

The following are copies of letters sent by Hiram Vincent to his family while while he was in the Union Army during the Civil War.

Copies made by Robert C. Vincent during the summer of 1960.

*Courtesy of Hiram Vincent's
great-great-great-grandson
Robert Vincent*



"We cannot tell what is before us,
all we can do is to try to do our
duty and trust Him who cares for us all"

Hiram Vincent

January 7, 1863

Camp Whipple, Va.
October 3, 1862

Dear Wife, Mother, and Children,

I now take this opportunity to let you know my whereabouts. The Regiment left Camp Brown Monday after you left me. We left on the ----- train -----. We were in Elmira about noon. We left there for Baltimore, and got in there about noon Wednesday. We were all advised not to buy anything to eat or drink there. The city is full of rebels. That night we left for Washington and got to that place Thursday morning. We stayed there until noon, then there was a baggage train fitted out; fifteen wagons with six men to a wagon, and four men detailed to guard each wagon, myself among them. We crossed the Potomac. It is one mile and a half across the bridge. There are about 120,000 men here. We are at Arlington Heights. There are thousands of acres of land here that there is not much of anything raised on for man or beast to subsist on. I must close. The Captain is waiting. I think of many things to write but have no time. I am well. Hope this will find you all the same. Direct your letters to Washington, Company K, 154th New York Volunteers, care Captain Henry Hugaboom. From

Your affectionate husband,

H. Vincent

To Wealthy, Kiss the children all for me. Be good children.

Fairfax Court House
October 16, 1862

Dear Family,

It is with pleasure that I attempt to write a few lines to you. I received your letter last night with great pleasure. I had almost begun to despair, thinking you had not got my letter. We left Arlington the 12th and took up our line of march about noon and marched ten miles, then camped for the night. We lay on the ground that night, and it rained most all night. The next morning we started again and reached camp about noon a distance of fifteen miles. It is much more pleasant than it was at Arlington. It was the most disagreeable place I was ever in. We were in the dust half shoe deep, and the weather was warm as July. It has been cooler since we have been here. The water is better than I expected here. I must tell you something about our living. We have fared hard some of the time, and part of the time we have fared very well. Our fare is hard tack and bacon. Sometimes soft bread and coffee, one spoonful of sugar a day and sometimes a little beef. I have not tasted butter since we left Camp Brown, nor potatoes. Wealthy, I think I could relish some of your butter and some other things but cannot have that privilege. Butter here is forty cents a pound, cheese twenty, green apples three and four cents apiece, so you see I am almost deprived of such things. Enough of that. My health has been very good since I have been here. There are a good many sick in the regiment, some with dysentery, others with Virginia fever. There are nearly twenty in our company that are excused from duty by the surgeon. I think the main thing is eating everything. I have not been excused from duty yet. I must tell you a little about our tents. They are made of factory cloth. Each tent is large enough for four men. Tent mates are Johnson, Merrill, and Bont Shelundine (?), a comfortable set of us. Have no news to write you. We do not get any. We did not know more than half an hour before we marched that we were going nor where until we got there. We are under General Sigel's command.

I want you to tell Edgar that I am very anxious for him to learn to write so he can write me letters. Children, I want you all to be good to Ma. Tell Mother I miss her but hope to come back to her home again. And you, my dear, I love you and it was through sense of duty that I left and came as I did. Still I do not love you any the less. I want you to take care of yourself and put your trust in the One Who does all things well. I must close. I am sitting on the ground and writing on my knapsack. I am called on for dress parade. Write very soon. I am as ever, Your affectionate husband,

H. Vincent to Wealthy

Direct your letter as before to Washington. We are drilled most all the time and kept very close. I wish you would send me some stamps. I lost what I had.

Fairfax
October 26, 1862

Dear Wife, Mother, and Children,

I received your letter this morning and was very glad to hear from home once more and above all to hear that you were all well. I am not as well as when I last wrote. I have been out 24 hours on picket duty and have had the dysentery about three days. I got into camp last night from doing picket duty almost used up but this morning I am a great deal better. I am almost well. I have no news to write you so I will say something about our rations. We have plenty to eat now. After we left Arlington Heights, we did not have more than one meal a day for three days, and again when we got here our rations were short but we have enough now. Our rations are one loaf of baker's bread and one spoonful of sugar per day and sometimes pork, beef, or beans and once in a great while rice and coffee once a day, so you see we can use all of our sugar in our coffee and not get it very sweet. We have company cooks in our Company; they fare well I expect.

It is raining hard this morning though we have had it very dry here. It is raining down in our tent so much that I can hardly find a place to write. We have to come out for general inspection every Sunday morning. It is so rainy this morning we have not been out. Last Monday seven regiments of us marched off ten miles on a Brigade drill and were inspected by General Sigel. Our tents are common factory cloth in four pieces buttoned together large enough for four men. They are fastened to the ground at each corner, a pole run through the center and raised as high as possible. After it is done, we can crawl in on all fours and sit up in the highest place. My darling, I am sitting in just such a place as I have been trying to describe to you. I know you will excuse my poor letter after telling you what a poor place I have to write in. I do not feel like complaining of my fare though when I consider the object I had in coming here if I can do my country any good. Still I miss loved ones at home. I am trying to live as becometh a soldier, father, and

husband. I must hasten with my scratchings. Joshua Rich was just in here and said Emily wrote that she heard I was homesick. It is very true I should like to be at home, but I have not been homesick in the least. The stamps you sent me are nearly used up. You wanted to know whether you should send me some things or not. I would say at present I cannot tell how long we shall be here but probably not long. You need not send any more stamps at present. About the hay and apples, do as you think best. Tell Carlos to write to me and I will answer. I have written to H. Blakely. I want you to write me a good long letter. Give my respects to all and save a good share for yourself.

From your husband,

H. Vincent

Note to Wealthy: Our Regiment took two rebels prisoners night before last.

Virginia
November 4, 1862

Dear Wealthy,

I now take this opportunity to write a few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you nor Mother and the children. I would say that I am well and hope that these few lines will find you all enjoying the same blessing. It is now nearly ten o'clock, and I have marched two days and am very tired, but having an opportunity to send a letter to Washington tomorrow I thought I would write to you. We left Fairfax Sunday morning not knowing where we were going. We marched through Centerville from there to Bull Run. There we stopped and took our rations and there we saw the effects of war. I saw men that were not buried four inches deep. I saw two whose faces were not covered at all and another whose feet were not covered. Oh, the destruction of this war! No more of this.

We are near Thoroughfare Gap. There were from ten to twenty regiments that left Fairfax when we did. We drove about 400 Rebel pickets through the Gap ahead of us. We have been within hearing of the cannon about twenty four hours so you see we are expecting to see service soon, still we may not. After getting into camp last night, we took and butchered eight head of Rebel cows and oxen. Some of the boys would milk a cow and then throw her down and butcher her. They had a great time. So you see we fared well for beef. Today we have taken seven or eight prisoners. I cannot write much more at present. I would say I have not received any answer from you since I last wrote the 26th of October. I want you to write often. I do not know as you can read this at all. Have not received any pay yet. Do not know when we shall. I have spent about four dollars for tea and other things to eat. I have five dollars left yet. It will last me some time if nothing happens. I hope the time will soon come when I can be at home once more. I want to see you and the children very much, but am deprived of that privilege. Kiss the children all for me. No more. Direct as before. From your husband,

H. Vincent

Virginia
November 8, 1862

Dear Wife,

It is with pleasure that I attempt to answer your letter which I have just received dated November 1st. I am well and was very glad to hear that you were all well. I wrote to you the 4th of the month and wrote that we had marched from Fairfax two days march from there and had camped near Thoroughfare Gap. We stayed there three days. Yesterday we left again for Washington a distance of twelve miles. We marched six miles and then camped for the night. It snowed all day, the first snow we have had. It was very cold all day. The snow this morning was about half an inch deep. There has been scarcely any rain here for three months. It has been dry and dusty almost all of the time. The days have been warm and the nights have been very cold. Tonight we are six miles from Warrington and this morning we heard the cannon plain there. We cannot tell what a day may bring forth but hope for the best.

Last night after getting into camp, the boys started out to make a draw. Some got sheep, others got honey, some got apples, and some hogs, hens, turkeys, geese and fat cattle. Altogether we had the best meal I have had since I left home. I have no news to write you. You get news in the papers of which we are left in ignorance. We do not know when we are going to march one hour before we are off. We have not got our mail regularly for some time now. The man that carries the mail had his horse shot Thursday night. I was on picket that night. It was near where I was that the horse was shot. I took the mail carrier into headquarters. I must close; it is so dark that I cannot see my line. You will get another letter ahead of this dated November 4; and now I must close. I miss your society but pray God that the time may not be far distant when we may be restored to each other. My darling, you are constantly in my mind, still I must stop. I do not want to make you uneasy so kiss the children all for me and I will kiss you when I next see you. I am writing outdoors. Goodby darling, From your affectionate husband,

H. Vincent

Thoroughfare Gap, Virginia
November 15, 1862

Dear Wife and Children,

I now improve a few moments to let you know that I am well, and I hope this will find you all the same. I received your kind letter last night and was glad to hear that you were all well. You wanted that I should write in regard to my town account. I would say that the account was, I think, \$13.15. You can tell by looking on my book. The account will begin back to Nov. 1, 1862. You had better take what you can get this fall. There may possibly be a chance to get it another time. I wish you would write all about our money matters so that I can tell you how to manage. All about the interest to McMillan and other money matters. I have written two letters before this to you that I have received no answer from. One was dated the 8th, the other before. We are lying here under marching orders and do not know when the order will come for us to leave. The roll is called once an hour. Anyone missing at roll call is taken to headquarters and put on guard 36 hours with a heavy knapsack on his back and two muskets. So you see we have to be on hand. Some of the regiment have had to try it. Our business is doing picket duty mostly. Our company has made me corporal for good behavior. My office is not worth bragging about, still it does excuse me from some duty. I want you to write me all about the folks there and how they get along and about the draft and matters in general. I must hasten; the mail will close soon. I want you to write all about how you get along with the chores and other things. I have no news to write you. You get all the war news before I get any. I will say something about the boys here. I saw Dell Chaffee yesterday. He has been very sick but is better. Joshua Rich is sick so he cannot do much duty. Willard Perkins and George are both in the hospital sick with the mumps. William Nichols is in the hospital sick. I do not know what the matter is; there are over a hundred of the regiment sick. I have been highly favored myself. I guess you will think my letter is not very interesting so I will change the subject. I wish I could see you all to-

night. I think I should enjoy it very much, but that cannot be so I will say to all the children I love you all very much and want you to be good children. Oh, if I could see my little Dell! I would kiss her long and strong, but I am deprived of that privilege so no more of this. I saw a letter yesterday that Mr. Eddy wrote Porter and he wanted Porter should write about me. I would not be unmindful of the dear ones at home, but it is a trial for me to write here. I have not got any pay yet. Do not know when I shall. Write soon. No more.

From your affectionate husband,

H. Vincent to Wealthy

Camp near Fairfax
Saturday, November 22, 1862

Dear Wife,

With joy I received your letter of the 15th last night and was very glad to hear from you all but was very sorry to hear that you were sick. I am well as common and hope that this will find you well again. You may think it strange that my letter is headed Fairfax. I will say that the 17th we left Thoroughfare. I was out on picket and the regiment was called out in the night and lay on their arms all night. We left camp just night and marched four miles where we stopped for that night. We marched the 17th, 18th, and 19th in the rain and it has rained up to this morning, the most disagreeable storm I ever saw until now. There has been but little rain since we crossed the Potomac. This morning we are under marching orders, but we may not leave in a day or two. The Lord knows when and where. Some say to Washington, others to Harpers Ferry, but it is all supposition. We do not know anything faster than it is beat into us. The day before we marched, James Averill got shot in the wrist very bad so I think he will have to have his hand taken off. He is very homesick. They generally think he shot himself on purpose so as to get discharged. It is hard to think so. I do not want you to say we think he shot himself. He says he was shot by a Rebel. Our Captain is sick in the hospital with fever. Some think he will get discharged. I think he is homesick a little. Porter is well. Joshua Rich is better. I got a letter from Hiram a few days ago; he says his health is poor.

You wrote, my darling, that the draft is not going off there. I do not know as it will help my case any now; I am here and must make the best of it. I can but think there was great deception used to get men to enlist, yet I believe the guilty will not go unpunished and will try to clear my skirts from the sin. I guess you will think I have written a curious letter so I will stop. I was glad to hear you had got your reading done and the ploughing and other work.

And now, darling, I want you to be very careful of your health for my sake and the children's and your own sake. I hope and trust that we shall live to see

each other again. This and to enjoy each others society again is the prayer of my heart. I received your letter dated the 8th and answered it immediately. You wrote in your last you would send me some stamps. You need not. I have some yet. I must close now.

From your affectionate husband,

H. Vincent

Now dear, take care of yourself. Write soon and write all the news you can.

Fairfax,
November 30, 1862

Dear Wife,

I have just received your kind letter of November 22, and was very glad to hear from you all. I had almost begun to despair of hearing from you. I am well at present and hope this may find you all enjoying the same blessing. You must know that it agrees with me to sleep on the ground and eat hard bread. I weighed last night 150 pounds. I asked you in my letter dated Nov. 15 to tell me all about the home matters. You have answered my inquiry beyond my expectations. I did not ask you because I thought you would be imprudent in the least. I was glad to hear that you had got along so well as you have with the chores and the money matters. I wrote you about the \$20.00 and have not received any answer from it yet. We are still at or near Fairfax yet, but we do not know how long we shall remain here. As we are in Sigel's fourth brigade and in reserve, we may stay near here all winter, and we may be skadaddling nearly all the time. Time only can tell. You wrote, darling, that you were going to send me your likeness. I do not want to be unreasonable but I should like very much to have yours and little Adele's. You can have them taken on cards and send them in a letter when you have a chance. I have got but little chance for writing. I have today a lot of men to guard the commissary department and have them to post once in two hours. I wrote you in my last you need not send me any stamps yet; I had six or eight on hand. I bought a few though the stamps you sent me will come in play. There is a great battle depending as near as we can learn betwixt Burnside, Lee, and Jackson. A great many think here the war depends very much on the battle now at issue. May the Lord hasten the time when this rebellion shall be crushed out. I should like to be at home today very much but I am deprived of that privilege, so I must do the next best, write to you. We held Thanksgiving in camp. We did not do any duty that day except to attend church. We had a rarity that day. We bought about three quarts of potatoes for thrity five cents and some soft bread. We have drawn only one ration of potatoes since we crossed the Potomac from the government. And now I must bring my letter to a close by saying that I anticipate

seeing you all again here on earth, but there is One who knows all things and does all things well, and I feel willing to trust my all in His hands. I guess you will think I am writing a lonesome letter. I do feel so, but if I could see you all at home I should be all right again. I want you to write often and all of the news you can think of.

What has become of Ira Pierce? I want to write to him. Give my respects to all who inquire after me. My best wishes to you, my wife and children. No more from your husband,

Hiram Vincent

to Wealthy C. Vincent

Fairfax,
Dec. 4, 1862

Dear Wife and Children,

I received your letter last night and was glad to hear from you all and was very sorry to learn that my little Dell was sick but hope this may find you all well again. I am well at present and hope I may be blessed with good health. You asked me in your last letter what the men thought of the war here. I will tell you as near as I can. They are all disgusted with the war and generally think it will certainly close before spring but I hardly dare entertain such a thought. There is so much wickedness carried on here that I sometimes think our country will never be restored to peace again, but hope it may be very soon. There is a report here that our troops have taken and burnt Fredericksburg. If that is the case, I think it is quite a favorable move. There has been a very exciting time here since I last wrote. Last Monday night about twelve o'clock there was an alarm given in camp that the enemy was advancing toward us. We were all ordered out at dead of night with our guns and - - - and ordered to pack our knapsacks for a retreat and kept lying on our arms all night. Finally all became quiet again and has remained so up till now. How long it will remain so I cannot tell still I do not think we shall stay here long. Everything seems to indicate a move again. My darling, I wrote to you the last day of November and have had no answer yet. In fact it is not time yet. I must now give you a description of our living. Our company has two cooks, we have hard tack and coffee, sometimes pork and bean soup, sometimes beef soup, sometimes a little rice and one spoonful of sugar a day. Have to carry our wood for cooking about one mile. We have enough to eat now but generally when we march we are short. There are five of us in our tent now. The last time we marched it cost us about five dollars for bread before we drew any. I am nearly out of money and wish you could send me five dollars if you can conveniently. I shall draw my pay I expect before this month is out.

If you cannot get it conveniently, you need not trouble yourself about it.

I will get along some way. I have lent Lt. Hubbard two dollars and cannot get it until pay day. There were some of the Dayton boys sending their dress coats home yesterday and I sent mine in the box with them. The box was sent to Charles Blair. My coat is marked on the inside of the sleeve. The name is Frank Wilson. There is a testament in one of the pockets with Harland B. Day's name in it and two cartridges. After the box gets there you can send and get it. I must close by saying, my darling, be careful of your health and do not try to do too much. Good-by. The drum beats for battalion drill.
From your husband, Hiram Vincent to Wealthy.

Fredericksburg, Va.
December 20, 1862

Dear Family,

I received your long looked for letter yesterday. I was very glad to hear from you all and to hear that you were all well. I am well excepting a cold which is affecting my lungs some but I shall be all well again soon. I must commence to tell you about our march. We left Fairfax the tenth of this month not knowing where we were going. We marched six days and brought up on the Rappahannock River at Fredericksburg. There has been an awful battle here. A great many lives were lost. I have seen a number that were wounded in the sixty-fourth regiment that is lying one mile from us. It is very cold here and freezing hard. While we were on the march, the snow was five or six inches deep and the mud mixed with it. I do not know how long we shall be here.

They generally think there will be a battle here soon but the Lord only knows, I cannot tell. We have hard times here upon the whole. I presume you saw by the papers an account of our marching. I have not much time to write this time as the mail is going out at two o'clock and there is general inspection at twelve. It is now eleven. You wanted to know how I get along with my washing. I do it myself and get along very well. My socks are not worn out yet so you see I am all right yet. I got a letter from James yesterday. He is at Alossister Point but he did not give me his post office address, so I cannot write to him. You wrote you had a chance to sell more hay. I would not sell any more yet. I think I shall get my pay soon so if you have to borrow, you can pay soon. I have left my tentmates that I was with and now tent with the Orderly Sergeant and the First Lieutenant. I hated to leave my old mates but thought it was better for me. I want Edgar to write me a letter very much. Mr. Johnson's little boy wrote him; he is only seven years old.

I want to see you all very much. Sometimes I get almost discouraged thinking of this awful war and again I think it is in the hands of a just God and all

will yet be well.

And now, my darling, I must close by saying I love you all very much and want you to do the best you can. Children, I want you to be good and mind your ma. Goodby. Write soon.

From your husband,

To Wealthy

Hiram Vincent

Camp Near Fredericksburg, Va.
December 22, 1862

Dear Wife, Mother, and Children,

I received your letter dated Dec. 13th this morning. Was glad to hear from you all and very glad to know that you are all well. I am well excepting a bad cold on my lungs which troubles me very much, and my eyes which are nearly smoked out of my head so that it is very difficult for me to write, but I shall be all right again soon. I received the money you sent me all safe and was glad to get it as I had borrowed one dollar.

I was sorry to learn that you and mother were nearly tired out by doing work for your help to get wood. I am glad the neighbors are so kind as to get wood for you and hope I may live to repay them for their kindness. You wrote you have not paid John Pierce for carrying you to Jamestown. I want you to pay him if he has the sleds. I have always felt thankful that I had the privilege of seeing you at that time. I hope the time is not far distant when we shall enjoy the society of each other again.

You wanted to know how I like my office. It pleases me very well. It does favor me a good deal on duty. I wrote to you two or three days ago and described our march of six days. We have been in camp two or three days. I cannot tell how long we shall be here. We are in a very disagreeable place on account of wood and water. We marched five days on two days rations. I have been highly favored with health and strength to endure the marches we have had. I am surprised at myself when I think what I have passed through. Surely I have been highly blessed.

I presume you have heard all about the battle which has been fought here, probably more than I have as the mail has not come into camp very regularly for some time. Reports that we have lost ten or twelve thousand men is all I can learn. The enemy lost but few in comparison with our loss. You wanted I should write to mother. I have but little time now, as the mail is going out soon, but I want to say to mother that I miss her long visits very much as I have

never been deprived of her society so long before.

Although I have provided in a measure for her temporal wants, it is nothing in comparison to what she has done for me. I want you to put your trust in Him who doeth all things well and pray for an unworthy son all will yet be well.

I must close. It is now eight o'clock. I wish you would say to Mrs. Nichols that William is well and in the Regiment. No more, my darling. Write soon.

Hiram Vincent

Camp Near Fredericksburg
December 25, 1862

Dear Wife, Mother, and Children,

As it is not a day for drilling, I thought I would drop a few lines in the direction of home. My health is very good with the exception of a bad cold in my lungs which has troubled me for a few days, but I shall soon be over that. I hope these broken lines will find you all well. We have been in this camp one week or more. I cannot tell how long we shall stay here. We are throwing up rifle pits nearby. The "rebs" are also busy fortifying. Their picket lines are about eighty rods from ours. Our pickets and theirs visit each other on friendly terms, trade tobacco for coffee, also tobacco for clothes and trade jack-knives with each other, and talk of this unholy war and say if they had it in their power it would soon be at an end. Oh, if there could be peace restored to our once peaceful homes how many happy families there would be once more; but sometimes I think this war will last until all the soldiers die off; and again I am encouraged and think there is a chance for peace. I feel very lonely today, although it is Christmas though there are so many around me. I can turn my eyes in no direction but that I can see soldiers' tents as far as the eye can reach. I have no way of judging the number of soldiers here. I will now stop writing in this mood by saying I received a Christmas present from you this morning in the shape of The Rural. I was a little disappointed to think I did not get a letter from you as the mail had not come to us for three days past. This is the third time I have written to you in one week. I have received two from you in this time. As we are a little short of rations, my mind is turned in the direction of home and its comforts. We have seven hard tacks a day, coffee, and a little beef; but I feel glad that you can all have a home and plenty to eat. I often think shall I ever enjoy the pleasure of home again?

I must begin to bring my letter to a close as it is nearly night. As I have received a letter from you with \$5.00 in money and have answered it, I would mention it in this for fear that might get miscarried. I must say a little about the boys.

Port, Josh, and Charley are all well and Will Nichols also. Have you heard anything about the Perkins boys? The last I heard was that they had got their discharge from the hospital. Write often as you can. I do not get much only from home. I will close by wishing you all a happy Christmas and also a happy New Year. Goodby.

From your husband,

Hiram Vincent

Camp Near Fredericksburg,
January 1, 1863

Dear Wife,

I received your kind letter last night with pleasure and was glad to hear from you all but sorry to hear that you were laboring under a cold. I am better of my cold than when I last wrote you. This morning finds me sitting in a very cold tent trying to write you a few lines while six or eight men half drunk sit chatting on different subjects and raising Cain generally. So if I should not write a very interesting letter, you need not think it strange. I received your likeness and little Adella's. I think they are very natural pictures indeed. The boys all think them nice. I must say I think them a nice New Year's present to me.

You said in your letter you had got the cloth dressed and would make a vest and send to me in a box with some other things. The vest I need and should like very much but it would not be safe at present as we are marching from place to place so often. It may be we shall sometime be in a place where we can have some things sent to us.

It is New Years today and I have no duty to do but we generally have to drill six hours each day since we have been in this camp. I wrote you on Christmas. I don't know whether you have got it or not. I felt lonesome enough when I wrote. The longer I stay here the more discontented I am. This war is not what I supposed it was when I enlisted nor what the people north think it is. I supposed we were fighting to sustain the Union, but I find I have been mistaken. It is to kill the men off and make the officers rich. It is an every day occurrence here to see a regiment marching to the grave with their dead for burial. Altogether this war is a man-killer and a great big stealing machine. The men are deserting daily. I have talked with a great many soldiers that were in the battle at Fredericksburg; they say they will never go in a battle again to be slaughtered again as they were there. They all say our loss is twice as large as represented to be. I must begin to draw my letter to a close by saying I want you to be careful of yourself. I want you to get some one to do the chores for you and

not expose yourself any more than you can help. I hope this unjust and unholy war may end soon and I be returned to loved ones at home.

Write all the news you can. My love to you all at home. The boys are all well. No more at present.

From your husband,

Hiram Vincent

WE have not been paid yet. The money you sent me will not go here but we may soon leave here. I think we shall.

Camp near Fredericksburg,
January 10, 1863

Dear Wife,

Having a few moments leisure I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I am well. We are still in the same camp where we have been for the last three weeks. I saw yesterday Colonel Hickocks in camp. He came in from Washington. He said he saw Philbrick a few days before he left Gowanda and Philbrick says you were all well and doing well. I saw Delbert Chafee last night and he said he was going to send home for a box of things and if I wanted some things sent they could be sent in the same box so if you can send some things in the box, you can see Chafee or get someone else to see when he will have the box ready and if you can make me a vest and send it I should like it but if you have not time let it go. And I should like some cheese if you can get one that would weigh ten or twelve pounds and a little butter and a few dried apples, some black pepper ground, and a little saleratus and a piece of maple sugar. You can get Chafee to furnish the most of the things and pay him when I send my pay home. If you should send anything you can mark it so that I shall know what is mine. You had better not send anything that will spoil in some time. If it is not convenient for you to send anything, let it go. You can get my dress coat from William Blair if you have a chance to send for it. I told you in a letter before it was marked Wilson on the inside of the sleeve. I have not much chance to write as the mail is going out soon. You might send me a pack of envelopes also. I wrote to Hiram last night. I have not written to him but once before. I got a letter from you and Edgar dated Jan. 1 and answered it immediately and have not had another since. I want you to write often. You know how glad I am to hear from you all and now darling I must close and have not time to look my letter over. Tell Car to write to me and I will answer him. Your husband, H. Vincent

Camp Near Fredericksburg
January 16, 1863

My dear Family,

I received yours of the 9th on the 13th late in the evening and should have answered it immediately but we had been out on picket. The whole regiment was out and we had posted our men once when we were relieved by another regiment, and we had marching orders. We returned to camp a distance of four miles. Got back about 3 in the afternoon. Drew rations for three days and packed them in our haversacks and were ordered to be ready to march at two o'clock at night. Accordingly at midnight we were routed out and got in line and marched up the river about eight miles. One brigade of us went on that march. The brigade got through just at daylight. There was one regiment detailed at a time to make a road to the river. We got through and got back into camp last night after dark, tired and hungry. This morning we were ordered to have two day's rations in our haversacks and be ready to march at any hour. So you see we do not know when nor where we shall leave.

Darling, you wrote in your letter that anyone could get a discharge if they would give up their bounty. It is a mistake. There is no chance of the kind. You wrote you would rather give a hundred dollars than to have me gone one week longer. I do not want you to feel so. I want you to keep up good spirits and be cheerful as you can. The Lord knows I shall be home as quick as I can honorably. I want you to dispose of the steers and the calves if you cannot get anyone to do the chores. I do not want you to hurt yourself doing the chores. I rather you would sell every hoof. The money you sent me I have passed. I paid \$1.00 for taking four corns off my toes. Money well laid out. I have not drawn my pay yet. Cannot tell when I shall. I wrote you to send me some things. I am most sorry that I wrote you for things. You have got the letter before this. I must bring my letter to a close as the mail is going out soon.

The boys are generally well. Joshua is in our tent now. He says Porter is sick again. I want you to write soon. No more my darlings. Goodby.

From your husband, Hiram Vincent

Camp near Falmouth
Jan. 24, 1863

Dear and much loved Family,

I received your kind letter of the 16th night before last and was very glad to hear from you and to hear that you were all well. My health is good at present and hope that this may find you all well. It has been some time since I wrote home. We left our old camp on the seventeenth and marched up the river about nine miles to a ford near where there was to be a pontoon bridge put across the river. We left there on the twentieth to help put the bridge across. It commenced raining at night and we were out all night in the rain, and I never saw it rain harder in my life. We got near the river' about daylight and found the pontoons all along the road stuck in the mud. We stayed there all day in the rain and on the 22nd we had orders to march again. We started down the river and just night stopped within one mile of our old camp tired out and covered in mud from head to foot, and here we are in the mud waiting for we do not know what. Here I must say I am surprised to think of what I have passed through and have carried my knapsack. I have two woolen blankets to carry and one rubber blanket, my tent cloth, two shirts, one pair of drawers, and other stuff to the amount of a horseload. There are all kinds of folks here, some of the boys are as lousy as calves. I have kept clear of them yet. Some are laying around the fire in the mud with their clothes half burned off of them. Altogether this war is the most debasing institution I ever saw. One week ago we all expected to cross the river and go into battle but the Lord sent a most drenching rain here which has made it so muddy the army cannot move. At present I think if the army had crossed the river as we expected, the whole army would have been annihilated. I must stop writing in this way and will say that I have not written as soon as I should have written, but mail has not gone out for some time past. You wrote you made a vest to send me. I have been sorry I wrote for you to send my things, it is so much trouble. I must hasten for the mail is going out soon. I should like to

know how much the tax was this year and whether the town paid the money that was coming to me or not. And now my darling one at home, I wish I could see you all this morning but I am deprived of the privilege so I must content myself by writing to you and say I have been amongst about a dozen men since I began to write all gabbing about different subjects. You need not think it strange if my letter is not very interesting. Since I commenced writing I hear they are going to pay the regiment this afternoon. If they do, I shall write again soon. No more at present.

Good-by from your husband, Hiram Vincent

Camp near Falmouth, Va.
January 27, 1863

Dear Wife,

I received your kind letter of the 20th this morning and was very glad to hear from you all. I am well at present although somewhat tired tonight. We have been at work for two days making us another tent. We have just got it done - quite a comfortable house indeed. It is high enough to stand up in. We have not our bunk done yet. We lack some poles and some brush yet. We do not get any straw for bedding. Either take the ground or brush to lie on. You wrote you had sent some things. It is not time to get them yet I suppose. I wrote you a letter a few days ago which I do not think you have got yet. I wrote in that all about our march and the prospect before us as near as I could. We have been here four days. We cannot tell how long we shall stay here. It is very rainy and muddy here. We may stay here until spring and we may not stay three days. The Lord only knows when or where we may be. I get more and more disgusted with this war every day when I see how it is carried on. Our officers all stay where they have big houses, and there are sometimes one hundred men around their headquarters for guard while they are rioting in drunkenness and other wickedness. You have no idea of the amount of iniquity that is carried on here. It does seem sometimes that if the north knew how this war is carried on, they would call home their troops immediately but I suppose they will not until the nation is ruined. I guess you will think I am on a strain. I cannot help it. It does seem too bad that so many men must suffer here with sickness lying on the ground while the officers are getting rich out of the suffering of others. It is nearly ten o'clock and the bugle has sounded for lights to be blown out. I must close soon. I was glad to have a letter from Edgar again. I think he has improved in writing very much. I want he should learn as fast as he can. And now, darling, I want you to kiss all the little ones for me. It would be a great pleasure to me to do it myself but that cannot be at present. Write soon all the news you can and I will answer it. Porter is at the hospital taking care of the sick. And now, my

darlings, I must say I love you all and hope the time may soon come when we can all be together once more. Goodnight. From your husband,

Hiram Vincent

I wrote the other day I expect to be paid but have not yet. Some of the brigade have been. January 28th. It has rained all night and this morning it is snowing, the first I have seen since December 7.

- Camp near Falmouth
February 4, 1863

My dear Companion,

I received yours of January 22nd in due time and was very glad to hear from you all. My health is very good at present and I hope this will find you the same. We are here in camp where we were when I last wrote you. I have written to you twice since we have been here but have received no answer to either letter though I have received two or three in answer to letters written before we came here. When I got your last letter, I had one written to you ready for the office was the reason I did not answer it immediately. I got one from J. R. Babcock and one from Carlos a day or two ago which I have answered and one from Hiram Blakely which I have not answered yet. I have got my pay for two months, \$26.00. I shall send you a check of \$20.00 in this which you can get the money on by sending it to Gowanda. You will have to sign your name to it. There is a man here from Cattaraugus Station that I shall send it by and have him put it in the postoffice there. I want you to use it as you see fit. The man's name that I sent it by is Carter. I have not got the things you sent me yet. I think it is a chance if I get them at all. I saw Adelbert Chaffee this morning; he said he had not heard from the box yet. I should like to have you send me some stamps. I have but one now. Send only a few at a time. There are some going home on furlough this week for ten days. I should try for a furlough if it did not cost so much. It would cost \$20.00 and take the whole ten days to go and come so I shall have to content myself here. In your last speaking of sending me some things you said it was a privilege to send them. I feel thankful that I have a companion who feels for my wants, but I hope the time may come when we can be together again and enjoy each others society once more. I have no news to write you. It is the same old story. It is very cold here and the ground is frozen hard though the mud was very deep before it came cold. I should not think it strange if we leave here soon; if it holds cold still we may lie here all winter. The Lord only knows what is to become of the

soldiers. I must begin to bring my letter to a close by saying I want to see you all very much, but as I cannot I must do the next best thing - write. My dear ones, goodby. Write often.

From your husband,

Hiram Vincent

To Wealthy,

The man that I send this by starts for Cattaraugus tomorrow.

Camp near Stafford Court House
February 9, 1863

Dear Wife,

Having a few moments liesure this morning I improve the time in writing you a few lines to let you know that I am well and hope that this may find you the same. I received yours of the 30th on the 4th inst. and did intend to answer it immediately but we had orders to march early the next morning but did not know where. Some said to Tennessee, others somewhere else. We left our camp at half past eight and marched until two in the afternoon. It was very cold when we started, and snowing hard and when we stopped it was raining and we lay in the mud until ten the next morning and it rained all the time hard. Then we were ordered into line and there stood until noon in the mud. Then news came that the bridge across Potomac Creek had gone off and they had to go two miles back after pontoons to bridge the Creek, and we were marched about one half mile into the woods and there we put up our shelter tents and some had just put coffee to steep when orders came to fall in. We took down our tents and marched until night and then stopped in a piece of woods for the night and here we are. We have worked hard for two days to get our tent put up again. The Colonel came round the next morning and told the boys to fix their tents for winter although there is a rumor in camp that we are to march again soon so you see we are here in the midst of disappointments. We are seven or eight miles from our old camp about one mile from Stafford Court House and two miles from the railroad towards Fairfax. I will now say I have not heard from the things you sent me yet. I saw Chaffee yesterday. He said he got a letter from his father yesterday stating that he was going to send the box Monday but he did not know what Monday. I sent to you the fourth of the month and sent the letter to Cattaraugus by a man by the name of Carter with a check of twenty dollars. I suppose you have got it before this. I have got a pie for Mother, and I suppose there will be some have furloughs to come home and if they do George Reel will go, and Joshua Rich talks of sending his dress coat home and I will send the pipe in the pocket.

You see my sheet is nearly full and I must close. Write often all the news you can. Goodby.

From your loving husband,

Hiram Vincent

To Wealthy,

I want Edgar to write again. I want to see you all very much.

I must stop soon. The mail comes soon.

Camp near Burk Station
February 15, 1863

My dear Family,

I received yours of the 3rd in due time with thankful heart but have neglected answering until now from the fact that I had written that day and sent it out. I am well myself and hope this may find you all well. We are still here in camp where we have been since the 7th. It is raining hard this morning so that we do not have any insprction. It gives me a good chance to write. I have not received a letter from you of later date than the 3rd though I have looked anxiously for one. I received one from Frank dated the 6th stating that you were all well. I have no particular news to write you this morning although the paper stated yesterday that there was an effort being made to settle this war. I do not know whether it is true or not. Any news of that kind makes my heart swell big within me. The thoughts of being relieved from this place of bondage is enough to make anyone rejoice. You wrote in your letter that you were glad I did not drink. You need not fear on that account. After seeing what I do here, I am more disgusted than ever with drunkenness. I have seen men here with their hands tied behind them to a tree for getting drunk and disturbing the camp. There is many a man that gambles and loses all of his wages and all he can get besides that have families at home that need all their earnings. The thought that I have a respectable family at home is enough to keep me guarded against any such iniquity and prompts me to try and save all I can while here. You wanted to know if I managed to keep warm nights. I generally do when in camp; sometimes on marches and sometimes when on guard I do not.

I have not got the things you sent me yet. I do not know as I shall. There is nothing to encourage me to have anything more sent. The talk is here now that Sigel's Division will leave here soon and go to Tennessee or Missouri. If we leave here, I do not know when I shall write again. I sent you my check for twenty dollars the 4th of the month. I do not hear from it yet. I wrote

to Hiram a day or two ago - had to borrow a stamp for that - and also for this.

I was very glad to get another letter from Edgar. I wish the children could all write. I must close as my sheet is full. No more. Goodby, my darlings.

Hiram Vincent

To Wealthy,

I had my hair cut yesterday. Enclosed I send you a lock.

Stafford Court House
February 21, 1863

Dear Companion, Mother, and Children,

I received your letter last night of the 14th and was very glad to hear from you; but when I learned you were sick, I retired to my bunk with a sad heart, and my heart bleeds this morning to think that I must be here and my family at home sick, but I stop by saying I hope and pray that before you get this, you will be well again. My health is good yet for which I feel grateful to Him that careth for us all. We are still here in camp where we were when I last wrote. I do not know how long we may yet stay here, but we hear rumors that we are to leave soon. I have become so used to disappointments here that I hardly expect anything else. I will change the subject by saying there has been a very hard snowstorm here. It commenced snowing the 17th. Our Regiment was called out that day on picket, the first time I have been out in two and a half months. It commenced snowing that morning and kept it up all day, and it was a very bad day to be out. The snow fell about eight inches deep. We came in the 10th, the snow had turned to rain, and it rained all day and the next night. It is the muzziest time I ever saw. Today it is quite pleasant overhead.

There was a review the 16th. I saw Generals Hooker, Sigel, and Steinwehr and their aides. There were eight regiments or two brigades together. I expect there will be one in each Company that will go home on a ten day furlough. George Reel talks of going. If he does, he is going to carry Joshua Rich's coat home. If he does, I am going to send Mother a pipe in his coat pocket. I expect he will go Monday if he goes at all. I have not got the things you sent me yet, and I think it is a chance if I get them at all. Some of the Conewango boys have had boxes sent and lost them. They came to the depot, and they think the guards steal them. There is no safety in sending anything here. I wish you would send me five sets of buttons for tapping boots. You can get them of John Pratt. Get his smallest sized ones. Get screws to put them on with and send

them by mail as soonas you can if you can get them. My boots are failing very fast; we have to march so much. My socks are worn out, and I do not know what I shall do for them. I shall not get government socks. They are not worth anything. I have the same pants I had at Jamestown. I have had to mend them some. Some of the boys have had three pairs of pants. I must close; the mail leaves soon. I remain as ever, your husband,

Hiram Vincent

To Wealthy,

I will send you four shillings for stamps. I meant to have written more but have not the time. I will write again soon. The stamps I got safe. I had borrowed four. No more. Goodby.

Stafford Court House
March 1, 1863

Dear Companion,

I received yours of the 23rd last night with pleasure. I had looked anxiously for two days fearing all the time you were still sick, so you may know it was a relief to me to hear that you were better, also the rest of the family. I still enjoy good health myself. We are still here where we have been for the last three weeks. We hear nothing lately about marching; in fact the mud is so deep it is impossible for the artillery to move unless it is shipped, so I suppose we shall stay here until it is better going. It commenced to snow here the 21st of February. The snow fell about one inch deep and lay on two or three days and then rained and carried the snow all off. Today it is raining still and very disagreeable out. Our Regiment has been called on for two hundred and five pickets. It takes twenty five from our company. I expect they will call for the same tomorrow. If they do, it will take me. I came off camp duty last night.

And now, my darling, a little about home affairs. You wanted to know what I thought about getting Carlos to do the chores. I forgot to write about it in my last letter. I was very glad you had the chores off your hands and that you had got so trusty a man to do them. You wanted to know what I thought about getting the children some clothes. You know better than I. Do as you think best, of course. I want you to use the money for the benefit of the family. And in regard to the other matters: I think you had better let out the sugar bush if you can. Carlos spoke to me about it last fall. If you let it out, I want you to have them use down timber for wood and not cut down any more than can be helped. If you let the bush, let it to some one you can trust.

I have not got the things you sent me yet. I think it is a chance if I get them at all. I am sorry I troubled you to send them. The pipe I spoke of sending Mother I have sent. Joshua Rich sent his coat home, and I sent the pipe in the pocket so if you get a chance you can send for it.

I got a letter from John Crandall last night which I am going to answer today. He said they were all well. I also got one from Foster Blakely a few days ago. He says he is going to get his discharge. I cannot answer it; he did not give me his post office address. The boys are all well, I believe. I am going to send you a ring that I got of one of the boys, also one for Edgar that Mar Waters sent him.

I must close as my sheet is full, so my darlings, I must bid you all
goodby. Write soon. From your husband,

Hiram Vincent

Tell Carlos to write to me. I am very sorry for him.

March 2, 1863

Dear Wife,

I received the box you sent me last night and for your sake I will say the things all came safe. The cheese (?) had broken some though they were not hurt otherwise. You dear one, you sent me more things than I expected though they came in play here.

I had written yesterday and sealed the letter. I have written this to let you know I got the things. I do not know but I shall get fat on the butter and cheese though I weigh one hundred and fifty three now. No more. Goodby.

From your husband,

Hiram

Stafford Court House,
March 5, 1863.

Dear Wife,

I received yours of Feb 26th night before last about nine o'clock and I should have answered it in the morning but I had been detailed with the rest of the company for pickets, and have been out twenty four hours and have but just got into camp tired and hungry and now I am in my bunk trying to write to the dear ones at home. I was very glad to hear from you and to hear that you were all well. My health is good and I sincerely hope this may find you all still well. You wrote you were going to send me some socks. I am sorry that I wrote you anything about my socks. I could have done without any socks, and it would have saved you some trouble. I wrote to you last Sunday saying that I thought you had better let out the sugar bush if you could. I thought I would mention it in this in case you did not get that. I also sent you and Edgar each a ring. I also wrote I had got the things you sent me. My vest is a good fit. The other things were good only the cakes got broken some though they were good enough for a soldier. The stamps I got all right and was glad to get them as I had used the last one I had. The buttons, if you send them, please write what you have to pay for them. Captain Hugaboom has resigned and has started home today so you see there had got to be someone promoted to that office again so another one can resign. There is news today in camp that there is a battle going on now at Vicksburg. I hope if that is the case, it may be the last battle of this unholy war.

March 6. This morning I will try to finish my letter and send it out today. I could not finish it yesterday until the mail was gone out. I have already written that our Captain had resigned and I heard this morning that we have got another captain. I believe his name is Hodgkiss, a Lt. out of Company C. I also heard that Winck Badgro was promoted to a 2nd Lt., he is a sergeant in our company, a man from Dayton. He is going home on furlough I believe in a day or two. The boys that went home on furlough got back last

night. They say it cost them twenty five dollars expenses. You wrote that you would be glad to have me come home on furlough. I should be very glad to come home but I do not think it would be much satisfaction to be home only two or three days, so I must be contented here. I must close by saying I was glad to get a letter from Edgar. I want he should write often, you also. No more. Good-by from your husband, Hiram Vincent to Wealthy

Stafford
March 14, 1863

Dear Family,

I received your kind letter written the 7th last night and was very glad to hear from you for I had almost begun to despair, thinking you or some of the family were sick, so you must know it was a relief to get a letter from you and to know that you were all well. I still have good health which is a great blessing here. I feel very thankful that I am well.

I got the socks and the buttons you sent me and have got the buttons on my boots which will save them very much.. I should like to have you send me the other four sets of buttons and screws if you can get them. Write what they cost, and I will send the money to pay for them. You wrote that you heard that the Rich boys had deserted. It is not so, they are here all right. You wrote that you heard that Willard Perkins had been playing possum to get a discharge. I shall come home honorably if I ever come, and I believe that I shall be blessed to come home again honorably. You said that Mrs. Darby had been there a number of times. I am glad to have them friendly, but if they are coming in sheep's clothing, I want you to look out for them. You said that Morg had been trying again to get that mortgage and that Locke had been and seen Merrill about it. I am glad that Morg could not come it. I hope it will all turn out for the best.

Russ Coon was to our tent last Sunday. He is in the 136th Regiment also one of John Brown's boys from Genesee. John Grandall has a cousin in our regiment by the name of Champlin. We had a general inspection yesterday. It snowed and was very cold. I do not expect to write you again from this camp as we have had marching orders. Still we may stay here for some time yet. If we leave here, I do not know where we shall go. There are a good many sick in the Regiment.

There is one dies almost every day; some with the fever, others with other diseases. They have the measles in camp too. William Nichols and Port and the

rest of the boys are well. I do not know as you can read this as I have written it in such a hurry. I was afraid the mail would go out before I could get my letter in. I must close.

My dear one, I guess you had better get Carlos or John Price to get out the manure for you. Put it on the meadow and have him plow that piece of old meadow below the house for corn and potatoes.

I was glad to get a letter from Edgar and a sheep and dog from Henry. I wish I could see you all. Goodby, my darlings. From your husband,

Hiram Vincent

To Wealthy.

Stafford Court House,
March 16, 1863

Dear Wife,

I received your letter of March 11 last night, and was as ever very glad to hear from home, and to hear that you were all well. I am still well and hearty. I am the fleshiest that I ever was. In fact, I have nearly outgrown my clothes, but when we come to march, it will take the flesh off me. I wrote you the 14th and told you in my letter that I did not think then I should have a chance to write you again from this camp, as we were under marching orders, though we are still here but everything goes to show that we shall not stay here long. There is a great deal said here in camp about our being nine month's men and there are a great many think here that it is really so, as the governor called for three hundred three year men and the same number of nine months men. I do not know myself. Still there seems to be some reason in the story, time only can tell. You wrote, dear one, that you wished that I could get promoted to an office so that I could come home if I chose to. I do not know as that will ever be, although Captain Hugaboom said the day before he left that he calculated to make a sargeant of me if he had not resigned. He said also that he had spoken to the man that was going to have the command of the company about me and I would stand the best chance of anyone in the company. I do not know how it will be. There seems to be quite a strife about the matter. I mean to carry a steady hand, let the matter go as it may. So I have told you how the matter stands. I do not want you to say anything about it as there is nothing certain about it yet. As I am here, I mean to do the best I can, both for myself and family. You said you were most sorry you has said anything about the morge. I am glad to hear of all that is going on at home.

March 17. Since writing the above, Waters, one of our tent mates has got a very bad hurt. We all went to the woods after wood and he fell down with a pole on his back and hurt his shoulder and back so that we had to

carry him in on a stretcher. I was up last night with him. This morning he seems easier, though he still will not be able for duty in some time if he ever is. I shall take his place for the present to draw the rations for the company and deal them out. I must close. You see my heart is full. You wanted to know how much wheat you should have sowed, about two thirds of the piece you have got plowed, the rest with oats.

H. Vincent to Wealthy

Write soon. Write all the news you can. Edgar write to me.

Camp John Manly,
March 27, 1863

Dear and Much Loved Family,

Having a little leisure this morning I thought I would drop a few lines in the direction of home. I am as usual well and hope these broken lines will find you all well. Though I have feared to the contrary from the fact that I have not received a letter from home in two weeks, the last date was March 11th though I have written twice since I received that. I have felt very uneasy for fear that you were sick, still I have tried to content myself by thinking that your letters had been miscarried though I must confess with poor success. Still I try to think for the best. I have not much news to write you this morning. I would say we are still here in camp though I have written to you twice that we were under marching orders. We shall undoubtedly leave soon, I cannot tell where though I hope to have strength to endure the march wherever it may be. Our regiment is most all the time on duty either picketing or fatigue duty. Yesterday there were over two hundred went out to work on a corduroy road. Today the same and a hundred on picket for three days. There is various opinion in regard to where we are going. Some say to Washington, others say to Manassus Gap. It is evident that we are going to have a long march in some direction as there seems to be every preparation for it. I wrote in my last that Waters had got hurt very bad. He's getting better and day before yesterday, Ellsworth, our orderly sergeant got his wrist hurt by scuffling so that he cannot do anything. The rest of the boys are all well I believe. I went over and made Hugaboom a visit Sunday and took dinner with him. He is not very well. I wrote you in regard to the affairs at home in my last so if there is anything more you wish to know about home affairs you can write and I will answer you. The weather here is warm. The frogs, toads, and birds all seem to denote that spring is upon us though mud is plenty. There is talk now that we are going to get paid again soon. If we do, you may look in my next for

a check. I must close soon as the mail is going out soon. I hope that this may find you all well, my dear ones. I hope to get a letter from you tonight. If I do not, I shall be more disappointed than ever. Good-by from your husband, Hiram Vincent to Wealthy.

Camp John Manly
March 29, 1863

Dear Wife,

I received yours of the 23rd last night, and I must say it was a great relief to me for I had not received one word from you in two weeks. I had begun to think you had got sick, but I was very glad to hear that you were all well. My health is still good. I wrote to you two or three days ago and had written twice before since I had heard from you. In regard to the buckets of Nathan's he is very much mistaken in regard to the number. There were only twenty when I got them. You know we only gave him $6\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of sugar for the use of them. It was one quarter of a pound apiece, and there was a number that leaked so that I never used them, and some of them fell down; and then there was one or two in the cellar or cornhouse that was not good for anything. I want you should do what is right about them, though they never were much used. I am very sorry about the kettle's getting broken, but it can't be helped. In regard to the fences being down, I would not get them repaired yet as they will blow down again. I want you to manage the affairs at home as you think best and it will be all right.

It seems hard to think that Mr. Snyder should get killed as he did and die there alone, but so it was ordered. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Some die in one way and some another. There was a young man died here in camp yesterday. He was sent home to his friends this morning, at Randolph, I believe.

I do not expect to write to you from this camp again. I have written once or twice that we were under marching orders. They were packing the hospital stores yesterday. We shall march, I think in two or three days if the weather will permit; so you need not think it strange if it is some time before I write again though I shall write every opportunity.

I should be very glad to be at home with you. I sometimes think it was wicked in me leaving you as I did, but I cannot help what is past. I am still loyal to you, my dear wife and children, and hope the time is not far distant

when we can be united at home.

I have no news in particular to write you. I got a letter from John R. Babcock a few days ago but have not answered it yet. I shall soon. Why don't Carlos write to me? I should like to have you write how the hay holds out, how the cows do, and whether they have good care or not.

I must close now. We have had an inspection today so that I did not get my letter done in time to send it out today. No more at present. Goodby. Write soon. From your loving husband,

Hiram Vincent to Wealthy

March 30, 1863

Dear Wife,

I received yours of the 25th last night also the boot buttons you sent me. The boys were very glad to get them. I did not understand whether you gave two dollars for the buttons or for the screws and all. I will send you the money soon to pay for them. You thought I had better keep the money I get for them, but I do not need it as I have five dollars yet and do not use any now only to get paper and envelopes. You wrote that John Pierce would do the plowing for you and the rest of the team work. I am glad he will do it. He will be as good a hand as you can get. In regard to pasturing the horses, you had better keep them in the sheep lot, I guess. The cows will do better in a lot by themselves. And about mowing the lot across the road, I guess you had better pasture it. It will be handier to have the cows come up to milk. I must close as the boys are getting up and I have to go on fatigue duty today. I have to go with sixteen men today to build a corduroy road four miles from camp. I had rather go than to go on picket duty. This morning there are some of the boys in and want some more buttons. So if you can get three sets more and send, I should like it. I will send the pay for them.

I hear today we are going to make a twenty day march. We can't tell much by what we hear. Goodby.

From your husband,

H. Vincent

Camp John Manly,
Near Stafford Court House
April 2, 1863

Dear Wife,

Having a little leisure this morning I thought I would drop a few lines to you to let you know that I am well. Hoping that this may find you all well. I will also tell you how we are situated here. Yesterday morning we were ordered to pack our knapsacks and be ready to march at any moment. With the exception of striking tents, still, we are here this morning but we cannot tell how soon we shall be off. We were ordered to have two pairs of shoes and all other kinds of clothing to last three months, so you see we are in for a long march. I had so much clothing that I have this morning put my overcoat and old pants in a box with some clothes that James Matherson was sending home. I also put one blanket, my old socks and mittens and those pillow cases that you sent my things in a box with the Dayton boys. They have gone to the landing today. We do not know whether they will be sent or not. If they do, the Dayton box will be sent to Rises at the summit. So if they go through, you can send there and get them and the things in Matherson's box will be at his house. You will have to pay the express fees on them. I wish you would see John Pratt and get a thousand more of those boot buttons and screws to go with them and send them to me as soon as you can. I wrote to you the other day to send me three sets more as there are a good many here that want them. You can get them cheaper by taking so many together. If you can get them, you will have to send part at a time as they will make too heavy a package to send them all at a time. I can get one dollar a set for them here though I did not take only 75¢ for them that I have got. You need not tell what I can get for them here. I am going to send you five dollars in this letter to pay for those that you sent me and if you can get the others, I will send the money to pay for them soon. Now darling, I must close as I have been called out for drill. So for the present, good-bye. From your husband, Hiram Vincent to Wealthy.

Camp John Manly
April 7, 1863

Dear Wife and Children,

I have just received your letter of the second. I was very glad to hear from you and to hear that you were all well. Your letter found me as usual, well though somewhat tired as I have been out on picket and just came in and found your letter in camp and thought I would write a little this afternoon and finish it in the morning.

April 8th. This morning I will try to finish my letter but I do not know as I can as we have general inspection today and reviewed by General Howard. I have written once or twice that we are expecting to march soon but we are still here in camp. I do not know how long we may stay here. Our orderly sergeant has gone home on furlough. He went yesterday morning before I came in from picket. I meant to have sent a letter by him to Cattaraugus. He lives in Rutledge. You wrote that one of the cows came in and you did not keep the calf. I would not raise any calf as it will be so much trouble. I have written for you to send me one thousand more of the boot buttons if you can get them. Send them as soon as you can as the boys all want them. I wrote a few days ago and sent five dollars to you to pay toward them and will send the balance as soon as I get the buttons. I should like to make enough on them to buy me a watch. I need one very much here when I have to be on picket and camp guard so as to change my guard every hour. You wanted to know if I did not get envelopes in the box you sent me. I did not get any. The boys are all well I believe here. I have no news to write you. You wrote that the folks there thought the war would soon end and I hope that may be the case. I do not get much news here in regard to the war. You said that Gene wanted you to write that it was her birthday. I should be glad to see all the fellows at home but must content myself by saying I want them all to be good children.

Our Captain's name is Hotchkiss. I wrote you that his name was Hodgekiss not knowing how his name was spelled. I must close by saying good-by my dear ones at home. Write often and I will do the same. From your husband, Hiram Vincent to Wealthy.

Camp John Manly
154th Regt., N.Y. Vols.
Near Stafford Court House, Va.
April 10, 1863

Dear Wife,

I received yours of the 4th last night and was as ever glad to hear from home. I also got the buttons you sent. The boys were disappointed that they did not get more of them as their boots need tapping.

I have written twice for you to send more if you can get them and sent in one letter five dollars toward paying for them. I should like to have you send the thousand I have written for if you can get them. No more on this subject.

Your letter found me well and hearty. We have plenty to eat now; bread, pork, beans, and coffee, sometimes beef and potatoes. I wrote to you that I had sent some of my clothes home. They came back again as the team did not go to the landing as we expected. I am glad they did not go home since we did not march as we expected. You wrote that times were hard there. My dear one, there will be some way provided for us. If we are all well, it is a great blessing. I do not want you to get the blues though circumstances are not very favorable. Hope for the best. I feel thankful that you are all well at home. I believe the time is not far distant when I shall be at home again to enjoy the society of my family. I was glad to have you write about home matters - glad you were getting along so well with the chores.

There was one of our Company buried yesterday. He was from Versailles. He died from inflammation of the kidneys.

We have been out on inspection two days and are going again this afternoon. We hear that the president is going to review us today and after review we are to be mustered for pay. If that is the case, we shall get pay very soon. This sheet was given me. John Manly gave each man in the regiment two sheets from the fact that the camp was named in favor of him.

I must close now as the mail leaves soon. The boys from Persia and Dayton are all well I believe. Since writing the above we have been out to be reviewed

by the president. I saw him and his wife and two little boys. I believe there were about twenty regiments out for the review. Uncle Abe passed through each Division and each Brigade with his hat off. He is a noble looking man. It is surprising to see how many aides he had with him.

You wrote that you expected to have Ermina work for you when you needed her. I want you to be very careful of yourself and get help as soon as you need it and not try to do your work too long. No more at present. Goodby. Write soon.

H. Vincent

April 11, 1863

Dear Family,

As I did not get my letter done yesterday in time for the mail, I thought I would add a little to it.

We passed a review yesterday and last night we were mustered to ascertain the number of men fit for duty in the Regiment. This morning I have got breakfast and washed the dishes and am now engaged in talking with you at home. If I were there, I could find many things to talk about, but I am denied that privilege and must content myself by writing. I told you some time ago that one of my tent mates had got hurt. He has been better for some time until last night he had a poor turn. I was up with him and feel the worse for wear this morning but shall be all right in a day or two.

I got a letter from Carlos the same time I got yours but have not had time to answer it today but shall soon. And now I must begin to bring my letter to a close. I have not much news to write you but will try to do better next time. I was glad to get a line from Edgar again. I am glad to see he is making some improvement in writing. No more at present. Goodby.

From your husband,

To Wealthy

Hiram Vincent

Kelley's Ford
April 27, 1863

Dear Family,

As I have a chance to send a line to the old camp this morning hoping you may get it, I improve the opportunity as it is the first chance I have had since we left the old camp. We left there the 13th and marched about thirty miles up the Rappahannock River and are guarding Kelley's Ford. I have felt very bad though to think I could not write home. I got a letter from you the night before we left camp and we have not had a chance to send out any mail since. We are here in a very disagreeable place to me from the fact that I do not hear from home. I must hasten as the team is going to the old camp this morning. I am going to send this my a man who is going to the old camp from our company to get our knapsacks. My health is still good, and I hope this will find you all well. I shall write every chance I have. I have been very much worried about you at home but hope you are all well. I have not half a chance to write what I want to but do not know as you will ever get this. I am in so much of a hurry in writing this, I am afraid you can't read it. No more. Goodby.

From

To Wealthy

H. Vincent

Note: Letter dated May 8
was inclosed with this letter.

Camp John Manly,
Stafford Court House, Va.
May 8, 1863

Dear Wife,

Having a little leisure this afternoon I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I am well. I have written you that we left our old camp April 13th. We went to Kelley's Ford on the Rappahannock River and stayed there two weeks. We were on duty most all the time. On the night of the 28th we crossed the river on pontoon bridges, lay one day in the rain and mud, then marched from there to the Rapidan River twelve miles away, ate ourhardtack and left there about five o'clock in the evening and marched from there to within two miles of the United States Ford, got there about two o'clock that night all tired out and lay down on the ground in the mud until morning when we got our coffee, drank it, and ate our hard bread and then lay on our arms until nearly night when we were formed into line of battle. Just dusk the rebs began to shell us and we got no rest that night. The pioneers threw up breast works and rifle pits all night and in the morning we went behind the breastworks and lay there all day expecting an attack every moment. About five o'clock in the evening the rebels opened on us in the rear and drove us from our entrenchments. Before we left, our Colonel was wounded very bad and our Adjutant was shot. Two hundred and two men killed, wounded, and missing. We lost both our Lieutenants, three Sergeants, and four Corporals, and twenty three privates - thirty two in all. I hope some of them are taken prisoners; if they are, they will be exchanged for our folks took a good many prisoners also. Matthewson is among the missing. Mr. Merrill was shot and Johnson missing. Our Orderly was shot. Altogether it was the hardest battle that has been fought I expect from all accounts. Through all of it I have passed without any harm while men were falling on all sides of me. The Lord protected me when the balls were flying about my head. I was spared for some unknown purpose. In the battle I threw away all my clothes, tent cloth and all. The men all did the same. I cannot describe the battlefield; some were all torn

to pieces, others one leg off, some with arms off, in all conditions. The rebels shelled our hospital three times so they had to move, killing many.

We left there the 5th and got here the 7th all used up. Today we are drawing eight days rations again - another move I expect. In what direction the Lord only knows; some say to Washington; others say to the peninsula. I will write as soon as I find out. Now darling, may the Lord protect you and all the rest at home. Goodby for the present.

From your affectionate husband,

Hiram Vincent

To Wealthy,

Kiss the baby for me and all the children. This is the second letter I have written you today. William Nichols is among the missing.

Camp John Manly
Near Stafford Court House
May 8, 1863

Dear Wife,

Having a chance to send this this morning to Washington I thought I would add to this letter that I sent home once and it was gone one week and came back. I have not but a minute to write. I would say I have been through a battle and come out all right and am well and back in our old camp. I shall have to hasten for the man is going soon. I am afraid you cannot read this. I will write again soon. The battle I spoke of was near the United States Ford. Our Company went into the battle with fifty two men and came out with sixteen. I do not know whether they are all killed or not. I expect some are taken prisoners. No more at present. I got your letter stating we had another boy. I hope you are well before this. I am nearly distracted to think I cannot hear from you. No more. Goodby.

From your husband,

Hiram Vincent

Camp John Manly
Stafford Court House
May 10, 1863

Dear Family,

Having a little leisure this morning, I thought I would answer your kind letter which came to hand last night. I was overjoyed to hear that you were all as well as you are. Health is one of Heaven's richest blessings. My health is middling good though I felt somewhat tired and used up after marching and passing through a very hard battle though I shall feel better after getting a little rest. I wrote you yesterday and the day before, but this morning I feel very lonely and sad after looking over our camp I find there are nearly two thirds of our tents empty which causes me much sadness, and I turn to thoughts homeward for relief. I wrote to you yesterday in regard to the missing in our company. We get no further news in regard to them. I was in hopes there would some of them come in yet. You wrote my dear one, that the day you wrote was your birthday and you would be very glad to see me and place your little babe in my arms. It would be the height of my ambition to be at home with my family and enjoy their society also my old neighbors, but I can not tell when that time will be but let us trust in Him that has protected us thus far. He doeth all things well. We are here in our old camp yet I do not know how long we may stay here. Not long I think. Some say we shall march tonight or tomorrow but where the Lord only knows. You need not be surprised at any time if you do not get letters from me. If you do not, you may think we are deprived of the chance of sending them to you. In battle I passed through I lost all my clothes only what I had on. I had the vest you made and sent me in my knapsack which I lost with the rest, but I feel greatful that my life was spared to pass through so great danger. I will now stop writing about what I have passed through by saying I hope I shall never see the like again. Joshua Rich is well yet. Porter was at the hospital but came to the regiment yesterday. He looks poorly. Charley Hall was wounded,

shot through the thigh, I believe. He was sent to Washington to the hospital. I have not got the boot buttons as yet. I guess they are lost, still they may come around yet. Edgar said in his letter you get along first rate with the chores and I am very glad of it, for it is very hard for you at the best. I did not get my money yet but I think I shall get paid soon if we stay here a short time, still we may not. I must now close as my sheet is nearly full. I should be very glad to see you all today but as I have not that privilege I will say I hope this will find you all well and enjoying life as it passes swiftly by. Write me as often as you can and I will answer when I can. Tell Carlos I have not forgotten him but chances to write have been denied me. No more this time. Goodby from your affectionate though absent husband,

Hiram Vincent to Wealthy

Camp John Manly,
Stafford Court House, Va.
May 12, 1863.

Dear Mother, Wife, and Children,

As I have an opportunity this morning to write to you I thought I would improve the chance though I have no news to write you. I would say here I am well and hope this will find you all well. I have just received a letter from John B. Babcock. He states in his letter that your health is poor since your babe was born. Now darling, I want you to be very careful of your health. Do not try to do your work until you are able. It will be better for you to keep your help until you are strong. I feel uneasy about you.

Our ambulances have gone across the river this morning under a flag of truce to the battle field to bury the dead and bring off the wounded if there are any alive. I am in hopes I shall hear from some of our poor boys. How they must suffer wounded this hot weather and no one to care for them.

This is the fourth time I have written to you since we have been here and have received no answer to any of my letters. When I take a second thought, I know it is not time for we have been here only a few days and I know you will answer as soon as possible. I have written every time that I did not expect to stay here any length of time, still we are here yet. I hear it constantly rumored that we are going soon. I have given up all hope of knowing anything faster than I am driven to it. I do not know what is going to become of our company. We have no officers except Captain since we came out of battle and three corporals and myself; and one of the others has been acting Sergeant for the last month. Our Captain has been nearly sick since we have been here, and I am afraid he is going to fail us. Since writing the above I have received my pay for four months and I shall inclose in this to you a check for forty dollars which you will use as you think best, but I think what you do not want to use right off you had better let the deacon or someone else have till you need it. Since I have been writing Porter came into our tent. He looks

quite poorly though he says he feels very well now.

I guess you will think this is a dry letter. I have written so often for a few days you will think me crazy I guess, but I feel so lonesome that I cannot content myself hardly unless I am writing home hoping I shall soon get an answer from you. The weather is very hot here now and everything looks desolate to me, but I mean to have patience and not complain much though the horizon looks dark to me sometimes I must confess.

I must close soon as you see my sheet is nearly full. Have Edgar write to me. It is a source of comfort to me to have him write to me. I should be very glad to see all my babies today but cannot so I will say Darling, kiss them all for me. No more at present.

From your loving husband,

Hiram Vincent

To Wealthy.

Camp John Manly
Stafford Court House, Va.
May 23, 1863

Dear Family,

I received two letters from you last night, one dated the 14th and one the 16th. I need not tell you I was glad to hear from you. I had looked a number of days for a letter from you and had been disappointed. I was glad to hear you were as well as you were. I am well excepting I have had an awful headache for one day and two nights. It feels a little better this morning. Think it will be all right in a day or two. Since I last wrote you, we have heard from a number of the boys that were missing. There were one hundred and twenty that were out of the regiment taken prisoners who went to Richmond and there were paroled and sent to the parole camp at Annapolis, Md. and will remain there till they are exchanged. James Matthewson is among the number. Our orderly sergeant we supposed was dead but is not. I have been to see him and our 1st Lieutenant and four other boys that are at the Division hospital at Brooks Station. They are badly wounded but I think not mortally. There are two of our company that we know are dead and five that we do not hear from. Mr. Merrill and his son are two of them, still we are in hopes some of them will come back yet.

In regard to the boot buttons, I think you had better not send them at present. George Newcomb expects to go home on furlough, and if he does I will write to you and you can get Carlos or some one else to carry them to his house and he will fetch them to me. No more about that.

I was glad to hear that you had traded off the white faced cow; she had got ugly anyway. I had rather give her away than have her hurt any of the children. Before I forget it, one thing further. You said that Mr. Eddy wrote to me in regard to the buttons. I have not received the letter in regard to them. I wrote you the 13th I believe and sent you a check for forty dollars. I presume you have got it before this. You will let me know of course when you

get it. You said in your letter that you would send me some envelopes and stamps. I should like to have you send me a few stamps if you can. I bought a pack of envelopes the other day so I do not need any of them at present. In regard to the vest you said you would send me if I wanted it, I do not need any now in hot weather and socks I have got another pair so you need not make me any more nor worry about my clothes. Mrs. Eddy wanted I should write about Porter. He is well and out on picket today. The Rich boys are well. Philo Markham is sick. He has the fever, I think. We have four boys in our company sick with the fever, and our Captain is sick. I expect he will go to the hospital today or tomorrow if he is no better. I do not know what we shall do without any officers.

How I do pity Otsy sick and alone. I hope she is better now. I should be glad to have a letter from her. I wrote to John Crandall a good while ago and have not received any answer from him. I am glad to get a letter from anyone here. You wrote that some of the folks there thought we were nine months men. It is talked of and harped on here in camp most all the time, but I dare not flatter myself in that respect, still I hope on and hope ever. I must close soon as we have orders to get ready for inspection at four o'clock. I do not see what made Dell Chaffee write that I was among the missing though I suppose he thought that was the case, but I was near the colors all the time. There were twenty five balls shot through the flag. I do not want you to worry about me. Try to take care of yourself as well as you can, and I am not concerned but what you will tend to toher matters. I will now say we are here still in our old camp, and there is no prospect as I know of that we are going to leave here very soon. Write often. No more at present. Goodby, my darlings at home.

From your affectionate husband,

Hiram Vincent

To Wealthy

Camp John Manly
Near Stafford Court House
May 24, 1863

Dear Wife, Mother, and Children,

I received yours of the 19th last night. I was glad to hear from you but sorry that any of you were afflicted with sickness. You said in your letter that our babe was sick. It grieves me to have any of you sick at home and I cannot be with you. I hope he is well before this. My own dear one, you wrote that you had been very sick and came near dying. I feel thankful that you have been spared to me. If I had known it at the time, I don't know what I should have been tempted to have done, but I am glad it is no worse than it is. Let us trust in Him that controls the destiny of nations and all will be well.

Since writing the above we have had a Sunday morning inspection, and I have been to church and now I am trying to write to the dear ones at home. In regard to the military tax and the six dollars that we paid for the volunteers you wrote that Kerr told you that George Hanford said he had paid it back to me. He never paid one cent of it back to me, and I got only ninety eight dollars of my town bounty. I had to give G. Hanford two dollars before I could get that. I want you to stick to him and make him pay it back to you. If he don't, see Jenks and tell him about it. I have confidence to believe he will see that it is made right.

Since writing the above Russ Coon and Andrew Brown have been in our tent. They are well and very certain that they are nine months men. They belong to the 136th Regiment.

You said in your letter that Matthewson's wife had been there to enquire after him. He is in the parole camp as I wrote to you yesterday. I should be very sorry for him if he had not known her before they were married. I think she is very unworthy of him though he did not do right before he married her. You wanted to know whether the men that were left on the battlefield were cared for before the ambulances went over. There were some that laid there thirteen

days without having their wounds dressed though the rebels gave them something to eat. You thought I would think you wrote a curious letter writing all about the affairs at home. I do not expect you can get along without paying out money. I am not concerned but that you will take care of all you can and save all you can. My greatest fears are that you will not take care of yourself. I must begin to bring my letter to a close as it is nearly night. I want you to be careful of yourself and if you are not well, I want you to get some one to help you about your work. It is enough for you to take care of the children.

Write often as you can. No more. Goodby for the present.

From your affectionate husband,

Hiram Vincent

Camp John Manly
Near Stafford Court House, Va.
May 26, 1863.

Dear Wife,

Having a few minutes leisure this morning I improve the time in writing a few lines to you to let you know that I am well hoping that this may find you and the rest of the family well also. I guess you will think I don't do anything but write as I have written twice before within a few days but this is partly on business. I wrote to you a few days ago that I expected that George Newcomb would go home on a furlough soon and you could send those boot buttons by him to me. He was in my tent this morning and said he expected his furlough in today. If he goes, I shall send this by him to the post office at Cattaraugus and you will get it right off. He will be home three or four days I think and if you can, I should like to have you put the buttons up in as snug a package as you can and mark it to me and get Carlos or some one to carry it to George and he will be glad to fetch it to me. I wish you would put in a root of sweet flag and send me. I must close as the papers have come for him.

I was down at the hospital yesterday and most of the boys were just going to Washington to the general hospital. The most of them are doing well. No more at present. Goodby. Write often.

From your affectionate husband,

To Wealthy

Hiram Vincent

Camp near Stafford Court House
May 30, 1863

Dear Wife, Mother, and Children,

Having a few moments leisure this afternoon I thought I would improve it by writing to you. I have neglected writing for some time on account of other duties. I have been for four days very busy. We had to go one day to clean the ground for a new camp. The next day I had to go with twenty five men to work on a fort. They are building four within one mile of where we lay and rifle pits without number. The day that I was on the fort to work the regiment moved about one mile back into the woods, and we have been busy ever since fixing our tents. No more on that subject. I would say I have not had a letter from you in a number of days. The last was dated the nineteenth. I have written twice since. One of them I sent by George Newcomb. I presume you have got them before this. I have no news to write you in particular. Well, I have got to stop writing and go on police duty. I now commence again to finish my letter. I have had my likeness taken and am going to send it to you in this letter. It does not look very natural. I guess. It is taken too light colored I think. Our Captain has gone to Washington today. He has been sick ever since the battle. He will go home I think as he will not be able for duty in four weeks. Badgro is very sick with the fever. He seems a little better today. Porter is well and the rest of the boys are well also. The boys that were taken prisoners are still in the parole camp. I shall be glad when they are exchanged as our company is so small it is very lonesome here. I would say before I forget that I have tented with a young man by the name of Marshall Hannon a very fine fellow and first corporal of our company. He had a brother in the battle that he has never heard from since the battle. I should be very glad to be at home. I dreamed last night of being at home and after I got back here, I felt guilty to think I had been home and did not visit the Deacon's folks. I must stop writing in this way by saying I

expect a letter from you tonight. The mail carrier has gone to headquarters now after the mail. If I do not get one, I shall send this out with a heavy heart. Why don't Carlos write to me? I wrote to him some time ago. Please tell him to write to me. My health is good yet and hope that this may find you all well. I have been waiting for the mail and it has come. Nothing for me from home. I got one from James Crandall. He is at Camp Barry somewhere near Washington. I must close. Goodby from your husband,

H. Vincent

P.S. Dress parade tonight or I would write more. I am afraid you cannot read this. I am so tired and hardly know what I am writing. Goodby for the present.

Camp Noyes
Near Stafford Court House, Va.
June 2, 1863

Dear Family,

I received yours of May 26th night before last. It stated that you had not had a letter from me in over a week. I wrote to you sometime after the 20th; I do not remember exactly the day. Again I wrote the 26th and sent it by George Newcomb. I presume you have gotten them both by this time. Your letter found me as usual, well. I was glad to learn by your letter that your health was so you had been to Gowanda and that the rest of the family were well. I wrote to you the 30th of May stating that we had moved our camp back into the woods. I have been very busy since cleaning up the ground and fixing up our tent. Today I have not much to do. Shamon has gone to the 64th Regiment, and I am acting Orderly and have no duty to do only make out the morning report and detail pickets or guards if called for. So I am writing to the dear ones at home.

Darling, you wrote that you are waiting very anxious to know whether I am coming home at the end of nine months or not. You said if I did, my time would be out in four days. My term of service does not begin at the day I enlisted but at the time I was sworn into the service of The United States which was the 26th day of September. That would bring it to the 26th day of June; but, my dear one, I do not want you to flatter yourself about that matter for you will be disappointed, I am afraid. No more of that.

I was at the hospital yesterday to see some of the boys there. The most of them that are there are getting better. Badgero I do not think will live more than a day or two at the most. He has got the fever, and George Hubbard is very sick also. The other boys, Porter, Joshua, Philo are well as common. I have no news to write.

You wrote that you heard that our troops had taken Vicksburg. It is a false statement. I presume you have heard so before this. I am afraid Grant will fail there still I hope for the best. I am not going to finish my letter until the mail comes in. I think I shall get a letter from you tonight in ans-

wer to the one I wrote a week ago and more. I am so lonesome I can scarcely stand it. There has a number of our officers resigned since the battle. Our Lieutenant Colonel has resigned and is going home. I do not know what is going to become of our regiment without any officers. I am sometimes afraid we shall be put into another regiment.

I have just got a letter from you dated the 28th. I was glad to hear from you at home and to hear that you were all well, but darling, you say you do not know but you shall sink under the care and anxiety you have to endure. I do not want you to try to do any thing more than you can help besides taking care of the family. Do not worry yourself about the farming but try to live as easy as you can and take care of yourself. You wrote you were afraid I was going to be sick. I did have a terrible time with my back, still I have done duty all the time. I am in hopes it will not trouble me any more. I must begin to bring my letter to a close as it is nearly night and the mail goes out soon and there is a dress parade tonight.

I was glad to hear that Otsy was getting better and should be glad to have her visit you. You wanted to know what we lived on. Bread, coffee, pork, sometimes beans, and occasionally beef. I do not eat much of that for fear that it will make me sick. Why don't Edgar write to me? and Henry too? It seems good to get any kind of mark from home. I must close. Goodby,

From your husband,

Hiram Vincent

To Wealthy, Where is Abner and all the rest of the folks?

Camp Noyes
Stafford Court House, Virginia
June 4, 1863

Dear Wife,

Having a moment's time I thought to write a few lines to you. I received your letter dated May 29th last night. I was glad to hear from you all at home and to hear that you were all well. I am still enjoying good health. I did not expect an hour ago that I should answer your letter so soon. We had orders this morning to march at four o'clock. We had our haversacks and knapsacks packed and stacked tents and marched about a half a mile, stayed there a while and then were ordered back to camp and ordered to be ready to fall in at any moment, so here I am now sitting in the sun writing to the dear ones at home. I hardly think we shall leave here today but cannot tell. I have not heard when we were expected to march yet. I guess some of the officers got a little too much drink. I guess when they get sober, we shall pitch tents again. No more on that subject.

The boot buttons you were going to send by Loomer will come all right I presume. Newcomb will be back in a day or two. The stamps you sent me I got all right. They say we shall get pay again in a few days, still may be some time. You wanted to know whether I was likely to get any office or not. Our Captain said before he left that when he and the Colonel got back, I should be promoted. Promotions come by the Captain's recommendation to the Colonel. No more on that.

You wanted to know how Matthewson came to be prisoner. You say he wrote that they were tired out and asleep. I do not know how that was, but I do know that our Captain took him by the collar once and led him back into the rifle pits. Do not say anything about it there. No more about that. I have written this so hastily I am afraid you cannot read it. I must close. The long roll is beating in the twenty-ninth to fall in. I do not know whether it will reach us or not. And now, darlings, for the present I must say goodbye.

From your true husband,

Hiram Vincent

Write often. Our Captain's name is Hotchkiss. Badgero is no better. The rest

Camp Noyes
Near Stafford Court House, Va.
June 7, 1863

Dear Family,

This morning I attempt to write a few lines to you to let you know that I am well hoping this may find you all well at home. I have written to you since I got a letter from you but for fear we might march and I should not have a chance again I thought to improve the present. I have already written that we were under marching orders. We were ordered this morning to be ready to fall in at any moment. So you may think we have marched if you do not hear from me, and if we stay here I shall write often to you.

George Newcomb got back last night. He had so much stuff to bring for the boys, he only brought half of the boot buttons. The rest of them he left at his house. I should like to have you send and get them if you have a chance and keep them until there is a chance to send them to me.

Since writing the above we have had a Sunday morning inspection, and I do not hear anything about marching. Still we may leave within two hours. There was part of Hooker's Army that crossed the river at Fredericksburg day before yesterday. That night there was very heavy firing in that direction. We heard yesterday that our forces held the city and the heights. We cannot tell whether it is so or not. I hope that may be the case. I hope the time is not far distant when this unholy war will be at an end. I sometimes think perhaps I am over anxious in regard to it and again do not hardly allow myself to think upon the subject. I need more patience than I have got and wisdom to direct me to stand the privations of a soldier, but I have faith to believe that I shall be blessed with the privilege of again enjoying the society of my family at home. I will say no more upon the subject.

I have written to you that Badgro was sick. You have heard before this I presume that he is dead. He suffered everything. George Hubbard is very sick. He is in the hospital. Porter is well and the rest of the boys. I got

a letter from John R. Babcock a day or two ago. He said he saw you down to Gowanda the day you were there. He said your health was quite good and that you were quite cheerful. I was glad to hear of that. I want you to keep up good courage and hope on and all may come out right yet. It is four o'clock and we are still in camp and we hear nothing about marching. The mail just came in and no letter for me so I will finish my letter to you. I have no news to write you so I will say I wish I could see you all at home but must content myself by writing to you. Why don't Edgar write to me? It is some time since he has written to me. I am always glad to hear from you all. Why don't Carlos write? I guess he thinks my letters are so dry that they are not worth answering. I do not know but you will be scared to see I have written one letter with pen and ink, but it is Sunday and I had plenty of time. I will close by saying write often. No more at present. Goodby from your affectionate husband,

Hiram Vincent

To Wealthy,

Kiss all the babes for me. No more.

Camp Noyes .
Near Stafford Court House, Va.
June 10, 1863

Dear Wife,

I now attempt to answer your letter of the fourth which came to hand last night. I was glad to hear from home and to know that you were all well. Your letter found me also well. I should have written this morning but I have been on duty for twenty four hours and just came off and am somewhat tired but shall be all right after getting rested.

I was glad that you got my letter and likeness. You thought my likeness did not look natural. It was rather light; the background was very light. You said in your letter that Alford had got his discharge from the service. I had forgotten that he entered. And Israel Armitage too I am surprised to think his wife has left him. She could not had any shame for herself nor any respect for him. It is almost astonishing to me that anybody possessed with human feelings could conduct themselves in such a manner. You said that the neighbors were very kind to you. I am proud of you for I know you will conduct yourself so as to be respected. I would here say that since writing before I have been promoted to a Sergeant and shall draw pay accordingly. No more on that subject. I have not much news to write you.

I would say that the regiment will send out pickets tomorrow. They will go out for three days but as I have just come off duty, I do not take a ticket with them. I think when I last wrote there was heavy firing towards Fredericksburg. I have not heard the result, but by what I have heard I think our forces have been driven back. Still it may not be the case. There was heavy firing up the river yesterday, but we do not get any papers and do not know what is going on no further than we can see.

I must write to William Armitage now I have found out where to direct. Where is Leucetia going to live and where does Alford live now? I must begin to bring my letter to a close as it is nearly night. I feel so nervous I cannot write today. There was one of our boys died in the hospital yesterday that was wounded. George Hubbard I think it is a chance if he is ever any better. The rest of the boys are well as common. We hear nothing about marching for a day or

two. Please write soon and I will try to do better next time. Write all the news you can. I got the stamps you sent me. You need not send me any more stamps in some time. I sent to Washington and got a dollar's worth. I never saw so much excitement about any one thing as there is here about nine month men. It seems as though it was talked from morning until night each day, but I must close by saying goodby for the present.

From your husband,

Hiram Vincent to Wealthy

Centerville
June 16, 1863

Dear Wife and Children,

I had a few moments time this morning and thought I would inform you where I am. We left our camp at Stafford the 12th not knowing where we were going. We marched to Harwood Church twelve miles and lay on the ground that night. It was very warm that day and there were a good many men fell out and could not march the next day. We marched twenty two miles to the Alexandria and Orange Railroad and I never was more used up in my life. The next morning I did not feel as though I could march one mile but I got my knapsack into the ambulance and got through and I feel some better today. We are expecting to leave every minute and for where I do not know. Some say to Harper's Ferry, others to Leesburg about six miles from Fairfax Court House. It is very dry and dusty. I must close. Goodby.

Hiram

Camp Goose Creek,
June 23, 1863

Dear Family,

I received your kind letter last night dated the 17th and was glad to hear from home and to hear that you were all well. My health is still as good as could be expected considering the hard march we have had. We left our old camp at Stafford the 13th and marched to Hartwood Church. We stayed there that night and laid on the ground with a piece of tent cloth under us and our blankets over us, and the protecting care of God over that. The next morning we started at daylight again and made a forced march of over twenty miles. Stayed at Cedar Brick that night. The weather was very hot, the men were falling out all the time. The fifteenth I was so used up that I thought I could not march but I got my knapsack into the ambulance and kept along. My feet were blistered very bad and so were all the rest of the men. The next day we marched to Manassus Junction and the next day we went to Centerville. There we stayed one night and there I commenced writing to you and had not half got my letter written when we had orders to march and I closed my letter very abruptly and sent it to the office to let you know where I was at that time. I got a letter from you while we were at Centerville and also one from Carlos. I shall answer his the first opportunity. Your letter was dated the day that I got there. WE left Centerville the 17th and marched to Goose Creek a distance of about twenty five miles and within five miles of Leesburg. Stayed there part of one day and then fell back a mile or two and stayed there three days. I was on picket two days, came in day before yesterday, and yesterday our regiment was ordered to march. We left and came here about four miles and we are near a ford on Goose Creek. We have been in hearing of cannon for a number of days but do not get much news in regard to the result. I am writing this not knowing as I shall get a chance to send it out for some time as we do not have mail regularly or have

the privilege of sending out our mail often. I got two letters from Edgar. I was glad to have him write to me. I wish all the children could write to me. It is a pleasure to hear from all of you at home. I must close by saying I still hope I shall be blessed with the privilege of seeing you all again. Good-by from your husband, Hiram Vincent to Wealthy.

Jefferson City, Maryland
June 26, 1863

Dear Wife and Family,

Having an opportunity to write a few lines to you I improve the chance to let you know where I am. We left Goose Creek the 24th and marched to Edwards Ferry on the Potomac River. We crossed there on pontoon bridges into Maryland. From there we went to Poolesville and from there to Point of Rocks and from there we came here to a place called Jefferson City, a good sized town. We marched here last night late in the evening and it was raining hard. This morning it still rains but we have not heard anything about marching this morning. I am sitting here as wet as a rat under my tent cloth trying to write a few lines to the dear ones at home. I cannot write much today as I am very tired. I wrote a letter to you the 23rd, and I presume you have got it before this. I presume we shall leave here before night. We are on the track of Lee. Some say he is at Antietam; others say at Harpers Ferry. We are all of us most used up with sore feet and low spirits. The Lord only knows what is in store for the soldier, and it is good they don't know for sometimes they would lie down under the task if they did. I must close by saying goodbye. May the Lord bless you. Write soon.

From your husband,

Hiram Vincent to Wealthy

Camp Near Middleton, Maryland
June 28, 1863

Dear Wife, and Mother, and Children,

I received your letter dated the 20th and was glad to hear from you but sorry you feel uneasy about me. I am well yet with the exception of being very much fatigued from marching, but I shall soon come out all right if I can get a little rest.

We are still here in Maryland about twenty miles from the Pennsylvania line. We are within four or five miles of the Rebel pickets. I think there will be a battle near here. We are on the ground where the battle of Antietam commenced. It is a very pleasant country here, and the people are almost all Union people and seem very friendly. They are coming into our camp by hundreds today to visit the soldiers in camp. I wrote you the 25th I believe it was from Jefferson City and put it in the office there but have been afraid you would not get it. The postmaster acted to me like a secesh, but you may get it all right.

We had a very hard march. I heard that there were five men died in one day in our Division from heat and over exertion. I thought a number of times I should have to give out, but the Lord has still blessed me with health and strength till the present time for which I feel thankful.

I have not much news to write you and do not know when I shall have a chance to send this out though we have had a better chance to get mail and send out than we ever had on a march before.

You wrote that Edgar was learning very well this summer and Henry too, and Fannie, and Gene. I am very glad to hear that my children are learning to read and write, and I hope they will all learn to be good children and then everybody will love them and I shall be proud of them if I live to come home.

And now I must close soon as we have got to have a Regimental inspection right off. We have had a Company inspection. Since writing the above we have been on an inspection of arms and ammunition. We shall leave here soon, I think. What the issue will be I cannot tell but hope for the best. Do not worry about me. Be as easy as you can. I must close now by saying I will be as careful of

Richmond, Va.
August 1, 1863

Dear Wife,

Having an opportunity of sending a few lines I write to let you know where I am. I am on Belle Island on the James River at the city of Richmond, Virginia with the rest of the boys of our regiment. There are 3400 of us on the island. The officers will not let us write but twelve lines. I am well and so is Porter. I will write the particulars as soon as I get to parole camp. Do not worry. So goodby.

From your husband,

H. Vincent.

Belle Island, Virginia
November 1, 1863

Dear Wife and Children,

I now improve the chance of writing a few lines to you. I can say my health is middling good and my prayer is that this may find you all well at home. I suppose you know that I am a prisoner. I was captured four months ago today and have tried every way to let you know where I am but have not heard a word from you. I know you need money from me, but I have not been paid in eight months. No more. Please write to me. Direct your letter to Hiram Vincent, Prisoner, 154th N. Y. Reg., Belle Island, Richmond, Virginia.

Send me paper and envelopes so I can write to you again. Send your letter without sealing. Goodby.

From your husband,

Hiram Vincent

Richmond, Va.
Nov. 21, 1863

Dear Family,

As I had an opportunity of writing a few lines to you, I thought to improve the chance. I have written to you twice since I have been here and have not heard a word from you. My health is not very good at present, although I feel some better today than I have for some time past. I sincerely hope this may find you all well at home. You already know that I am a prisoner of war, and have been for the last five months nearly. I want you to write to me as soon as you get this. Write all about our home matters. Porter has gone to the hospital sick. Direct your letters to Hiram Vincent, a prisoner of war, Richmond, Belle Island, Virginia, 154th Regiment New York IV. From your affectionate husband,

H. Vincent to Wealthy

Richmond, Va.
Feb. 5, 1864

Mrs. Vincent,

By request of H. Vincent I take the first opportunity to inform you of his death. He said tell my mother God bless her, that she has been very dear to me and may God keep her until she shall meet me in Heaven. Tell my dear wife and children God bless them, to meet me in Heaven. He came to the hospital Dec. 9th. Disease, diarrhea and died Feb. 4th about nine p.m.

Respectfully,

Joseph G. Wheat
Home, Manchester,
Adams County, O.