

Winchester Jan 25th [1862]

Dear Sister,

I received your letter dated the 21st. today and as I have nothing to do, will answer it.

We left Romney on the 23rd. and marched 23 miles to Cacapon Bridge, where we halted for the night; by day the next morning we were again on the road and marched to this place a distance of 21 miles, so in the last two days we have gone forty miles, the longest and most disagreeable marches we have made since we came in the service.

The day before I left Romney I wrote you a short note, but fear you will not receive it as the mail between this place and that is so irregular, in which I gave you an account of the disposition of the troops for the winter. Garnett's brigade goes into quarters near this place, Loving's, Anderson's and the other northwestern troops at and around Romney,

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Gen. Carsons (militia) at Morefield, a small town above Romney, Gen. Mercer's (militia) at Martinsburg, the cavalry at different points on the border, and the Liberty Hall Volunteers near Headquarters in Winchester. So at last the army of Jackson is in winter quarters, the very last of the southern troops to get in though, but better late than never.

Our company are in tents just now, until a house can be prepared. Yesterday evening finding that we would have to put up tents and feeling very tired, (as of course I would be) and the greater part of the occupants of my tents being sick, and looking a great deal like snowing, I concluded I would try and get into a house in which I succeeded, and very glad I did as the ground is covered about two inches with snow this morning. Loring's army is very much dissatisfied with being left at Romney and I cannot

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blame them, as of all the miserable holes in creation Romney takes the lead.

But as I promised to give you an account of the whole trip why not begin at the beginning. After getting back from the dam expedition at Martinsburg, of which I gave you an account, our brigade was quartered about four miles from Winchester, after staying there one day our company was ordered to report at headquarters, we staid there four days until Loring's troops got in when we were ordered, on New Years day, to take the Romney road, we went on the Romney road until we came to the Cross Roads, where we took the road to Bath the County Seat of Morgan, here we joined the regiment again when we got to Bath (the militia having let the Yankees slip through) our company was again detached from the regiment and put in charge of 25 or 26 prisoners, we were quartered in the Court House and had a very pleasant time as we could take a warm bath when

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ever we pleased, for the Berkley Springs are situated there, which are owned by Strother, the father of Poste Crayon. As Poste is an engineer in Gen. Banks army his property was taken by the soldiers or in the military term - pressed - and as the pressing was general I allowed I pressed some thing myself and have some very pretty pictures and other things which I got out of Postes study. Bath is a very pretty place, though small it contains some very elegant buildings, the houses around the Springs are very fine and large. To give you an idea of the size of one of the Springs buildings, they quartered all of Jacksons brigade containing five regiments and then was plenty of room too. Whilst at

Bath Jackson tore down the Cacapon Bridge and threw a few shells into Hancock, a small town on the Maryland side of the river. After knocking around there for a day or so we came back to the CrossRoads in charge of the prisoners, when

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at the Cross Roads we again joined the regiment and marched to Blooming, a small village in the Romney road. We staid there all night and the next morning went to the town and took our pick of the houses, if indeed there was any choice as all are too filthy for decent men to stay in, and I stayed there some time, expecting every day to have to move to the river to capture the Yankees who were reported to be at Pattersons Creek on this side of the Potomac but they had planked the railroad bridge and had managed to get away, which was a great pity for if ever men deserved to be hung it was this band of cut throats. There are not less than fifty or sixty

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houses burnt around Romney and cattle, hogs and horses shot down and left lying. One man was shot whilst making shoes in his house and the house burnt over him, although his wife and children begged the dogs to allow them to take his body out of the house before they burnt it; and a poor old woman who lived near Romney had her home burnt down and when she asked them to allow her to save some of the things they told her to take out whatever she pleased, she took out some bedding and an old clock, after the house was burnt they set fire to the things which she had taken out and burnt them too.

Hampshire County is just a wilderness now, you see only ashes where a few weeks ago beautiful houses stood. The rest I have already told you and now as I have given you all the particulars I will give Ma a history of

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my clothes. Briefly in the first place I am getting rather bad off for a coat as this one is burnt and worn out together but am in no hurry for one, if she thinks proper I can get one made here or she can have one made and sent to me. One pair of my pants are burnt a little at the foot but I can wear my pants in my boots every day and put on my new pants on Sundays, so I can do very well in that line, as for shirts when at Romney I got so dirty not having changed for three weeks as my baggage was left at Winchester, I bought a change of under clothes, shirt, drawers and stockings, so I am pretty well off except the coat. My boots needed a half sole so I got a shoemaker to put one on but this morning I see that they are burnt a little at the side but I will have a patch put on that so I can get along very well. Ah! I forgot my hat, well

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you can tell cousin John I say he cheated me in that as I wore it out in less than three weeks, but I got myself a very good cap which does very well. But you can send me a blanket or something of that kind. I don't know either, as we are going into a house, whether or not I will need one but I can write you. You think, I reckon, that is about enough in the clothes line so I will stop.

About sixteen of our company are on sick list. John Lightener has the pneumonia very badly, has been delirious over a week, do not think that he will get over it, none of the rest are seriously sick. If you can find out any of Mrs Burgess kin and write their names probably I can find them, but as the place is rather large I do not know. I was

surprised at finding so large a place. It has about eight or ten thousand inhabitants.

[Added in the upper corner on Page 5]

I reckon this is about enough for the present.

Good bye,

Ted.

Excuse that blot as I have not a very good pen.