

CAMP WOOD.

Jan, 4th, 1862.

Dear Sister:-

I received your letter yesterday and was delighted to learn when I read it that you are all well at home. It shocked me some to hear of Dr. Clover's death. This makes two very unexpected deaths in Alliance since I left.

You spoke of several that were to our school day before your spelling school and I know them all except the last gentleman mentioned. You must describe him more in your nest. I am glad you had such a good spelling school. You spoke about Thomas seeing Mr. Valley. I suppose it is Joseph Rockhill's brother-in-law. I have not seen anything of John yet. If he is in a battery it is likely I will see him, but if you hear what battery he is in, please inform me. Every letter I get they commenced by saying that you do not know of anything to write but I believe I have not seen a sheet come to camp yet that was not filled on every side and generally some written cross ways. That is just the way I think when I commence to write, but before I am done the sheet is full on every side. P.D.Green, the man Father saw at Urbana, from our battery, got back last evening. He brought between fifty and seventy five letters for the batter and a package of Mittens from the good folks at Randolph for our squad. There were more than a pair a piece for us; I think there were about thirty pair. There was not a man of us that needed them, but we were very thankful for the gift. We may see the day that we may need them. There are several of the boys that are sick and are home on a furlough. One is our quartermaster, S.V. Clark of Rootstown.

It has been rather bad weather for soldiering the past few days. Last night it thundered and lightning very hard and rained in proportion. It is cloudy and warm today.

I cannot say how long we will stay here. The soldiers are all very anxious to advance. They want to do the fighting and go home. Honkel's battery is here and there are lots of the boys of his batter and ours that know each other. From what you say you must stay pretty close at home this winter. I think you made a mistake in dating your letter. It was dated the 28th. I guess you meant the 29th. because you said our folks were going to butcher the next day. I guess our mess could get away with a hog right easy now. We do not get any fresh pork, but get fresh beef about half of the time. I want you and the rest of our folks to keep all of my letters until I come back.

A.S. Bloomfield.

CAMP WOOD.

Jan, 5th, 1862.

Dear Sister:-

I thought that maybe I could fill one sheet more today. This will go out tomorrow morning. It is a very disagreeable day, freezing and raining. I have just come from the river. It is about as far from our camp as Biles' are from our house. We carry all of our water from there and it is to be carried up a larger hill than you ever saw, and there are others that have to carry it twice as far. The river has risen seventeen feet since yesterday morning. The bridge that the government first build across was washed away about three this morning. There was a company of soldiers there to watch it and they saved all the timber. The pontoon bridge is all right yet. And if it had not been such bad weather for the last three or four days the cars would have crossed the river today. There is but one more bent to be put up and I guess that will be up before night. Busniness goes on here Sunday just as on week days with the exception of drilling. Our men have taken possession of a steam saw mill here and are sawing on it every day for the government. Asahel and some of the other boys were at the station today after rations. The quartermaster says they issue forty thousand rations every day, so there are forty thousand soldiers at this point, and they are all within a square of two miles each way. At Bacon Creek eight miles from here there is another camp of about the same size.

Father wanted to know of me how many there were in this division. I could not tell him then, but I think there is about seventy-five thousand at this time. It seems to me we ought to be moving in a few days, but maybe it is for the best. There are a great many big men figuring on the best way to manage this army and a little mismanagement might be the cause of the loss of hundreds of lives. There seems to be a calm among the armies for the last week or ten days. One day last week there was a mail went out of this battery of two hundred and eighty letters and fifty papers, and some days we get about as large a one. Bob is writing, Asahel is on guard, Lewis and Charley Campbell are playing checkers. Lewis is not as fat as old Stallsmith. Bob looks—you know how Bob looks. He is not a bit slimmer than he used to be. No more at present.

A. S. Bloomfield.

CAMP WOOD.

Jany 18, 1862.

Respected Father:-

I received your welcome letter this afternoon. Have written one sheet to Celestine. I don't know when I am going to get it started. I am very glad to know there is a patriotic feeling among the people of the North when Old England talks of pitching in; it has mostly died away from what I can learn from the papers. If it had such an effect on the citizens as it had on the army, the army would be doubled in strength, if they would take the volunteers, and a great deal quicker than this army raised. Nearly every man says he would like no better fun than to get a fight with Old England if they will just wait till we get the rebels cleaned out. If it should take three years we will be ready for them, and I hear lots of the boys say, they will enlist for ten years if wanted. I think they had better wait till our army is a little smaller. I see in the papers today that they have heard from Mason and Slidel. It was thought, yes, I hoped, the boat was lost in the storm. There has been a long lull in the army but at last they have begun to move, and now I am in hopes that some great victories will be gained that the papers have been saying would be gained or lost in a few days. There is not going to be another Bull's Run disaster in this campaign, and I guess the rebels are beginning to think so. I suppose you have heard long before this reaches you of the fleets that started which certainly will meet laurels ere ten days pass. Col. Garfield has been doing big things in the Eastern part of the state. We heard that we were going to stay here until the first of March and we are beginning to believe that it is so. We think the fleet that is going up the Cumberland River into Tennessee will surround Bowling Green and then old Buckner will have to fight, surrender, or make a speedy retreat in a few days. The report is that this is their weakest point; if so, I am thinking he will be in a tight place. There have some of the soldiers out of this camp been moved up on the left wing. It is twelve miles up the river on the other turnpike. Some think if Buckner ever fights any he will do it right here; and it looks that way. Our men have been very busy for the last ten days building breastworks on the other side of the river. They are built out of logs, with a deep ditch on the outside, so it is proof against cavalry; there are some rifle pits. There is over a mile of it. The ground on the other side is very favorable for our men; the land rises to the height of about a hundred feet from the river and is tolerably level for about three quarters of a mile back, and then the ground rises to a very high and rocky hill. This is all of one half of a mile farther

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so you see they cant hurt our camp if they were to get possession of the hill; and they cant come this side, or they will get shelled from our guns. There is a strip of wood of a hundred and sixty acres that lies at the foot of the hill and about thirty rods from our breastworks and rifle pits. As soon as the works are finished, these woods are to be slashed down; in fact they have about half of them chopped now.

Sunday Morning, before breakfast.

It has quit raining at last and cleared up warm. It has rained thirty six hours—some of the time very hard with heavy thunder. Day before yesterday the pickets sent in a messenger, with a report that the enemy were coming with considerable of a force. So there was one brigade ordered over on double quick, and we had our horses harnessed, ready for any emergency; but we were nicely fooled. The day before two regiments have been sent out to reconnoiter and they were coming back. The pickets thought they were the enemy. Night before last we heard cannonading in the direction of Columbus, but that is so far we did not think it possible that it was there. It is very warm and pleasant this morning, and fields on the other side of the river look very green and nice where they have not been tramped. None of you have ever said whether you got any papers from me—I have sent quite a number. I had quite a nice visit with James Michener since he came back. I got vaccinated a few days ago, but I guess it isn't going to take. I have not heard of any smallpox in this camp yet. I learn that Steadman's Company has got it. Gen'l Buell is having a house put up for his headquarters; he is going to move down from Louisville. They are also putting up a large house for the storage of army supplies. We are doing just what the rebels did before we came here; and that is cutting all of the timber on this side of the river that was in the range of their guns from the other side. The timber they cut stood along on the bank of the river where it was so rocky that land never could be cultivated. I am glad they went to the trouble or we would have had to have done it, and it was cut down some time ago it has gotten dried out enough to make good wood. 80 cavalry have just crossed the river. These are the first that have crossed at this point. I expect they will get into a skirmish. Our pickets see the rebel cavalry most every day—They say 300 today. Gen'l McCook has gone over with them. The best barn that I have seen in this state with the exception of those in Louisville was about as good as Elijah Price's; it was near Camp Nevin; about one-half of the farms have no bars on them, and one half of the rest are no better than that shed of

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Louis Winders. They seem to have no enterprise or life about them, or only as stimulated by tobacco or whiskey. They wear their hair very long; generally shave their faces clean, and are the darker complexion than the people of the northern states. They don't seem to have an occasion to talk with any one; rather prefer to stand around and look on. In fact they are but very little above their slaves from what I can learn. If the degradation of the slave states are as much worse as we go South, I think it will be indescribable; it cant be anything but slavery that has cursed this state. It certainly is healthy and has good water privileges. I haven't seen any coal yet but I learn there is good coal in the state. We have gone through the poorest part of the state and they say it is a very nice place around Bowling Green. If the time every comes when these hills are in a state of cultivation as those are around Cincinnati, this certainly will be one of the finest places in the world. I would not wonder if I would be considerable of a mountaineer by the time the war closes. I guess when you have read what I have written this time you will be tired of reading war news. I thought it would be better to put it into two different envelopes as it would take two stamps. You may be some troubled to make these sheets come together right. No more ar present.

From your son.

A.S. Bloomfield.

CAMP WOOD.

Jan, 18th, 1862.

Respected Sister:-

I received your letter today and was delighted to hear from you. I was a little surprised to hear of Aunt Rachael's death. I had received a letter from John Taylor last Thursday., and he wrote after he had been to the funeral. I had begun to think there had been something wrong at home because I had not received a letter from any of you for over two weeks. We are all well and getting fat and lazy. I weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds. This is more than I ever weighed before.

It has rained almost every day in this month, and when it is going to quit I cannot tell, as it has been pouring down for the last twenty four hours and no signs of quitting yet. I wish you could come down here and go through camp and see the mud. It would look rather hard to you. I expect we have the very best spot for our camp of any. There are hundreds of acres here that are covered with mud as thin as thick milk and when the sun shines it glistens like ice on a field. Through this the soldiers are walking as independently as they would on a pavement. I must tell you a little about my experience in cooking. It was about my turn to cook when I took a team. The boys who have a team to drive are not compelled to cook but I thought I would like to try it once, and so did give it a good trial. It rained almost all the time. Lewis helped me. We got three meals a day. At noon we only have coffee and crackers. Morning and evening we set what is called a soldiers table which consists of crackers, meat, sometimes potatoes, rice or beans. Our company got a barrel of onions and you may better believe we have some regular old fashioned dutch soup. It is not much of a trick to learn to be a splendid cook in the army.

I think the young folks are getting rather keen on parties having two in one night. No more at present.

From your brother,

A. S. Bloomfield.

I have thought several times of giving you a better description of the people in the country, their ways and habits. I shall commence at Louisville. Although I have spoken of the country all of the way here I still think I can better it.

The country for three miles around Louisville is rolling and sandy and all the time we were there I did not see a stone as large as a walnut. The land seems to be very rich. The timber is not very heavy; about like the timber around Canton for size. It is White Oak, Beech and Maple, and a tree that looks very much like poplar for size, leaf, and bark, but the wood is a little different. After you go three miles out on the railroad the country gets more level, and for about fifteen miles it is very level. The soil is clay and from what I could see from the road it did not look as if one-fourth of the land was cleared, and what was had all been done within five or six years, so the Kentuckians told me.

The timber is of very little account. I did not see a tree large enough for a saw log except a few elms, for the whole fifteen miles.

Their houses were all log and quite a number of them were built as Uncle Williams said they did in Illinois, that is a square log pen with a door and a big chimney on the outside built of sticks and mud. There are no windows in them. Some of them have a hole cut of the side and a board hung on some leather hinges. They raise nothing but corn and tobacco, and the people seem to live on tobacco and whiskey.

There was but one thing in this fifteen miles that attracted much attention and that was a long camp about twelve feet square. Logs were about one foot through and it was fifty feet high. The next fifteen miles we crossed the Muldroes hills. This part of the country seems to have been settled some longer. It is very hilly and mountainous. The rock is blue limestone. I do not know what they raise here, but I think the country would be suited to the habits of the goat. The timber is very thin and short. Some of the hills are covered with a tree that I think are hemlock or cedar. I saw a few frame houses, and they are easy to be accounted for. There are no logs large enough to build log houses, and it is cheaper to ship lumber to build them with.

In this fifteen miles we cross Salt river and pass through the tunnel. The next seven miles brought us to Camp Nevin. Now, we are coming into the slave portion of the state. It looks as though it was a very fertile district. The houses are much

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better, there being a great many of brick. But none of them are tasty or neat in their appearance. It is about as hilly as Marlboro Township. The timber is nearly all oak and xxx of five or six kinds. There is plenty of sassafras, but few of the trees are over ten inches through. The country is so new that the deer and the wild turkey have not left yet. The ground looks as though it had been a brick yard, it is very red, and beats any ground to wash I ever saw. I have seen farms that are no hillier than Britons' old farm is which have gulleys washed in the fields ten or twelve feet deep.

Along Nolan river there are some sycamore. The next twenty-three miles, that is from Nevin to Camp Wood, for twelve or fourteen miles it is some hillier than it is down in Plain township. A great many of the farmers look as if they were very old and some of the orchards look as old as any in Randolph. Most of the houses were of logs, with two or three log shanties in the yard for slaves. The style for the planters is to have two large square houses about twenty by twenty four feet and about twenty feet apart. One door in each. The roof extending over the space between them. The side to road. A large stone chimney is at each end. The timber is principally oak.

The next ten miles is very hilly and mountainous. You would go for two or three miles and not see a house. Nothing but high rocky hills on both sides. Some are so rocky there is hardly a tree on them. There are some very curious things here. There are large holes in the rocks. Some of our boys found one they could not see to the bottom, and they rolled a large stone into it, but they could not hear it strike at any time.

These holes are very numerous about this camp.

There are some caves in this part of the country. There is one about a quarter of a mile within this camp. It is about forty rods under the ground. I have not been to see it yet. Most of the boys say it is not worth going to see. The soil here is good. They raise nothing but corn. The timber is about the same as in Randolph. Plenty of poplar, beech, sugar hickory, walnut, oak, red and white. It is very heavy along the hollows and bottoms and light on the hills. There are four or five hills up to the river that we can see very plain, and they are from twelve to fourteen miles away. At the foot of one of them there is a large Union camp. This is on the turnpike that crosses the river there. And off to my right I can see several high hills that are a considerable distance off.

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As far as I have seen up and down the river the banks are perpendicular lime stone rock on one side or the other. I have not said much about the people here yet. I have often thought that it would be a good place to raise an army in a few days for the people are already uniformed. They wear nothing but Kentucky jeans, and there is but two colors, a snuff and blue. They do not seem to have but one fashion, that of their great-grandfathers. There are but very few horses here and they are very small. The greater portion of Indian ponies. They have no buggies and all go horseback. More than half of the time there are two on one horse, which would look rather odd in Portage.

CAMP WOOD.

Jan, 20th, 1862.

Respected Father:-

I write you this evening to let you all know that we are likely to march, but where is a secret to the whole brigade yet. We got orders at sundown to cook three days rations and put it in our haversacks. It seems that we belong to Gen Johnson's brigade yet so we have the burley Germans at our sides. Some think we are to go into the left wing of the army. It has been reported in camp that there had been fighting and our men had lost two badges. We never believe any thing we hear and it is very likely that we are going down on the turnpike about eighteen miles to a rebel camp of two thousand and five hundred. There have no soldiers encamped on the other side of the river yet. The boys are all very keen for the expedition though it may be the death of some of us. This order may be counter-manded yet. Such things happen very often. I think more than likely we are going to Cave City. It has been reported that General Zollicoffer has twenty balls through him. I guess that company's of Garfield's was after him. If anything happens you will hear it in a few days.

I put two large letters in the office for Celestine and you this morning.

No more at present.

Your son,

A. S. Bloomfield.

CAMP WOOD.

Jan, 27th, 1862.

Respected Sister:-

As you seem to write as if you had not heard from me for some time I thought it best to answer as soon as possible. I got your letter today. I think before you get this you will think I have not been idle all of the time. I have written one to Celestine and two to Father. The last one I wrote was to let you know that we were going to march, but there has one week passed and there is no signs of leaving yet. We got orders the next morning to keep three days rations in our haversacks and to be ready to march at a moments' notice. But now we have orders to eat them up, so there is no danger of us moving for a while. Some think we are to stay here for thirty days. It is my opinion that we will be governed by the right and left wings of this army, and there will be some difference as to whether the fleet will have the best success or not.

Gertie, may be you would like to know when we think we will get home. Well I have not spent much time on that subject. But lots of the older ones who think they are posted say we will have them flaxed out inside of the next four months.

Four months ago there were no more than two thousand soldiers in the state and now there is over a hundred thousand. We have gained several victories, build railroads, and put up telegraphs, built houses to store amuniton of war in, and we have them pretty well filled, Built breast works and today they have begun to make fortifications for cannon, on this side of the river, and if we keep on at the work as we have the next four months I think the rebels will be ready to give up. Today there were four rebel deserters came inside our lines. They gave up their arms and came stepping into camp looking as though they were glad to get out of Dixie. One day we thought we were going to be attacked, but we found it was our own men coming in instead of Buckner. I tell you it was fun to see the citizens run for the bridge to get on his side. There were men, boys, women, children and niggers without number. They come in a-flocking. It was fun for us, but death to them.

I think from what you say about school that you must be getting along fine. You are in the first class. Well the tattoo has blown and I will have to quit for the night.

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Tuesday morning before breakfast.

Well I must finish this letter and get it into the office or it will not go out today. It is very nice weather here at present. I rained a little last night but is warm and pleasant this morning. Our boys have some fun plaguing the boys that have to go to work on the fortifications. Bob has to go out of our tent. Our boys are well and hearty. Getting fat and lazy. Dick wrote to Eli Yarian to come and bring four with him if he could, so I guess we will get a chance to see a Ohio boy again in his natural ways.

Gertie tell Thomas that he should be careful and not write once in a while.

Well, breakfast is ready-----I have now disposed of my little ration of coffee, crackers and feel just as well yes, and I venture to say a great deal better than I would if I had dined at one of the nicest tables furnished with all the luxuries of our country.

Well, Gertie, a great deal of this letter will not be very interesting to you, but it was what came in my mind as a I wrote. Write soon. You can write considerable better now than you did at first. I got a letter from Sally yesterday.
No more at present.

From your brother,
A. S. Bloomfield.

CAMP WOOD.

Feb, 2nd, 1862.

Respected Sisters:-

I received your welcome letter that you sent with Eli Yarion. They got to camp Friday evening and came down to our batter Saturday morning. I am glad to hear of the young men's enlisting as long as there is a call for volunteers they should. The rebellion must be put down let it cost what it will. Some of the boys that you said enlisted did not come. Andrew Southworth has always been insulting to all the young men that have enlisted from that neighborhood. I am in hopes that he may see the day that some of us can get our pay back. He is the worst traitor to the government than any of Stallsmiths ever were, and should be treated so by all the young folks. Eli and Ben were in very good spirits. They seem to think they will like soldiering. Lark Creig and a young chap from Atwater came. Dick wrote to them to come and join our battery but it was too late. They had started before they had gotten the letter. It is very likely they will stay in this dvision as long as the war lasts. I think they have gotten in a good battery and probably they are just as well off as they would have been if they had gotten into this battery. I think from what you said about the party it must have been a regular old fashioned one. It makes me feel very bad to hear of the death of T. H. Bradfield. Today we send one of our boys home a corpse. He died of Typhoid fever. His name was Caly Cleveland and he lived near Cleveland at Hincley. He was a very nice young man and was well thought of by every one of our company. He was an orphan boy and was raised by a family in Hincley and when he enlisted the man's wife that raised him wrote a very very nice piece of poetry. It was entitled "The Orphan Volunteer". It was printed in one of the Cleveland papers. I want to get a copy of it if I can, and if I do I will send it to you.

The health of the company in general is very good. Tell Thomas I am very much obliged for that picture. It is a very good one I think. I thought when I left home I should get mine taken and send it to you but I guess I will not as there are no good artists here. I am very glad to learn that there is some prospects of William Lloyd Garrison getting released. There is no doubt but that he suffered while in prison.

It has been very nice winter weather here for the last two weeks. The bodies of Gen. Zollicoffer and Col. Balley Payton

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were taken through our camp by our men to their friends to the rebel army. They were accompanied by fifteen or twenty officers, and they carried the flag of truce.

I expect we will be called up tonight. It commenced raining and sleeting this afternoon and continues yet. Eli was here today again. I expect you would like to know when we are going to move and I would be very glad to inform you if I could. We may get marching orders before twenty-four hours and we may never move from this camp. It is the belief of many that the war will be ended in sixty days. I only hope that it may be so.

They are building a fortification on a hill close by that will not be finished for twenty days at least. There is a report going around that the rebels have sent commissioners to Washington to settle the war.

Today the pickets brought in forty men; about one-third of them being negroes. They say some of them are secessionists and some came in for protection-----Well I am at my task again. We were a little surprised about twelve at the cry "cannoneers to your posts", and out we rushed and in less than a minute were at the guns all ready for action. The alarm was given on the other side of the river. They say they were sixty rebel cavalry came up to our pickets and fired on them. I do not know whether any one was killed or not.

About sundown there was about five more shots exchanged but with what effect I cannot say. One of the rebel Generals told our officers the other day, when the bodies were taken down, that the war would be settled in a few days or not for years. He said it was the most cruel war he ever knew and hoped it might be settled soon.

Well this is about all the news that I can think of at present, but I will wait until morning before I finish. Ten hours may bring glorious news.

Monday morning, Feb, 3rd.

Every thing is quiet this morning. Rained all night and is very foggy. This is all for the present. Write soon.

A. S. Bloomfield.

THE ORPHAN VOLUNTEER.

By, --- L. M. Wetmore.

- 1-- I am going forth to the tenid field
 To fight—ay! Perhaps to die!
 But no Father's speeding falls on my ear,
 And I list no Mother's sigh;
 My comrades brave, yea each will bear
 A blessing upon your head;
 I shall seek the boon at my Parents' grave,
 Away 'mid the voiceless dead.
- 2-- And I think as I bend o'er their sleeping dust,
 I shall feel, as of old, their care;
 And my brow shall gleam with their touch, silent touch,
 And my spirit a blessing bear.
 Ye linger now for the last embrace,
 Your parents' prayers ye crave;
 The parting kiss,—go, take them, boys,
 I will wait at my Mother's grave.
- 3-- Through the shadowy tress the Autumn winds
 Shall steal, with laden breath,
 To cool my pulse, as it trods along
 In the silent vale of death.
 Give me this promise, my comrades kind,
 While on sacred soil we stand:
 Should my life go out on the gory field,
 Bear my clay from the traitors' land.
- 4-- I'd give to my country my blood and youth;
 For her peerless flag I'll toil;
 But I could not bear that my form should lie
 And moulder on rebel soil.
 But bear me back to my childhood home,
 And quietly lay me here;
 And I know that the friends of my youth will weep,
 O'er the Orphan Volunteer.

Hinckley, October, 1861.

CAMP WOOD.

Feby 7, 1862.

Respected Father:-

I have not received a letter from home for several days and as I feel in pretty good cheer this evening I thought I would fill a sheet for you. We have received the glorious news in camp that the fleet that left Cairo has gone up the Tennessee River and have got in the rear of Bowling Green, and that they had taken Fort Henry, every man of them with all of their equipments and more yet that they had taken General Floyd, old Beauregard and probably Buckner. Bully for the fleet, and be it so. I have never heard so much cheering in my life; it is nothing but cheer after cheer for more than an hour; it set us most crazy and I believe the whole camp would have marched to Bowling Green tonight if the officers would have let them. There has been a calm for sometime and you know there is always a storm after a calm. I have but little idea where we are going to move, but I think it doubtful if we move before four weeks. The boys are all very anxious to move. There was a regiment of twelve hundred cavalry arrived here a few days ago from Penn., and I understand there is one regiment of a larger size in camp about twelve miles from here, that came with them. The fortification here is not on forth completed. The river is very high and a great quantity of drift wood is coming down. I saw a whole tree about four feet through come down against the pontoon bridge and knocked a hole in two of the pontoons. We have six or eight here to put in in their place. There is a company of men fixing the railroad bridge so we can cross with teams, cavalry, artillery or anything. This whole division, I understand is to have a general review next Sunday. The drivers are ordered to oil their harness tomorrow. Our men went down to the rebels line with a flag of truce, day before yesterday, to exchange prisoners. There are no forces nearer than fifteen miles. John Honeywell went along, he being detailed out of our battery for provost guard. The Adjutant took his guard with him. They say the rebels have very poor arms. Everything is quiet in camp this morning; it is rather cool but not freezing. We have not been paid for four months, and some of the boys are looking anxiously for the paymaster, but for my part don't care when he comes; I have what will do me for some time yet. I see the paper are calling this camp a second Potomac. We are waiting for the report of the fight. No more at present.

From your son,

A.S. Bloomfield.

CAMP WOOD.

Feb, 9th, 1862.

Respected Sister:-

I received your little sheet yesterday and was very glad to know that you was willing to write me a letter once in a while. I have always thought it would be very easy for you to write me a letter. It seems to me that I never undertook such a hard task in my life. If you had just told me what to write about maybe I could get a start. Cena I do not think I have seen as little a girl as you are for the last three months and I have not spoken to one since I left home, so you need not wonder that I do not know how to interest you. The prattle of children has ceased to greet the ears of thousands of soldiers. Once in a while there is a woman passes through the camp, and you would like to see the boys gap after them.

This day has been the most like Sunday at home of any day I have spent since I left. May be you wonder what we do here to pass off the long evenings. Some sing, others write. I think by the time I get home I shall have practiced writing there there is a noise so much that I shall never scold you for making a noise. Others play checkers; every paper gets read through until it is worn out, and then we take our testaments. If we are not sent home pretty soon I will have mine read through.

I must put this by for dinner, or rather supper. We keep up on practise in camp that most of us have learned at home. And that is doing with two meals on Sunday, although we need as a general thing three as we do any day. It does not make any difference how often we eat, there is no danger of any of us over loading our stomachs.

This has been one of the prettiest days that I have seen for the last three months. I expect that you are running around with your mittens and comfort.

You say you have been going to school; and have learned lots I am in hopes. I do not think that there are very man of the little girls down here who get to go to school. I have only seen three or four school houses, and the most of them look like our old one, only they are not painted. These schools houses have no teachers in them. They are all used for the benefit of the sick soldiers. Well, Cena I have filled on sheet to you and now I must write some to Thomas. Try and improve in your next.

From your brother,

A. S. Bloomfield.

CAMP WOOD.

Feb, 10th, 1862.

Respected Brother:-

I received your letter and was pleased with its contents. You write about several things that I might answer indirectly but I suppose you want to hear about things down here. You spoke in your letter as though I had failed in my letter that Bob had left our squad. If I did it was a mistake. He is in the squad yet.

Well, I feel as though I had something to write about now. General's Mitchel's division which was encamped at Bacon Creek advanced today and crossed Green river. General Mitchel is the author of Mitchel's Geography. He is pretty old and gray headed. There are about seventeen thousand of them. Three six gun batteries and twelve hundred cavalry. They reached this tent by soon and began to cross the river on the railroad bridge. And there have been one steady stream of wagons and men going across ever since, and it is almost eight o'clock, and they are still going across.

Thomas this is one of the greatest sights ever any one beheld; to see an army move and cross on a bridge, one hundred and twenty-five feet without anything on the sides of the bridge, to keep the teams from running off. I would freely give all that Uncle Sam owes me if Father and Mother were here to behold the movement of this grand army. They say that the division on our left moved up within five miles of this place. Their force is about fifteen thousand. The report is that we are reinforced by fifty thousand in Washington and that they are now at Camp Nevin and at Bacon Creek. We are rather in the dark since the Gov. has shut down on the papers. We hear of some things after they have happened and others we do not.

There have been rumors in the papers that Bowling Green had been reinforced from Manasses. We thought we were going to have the advance, but I understand now that Mitchel has it. The way they arrange brigades is as follows:-

The General that has the oldest commission always has the advance. Captain Cotter has the oldest commission of any of the Ohio Artillery so we are Company A, and get the honor of the right of the regiment. Our Col. is trying to get all of his regiment together and in this division. There are twelve batteries. The Col's name is Barnett. He is a citizen of Cleveland.

I do not think there will a general movement of this division for ten or fifteen days. Some of the men that crossed today

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say they are going on to Cave City tomorrow. This may not be true. There are some of the rebels in camp at three miles from Cave City. The distance from here to Cave City is eight miles. The rebels have burned the best of the houses. It was about the size of New Baltimore. The health of the soldiers has improved as a general thing. I did a very foolish thing a few days ago. I cut off my whiskers and caught a cold and got hoarse and had a sore throat to pay for it. It is getting better now. Our boys killed a pig last night and we have been feasting today.

There is a report in camp that Buckner is cleaning out the tunnel about eighteen miles this side of Bowling Green. He blew it up to prevent our advance. I would smile to hear him coming this way a while. I do not think they would make a very strong stand at Bowling Green or any where else. I guess they will soon find themselves surrounded, and then they will give up as quick as they did at Fort Henry last week, Tuesday, Feb, 11.

It blew up cold last night and began to snow about four o'clock and it fell to the depth of about two inches.

I saw Me. Saily yesterday. He is going to try and get a discharge because he is not able to stand soldiering. He looks very bad. I see men that are to be pittied by any one that has any feeling about them. There are thousands of men who are too old and also boys who are too young to do soldiering. I think Maggie must be putting you through this winter, if you are going to get through the arithmetic. I see Yarion boys most every day. I guess they think it is fun yet, but they will change their mind shortly after the first fight.

Well, Thomas, I do not know how to fill this sheet, so I will have to tell you about some more of the Kentucky style. One day I saw a nigger have a stag and a heifer hitched up together. The nigger was on the heifer and had a mule on the lead, and with a single line on him. They drive all of their oxen with a line or ride them. Their lines are made of rope. There are more regiments crossing the bridge this morning. The 13th. Ohio is on the bridge now. Hank Stevens and John Ward are in it.

No more at present,

From your brother,

A. S. Bloomfield.

Feb, 21, 1862.

Respected Sister:-

I received your letter last Sunday but have not had time to answer until now. We were ordered to cook four days rations on the 13th. of this month. After we got them cooked we got orders to march, and then it was after four o'clock in the afternoon and we got started about dark. There were seven batteries and all started, but where to no one knew. It commenced to rain at dark and after an hour or two of rain it began to snow. It blew and snowed quite hard all night. We halted at one o'clock and built a fire at one side of the road. There we stood and shivered through the night. Next day we started again and by night we had reached about seven miles on the other side of Bacon Creek and halted for the night. It was very cold but we built fires and lay down for the night. At midnight an order came to halt for further orders. We learned by this time that our destination was the Cumberland river and that we were going to surround the forces at Bowling Green. There was about thirty thousand infantry with us. We were going on boats from West Point which is at the mouth of Salt river. But before night we heard that the rebels had evacuated Bowling Green and at three o'clock in the afternoon we received orders to go back to Camp Wood early Sunday morning. We halted for a few hours and then crossed Green river, pitched our tents and stayed over two nights and on Tuesday morning we started again and went ten miles on the road to Bowling Green, and encamped on ground where there had been a large rebel camp. The boys were busy gathering up the old letters they had thrown away. We found the General's order of the rebels ordering that brigade up to Green river. That attack the Germans.

The next day it rained all day so hard that we did not march that day but the next morning we started early and marched to a river the other side of Bells' Tavern, and went into camp.

Today we are resting our horses. The roads beat all that I ever saw. Our men are laying the railroad track where the rebels tore it up. We have fifty rebel prisoners at work cleaning out the tunnel. They have burned several buildings around here and they have been in camping on almost every farm.

General Mitchel's division has possession of Bowling Green. We cannot go there until the roads are repaired. I think we will be in Nashville before ten days. We have heard all about the victory at Fort. Donaldson. It was a bloody battle but our men proved to be of good metal every time.

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We though we were going to get a shot at old Buckner but the old rebel played us the slip and who we are going to pitch in now is more than I can tell. The 64th and 65th Ohio are in Camp Wood. I saw Abe Harry and others from Marlboro. The 13th. Ohio is in front of us. There are some in it that I know. I do not know when I will get a chance to write again because it is impossible to write when we are marching.

We are beginning to know what soldiering is. It is a wonder that there is a well man in the battery. It has been the severest weather for the last ten days that we have had in this state. We are twenty-two miles from Bowling Green. I do not know when this will go. No more at present. Write soon.

From your brother,

A. S. Bloomfield.

IN CAMP AT BOWLING GREEN.

Feb, 24th, 1862.

Respected Sister:-

I received your welcome letter last Saturday and was glad to hear that all was well at home. We have been marching again. We started Sunday morning about three o'clock and got to Big Barren river at noon and went into camp opposite. Bowling Green. The long expected march has been made. The town is about the size of Marlboro, but the houses are much larger and better and are scattered over a much larger territory. You were saying that Mother had ventured to take a sleigh rider, surprised me very much. I think something wonderful will happen soon. Possibly the war is coming to an end. I am glad to hear that Mary is putting Morg through. You will hear a great deal about Bowling Green and its fortifications. It is very well fortified if I am any judge. There is one hill on this side that is fortified, and four on the opposite. I think it would have been almost impossible to have taken it if the attack had been from this way, because we would have had to go right up in front of one strong hold while they could have given us a heavy cross fire from two hills on the right and one on the left. But Buckner saw that they were going to surround them so he retreated to Fort Donaldson. We could easily have taken it from the rear. When General Mitchel came down he came in on double quick and took possession of the fortifications on this side. The rebels were leaving as fast as possible. They had all crossed the river, and had taken all their guns with them. They were preparing to take the engines and cars off, in fact they got started, but Mitchel fired a cannon ball in the foremost engine bursting the boiler, so they had to take to the heels, leaving seven engines with cars loaded with flour, bacon etc. They never fired a shot at our men. Mitchel is on his way to Nashville now. The report is in camp that the Governors of Tennessee and South Carolina have ordered their men to lay down their arms. The rebels destroyed the railroad and turn pike bridge. They were both large structures. It has been very difficult to get provision here until within the last few days. The river is very high now and nine boat loads of provisions have come up the river today. We were ordered about two hours ago to be ready to march at any time. We have every thing packed but our tents. We are to cross the river to night or tomorrow, and the

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current belief is that we are going to Nashville. We hear that the rebels are going to make a stand about twenty miles south of there. If that is so we will be apt to give them a warm reception in about ten days. It is very doubtful in my mind that they will have the face to make the stand any where after running away from such fortifications as those here. It is estimated that it would take five hundred men, one year to have built those earth works. Old Buckner is gone and I do not know who is going to get in our way now. I guess secession is on its last legs now. What do you think about it? The first four miles of the country between here and Green river, is hilly rocky, and of but little account. From this on to Cave City about six miles the land is in ridges. The land between the ridges being very good. From Cave City to Bell's Tavern a distance of ten miles, is some better, but the houses and barns are of a coarse kind. From here to Bowling Green, twenty-two miles is very nice country. Especially the land around Bowling Green. There are good houses, and the land seem to be owned by rich men, and lays in very large farms. I see from ten to thirty slaves work on most of them. I think we are going to have some nice weather now. The frogs are making the air ring with their notes. We are in company with seven batteries. Write soon, I do not know when I will have a chance to write again.

From your brother,

A. S. Bloomfield.

IN CAMP 3 MILES SOUTH
OF NASHVILLE, TENN.March, 4th, 1862.

Respected Father:-

It has been some time since I have written to you owing to the march we have been on for the last ten days. I think the last time I wrote we were at Bowling Green, but on the 26th. there were several and I think all of the brigades were ordered to Nashville on a forced march. The batteries could not go any faster than the infantries so we had rather a better time than the infantry. We had a slow and hard time crossing the river at Bowling Green. We ferried our battery across on a flat boat and it took one-half of the day to do it. Before we got away they had three steamers up side by side and fixed so they could drive with artillery.

The first day we did not get across, but on the 27th. we crossed and started for Nashville a little before noon, where we arrived last Saturday. We went into camp on the north side of the City. We crossed the Cumberland river Sunday and came to where we are now in camp. I did not get to see very much of the City. Our provisions are all shipped to this point.

There were lots of steamers laying at Nashville. General Mitchel has two steamers here. I had the pleasure of seeing the gun boats. There were three lying around the City for several days. The rebels destroyed the pike and railroad bridges. Both were very nice structures. The pike bridge was a suspension bridge. I expect you would like to hear something concerning the rebel army. But you know that it is calculated shall not know any thing. I heard that the rebels have all gone into Alabama and that they are going to make a stand there. But if all the reports that I have heard are true, that is that they have evacuated Manassus and Columbus. I heard this morning that Price and a large number of prisoners had been taken. If all of these reports are true I think their army is so demoralized that they cannot make a stand anywhere. There are lots of deserters coming into our camp every day. Now, if the army on the Potomac would make an advance of over one hundred miles where would they be. I think they would be leaving Virginia about like they have left Kentucky and Tennessee. I have no idea how long they are going to stay here. Some say we are going to march to Alabama soon so as not to let them have time to fortify.

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We are getting a very large force here. They are shipping them on boats here from Louisville. General Boiles division has come into this. They were at Bowling Green when we left.

I have seen all of the boys in the 19th. but two or three and they were left back in the hospital. They have seen very hard times since they started out. Henry Robinstine says he has gotten an answer to his letter that he sent to you. A short description of the country that we have passed through may interest you. I was not much set up with the appearances of Kentucky until after we left Green river. There was some very nice country through that part of the state. But from Bowling Green to the Tennessee line was some of the nicest line that I most ever saw. It is very thinly populated and looks as if the plantations consisted of one and two thousand acres. They have very fine houses as a general thing. Most of them have left the country. The first twenty-five miles after we crossed the Tenn. Line was of rather an inferior kind of land. The first fifteen miles was level but seemed to be very poor. The soil is a white sandy one. The next ten miles was across a ridge of hills that come close onto the mountains. The rest of the way to Nashville is said to be the garden of this state. There is a very fine road to travel on and there are fine farms and houses.

On the first of this month, that is the day we got here, we marched about twenty miles and on nearly every farm there was from one to four plows going. There are thousands of acres plowed. I also saw considerable garden made. It rained very hard Sunday, cleared up from the north and got cold. It froze a little last night and night before. I guess you had better direct the next letter to Nashville Tenn, by way of Louisville, Ky.

Will you please send me a few postage stamps as I am most out of them and they are hard to get here. Do not get me more than a quarters worth at a time for it is doubtful if we get all of our mail. Write soon and tell what you think about the war and how soon it is going to be wound up.

No more at present,

From your son,

A. S. Bloomfield.

CAMP THREE MILES SOUTH

ANDREW JOHNSON.

OF NASHVILLE, TENN.

March, 8th, 1862.

Respected Sister:-

I received your letter the 23rd. of Feb, and was glad to hear that our folks were all well, and that you think that the army has been at work for the last month, which no one will doubt, that has seen the movements. No difference whether they have had a fight or not the marches have been performed. This division has outwitted the rebels and now we have made an advance of over one hundred miles without firing a shot. Can the next one hundred miles be gained as easy? I fear not as we are getting into such close quarters that the rebels must fight or surrender. You said that you had heard that our Captain had been discharged. He has been deprived of his command for more than two months. We are all very anxious that he shall get his command restored. If we had gotten into any engagement he was to take command. Every boy in the battery say they will n ever fight under any other Captain. If the xxxxxx Government gives him a higher office we will be satisfied. There has been some talk in the company that he is to be promoted. Captain has been sick ever since he came to Nashville. We got two months pay today and most of the boys seem in better cheer. We are getting tired of camp life and we will be glad when we get our little discharge. I do not want any of you to borrow trouble about me for I am one of those people that do not get home sick, but there are lots of the boys that would like this war to dry up. I cannot see how it can last many months now. Some are talking about how long we are to stay here, and they agree about as well as they generally do about such things and I have come to the conclusion that we do not know any thing about it.

I am thinking that you and the rest had a gay time the night you went to Baltimore. Honkel's battery has gone on another road to our left and I do not know when we will get to see them again. The 19th. Ohio were at Bowling Green when we left and I do not know as they have come up yet. I tell you it makes one think of home when we get with some one we know. There seems to be a regular time down at old Elic's straightening up all affairs. Gen. Garfield's division is coming to this point. We are to have an inspection tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. Tell Father I would like to hear from him. No more at present. From your brother,

A. S. Bloomfield.

CAMP ANDREW JOHNSON.

March, 9th, 1862.

Respected Father:-

I received your welcome letter this evening which contains very much good and interesting news. I wrote to Celestine yesterday so I will not finish this until tomorrow night. Charley and Lewis are going into the sugar business pretty strong but I do not begrudge them the pleasure that they will have. I think it will be next to soldiering.

The health of the boys is good as a general thing. There was some excitement in camp today for the first time since coming into this state. About four o'clock some of the Texas Rangers fired into our pickets and drove them in. I did not hear anything of the firing before day light, but just after day break I heard quite a brisk firing that lasted about twenty minutes then there were several regiments sent out and the skirmishing commenced again a few moments after sun up and lasted until about ten o'clock. There were several hundred shots exchanged and the pickets say there was more firing before daylight than after. Several of our men were wounded. I cannot say how many there were for I only saw four. Our boys say they killed seven early in the skirmish and had the bodies collected in a pile, besides there were several wounded prisoners. Several were killed in the latter part of the skirmish. They got a rebel officer as a prisoner. They must have killed more than fifteen. We expect more trouble tonight. We had our horses harnessed and hitched to our pieces all ready for a hearty reception of the rebels.

I do not know but what we would have felt some better order if they had waited until we had gotten our breakfast.

Monday afternoon, March, 10th.

Everything was quite last night below but there was an awful racket kept up in the heavens and no small quantity of rain fell, but it has cleared up very pleasant and it looks as if spring was here. There was as cold a snap the first of this month as there has been in this state this winter. General Boiles division are crossing the river today.

You recollect several months ago I wrote you that there was trouble about our Captain. He has been deprived of his command ever since with little hopes of his ever getting it again. The question that would arise as to what was the cause of his losing his command. Soon after we came into Camp Wood there

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were six or eight other batteries came there and it was necessary that there should be a chief over all the batteries, and the man appointed was the Captain of the battery of regulars. His men were all dutch, Irish, French, and as hard a lot of men as ever were together. As you know no other kind of men enlist in the regular service, and they have to be very strict with them or they would not be worth any thing. This Captain's name is Terrill. He was in the fight at Bull's Run and lost every gun and all of his men but two. One a Lieut. And the other a private. He came up to our quarters and gave Captain a lot of orders that were of no use to an intelligent company. It made Captain mad and he turned his back and said he would not do any such a thing, that he knew how to take care of his property placed in his hands and that his batter was made up of intelligent men, and more, that he would never make slaves of them. Terrill arrested him, had him court martialled, but has not gotten a decision on it yet. Captain was not one of those men to forsake his men so he went to General McCook and got permission to ride on his horse with the baggage wagons as a train master. This battery has seen its best days if they do not give him his command. The evening after he was arrested he made a speech to the boys, what had happened and that we might have to fight under another Captain. That we should be sure and sell our lives as dearly as possible and that for his sake to respect our officers, but never be made slaves by them. The men all felt very bad about it and quite a number shed tears. Today brings more bad news for the boys. It is that Captain Hinckel Captain Bush and one more had resigned with some of their Lieuts. And worst of all three of our Lieuts. and the other will as soon as he hears of it, as he is in the hospital. It is all owing to the rigid discipline they have been placed under. If this is the way the volunteers are to be used I guess they will know it when they get the boys to enlist again.

You speak about how this war is to be settled. I am like you I am afraid it will not be done satisfactory to but a small portion of the ones that have offered their lives to put it down. I have thought I could see it working that way for the last month. You seem to think that the war will be over in two months. I cannot believe that it will last any longer. I think the Mississippi will be cleared out as well as Richmond before this month is gone.

The rebels left a great amount of property in Nashville when they left it, consisting of beef, pork, crackers, flour and some ammunication.

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Some say it is worth two million dollars. The suspension bridge here that was cut down belonged principally to General Zollicoffer. He had \$150,000.00 in it. They also burned his houses and have left his family poor. This is the way they treat their best friends. Probably they are taking their revenge on his property because he was so unlucky as to get killed in battle.

I hear cannonading to our left. It may be in Mitchel's division.

We learn this evening that Manassus has been taken and the hills of old Tennessee resound with loud cheers of the soldiers.

Tuesday morning, March, 11th.

This is a very pleasant spring morning. Every thing is quiet in our battery. Between four and five this morning there was a brisk firing among the pickets. I have not heard what the result is.

No more at present.

From your son,

A. S. Bloomfield.

CAMP MERCHANT TENN.

March, 18th, 1862.

Respected Father:-

I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines to let you know where I am now as you will be sure to hear of the move of this division. We started from Nashville last Sunday morning in General Johnson's brigade and have marched two days and are now eight miles from Columbia, and five miles south of Spring hill. From what I can learn we are on our way to Decatur Alabama. We have halted two days for the reason that the bridge over Duck is burning. There was one regiment of cavalry ahead of us and they were so close on to the rebels as they retreated that they saw some of them and almost saved the bridge. We will have to wait until the bridge is done, for the river is a sluggish stream and cannot be forded on account of the mud. We may march down to the river tomorrow but we cannot cross this week.

We learn in camp today that a force is coming up the Tennessee river and have taken possession of Decatur. I think it is General Grant. If that is so we will have them surrounded, and from what I can learn there are only twenty thousand of the rebels. We are under General Hallock now, or rather in his division. General Buel's division is on the left. General Mitchel is on another road east of this division only eight miles, and there is a large force to our right. From what I can learn there is about one hundred and seventy thousand in these four divisions, and they are all after a poor miserable reckless, undisciplined, poorly armed cowardly, insignificant little army of less than twenty five thousand. Will we whip them? Will they stand us a fight? Will they run or surrender? All of these questions can be answered before many days. There are all sorts of rumors in camp. One is going the rounds that our forces have possession of Richmond. It is certainly not an impossibility and the citizens say down here that old Jeff and some more of his best friends have run off with all the specie they could get.

They are say they are whipped. There are deserters coming into camp every day besides prisoners are very easy to get. I think this thing will be brought to a close soon.

General McCook says we will never go any farther than Decatur. And if we do not get a fight before we get there at that place we will never see any fighting, and worse than all, chief of artillery, that is old Terrill, says that all volunteer artillery will be discharged before four weeks.

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All the batteries have been filled up with infantry. They are transferred for thirty days. Captain has gone to Washington City. One of our Lieut. has resigned and he got an honorable discharge. It was Lieut. Pinney. He lives in Ravenna.

There was one of our men died in the hospital at Nashville. He was a married man and lived in Charleston. He has a brother in our company yet. The most of the boys are in very good health at present. This is a very nice country down here.

We have at last gotten in the land of cotton. There are plenty of plantations that have over one hundred niggers on them. I saw peach trees out in bloom on the 15th. of this month.

I see a great many nice fields of wheat in this state. We have not had any mail for ten or twelve days. We expect one tomorrow.

Write as soon as convenient.

From your son,

A. S. Bloomfield.

ON RIGHT BANK OF DUCK
RIVER, OPPOSITE OF THE
TOWN COLUMBIA.

Mch, 27, 1862.

Respected Sister:-

I received your letter yesterday and read it with much pleasure. We have not received much mail for the last two weeks. Received a large one yesterday. I suppose that maple sure is all the go out home now. and a slow go there must be if there is no one to tend to it but Thomas. For that has been the way sugar making has been carried on for the last four years.

I guess that Lewis will know how soldiering goes by the time he gets done making sugar if he only had the hard bread, fat meat and coffee and nothing else to eat. We are about forty five or fifty miles south of Nashville. I cannot say how far we are from the south line of the state but not a great ways.

We have been in this camp ever since the 21st. and how long we are to stay I cannot say. There is no way to cross the river until the bridge is finished. It is about three hundred feet in length. The rebels have burned all the bridges on this river to prevent the progress of our army. There is a report in camp that a force has come up the Tennessee river and gotten in the rear of the rebels and cut off their retreat into Alabama. They are variously estimated at from twenty five to fifty thousand and that they are going to give us one more fight but I guess they will conclude the old way of fighting is the best, that is running and burning all they leave behind.

I cannot see how they can have the face to make a stand any where after evacuating such a place as Manassus and Bowling Green and a great many more of nearly as much importance; besides they got nicely flogged at Fort Donaldson, Fort Henry, Roanoke Island, Mill Springs, Bee Ridge and quite a number more that I could mention. Without any doubt Richmond and New Orleans are taken before this time. From what I have heard of the fight Pea Ridge the rebels showed their bravery most in that fight of any, yet they fought three days and were not in a fort.

The citizens down here are very much astonished at the treatment they receive from us. They say we use them better than the rebels did.

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We are encamped on the right hand side of the turn pike in a very nice grove. It has been very pleasant weather for the last few days. Some warmer than in Ohio, for if you were here today you would see the men laying around in the shade of the trees and wagons. The buds of the forest trees are beginning to look as though they were going to leaf soon.

The 19th. Ohio were in camp three days near our battery when we were at Bowling Green. I have not seen any thing of them since. They crossed the river at Nashville a few days after we did and went out on the pike that took to the left of the one we were on. From what I can learn they are on this road now and that all of the troops are coming on this pike to cross the river. Some of the boys think we will be discharged before a great while. There is some excitement in camp about volunteering in the regular service. I hear that there are a great many going and I learn that one regiment that all volunteered but one, to go as regulars. If these things are so the volunteers will be discharged soon.

Friday, March, 28th.

I put off finishing this letter until this morning to see if I could not fill this page with news, but I cannot say that I have any yet. Many of the boys think now that we will be at home by the 4th of July. What do the people think about it up in America? I guess the troops will begin to cross the river by Sunday. No more at present.

From your brother,

A. S. Bloomfield.

CAMP STANTON, COLUMBIA, TENN.

Mach, 31st, 1862.

Respected Brother:-

I received two letters from home yesterday and was glad to know that you was all well. I must make this letter answer both as I do not know how soon we will move. We have orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. I think we will go by tomorrow noo sure, and before one week I will venture to say we will be at the Tennessee river, and if there are any rebels there they will get cleaned out, as old Heller said.

Last Saturday Gen. Nelson's division crossed the river. There are sixteen thousand of them with three batteries of artillery. Honckels was one. I saw Yarians' boys. Eli had the jaundice but is getting along fine. All of these troops had to ford the river. The bridge will not be done for a day or so.

The river is a very nice one to ford. It was fun to see the men jump into the water. All of them would take off the greater part of their clothing. Some all of them. Yesterday there was another division crossed the same way. The 19th. took the lead. I saw most of the boys that are along.

Collins is in the hospital. They left William Fulton back on this march. He is sick. They said that Cooper Woods got a discharge that morning, and also Billy Saint. Won't Bub sing loud about next Sunday at meeting? I will bet it will be amusing to hear him blow about soldiering. There are troops crossing this morning. I think we are to be the last division to cross because we have to finish the bridge.

The water is about waist deep where the ford is. It has been very pleasant down here. The pasture is up so that the cattle can feed. The woods are looking green and the poplar leaves are about the size of peach leaves.

I guess I must make on sheet do this time. There was a great deal of news in your letters. We will talk these things all over some time next summer if everything works right.

I cannot see how this war can last sixty days longer. There are several of the Generals trying to get Capt. Cotter back to his battery. I hope to God they have success. The Generals know what kind of metal he is made of and you need not trouble yourself about me or any one else that is in this battery for let come what will we are determined to make the best of it. I expect to write soon again. Write as often as convenient.

Your brother,

A. S. Bloomfield.

IN CAMP ON THE BATTLE
FIELD AT SHILO, AT
PITTSBURG LANDING, TENN.

April, 15, 1862.

Respected Sister:-

I received your welcome letter yesterday, which was dated on the 4th. of April. I was glad to learn that you and the rest of the folks were all well. I should like very much to have seen Newell. I had been listening for the news that Susan Dilley was married. Well Celestine, it has been two weeks since I have written home and I expect you and the rest of our folks are getting uneasy by this time. We were ordered to march about one hour after I sealed the last letter I wrote and marched every day until we got here. on Sunday morning the 6th. we were sixteen miles from Savannah and Pittsburg Landing is ten miles up the river. Sunday morning before we started we heard the cannons roaring and in a few orders we got orders to go along as fast as possible. When within three miles of Savannah, we halted fed our horses and rested and then went down to the river to take the boat, leaving every thing back but one blanket, canteen and haversack. It was dark before we got to the river and we lay on the stream all night, through a hard drenching rain. We were kept back to give the infantry a chance to go. The gun boats kept up firing every fifteen minutes all night. While laying here there was a boat load of six hundred wounded came to the hospital and orders were given to prepare for six thousand more. These men were wounded in every conceivable way that one could imagine. Well we got loaded by nine o'clock and went up to the Landing a distance of ten miles, unloaded and got up on the bank a few minutes before twelve. This was just in the hottest part of the fight. Such roaring of musketry was never heard before on this continent and the booming of the cannon, well it was indiscrivable.

The rebels were beginning to retreat. As luck would have it we had a good officer to take us out. Our old chief of artillery. Gillman. We all felt right when he rode up and asked us if we were ready for the fight. We tried for some time to get a position but did not get it. There were some cannon balls came rather close to our heads to sound very pleasant to our ear. Two of our boys got bullet holes through their clothes and one got shot in one of his fingers. This is the only one wounded in our battery. Honckels battery was not in the fight. The

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19th. was in all day Monday. There were several killed but none that I am acquainted with. Arthur Davis was wounded but not bad. There is a boy that lived near Baltimore by the name of Wheeler who go one leg shot off. They lost their Major early in the fight in the morning. Captian Terrill that we hated so fought bravely. He silenced two of the best batteries the rebels after having some of his men killed. He and his Lieut. Took a post of their guns. I saw Web. Bissel yesterday.

There is a very large force here now. Near two hundred thousand. The rebels are fortifying at Corinth a distance of twenty miles from this point. I heard this morning that they are evacuating that place. I guess they found out that our men were getting them surrounded. We are on the west bank of the Tennessee river, six miles from the Mississippi line and ten from the Alabama. There is one division moving today. I have no knowledge as to when we are going to move. We are in Gen. Johnson's brigade, and I think we are going to remain there.

There is some prospect of his giving back our old Captain again. Every boy in the battery have seen the time they would give more to shoot him than any man living. You will without doubt get a better discription of this battle out of the papers than I will be able to give. The battle field is seven miles long and five wide. Some of the ground was fought over three times. On Sunday our men were all whipped and if it had not been for Buel's army the would have been chased into the river. You can get all of the particulars about the reinforcements out of the papers. We were not allowed to send any mail for ten days after the battle, or I should have written sooner.

I have seen the sight of the largest battle field on the continent to my satisfaction. The greater portion of the men lay unburied for over five days, and some are not burried yet. They buried our men first and then came the rebels time.

I cannot say how many were killed on either side as I have not seen the official report. Every log house, stable wood shed and corn crib was filled with wounded and dead for miles in all directions, and there were a great many of the wounded that lay on the field from Sunday until Wednesday without any care. It was cool all week and rained every day. We have not seen a tent yet. I shall not say anything about what we have to endure for it is very little when compared with what the wounded have endured on this field. I guess you can believe all you hear with safety, for I consider it indescribable to one that has been it. Without doubt this is the hardest battle that will be fought. I think they are nearly cornered now. They lost one of their best officers and another lost his arm. I have never thought that we would get home before the fourth of July.

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Old Beauregard said he would water his horse in the Tennessee river or Hell. I saw his horse taken on board of the steamer he came up on. I think you had better direct your next letter to Louisville, Ky, in the care of Captain Cotter's battery General Buel's division, General Johnson's brigade.

There are some of the Randolph boys home on furlough that were left at Nashville sick. No more at present.

Write soon. Tell Father I would like to hear from him, although I know he and Thomas to do not feel much like writing after doing a days work.

From your brother,

A. S. Bloomfield.