



THE JACOB RADER MARCUS CENTER OF THE  
**AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES**

**SC-11848: Colonel Marcus M. Spiegel Collection, 1861-1864.**

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1862 March

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quietly we pass along, the Bands  
playing our Banner which is  
in my Company proudly and  
defiantly waving to our front,  
just ahead of us we behold  
now before us on a ~~the~~ Hill  
side the old town of Middletown  
which like Hearntown is long &  
ancient w beautiful Church  
of Brick has date 1817 on  
it. We are now South of Middle  
town and on the battle ground of  
yesterday between our and the  
Rebel Cavalry in which my friend  
O'Bright was present and cap-  
tured a Rebel Flag and just now  
as we go up quite a little Hill we  
hear the booming of the Cannons  
some 5 or 6 Miles ahead of us &  
just like an electric strain it goes  
through the lines with a thump of  
the 12 or 14 Reps which made  
the Earth shake and the Heaven  
tremble. That was enough for  
the Boys, there was more among  
them that felt tired.

all wanted to go double quick  
and soon we reached the town  
of Newton a rather handsome  
town, something like Middlebury  
only all in one Street close together  
marching on lively we heard the  
sounds which seemed to renew  
and strengthened the Boys every  
time we now come to Cedar  
Creek with smoking ruins of  
a handsome Bridge which the  
rebels had but shortly burned  
in order to detain us, but the  
ingenuity of our Leaders soon  
threw the ruins down the Creek  
put boards on it & so we crossed  
single file and as we were briskly  
advancing our Showbags we  
received Orders to halt about  
an hour after night lay our arms  
down and be ready to march  
at a moments notice, being  
right tired I slept soundly as  
usual with my friend Chapman  
and at the break of day we  
were called up, made some coffee

in our Iron Claws and started  
 As we came within 2 miles of  
 Mansbury we were again halted  
 and ordered to open ranks

As we had the Advance in the Move  
 towards Winchester, we have to test  
 the Rear this time and shall  
 not make a big battle or a  
 flanking movement contemplated  
 not get in very soon. As we open  
 our Ranks a Courier gallops  
 with all the appearance of some-  
 thing up. Now the Bugles of the  
 Artillery sound the Advance, now  
 the double Quick, now they gallop  
 along as fast as the Horses can go  
 6 Horses to a Cannon just im-  
 agine 40 Cannons with 80  
 Ammunition Wagons 6 Horses to  
 each galloping past while you  
 hear the Enemies batteries playing  
 at a distance Hill opposite you  
 they were hurraing, the Bugles  
 sounding the officers command  
 and then I ask. Who wouldn't  
 be a Soldier

Oh it was truly grand,  
Ah sublime indeed and if  
ever I live to see the day that  
I am 80 years old I think, I  
can describe that Scene with  
animation, How the Cavalry  
ranks past now the Bands  
are closed and Battalion forward  
March is heard from our Lt  
Col commanding, forward Comp  
C repeated by me and my  
noble Boys start off with  
as much Alacrity and animation  
as they would to a 4<sup>th</sup> of July  
dance with a pretty Caroline  
Jr Hamlin with them.

Art is now commanded the  
Rebells still throw their shells  
as harmless as the ~~leaves~~ which  
fall as harmless as the leaves  
of a beautiful Rose after it  
has been incised and sweet.  
Now Col Davis ~~right~~ rides up &  
asks me whether I want to  
see the Rebels, I start with  
him on a big Hill where

on the top of which, to where I  
went Main's own Noble Gen<sup>l</sup>  
Shields and Staff, two other  
Brigade Commanders Cal & C  
through Glasses watching the  
movements of the Rebels & watching  
Gen<sup>l</sup> Shields directing the advance  
of our men, the Rebels are at  
a Hill right opposite protecting  
Strassburg, now a shell bursted  
in a hollow a great distance  
below us, now we see our Artillery  
advancing & Cavalry following  
between us & the Rebels, now  
the Rebels see them and pull  
up stakes now the Command  
is given follow up, now we push  
to our respective Commands far-  
ward march, and to Strassburg  
we are now in the town a crooked  
streeted old fashion kind of a town  
now the Rebel Cannons are still  
playing now through the town  
up the Hill, when the Rebels  
was a little while ago, were off  
the pile through a long Lane

up a Hill, past a large  
brick House, through a Barr  
yard, up another Hill and  
the level now our Artillery  
is being planted on an elevation  
now Our Brigade is drawn  
up in line - a - Battle by  
division I Comp, I command  
the Centre or Colored division  
my Comp. and Comp H. Oh  
how big I feel, now our Artillery  
commences, boom, boom, boom  
more rapid, the Rebels only  
answers occasionally, just  
now Gen Shields comes galloping  
passed our lines commanding  
our Brigade to double quick  
down the side of a steep  
Hill of Pine trees to cut off  
the retreating Rebels, now, by  
the right flank file left,  
double quick march "down  
down as fast as we can  
get & just as we get and the  
Pistol they get our ranks part

to get ahead of us, now Col Voris  
 is jumping a high fence with  
 his horse and one fellow, double  
 quick through a wheat field  
 the hardest running I ever done  
 and now the Balls of the  
 Rebels Cannons are Propping  
 over our Heads from Hill  
 top to Hill top. Look at our  
 us, now on the Pike again  
 over a large Stone Bridge  
 which crosses the north Branch  
 of the Shenandoah River  
 up a Hill, here lies 4 dead  
 Horses, 2 Cavalry men are  
 carrying their Saddles passed  
 us, one of them his hand bleeding  
 now on top of the Hill, now  
 Halt & rest a little, now  
 forward march, follow  
 up the fleeing foe, but  
 he is to fast for us, leaving  
 the Mark and knowing the  
 Country we could not catch  
 them though we chased them



for 5 miles, the Infantry never  
getting a Chance to fire at them  
once, night coming on we  
were ordered back to the  
big Stone Bridge where we  
camped in a meadow aside  
of the River and in less than  
1/2 of an hour the Rails  
of a whole farm as far as  
the eye could see folks  
were camped and the Rails  
had disappeared. I felt pretty  
tired my feet pin'd me sore  
and though it was rather  
rough & chilly I pulled my boots  
and soaked my feet for 20  
minutes in the River, washed  
my face, neck and breast  
after which I felt better.

When I came to Camp again  
it having commenced to rain  
Ole Voris had build a Rail  
Pen & covered with our Rubber  
Blankets, and a good Coffee  
cooked, one of my boys having  
been off and pressed 2 Chickens  
some Eggs & some flour.

into the Service, I made a  
Chicken Goversold Soup which  
was bully after which I  
Drept in the Rail pants and though  
it rained all night I did  
not get very wet but slept  
as sound as a bug in a rug  
all night, in the morning we  
did not know which way to  
march finally at 4 p.m. so  
the Order came to march back  
to Winchester to our Camp, it  
being I suppose not advisable  
to follow up farther as the Rebels  
might attack us in the Rear  
& cut off our Supply, the march  
back to Camp was made without  
one stop just continually marching  
25 miles without stopping once  
Dr. Ebricht whom I met several  
times the day before, passed offered  
me his horse which I refused, but  
some very nice biscuits with pepper  
through the middle I accepted. - Col  
Voss afterwards insisted that I  
should ride his horse awhile which  
I did for 2 miles.

We reached our Camp at 4 1/2 a  
clock found plenty, though 11 of  
my boys fell back tired out  
but all came in this morning  
I can beat them all and a march  
In day I feel as though I could  
march 50 miles, I take the  
best kind of care of myself  
wonder nothing, but quietly follow  
the even tenor of my duty, when  
ever it calls me. Many incidents  
of a pleasing nature through  
our homeward march of 25 miles  
through a continuous drizzling rain  
happened which I intended to  
chronicle to you but it being late  
almost 12 a clock and I am  
on duty all day to morrow, I think  
best to close and will write  
to you again to morrow.

Good night my love, sleep, dream  
and awake happily, may your  
life and that of all of us be a happy  
one & may we be blessed soon with  
the happiness of enjoying it  
together is the wish of your loving  
husband

Wares,

I will write to morrow of some  
affairs

Near Winchester Va.

March 22/62

My dear dear wife & family!

I am happy to say to you that I rec'd. your kind Note through Mr. Dobbs and learned through him, that you are all well & happy.

Colonel Buerstenbinder is under Arrest for the last 4 days and I am satisfied he never will Command this Regiment again, charges preferred against him (which will be proven) are sufficient to close out any man from commanding Ohio Boys for ever after and to bring about this State of affairs, that is, getting him under arrest I tried my best and done all I could honorably and am happy to say success crowned our efforts and the Regiment 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 Strousburg [Strasburg] which was believed and reported to be a strongly fortified "Rebel Hole", but we were successful in driving them out and chased them 5 miles South towards Woodstock and as I took some notes in the field, you will permit me to give you them just as they are and if they seem a little enthusiastic, you must pass on them and make allowances that they were taken by a Captain proud and

elevated by the noble Spirit of the Boys under his command and at the moment of the Excitement of the Battlecry. This is Friday morn. Monday Eve we received Marching Orders, that is, to cook 3 days rations and be ready to march without Blankets in 3 hours. Consequently, the Boys commenced cooking. I layed down in the Tents of the Boys and thought as my boy was preparing my rations and my Blankets were Rolled and buckled, my Sword sharpened and my Revolver loaded I would enjoy the 3 hours in sweet repose. Had not been fairly down, but I was sound asleep and the first time I turned round and opened my Eyes it was just daybreak.

I jumped up some what bewildered, thinking I had overslept myself and the Boys probably moved, but it was only for a moment; looking around I saw all my Boys soundly asleep, being however so near day I stayed up and shortly after that Reveillee beat, the Boys arose, Roll was called and it was then ordered to be ready to march by 10 o'clock. Hurrah for Strasburg was the happy response of everybody, after Stone Wall Jackson, the Bold Rebel General, and a true Soldier Spirit was shown all along the lines of the different Camps as far as the Eye could reach. The Cavelery 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 and highspirited Lieutenant Colonel Voris.

Never before dit the 67th make so good an appearance as on that day; the Boys all felt that they had somebody who had a Soul and sufficient quantity of Brains to lead them.

We were drawn up in line and as our Brigade Commander Colonel Kimball of Indiana, 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 Worms, which lay full of Soldiers of Banks division, which look as though they came just out of a Ben [Band] Box, not having to share 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 10<sup>th</sup> and that of my big Son as well as that of my dear Brother and one from Cousin Mose Joseph one from friend Cohn all of which I read over 3 times except the first which I read with renewed pleasure and comfort such should the letters from home be and in fact such have they been all the times sweet and encouraging and allways pleasant to me although

they have at times shown a little of the prevailing blues, 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 & seek no acquaintances, only pay visits to my friends Voris, Grieve no body's good will and am not anxious to have enemies, gain the Respect of my superior officers as fast as get acquainted with them except Col. B. of our Reg. who is a Roshe and whom 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. Ebright whose Regt. now belongs to our Brigade has told me that our Acting Brigadier Gen'l. Kimball thinks there is no Officer in the Brigade like me, he thinks I am just right and on a March, though he has 6 Reg'ts. Under him, he comes every hour or so & right 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 Mos. Of May, then I want to get home and see you all & have a long long time.

I will write to night to severall woolhouses to get a Commission.

I will now continue my march as we passed through the City of Winchester we received the hearty cheerings of the Soldiers stationed there, but the female Citizens (and that

is about all there is left as the male Citizens in this Country have all been pressed or volunteered in the Rebel Service) dit not seem to relish our advance much, as undoubtedly they feared we might not use their father, Husbands, Brothers, or Lovers very kind, should we meet them on the way.

We halted the first time about 4 miles South of Winchester near 2 of the finest looking Mills I have seen yet in this Country. It looked for all the World like Millheim near Abenheim, everything around the Mills and the splendid growth, like Chicago. And the strangest of all, the proprietors were the strongest Union folks, who had fled and just returned and then for the first time around Winchester dit the Ladies wave white Handkerchiefs.

After resting and refreshing ourselves we started on a merry march; the day was all that could be wished for, warm and pleasant, and those Virginia Pikes are like our European Chausee [roads] as even and regular as a floor. We then passed through the town of Kernstown of the same shape like most of these towns on 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 Center struck me so with Admiration that I had to stop and make a minute [memorandum] and from that time commenced my field Notes.

Mrs. Southworth's beautiful Tales located in the Valley of the Shenandoah and the Rapehanick [Rappahannock] in which we thought she stretched a good deal, are daily coming to my mind as we pass through here. Just now we came passed a most grand looking building which would I think fill the description of the mansion of Capitola's Oncle whose name I forgot. The House is large, of Ionic Architecture, [a] finished Mansion of Solid Stones to which Miss Sumner's House near Middlebury or Sam Thomlin's would only be outbuildings in comparison. The front is supported by heavy Corinthian Pillars and the Windows and Bay Windows of a Gothic Structure. The broad Alley, through an Arched Gate leading, with the Gigantic old Weeping Willows on each Side, the Zink Roof which in the Sun looks like Crystal, and the handsomely finished Hot Greenhouses in front give the beholder an Idea that some Count must live there, or rather hold his sway over the 4 or 500 Blacks who reside in their quarters some distance from the Palace which looks a great deal like the Herrnsheimer Schloss I told you so frequent about. Marching along now as we do in a fine Spring afternoon, on the left of us we be- hold 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 our right the Alleghenies as far as the Eye can reach. Quitely we pass along, the Bands playing, our Banner which is in my Company proudly and defiantly waving to our front. Just ahead of us we behold now before us on a Hill side the old town of Middletown which like Kernstown is long and ancient. A beautiful Church of Brick has [the] date 1817 on it. We are now South of Middletown and on the battle ground of yesterday between our and the Rebel Cavelery in which my Friend Dr. Ebright was present and captured a Rebel Flag and just now, as we go up quite a little Hill, we hear the Booming of the Cannons some 5 or 6 miles ahead of us and just like an electric Strain it goes through the lines with a Shout of the 12 or 14 Regiments which made the Earth shake and the Heaven tremble. That was enough for the Boys, there was none among them that felt tired. All wanted to go double quick and soon we reached the town of Newtown, a rather Handsome town, something like Middlebury only all in one Street close together. Marching on lively we heard the Sounds which seemed to renew and strengthened the Boys every time. We now came to Cedar Creek with smoking ruins of a handsome Bridge which the Rebels had but shortly burned in Order to detain us, but the ingenuity of our Leaders soon threw the

ruins down the Creek, put boards on it and so we crossed single file and as we were briskly advancing on Strousburg we received Orders to halt about an hour after night, lay on our arms and be ready to march at a moments notice. Being right tired I slept soundly as usual with my friend Chapman and at the break of day we were called up, made some Coffee in our Tin Cups and started. As we came within 2 miles of Strousburg we were again halted and ordered to open Ranks. As we led the advance in the move towards Winchester, we have to take the Rear this time and shall not unless a big battle or a flanking movement [is] contemplated get in very soon. As we open our Ranks a Courier gallops past with all the appearance of something up. Now the Bugles of the Artillery sound the Advance, now the double quick; now they gallop along as fast as the Horses can go, 6 Horses to a cannon. Just imagine 40 Cannons with 80 Ammunition Wagons, 6 Horses to each, galloping past while you hear the Enemies batteries playing at a distant Hill opposite yours, the men hurraing, the Bugles Sounding, the officers commands and then I ask, Who wouldn't be a Soldier? Oh it was truly grant; Oh sublime indeed and if ever I live to see the day that I am 80 years old, I think, I can describe that Scene with animation. Now the Cavelery rushes past; now the Ranks are closed and, Battalion forward March, is heard from our Lieutenant Colonel

Commanding; forward Company C repeated by me, and my noble Boys start off with as much alacrity and animation as they would to a 4th of July dance with a pretty Caroline F. Hamlin with them. Halt is now commanded. The Rebels still throw their Shells which fall as harmless as the leaves of a beautiful Rose after it has been lucrative and sweet. Now Colonel Voris rides up and asks me whether I want to see the Rebels. I started with him on a big Hill where on the top of which, to where I went, stands our Noble General Shields and Staff, our and other Brigade Commanders, Colonels and so forth, through Glasses watching the movements of the Rebels and watching General Shields directing the advance of our men. The Rebels are at a Hill right opposite protecting Strousburg; now a shell bursted in a hallow a great distance below us. Now we see our Artillery advancing and Cavelery following, between us and the Rebels; now the Rebels see them and pull up stakes. Now the Command is given, follow up; now we rush to our respective commands. Forward march, on to Strousburg. We are now in the town, a crooked Streeted old fashion kind of a town; now the Rebel Cannons are still playing. Now through the town, up the Hill, where the Rebels was a little while ago; now off the pike through a long Lane up a Hill, past a large brick House, through a Barnyard, up another Hill, on the level; now our Artillery is being planted on an elevation; now our

Brigade is drawn up in line-o-Battle by division [of] 2 Companies; I command the Centre or Color division, my Company and Company H. Oh how big I feel. Now our Artillery commences, boom, boom, boom, more rapid; the Rebels only answer occasionally. Just now General Shields comes galloping apassed our line, commanding our Brigade to double quick down the Side of a Steep Hill of Pinetrees to cut off the retreating Rebels. Now "by the right flank file left, double quick march" down, down as fast as we can get and just as we get on the Pike the 7th Indiana rushes past to get ahead of us. Now Colonel Voris is jumping a high fence with his horse and we follow, double quick through a wheat field, the hardest running I ever done; and now the Balls of the Rebels Cannons are Buzzing over our Heads from Hill top to Hill top, 200 feet over us. Now on the Pike again, over a large Stone Bridge which crosses the north Branch of the Shenandoah River, up a Hill. Here lies 4 dead Horses; 2 Cavelery men are carrying their Saddles passed us, one of them his hand bleeding. Now on top of the Hill; now Halt and rest a little. Now forward march, follow up the fleeing foe, but he is too fast for us, having the Start and knowing the Country. We could not catch them though we chased them for 5 miles; the Infantry never getting a chance to fire

at them once. Night coming on, we were ordered back to the big Stone Bridge where we camped in a meddow aside of the River and in less than 1/4 of an hour the Rails of a whole farm [vanished]; as far as the Eye could see folks were camped and the Rails had dis- appeared. I felt pretty tired; my feet hurt me some and though it was rather rough and chilly, I pulled my boots and soked my feet for 20 minutes in the River, washed my face, neck and Breast, after which I felt Bully. When I came to Camp again, it having commenced to rain, Colonel Voris had built a Rail Pen and covered [it] with our Rubber Blankets, and a good Coffee cooked. One of my boys having been off and pressed 2 Chickens, some Eggs and some flour into the Service, I made a Chicken Zweishel [?] Soup which was bully after which I crept in the Rail pen and though it rained all night I dit not get very wet, but slept as sound as a bug in a Rug all night. In the morning we dit not know which way to march. Finally at 1/2 past 10 the Order came to march back to Winchester to our Camp; it being I suppose not advisable to follow up farther as the Rebels might attack us in the Rear and cut off our Supply. The March back to Camp was made without one stop; just think, marching 25 miles without stopping once. Dr. Ebright whom I met several times the day before, passed and offered me his horse which I refused, but

some very nice buisquits with preserves through the middle I excepted. Colonel Voris afterwards insisted that I should ride his horse awhile which I dit for 2 miles.

We reached our Camp at 7 1/2 o'clock sound and hearty, though 11 of my Boys fell back tired out but all came in this morning. I can beat them all on a march. To day I feel as though I could march 50 miles. I take the best kind of care of myself, overdo nothing, but quietly follow the even tenor of my duty, where ever it calls me. Many incidents of a pleasing nature through our homeward March of 25 miles through a continuel drizzling rain happened which I intended to chronicle to you but it being late allmost 12 o'clock and I am on duty all day to morrow, I think best to close and will write to you again to morrow.

Good night my love, sleep, dream and awake happily, may your life and that of all of us be a happy one & may we be blessed soon with the happiness of enjoying it together is the wish of your loving husband

Marcus

I will write to morrow of house affairs.

At Camp near  
Winchester Va March 22/61  
Master Hamilton M Spiegel  
Ship Giggie S Spiegel  
Master Moses M Spiegel

My good sweet Children.

Yesterday I received  
the second letter from  
my dear Son Hamilton  
and since I know that  
you can not all of you  
write yet I thought best  
to send you all one letter  
in Partnership which be-  
longs to you all.

I am very happy indeed  
that your dear mother  
always visits me



such good news of  
everyone of you, if she  
would have to complain  
of you I would feel  
very bad, but I always  
knew that I had just  
as good Children as  
there was in the world.

I was in a Battle 3  
days ago and the Cannon  
balls were flying over  
my head but none hit  
me, the good Lord pre-  
served me from my harm  
and if you will only  
be right good Children  
mind well and pray to  
the good Lord I trust  
soon to see you all well  
and hearty. Mother writes  
to me that you all grow  
wice and learn fast

which I hope You  
will continue to do.

Good buy, my dear  
Children may the Lord  
keep you in good health  
is the ~~the~~ sincerest  
wish of your Father  
who loves you dearly  
Wm. M. Spiegel

When I come home  
I will try and bring  
you, just such presents  
as you want

My good children  
Hamlin, Lizzie & Mosey  
Millsboro  
Hobbes Co

At Camp near Winchester Va.

March 22/62

Master Hamlin M. Spiegel

Miss Lizzie T. Spiegel

Master Moses M. Spiegel

My good sweet children:

Yesterday I received the second letter from my dear Son Hamlin and since I know that you can not all of you write yet, I thought best to send you all one letter in Partnership which belongs to you all.

I am very happy indeed that your dear mother always writes me such good news of everyone of you. If she would have to complain of you I would feel very bad, but I always knew that I had just as good Children as there was in the world. I was in a Battle 3 days ago and the Cannon Balls were flying over my head but none hurt me; the good Lord preserved me from any harm and if you will only be right good Children, mind well and pray to the good Lord, I trust soon to see you all well and hearty. Mother writes to me that you all grew nice and learn fast which I hope you will continue to do.

Good buy, my dear Children; may the Lord keep you in good health is the sincerest wish of your Father who loves you dearly.

M. M. Spiegel

When I come home I will try and bring you just such presents  
as you want.

My good children

Hamlin, Lizzie & Moses

Millersburg

Holmes Co.

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Winchester Va March 22/62

My lovely Wife and dear Children

My good Brother!

Through only this morning I mailed a letter of 5 sheets full of the details of our march and fight at Sharps yet I feel it imperative as well as pleasing to embrace an opportunity like this when a letter can be taken to you by my friend the Dr in person, if only for the purpose of saying to you that I dearly love you and that it almost makes me feel angry to think Dr EIGHT can go home and see his folks and that I can not.

Yet if I was to try I think Genl Kimball would let me go but you know it would not be prudent for me to go now as I could probably stay a month or so I want to go about the latter part of April and stay a month or more. I feel good and as happy as a man can be under the circumstances of being away from those whom he loves dearly.

My position is respectable and honor-  
-able, I have the respect of all  
who know me, am loved by my  
Boys and feel as though I had  
the good wishes of many a friend  
besides my relatives at home and  
abroad. The position pays and  
my chance for promotion with  
influential Friends here to back me  
is fair, though I will not press  
it, I could to day take the Quarter  
Mastership of our Regt., though it  
is not a position very dangerous  
yet I will not expect it, if  
I would take any business  
position in the Army, it should  
be Adj. Genl. or Major & Quarter  
Master or Suttler, but on the  
whole if I stay in the Army  
longer than Spring I think  
I shall run my chances as  
a Soldier. I only wish for  
you my dear wife and for you  
my good Mother to keep up  
spirits for a little while and  
not get disheartened, it gives

my soul to hear you down hearted  
You have no occasion for it, I  
am doing the best for all of you  
and if Joseph only keeps up  
for 30 days longer I set him  
all right I know I can and  
he need not have Millerding  
either, just cheer up my boy, don't  
get disheartened and for a short  
time dispell the dam blues &  
you will be all right. The letter  
my big son wrote me made  
me feel happy I wish he would  
write often and as I have only  
this week written a letter to him  
I am in hopes that he will  
not think hard of me for not  
writing to him as soon as I would  
if I had more time, As Bright  
will I don't not tell you all about my  
mode of living as well as many other  
things that may be of Interest to  
you and as there is a strong  
probability of his returning here again  
soon I hope to find out all  
about you and all of you



Henry Beagle desires me to say to  
you to tell his folks that he is  
well and doing well and likes  
his position well, he is as hearty  
and as well as a breast and as  
lively as a set of news boy, he is  
still with Col Voss though I think  
some of taking him myself.

After writing such a long letter  
I do not desire to weary your  
patience with another long one  
and therefore close with the  
hope that by this time you  
have read all my letters

that I have written from  
Martinsburg & Winchester

If ever I have been in  
a big fight and come out  
victorious I shall send you  
a dispatch immediately after  
the battle which I know  
will be pleasing to you

Remembered yours ever true  
and loving

Warren

Winchester Va. March 22/62

My lovely Wife and dear Children

My good Brother!

Though only this morning I mailed a letter of 5 sheets full of the details of our march and fight to Strassburg yet I feel it imperative as well as pleasing to embrace an opportunity like this where a letter can be taken to you by my friend the Dr. in person, if only for the purpose of saying to you that I dearly love you and that it allmost makes me feel angry to think Dr. Ebright can go home and see his folks and that I can not.

Yet if I was to try I think Gen'l Kimbal would let me go but you know it would not be prudent for me to go now as I could probably stay a month or so I want to go about the latter part of April and stay a month or more. I feel good and as happy as a man can be under the Circumstances of being away from those whom he loves dearly.

My position is respectable and honorable. I have the Respect of all who know me, am loved by my Boys and feel as though I had the good wishes of many a friend besides my relatives at home and abroad. The position pays and my chance for promotion with influential Friends here to back me is fair, though I will not press it. I could to day take

the Quarter Mastership of our Regiment; though it is not a position very dangerous, yet I will not except it. If I would take any business position in the Army, it should be Adjutant General or Brigade Quarter Master or Sutler, but on the whole if I stay in the Army longer than Spring, I think I shall run my chances as a Soldier. I only wish for you, my dear wife, and for you, my good Brother, to keep up Spirits for a little while and not get disheartened; it grieves my soul to hear you down hearted. You have no occasion for it; I am doing the best for all of you and if Joseph only keeps up for 30 days longer I set him all right. I know I can and he need not leave Millersburg either; just cheer up my boy, dont get disheartened and for a short time dispell the darn blues and you will be all right. The letter my big Son wrote me made me feel happy. I wish he would write often and as I have only this week written a letter to him, I am in hopes that he will not think hard of me for not writing to him as soon as I would if I had more time. Dr. Ebright will I doubt not tell you all about my mode of living as well as many other things that may be of Interest to you and as there is a strong probability of his returning here again soon I hope to find out all about you and all of you.

Henry Biegel desires me to say to you to tell his folks that he is well and doing well and likes his position well, he

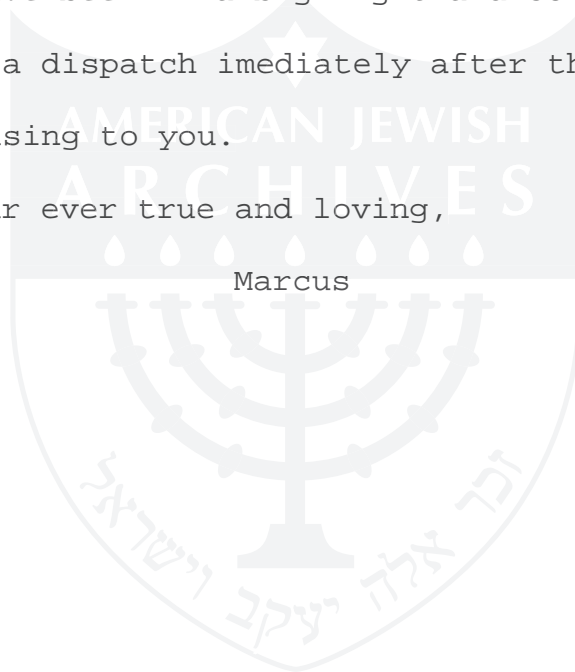
is as hearty and as well as a buck and as saucy as a N.Y. newsboy, he is still with Col. Voris though I think some of taking him myself.

After writing such a long letter I do not desire to weary your patience with another long one and therefore close with the hope that by this time you have recd. all my letters that I have written from Martinsburg & Winchester.

If ever I have been in a big fight and come out victorious I shall send you a dispatch immediately after the Battle which I know will be pleasing to you.

Remember your ever true and loving,

Marcus



Winchester Va March 26/62  
Wednesday

My dear dear Wife!

I have telegraphed to you  
this A. M. Bloody Battle &c  
and I now say to you that  
the most terrible & bloody fight  
or Battle was fought here  
from Saturday Eve untill  
Sunday back which has  
been fought in the history  
of this Campaign as an old  
American & other Soldiers  
say in the History of the  
U. S. Saturday at 3 P. M  
as we were making ready  
for Dress Parade just as  
my Boy brought in some  
Rice Soup & an Orderly was  
brought galloping in with a  
Dispatch to Lt Col. Voss in  
Command & in less than 2 minutes  
the long Roll beat & the  
Proceeding of Cannon was

and in 5 minutes moved our  
Gallant little Co. on its  
way double Dixie to finish  
from which place we were  
sent out on the Pike to  
form a line in order to hold  
up to support our Battery  
When we arrived where Gen  
Shields was and were the  
first Infantry Regt that  
reported itself therefore  
were sent to a post of honor  
as skirmishers & deployed  
to the left of the Pike  
when in the act of de-  
playing the Rebels eyed  
us and sent a Volley of  
Bombshells as we read  
you had no idea several  
of the shells passed right  
through my Company the  
boys seeing this came fell  
down & now was hurt  
I must not get  
into the details of

I simply say we advanced  
that night until dark  
when we laid down without  
fire and blanket and any thing  
to eat. In the morning we day  
break the battle commenced  
and we were assigned the  
honorable position of  
supporting Demme's celebrated  
Battery of Regulars  
they shelled us and we shelled  
them until about 12 o'clock  
afternoon when we  
were ordered to make an  
infantry charge, which we  
made charging on them  
with great rapidity, they  
hurried standing their  
well supported position  
by stone wall fence  
fenced barricades, and  
a firing by our Regts  
the 13 & 14th Regts. 5, 7 & 8th  
the 94th & 110th Regts. & 10th  
by 3 Brigades of Jackson  
Louisiana & the Irish Brigade  
and the Mississippi Tugger Regt

The latter we engaged by  
also the 42<sup>d</sup> Va Regt,  
for 3 hours it was a  
regular hand to hand fight  
with the most rapid &  
powerfull Musketry a dis-  
charge of 500 to 1000  
Rifles continually would  
take a dip, man to death  
The Bullets whizzed around  
me for hours that I could  
scarcely hear any more  
but I had the Boys, my  
noble & gallant Boys to  
victory the 6<sup>th</sup> was the  
first Regt that drove  
the Enemy out of his po-  
sition & then we drove  
them from position to  
position, all my Boys  
except 3 fought nobly  
& stood the ground as  
well as old Veterans

At 10 o'clock we were ordered to  
march to the front of the  
line and to be ready to  
charge at any moment



4  
Loss of my gallant Boys  
Ciderly Wiggins, M. J. Gieder  
Roth Head & John Fort fell  
dead on the Battle field  
J. L. Rice, Isidore Hagle  
& Alex Lang were severely  
wounded but not mor-  
tally Jacob Deyler after  
fighting all day fell down  
& hurt his knee. Leroy G.  
Osborn by whose Head a shell  
burst is somewhat sick  
from the Gas, the other  
Escaped unhurt.

We passed firing after  
dark, not having anything  
to eat all day having no  
Blankets & not knowing  
how far the enemy were  
from us did not dare  
to make any fires laid  
down & being so cold we  
could not sleep so most  
of us looked over the  
Battle field after midnight

Having no lights we could  
not do anything, though  
they came with torches  
& carried the wounded  
Oh God, such scenes.  
I do not now want to  
describe them. I will  
write a letter for you  
as soon as I get sorted  
which you can publish in  
the paper. At day break  
& as soon as the position  
of the enemy was ascertained  
we attacked them & drove  
them back & chased them  
14 miles. Night came on  
we halted & then only we  
got something to eat  
from Saturday night till  
Monday night. Tuesday at  
Day Break we followed  
them drove them back  
& for 13 miles when we  
came past places where  
they left dead & wounded  
burning tents. I was in the

Monday they were attacked  
3 times but fled, the day  
morning unless they end  
leaving almost every  
thing behind them.

Sunday there were probably  
from 700 to 800 sleeping  
killed & 1200 wounded  
600 prisoners.

On our side probably  
250 killed & 500 wounded  
the 84<sup>th</sup> & 95<sup>th</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup> & 14<sup>th</sup>  
14<sup>th</sup> did suffer most.

Sunday Col & Acting Brig  
Genl Winchel had command  
Genl Childs getting his arm  
badly shattered by a shell  
Saturday night. Monday  
& Tuesday Genl Banks  
was in command. We captured  
5 of the Guerillas Camps.

The Rebels fought Sunday  
like Tigers but the Union  
Boys are bound to win.

which I wanted to have written by Shugart  
when I was in the same manner

Last night I went to Genl Banks  
to get permission to come here  
I took after my dead & wounded  
The Noble Mends with me  
I said "Oh your Boys fought  
nobly. I am well, well pleased  
Wiggins Corps I send home in care  
of L. Meyers. The other are  
decently buried. & the wounded  
are safely taken care & doing  
very well.

I got here last night at  
12 I go back to the Camp to  
day. My Boys & Officers are  
the noblest Romans in  
the world God bless them  
Lt. Col. Voss I know whose  
no nobler & braver mans life  
is slightly wounded in the leg  
but not duty.

Your boys. God bless you, man  
when I had a little rest  
Yours  
Marcer

I enclose some Letters I wrote  
Saturday before the Battle

Winchester Va March 26/62

Wednesday

My dear dear wife!

I have telegraphed to you this A.M. Bloody Battle &c and I now say to you that the most terrible & bloody fight as Battle was fought here from Saturday Eve untill Sunday dark which has been fought in the history of this campayne and as old Mexican & other Soldiers say in the History of the U.S. Saturday at 3 P.M. as we were making ready for Dress Parade & just as my Boy brought in some Rice Soup an Orderly was galloping in brot a Dispatch to Lt. Col. Voris in Comd. & in less than 2 minutes the long Roll beat & the booming of cannons was and in 5 minutes more our Gallant little 67<sup>th</sup> on its way double Quick to Winchester from which place we were send out on the Pike & run in order to catch up to support our Battery. When we arrived where Genl Shields was we were the first Infantry Regt. that reported itself therefore were send to a post of honor as skirmishers & deployed to the left of the Pike when in the act of deploying the Rebel spyed us and such a Volley of Bombshells as we recd you have no Idea several of the shells passed right through my company the Boys seeing them come fell down and none were hurt. I must not go into the details now.

I simply say we advanced that night untill dark when we laid down without fire or Blanket or any thing to eat. In the Morn at day break the Battle comenced and we were assigned the honorable position of supporting Dammis Celebrated Battery of Regulars. They shelled us & we shelled them untill about 12 o clock afternoon, when we were ordered to make an Infantry charge, which we dit charging on them with the such rapidity, they however standing their well supported positions by stone wall fences & fenced Barricades, such a firing by our Regt the 13 & 14<sup>th</sup> Ind. 5.7. & 8 & Oh, the 84<sup>th</sup> & 110<sup>th</sup> Pa & retd. by 3 Brigades of Jaccson Loring & other Irish Brigades and this Mississippi Tyger by the latter we engaged also the 42<sup>nd</sup> Va Regt. for 3 hours it was a regular hand to hand fight with the most rapid & powerful Musketry a discharge of 8000 to 10000 Rifles continually would take a dif man to describe.

The Bullets whizzed around me for hours that I could scarcely hear any more but I lead the Boys, my noble & gallant Boys to victory the 67<sup>th</sup> was the first Regt that drove the Enemy out of his position & then we drove them from position to position, all my Boys except 3 fought nobly & stood the ground as well as old Veterans. Lt. Col. Voris led our Boys to Battle.

Four of my gallant Boys Orderly Wiggins, N.F. Geisler, Robert Tear & John Fox fell dead on the Battlefield. I.L. Rice, Isidore Hagle & Alex Lang were severely wounded but not mortally

Jacob Degler after fighting all day fell down & hurt his knee. Leroy G. Osborn by whose Head a Shell bursted is somewhat sick from the Jaw, the others escaped unhurt.

We seased firing after dark & not having anything to eat all day, having no Blankets & not knowing how far the Enemy were from us dit not dare to make any fires laid down & being to cold we could not sleep so much of us looked over the Battlefield after our friends having no lights we could not do anything, though they came with torches & carried the wounded. Oh, God, such scenes. I do not now want to describe them. I will write a letter far often as soon as I get rested which you can publish in the Farmer. At day break, & as soon as the position of the Enemy was ascertained we attacked them drove them back chased them 14 miles, night came and we halted & then only we got something to eat from Saturday night till Monday night. Tuesday at Day Break we followed them drove them back & for 13 miles when we came passed places where they left dead & wounded burning tents & wagons &c Monday they were attacked 3 times but fled, Tuesday morning once they were leaving almost everything behind them.

Sunday there were probably from 700 to 800 Secessionists Killed & 1200 wounded 600 prisoners.

On our side probably 250 killed, 4 to 500 wounded the 84<sup>th</sup> Pa, 67<sup>th</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup>, & 5<sup>th</sup> Oh, 14 Ind suffered most. Sunday Col. & Acting

Brig. General Kimbal has comanded Genl Shields getting his Arm badly shattered by a shell Saturday night. Monday & Tuesday Genl Banks was in command. We captured 5 of the enemies Guns.

The Rebels fought Sunday like Tigers but the Union boys are bound to win.

Last night I went to Genl Banks to get permission to come here & look after my dead & wounded. He shook hands with me & said "Ah, your Boys fought nobly. I am well, well pleased."

Wiggins Corps I send home in can of L. Mayers. The others are decently buried & the wounded are safely taken care & doing very well.

I got here last night at 12 & go back to the Comp. today. My Boys and Officers are the noblest Romans in the world. God bless them Lt. Col Voris their whom no nobler & braver man lives is slightly wounded in the leg but on duty.

Good bye. God bless you, more when I had a little rest.

Your

Marcus

I enclose some letters I wrote Saturday before the Battle which I wanted to know send home by Ebright who can not leave now.



100  
100

Shawbury 10<sup>th</sup> March 20/62

My dear dear good wife  
my sweet Children  
My noble Brothers

I have been from home since  
considered Friday Saturday was almost  
being part of it Sunday evening which  
time I have been in the most fearful  
battle fought in the history of American  
Warriors, I got just now as I was  
sitting down to commence a letter to  
you my loved ones and if I tell you  
that it wrought a change in my  
feelings from a rather dull and  
a little bluish to a gay and happy  
humour, I tell you only that  
some of Chapman's children, Edward  
Patrick and my boys who are  
all writing in my tent, have  
been teasing me about excessive  
they say that the storm & thunder  
storm which has been raging here  
has to meet our eyes, that the  
high and dry place of yesterday  
is a muddy Camp today, is  
all at once turned to bright  
sunshine at present, though we  
are all writing by candle light,  
I now for the first time I since  
the great fight feel my self as if  
old battles and all the heroism  
forgotten

Dear Mrs Chapman

AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES

That this fight made some impression on me is not to be wondered at, though it now seems to me like a dream, I never however that I have regretted myself to the full Satisfaction of all, I was not in the least scared, but energetic and cool, taking care of myself as much as I possibly could without heartlessly exposing myself I was here and there and every where, encouraging all my Boys, seeing them all, leading them in front at every change of position, never hiding myself frequently being at the hottest places and a many, many well aimed bullet whizzed passed my head & close by my body everywhere but thanks to God our heavenly father I came out of it without receiving a scratch, Our Banner which was always in my company received 8 Bullets, one just passed though it not 2 inches over my head while the Colors were proudly waving right over me, I am well hearty and the fact that my Company has 4 killed out of 9 in the Regt. and 5 wounded out of 47 is sufficient that

to satisfy anyone that we are  
fighting boys and in front.

I just think that I have  
a lot of the noblest boys that  
ever shouldered a musket.

My Lieutenants are the right  
men in the right places, courageous  
brave and cool, three of my  
Sergeants Mallick, Bruce and  
Herman are boys with  
whom I challenge the world  
they were as gay and pleasant  
as a young woman at a tea  
party, Mallick I appointed  
bravely on the field of battle  
though by the regular Rank of  
promotion it belonged to Simon  
who shortly after the fight comman-  
ded his regt (the 24th) by getting  
over a fence from the battle field  
and did not join the Regt un-  
till 6 days after the fight, and I  
believe in rewarding merit, not  
Rank. Capt. Ford that very handsome  
and interesting Captain that I  
wrote you about soon one of the  
first ones killed, it would be  
a task for me to describe to you  
my Experience of the Battle field  
as it would most likely not  
improve your good opinion of  
militarism, and I believe I will  
wait until I can tell you.

My getting home in May is now  
a fixed fact, all have now a  
good opinion of me that they  
dare not refuse it I could go home  
to morrow if I desired, but as  
I can't likely away I stay 40  
days I have no desire to go  
and leave again just the time  
when I would not miss being  
at home for a Colonistship.

The Arrest of the Col. will undoubtedly  
lead to his dismissal from the Service  
which will make this Col. and  
the Capt. of Co. A. Major, the  
Capt. of Co. B. being dead will  
make me Capt. Co. A. & a minor  
Capt. in the Regt. & subject to  
promotion to Field Officer &  
the changes & transfers &c which  
are so frequent, gives me a good  
chance, however I will not say  
until I get home as I do not  
feel like deciding until after  
I have seen you all.

Thursday night I left here and  
wrote Horsebush 24 miles to see  
my wounded boys and took  
after my death ones all of which  
I found buried but orderly Meger  
who the Mty. Band boys had kept  
for some from me, when I went  
to Mty. where he has undoubtedly

letter  
part  
page  
part

arrived and has been buried, which  
 I would like to hear in your next letter.  
 It is said that the whoppers  
 the ground, Corcoran, gradually got  
 gotten away so it seems, since  
 that the boys have made up  
 their minds, that Friday night  
 Corcoran Higgins Corps arrived at  
 night is buried the last of  
 the fallen heroes, the are assuming  
 their old gaiety again, being  
 cut up as much as ever and  
 lately when a name of one  
 of the fallen Nobles is mentioned  
 you can see a spread of gloom  
 over their faces. I must con-  
 fess I have not yet forgotten  
 5 of my very best boys who  
 9 days ago were as gay as any  
 are now, but yet since  
 I got your letter I feel as though  
 I could enjoy a good joke right  
 heartily. Just think how much  
 I will have to tell you when  
 I come home? Been in an awful  
 battle, just think of the crack  
 of a continuous Muzzle, of  
 from 15 to 1000 guns, the cannon  
 booming, the Corollary clashing, the  
 men yelling, and every thing else  
 Can't I tell you something?  
 I'll bet I can tell you as much

as you could even if you would go as  
far as Worcester and you know  
you always see to it, I have just  
made up my mind that I will have  
as much to tell you as Marshall  
and Sally want if they would ride  
from Lima to Millhe in a Puggy  
and you know that is a good deal.  
Tell Harriet that he must be a good  
son and I will tell him all about  
the big fight how I seen a shoe  
with a foot in shot off by a Cannon  
Ball & lots more, also Lizzie I have  
a great deal to tell her and lots of pretty  
things to bring her as well as pocket knives  
and money, oh but I rejoice to see the  
time when I can take them and my  
lap and kiss them, but time flies so  
fast how moving & unmoving passing  
down a building up that I hope it  
will not be long. Now Brother you  
at your Street out so will do for  
my sake stay and feel happy, I  
will try & win glory enough to do  
the whole Spirit Family & you shall  
have your share of it & I know  
it will be for the best for  
both of us as I will make it  
all right. I want you to et-  
amine my letter and if necessary  
copy it and place the same  
before publishing it.

Everything except that on leave.  
I would like to have published, look  
over it & read it I thought  
of giving you the history so  
that you could read it to Cawley,  
& then have it published.  
Do you ever look in the Ashura  
Beacon? It often has letters  
from our Ashura Boys in the  
by the way I am very anxious  
to see what they say about  
me, as the little Credit that  
a Soldier gets is all he has to  
expect from public opinion &  
if you see anything worth  
of notice about me, which I  
doubt have, I'll copy it.

It does me good to have  
the love and confidence of my  
Boys and the respect & good  
will of my Sup. Officer. I can  
say without boasting I am  
gaining daily in the Army.

My dear beloved wife, I don't  
think ever since we are married  
did I do anything for which  
I had to blush (except the untoward  
something in former days) before you  
or you to blush for me & I know  
that my military career is not  
long as it may last.

will be a cause to which we  
will look back to in after years  
with pride & satisfaction, I know  
you are not sorry you let us  
go and I know you are not  
sorry I am neither a "Master  
nor Settler", but a "bold Soldier  
Boy". With your fervent prayers  
the good wishes of my friends,  
the encouraging and long letters  
from home with the pleasing  
tidings of my sweet and prosper-  
ous Children, I will get through  
this in better health more fully  
recovered, happy & all, O.K!

Kiss the Children, give my  
love to all, my best wishes  
to Papa, Mrs. Cohn & their young  
sweet daughter, my best respects  
& kindest regards to Henry  
Hager & family, for God's sake  
I Joseph Furmiller, my love  
to Elizabeth and God's blessing  
to all every one of you, with  
prayers to him who doeth all  
things for your welfare I will  
lay down and my humble love of  
Shaw, by the side of my Chapman  
as it is getting quite late, hoping  
that this may reach you all right  
You need not say "Ever Yours"  
anything about etc. - I have  
some affairs, let the Post send it



Strasburg, Va. March 30/62

My dear dear good Wife

My sweet children

My noble Brother!

Your kind letter written Friday, Saturday and the most loving part of it Sunday during which time I have been in the most fearfull battle fought in the History of American Battles, I ret'd just now as I was sitting down to commence a letter to you my loved ones and if I tell you that it wrought a change in my feelings from a rather dull and little blueish to a gay and happy humor, I tell you only, that which Lt. Chapman, Childs, Orderly Wallick and my Boy who are all writing in my tent, have been teasing me about ever since. They say that the Rain & Thunder Storm which has been raging here to such an extent, that the high and dry place of yesterday is a muddy Camp to day, is all at once turned to bright sunshine at present, though we are all writing by candle light.

I now for the first time since the great fight feel myself as of old bully, and all the horrors are forgotten. That this fight made some impression on me is not to be winced at, though it now seems to me like a dream. I know however that I have acquitted myself to the full satisfaction of all. I was not in the least scared, but energetic and cool. Taking

care of myself as much as I possibly could, without heatlessly exposing myself, I was here and there and every where, encouraging all my Boys, seeing them all, leading them in front at every change of position, never hiding myself, frequently being in the hottest places and a many, many well aimed bullet whizzed passed my head and close by my body everywhere but thanks to God our heavenly father I came out of it without receiving a scratch. Our Banner which was always in my Company received 8 Bullets; one just passed through it not 2 inches over my head while the Colors were proudly waving right over me. I am well and hearty and the fact that my Company has 4 killed out of 9 in the Regiment and 5 wounded out of 47 is sufficient that to satisfy anyone that we are fighting boys and in front.

I just think that I have a lot of the noblest boys that ever shouldered a musket. My Lieutenants are the right men in the right places, courageous, brave and cool. Three of my Sergeants, Wallick, Bruce and Bowman are Boys with whom I challenge the world; they were as gay and pleasant as a young woman at a tea party. Wallick I appointed Orderly on the field of Battle though by the regular Rank of promotion it belonged to Lemon who shortly after the fight commenced hurt his leg (he claims) by getting over a fence from the Battlefield and <lit not join the Regiment until 6 Rank.

Captain Ford, that very handsome and Interesting Captain that I wrote you about, was one of the just once killed. It would be a task for me to describe to you my experience of the Battlefield as it would most likely not improve your good opinion of military, and I believe I will wait until I can tell you.

My getting home in May is now a fixed fact; all have such a good opinion of me that they dare not refuse it. I could go home to morrow if I desired, but as I can likely only stay 40 days, I have no desire to go and leave again just the time when I would not miss being at home for a Colonelship. The Arrest of the Colonel will undoubtedly lead to his dismissal from the Service which will make Voris Colonel and the Captain of Company A Major; the Captain of Company B being dead will make me Captain of Company A or senior Captain in the Regiment or next to promotion to Field Officer and the changes, transfers and so forth which are so frequent gives me a good chance; however I will not say until I get home as I do not feel like deciding until after I have seen you all.

Tuesday night I left here and rode Horseback 24 miles to see my wounded Boys and look after my dead ones, all of which I found buried but Orderly Wiggins who the Millersburg Band Boys had kept for orders from me, whom I

sent to Millersburg where he has undoubtedly arrived and has been buried, which I would like to hear in your next.

It is said that he whom the ground covers is gradually forgotten and so it seems. Since the Boys have made up their minds, that Friday night Orderly Wiggins Corps arrived at Millersburg and is buried, the last of the fallen heroes, they are assuming their old gaiety again, sing and cut up as much as ever and only when a name of one of the fallen Nobles is mentioned you can see a spread of gloom over their faces and I must confess I have not yet forgotten 5 of my very best boys, who 9 days ago were as gay as any, are no more, but yet since I got your letter I feel as though I could enjoy a good joke right hearty. Just think how much I will have to tell you when I come home! Been in an awful Battle; just think of the crack of a continuous Musketry of from 15 to 16,000 guns, the Cannonading, the Cavelery dashing, the men yelling and every thing else; cant I tell you Something? I'll bet I can tell you as much as you could even if you would go as far as Wooster and you know you always see lots. I have just made up my mind that I will have as much to tell you as Marshall and Sally would if they would ride from Lima to Millersburg in a Buggy and you know that is a good deal. Tell Hamlin that he must be a good Son and I will tell him all about the big fight; how I seen a Shoe with a foot in, Shot off by

a Cannon Ball and lots more. Also Lizzie, I have a great deal to tell her and lots of pretty things to bring her, as well as for Hamlin and Mosey. Oh but I rejoice to see the time when I can take them on my lap and kiss them, but time flies so fast here, moving and removing, tearing down and building up, that I hope it will not be long. Now Brother Joseph, as you stuck out so well, do for my sake and stay and feel happy. I will try and win glory enough to do the whole Spiegel Family and you shall have your share of it and I know it will be for the best for both of us as I will make it all right. I want you to examine my letter and if necessary copy it and place the punctuation before publishing it. Everything except that in lines I would like to have published, look over it and read it. I thought of giving you the history so that you could read it to Caroline and then have it published. Do you ever look in the Akron Beacon? It often has letters from our Akron Boys in the 67th and I am very anxious to see what they say about me, as the little Credit that a Soldier gets is all he has to expect from public opinion and if you see anything worthy of notice about me, which I doubt, have Estill copy it.

It does me good to have the love and confidence of my Boys and the Respect and good will of my Superior

Officers and can say without boasting I am gaining daily in the Army.

My dear beloved wife, I dont think ever since we are married dit I do anything for which I had to blush (except Uniontown schocking in former days) [meaning unclear] before you or you to blush for me and I know that my military career as long as it may last will be a career to which we will look back to after years with pride and satisfaction. I know you are not sorry you let me go and I know you are not sorry I am neither Quarter Master nor Sutler, but a bold "Soldier Boy ". With your fervent prayers, the good wishes of my friends, the encouraging and long letters from home with the pleasing tidings of my sweet and prosperous children, I will get through this in better health, more fully developed, happy and all "O.K."

Kiss the Children, give my love to all, my best wishes to Cohn, Mrs. Cohn & their Young sweet daughter, my best Respect & kindest regards to Henry Herzer & family, ----  
-- J. L. Joseph & family, my love to Elizabeth and God's blessing to all & every one of you, with prayers to him who seeth all things for your welfare I will lay down on my humble bed of straw, by the Side of my Chapman as it is getting quite late, hoping that this may reach you

all right.

Ever Your

Marcus

You need not say anything about the Lemon affair, let the  
Boys write it.

God bless you all



March  
Otravahay April 30/52

My dear dear good little wife

Though I have only  
to day sent 2 Letters of 7 or 8  
foolscap sheet to you, yet I  
just now learned that my friend  
St Fabrian is going to Ohio to  
morrow and I just thought  
I would give you a few lines to  
say to you I am bully, bully.  
& that since the great battle  
I love you more, more much,  
you are the Idol of my soul,  
my thoughts by day, my dreams  
by night my all all in all.

God bless you and all our  
good sweet Children, I love  
them all & God knows want  
to see them badly



I live just as I have for a  
good while, Henry Adams a  
young boy from Millerburg, or near  
Crotts for me & attends me my  
Licent's Chapin & Child's & my  
self board together since we  
left the Rail Road our  
board is not so good, we  
get no Molasses nor Vegetables  
only Crackers, fresh & Salt-  
Beef & Pork, Coffee & sugar  
You wanted to know how I  
wear my whiskers, I have  
not shaved nor trimmed  
for 2 mo<sup>s</sup> my hair is  
a little longer than usual,  
I look sunburned & my  
hair's black. Since the  
battle I was on Picket  
and happened to be near

a neighborhood where the  
greatest Pennsylvania Shemites,  
live that I ever saw, all  
the Families are the Van  
Duntel so called, we were  
near a splendid brick house  
the Proprietor as regular  
John of Keplar as ever  
lived in the world. Came out  
and invited me in & asked me  
to protect him and his property  
from Violence by my boys.  
I promised it & made my boys  
respect my promise, I was  
used like a Prince, though  
I would not accept a bed as  
I feared catching cold, I  
slept on the floor. They have  
6 grown girls, as regular  
John of Keplar's Girls as

Lord, a Saint, Mary,  
Matilda & their laughing,  
& all, they talk the same  
singing dutch, when I left  
the old Lady cried, I told  
them about you & the Children  
& they all cried.

My coming home if  
no preventing providence  
is soon now. God know  
I long to see the time  
You have no Idea, but  
patience. Geo Wiggans  
just come in out of his  
bed he heard his Prot had  
come from home, I  
hope it has, he has been  
lamenting long enough  
for it

I wish you prob  
I think this for all  
the best I can do now

---

I have told you yesterday that  
I did not fire once during  
the Battle I had once my  
Revolver cocked but thought  
of my promise to you and me  
cocked it again, from that  
you can see that I was  
perfectly ~~cool~~ cool & as  
usual thinking of you my  
love. Two of my boys came  
home from Cumberland Hospital  
to day & they say the boys  
are all getting along tolerable.  
Mr. Mallick's son say died  
but I have not been officially  
notified & I think if he was  
dead they would have notified  
them boys were in another  
Hospital & as there are  
20 Hospitals in the town

Could not ascertain.

I have written to the Supt  
of Army Hospitals & as  
soon as I get an answer  
I will inform his friends.

We may have to leave  
here in a few days as  
I suppose we will not  
have very long stoppages  
now anymore until  
this War is over.

I have written to my  
dear Children & I hope  
you may have the letter  
ere this & they will  
be pleased with it, I  
feel very hearty, I can  
march 50 miles as good  
as any of my boys &  
I think if I have

the good fortune to come  
out safe for which I pray  
to God and as I doubt  
very much that we ever  
come in another Battle  
at least as furious as  
this, I think I will  
be the best boy you ever  
saw. I get highly com-  
plimented for my conduct  
on the field of Battle  
from every one. For my  
sweet ones I give my  
love, to my good Brother  
my thanks & respects as  
well as undying love  
to you I say do for my  
sake take care of your  
selves for my sake  
keep up spirits, be a  
good Girl

from my camp  
less it is late & I am  
very sick & can not  
write with any strength  
That name suits me very  
well but maybe I can  
improve it, by some accident  
of Battle, don't adopt  
it yet. The plan about  
our Elizabeth suits me  
very well, I always looked  
in that direction for  
favorable results.

Good night my sweet  
ones, everything is as  
quite nothing but the  
walk up & down of the  
guards is heard. I forgot  
to say Lt Col Davis is the  
best man living I am  
sure of it. I write as  
often as I possibly can, but  
often I am a week without  
my best tent or Paper or  
nothing moving about  
from place to place, but at  
every chance I write to my

Strasburg March 31/62

My dear dear good little wife

Though I have only to day sent 2 Letters of 7 or 8 foolscap sheet to you, yet I just now learned that my friend Lieutenant Fahrian is going to Ohio to morrow and I just thought I would give you a few lines to say to you I am bully, bully and that since the great battle I love you more, more much; you are the Idol of my soul, my thoughts by day, my dreams by night, my all, all in all.

God bless you and all our good sweet children, I love them all and God knows want to see them badly.

I live just as I have for a good while. Henry Adams, a young boy from Millersburg or near, cooks for me and attends me. My Lieutenants Chapman and Childs and my self board together. Since we left the Rail Road our board is not so good; we get no Molasses nor Vegetables, only Crackers, fresh and Salt Beef and Pork, Coffee and Sugar. You wanted to know how I wear my whiskers. I have not shaved nor trimmed for 2 Months; my hair is a little longer than usual. I look Sunburned and my hands black. Since the battle I was on Picket and happen to be near a neighborhood where the greatest Pennsylvania Shlemils



[simpletons] live that I ever saw; all the Families are the Virginia Dutch so called. We were near a splendit brick house. The Proprietor, as regular John A. Keplar as ever lived in the world, came out and invited me in and asked me to protect him and his property from violence by my boys. I promised it and made my boys respect my promise. I was used like a Prince, though I would not accept a bed as I feared catching cold; I slept on the floor. They have 6 grown girls, as regular John A. Keplars Girls as lived; a Sarah, Mary Malissa and so forth, their laughing and all; they talk the same singing dutch. When I left the old Lady cried; I told them about you and the children and they all cried.

My coming home, if no preventing providence, is sure now and God how I long to see the time. You have no Idea, but patience. George Wygand just came in out of his bed. He heard his Box had come from home. I hope it has; he has been lamenting long enough for it.

I have told you yesterday that I dit not fire once during the Battle. I had once my Revolver cocked but thought of my promise to you and uncocked it again; from that you can see that I was perfectly cool and as usual thinking of you, my love. Two of my boys came home from Cumberland Hospital to day & they say the boys are all getting along tolerable. Wm. Wallick some say died but I have not been

officially notified & I think if he was dead they would have notified them boys were in another Hospital & as there are 20 hospitals in the town could not ascertain.

I have written to the Supt. Of Army Hospitals & as soon as I get an answer I will inform his friends.

We may have to leave here in a few days as I suppose we will not have very long stoppages now anymore until this War is over.

I have written to my dear children & I hope you may have the letter ere this & they will be pleased with it, I feel very hearty, I can march 50 miles as good as any of my boys & I think if I have the good fortune to come out safe for which I pray to God and as I doubt very much that we ever come in another Battle at least as furious as this, I think I will be the best boy you ever saw. I get highly complemented for my command on the field of Battle from every one. To my sweet ones I give my love, to my good Brother my thanks & respects as well as undying love to you I say do for my sake take care of yourselves for my sake keep up spirits, be a good girl.

That name suits me very well but maybe I can improve it, by some accident of Battle, dont adopt it yet. The plan about our Elizabeth suits my bully, I allways looked in that direction for favorable results.

Good night, my sweet ones, everything is as quite nothing but the walk up & down of the Guards is heard. I forgot to say LT. Col. Voris is the best man living I am sure of it. I write as often as I possibly can but often I am a week without my box & tent no paper nor nothing moving along from place to place, but at every chance I write to my sweet wife and I think long letters good night my love it is late & I am tired.

Your

AMERICAN JEWISH  
ARCHIVES

Marcus

I kiss this for all the best I can do now

Good night

