

Camp near Diascund Bridge  
February 2<sup>d</sup> 1863

My dear General

I have just received the budget of letters you kindly sent to me from New Kent C. H. Two of them were from home, and you can well imagine how delighted I was to get them, and I think I will march all the better for it to-morrow. I enclose the map I have completed for you, and hope it will meet with your approbation, also a letter for my father which I would like you to enclose in the one you said you intended writing to him. I have told him all about my march down to the Diascund, all but about "Rosalina Mia cara", which romantic scene I have left for you to describe, as you know more about it than myself.

I received a letter from Dick the day after you left, he will be in Richmond by the 14<sup>th</sup>. On the 13<sup>th</sup> I should like to have a pass to visit Richmond for two days, which, if you think proper can be sent to me at Diascund by Capt. Pearce.

Yours Sincerely and Respectfully  
Conrad W. Chapman

P.S.

Your letter to my father  
can be directed to Mr. A. Rose Charleston S.C.



My dear Father  
I have been thinking of you  
very much lately and  
wondering how you are  
getting on. I hope you  
are well and happy.  
I am well at present.  
I have been very busy  
with my work, but I  
try to find time for  
my family and friends.  
I hope to see you  
soon. I am, my dear  
Father, ever your affectionate  
son,  
John Smith







above flank them on the other until at last we pushed  
boldly forward with our skirmishers and cleared the woods  
of Yankees. Two scouts were sent forward to reconnoiter  
the fort and see if our flag went over it. They returned  
and reported the enemy picketing all the woods and  
the stars and stripes waving over the fort. By this time  
the enemy had gathered in large numbers every where  
trying <sup>to</sup> intercept our little unit as we moved boldly  
on towards Williamsburg, down steep, wooded and thorny  
the woods that seemed almost impassable. Fields  
hard to be crossed however and the balls from the Yankee  
artillery would come about, but all around, no one was  
hurt however. Their pickets were driven in. When we  
suddenly were upon a <sup>little</sup> fort and four shells were shot  
at us as we moved on at a double quick pace.  
Over we ran to the front. For now we had some  
twenty odd horses with our scouts and a few  
mounted on them. making all in all quite an  
appearance of the force. On again we pushed  
the most bullets flying about us we tried to  
give up and lie down and abide our fate but  
again the thought of falling in the hands of the

Camp Little's near Williamsburg  
April 18<sup>th</sup> 1863.

My dear Mother

Your welcome letter with father's of  
February 19<sup>th</sup> 63 reached me the morning of the  
18<sup>th</sup>. The day before last the night previous to that, I  
had the hardest and most adventurous march I ever  
had before in the morning of the 18<sup>th</sup>. Gen. Meade's  
Brigade left Richmond Bridge for Williamsburg. At  
one p.m. we arrived within 5 miles of Williamsburg  
where the Brigade halted for a few hours. At 8 p.m.  
Gen. Meade's order with which I had been on two roads  
before, he was ordered to the front where it received  
information to get in the rear of the landing camp below  
Fort Magruder and York River, and leave the camp and  
try and make a junction with the Brigade at the  
attack of Fort Magruder. It was a perilous and daring  
undertaking, and the Gen. desired at my going but  
firmly consented to my going. Three hours for Gen. Meade  
was given and off we started on our silent march, the  
guides marching ahead, the Lt. and all his staff on foot  
with the rest. It was a bright star-light night, not a bit  
of moon shining, and as we marched lower the darkness



bushes they crept, so as it appeared to us must have been  
heard a half of mile off. Never shall I forget that night's  
march, the climbing <sup>fallen</sup> over trees, stumbling over ~~fallen~~ <sup>fallen</sup> wood,  
tramping through the swampy meadows, climbing hills, sliding  
downs - quietly pulling down pieces for help through was  
a task I hardly thought I could have endured before. In  
that way four pickets were placed and the rear of the camp  
burned about 9 P.M. instead of the allotted time, 4<sup>th</sup> A.M.  
Before this, firing had been distinctly heard at Fort  
Mendenhall. The Genl. had ordered the balls, we moved on  
quietly and came to a half a Cheyenne Creek where the  
Gentles had their Hospital, we destroyed their ambulances,  
killed the prisoners there, and moved rapidly on to the  
camp. When in sight of the camp the regiment came to a  
halt on the top of a hill looking over the camp, about  
a hundred yards from the <sup>rows</sup> of tents. Four companies  
were detached from the Regiment to burn the camp and  
capture the Gentles that were busily saddling their horses  
to leave. Some were stopped by a ~~thick~~ <sup>thick</sup> fire in the act of  
putting their saddles on their horses, but the rest profited by  
the example and moved on at discretion. A party were  
engaged at a quiet game of ~~cards~~ <sup>cards</sup> when one of our men

poked his head in the tent and enquired what was going on.  
They were all perfectly surprised and then returned at our coming  
up in their rear. I walked up with the two companies and  
expected to have some resistance shown by the Gentles, when  
to my surprise the first one I came up to presented me  
with his fist instead of the barrel of his revolver. After  
grabbing a few things from the flames which were begun  
appearing on all sides, such as cigars, needles, writing paper,  
gunny shoulder straps, tin cups, a drinking cup, a  
bottle of whiskey, some apples and cakes etc, and setting on  
fire the tent remained I moved off with the forerunner,  
towards the regiment. Some however, who could not resist  
the temptation of whiskey and the luxuries with which they  
were surrounded and remained behind headless of their fate  
that awaited them. The Regiment was now cut the picketing.

Our ranks now became pickets in the extreme, we  
knew that we had a force behind us of 8 or 10 thousand  
of Gentles and a force before us of 1000 or thereabouts.  
Nothing had been heard of the Genl. firing had ceased  
in that quarter at least and we were left in doubt of  
the fate of the Brigade. At every step we were annoyed  
by the enemy, firing first in our front then <sup>in</sup> the rear, then



Pittsburgh June 23  
1853

Dear Will

I received your long letter  
letter came to hand to day and  
I think you might have answered  
it sooner as you say you received  
it a week before you you answered  
it now Will as soon as I receive  
your letter I immediately answer  
them now Will I want you to  
do as I do I wrote last Sunday  
to you and sent it by way of  
Washington City I hope you  
will get it

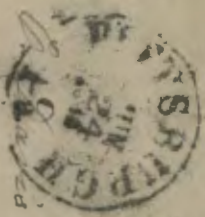
You say you are happy  
I am happy with my better half  
not as happy as I ought to be  
as he is a very good husband but  
still you know what I told you  
the last time I saw you how  
can I be happy when the one my

of my business where you go or are  
you go with but still I have the  
privilege of being a little jealous  
do not blame me Dear Will for  
where there is no jealousy there is no  
love and your letter says so little  
of your self that is why I ask  
you the questions I have forgive  
me if I ask any questions you  
do not want to answer

Ellen has not  
heard from Charlie for about 6 weeks  
and if you can hear from him tell  
him to write to her I will have  
to quit as my pens are so bad that  
I am almost ashamed to send you  
this I got two new pens too day  
and you have a specimen of them  
in this letter write as soon as you  
get this and you will much oblige

(direct as before)  
(my name in full)  
Yours Affectionately  
J. W. D. J. C.  
J. W. D. J. C.

7/11



(via Washington)

Grand New Alexandria

Company No. 5th Street

Virginia



my heart longs for is hourly in  
danger take care of yourself for my  
sake (if no other has a private concern)

I trust to providence that we may  
yet be happily together that is if I  
was free would you not give me up  
of another try to get here before  
fall as I would not like to have

Pittsburgh without seeing you as if  
I were away I will have some trouble  
to see you oh with my children is  
all that keeps me from you

In regard

to our pictures I have not got any  
of mine just now and I will not  
have time to get one to send you  
in this letter but I will ~~try~~ <sup>try</sup>  
undever to get it by the time I  
get another letter from you so  
the sooner you write the sooner you  
will get the picture

I am glad Dear

parent that you have quit drinking  
I think I see you sitting in Charlie's  
the day we was to meet and the look  
you gave me when you was going  
out of the door was full of affec-  
-tion oh for one kiss from you and  
to feel your arms around me would  
pat keeps us apart but enough  
of this I am getting too sentimental  
and you will think that I am  
going to make love to you instead  
of you making love to me

When you write  
again write a long letter and tell  
me more of yourself and tell me  
whether you ever got my letter that  
I wrote to you to Tinango County  
and tell me where you was from  
the last time I seen you until  
you went to the Army as I heard  
of you being at Mrs Thompsons  
in April now I think it is none





Do not  
forget  
to  
write  
me  
often  
I  
would  
like  
to  
hear  
from  
you  
very  
much  
I  
am  
your  
affectionate  
father  
John  
P. Hise

I would like to hear from you very much. I am your affectionate father John P. Hise. I have been in Virginia, I think, they are not  
unusual to at least a hundred. The Genl and his family are very happy  
people. I think they are my best friends in America. I see but little of  
them being in camp nearly all the time. I write to you that I have heard  
from Mr. Poff (William's brother) the Thomtons and Mr. Clarke that  
John and I have not heard from our children since when they were. I  
wrote to Mr. Lambie five or six months ago asking him to inform me  
whether you wrote me when I first left home. I have heard nothing  
from you. Young Russell is in the Army, I heard of him in Richmond. He was  
not yet to see him. I expect it is better now as he was in Rome. They are  
rather little children. That he would surely be in the Army now.  
By sending his letter to Mr. Lambie or some of his friends in New York.

There are the regulations laid down by the Federal Congress at Fort Monroe.  
In order to secure the transmission of letters across the line, the  
following rules must be complied with:

- "No letters must exceed one page of a letter sheet, or relate to any  
other than purely domestic matters.
- "Every letter must be signed with the writer's name in full.
- "All letters must be sent with five cents postage enclosed, if to go to  
Richmond, and ten cents if beyond.
- "All letters must be addressed to the commanding Genl of the  
Department at Fort Monroe. No letter sent to any other will be  
forwarded.
- "All letters sent to Fort Monroe without a stamp or address will be  
returned for service of the writer. All letters must be sent in the  
proper form.

Direct care of Genl H. P. Hise  
no longer  
in the Brigade the Genl will know where I am.  
I am your affectionate father John P. Hise

Although I have written but a few lines to you, I am  
glad to hear from you and to hear from the dear family. I am well  
and hope you are the same. I have heard nothing from you since I  
wrote. The mail has the minute coming and I have eagerly awaited it  
for a letter but I have not yet received one. I am sorry to hear  
that you are not well. I hope you will get better soon. I have  
heard nothing from you since I wrote. I am well and hope you are the same.  
I have heard nothing from you since I wrote. I am well and hope you are the same.  
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The other day I met a Mr. Clarke who was a friend of father's.  
you very well. I have heard nothing from you since I wrote. I am well and hope you are the same.  
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man, all his boys gone, and lost back his married  
daughter Rebecca Garrison died suddenly, but he has  
exhibited an account of Roman Catholicism and then an  
inner man capable of being up against any earthly  
troubles, Of course the war has deprived all professional  
men of income and what amusements and amusements, as  
is to see our parents and old friends, now when again and reading  
the good things of life deprived almost of the necessities, this is  
really the only hard part of war as, danger is an extreme  
situation. Death comes sooner or later, a few days difference,  
privation, hunger & cold the young can bear, but the old suffer  
any thing their boys & relatives, killed of, they & their unprotected  
daughters left, they only drag out a few weary days of suffering  
and die under that saddest of all thoughts, that they leave their  
widow & children an only heritage, a cruel war; but any thing  
brightens now I hope has terribly soured Romanians in the  
West and if we had been for on Antislavery & Cavalry horses so  
that we could move he would have made looking out  
for "Lines of Retreat" before the winter comes.

I visited Rev. C. Chapman & I with my brother with 11<sup>th</sup> to Camp  
it would have been the life for him & on the country, the matter  
but he could not stand to his riding. I then wanted to  
get him a master's health here and could have done so  
but no, he would be in the wild in native service, I  
tried to get him to go back to home telling him  
he has done his share, one bullet, while being on  
telling me that the same, that he had done his share  
over his gun - and had been in the service, that  
in the line of command and in the service that

he was hoping that as he had been  
him some time with the war and he knew what  
that had been for him when he returned, but he  
he would remain under duty until, these things out  
and then he would return, unless he should wish to  
leave earlier, which would have been better; he  
was going for news and having heard of John  
all for some months, the letters were coming  
suddenly.

For our cause must have a fearful idea of our  
state and if you were to believe half what I heard  
written that we were whipped, why do we  
have not begun to die yet, the fighting began a  
year ago, then comes the dying the extermination  
in the spring, only a year, but the matter is coming  
a way, long long time; he is coming a way  
moving out and the matter is coming, he is  
gradual, coming down to necessities and all  
the better for our cause and if we could only get rid  
of the Yankees. Some & other foreigners, holding  
exception papers we would be purified. The  
wonderful march of 60, is shown by the nearly three  
years now carried on in the confederacy and now  
only the border shows signs of ruin, the land is so  
wonderfully fertile that as yet we have no signs of want  
except immediately in that border line.



I saw Dr. Conrad just before I left Chaffin's Farm and he asked to be remembered to you.

I have made one or two sketches since I have been here, one is of the famous <sup>Blakely</sup> gun mounted at the Battery here. I expect to go over to Fort Sumter in a day or so and shall make a sketch there. I have to make some drawings of this gun and carriage for Col. Mathey of the Ord<sup>ce</sup> Department. I was introduced to Genl Beauregard the other day, he had heard of my having been in the Shiloh fight and was very polite to me. Genl Wise is very well and I expect to see him in town to day and so must hurry on with his map. This letter will go by the way of Wilmington. Capt Smith of Alexandria has kindly offered to get it <sup>of the post</sup> through for me. I shall enclose the address to <sup>of the post</sup> who of the Co. through which it goes as a forlorn hope of seeing in ~~their~~ hand - writing once more. Do try, ~~Make~~ Jack try and let me get a letter soon. Those Photographs are you ever going to send them to me or do you all laugh at my petition, if so I shall not make it again. Tell mother to send me hers if no one else will, and I shall have mine taken, ~~although~~ you never asked me for it any of you, and send it to her as soon as I receive hers - Goodbye for the present to you all I have written enough, perhaps more than enough. I would send you this morning's paper but there is nothing in it. You have heard of our Grand Victory by Bragg. I expect my old regiment was in the fight but have not heard from there yet. My best Regards to all my friends, excuse the way this is written, and believe me

Yours affectionately  
Coney -  
Ord<sup>ce</sup> Sergt 59th Va Regt

You must all send me your photographs in this next letter you write, I shall expect them.

Direct as before  
Care of Genl Wise  
89th Va Regt  
Wise Brigade

Charleston S.C. Sept<sup>r</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> 1863

My dear Father

I cannot let this day pass, as I have let so many others, without at least commencing a letter to you. You see, by where this is dated, that I am no longer in the "old Dominion"; the Brigade received marching orders two weeks ago and we started for Charleston, where we are now stationed. We were relieved from duty by a part of Picket's Division, who needed rest as much as we did active service, they saluted us as "band-box soldiers", but were glad enough to go into the band-boxes, in the shape of comfortable winter quarters, themselves. We are now camped on the Stono River, St. Andrew's Parish. The Genl detached me to copy a map for him at the Engineer's Office, and so I have taken up my abode in the city for a few days, and am staying with the Brigade Commissary, which is a very good place by the bye too. I have learned enough since I have been in the service to keep on the blind side of Quartermasters and Commissaries, and so at odd times I work on a sketch. I have commenced of a sketch of this "functionary" in propria persona; You would laugh to see the fierce appearance these gentlemen of the "bull-beef" present, with their formidable sabres and the enormous vowels to their spurs, with their faces covered with hair they look as savage as meat axes.



Charleston S.C. October 1<sup>st</sup> / 63

I commenced this letter last night just before going out to hear some music at a young Engineer's house here in town. I met there an old acquaintance of yours a Mr. <sup>Mr.</sup>, who knew you in England and also in Paris, he painted, I understand, beautifully in miniature, and promised to show me some of his work before he left the City. So it is that I constantly meet with persons who know you, but are not acquainted with your son in Confederate uniform in their midst. How delightful it is to hear others talk of old familiar faces and places. Mr. Rose is not here at present he left some time since with his family for Greenville S.C. his welcome letters accompanying yours had ceased to arrive for me several months before I left Virginia. I have not mentioned what concerns me most, knowing the depression it always causes me, but must commence and give you some idea of the anxiety and depression I have been labouring under; for the past six months not a line has reached me from you, not a line it is hard indeed. How many quires, <sup>during that time</sup> have I wasted, no I won't say wasted for some may one of these days reach you and remind you of the lonely condition you have left your son in a second time. How bright and happy were the days when letters used to come with that well-known signature, <sup>sometimes twice a week</sup> compared to the gloom that at present surrounds me. Do not think hard of this exposure if such you may call it that I make, it is only with the hope of rousing you all to fresh efforts, that I do so. Tell Jack that I think hard of him for it, and Mary that she is unfaithful in her long promises of long letters which never,

ask her if the reason for their nonarrival, is not because they are never written. Dear Mother, I know what her cares are and also yours, and do not expect, as I have no right to, a letter every week or even month from you, but they how easy would it be for them to sit down and write a few lines to a brother who is more attached to them than ever. I have seen enough my dear father to know that unless you look to your home for friends you will find none elsewhere. I see families here as happy as we used to be in our home in Rome, and know that the entrance is barred to me, and although I fight for the same cause as they, my only home <sup>here</sup> is the tent which is every where. Some time ago I got a furlough, every body was going home, but how many miles would I have to go before I reached mine. I got a furlough but never took advantage of it, as we received marching orders the day after.

Charleston is a pretty place and much larger than I expected, <sup>to find it</sup> the streets a rather narrow and in that respect remind me of Rome. Every body has left the city all the families at least, and all those who had any thing to remove have done so, and every thing presents a gloomy appearance, but for the booming of cannon and the explosion of an occasional shell not a sound is to be heard. As I now sit here writing in a magnificent house in the <sup>old</sup> parlour, a feeling of loneliness and sadness creeps over me, and I cannot help thinking of these people driven from their homes, their property abandoned, and all by whom? a dastard and cowardly foe. What a different picture this place would have presented a few months ago, to what it now does with a soldier as the only guardian of the premises.

Please let me know if you hear of any safe way of my sending all my letters to Rome



of these men on the trees. What more can you expect from a Yankee. If Yankee is a reptile and ought to be crushed like a snake.

Our prospects are bright, brighter now than they have ever been, "we will fight them" as, Jeph Thompson says "untill hell freezes over and then have a tussle with them on the ice". I believe I have to make excuses at the end of every letter for the way <sup>it is</sup> ~~they~~ written, although they all are started very well. The truth is I know you will pass over all my faults and so I impose on your kindness and write on at random as if I was talking to you in the studio, sitting by the fire you with a scotch, but me my very corn cob pipe tell me I have left the land of milk and honey". I wish I could give you a plug or two of good chewing tobacco for I am sure you would enjoy <sup>it</sup> as much as I would a scotch. If I have written ~~any~~ sense, nonsense let it remain, if there are mistakes let them ~~to stay~~ <sup>to you</sup> they will remind you of your son writing <sup>on the porch</sup> now in the dusk which is fast going into darkness ~~of~~ of a deserted house of which he is the only inmate. It is the time you used to say, "Mary, Boys come in from the balcony it is too late to be out" and we used to gather around the fire side. I visit those spots that are so dear to me in my dreams, I look over your portfolios, I talk to Mary and take a stroll along the banks of the Tiber with you and Dr. Gorham. That whole of the following day I have the blues. Perhaps this letter shows it. If this reaches you before Christmas remember me on that day. Tell Jack not to forget me when he gathers his friends around the bowl of egg-nog. Your devoted son  
C. W. Chapman

My dear Mother  
I cannot close my letter without saying a few words to you, and begging you to write to me, tell me all about Mary, how she looks, what she knows, how she sings, and about Jack, still I can hardly ever get a letter from him. I am not fond of writing you know it, but then when I once start to write to you all I have so much to say that I believe I would write up a quiver of paper before saying half that I wanted to.  
I saw Mr. Rose the other day, and took tea with him and his older married daughters in the evening, he is one of the best old gentlemen I ever met. He offered me all the assistance in his power, and begged <sup>me</sup> to call on him when ever I was in need of any thing, he seemed to know that I would not let him do any thing for ~~me~~. His family live at Greenville S.C., I shall probably spend Christmas here if we remain here until then. The Genl. as kind as usual, he has been spending some time in the city away from the Brigade, which is stationed about 4 miles from the city near the Stone river, he has been sitting on a Court Martial, he often talks of you and how thirty years ago he used to stand behind you while you were at work and criticize your quivers, as he was at the time mine. He promised to write as soon as he got out to camp, but I shall not wait for him as I have a good opportunity to send at present. I wish I could send all my sketches over to you to look at, for here they get lost, moving about from place to place. I have seen Charles, he must have been a delightful place in time of peace, but now the streets are deserted the houses that were once here have been turned into barracks by the troops in the city, and many are occupied by officers of different commands as this one is. The citizens are glad to let any one have their houses who

Send me your Photograph and Jacks and Marys and I will affectly love you  
I am getting on through this war  
I have seen Mr. Rose the other day, and took tea with him and his older married daughters in the evening, he is one of the best old gentlemen I ever met. He offered me all the assistance in his power, and begged me to call on him when ever I was in need of any thing, he seemed to know that I would not let him do any thing for me. His family live at Greenville S.C., I shall probably spend Christmas here if we remain here until then. The Genl. as kind as usual, he has been spending some time in the city away from the Brigade, which is stationed about 4 miles from the city near the Stone river, he has been sitting on a Court Martial, he often talks of you and how thirty years ago he used to stand behind you while you were at work and criticize your quivers, as he was at the time mine. He promised to write as soon as he got out to camp, but I shall not wait for him as I have a good opportunity to send at present. I wish I could send all my sketches over to you to look at, for here they get lost, moving about from place to place. I have seen Charles, he must have been a delightful place in time of peace, but now the streets are deserted the houses that were once here have been turned into barracks by the troops in the city, and many are occupied by officers of different commands as this one is. The citizens are glad to let any one have their houses who



will take care of them. I don't remember if I have told you before or not, that I am now heavy ordnance sergeant of the 59<sup>th</sup> Reg<sup>t</sup>, I have my appointment from the Secretary of war. I wonder if that will sound big in Rome, tell Mary if the war lasts ten or fifteen years longer she will see, instead of the youthful ordnance boys she is coming up the Baboons, a ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> can old gray headed Brigadier Genl. with more gold lace on than would drop a dozen dollars at Albanese, but I forget she is no longer a little girl. Oh! could I but see you all; do give me a sketch in your next letter of how you all look, has Mary and Jack changed much. And Mother could I just get a glimpse at her! I have laid claim on your photograph <sup>which</sup> you left with Genl. Wise, and expect it from Richmond <sup>shortly</sup> when I shall ~~try~~ <sup>try</sup> and paint a likeness from it and my recollection <sup>together</sup> for the Genl. in place of the photograph which I rob him of. In my next letter I shall give you all some illustrations, I have a view of the harbour and its defenses also of the Yankees at work on Morris Island, they would interest in Rome perhaps. It is <sup>over</sup> a year since I have been begging for your photographs and not one of you have ever asked for mine, I have just a good mind to have mine taken and send it as a taunt to Jack, for I bet on my beard being longer than his is, or ever will be, Tell him so and perhaps I will get his photograph at least. My love to Mother, Jack and Mary tell all not to write and ~~then~~ <sup>perhaps</sup> they will. Mary's long letter has never come to

hand yet, I expect she is so much engaged with her fine beaux and lady friends, that she can hardly spare a thought to a confederate soldier. I wish I had those soft white kid gloved gentlemen here, how I should like to see them at work on the fortification. A pair of kid gloves is quite a novelty here and I believe a pair of white ones would gather a crowd of boys <sup>in the street</sup>, I saw an exquisite, a volunteer aid of course, the other night with a pair on, and many said he ought to be killed for such an outrage on society. This I have just written, is more intended for Mary than <sup>at</sup> ~~part~~ of your letter, tell her I will write to her no more, or make her any more drawings, although I have many she would like to see, if she does <sup>not</sup> let me know what she has been up to since I left, I know a little and suspect a great deal.

Give my regards to all our friends Mr. Ferry too, although he is a Yankee, I wonder how I could ever have fancied a low down ~~race~~ like them. I have a most perfect contempt for them, I hate them, And if I ever get back to Rome I intend to ignore the whole crowd. Mr. Mozier why did we not ever think of the right name for him, Yankee, that brings in all his fine qualities. Hereafter when you want to express your contempt for one just tell him he is a low down whining negro stealing Yankees and you have him. Look what they have done in this war, look on Virginia <sup>raids our</sup> they hang our old men and poor helpless women in ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> their dwellings over their heads and laugh at their flag and the union. I know this from men who have seen the women with tears in their eyes and the bodies



You should not expect it - my dear George - There I one  
at least that I am sure does - I know him better than you  
can possibly do - It is not easy for any one, who does not know  
you well - to understand - that you should leave your position and  
prospects here to venture upon the risks and hardships of sol-  
diers' life - from mere notions of patriotic impulse - and that  
towards a country where you have no home or directly personal  
interests to fight for - or promises of military ambition to  
advance - Your act has been so unlike the mid - even so un-  
less of your obligations to yourself - amounting to absolute in-  
justice to <sup>your</sup> obvious interests - that there are very few who can  
comprehend you fairly - therefore you must neither expect  
nor allow yourself disappointed that it is so - When I  
spoke to you in one of my former letters of the backing up  
of many - if not of all - of your young associates whom you  
met with here - I did not mean to reproach them for it - they  
were doubtless justifiable in so doing - You may recollect  
that I told you at the time that they would do so - I only  
wish you had been as prudent - But you know it is a matter  
with me never to give over what cannot be helped - but  
to endeavor to make the best of it - and the best of your  
movement will be to get back to old Rome - and to your studies  
just as soon as you can - and, my word for it, a good ac-  
count will be made of the past two years with you -

- Jack and Bouland have just returned from a foray - on your  
account - which and how you may guess - as they have brought  
- a new knapsack - two pairs of soldier's shoes - leggings and gaiters -  
- fatigue cap - they could not get a new concert - as the author-  
supply have not come in - but Jack succeeded in getting one for  
a day - very little used - and strange to find out the better in it are  
\$8 - Cardwell brought me from England a superb pair of Louis  
boots - for shooting - which I shall send you - They shut once in  
ready in a day or two - with all we can think of as much  
useful to you - - - Long as has been my letter I  
have yet much that I could add - but must defer  
it for another time - I intended to write to the  
Genl - Jack says he has an awfully long letter to  
send you - but Bouland goes to Paris tomorrow for a month  
and Jack has had to go out with him - I will  
write you next week -

Rome 135 Via del Babuino.

Oct. 10. 1863.

My dear George -

Within the last week our anxiety  
about you has been much relieved by the receipt of  
your letter of 2<sup>nd</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> & 19<sup>th</sup> Augt - I have done all  
I could to satisfy your mother that you were not in  
seriously ill - and at last she has comforted herself  
with the assurance that if you were in Hospital  
you were at least out of the reach of Yankee bullets  
- and that on the whole - you were just - well, any  
where else than in Camp - She never will become  
reconciled to this soldiering life you have taken  
and never happier again until you are out of it -  
and all of your home and best friends are of the same  
feeling - But I have already said to you all I can  
in this subject - and however silent I may have  
been of late upon it - my opinions are still as  
ever the same - and deeply as we do I deplore  
your deviation from a course in which you had  
so much to hope for - and the self sacrifice you  
have thereby committed - to say nothing of the heavy  
penalty of anxiety that it has brought to us -  
- I cannot account for the miscarriage of our  
letter to you - We have written to you about a  
week - and the letter was sent by a channel of  
assumed safety - mostly under cover to the officer  
in Rich? through whom you received - as I under-  
stand by your replies - those which we sent in the  
early part of this year - Some were under cover to  
the General - and some were directed to his care -  
- You had better make enquiry in Rich<sup>d</sup> - Last  
week I sent you a letter by another channel



which will be probably forwarded to the same person  
more directly — But we have just learned that  
there is a regular mail despatched from London to  
the F. S. and I hope now we shall only run  
the risk of the blockade — I have written to  
you also twice lately via Fortney Monroe —  
— Your box of professional fortunes will I hope  
have reached you before this — It went, as I  
understand — although how I don't know — ad-  
dressed to you — to the care of Col. George Peck<sup>d</sup> —  
— We should have added the other trifles you wrote  
but it could not be done — Last week I sent  
to the Genl. a credit or dft. through Mess<sup>rs</sup> Foy &  
& Co. of Liverpool and Charleston for £. 34.. 7.. 6 —  
Steel<sup>rs</sup> of which he will be duly advised — and then its  
proceeds over to you — Part of it is from mother — and I ad-  
ded the balance — You need not hesitate about doing  
it — I would it were to keep pay you way home  
again — Mother and all of us are fixing up a box  
to send you — which we shall have off as soon as  
possible to England — At all events we will try to  
make you comfortable this winter — if you must  
come to your home and friends — We can do it  
better here than sending to any one in England  
and with very little delay — We will send as much  
as possible all you have desired — and all that we  
can think of that will be most acceptable to you —  
— As I wrote to you your sister quite recovered her  
usual health out at Albano — but it did not  
prove beneficial to your mother — she is much better  
however, since we came into Rome — but still suffers  
from nervous and depression of spirits — more than  
I have known her to do for many years — We are  
now in the midst of our usual autumn storm

but I trust that when they clear up — and some  
friends arrive whom we are expecting — to break the  
loneliness of our position here at present — she will  
sally again — The news we had two days since  
of the thrashing Genl. Brass's gun Regiment has put us  
all in better spirits — The burden of all our prayers  
is for peace, and Corry home again — there are the  
absorbing question of our hearts, on every event of  
this deplorable war — therein we forget all of  
the many troubles it has brought to us —  
The two sketches you sent "Pocket Port" & "Lovers' Lane"  
arrived safely a week ago — (I don't know how they  
were received by post from Paris) and have given  
us great satisfaction — I have etched them both —  
and will send you proofs in your box — They are  
both excellent — especially the one of the "Pocket  
Port" — It would make an admirable picture  
and I hope you will paint it one of these days —  
— Much as it delights me to see your sketches —  
my dear Corry — don't risk any of them, by an  
uncertain conveyance — and take good care  
of all you have ever done — I can't describe my  
heart of its consolation, in the hope that I may  
live to see you reap the only benefit (that my  
ambition indulges in) — that you can derive from  
your hardships and our anxieties — by the  
enthusiasm of your studies in pictures that  
will do honour to you — and honour to your  
country — They have been obtained at too great a cost  
for a line of them to be lost — I, at least, value more the  
achievement of proving the artist than of losing the singer —  
and could take no more pride in him if he were a major  
Genl. — not half as much — I don't wonder that you  
find a want of heart sympathy among your associates — and  
that few around you appreciate the sacrifices you have made



Best respects from all the boys, they were all glad to hear from. I can tell you that they all regret very much to have lost you but are rejoiced to hear of you being well situated and any letters you will please to send to any of them, will be gladly received. Charles Reed sends his best respects to you, he is going off to the hospital today. Robert Baird requested me, to tell you, that he will write to you today. John Brooks wants to know, whether you need a shoemaker or dishwasher, if so to promote him. Billy Stites feels offended at you, for not writing to him. Good bye, Pooney and remember an old friend, should you happen to become a General some of these days.

Affectionately  
Yours

A. B. L. Wilcox would like to have a position as blacksmith on your staff.

C. F. W. Rosencrance

Camp McVieville Miss. Date 15<sup>th</sup> 1862

Dear Friend!

Your letter of the 3<sup>rd</sup> inst. is on hand and found me in good health. The letters you sent to R. Baird & W. Watson were received and answered by them. A great change has taken place in our Department since you have left us, instead of going on to Kentucky and Tennessee, we have taken the back track, this which is not owing through to us, the privates, but to our Officers. We were all willing to go on ahead, but Gen. Van Dorn was not. After you left us, Gen. Lott took command of our Division and Van Dorn of the army, <sup>and</sup> ~~we~~ marched from Davis's Mills to Ripley and formed a junction with Gen. Price's army, ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~reinforce~~ <sup>reinforced</sup> also had 13 000 men, making in all 23 000. We remained in camp at Ripley ~~for~~ <sup>about</sup> 2 days when marching orders came to go to Corinth. There was a march made ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> more difficulty. We could not find any water ~~at~~ <sup>on our route</sup>, therefore had to turn off from the road two or three miles every night to get to a little branch. I had had back on this trip for as soon as we left Ripley, I took sick and never recovered until we reached Ripley again. So weak was I, that it was impossible for me to get out of the wagon by myself, and it is owing to this that I missed being in the fight. Our boys had indeed a hard time of it, but stood it bravely. Gen. West's 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade



never faltered especially the old 3<sup>rd</sup>. They boys went into the fight Friday morning without having had anything to eat for 2 days but an old cracked piece, without blankets and some without a coat. At about 8 o'clock Capt. Post rode up to the front of the Brigade and gave the Command:

3<sup>rd</sup> Reg. Forward, Guide centre. March and forward and it went alone to face the enemy, and there the old 3<sup>rd</sup> stood engaging the enemy and drawing the fire of 4 Yankee regiments upon them, while the 9<sup>th</sup> Arkansas and 35<sup>th</sup> Alabama charged and took a battery consisting of three 22 pounders. Then the Yankees tried to outflank our regiment, but, no go. John Johns and Robert Fowtner were wounded here, John in the arm and Robert in the face. John was received a discharge since.

Capt. Wallace of P.K. was killed at 9 o'clock. Our boys at last charged the batteries and took them and camped that night in our old drill ground. Price's troops had got into the very centre of Corinth during the day and camped in front of the Corinth House that night.

Next morning our ~~Regt.~~ Regt. had a little brush, while Price's Army was driven out of Corinth, got panic struck and never could be rallied again. But our Brigade had to cover the Retreat. At Galt's River a Yankee Division tried to cut us off, but we repulsed them and our Road was clear again. Now you ought to have <sup>seen</sup> us too, such a pell mell affair. I have never witnessed before in my life. Our Division was the only part of the army

that was composed and our Officers knew what they were about, but Price's troops were scattered all over creation. They never recovered of their panic, till we arrived at Holly Springs, where we camped for about three weeks, when we had to startle from there, and we are now preparing to make a stand here about Abbeville. I will write you more about our progress some

other time. But let me tell you some good news. We have been paid off and have drawn a very nice uniform. Long roundabouts, blue pants and grey caps. Conrad I am indeed glad that you have got at last to the land of your wishes and hopes. I wish indeed, that I could be with you, for our company is getting to be a very ratty old crowd. Most of our good men have got a transfer. Johnny Flournoy is in the Quarter Master's Dept. of Tilghman's Division together with Jordan. Flournoy's own service stays in the Brigade (Prison) and Tom Brown is orderly for Colonel Thompson. John Johns and Bill Landden have discharge. Could not I get a transfer to your Regiment?

You are get old, Rome. As God luck as ever, you have had indeed a ruff time of it. I have thought often of you, since you have left us, and wished that you was with us all again, and then again I was glad, that you had good luck once at least. O yes, I like to have forgotten it. Frank Arthur too is promoted to midshipman in the U.S. Navy.

I have not learned anything about your trunk nor Mrs. Brown, if I do, I will act as you told me to.



help you--

If you now only have just  
now with your sketches - we must make a book  
of them that must make a sensation - I have  
etched the two you sent sister - and will send you proofs  
to let you see what we must do - Do not risk your  
original sketches - but if you can now and then send  
me one or two like the "Pocket Book" & "Quarter Guard" -  
I will do them - Make an illustrated design for some  
of the Confed. Songs or Ballads - and send it - Try your  
hand for example on the "Song of the Texas Rangers" in  
a way that the words can be printed with the design  
and be etched with more pleasure than I can ex-  
press - I can't do it - without you start it - The  
two designs sent to sister I can make out every line  
of them as clearly as if I had sketched them myself -

Both must make good pictures - just as they are -  
By the way - as so many of my letters have miscarried  
I may as well repeat to you - that I have an open order  
for your first picture when you return to Rivier for  
a lady of Mobile - and another for \$250 - of a camp  
subject - or any thing you choose - and if you can't  
or won't - come home to your sail - try if you can  
not do something where you are -

In one of our missing letters - I wrote you of a number  
of relatives of your mother who were in Va. and Neb. &c.  
Berry - her cousin, who was here - sent you a letter of  
introduction to a W. Harrison - (private Sec. I believe to Pres.  
Davis) - Dr. Oswald "Igleheart" - Surgeon C. S. A. - James  
W. Igleheart <sup>(then father)</sup> Stonewall Jackson - James Radell stationed  
at Drury's Bluff - John B. McCobb - at Rev. G. Dandridge  
Rich. - Nicholas W. Watkins - with Major Remi, Chief  
of Signal Corps - are all relatives of your mother -  
Your mother's sister W. Martha Beall - resides at  
Lee Farm - near Harper's Ferry - She has two sons in the  
Conf. Army - but I do not know where they are - Genl.  
Ewell's grandfather and my grand-mother were brother &  
sister - Col. Tabb - I suspect to be a blood relation

Rome 135 Via del Babuino

Oct. 27th 1863 -

My dear Gony -

We yesterday received your letter of  
29th June & 10th July - much to our delight - as they were, in  
date - We have written to you as often lately by various ways  
that I have little very special to tell you - I am sorry to  
find that our many letters to you during the summer have  
not reached you as they must have kept you fully ad-  
vised of all matters in relation to home - They were sent  
in the same way that the letter was forwarded of 28th July,  
which you received - and I think, some kind or other, they  
must be in Rich. and you ought to know where to en-  
quire for them - We are assured that they were forwarded,  
and if any difficulty had been in the way of  
their reaching their destination - they would have been long  
before this, duly returned to us - We shall hereafter send  
"over the blockade" - by a regular mail - and I hope with  
more success - By this time ~~long~~ this reaches you I hope  
you may have received the box of artist fixtures, which I  
had sent to you from England - and that you will find all  
the articles acceptable - They were sent, as I wrote to you,  
to the care of Col. Gorge, Chief of Ord. Rich. - with, as I can  
understand, Genl. stores - how, exactly, I don't know - but, as  
I believe, in as safe a way as possible at present - I have  
also sent to the Genl. for you a remittance through Messrs.  
Fraser & Le. of Charleston & Liverpool of £34 "4" 2 - the value  
of which you will receive - which I hope will make you a  
little easier in your purse - which must be painfully  
light - what you will say to the contrary, notwithstanding -  
Mother sends the best part of it - with the faint hope that it  
may be required very shortly - to help pay your way home  
again - to let us see you and once more in its old place for  
good and all - Father has sent you a handsome merchandise  
piece through a friend in Paris - its sent by a Confederate of-  
ficer bound for Rich. - and will probably also deliver for  
you to Col. Gorge - so look out for it - Thinets of photo-  
graphs have been sent to you - one as long ago as the 8th of



another on 12<sup>th</sup> May - and another on 13<sup>th</sup> of this month -  
- The Knapsack will soon be packed and off with all sort  
of odds and ends - I wrote to W Miller in London - as you  
suggested - and received from him a very kind letter in re-  
ply - offering to send some things for you in a package he  
was about despatching to his son - but I could not  
get away thing from Rome in time - and so requested  
the favour of him to procure for you in London some  
articles which I thought necessary - shoes - shirt -  
indian rubber overcoat - socks - blanket etc - I have  
not heard from him, if my letter was in time, but  
should probably do so before I close this - The package  
we shall send from Rome I will forward to him,  
or send it through Messrs Fraser & Co of Liverpool  
and Charleston - By an oversight, in the box with  
your colours and pictures - the mill-boards which I  
had ordered - sent for you - and sent for ourselves - were  
not sent to you - but my notes add them to the pack-  
age from Eliza - if there is room - and when you get  
them - and can have the time and opportunity of  
doing so - paint on them some of your camp-  
scenes - and I'll guarantee you from thirty to  
fifty gold dollars for every one of them - Send them  
to me and I'll get it for you - and so sure am  
I of it - that you may draw on me, whenever you  
like, for the money - Coony - my dear boy -  
Some bright morning when the sun of Italy  
shines out, if it ever does where you are -  
- take your pipe - I hope it may be the one  
that your brother has sent you - and away from  
the influences of carnage and excitation - think well  
and calmly of the precious moments of your  
life that you are spending away from ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> stu-  
dies and pursuits best calculated to ensure you

position and honour in the world - and I am  
equally sure most congenial to your inclinations  
and impulses - I do not believe your heart can be  
in your present vocation - however your patriotic  
ardour may sustain you - Your restlessness un-  
der the restraint of inactivity - tells it plain enough,  
if it were needed - I can well sympathize with you  
in the want of that association of minds, imbued with  
impulses towards art in which your own has been  
and developed - for I have felt it keenly and oppres-  
sively during the long years I suffered its privation - and  
thence do I feel that <sup>our</sup> happiest hours, under any circum-  
stances, is here - while we are at least understood - and  
enjoy just consideration in our pursuits and position - Al-  
though, my dear Coony, - I do not either reproach or even blame  
you for what you have done & I cannot in the sincerity  
of my heart do so - because at your age and under the  
circumstances I would not answer for my <sup>own</sup> act - and I  
dare say I might have committed it in a manner less  
unreproachable than you have done & still do I feel that  
it is a duty you owe yourself - to retrieve the sacrifice  
you made - and to assume a moral courage in so doing  
for which I feel well assured you are capable of exerting -  
- That you have achieved vast professional advantages  
by ~~you~~ by your career since you left Rome - there can be  
no question - These dearly won advantages have placed  
you in a position - or rather with the well assumed means  
of attaining a position - in relation to your country - that  
is possibly possessed by no living artist - True that coun-  
try any one of the old world - you would not be allow-  
ed to remain a day longer where you are - but would be  
sent at once to labour more efficiently in its service on  
the profession - for which Providence has endowed you  
with capacity - that needs only the cultivation within  
your reach - to realize to the fullest measure of a high  
and honourable ambition - Back to Rome again  
is the road to it - and come while I am yet able to



To C. W. Chapman

care of Genl Henry Atlee

Rich<sup>d</sup> Va

Rome No 135 Via del  
Babuino.

Oct<sup>r</sup> 31. 1863.

My dear son -

I am happy to be able  
to inform you that your mother is much  
better - The symptoms that occasioned me so  
much uneasiness have subsided - and Dr  
Serrmani - reported yesterday that - all that  
was now required was that she should  
take care of herself, and keep her mind  
tranquil - The rest of us are quite

well - I would add, that your  
mother has never been confined to her  
bed for more than a day at any time.  
You know that while she can be - she will  
be moving about - I feel quite re-  
lieved with regard to her - which I haste  
to communicate to you in the hope that  
this may be allowed to pass the lines  
and that it will soon reach you -  
- All your requests have been attended  
to - As ever

Y<sup>r</sup> father  
Affectionately John W. Chapman



Charleston Nov. 28. <sup>Thy</sup> 78.

My dear Brother

There is a chance  
of my seeing you all once more  
before long, as I write to father.  
I have applied for six months  
leave of absence. Only think of the  
times we will have together, and  
say if you respond to the same  
wish I have, of being with you.  
If you don't, why hear out the  
fellow, for if I can possibly <sup>con</sup>vince  
you I am coming home. Yes home  
to "dear Old Rome." You remember  
how we used to laugh at poor little  
Mary, when she was at school about  
"dear old Rome". Well now I tell you  
there is no place like it, and if I  
only reach ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> safe, and  
find you all as I left you two years  
ago, the dream of my soldier life  
is realized and in one hearty shake



if the hard all past difficulties will  
be forgotten and we will be happy  
together once more for a few months,  
when I will return to my duties as a  
soldier and fight hard to the end of  
the war. I will know then that all  
is settled and fight with a better aim  
and a lighter heart, than I have done  
in the last two years.

I have many fears about our dear  
mother, Ah! that I may be spared to see  
her, <sup>well</sup> for should any thing happen here  
could I ever forgive myself. You have  
never known my dear brother, but  
it is to want a home and not have  
one, and I hope to God you never may.  
You little imagine what I have undergone  
in the last two years or you would not  
wonder at my hair turning gray. Write  
to me as often as you can. I have not  
heard from you for nearly a year. My best  
regards to Cousin, Parker and De Kieve.  
Your affectionately Brother  
W. Chapman



My dear little Mary, do not forget your brother, who hopes soon to be on his way to see you all. He will take a walk together on the Pincio and then go and get a "Gelato" all alla Caffè Nero, Won't we? I expect you have grown to be a grand lady and would hardly like to be seen with a Buff Confederate soldier who glories in his patches and is the name of Rebel. Charleston S.C.

Your brother Conny notwithstanding November 28<sup>th</sup> 1863.

My dear Mother.

Father's letter of Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup> the 3<sup>rd</sup> reached me about a week ago. The painful news it brought, fell like a heavy blow upon me, I knew at once that if you were sick it was something serious, and the casual way my father mentioned it, made me any thing but blind to his uneasiness about you. I knew also that if you called on Dr. Manomanna or any other Doctor you must be sick indeed. I did not wait long to decide what I ought to do under the circumstances, but obeyed my first impulse which was to fly to your side. I immediately wrote out an application for a furlough to go to Europe for six months, and Mr. Corwell and Gen. Will have both promised to do all in their power to get it for me. It has by this time on its way to Richmond, but it will be some time before I hear from it (if I ever do). If I do succeed which there is a possibility of my doing, and reach Rome and find you all well and happy as I left you what a happy day it will be for me. If I am only permitted to see you all once more and be with you for even a month, I would explain in a moment all my past conduct and

My dear Mother, I had a letter from you about a week ago, the close of the year, and had a photograph of you which I would need your old letter over and over again, and think of you as I do. I would love that admirable likeness of yourself and would love to see all doing in Rome. I tried to write you a few words of uneasiness about her, made me anxious that I hardly know what I have been about since. On the day of the moment I would have flown to be with you were it a thing possible. I came into town in my usual way, and saw and C. saw. and they both promised to do all in their power to get me a furlough or a detail to go to Europe. There is a possibility of its being granted, and in that case you may expect to see me in Rome on short notice. I can leave Wilmington N.C. on some steamer for Nassau, and with the money you have sent me and provided I get me, will find no difficulty in reaching Liverpool or Havre. I have applied for six months leave as they told me, that there was no apt to grant for that time or for any shorter period. I have heard from General Comd'g in this city that I have placed to my credit 34 p. 2. or 2128.50 in Confederate money. I shall leave it there in case I get a furlough or is it of use to me to use it. I had no right to such indulgence, as a headstrong and arrogant Prodigal, and no one feels it more than I.



return to my duties with a lighter heart <sup>afterwards</sup> and go through  
two or three years more of service with the satisfaction  
of knowing that all was explained between us, and  
that you did not look on me like a run away school-boy any  
longer. Seven months had passed, only think of it, since  
I had heard from you all, when Father's short little  
note reached me; I was over at Fort Moultrie and they  
handed it to me, and I leave you to imagine my feelings  
when I read about Mary's and your illness. I have  
not been the same person since then. I shall not leave  
a stone unturned in this matter - I can but fail, and  
by trying I might succeed. Only think of it, I would  
actually be <sup>my</sup> way back to you all and perhaps be  
in Rome by the first of ~~next~~ year. I dare not trust  
myself to thinking about it, for if I should not succeed  
the disappointment would be too great. As it is I look  
on it as a possibility, nothing more.

Yesterday I came over from Fort Moultrie, where  
I have been making sketches, to get some letters which  
were awaiting me in the City, one was from the Genl.  
enclosing Father's letter of Sept. 29<sup>th</sup> to him with a letter  
of credit for me, or something of the kind. About all  
this however I will write to Father; let me tell you  
in the meantime that it was a complete surprise  
to the humble soldier who had learnt to do and all  
wants that his eleven dollars a month could not  
supply. I imagine such an individual having to his

credit in a Bank £ 34.4.2 or \$ 2128.56 in  
Confederate scrip. I think I had better leave it there  
~~for then I can say~~ for it is safe there which is not the  
case in a Soldier's pockets. It will be a God-send to me  
if I get my detail or furlough, for then I can start out  
with something and not have to work my way over to you  
as I intended to. If instead of this I had received your  
photographs, my pleasure would have been tenfold. Send  
some more on any how, and I will have my tokens sent  
before long and you shall have as many as you want, if  
the original fails in his efforts to reach you himself. Tell  
Mary and Jack that I have not seen their handwriting for  
nearly a year.

I hope to God that your sickness may be  
nothing serious after all, and that I may be  
permitted to see you and talk over together with  
you all before long, the trials we have undergone  
in the last two years, by the old fireside in Rome.

Tell Mary to keep a look out from the  
balcony for me about the beginning of 1864. If  
I come at all, I will come then. She will see  
a burrins sort of a looking fellow coming up the Babuin,  
with a knapsack on his back, and if he gives four  
raps at the old portone she may mark him down  
to be your affectionate Son.

I shall  
try and  
go up  
to Genl.  
before long  
and see  
the Boys.  
I have  
heard from  
Mr. Con-  
Young Dr.  
Throsten  
several  
times he  
is in Philip-  
I am in splendid  
health.  
Which  
I try to  
hope is  
threats  
by this  
time with  
you

W. Chapman



Miss Crissin is the maris in a day to the

eternally kicking up some complaint  
on terror of being danced into the Babinis  
by a shorter route than the scala. But still,  
for all that, we have occasionally very agreeable  
gatherings - and as formerly on Friday Evening Trip  
Steamer was in last night - looking very nice  
and enquired, as she always does, very kindly  
about you. Sanfanelli (who is here with his wife  
and daughter). Counta la messa were also in - and  
we had some fine music - A Roman composer  
of some celebrity is trying his hand on some of the  
Confederate songs - and if he succeeds I will  
try and send them to you -

- I trust, my dear young, that before the close  
of the newly-come year - you will be again at  
home and in your old place - for if you do  
not I scarcely think that we shall hold on  
much longer to the old place in the Babinis -  
- for what change - I cannot tell - Some here  
or other are all at times get as restless as Jack  
- there are a great many strangers here this season  
and Rome is very gay - but there are very few  
Southerners - Mr Conrad returned from America  
the other day - but I have not as yet seen him -  
Your old friends are constant in their enquiries  
about you - Quercia was in yesterday - He has  
done some very fine things lately - Monte is still  
about but I seldom see him - His mother & sister are  
in Paris - With our united love - as ever af-  
fectionately. Your father



Rome 135 Via del Babuino  
Saty 9. 1864.

My dear young -

We are determined if you do  
not hear from home regularly it shall not at  
least be our fault. So I write again today  
although I have little more to tell you than  
that we are all well - and that every thing  
goes on as usual with us - I wrote to you  
lately by a very direct route as promised - as  
yet we are without any better from you  
later than 2nd Oct. although your mother  
has received a very kind letter from Mr. Cap-  
mann (Elija Ross) informing us that  
she had received a letter from her mother  
as late as 7th Oct. and that you were  
very well - I hope that some of our let-  
ters, packages etc - sent you, since we dis-  
covered the uncertainty of the means by which  
all our letters of last summer were forward-  
ed - have we this reached you - and you have  
been made aware that our constant thoughts  
have been about you - Your mother, sister



and Jack would write - but they are quite discouraged that our letters should fail as they have done - I think it likely some day or other you will get an alarming bunch of stale epistles - if you don't, I'll find out what has become of them - We are now very anxiously expecting a letter from you - to know first how you are - and next if our letters and the parcels sent to you have reached their destination - We have concluded to keep the parcel we have for you ~~here~~ until we know what has become of the others - so that if they have fallen into the hands of the Philistines we may be able to supply the deficiency - or at least try to do so in the next that we write - I have written to you in my several letters of late - to advise you to collect together all your sketches etc - and place them in Charge of Woodhull at Athens who will, I know, take good care of them - or any thing else for you - do not risk any thing your value by attempting to send it across the water just now - above all, your original sketches - they are of more value than your mere copies of - In your

last letter you spoke of the General's writing shortly - and I hope very soon to hear from him - The letter you enclosed was duly forwarded -

There is no special news of Rome to tell you - Yesterday the correspondence between the Pope and Mr Davis was published in the Roman official paper - It is of no special import except so far as it shows the kindly feeling of the Pope towards the South - who although he has little political importance has yet a wide spread and important moral influence that weighs powerfully in the direction of popular and political influences the wide world over -

Our Xmas went off pretty much as usual - Miss Pherson gave his usual turn out of the old year to which Jack went - but the rest of us - remained at home - and welcomed the new year over a pitcher of apple toddy - with a few friends who happened to drop in - Mother, Sister & Jack are preparing for a grand house-warming at Long on Tuesday - to which I am also tempted but I am afraid to look up my dress suit lest the moth and the mice have made way with it - I haven't seen it since you left - and how long before that, you know - We do not have as frequent merry gatherings as usual - and the Valeris, who are below us are



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Haden as usual made use of those gestures of  
his but it was of no avail he could not satisfy  
the Col that the remarks were not intended for  
him. There were several sides of bacon taken  
from the Comy by one of the Nuyes in old Co's  
but they were found out and the meat was  
seized and they had to pay \$5 for pound  
for it as Luck would have it they had just  
been paid off. and of course forked over.  
old Guy blows hugely about what he is going  
to do this winter. The old man he says will  
have a fine time plenty of whiskey to drink  
and nothing to do but then you know he  
lies for we know him too well. I could  
tell you a great deal more about old Guy but  
I have not the time or the paper to write on



Q

the old company is about <sup>same as</sup> when you were here. The boys often talk about old Rome around the camp fires wishing him all the good luck imaginable hoping to hear from you often. You will never be forgotten in the old Paducut Company. You was always a favorite with the company and your name will always be cherished by those who knew you best.

you will see by this that I am rather short of paper and cannot tell you all that I wish at the present time but I will try & get more and finish what I have already started and you will do me a favor if you will burn this scrawl after you have read it, that is if you can make out to read it.



**Chapman Family Correspondence and Other Documents**

**1791-1898**

**MSS.0048**

**Oversize: FB-363 Folder: 5**

**CORRESPONDENCE - Correspondence between  
Conrad Wise Chapman and his family, 1863**



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