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1862 March

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Rev. Sam. Sumner Jr
March 2/1862

My dear dear Wife and beloved children

I never in my life felt better or half as well as I do now, day before yesterday I recd. a letter as well as yesterday & to day.

From your Uncle Joseph & above all from my own, "Dad" & that house he painted. Your letter my own dear wife, was so cheery & full of life's own and full of the good woman and lovely mother that if you were just now here I could kiss you all & hug you ~~all~~ more than you ever saw.

A messenger just now went by my Quarters with the painful news, that our own gallant, brave noble and generous General James Butcher his last, about 30 minutes ago, such a life, 8 days ago he presented a flag to our Regiment, and reviewed 20000 troops of the to all of them and as he came charging along our lines upon his noble steed, was most powerfull and worthily respected stood by all, one would have thought, but for a glorious career of glory

as the General may expect & all
would be well and to day he is
no more, being afflicted with palsy
& a consumption of the brain.

This is for the following circumstances
When I wrote to Oneel Joseph I
said to him that if we did not get
Orders to move that night & I
expected we would get paid, we
did not get Orders that night to
cook 3 days rations & get ready
to start at one hours notice
The boys cooked & packed, the
Wagons were loaded and everything
was full of life (though I must say
I went to bed & slept soundly till
morning) morning came & we
found out the Cavalry, Artillery
and 7 Regt. of Infantry had left
Our Brigade & several others were
ready to move & awaiting orders
the day passed without any
orders that night we went to
bed with all our clothes on, ex-
pecting to move that is expecting
to hear the long Roll beating
which calls every Soldier to his
feet ready and equipped to march
fight or anything in his line.
Yet we have not been called
to march as yet, but instead of
this we rec^d. Orders to unpack & those

Started an ordered book.

Who the Successor of Genl. Sanders will be I know not, but it maybe Genl. Rosecrank.

As I was telling you I felt good & do so yet for my motto is there is plenty of good men to take the places of those going and only I am really very busy doing.

The reason why I have not written to you ere this is simply this order to march, I expected after a march of 20 or 30 miles new scenery and everything else as well as the description of an expected but not occurring battle would be acceptable to you and of a great deal of interest in your morning of Millstream life, for since I last wrote to about our march, our flag presentation &c there has been nothing but Rumors & Reports and the daily duty of Trade Drill, Inspection, loading firing drawing rations &c.

I have been out twice with my men on pretty days, climbing the sides of these awful hills through the pine bushes & over the rocks, practicing as skirmishers

and I am satisfied if you would stand
on the top of the Mountain 5 times
as high as the Berlin hill and see
me & my boys come up, not along
the road but on the rough side
& hear me give the Commands
Rally by files, Rally by platoons
Rally on the Reserve, or deploy
into line as skirmishers, fire to
load at will & @ & @ as I said
before see me come up there
without puffing or blowing as
I used to, it would make
you feel good, or if you would
see my boys gathered around me
when we get marching orders
and hear them give me pledges
of their faith & fidelity then I should
only say you would feel all right.

I have now got 13 of my
men in the General Hospital at
Cumberland 20 or 25 miles from
here, there is none however
dangerously ill & all of them
are getting along pretty well.

The men I had in the 6th
and Wheeling Hospitals have come
home (that is to the Regiment)
and Capt. Crafty is as clever &
efficient as ever.

I have really nothing of any
note of news to say to you, our lovely

Paw Paw Tunnel, Va.

March 2, 1862

My dear dear Wife and beloved children!

I never in my life felt better or half as well as I do now. Day before yesterday I received a letter, as well as yesterday and to day.

From you, Uncle Joseph and above all from my own "Son" and that house he painted. Your letter my own dear wife was so cheering and full of life's own and full of the good woman and lovely mother that if you were just now here I could kiss you all and hug you "more than you ever saw."

A messenger just now went by my Quarters with the painful news, that our own gallant, brave, noble and generous General Lander breathed his last, about 30 minutes ago. Such is life; 8 days ago, he presented a flag to our Regiment and reviewed 20,000 troops, spoke to all of them and as he came charging along our lines upon his noble steed, erect, powerful and manly, respected and loved by all, one would have thought, O but for a glorious career of glory as the General may expect and all would be well, and to day he is no more, being afflicted with pelurisy and a congestion of the brains.

This accounts for the following circumstances. When I wrote to Uncle Joseph I said to him that if we dit not get Orders to move that night and so forth, I expected we would get paid.

We dit get orders that night to cook 3 days rations and get ready to start at one hours notice.

The boys cooked and packed, the wagons were loaded and everything was full of life (though I must say I went to bed and slept soundly till morning). Morning came and we found out the Cavelery, Artillery and 7 Regiments of Infantry had left; our Brigade and several others were ready to move and awaiting orders. The day passed without any orders and last night we went to bed with all our clothes on, expecting to move; that is expecting to hear the "long Roll" beating which calls every Soldier to his feet ready and equipped to march, fight or anything in his line.

Yet, we have not been called to march as yet, but instead of this we received Orders to unpack and those started are ordered back.

Who the successor of General Lander will be I know not, but it maybe General Rosencranz.

As I was telling you, I felt good and do so yet, for my motto is there is plenty of good men to take the places of those going out, only I am really very very sorry.

The reason why I have not written to you ere this is simply this order to move. I expected after a march of 20 or 30 miles new sceneries and everything else as well as the description of an expected but not occurring Battle would be

acceptable to you and of a great deal of Interest in your monotony of Millersburg life, for since I last wrote to about our march, our Flag presentation and so forth, there has been nothing but Rumors and Reports and the daily duty of Parade, drill, Inspection, loading and firing, drawing rations and fuel.

I have been out twiced with my men on pretty days climbing the sides of these awful hills through the pine bushes and over the Rocks, practicing as skirmishers and I am satisfied if you would stand on the top of the mountain 5 times as high as the Berlin Hill and see me and my boys come up, not along the road but on the rough side and hear me give the commands, Rally by fours, Rally by platoons, Rally on the Reserve, or deploy into line as skirmishers, fire and load at will and so forth and so forth, as I said before see me come up there without puffing or blowing as I used to, it would make you feel good, or if you would see my boys gather around me when we get marching orders and hear them give me pledges of their faith and fidelity, then and then only you would feel all right.

I have now lost 13 of my men in the General Hospital at Cumberland, Maryland, 60 miles from here; there is none however dangerously ill and all of them are getting along pretty well.

The men I have in the Cleveland and Wheeling Hospitals

have come home (that is) to the Regiment. Jacob Grassley is as clever and officious as ever.

I have really nothing of any note of news to say to you, our lovely





Tues. Part. 1^o March 4/62

My dear and much beloved
Wife; my sweet children.

Oh but I had gay living; the
best came yesterday and such
green & gansfield, Peppermint
and Gundershuck I never
eat before. The Bitters is
just the thing, as will
make a man feel at
home. Everything was to the
best of Order and felt
just right. We have had
awfull rains here within
the last few days but to
day it was nice and cold.
again. I believe I wrote
to you, that I sold my

my watch and chain
for \$100 the chain you may
keep untill farther Orders

We may move on down
the N. H. to Martinsburg
I wish ~~to~~ we would, as
it feels to gloomy here
since the death of General.

By the way Gen^l Lander was
married to a celebrated
Tragedienne I think Miss
Davenport, she lives in Wash-
ington, would she play
off nice. Yesterday we
went through the funeral
Ceremonies over the Corps
of Gen^l Lander. Just imagine
3000 troops of all kind drawn
in line ^{Company} ^{Infantry} ^{Artillery}

The above is the Order, he was
in a command But as they
could not get a Coffin

The procession consisted
of 2 Bands of music (the
Willeuhuy Band as one) then
came the master of Ceremonies
the coffin carried by Eight
Colonels (None one of them
their his staffs, his body
guard, 2 Regts of Infantry
with 4000 musketeers it
looked truly grand & had
it not been that we had to
stand for 4 hours in the
cold and waited for it
I think I could have given
you a very graphic dis-
cription of the performance
I forgot the coffin was
wrapped in the American
flag. I hope they will
not have any foul dis-
son & if they do I would
like for them to die & be

Remind in a warm day
I am well it is said
to night that the Paymaster
will pay us to morrow
I hope so as it would
be quite a relief to a
great many of my boys
and to me, we are all
unminded & ready for pay.

A move down the RR
towards Beckinow would
be quite a treat as the
boys have burned all the
rails and wood for
miles and it is getting
hard to get, besides we
would see something
new and then I could
give you a detailed history
of it again



I am well and hearty
as a buck been
eating all day of the
good things from home
and if I could only
now see you and the Chubb
& just for one hour I
would put it to

There was a boy here yes-
terday from Abbeon by the
name of Abhey with whom
I send a letter for you
and one for one of you
containing \$10 a piece
I wish you and one of
you would write to me
immediately whether you
got them. Keep a
writing often and long
cheerfull letters for it
makes em feel so

You can not imagine
and by word reason if
no preceding providence
I will be at home to stay
quite awhile if we can
only get rid of that
Scoundrel Col of ours.

Hamlin must continue
to be a good boy & maybe
I get some nice Jewish
trophies for him besides
his Pistol and Lizzie
will get the prettiest thing
she ever saw, just because
cause she is such a
nice girl. Oh the Children
unpious to hear my
letters read? Do they
listen to them? Do
you read to them, what
I write to them? All
thi Questions I would

like to have your answer
I have been interrupted
had a visit of 3 Captains &
4 Lieut. I had a camp
with our Col. to day & they
came to ask me whether they
can do me any good
I told them let us go in the
morning & see whether the
Col. can not be visited
at once or ~~but~~ but he is
a Scoundrel, Liar and Im-
posture. Don't you think
that ~~I have~~ been a good
boy of late about
writing? Just consider
me in a place where I
have not seen Woman
or Child but once in 7
Weeks & think how much
good it does or would
to hear from the dear Woman

and good children

My friend Dr. Ebrigt & I are
together every day he took
Dinner with us last night &
& Supper to day; he & I
console ourselves together.

To morrow will be a day for
Examination of men to be
discharged from the Service
for disability, I have 5
applicants but none of
them that I enlisted.

I must close as it
is getting very late, these
men hindering me they
sit like Mrs G —

My love to you all
May we soon meet and
act well & hearty is
the only wish of your
Ever true husband
father & Brother

Waver

Paw Paw, Va. March 4/62

My dear and much beloved wife, my sweet children!

Oh but I had gay living; the box came yesterday and such greeve [griebe? = cracklings] and gansfleisch [goose meat], peppernuts [pfeffernüsse cookies] and zuckerkuche [sugar cookies] I never eat before. The Bitters is just the thing as will make a man feel at home. Everything was in the best of Order and felt just right. We have had awful rains here within the last few days but to day it was nice and cold again. I believe I wrote to you, that I sold my watch and chain for \$100. The chain you may keep until farther orders.

We may move on down the Railroad to Martinsburg. I wish we would, as it feels too gloomy here since the death of Lander. By the way General Lander was married to a celebrated Tragedienne, I think Miss Davenport. She lives in Washington; wont she play off nice? Yesterday we went through the funeral ceremonies over the corpse of General Lander. Just imagine 20,000 troops of all kinds drawn in line:

Cavelery

Infantry

the procession

Infantry

Artillery

The above is the order. He was in a common box as they could not get a Coffin.

The procession consisted of 2 Bands of Music (the Millersburg Band as one), then came the master of ceremonies, the coffin carried by eight Colonels (Voriss one of them), then his staff, his body Guard and 2 Regiments of Infantry with "arms reversed". It looked truly grand and had it not been that we had to stand for 4 hours in the cold and waited for it I think I could have given you a very graphic description of the performance. I forgot the coffin was wrapped in the American flag. I hope they will not have any General die soon and if they do I would like for them to die and be buried on a warm day.

I am well. It is said to night that the Paymaster will pay us to morrow. I hope so as it would be quite a relief to a great many of my boys and to me; we are all mustered and ready for pay.

A move down the Railroad towards Baltimore would be quite a treat as the boys have burned all the Rails and wood for miles and it is getting hard to get; besides we would see something new and then I could give you a detailed history of it again.

I am well and hearty as a buck bear, eating all day of

the good things from home, and if I could only now see you and the children and Joseph for one hour I would feel O.K.

There was a boy here yesterday from Akron by the name of Abbey with whom I sent a letter for you and one for Uncle Jose containing \$10 a piece I wish you and Uncle Josey would write to me immediately wether you got them. Keep a writing often and long cheerfull letters for it makes me feel so you can not imagine and by wool season if no preventing providence I will be at home to stay quite awhile if we can only get rid of the Scoundrel Col. Of ours.

Hamlin must continue to be a good boy & may be I get some nice Sesesh trophie for him besides his Pistol and Lizzie will get the prettiest thing she ever saw just because she is such a nice girl. Are the children anxious to hear my letters read? Do they listen to them? Do you read to them what I write to them? All these questions I would like to have you answer.

I have been interrupted; had a visit of 3 Captains and 4 Lieutenants. I had a mess with our Colonel to day and they came to ask me whether they can do me any good. I told them let us go in the morning and see whether the Colonel can not be hoisted at once. Oh but he is a Scoundrel, Liar and Imposture. Don't you think that I have been a good boy of late

about writing? Just consider me in a place where I have not seen woman or child but once in 7 weeks & think how much good it does a man to hear from the dear Woman and good children.

My friend Dr. Ebright & I are together every day he took Supper with us last night & dinner to day, he and I console ourselves together.

To morrow will be a day for examination of men to be discharged from the service for disability, I have 5 applicants but none of them that I enlisted.

I must close as it is getting very late, these men hindering me as they sit like Mrs. C.

My love to you all. May we soon meet each other well & hearty is the only wish of your

Ever true husband, father & brother

Marcus

Martinsburg Va March 9/62

My dear and good Wife

My sweet Children & beloved Brother

This is Sunday
Morning, just after Roll Call, and the
Sun has made its appearance over
the eastern Hills in all its magnificent
and glory of a Spring morn and as I
was just walking for 15 minutes in
a garden attached to the big Shore
House I occupy, it seemed to me
as though I must at once go in
and write to you my loved ones,
even though only yesterday I
sent a long and probably uninter-
esting letter to all of you.

We have now been two days in
this ancient and hallowed town of
Martinsburg in the Old Dominion
the home of Faulkner the late Minister
to France under Buchanan and the
Home of the once Member of Congress

Martin of Martinsburgh.

When we came here night reigned
over the sleepy Inhabitants who the
day subsequent from all appearances
felt quite alarmed as you could
scarcely see any one untill the whole
day. Except in the afternoon when
the numerous Bands were playing
for Dress Parade of the dif³ Regt^s
a Window was occasionally opened
and in less than an hour the Windows
of a great many deserted looking Houses
were opened and female Heads deliberately
exhibited over the Window Sills. Yesterday
the 2nd day the Streets were crowded
with Civilians and Soldiers. The Ladies
such as Dupes in Style are stylish in
deed but such as apparently are
poor whites keep ten times more
than the poor woman of Martinsburgh.

The negro woman and variegated in
their mode of Dress, some of them look
as gay as a French dancing Woman
while others look a genuine personification
of the Devils grand mother

I have not made the acquaintance of
any body yet wished do I intend to, Comp
C is probably the only Co of the 65 Station
ed here where all 3 commissioned Officers
stay with their men all the time.

Chapman, Childs and myself sleep
on the Comtee stay with the boys all
the time eat with them, sing with them
and have a decent joke with them
and yet I claim there is no Captain
in the Service that has more the respect,
and ~~and~~ personal as well as military
formed over his boys than I have. This
may seem like bragging but to you I
may be open and can therefore say it
is true. Over 900 of the Refugees
have returned to their Homes and friends
since the Advance of the Union troops and
still they come although when the Seash
troops were here it was not safe for
Union families to be here, but during
the stay of the Union troops Seash
families are as much protected as
Union, if they only behave themselves
and this is truly just ~~and~~ as it should

I believe never have I written to you that
one of our Regimental Poets is Westfall
a Brother to the Westfalls of Mount
Union School notoriety, whom I have
known informed years, he is very kind to
me and my boys from old acquaintance
yesterday, he was here yesterday and urged
me very strongly to come and share quarters
with him, as he is with one of the finest
families in town, I refused however,
and told him that I had not had
my Uniform out for 4 weeks except on
Parade and would not until I
could show it to my wife and family
except on Parade or special duty. I wear
Blouse and Pants like the boys.

Our Col. I am fighting and if it were
not for our confounded mowmy and
the certain death of Gen. Landers I should
have succeeded on this, but the day
of retribution are a coming" and he
will have to walk the pole.

I think these 2 days under Roof
has done the boys a great deal of
good they feel bully

and I wish all my boys from the
Hospital at Cumberland Maryland were
here, they would get along better here than
in Cumberland. If you and the Children
& Brother Joseph were here and would
take such a big ride over the City
& County & you could see them, how far
men will go when their passions are
rouned, to see 64 Locomotives of the very
best and biggest kind (1 as big as 3 of our at
home) destroyed, willfully, maliciously and
feloniously, the nicest Bridges of Iron
& wood destroyed, a magnificent Depot
House as nice as I ever saw in the
U.S. smacked & destroyed, I am satisfied
you would feel Secession is awfull and
must be subdued. We are here 8 miles
from Bankers Hill, 15 miles from Charlestown
and 24 from Harpers ferry the Theatre
of John Browns fanaticism, 22 miles from
Winchester where the Rebels boast of
being strongly fortified and ready to receive
us, how long we stay here I know not
but am thinking not long. Our baggage
trains etc is not here yet expected to day

The mother of the young woman
my infant's, read it and thank God it

Just now the news is spread through
town that ~~Ministered~~ was taken this
morning at 5 o'clock by Genl Bunker
and his forces, thus falls one after
the other of the ^{defatted} ~~beated~~ strongholds
of Seceshdom, they can not with-
stand the fire earnestness and
enthusiasm of those who gather
around the good old flag. I begin to
think it will soon be played
out. As far as I am concerned I
feel stout and hearty and I
believe if nothing further will hap-
pen to me, this "my service" will
add 10 years to my life. God must
give my love to my good children and
tell them the time of seeing and kissing
them is drawing near daily
and in a few days I will write
to all of you again & most likely
not having anything new to say
will direct myself to you all personally.
If we stay here two days the Paymaster
will be here. Your ever true loving
father
Moses

Just empty when I got home Chapman

Since I have finished the other
Side I went to work &
cooked Supper for me & Lt
Chapman, now mornk, I had
6 Eggs. In the first place
I boiled water in frying Pan
then put in the Eggs (open) let
them boil put in Salt & Pepper
& plenty of Butter, Chapman
bought a warm loaf of
bread & you may laugh but
by George we had "pounded
Egg" aint that way you
cook them? But they were
not cooked left handed
& forgot to say that we
that on the march I lived on
Gans fleish, tongue, Pepper
nuts & Zucker Knack of which
I had my horse sack full
when we started

My dear Caroline!

The enclosed letter I wrote to
you and would like if Brother Joseph
would let Estill read it and if
he would publish it in the
Journal I would like it very
much. I am exceedingly well
and really feel no more tired of
the march as I am of going to
see the Watchman (Dr. Wright
just now come in pass the Store)

Give my love to my Son & Hamlin
who I hope is a good boy yet &
beams fast to my sweet daughter
Lizzie and all my friends. Mr &
Thos. I left much for. I might
shaving write considerable I feel
to try to write much more

Kiss Mosey Remembered I write
quick to you ever true & loving

Mushorn

Mary

Write to
Martinsbury
Va

May write to me soon

Martinsburg Va

March 9/62

My dear and good wife

My sweet children and beloved brother!

This is Sunday Morning just after Roll Call, and the sun has made its appearance over the eastern Hills in all its magnificance and glory of a Spring morn and as I was just walking for 15 minutes in a Garden attached to the big Store House I occupy, it seemed to me as though I must at once go in and write to you my loved ones, even though only yesterday I sent a long and probably uninteresting letter to all of you.

We have not been two days in this ancient and hallowed town of Martinsburg in the Old Dominion, the home of Faulkner, the late Minister to France under Buchanan, and the Home of the once Member of Congress, Martin of Martinsburgh.

When we came here, night reigned over the sleepy Inhabitants who the day subsequent from all appearances felt quite alarmed as you could scarcely see any one out the whole day, except in the afternoon when the numerous Bands were playing for Dress Parade of the different Regiments, a window was occasionally opened and in less than an hour the Window Shudders of a great many deserted looking Houses were opened

and female Heads deliberately exhibited over the window sills. Yesterday the 2nd day the streets were crowded with Civilians and Soldiers. The Ladies such as Dresses in Style are stylish indeed but such as apparently are poor whites dress ten times meaner than the poor women of Millersburg.

The negro women are variagated in their mode of dress; some of them look as gay as a french dancing woman while others look a genuine personification of the Devils Grandmother. I have not made the acquaintance of anybody yet, neither do I intend to. Company C is probably the only Company of the 65 stationed here where all 3 commissioned officers stay with their men all the time.

Chapman, Childs and myself sleep on the countre, stay with the boys all the time, eat with them, sing with them and have a decent joke with them, and yet I claim there is no Captain in the Service that has more the respect and moral as well as military power over his boys than I have. This may seem like bragging but to you I may be open and can therefore say it is true. Over 900 of the Refugees have returned to their homes and fireside since the advance of the Union troops and still they come. Although when the Sesesh troops were here it was not safe for Union families to be here, but during the stay of the Union troops Sesesh families are as much protected as Union, if they only behave

themselves, and this is truly just as it should be.

I believe never have I written to you that one of our Regimental Doctors is Westfall, a Brother to the Westfalls of Mount Union School notoriety, whom I have known in former years. He is very kind to me and my boys from old acquaintance sake. He was here yesterday and urged me very strong to come and share quarters with him, as he is with one of the finest families in town. I refused however and told him that I have not had my Uniform on for 4 weeks except on Parade and would not until I could show it to my wife and family. Except on Parade and Special duty, I wear Blouse and Pants like the boys.

Our Colonel I am fighting and if it were not for our confounded moving and the certain death of General Landers I should have succeeded ere this, but the day "of retribution am a coming" and he will have to walk the pole.

I think these 2 days under Roof has done the boys a great deal of good; they feel bully and I wish all my boys from the Hospital at Cumberland, Maryland, were here; they would get along better here than in Cumberland. If you and the children and Brother Joseph were here we would take such a big ride over the City and country and you could see then, how far men will go when their passions are roused. To see 64 Locomotives of the very best and biggest kind (1 as big as

3 of ours at home) destroyed, will- fully, maliciously and feloniously, the nicest Bridges of iron and wood destroyed, a magnificent Depot House as nice as I ever saw in the United States smashed and destroyed, I am satisfied you would feel Secession is awful and must be subdued. We are here 8 miles from Bunker Hill, 15 miles from Charlestown and 24 from Harpers Ferry, the Theater of John Browns fanaticism, 22 miles from Winchester where the Rebels boast of being strongly fortified and ready to receive us. How long we stay here I know not but am thinking not long. Our Baggage, tents and so forth is not here yet; expected to day.

Just now the news is spread through town that Winchester was taken this morning at 5 o'clock by General Banks and his forces. Thus falls one after the other of the boasted stronghold of Seseshdom; they can not withstand the fire, earnestness and enthusiasm of those who gather around the good old flag. I begin to think it will soon be played out. As far as I am concerned I feel stout and hearty and I believe if nothing farther will happen to me, this "my service" will add 10 years to my life. You must give my love to my good children and tell them the time of seeing and kissing their pa is drawing nearer daily and in a few days I will write to all of you again & most likely not having anything new to say will direct myself to you all personally. If we stay here two days

the Paymaster will be here. Your ever true & loving husband,
father & brother

Marcus

The enclosed letter is one branch of my business, read it and
then seal it.

Since I have finished the other side I went to work and
cooked supper for me and Lieutenant Chapman, now mark, I had
6 Eggs. In the first place I boiled water in frying Pan, then
put in the Eggs (open), let them boil, put in Salt and Pepper
and plenty of butter; Chapman bought a warm lofe of bread and
you may laugh but by George we had "poached Eggs" aint that
[the] way you cook them? But they were not cooked left handed.
I forgot to say that on the march I lived on Gansfleish,
tongue, Peppernuts and Zucker Kuche, of which I had my
havresack full when we started but empty when I got here.

Your,
Marcus

My Dear Caroline!

The enclosed letter I wrote to you and would like if Brother
Joseph would let Estill read it and if he would publish it in the
Farmer I would like it very much. I am exceedingly well and really
feel no more tired of the march as I am of going to & fro the
Warehouse (Dr. Ebright just now came in pass the store).

Give my love to my son Hamlin who I hope is a good boy yet &

learns fast to my sweet daughter Lizzie and all my friends. Not
having slept much for 2 nights & having wrote considerable I feel to
tired to write much more.

Kiss Mosey & write quick to your ever true & loving Husband

Marcus

Write to Martinsburg (may write to morrow)



Dear Winchester Va
March 13/62.

My lovely and good wife
good Children and Dear Mother

You will see by the above that
we were not granted to enjoy the
so very congenial Air to so many
jandy Officers of the very pretty
town of Martinsburg, but had
to advance on the very stronghold
of this Section, then Managers
and as we chased them off in a
hurry I will give you a history
of our departure of ~~War~~ Martins-
burg our Advance & Co. and if sitting
in my tent on the floor crossed with
2 Blankets, a Bagmat streck in
the floor, my Paper and a Company
book, my Spectacles on, my head
band on, will make it so that
it may not be so very inter-
esting you must not blame
me and by the way I do not
yet know how to get this to
any P. O. While in Winchester
and 3 days before I was under
Arrest for which I was at times
mad enough to fight, but you
must not think I did anything
very bad, or done any wrong
but in order to fit in your mind

I will give you the facts. In Fort
 Paro the officer of the Guard arrested
 one of my men for leaving his Post to
 satisfy the Call of nature, which he
 should not have done, while in the
 Guardhouse, a nasty stinking place
 I complained and wanted my man
 out, although the Guard Tent is most
 always full, never before was any
 of my men in Guard and the Col not
 being a friend of mine wanted to show
 some of his venomous spirit and told
 me to prefer charges against my men
 and he would send them him to the
 Brigade Guard House to have him tried.
 I told him I had no charges to make
 the man that arrested him should make
 or have made the charges on the Regimental
 Guard book and as he had not done it
 he the Col had no right to hold my
 man and I demanded his immediate
 release, he said there was a Regimental
 Order compelling me to prefer charges
 I told him it did not make any diff
 to me about his Regimental Orders
 when they conflicted with the United
 States Army Regulations and good
 sense, he then had me arrested &
 demanded my sword which I refused
 and I told him, he was in the habit
 of arresting officers (5 Capt's were under
 arrest in one week) but since he
 arrested me, I demanded a Court

martial and so I had to confine
 myself to my Quarters, not bearing
 command of any Company in public
 I did not leave my Quarters at
 all. All went on well I did
 not care still hoping to get a chance
 for a Court Martial as we have
 26 Commissioned Officers who would
 have sworn they did not believe
 the Col under oath, but the Corp
 never reported me to even the Col or
 the Brigade. Col Whistal of Ind.
 One day after I wrote to you from our
 big store and the same evening that we
 were ordered to leave the store and
 take possession of a big Brick house
 I stay with a nice bed room in
 it for me and a Prob. Deaman &c
 I rec^d. your very very sweet letter
 my dear wife with a little note from
 Uncle Joseph in it after I had gone
 to bed which was written on the
 26th Feb and mailed the 27th of
 march in N.Y. and such a sweet
 letter it made me feel as well as
 I did the morning I bid you good bye
 at home the after the Ulster Ball
 when I started with Henry Greenbaum
 to Chicago, you know yet? When you
 showed tears the first time? How
 happy I felt, but this I think rather
 beats it as I love you more the
 older I get, every day of my life

and every time I get a letter the boys say, look at Cap. see how pleasant Cap is, if you want to go anywhere better ask Cap now, he just got a letter from home & he will let you go now and it always makes me give the Command better.

Now to business the Eve when we were fixed in our new house, the Adjutant came and said (then 10 o'clock P.M.) you must draw 3 days rations, cook them and fill your haversacks and be ready to march at 7 o'clock to-morrow Morning. We fixed and at 7 A.M. we left the town on the Winchester Pike, the day was delightful and as the Bands of the Big Regts played these patriotic tones, the Colours flying one felt as though it was a comfort to be a Soldier fighting for our glorious Union to be possessed yet by our posterity; and as we marched along through the prettiest Country a man can see anywhere and see the magnificent Palaces surrounded by beautiful plantations and negro plantations all of which at once satisfied & showed to the thinking man, oh what fools were you to bring on a destructive War while everything was surrounding you, that could be wished for, in times of peace you certainly had plenty.

We marched to Pumpkin Hill 9 miles
from Martinsburg, stopped at Pumpkin
Hill for further Orders, we fixed
Heds and crossed but no rest
for the Soldier when a victory
is to be achieved at 9 o'clock
the Courier came dashing with
the news that Stonewall Jackson
as the Rebels call their General
was drawing in line of battle before
Winchester, we had Orders to fall in
immediately, the boys felt gay but
I did not feel as well satisfied as I
was still under Arrest, we marched
on for 12 miles, when were halted within
one mile of the enemys entrenchments
and it was a sight never to be
forgotten as Regiment after Regt,
came and assigned its position
Battery after Battery swept passed
us and being assigned, the Cavalry
passed right and left of the division
the Country perfectly level the only
elevation is an easy sloping Hill
all around Winchester on which
The Enemy had their Batteries, which
was reported to be 64 Cannons sup-
ported by about 20000 men and
as we received the Orders to lay
down our own Arms and at the
least Alarm be ready we felt good
and really I think every man
was anxiously awaiting the time

to hear the sound of the Cannons
monotonous Minnie and as I
laid down beside of Chapman
in less than 5 minutes I was asleep
and dreamed all night about you
my love and the Children, I dreamed
I was sitting in our big black
Rocking chair & you ~~was~~ that little
Willow chair. Once you laying
down leaning his elbow on that square
Carpet covered stool and the Children
all around us and I was telling
you all how I was the 2nd on
the Hampacks planting the Colors
and how old Genl Shields compli-
mented me & you said when you
brought the paper home where
you read it how I was praised
by everybody you danced for joy
and then I said come all
woman let us dance now and
we danced and the Children all
laughed and just as I was going
to jump & cut up we were called
fall in, it was not yet daylight
I woke dit jump up and told
Chapman all will be right
this day. Our Gallant Genl Meade
the noble Hero of Mexico was
riding along our lines, and encouraged
us, he is a noble looking Genl
and I like him better than Grant

Col Kimball our Acting Brigadier
 Genl then rode by and I stopped
 him and told him I was under
 arrest and he said I heard of you
 yesterday are you not yet released.
 I said no Sir. says he, where is
 that it is a Col of yours, on the
 Head of the Column I said. He
 stopped off by in life than I min.
 I am I had the comfort of seeing that
 sup of wine come up to me & saying
 Col Spigel please take command
 of your Company and such I
 knew as my boys gave when they
 heard me at the head of the
 Comp. C. etc, Attention Comp C?
 would have done you I am as
 much good as it was unwilling
 to Col Prescott order to march to
 me and ask me, he said me when
 3 times the day before, if I would
 ask him he would release me but
 I would not do it and at the end
 I beat him, (At Col Davis hear this
 afternoon laid the case before Genl
 Shields)

March 14/62

Since I wrote the above last Eve
 at 10 o'clock as I felt tired several
 matters of interest have occurred
 which I will before I close enu-
 merate and now I will
 commence my narrative

Near Winchester Va.

March 13/62

My lovely and good Wife,
good Children and dear Brother

You will see by the above that we were not granted to enjoy the so very congenial Air to so many fancy officers of the very pretty town of Martinsburg, but had to advance on the very stronghold of this Section, their Manassas, and as we chased them off in a hurry, I will give you a history of our departure of Martinsburg, our advance and so forth, and if sitting in my tent on the floor, covered with 2 Blankets, a Bayonet stuck in the floor, my Paper on a Company book, my spectacles on, my head bent over, will make it so that it may not be so very interesting, you must not blame me and by the way I do not yet know how to get this to any post office. While in Winchester and 3 days before I was under arrest for which I was at times mad enough to fight, but you must not think I done anything very bad, or done any wrong but in order to fix easy your mind I will give you the facts. In Paw Paw the officer of the Guard arrested one of my men for leaving his Post to satisfy the calls of nature, which he should not have done. While in the Guardhouse, a nasty stinking place, I complained and wanted my man out. Although the Guard Tent is most always full, never before was any of

my men in Guard and the Colonel not being a friend of mine wanted to show some of his venomous spirit and told me to prefer charges against my man and he would send him to the Brigade Guard House to have him tried. I told him I had no charges to make; the man that arrested him should make or have made the charges on the Regimental Guardbook and as he had not done it he, the Colonel, had no right to hold my man and I demanded his immediate release. He said there was a Regimental Order compelling me to prefer charges. I told him it dit not make any difference to me about his Regimental Orders when they conflicted with the United States Army Regulations and good sense. He then had me arrested and demanded my sword which I refused and I told him, he was in the habit of arresting officers (5 Captains were under arrest in one week) but since he arrested me, I demanded a Court Martial and so I had to confine myself to my Quarters, not having command of my Company in public. I dit not leave my Quarters at all. All went on well; I dit not care, still hoping to get a chance for a Court Martial as we have 26 Commissioned Officers who would have sworn they dit not believe the Colonel under oath, but the Cuss[?] never reported me to even the Colonel Commanding the Brigade, Colonel Kimbal of Indiana. One day after I wrote to you from our big store and the same Evening that we were ordered to

leave the Store and take possession of a big Brick house, 2 story, with a nice Bedroom in it for me and a Bed, Bureau and so forth, I received your very very sweet letter, my dear wife, with a little note from Oncle Joseph in it, after I had gone to bed, which was written on the 26th February and mailed the 4th of March in Millersburg and such a sweet letter. It made me feel as well as I dit the morning I bid you good bye at home after the Atwater Ball when I started with Henry Greenebaum to Chicago, you know yet? When you showed tears the first time? How happy I felt, but this I think rather beats it as I love you more the older I get every day of my life, and every time I get a letter the boys say, look at Captain, see how pleast Captain is; if you want to go anywheres better ask Captain now, he just got a letter from home and so forth, and he will let you go now and it always makes me give the Com- mand better.

Now to business; the Eve when we were fixed in our new house, the Adjutant came and said (then 10 o'clock P.M.) you must draw 3 days rations, cook them and fill your havresacks and be ready to march at 7 o'clock to morrow Morning. We fixed and at 7 A.M. we left the town on the Winchester Pike. The day was delightful and as the Bands of the different Regiments played their patriotic tones, the Colors

flying, one felt as though it was a comfort to be a soldier fighting for our glorious union to be possessed yet by our posterity, and as we marched along through the prettiest country a man can see anywheres and see the magnificent palasts [palaces] surrounded by beautiful plantations and negro shanties, all of which at once satisfied and shows to the thinking man, oh what fools were you to bring on a destructive War while everything was surrounding you, that could be wished for; in times of peace you certainly had plenty.

We marched to Bunker Hill 9 miles from Martinsburg, stopped at Bunker Hill for further Orders. We fixed Beds and cooked but no rest for the Soldier when a victory is to be achieved. At 9 o'clock the Couriers came dashing with the news that Stone Wall Jackson as the Rebels calls their General was drawing in Line-o-Battle before Winchester. We had orders to fall in immediately and the boys felt gay but I dit not feel as well satisfied as I was still under arrest. We marched on for 12 miles when [we] were halted within one mile of the enemies entrenchments and it was a sight never to be forgotten as Regiment after Regiment came and [was] assigned its position; Battery after battery swept passed us and being aligned, the Cavelery posted right and left of the division; the Country perfectly level, the only elevation

is an easy sloping Hill all around Winchester on which the Enemy had their Batteries, which was reported to be 64 Cannons supported by about 20,000 men and as we received the orders to lay down on our arms and at the least alarm be ready, we felt good and really I think every man was anxiously awaiting the time to hear the sound of the Cannons' monotonous music and as I laid down aside of Chapman in less than 5 minutes I was asleep and dreamed all night about you my love and the children. I dreamed I was sitting in our big black rocking chair and you on that little willow chair, Uncle Josey laying down leaning his elbow on that square carpet covered stool and the children all around us and I was telling you all how I was the 2nd on the Ram- parts planting the Colors and how old General Shields complimented me and you said when Jo brought the paper home where you read it how I was praised by everybody you danced for joy and then I said, come on woman, let us dance now and we danced and the children all laughed and just as I was going to jump and cut up, we were called fall in. It was not yet day light. I woke, dit jump up and told Chapman all will be right this day. Our Gallant General Shields, the noble Hero of Mexico, was riding along our lines, and encouraged us; he is a noble looking General and I like him better than Lander. Colonel Kimball, our acting Brigadier general,

then rode by and I stopped him and told him I was under arrest and he said, I heard of you yester- day. Are you not yet released? I said, no Sir. Says he, Where is that d--n Colonel of yours? On the head of the Column, I said. He galloped off and in less than 2 minutes and I had the comfort of seeing that Cuss [?] of ours come up to me and saying, Captain Spiegel please take command of your Company, and such 3 cheers as my boys gave when they heard me at the head of the Company Call, "Attention Company C", would have done your soul as much good as it was mortifying to Colonel Buerstenbinder to Knucle to me and ask me. He sent me word 3 times the day before, if I would ask him he would release me but I would not do it and at the end I beat him. (Lieutenant Colonel Voris has this afternoon laid the case before General Shields).

Col Kimball our Acting Brigadier
 Genl then rode by and I stopped
 him and told him I was under
 arrest and he said I heard of you
 yesterday are you not yet released
 I said no Sir. says he, where is
 that it is a Col of yours, on the
 head of the Column I said He
 got off by in life than I min.
 I am I had the comfort of seeing that
 sup of wine come up to me & saying
 Col Spauld please take command
 of your Company and such I
 knew as my boys gave when they
 heard me at the head of the
 Comp. Cate, Attention Comp C?
 would have done you I am as
 much good as it was unwilling
 to Col Prescott order to march to
 me and ask me, he said me when
 3 times the day before, if I would
 ask him he would release me but
 I would not do it and at the end
 I beat him, (At Col Davis hear this
 afternoon laid the case before Genl
 Shields)

March 14/62

Since I wrote the above last Eve
 at 10 o'clock as I felt tired several
 matters of interest have occurred
 which I will before I close enu-
 merate and now I will
 commence my narrative

At the head of my Company, on the
 nicest day I ever saw, the Sun as
 warm and refreshing as a Warm
 May noon in Ohio, I marched
 by the beat of the drum and
 to the sweet music of the fife
 the noble old flag (which is honored
 hands new and was presented to us by
 the lady of Toledo) fluttering gallantly
 in the Centre of my Company, I
 after such a sweet dream, going
 as we supposed to battle, I felt
 gay and like a soldier, I knew
 success would be mine and I
 would come out of it with credit
 to myself and all those interested
 for my welfare. We marched on
 as we came fairly in view of the
 Entrenchments. The news came the
 Enemy had fled that night in fear
 of the overwhelming force coming
 disappointment, real and sorrow
 was pictured on the Eyes of all the
 Boys as they got the news and
 they felt loath to believe the report
 but it was not long until
 the news was confirmed by our
 Outposts of Cavalry who were
 in without molestation inside
 the fortifications and to come
 hoisting the Union flag on the
 Court house and send a Courier
 back to inform the Gen

Such being the fact we expected to
 get to town and follow up the Rebels
 to Strasburg, but disappointment
 was our doom for that day as we
 were ordered by the right flank
 in a big Hill and led to a very
 pretty spot high and dry to make
 Camp and make fires, we slept
 there the first night on some old
 wheat Stopples that Wygant, Joe
 Graseby pulled for me and slept
 good to the next morning some
 of our Tents came but instead
 of having a Tent for myself only
 one officers Tent came and I had
 to have back of my Seats to write
 me and I now sit as I ~~did~~
 did last night writing and if
 my letter is not very intelligible
 you must excuse my awkward po-
 sition. Winchester everybody
 says is a very pretty City I
 have not seen it yet and do
 not know as I shall soon, having
 no desire to ask our Col for
 a pass and not caring much
 anyhow as I really enjoy my-
 self among the boys this nice
 weather drilling and Exercises
 in the manner and practice of
 Arms very well and being very
 busy through the days I will
 write Evenings to my love once

at home. This is a splendid
 Country from the elevation of
 our Camp we can see 28 dif^t
 Camps of Union troops and they
 say there are plenty of them in
 and all around Winchester
 Gen. Banks, Gen. Fourness and
 our own gallant Gen. Shields are
 in Winchester and I Expect soon
 to hear that we have met with
 McClellan, onward to Richmond I
 think is our destination, and I
 would like it indeed, though I
 have given up all hope of us get-
 ting in a fight ~~anywhere~~. as
 we have always missed it.

This morning Col Kimball the
 Commander of our Brigade has
 me his Compliments, saying, he
 took quite a liking to me, he
 would be pleased to see me.
 Having been on duty no Officer
 of the day of which I will
 not be relieved until 9 o'clock
 to morrow A.M. I have not
 called but shall do so to
 morrow in full Uniform and
 put on my winning smile.

At 10 o'clock this W.M.
 rumor came that our out-
 posts were fighting 3 miles from
 here on the Sharpsburg Road

and it was not long until
 after we heard the firing and
 all was alive. Expecting to be
 called out, but about one hour
 the fight lasted and the Rebels
 retreated, leaving 17 prisoners
 and 2 dead in the hands of
 our boys, none on our side
 hurt. At our afternoon Parade
 our Col and Lieut Col Davis had
 a regular Row, which terminated
 in our Col showing that he was
 neither a Gentleman nor Soldier
 which facts are reported to night
 charges being preferred every night
 against our Col until finally
 the War department will have
 to send him to F. D. which
 they would have done even this
 if they had not been so very
 happy. And now as far as
 myself is concerned I am happy
 I never in my life felt better
 no Phthisis, nor no Coughing
 no complaining, no pain, only
 my toe and that I do not feel
 much since I got my new boots
 which are roomy and large and
 in good humor. To day I had a
 bit of Mutton and a piece of Liver
 as we just butchered I cooked
 and had a good dinner and
 Supped only we have had no

Bread and Crackers had 2 days
 but will get to night.
 I must now close my long Epistle.
 Though I could write to you all the
 time it is really the only real
 satisfaction a Soldier has, except
 getting letters from home and as we
 are no off the R. R. it may be
 some time ere we get the Mail
 again and I think we do not get
 near all the letters from home, we
 have not had a letter from home
 since the 9th and no paper for 2
 weeks. Did the Farmer have a
 letter from me published lately?
 The Republican from Higgins &
 Chapman? We would like to see
 a Tribune & Paper again.
 You must tell my dear boy Hamlin
 and my sweet Lizzie and my
 dear Mosey that if our parents
 providence I will be at home
 in 4 or 6 weeks or a fortnight
 I am sure Col Kimball will
 grant it to me. Dr. Ebright
 was to see me not long ago, he sends
 his love. Give my love to John & family
 my thanks to Mrs. Cohn for the good
 tongue which were just the thing on
 a hard march. The Butters is excellent
 I take a horn every now and it
 makes me feel good I tell you

13

If we only stay here long enough
to get our pay I will be as well
pleas'd as any one, I think the
position of Capt^t is honorable in
the Army, a Capt^t gets as much
respect paid as a Col^l and the
pay is \$145⁵⁰ for 1000⁰⁰ and since
Joseph is not coming here I would
not take the Quarters Mastership
I think if I come home I can
persuade Uncle Joseph to go to
New York with Mary Miss Embury
and get some provisions and him
and I will buy out the slave
house and run it and make
money like every thing and live
happy. I never want to let
Uncle Joseph go away from me
again, him and I want to stay
together for good as long as
we are alive and in business until
both get as rich so that we need
not do business any more.

He must not get out of business
try and do something for a little
while, maybe Clerk for Cherry
holmes or wait until I get my
pay and I will send him some
money to buy some 'nits.

What is to be doing? give him
and family my respects tell him
to write once.

I thought when I had finished the
 asked that I was done but yet
 as it was not 12 o'clock yet
 I might as well continue to work
 awhile. Genl Shields is an old
 Roman like looking man, with
 a heavy gray mustache and
 grizz Whiskers. A man in a
 Regt adjoining us took the
 Hydrophobic from a mad dog
 bite he got 12 m^s ago and
 they had to chain him. We have
 a poor chance of getting working
 done, consequently work ourselves
 you may think this a strange
 connection but I do want to give
 you things that maybe of interest
 to you and I write them as I
 think of them. Col Voss and I
 are as good friends as are in the
 Regt, he is all right and un-
 mistakable, he would give me the
 last bite to eat or anything
 else I might ask him for.

God bless my dear wife, good
 night my sweet children, good
 night ^{brother} Joseph, to Elizabeth
 good night and I hope she has the
 Mr Cormick convinced she would
 make a good ^{Mrs} McCormick

My love to you all, God bless
 you.
 Your friend
 W. A. M. M. M.

March 14, 1862

Since I wrote the above last Eve at 10 o'clock as I felt tired, several matters of Interest have occurred which I will before I close enumerate and now I will commence my narrative.

At the head of my Company, on the nicest day [March 12] I ever saw, the Sun as warm and refreshing as a Warm May noon in Ohio, I marched by the beat of the drums and to the sweet music of the fifes, the noble old flag (which is however brand new and was presented to us by the ladies of Toledo) fluttering gallantly in the Centre of my Company, and after such a sweet dream, going as we supposed to battle, I felt gay and like a Soldier. I knew success would be mine and I would come out of it with credit to myself and all those interested in my welfare. We marched and as we came fairly in view of the Entrenchments, the news came, the Enemy had fled that night in fear of the overwhelming force coming. Disappointment, real, and sorrow were pictured on the eyes of all the Boys as they got the news and they felt loath to believe the report but it was not long until the news was confirmed by our Outposts of Cavelery who rode on without molestation inside the fortifycations and to town, hoisting the Union

flag on the Court house and sent a Courier back to inform the General.

Such being the fact we expected to get to town and follow up the Rebels to Strasburg, but disappointment was our doom for that day, as we were ordered by the right flank in a big Hill and led to a very pretty spot high and dry to stack Arms and make fires. We slept there the first night on some old wheat stopples [stubbles] that Wygam, Jae Grassley pulled for me and slept good to the next morning. Some of our Tents came but instead of having a Tent for myself, only one officers Tent came and I have to have both of my Lieutenants in with me and I now sit as I dit last night writing and if my letter is not very intelligible you must excuse my aqued [awkward] position. Winchester, everybody says is a very pretty City; I have not seen it yet and do not know as I shall soon, having no desire to ask our Colonel for a pass and not caring much anyhow as I really enjoy myself among the boys [in] this nice weather, drilling and [doing] exercises in the manual and practice of arms very well and, being very busy through the days, I will write Evenings to my love ones at home. This is a splendit country; from the elevation of our Camp we can see 28 different Camps of Union troops and they say there are plenty of them in and all around

Winchester. General Banks, General Rosencranz and our own gallant General Shields are in Winchester and I expect soon to hear that we have met with McClellan. Onward to Richmond I think is our destination, and I would like it indeed, though I have given up all hope of us getting in a fight as we have always missed it.

This morning Colonel Kimball, the Commander of our Brigade, sent me his Compliments, saying he took quite a liking to me; he would be pleased to see me. Having been on duty as officer of the day of which I will not be relieved until 9 o'clock to morrow A.M. I have not called but shall do so to morrow in full Uniform and put on my winning smile.

At 10 o'clock this A.M. rumor came that our outposts were fighting 3 miles from here on the Strasburg Road and it was not long until after we heard the firing and all was alive, expecting to be called out, but about one hour the fight lasted and the Rebels retreated, leaving 17 prisoners and 2 dead in the hands of our boys, none on our side hurt. At our afternoon Parade our Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel Voris had a regular Row, which terminated in our Colonel showing that he was neither a Gentleman and Soldier which facts are reported to-night; charges being preferred every night against our Colonel until finally the War department

will have to send him to h--l which they would have done ere this if they had not been so very busy. And now as far as myself is concerned I am bully. I never in my life felt better no Phythisic, no coughing no complaining, no pains, only my toe and that I do not feel much since I got my new boots which are room and large and in good humor. To day I had a piece of liver as we just butchered 2 ocxsen and had a good dinner and supper only to have had no bread nor crackers for 2 days but will get to-night.

I must now close my long episode though I could write to you all the time, it is really the only real satisfaction a Soldier has, except getting letters from home as we are now off the R.R. it may be some time ere we get the mail again and I think we do not get near all the letters from home, we have not had a letter from home since the 9th and no paper for 2 weeks (Dit the Farmer have a letter from me published lately? The Republican from Wiggins & Chapman? We would like to see a Holmes C. Paper again.

You must tell my dear boy Hamlin and my sweet Lizzie and my dear Mosey that if no preventing providence I will be at home in 4 or 6 weeks on a furlough. I am sure Col. Kimball will greant it to me. Dr. Ebright was to see me an hour ago, he sends his love. Give my love to Cohn and family; my thanks to Mrs. Cohn for the good tongues which were just the thing on a hard march. The Bitters is excellent. I take a horn [drink] every morn and it makes one feel good I tell you. If we only stay

here long enough to get our pay, I will be as well pleased as anyone. I think the position of Captain is honorable in the Army; a Captain gets as much respect paid as a Colonel and the pay is \$145.50 per month and since Joseph is not coming here I would not take the Quarter Master-ship. I think if I come home I can persuade Uncle Josey to go to New York, marry Miss Emden and get some mesumen [money] and him and I will buy out the Warehouse and run it and make money like everything and live happy. I never want to let Uncle Joseph go away from me again; him and I want to stay together for good as long as we are alive and in business until both get as rich so that we need not do business any more.

He must not get out of humor, try and do something for a little while, maybe clerk for Cherry Holmes or wait until I get my pay and I will send him some money to "handle" mit [to do business with].

What is Jo Jo doing? Give him and family my Respects tell him to write once.

I thought when I had finished the other sheet I was done but yet as it was not 12 o'clock yet I might as well continue to write awhile. Genl. Shields is an old Roman like looking man, with a heavy gray mustache and side whiskers. A man is a Regt. adjoining us took the Hydrophobiatic from a mad dog bite

he got 12 mos ago and they had to chain him. We have a poor chance of getting washing done, consequently wash ourselves. You may think this is a strange conection but I do want to give you things that may be of interest to you and I write them as I think of them. Col. Voris and I are as good friends as are in the Regt., he is all right and mistake, he would give me the last bite to eat or anything else I might ask him for.

Good bye my dear Wife, good night my sweet children, good nacht bruder Joseph; to Elizabeth good night and I hope she has the McCormick convinced she would make a good Mrs. McCormichen.

My love to you all, God bless you.

Ever yours

Marcus

Millersburg March 15/62

My dear and much beloved wife
My sweet good wife, my dear children

One hour ago I recd your very
good letter of the 4 & 6th inst and
also from Uncle Jerry and a very
pleasant letter from Mr Hager

All of which I had read since and
I now feel happy and gay.

I have only a little paper and
nothing much to write as I have
written a letter of 14 Pages for the
last 2 nights and wrote every
thing I could think off yet the
Post Sargent just told me that the
mail was going out and I thought
best to say to you how happy
I felt and how much good it
does me to receive so much mail.

Nothing is certain I write every
mail that goes out and very
often long long letters to you and
you had not ought to complain of
me as I am no more alarmed
to think a mail would go out
without a letter from me as you
could be pleased to get them, yet
our mail arrangements are irregular
and you may not get all of
my letters

Nothing has transpired since last night
worthy of notice this is 11 A. M.
I am off duty and it rains like
everything though it looks clear
and pleasant in the West. My
boys are coming in from Cumber-
land one after another well, though
they say the Treatment in the
Hospital is not as good as it
might be from the fact that
we were at one time 1822 held
in the diff. Hospitals in Cumberland.
The health of the Regt is improving since
we left Westmoreland the Climate here
is more pleasant and congenial.

To Uncle Jerry I say stay and
try to do something untill I can
leave. You my dear wife may not
sary I will be home in the proper
time, God knows I am ambitious to
see you all, yet I am happy, well
& as satisfied as a man can be
in this mode of life and stand it
well. Young Adams one of my boys
works for me. Chapman & Childs.
Henry Wrigle is still with Louis &
as gay as a boy can be, when we all
march he rides a Horse as Cal Louis
has two. Give my love to H. Merz & tell
him I like him as well as ever. Good bye,
God bless you. I will write soon
again as I may go to Winchester.
Your true & loving
Alceus

Millersburg, March 15, 1862

My dear and much beloved Wife

My sweet good wife, my dear children

An hour ago I rec'd. your very good letters of the 4 & 6th inst. and also from Uncle Josey and a very pleasant letter from Mr. Herzer. All of which I read ever since and I now feel happy and gay.

I have only a little paper and nothing much to write as I have written a letter of 14 pages for the last 2 nights and wrote every thing I could think off yet the Post Sergeant just told me that the mail was going out and I thought best to say to you how happy I felt and how much good it does me to receive so much mail.

One thing is certain I write every mail that goes out and very often long long letters to you and you had not ought to complain of me as I am as much alarmed to think a mail would go out without a letter from me as you could be pleased to get them, yet our mail arrangements are irregular and you may not get all of my letters.

Nothing has transpired since last night worthy of notice this is 11 a.m. I am off duty and it rains like everything though it looks clear and pleasant in the West. My boys are coming in from Cumberland one after another well, though they say the Treatment in the Hospital is not as good as it might be

from the fact there were at one time 1820 sick in the different Hospitals in Cumberland. The health of the Regt. is improving since we left Western Va., the climate here is more pleasant and congenial.

To Oncle Josey I say stay and try to do something untill I come home. You my dear wife may rest easy I will be home in the proper time, God knows I am anxious to see you all, yet I am happy, well & as satisfied as a man can be in this mode of life and stand it well. Young Adams one of my boys cooks for me, Chapman & Childs. Henry Biegle is still with Voris & as gay as a boy can be, when we all march he rides a Horse as Col. Voris has two. Give my love to H. Herzer & tell him I like him as well as ever. Good bye. God bless you. I will write more again as I may go to Winchester.

Your true & loving Marcus

Near Winchester Va Nov 27/62

My dear dear Wife family

I am happy to say to you that I recd. your kind Note through Mr. Potts and learned through him, that you are all well & happy.

Col. Buchanan is indeed arrested for the last 4 days and I am satisfied he never will command this Regt. again; charges preferred against him (which will be proved sufficient to close out any man from commanding Ohio Regts for ever after & to bring about this state of affairs i.e. getting him under arrest I tried my best & did all I could honorably and was happy to say success crowned our efforts & the Regt. I have no doubt will be relieved from the weight of carrying along an incompetent Officer.

We returned last night from a 3 day march to Housherry which was believed and reported to be, a strongly fortified Rebel Hold but we were successful in driving them out and

about three or four miles south towards
Woodstock and as I took some notes
in the field you will permit me
to give you them just as they
were and and if they seem a little
enthusiastic you must pardon
them and make allowances that they
were taken by a Captain fresh and
elevated by the noble spirit of the
Boys under his command and at
the moment of the excitement of
the Battle. This is Friday was

Monday Eve we had Marching Orders
that is to cook 3 days rations &
be ready to march without Blankets
in 3 hours. Consequently the Boys
commenced cooking I laid down
in the Stomach of the Boys & thought
as my boy was preparing my
rations and my Blankets were
rolled and knotted, my sword
sharpened and my powder loaded
I would enjoy the 3 hours in sweet
 repose, had not been fairly dazed, but
I was found asleep and the first
time I turned round and opened
my Eyes it was just daybreak

I jumped up somewhat bewildered thinking I had conceivably injured and the boys probably wounded, but it was only for a moment looking around I saw all our boys soundly asleep, being however so near day I flung up and shortly after that Reveille beat the boys arose, roll was called and it was then ordered to be ready to march by 10 o'clock, martial music accompanying was the happy response of everybody, after Stone Wall Jackson, the Bold Rebel General and a true Soldier's spirit was shown all along the lines of the different Camps as far as the eye could reach. The Cavalry was trotting briskly the Artillery was moving, Infantry was passing along the pike in front of our Camp and everybody seemed to be alive for the task before them. We all felt, that if we can catch Jackson, we can whip him and his forces. At last the time came when our gallant boys were led out commanded by our noble & high spirited

Lt. Col. Davis

never before did the 67th make
so good an appearance as on
that day, the Boys all felt that
they had somebody who had
a soul & sufficient quantity
of brains to lead them, we
were drawn up in line and as
our Brigade Commanded Col
Kimbatt of Ind. a Gentleman
and a Soldier (and by the
way a warm friend of mine
passed us, he complimented us
highly and we felt proud.

At 10 precisely we started
passed on through Winchester
a City which has a regular
old Country City appearance
like Norwich. Which lay full of
Soldiers of Banks's division, which
looked as though they came just out
of a Pen Box, not having to show
any of the hardships, that we had
to go through with, but were
comfortably quartered all winter.

Since I have written the first
 sheet, I received your very kind
 and lovely letter from the 10th
 and that of my big Son as well as
 that of my dear Brother and one
 from Cousin Jos. I kept one from
 friend Cohn all of which I read
 over & kept the first which I read
 3 times with renewed pleasure
 and comfort such should the
 letters from home be and in fact
 I wish had they been all the times
 sweet encouraging and always
 pleasant to me although they
 had at times shown a little of
 the prevailing illness, yet they are
 nevertheless pleasing and the
 only true refreshments I desire
 while away from home, I am
 contented and willing to do my
 duty, make & sell no acquaintance
 only pay visits to my friends
 Quis, guard no body's good will
 and am not anxious to have
 enemies, gain the Respect of

if my superior Officers as fast
as get acquainted with them
Except Col B of our Regt. who is
a Rhode and whom I thank God
I have laid out, he undoubtedly
thinks by this time it would have
been better for him, to let me alone.
Only yesterday Dr. Bright whose
Regt. now belongs to our Brigade
has told me that our Acting
Brigadier Genl. Kimball thinks
there is no Officer in the Brigade
like me, he thinks I am just
right and on a March, though
he has 3 Regts under him, he
comes every hour or so & walks
along side of me, this may seem
like flattery and self praise but
I know you like to hear it.

I am sure he will grant me
a furlough to go home through the
Mo of May, then I want to
get home and see you all &
have a long long talk.

I will write to night to
several Wool Houses to get a
Commission

I will now continue my march
as we passed through the City
of Winchester we saw the beauty
& beauty of the Soldier Stations
there, but the female Citizens
said that is about all there
is left as the male Citizens in
this County have all been forced
or volunteered into the Rebel
Service) did not seem to wish
with advance general as was
doubtedly the feared we might
not use their father, Husband
Brothers as Generals very kind
Should we meet them out the way
We halted the first time about
4 miles South of Winchester
Near 2 of the finest looking
Mills I have ever yet in the
County it looked for all the
World like Milliken near
Wenkenim, everything around the
Mills & the splendid houses close
by, bespoke wealth of legs but
not of a Mr. Grant, like
Chicago

And the strangest of all, the proprietors were the strongest Union folks, who had fled just returned also there for the first time around Manchester dit the Ladies wore white Hoops.

After resting and refreshing ourselves we started on a merry March, the day was all that could be wished for, warm & pleasant, and those Virginia Pikes are like an European Chaussee as even and regular as a floor. We then passed through the town of Beantown of the same shape like most of these towns and the Pike as long as the moral Law only one Street along the Pike the regular old fashion Post towns 2 or 3 Stage offices or Hotels about 1 mile South of the town after passing the nicest Country in America we came to a plantation which so

took me by surprise for its beauty
and the Palace it had in its Eden.
I smell me so with admiration
that I had to stop and make
a minute and found that time con-
sumed my "field Notes"

Two beautiful Falls lo-
cated in the Valley of the Shenandoah
and the Papukaniell in which we
thought she gluts a good deal, are
daily coming to my mind as we
pass through here just now we come
passed a most grand looking building
which would I think fill the description
of the mansion of Capital One
whose name I forgot, the House
is large ~~style~~ of some Architect
finished Mansion of solid stone
to which Miss Sumner's House
near Middlebury or Sam Houston
would only be outbuildings in
comparison, the front is supported
by heavy Corinthian Pillars
and the Windows & Bay Windows
of a Gothic structure

The broad Alley, through an arched
Gate leading, with the Gigantic
old Weeping Willows on each
Side, the Gothic Roof which in
the Sun looks like Crystal
and the handsomely furnished
Hot Greenhouses in front gave
the beholder an Idea that some
Count must live there, and I
sighed to see his way and the
4 or 500 Blacks who reside
in their Quarters some distant
from the Palace which looks
a great deal like the
Hershey's Schloss I told you
so frequent about. Marching along
now as we do in a fine Spring
afternoon on the left of us we
behold the beautiful Blue Ridge
Mountains, which have a
Picturesque appearance as they
show themselves in a Mountain
Chain as fair and blue as the
Sky in Italy, you behold to an
right the Alleghenies for
far as the Eye can reach