

From the Manchester Journal  
A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER.  
From an Irishman in the Castleton Com-  
pany of the 2d Vt. Regiment:  
Bosh Hill, Feb '61, Co. J  
July 25, 1861.

DEAR FRIEND PATRICK.—I received your letter last night with the greatest pleasure. It is the first word I have had from any of my old friends since I have been here; and anything that comes from Vermont seems worth more to me than the whole Southern States. Patrick, you asked me if I was in that fight. Oh, yes indeed I was, and God only knows what a fight we had to; it was one of the hardest battles ever fought. It was a very hot day, and we were very much fatigued on so long a march, but we fought very brave, but all in vain. There were only 20,000 of our men, and they had about 60,000, and was fresh and hid in the woods, and had 45 feet cannon behind heavy breastworks. We only had 20 pieces of cannon, and in an open field, and after we got out of ammunition we were forced to retreat for our lives, and left them in possession of the field, and as the dead-savages railed on us they ran our wounded men through with their bayonets, and burned an old house where there was a good many of our wounded, caused to have their wounds dressed. They took all of the advantage they could. They raised the stars and stripes once, and we thought they were going to give up, but when we got close up to them they drew it down and raised their A—!—!—! palmets, then opened upon us with a volley of grape which killed about 200 of the Michigan First Regiment and then run into the woods. They took every way to whip us, but we killed more of them men, yes 3 times as many. They tried to surround us, but did not succeed. They made an attack on us as we returned. In these long woods they had a company of 600 black horses; it is called the black horse cavalry; we killed a good part of them, and the rest was glad to retreat and leave us. I wish you had been here to have picked up some of the swords and revolvers and ifals. I picked up as many as I could carry, but we had to cross over a bridge, and there they had some cannon that was worked by the infernal black Niggers, and weakened the bridge, and it broke down with us and we lost our cannon in the stream, and I was forced to drop my load of stuff. They killed about 600 men in all. So the bridge we lost our tents, and every thing we had only what we had on our backs, and we marched all that night and the next day till noon. It commenced to rain the next morning, and we were as wet as a drowned rat; our feet was a soiled blister and we was so lame and tired that I could have down by the road-side and died with the greatest pleasure. We all went to Alexandria. We got together and went down to Bosh Hill last night, about four miles from Alexandria, to camp and recruit for another fight, which will be before long. We have been for the last 2 weeks where money was of no use; we shot hogs and cows and hens and every thing we could get, and stuck it on a stick and roasted it and eat it without any salt or any bread, but we are in hopes of better times now, and I hope we shall have better times. I never saw hard times before, and I hope I never shall again, but I never will run away. I will fight as long as I can.

I wish you could see some of the women here; they are very poor and lean, with ragged clothes, and have no hopes on—nothing but a shirt and an old nassy some dress, with four or five nassy young ones hanging on to her. She puts me in mind of an old setting turkey that has not about eight weeks on rotten eggs—and they can not read or write; live in the woods in little old log houts, and their men hunt and fish and gamble and drink champagne and whiskey; some are married and some are not married. I did not see my stoves; all of them has an old-fashioned fire-place. The hogs run wild here. The water is very poor. You do not know how the country is covered with woods; it is a lead, wild land, because place; the timber is mostly oak, white. How many is killed from our Regiment I do not know; four from our company. It is going to be an awful hard job to whip them, if we ever do. Give my best respects to all my acquaintances.

In haste, yours truly.

## 2nd Vt Co. B

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Mon, Jun 29, 2020