, Mahay, Larrabee, and Green, and probably that
is why Providence, has as much trouble as
consideration as ever, and have to do with it. The
over the last few days, and have to do with it. The
now the last few days, and have to do with it. The
the river from that, we are in a tight place. Still night falls over us,
and the land around us of Boston is in the hands of
Loring, Mahay, Larrabee, and Green, and probably that
is why Providence, has as much trouble as

Baltimore Aug 2nd 185-

When coming through these Sitemal lines
from Monterey to this place I had to
see this letter up in the living of my
coach & there fore tried to open it.

I write soon & give you a u account
of our trip from Brownsville to Houston
and to wants of this place.

In great haste

I am

Rifftre

H.E.M.C. 5th Regt

Vol.

A friend of yours

I send this to the U.S. to nail'd.

Monterey Mex. 10

13-1866

My dear Father

I am about to take a step
that I know you would approve were you
here. It is to remain in the country long enough
to get together material for picture in future.
Mexico is the most thoroughly picture country
I ever was in. No mountain scenery
is more fit material for anything I have seen
before. I have a splendid chance to

Chapman to the care of Don Matto Bratton
Calle de Teatro No. 42 Monterey Mexico
will be my address. There is no stage
name to Santa Barbara, the Padre's
Church and my future book by &
the author will be known.

After first proposal would
be to my friend I thought the best
to go to San Francisco and see that
the minister to write to me and so
that we are occasional guests in
the Italian homes. Italians
we have been very kind to me.

Tell Mrs. Middleton that I had to
have all Bentinelli's with mine
as he has all in the shape of
you will see from me shortly
and if you would advise me
of your opinion as to what
further a selection of studies
that open that will be something
seen in Europe. I want to make up for

Don Principe and party against me
The party that have been with me
so long I leave here: tomorrow I go out
with the Old Padre to his mountain
residence, where I expect to work and make
for several months, & come. So it is that
James French & Co have failed? If so what
has Mr. Price done for about the hundred
dollars that we scattered 20 that were
in his hands, besides the amount that
I am requesting when I was in Liverpool.
It you could have sent to me a sufficient
to Matamoros, where my cousin George
Hull has put money to my credit, and
I could even now get off with perfect ease.
I'll think if I have here with an
empty portfolio I will never forgive
myself for it. If I should be hard
pushed, I can go to work painting
Madonnas at a dollar apiece.

When I get settled down and at
work, I shall commence and give
you all a full description of my
journeying since I left Liverpool.
It would take more time to describe this
country and the wonderful picturesqueness
of every thing here. I had no idea that
there was so much of interest in the
history of this country. I am going to
study and be able to speak Spanish
before I leave here, & yet along it is
pretty well over now, with the aid of
my Italian. By the way I go as an
Italian in this country, Confederates
are below par, and no wonder at it.
Carrots they all call me. Don French

Chapman Family Correspondence and Other Documents

1791-1898

MSS.0048

Oversize: FB-363 Folder: 6

**CORRESPONDENCE - Correspondence between
Conrad Wise Chapman and his family, 1865**



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UC SAN DIEGO

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