

Camp on the road to Harrisonburg Va.

14 miles from Newmarket.

My very dear wife,

May 4<sup>th</sup> 1862.

When I wrote to you last, some 4 or 5 days ago, I had been unwell, I had the diarrhoea pretty bad for about a week which run me almost down, but was getting about over it when night before last orders came at one o'clock in the night to move at 8 the next morning. I had not yet gone to sleep when the orders came and of course got none at all that night, we packed up every thing, and started on the hike, it was pretty warm, but I stowed it pretty well for 8 or 10 miles where I began to give out, Dr. Hood my very good friend was up and tendered me his horse as before which was quite acceptable. I do assure you, we stopped a few minutes by the way at noon, and Johnston went to house near by and got some buttermilk. It was not a very choice article but I laid in a good supply it kept me from getting thirsty, and I drank water only once on the way which is much the better plan, that was at one of the boiling springs which are found occasionally in this valley. It gushes up out of the ground strong enough almost to turn a small mill, it was the most pleasant flavoured water I ever tasted, the taste was quite peculiar, a little before sundown we turned into a field to encamp, and pretty soon our teams came up, with our tents and we were here then up and ready for living again, I was as the boys say "up the spout." i.e. was given out, my knees were jumbled up, and one of

them was so sore and stiff I could not bend it" with great pain.  
our boy Gurgu, a black contraband soon got supper and being ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~starving~~  
hungry I ate a very hearty supper, Solomon prepared the bed, and I  
soon became insensible of all sublunary things wrapped in "tree nature's  
sweet restorer, balmy sleep," which I enjoyed most heartily I tell you.  
got up this morning took a cup of coffee, and felt first rate, my knees  
entirely well and free from stiffness and pain, which was, I suppose,  
caused by walking on the solar Turnpike. I took a good bath, put on  
clean under clothes and feel like a new man, right glad we got "out  
of the wilderness," where we had been before, it was a nasty place, we are  
now in a nice clover field close to the road. It is Sunday and a most  
beautiful May morning, the most so of any I have experienced since I came  
into Virginia, the fruit trees are just coming into full bloom which  
fills the air with their aroma, the birds are singing among the branches  
and all nature seems to be wearing a new aspect, and every body is  
full of cheerfulness and smiles save the rebels, whose infamously cruel  
~~cause~~ looks as though it was on its last legs.

Oh, how are you all this beautiful morning? are you at home? or have you  
gone to Pennsylvania? has our dear little Christ got well yet? how is  
your health? my dearest wife I do hope it is well with you, I am now  
entirely well and in good spirits. The most so that I have been since I  
came out, I have had a pretty hard time of it so far, and had to put  
up with so much inconvenience that for a while I got almost  
discouraged, I expect some of my previous letters were rather gloomy  
affairs. it was no wonder, but things are much improved now,  
having been to carry our baggage along with us makes a world



of difference, it is so much better, I dont know what our Col. would  
have been thinking about. I told you in a previous letter I believe how  
we came to get them. Just before starting day before yesterday  
I wrote a long letter to your grand father Mr. Allison, I hope he will  
get it, but I was so unwell I could hardly write at all, and did  
not make it as interesting as I might have done. I had received  
your letter of the 20<sup>th</sup> & 21<sup>st</sup> informing me of your receipt of my money,  
which was a relief indeed, for I was afraid you would allow suffer  
for the need of some. I dont think you kept enough out for your own  
use, but we will probably be paid off again in a few weeks, our pay  
rolls have been made out and sent on to be filed up, preparing to  
being paid. I would like very much indeed to be with you at Church  
day, but dont accord myself to think of it much, I am determined to go  
ahead and see it through now, if it dont last too long. I hope you dont  
will fear up on our temporary bereavement like a true hurricane as  
I know you to be, and when it is all over and I am, through kind  
Providence, permitted to return to you, our joy and enjoyment will be  
all the sweeter for our trials and hardships. Oh our dear people in  
Ohio know nothing of effects of this war, it is not like where it is brought right  
to their own doors, as it is here, and I sometimes almost wish that some  
of our home secesh could have it so far awhile, it would open their  
eyes. we are occasionally undergoing some changes here, our brigade  
is now under command of Brig. Genl. V. S. Ferry, a Vermontian,  
Shields is still in command of the Division, when you write say  
Shields' Division, 2<sup>nd</sup> Brigade &c, via of Winchester, or via Murfreesboro  
will do, I am sorry you didnt get my Winchester letter.



I hope you may all have a splendid good visit to Pennsylvania. I know it will be good for you. I want you to become a big fat woman by the time I come. you know my preference for tolerably fat women. Fiza will be a bonny fat little girl. walking and perhaps talking by that time. she will be so interesting. the little dear. The boys are mostly well. except some of the older ones. whom I am trying to get discharged. I have discharge papers made out for 7 of them. they will be home I think during this month.

We are now in Rockingham county. within 5 miles from Harrisonburg - the county seat. we will probably soon join Fremont's forces. at Staunton we are only 25 miles from there now. but how soon we will reach it. is of course unknown. you will get the account of our movements in the Whelpling paper.

Now I must close. I can think of nothing new here that would be interesting to you. we are very much ~~circumstances~~ circumscribed in our operations - we can know but little except what transpires in our own regiment - or listen to camp stories which are never reliable and I never pay any attention to them. we occasionally get a Baltimore paper when it is a week old. we generally get the Guernsey Times and Jeffersonian the latter is scarcely ever read. they use them for wrapping paper. Now adieu my kind, affectionate and ever dear wife write often. Remind me to Mother and Fiza and receive dear for yourself the warmest assurances of my devotion and affection from your faithful husband & soldier <sup>Wm. G. B. B. B.</sup>