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Camp Near Falmouth, Va.  
December 17th, 1862

My dearest Lis,

I overtook our Regiment yesterday which is now encamped on a hill just back of Falmouth, overlooking Fredericksburg. The boys are nearly all well (?) and cheerful--in fact the health of the Regiment ( I mean those we have with us) is much better than it has been before since we came to "Dixie".

I was somewhat fatigued with my journey (this place is 70 miles from Washington--near south) but feel all right today after a good night's sleep -- I have time to write only a few words today just to let you know where and how I am.

*Prop of Pavilion Center Antique Shop*

But I must say that this Fredericksburg campaign is so far a disastrous concern--worse if anything could be worse than McClellan's Campaign on the Peninsula. General Franklin gained a slight advantage on the extreme left--but here in the center it was no battle but a regular wholesale slaughter--whole brigades of our poor soldiers were led up and held right before their strong fortifications and thousands were cut down by their cannon and musketry--while the enemy were entirely protected by their works. At this point Burnside's forces did not cross the river because the "Rebs" let them do so as a matter of policy. Here was a battle extending along a line of ten miles and lasting three days with no favorable results to our side at least. It is true our forces did occupy Fredericksburg but they were all withdrawn Sunday night and at early daylight Monday morning the pontoon bridge was taken up, and the center and right of our army are now on this side of the river. Let the papers glaze the matter over as they will, I tell you we have suffered a great disaster--attended with an immense slaughter,--more killed and wounded the officers say than at Antietam or Corinth--I have been through the hospitals here and seen the mutilated victims of this disastrous and fruitless affair and know somewhat where of I speak, although every one seems desirous of being silent on the subject.

*Pavilion, N. Y.*

I have no doubt but that we have 200,000 troops massed in this army and I have no faith in their accomplishing anything this winter. In fact it is snowing a little today and everything looks more like going into winter quarters here than any move that would take us "on to Richmond".

Military matters look dark for the present--and success if at all in the distant future.

I am staying with Henry Fuller of the 64th until our folks get better quarters fitted up.

He is well and since connected with the army has been in the battle of Fair Oaks, in the Seven days fight on the Peninsula, at Antietam and South Mountain and in the three days fight here and Saturday nearly all day right in front of their Batteries yet he has never received a scratch. The 64th went into the fight with 250 and lost 67.

I found Frank well on my return and he was right glad to see me— The regiment had been on the march 7 days when I met it.

I shall be home as soon as possible—as soon as we go into winter quarters. Remember me to Dora and Charley. I will write again in a day or two.

Affectionately

Henry