

The following letters are some written by P.W. Fuller to his wife Zilpha during his time in the service and then recopied when he returned home.

We don't know if these were the only ones saved or whether he didn't finish the job. In the first letters are dotted lines signifying where the page of the ledger has been torn off. Also, in some places the writing was so faded or hard to read that a blank place was left.

The Journal was almost lost to the family and I believe it was more than 'luck' that it was brought back to those of us who treasure it. My mother loaned it to Wyn Faneuf and it remained in her house for several years. When I became interested in genealogy I remembered seeing it there in a bookcase. On a trip up there to Santa Cruz I asked Wyn for it and she told me to take it. It was nowhere to be found. Why finally suggested I ask her grandson if he had it. When his wife came over the next day I asked her about it and she promised to look for it. When she came the following day she had it and said she had found it in a cardboard box in their garage. A few months later she and Wayne were divorced and their belongings divided and spread around and goodness knows what would have happened to great-grandfather's Journal if I hadn't asked for it when I did. I am grateful I felt 'pushed' to ask about it when I did.

Journal received by Lovida Tufts Goodheart La Mois from Mary Ann Fuller (Anna) and passed on to Jean Goodheart Adams.

Jean Adams

1979

POLASKI WOODMAN FULLER

HIS JOURNAL

U.S. CIVIL WAR

JUNE 1861-OCTOBER 1861

TO WIFE

Grafton, Virginia

July

Dear Wife,

As you know we left Camp Denison at 12.....  
Sabbath 1st. Arrived at Columbus at 8 p.m. an.....  
over the Ohio Central RR for Wheeling. Owing to obstruction  
and the breaking of a bridge, we did not reach.....  
Monday night, at this point we crossed the river in..... a  
Ferry Boat--to Wheeling Va. Fortunate for me it was my turn  
to guard, and having our company baggage in charge, I managed  
to stow not only our baggage but myself into a freight car  
of the Baltimore and Ohio RR and slept soundly until daylight  
Tuesday morning. As we started with but two days rations in  
our haversack our provisions were now exhausted. The ride  
over the mountains on the Railroad was very interesting, and  
the men enjoyed it very much. So exciting was the scenery  
that we forgot our empty haversacks-but when the cars brought  
up at this place, about 5 o'clock last evening our appetites  
admonished us that we had eat nothing all day. Faint and  
exhausted our Boys could hardly wait-the slow movements of  
our commissary and the guard around our provisions is doubled-  
and alas for us all, the proximity of the enemy renders it  
necessary that we return to the cars-and move back 3 miles  
to a deserted village about the size of Milford, before we  
get our supplies, but 9 o'clock finds us feeling better- our  
supper of hard crackers and coffee has settled the difficulty-  
and our bed is made upon the floor of an upper room in an  
old two story house.

The people here (the few that remain) seem glad to see us. The Presbyterian minister, who professes to be a Union man is still at home and gave me a hardy welcome; I enjoyed a good breakfast with him this morning. His Church has deserted him and gone with the Rebel army. The Rebel Cavalry occupied Grafton till within a few hours of our arrival. A Union Doctor of medicine-hearing of our coming, purchased a few pounds of powder and with auger in hand retired to the woods, bored some dozen logs-loaded with powder and pug-and fired minute guns-to the consternation of the Rebels-who supposing it was our advanced guard-left Grafton in double quick time-fleeing toward Phillippi .....would judge the Union Peoples in Western Virginia to be.....we expect to move tomorrow-as preparations are.....the enemy out of this portion of the state or capture.....endeavor to care for myself, our regiment drew .....eleven hundred and fourty men(1140)but.....soon reduce this no. to how many we can not tell.....in Camp Denison-our writing table-stove, lantern..... 2 iron pots blanket and basket-by R. Manford. I suppose he took them to you. I saw George just as the cars moved off. I had only time to bid him goodbye. Tell him to be a good boy. I cannot tell you where to direct any letters. I will write again as soon as we get to a stopping place. But should you get ready to start for Vermont before you hear from me again-write-and direct to our regiment; and give it Adams Express agent-I presume I will get it. I hope we shall soon get the better of the enemy and have peace declared. I think of you all the time and pray God to sustain you in this hour of trial.

Most affectionately Yours

Woodman

P.S. The above was written in great trust with pencil  
and sent from Grafton Va. to Milford Ohio

## LETTER 2 TO MRS. FULLER

Phillippi, Barbour Co. Va.

6 July 1861

Dear Wife

Although I wrote you but three days ago-the movements of our little army are so full of interest, that you will be glad to hear from me again. Col. G.A. Porterfield-commanding the Virginia Rebel Forces-proved himself a coward-by running from Grafton-frightened nearly to death by the firing of a few logs by a Patriotic doctor. It seems now, that he did not halt until he arrived in this village some 15 miles from Grafton. Here he dug a few trenches and commenced building a fort but Gen. McClellan was after him. An order was issued to capture Phillippi by surprise. Two Brigades was to approach the Rebel camp by different roads, one of these roads was 15 miles and the other 22 miles long. The night being intensely dark and stormy, Col. Kelley having command of that Division which took the longest road could not arise in season, consequently the Rebels became once more frightened and as our boys call it-"skidadled". But just as they were leaving town Col. Kelley came in upon them and quite a little battle took place. Col. Kelley received a bullet through one of his lungs and two Union soldiers were killed.-- And the Rebels have gone we know not where, but suppose we are to follow-and capture them if possible. So far they prove to be good runners. Again I have to be thankful that it was my duty on guard when we left Camp Denison-receiving orders to care for our regimental baggage.

And not as yet been relieved, I have been spared double quick march of 15 miles over a very bad road, coming in this evening with the baggage train-our Boys had a hard time of it altogether unused to marching. Many of them gave out on the road-and all of us are beginning to realize that being a soldier in active service-and playing soldier in Camp Denison are quite different. Artillery gave this village a thorough cannoning before the infantry ventured in, and most of the houses are riddled with Cannon Ball. The few families that remain hid themselves in their cellars and came not out until we assured them of our protection. Maj. Gen. Geo. B. McClellan has command of our forces in Western Virginia-but Gen. Morris and Gen. Rosecrans appear to have the immediate control of the army. We expect orders to move on the morrow and are making preparations to that affect.

I will write as often as I can and keep you posted as to my whereabouts. I hope you have enjoyed your journey, but fear that you had a much harder time than I. May God be with you and sustain you and our children. I shall direct my letters hereafter to Barnard Vt. You may direct mine as follows. Rev. P.W. Fuller 6th Regiment Ohio Volunteers West Virginia. The rebels are too cowardly to meet us fair and so have become addicted to guerrilla warfare.

You may look for letters as often as once a week from me. If I fail in writing-it will be when I am disabled and then I will certainly obtain someone to write so you will not be kept in doubt as to my health and life.

In haste yours affectionately

Woodman

The above was written in pencil-by the light of a campfire after night.

LETTER NO. 3 TO MRS. FULLER

In Camp Near Laurel Hill Va.

July 17, 1861

Dear Wife,

I have been quite sick for the last week. Although I have not my dear wife to care for me the Boys have done all that can be done. I am some better today, and hope soon to be well. You will wonder that I am alive, after I inform you of my hardship since I last wrote. Two weeks ago, our Division of the Army consisting of 7000 men under the command of Gen. Morris, moved forward from Phillippi and took a position-the right of our column in sight of a strong fortification within which were 4000 Rebels under the command of a Gen. Robert S. Garnett. There was a good deal of skirmishing every day in which many men were killed and wounded on both sides-from some cause, as yet unknown to us-on Thursday night-(a very dark and rainy night and by the way it had rained incessantly for more than a week) Gen. Garnett undertook to run away from us: It was nearly morning before our Pickets ascertained the fact that the enemy had gone. I was suddenly Awakened by the long roll, expecting that we had been attacked, we thought of nothing but getting into line as soon as possible. We soon learned the fact. And the Boys seemed ready to follow-dark and rainy as it was the entire army with the exception of our Regiment started at once in pursuit of Garnett and his Rebel forces. Col. Bosley received an order to advance and take possession of the Rebel Fortification and wait further orders. Congratulating ourselves that we had escaped a long march through rain and mud, and expecting



to find food and shelter in the Rebel Camp, we left knapsacks and blankets in our tents-and marching about a mile and a half found ourselves within the Rebel entrenchments-the Rebels must have left in great haste-and without a moments warning (we rather guess Gen. Rosecrans has been flanking him) for we found their tents standing, their baggage and camp furniture far superior to our own, provision plenty-and it seemed to me, they must have expected to come back for in the officers quarters we found the tables standing with writing material, binders of letters to do (or etc). Our boys scattered over the camp collecting mementos to send home as trophies, and were just about to have food when they were startled by the assemble call. This call means get into line as soon as you can. No sooner in line than the order came "bout step-forward march". And off we started in the rain and through the clay mud, without blankets or even our Haversacks save in a few instances. We climbed or rather slid up Laurel Mt. 3 miles to the summit-3 miles down to Cheat River on the other side-marching all day as hard as we could walk over a wretched road. Made worse by the falling of trees across it every few rods-Cheat River, a rapid stream on one side-the mountains with dense laurel on the other. It rained pouring. Still on we marched, night came on-so dark we could not see our hand before us, an no order to halt until 10 o'clock. We had not overtaken the troops that proceeded us-and with the order to halt came the rather ludicrous command to build no fires, and make ourselves comfortable until morning. We had no shelter, no blankets, oh, it was a dreadful night with nothing to eat-but a few dry crackers some of us had in our pockets, wet through to our

skin, and obliged to lie down on the wet ground to sleep. And yet so tired were all of us that we slept soundly for some three hours. I then woke up shivering with the cold. I mentioned to Capt. Erwin that we must not be without a fire, we finally concluded to risk it and build a fire. One fire started-others soon followed until we could see down the road for more than a mile. Gen. Morris waking up-enquired what it meant. No one could inform him-and he immediately ordered us to march. Marching was much better than shivering with the cold, and the order was a relief to us all. We marched on until 3 o'clock p.m. More than half the time at double quick step, over mountains-through rivers up to our waist in water, through mud over shoe deep, raining hard all the time. Col. Bosley had sent back to camp for a load of crackers to be forwarded at once-but so rapid had been our movement that we looked back in vain for something to eat. We had just forded Cheat River for the 5th time when to our great relief we saw the wagon coming up, the driver informed me that we had cut up the road so badly it was almost impossible for him with 12 mules to draw the load of crackers-which when distributed gave to each of us one cracker a piece. We were just on the point of rebellian ourselves when bang went a cannon within a half mile of us, we lost our appetites at once, and hastened on-thinking only of revenge upon those that have caused us so much suffering. It seems that Gen. Garnett has taken a strong and sheltered position near a place known as Carricks Ford-which offered a good position for defense, and he had turned upon us, and now commenced a battle in good earnest. Gen. Garnett made a desperate effort to hold his position, without success.

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And lost his life in the attempt.

We lost some 12 or 13 killed and from 30 to 40 wounded while the Rebels lost more than 200 killed. We got over a thousand prisoners, 50 baggage wagons-5 or 6 cannon, as the remainder fled to the mountains-and what has become of them we know not. But the worst is yet to come-we had traveled 35 miles under the most unfavorable circumstances and after catching the Rebels found to our regret that they had no provisions. But Gen. Morris thought they could stand it back to camp as well as ourselves-held them under guard. We rested over-night but a little more comfortable than the night before, for I was fortunate enough to get possession of a Rebel wagon and we enjoyed a good fire. Truly we had nothing to eat, but we had got over being hungary, faint and exhausted we fell asleep to awake Sabbath morning and find to our delight a pleasant day. Pleasant, did I say-let us see. The sun shone bright so far it was pleasant. But the first duty of the day was indeed a sad one, it was to bury our dead. This accomplished we started back to our camp and such a march. I never shall forget that day. No breakfast but a small piece of fresh beef-wihout salt. (our quarter-master had found nine head of cattle in the woods-which he ordered killed and distributed to over 7000 men). We marched until about noon-when finding the road almost impossible our commander accepted as a guide a native Virginian who professed to be a Union man and said he knew the way perfectly. (I think if we had that man in our camp our boys would tar and feather him provided we could get tar and feathers) for he led us right out of the way and at 5 o'clock p.m. we learned from another native that we were no nearer camp than when

we started in the morning. We had forded Cheat River 7 times in some places a quarter of a mile wide-water running very swift-and from two to four feet deep. We had now reached a small village called St. George and it having been decided that we should remain here for the night search was made for something to eat-and I presume the advance regiment succeeded, but we should have got nothing had not some of our Scouts found a waggon hid in the woods loaded with Java coffee. This was distributed and we had coffee for supper and coffee for breakfast with nothing to eat with it. We now understood that we could reach camp without again fording the river, and I took great pains to dry my clothing throroly and drinking my portion of coffee rested very comfortably through the night-but Cheat is the name of this river and we were cheated surely-for before we made the first mile on Monday morning we found ourselves up to our waist wading through this the most crooked river I ever saw. About noon a herd of young cattle had been found and we halted to kill and eat. What had become of those men who rode horse-back. Alas. They had left those who were not so fortunate to get back to camp as best they might. Nearly every regiment was in command of a Captain, we was told they had gone on to camp to send up our rations and so we contented ourselves with eating a piece of raw meat, not having strength or courage to build a fire to cook it. More than 200 of our men never left this place until they were brought to camp in ambulances. How I reached camp I do not know, the last thing I remember was crawling under a fence thinking to get rested so that I could walk on. That I have been sick you will not wonder. That I am alive is a wonder to me. Hundreds of our Boys will never be able to do military duty again.

We have received orders to remain here until able to march but how long we remain here is very uncertain. I am told by a good historian this morning that this march beats all the forced marches on record.

Our forces consists of the 6th, 14th, 15th, Ohio, 7th and 9th Indiana-1st Virginia Union, and a regiment of Pennsylvanians under command of Brig. Gen. Morris of Indiana. We think very little of him as a commander. He should have provided some way to provision his men. We are glad to learn that hereafter we shall be under the immediate command of Maj. Gen. McClellan. I have sent you two letters previous to this, have you received them? From our standpoint the prospect is that this war will be over by Spring. The Rebels know they are wrong and hence they would rather run than fight.

How soon we shall see the paymaster I do not know. We are told that we shall be paid off soon. I hope soon enough to send you some money in my next letter.

If you get this letter write immediately if it is but a few lines that I may hear from you and the children. I am lying on the ground writing this long letter on the bottom of my tin plate, it has taken me nearly all afternoon, it is getting dark, and I must stop\_\_\_\_\_you goodnight. I hope God will care for you and the dear ones, kiss them for me. The Boys in my mess wish to be remembered to you. Direct your letters as follows to me.

6th Ohio Regiment

Company E

Grafton, Virginia

To be forwarded

## LETTER NO. 4 TO MRS. FULLER

Beverly, Virginia

July 24, 1861

Dear Wife,

You see by this that we have made another move, I wrote you last from Laurel Hill and thought I would wait an answer before I wrote again but the right wing of our little army having routed that portion of the Rebel Army under a Gen. Pegram-I hasten to allay any fear you might entertain of my safety--upon hearing of this battle. The 9th Ohio German Reg. under Gen. Rosecrans did the best fighting and lost the most men. It is now reported that we have completely annihilated the enemy in Western Virginia, God grant that it may be so. Nearly all the inhabitants in this portion of the state are for the Union. The prisoners that I have conversed with are all from Georgia and North Carolina-come here to destroy the happiness and homes of these mountaineers. The people have extended to us a hearty welcome and seem to rejoice with us in our success. Beverly is the county seat of Randolph Co. Contains two meeting houses, two stores, a courthouse, and jail, a store building with grated windows. Learning that the Methodist Minister was locked up in that gloomy looking building our Boys procured an axe and broke down the door and thus released a good looking man who having my profession invited me to his house. He was a Union man. A fine and devoted man, and simply because he chose to remain loyal to

his country--he was apprehended while preaching the gospel and locked up in jail, nor was this all, for upon reaching his house we found the Rebels had robbed his family of their food, bedding, dishes, cooking utensils and leaving them entirely destitute of the comforts of life. We supplied the deficiency as far as we could from camp-and they are now quite comfortable. This Rev. W. C. Wilson has applied for a position in our army. We are encamped a short distance from this pleasant village about four miles from Rich Mountain where the last battle was fought. We expect to remain here only a few days to rest the Boys as we are nearly worn out with hard work. Since the long march we had at Cheat River Pass, I have not been well, but if anything will recruit our health it is the locality where we have pitched our tent. The most beautiful scenery I have ever beheld. Though we are on the top of a mountain and the land descends on all sides and especially on the west to the beautiful valley of the Elkswater River. Yet on every side there are mountains rising a mile above us covered with dense forest and looking as if men never attempted to reach the top. We chased the enemy from Rich Mountain up a mountain called Green Briar Mountain for nine miles, all the way up, up, up, the sides until we thought we should never reach the top, the clouds so near our heads as just to pass the tops of the trees, indeed this morning we was encased in a dense cloud and as a consequence we suffer from the cold every night although the days are quite hot. Gen. McClellan has moved on to a place called Huttonsville and we expect to be ordered on in a few

days. A very large bundle of letters came in today from Grafton but there was none for me. I will try to wait patiently. It must be that you have written-direct your letters very plain, to Company E, 6th Ohio Infantry Grafton Virginia or elsewhere. I close with love to you all and praying that we may be preserved to meet again on the shores of time.

Most affectionately,

Your Husband

P. W. Fuller

Zilpha P. Fuller

East Barnard, Vermont



LETTER NO. 5 TO MRS. FULLER

Camp Beverly

Aug. 1st 1861

Dear Wife

Do you get my letters? I write every week, and you cannot imagine how anxious I am to hear from you. I have now been here a week. Our regiment having been detailed for Post Duty. We are guarding Beverly against the Rebels. Although our men are being picked off nearly every day by Rebel Scouts we know little of danger in camp. Some 4000 of the enemy are reported encamped about 20 miles from Beverly, our picketts occasionally get a sight of them. We hear that an order is expected to move on and endeavor to visit them. We believe that no organized body of Rebels can be found in Western Virginia. The camp I allude to above is 5 miles over the line in Eastern Virginia. We think that all our movements are planned at Washington-if the powers that be do not find out that this is a mistake before the Rebels are finally overpowered, then I am mistaken that's all. I suppose you have heard of the great battle at Manassas Junction. A great blunder must have been made by some of our Generals or they could not have met with so great a disaster. We shall probably understand the causes of this failure on our part a year hence-much better than now,-we are trying not to be discouraged and hope that future history will more than compensate for this defeat. You will hear the news much quicker than we can here for we have as yet received but two newspapers and they are old before we get

them. In fact we are so far away from mail facilities that we scarcely know anything of what is going on in the country. It is 55 miles to the nearest Post Office. We have military stations all the way it is true but our letters come up with our provision train and there are so many letters to bring that the papers are left behind and lay in the office at Grafton. But we will try to be satisfied if we can get our letters. I try to think that perhaps you have not been able to write and so wait patiently. I have received no money as yet, in fact congress has just appropriated the money that is to pay us. There will be the more coming when we do get it. I confine myself to camp-in fact I do not care to expose myself unnecessarily. If I am shot it will be when on duty attending to my business. Generally someone anxious to show his bravery gets permission to go out on Pickett guard and several have already been brought in wounded and have died. There are so few people living in this vicinity outside of the little town of Beverly that we feel almost shut out from the world. Last Sabbath a funeral took place near our camp. I saw the procession. It consisted of a man on horseback with a coffin before him. A two horse team with Virginia wagon containing men, women and children. I enquired and was told that they came nine miles over the mountains, bringing the corpse all the way on horseback-a young man some sixteen years of age. I am informed that north of us it is thirty miles to a clearing. These mountains are infested with bears, panthers, deer, foxes and other wild game. Most of the people in this vicinity obtain their

livelihood by hunting. These mountains were selected by the Rebels as they afford great facilities for defence and so we are here to fight them out. How long we shall remain in Beverly I know not. Our Boys are getting uneasy. Our rations are slow coming up. We get no salt meat at this time. Fresh meat, coffee, sugar, and crackers so hard we call them "Chicago Platforms" all the way we can eat them is to soak in cold water, fry them in skillet and crunch in our coffee. I think I will never again complain of hard fare. I have got used to it. Mr. Wilson the Methodist Brother I mentioned in the last letter has been very kind to me. I am indebted to him and am obliged for many comforts my comrades do not enjoy just now.

A deserter from the Rebel Army has just been brought in. He says he was forced into the ranks and reports that the majority of their soldiers are drafted and compelled to fight against their will. We captured a man at Laurel Hill and found after we had got him that a week before he had been in our camp selling tobacco etc. I think he deserves to be made an example of. I am much better than when I wrote last week and should be better still if I could hear from you and the children. Tell the children to be good, Father remembers them all, dreams about his dear family and hope this terrible war will soon be ended, I pray God to sustain you. I want to hear about the new babe. Is it here? Is it a boy or girl? When was it born? Are questions that constantly are in my mind. I will try to be patient.

Most affectionately

Your Husband P. W. Fuller

## LETTER NO. 6 TO MRS. FULLER

Camp Beverly

Aug. 7, 1861

Dear Wife,

Another week and no letter yet. How anxious I am to hear from you and the children. I write every week and hope you get the letters. I sent you last week a copy of the Cincinnati Gazette containing a very consistant account of the battle of Manassass.

We are still at Beverly but under marching orders and may leave at any time. My health is good, better than it has been at any time since I left Camp Dennison. There is a Rebel camp some twenty miles from here, we think they have considerable force-some say 15,000 men, but we must have a larger one-for there are at least 25,000 men encamped in this vicinity. Our advance is within three miles of the Rebel entrenchments. We expect to be called upon to drive them out.

Our army is welcomed by most of the people in Western Virginia. The Rebels undertook by false representation to coerce them into rebellion, but they are not likely to succeed. The majority are in favor of the Union as it was and seem to rejoice that we are here to aid them in repelling the enemy of our flag. In my letter July 24th I gave you an account of the treatment Bro. Wilson-a Methodist preacher-received at the hands of the Rebels. I am indebted to him and his family for many acts of kindness. I am writing this letter in his study. As soon as you get able I want you to

write me a long letter telling me all about your journey east. Bro. Emery in a letter I received from him a few days since informed me that he had received a letter from Bro. Fisher saying you was taken sick at Dunkirt but that you was doing well and expected to start for Vermont in a week. Under these circumstances I thought it not best to write you there but still to direct my letters to Vermont in hopes that you would soon be there to receive them. Hearing from you I will write Bro. Fisher. There is really more danger in camp just now than from the enemy, hardly a day passes but some accident happens and all from carelessness. Only day before yesterday a scout came in, setting his gun against a tent pole, laid down to sleep. A few minutes later in come another man in great haste-runs against the gun-knocks it down in such a manner as to strike the hammer on the ground, of course it went off. The ball passed through the tent into another and shot three men who were sitting in a row all of them in the leg. The first man took the ball through both legs, he has since had one of them amputated. All through the carelessness of one man. I am glad to hear that an order has been issued that guards shall discharge their guns before returning to camp. Our men are bringing in prisoners every day. They are sorry looking men, and seem glad to have the priviledge to take the oath and sign a warrant never to take up arms again against the flag we are here to protect. I have encouragement of being promoted to the Chaplaincy Our Col. is a very wicked man, but since we have been here and have men to bury he sees the need of someone to attend the burial. I have already been called

upon several times to officiate. If you are not able to write get Larener or someone else to write that I may know how you and the children are. I pray God constantly to care for you. I understand the Paymaster is on the ground and I hope to be able to send you a remittance soon. Tell George to be a good boy, and Myron that Father will come bye and bye. Kiss the little ones for me and if the Babe is a boy call his name Charles W. Give my love to all the friends, tell me what they think of the war. There is one berry that is plenty in these mountains and that is the blackberries. The entire army is abundantly supplied, eating them every day has done us all good. I have just received from Bro. Emery a "Journal of Messenger" but it is 3 weeks old, yet it is new to me. Look for a letter every week. I hope to get one from you before I write again.

In haste, most affectionately

Your Husband P. W. Fuller

Before mailing the above letter I received my first letter from wife by way of Vermont and consequently added another sheet but as I find nothing in it of special interest to any person but myself I omit to copy it.

Note: Your great grand-daughter Jean certainly wishes you hadn't omitted that last page.

## LETTER NO. 7 TO MRS. FULLER

Camp Beverly,

Aug. 13, 1861

Dear Wife,

You see we are still at Beverly. I received and answered your letter of last week. Our forces have been largely increased within a few days. One regiment came up yesterday, another today. We have now some 30,000 men within 24 hours of Beverly. We hear that our Boys are having a hard time on the Kanaher River and we are looking for an attack every day. But our experience thus far has proved that the Rebels had rather run than fight. I mentioned in my last letter that accidents were frequently occurring from carelessness. The man in Comp. 17 that was wounded in both legs, poor fellow lost his life-and was buried yesterday. We have been supplied today with what is called prepared vegetables, onions, turnips, carrots, cabbage, potatoes, peas etc. pressed like you see herbs in a drug store. A small cube 4 inches square was issued for 12 men. But it made a large camp kettle full of soup-vegetable soup-it was nice-much better than our everlasting bean soup. I feel greatly relieved now that I know you are near your Mother, and shall feel still better when I learn that your goods have reached you in safety. You forgot to inform me about your Father and Mother, how are they? And who is at home with them. Write me particularly about your Brother, Sister and all their friends. We are looking forward to a settlement of the great war before spring. The news that has reached us is of the most grateful and inspiring character.

It fully justifies the idea that all loyal men of our country have clung to it in the darkest and most threatening hour of our troubles, we still have a government good and true, with I believe good and competent men at the head. And I hope to send you word before long that the Rebel Congress, Rebel Army, with all the Rebel leaders from Jeff. Davis down to Pryor are fleeing towards Dixie's Line. Thank God-it looks like this wicked, this aggravating Rebellion will have but a few months more to \_\_\_\_\_ in its presumption and folly. Many of us will doubtless die in the conflict, but my expectation is, fall where I may, to die in the triumph of a living faith and my desire is that all my fellow soldiers may be led by eternal truth in the paths of righteousness. I do not know that the men manifest any more disposition to do wickedly than before we left Camp Denison, while some are really doing better-but then our field officers are wicked men, they do wrong and the men, at least many of them, do likewise. One good thing-the men are kept very busy it takes so many men to guard our lines-that we are on duty every other day. I am fortunate in this respect, as my turn in Posting Guard occurs only once in two weeks. J. F. Hoy 1st Lt. Comp. E has given out, could not stand the marches, has resigned and gone home. We have a great deal of rain up in these mountains. It poured down in torrents yesterday. Our tents however do not leak and when fortunate enough to be inside we keep dry. We are getting ready for another march, we expect to have a hard time for the rain has made the clay roads almost impassable, but walk through mud and rain we



must. Our knapsacks and blankets are heavy, cartridge box with 40 rounds of cartridges, canteen filled with water, haversack with from 3 to 5 days rations-tin cup, plate and by the time we have marched ten miles, may give out, a great many have thrown away their knapsacks, and carry only their blanket. I have still carried mine, but I carry nothing I can do without. I stopped on the road to this place and opened it to see what I could spare for I was near breaking down, and we had 12 miles farther to go. I found nothing. I cut my blanket in two left one half of it on a stump and have only had the other half since. But I get along pretty well. Tell the children Father loves them and wants them to do the best they can for their Mother. Kiss that darling Babe for me. I hope to hear from you again this week. I must again mention my indebtedness to Rev. W. C. Wilson whose Library furnishes me with reading-and whose study is enjoyed by me very much. I dined with him the other day and a fine dinner. We repaired to the mountains and picked 20 grts of blackberries and 4 grts huckleberries returned in time for supper but not in time for Dress Parade. A sunset on these mountains is worth a visit to us here. The sublimity is beyond description. If my health is not so impaired as to render me useless in my profession I shall never regret this time through Western Virginia.

With love to all our friends I am

Most affectionately

Your Husband

P. W. Fuller

## LETTER NO. 9 TO MY SON GEORGE L. FULLER

Camp Beverly

Aug. 19, 1861

Dear Son,

Having a few leisure moments this morning I have concluded to improve them by writing a letter to you, and I shall expect you to write me one in return. You must try to write better than I do for I have to sit on the ground and write on my lap. I will tell you something about war and I want you to remember what I write. There is no such country in the world as ours-and this is why so many people come from Europe and other lands to live here. For many years there has been no wars among us. We have read and heard of many battles, of thousands made sad by war in Asia and Europe but we have thought of such things as far off. We have almost wondered why there should be any aoldiers in our country unless to make a pretty show on the fourth of July. We like to see them march and hear the music of their drums and fifes. But we did not believe they would ever fight. We thought they carried guns because soldiers always do. Perhaps we have heard our grandfathers and mothers tell of the war when they were young; but we did not think such a time would ever come in our day. We read about Bunker Hill and Lexington where battles were fought but had not supposed that other places would be talked about for the same reasons. But we were mistaken. There is a war now in our country. This is very sad but true; and the saddest part of it is, the war has only begun. How long it will last or how many

must die in it, no one but God knows. If you should live to be as old as your parents are now you will think of these days, and talk about what you now see and hear. You will tell that your own father was in the hottest of the battles from the commencement. What is war for? Why are people of the same country fighting against each other? Why does President Lincoln call for thousands of men to leave their homes and business to be soldiers and go to war? Why are good people at the North telling their friends to go to Washington, Virginia or where-ever they are wanted to fight the Southern Army? Now George, I will try to answer all these questions for you. It is because people at the South have said that they will not obey the laws of the United States any longer. They wish to make laws themselves-such laws as it would be wicked for us to obey. If they could do all they wish, we would not be the free and happy people that we have been. Many of them are very cruel and wicked in other ways. If I should go to Richmond Virginia with this letter I am now writing or tell them that President Lincoln was a kind and honest man, or that they were wrong or that the Bible forbids slavery, they would imprison and probably kill me. A few days ago a good minister from Alabama was at a prayer meeting in Cincinnati. He told the people how he came from there. One evening some men called at his house, and told him that he must leave that part of the country because he did not think, and feel and do as they did. He must go from his home and family early the next morning if he stayed another day he would be killed.

There was a good teacher in Kentucky. The children liked him and learned very fast in his school. Their parents said "he was the best teacher that had ever been in that place." But he had to leave or be cruelly treated. Hundreds of men and women are flying from the South because it can be a home to them no longer. Now all this is wrong, very wrong. And if it is not stopped no one knows what other wicked things will be done. It is the duty of President Lincoln and other officers to do all they can to stop it. He has asked the Rebels, as we call those that do such things, to do right, but they do not mind him. We believe he is right and so we rejoice in seeing so many soldiers preparing to sustain him. God often commanded the Jews to destroy the idolaters around them. He commanded Joshua to fight, and he did so and God helped him. We believe He will help the North and so we pray. Now George, I have told you what the great armies of the North are fighting for. We are expecting another battle soon. I may be killed, and if I am you will always remember that I sacrificed my life to preserve to you and all my dear children the same liberties that I have ever enjoyed under the best government in the world. But God may preserve my life and if He does so that one of these days I may come home I shall hope to find that you have been a good boy. So as near right as you can. Help your Mother all you can and do just as she tells you. You may write me a letter and

tell me how you like Vermont. Tell Myron that when I write to Mother I will write to him. I have written this letter on my knee, what you cannot read Mother will read to you.

Your affectionate Father

P. W. Fuller

George L. Fuller

10 yrs. of age Barnard Vermont

LETTER NO. 10 TO MRS. FULLER

Camp Beverly

Aug. 30, 1861

Dear Wife,

I have waited this week until Friday hoping to have received a letter from you. I have not but conclude to write anyway. I have written a letter to George. I presume he will be pleased to receive a letter directed to him. From this time on I will give you extracts from my Journal as I may lose it. It will cover the incidents of army life.

Lord's Day Aug. 18 A very rainy day. By invitation I walked some three miles to a log school house and preached to a good congregation of citizens and soldiers. The inhabitants of this valley are not intelligent, know but little what is going on in the world around them. And what is more sad, the greater portion are in spiritual darkness. The curse of slavery is written upon everything. I spent the afternoon pleasantly with several families in the neighborhood. Distributed some 200 tracts. Walked back to Camp through the rain. My text today John 6:37\*

(All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.)

Monday Aug. 19 Rain, Rain Rain! This is a very uncommon season or country for rain, a body of Scouts returned today and report the loss of two killed and two wounded. They were crossing Cheat River and were fired into by men in

\* I looked up Bible references to include. J.M.A.

ambush.

Tuesday Aug. 20 We did not get to sleep last night before the long roll beat. We all know what that means, and without asking any questions, we jump from our beds, gird on our armor in less than 10 minutes our regiment formed in line of battle awaiting orders. Here we later breathe and ask, what does this mean? About eleven o'clock p.m. we hear the order "attention battalion! Shoulder Arms! Right Face! Forward march! Bout Step" Our destiny is all mystery. We all know that we are marching through rain and mud ankle deep and creeks much swollen by the rain in the direction of Cheat Mountain Summit. It is very dark and the roads so slippery we could hardly stand or walk. We reached Huntersville, 14 miles, about three o'clock a.m. wet through to our skins only to find the bridge crossing Tygart River washed away and the stream so deep we could not ford. So we halted, went to bed on the wet ground and rested until daylight. This morning the sun was indeed a welcome visitor. We retired to an open field staked arms, spread out our blankets to dry took off our shoes and stockings washed them in the river, and spread ourselves out on the grass to sun. We now learn that our forces at the Summit have been attacked. Gen. Reynolds fearing he might need reinforcements ordered us to come up. But the enemy had been repelled with considerable loss without our aid. The Gen. came down and complimented us across the river for coming up so quickly, ordered us to remain until morning and then return to camp. This afternoon has been rather pleasantly spent in making ourselves

comfortable for the night. My text today Isaiah 41:14 "Fear not thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy redeemer, the Holy One of Israel.

Wednesday Aug. 21 We slept very warmly in the loft of a barn last night. We started about 9 a.m. and arrived in camp at 5 o'clock p.m. We had a pleasant march back.

Thursday Aug. 22 Rain again. No one unacquainted with this locality can form an idea of the amount of rain that falls. We only have about one pleasant day in a week, and the soil is clay-of course it is very soft and adhesive.

Friday Aug. 23 Really, it has not rained today. Most of the day in my tent writing up my Journal-reading etc. I hear that Bro. William is putting up Telegraph lines for the army near Weston Town 50 miles from this place. I want you to write often at least once every week-if you do not feel able to write long letters write short ones-that I may have the pleasure of knowing all fine-how you are getting along. There is considerable talk about my commission. I suppose if I was a Free Mason there would be no difficulty. It would be of recompensery advantage to me, but would give me no more influence over the men than I now have. In fact, the Boys honor me in the course I have taken. I preach more frequently than the commissioned Chaplain. Our mess are all well, and send their regards to you. From present appearances I think we shall move soon, and when we do, we shall have Col. Bosley to command this Post. Intemperance wholly unfit to face duty. How sad that a man of his ability should thus



destroy his usefulness. With love to the children and all our friends, I remain as ever your affectionate Husband.

P.W. Fuller

LETTER NO. 11 TO MRS. FULLER

Camp Morrow Western Virginia

Sep. 13, 1861

Dear Wife,

You did not receive any letter from me last week, and it is only through the mercy of God that I am alive to write you now, as you will soon learn by reading the following extract from my Journal.

Lord's Day Aug. 25th Walked out to the neighborhood I visited last Sabbath and preached to a good congregation. The people have had no preaching for several months. They seemed deeply interested. Text Psalms 34:18\*

(\*The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.)

Thursday Aug. 29th Waked up this morning and found it still raining. It has rained steadily the last two days. After breakfast, walked out some three miles to call upon two Baptist families I had found. Just got through with my dinner at Bro. Daniels when I heard that our Regiment had received marching orders. Hastening back to camp I found the Boys already in line, in fifteen minutes we marched out, headed towards Huttonsville. The rain had made the road worse than ever before. But as we expected a fight this time, all was in good spirits, and the Boys went singing on, through mud and water without faltering. But as night came on-and no halt was sounded, all became silent-we marched wondering where we might be destined. 20 miles from Beverly, on the Huttonsville road, the welcome sound was heard, and

we halted for the night, but it was now 2 o'clock a.m. and we could expect but little rest. I, however, rolled myself in my blanket and was soon oblivious to all danger. My text for meditation during the day was Psalms 37:5\* (\*Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.)

Friday Aug. 30 The expected "fight" did not come off. As Gen. Lee altered his mind, and concluded to fall back into his entrenchments. Waked up this morning feeling old as Methuselah, went down to the Tygart, washed myself, pants, socks and shoes, ate my breakfast and found that I was "Officer for the Day". Guard posted, I spent the day examining the very strong fortifications thrown up at this point, entirely across the valley by the 15th Ohio and 17th Indiana Regiments. We have received orders to remain here but our tents are back at Beverly and we are without shelter. My text for meditation today Psams 124:2\* (\*If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us.)

Saturday Aug. 31st Being on duty I obtained but little sleep last night. Our tents came up about ten o'clock but no sooner did we get well fixed to keep house again, then we received an order to march. Finding the enemy unwilling to attack us, Gen. Reynolds selected our Regiment to reconoiter and ascertain if possible their strength. Though hardly rested we made no complaint and leaving everything we could do without we started about 10 o'clock p.m. and marched some

ten miles to the head of the Elkwater Creek. This creek was down a very narrow ravine, between two very high mountains and the "Bridal Path" (not road) over which we must march crosses this creek every 4 or 5 rods. Reaching the foot of Elk Mountain, our advance Guard received a fire from Rebel pickets-hid in the mountain some distance above us, killing two men and wounding another. The Guard advanced fired into the ambush killing and probably wounding several more. They ran off leaving all six for us to bury. Marching one mile farther on-the Regiment was divided into Companies and went in different directions. Comp. E was ordered to hide in the bushes and lie silently down for the night. As my feet and legs were very wet, I needed a fire more than ever, but of course we dare not expose our lives by kindling a fire so I made the best of it and tried to rest. This is the 3rd night without shelter.

Lord's Day Sept. 1 I was so worn out with fatigue that, not withstanding my wet clothing I slept soundly and waked up this morning cold, stiff and lame. We ventured to make a little fire and after getting some hot coffee I saundered forth at the risk of my life to find water enough to wash my face and feet. I found the head water of the Elkwater Creek, a little rivilet tumbling down over the limestone, and forming a little basin beneath the rock. Having washed I felt better and seated myself under a large maple-to read a chapter for my Sabbath lesson-zip went a bullet close to my head- it meant me-I was not long in reaching the company, who had already primed their guns-and waiting my return to pour a volley into the bushes from

whence came the shot. But to their chagrin they was ordered not to fire. One of our Boys had crawled out to a clearing and returning with his handkerchief filled with potatoes-we was discussing how we should cook them, when the order came to "fall in!". We now commenced climbing up a very steep mountain for nearly a mile, before reaching the top. The company was divided into Squads. I was ordered to the very top of the Peak. Taking my position I had a most beautiful view of the valley below, nor was this all, I could distinctly see the camp of Gen. Lee. The valley before me is called "Mingo Flats" but dear me, I cannot discover any "flats". I can see several small farms, they do not look very prosperous. Near by is a clearing under cultivation, the owner has acted as a Rebel spy. He was one of the Rebels killed yesterday-we delivered his body to his wife. Poor woman, I pity her, but she told us that she urged her husband on and she believes that he died defending their home. I have today built me a very comfortable tent out of oak bark and a very excellent bed with mountain fern. I understand that the men in this valley are all in the Rebel Army. Having Posted the men in my command, I lay down to rest although in current danger from Rebel Scouts I feel safe in the hands of God. My text Psalms 3:3\* (\*But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter of mine head.)

Monday Sept 2 Have spent most of the day looking down from one of the highest mountains in Virginia (Elk Mountain) Have a good view of the enemy Posting Guards etc. Our Col. has taken possession of a corn & potatoe field in the name

of the U.S.- and our Boys are feasting upon green corn etc.

Tuesday Sept. 3 Having our suspicions aroused by a number of strange sounds like the tinkling of cow-bells, I slept but little last night, spending most of the time watching for some Rebel to shoot me, but really am alive this morning and feel quite well. A company of Rebel Cavalry came up to within one fourth mile of us last night-but they galloped off before light this morning. Thus exposed my text today has been Psalms 125:2 and Josh. 1:5,6.\* (\*Psalms-- As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever. Josh.- There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life; as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; nor forsake thee. Be strong and of a good courage; for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I sware unto their fathers to give them).

Wednesday Sept. 4 Very heavy showers through the night and so dark that we could see but a short distance, we more than suspect the darkness prevented an attack upon us. At 12 p.m. we were relieved by the 15 Indianan Reg. and immediately started for camp. The rain last night softened the road and raised the creek. Our march was anything but a pleasant one. It was near day when we entered camp; wet, muddy, and tired, but little time for reflection. 2 Peter 3:13\* (\*Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.)

Thursday Sept. 5 Still rainy. Very muddy around our camp. Did not get rested last night, feel tired and stiff today. As of course, we could write no letters, since we left camp, the Boys have been very busy today-writing home. I have rather enjoyed filling up my Journal-and give to you these extracts. I presume you will be interested. I have not received any letter from you since Aug. 2nd. O,I do want to hear from you so much. We expect to see the Paymaster next week. You will be glad to hear of this. We have today exchanged our guns for rifles & muskets. I do not know that they are any better. With regards to all our friends I am as ever

Your affectionate Husband

P. W. Fuller

TO MY WIFE NO 12

Camp Morris

Sept. 11, 1861

Dear Wife,

I received two letters from you on the 6th but as I had mailed one to you the day before I have delayed the answer until now. Our expected Paymaster has not arrived. I fear you will need money before I get any to send to you. We are daily expecting him.

Lord's Day Sept. 8th Pleasant. Our Regiment went out to work on the fortifications. I did not go for obvious reasons. The work no doubt is an important one but working on the Sabbath will not advance it. A rain this afternoon drove them into camp. My text Psalms 32:1\* (\*Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.)

Monday Sept. 9th Our regiment detailed for Picket duty. Under command of Major Christopher. About four miles out the companies separated each taking a different road. Com. E with which I was connected, took the Stanton Road. About 6 miles from our fortifications we halted in front of a large two story dwelling house belonging to one Jacob Cimad, a wealthy farmer now an officer in the Rebel Service together with his sons Jacob and John. The family had gone South, leaving everything behind for our convenience. Here again, we observe the terrible calamity of war. This is indeed a beautiful place. The outbuildings consisting of a two story log house for horses. A saw mill, grist mill,



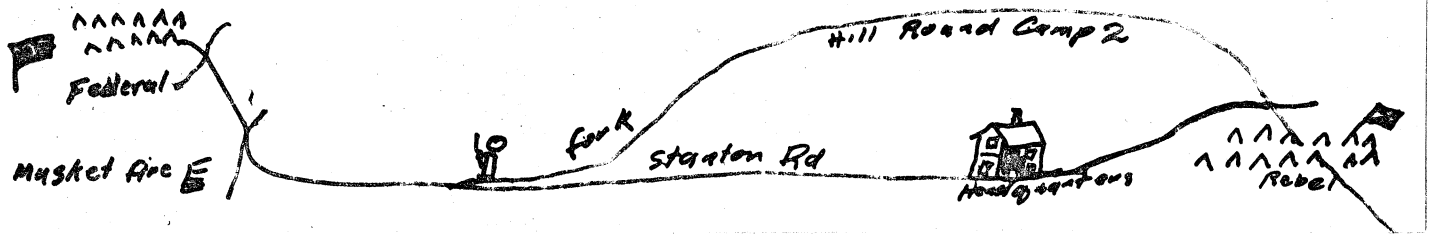
and cider mill, all in good running order, barns etc. On one side of the house is an apple orchard, in the other a larger peach and plum orchard. The trees are laden with fruit. Two corn fields and a garden, bid fair to furnish us with corn and beans. As the house seemed to be left for special convenience, we marched in and took possession. Capt. Irwin remarked "he would petition the Gen. for leave to guard this road for a month." We proceeded to make ourselves at home, appropriating to our use everything eatable. Posting pickets up and down the road, a mile each ways, and feeling comparatively safe, we made up our beds on the floor and composed ourselves to sleep.

Tuesday Sept. 10th Our beds did not prove so acceptable as we expected. I would much rather sleep on the ground than the floor, in fact, I nearly froze last night. Have lived high today, succotash, stewed apple etc. At the request of Capt. Irwin I went out (for the first time) on a Scouting expedition. Taking up a line near the house we (there were 5 of us) walked silently on for some two miles came suddenly on a meeting house, a log building \_\_\_\_\_ inside and quite well finished. Situated far from any dwelling right in the woods. We could hardly believe it was a meeting house. Seeing the door partly gone we ventured in. It was treading on sacred ground. We sung a hymn. I read a chap., offered prayer, then writing our name and regiment, we left to pursue our way up the mountain. Two miles farther on we came to a very extensive clearing-some 300 acres. We ventured to the house, found four families, the men all in the

Northern army. The wives and children, living together for safety and convenience. They gave us a hearty reception and a good dinner. From them we learned the position of the Rebel Army-encamped only 3 miles from this house. It is a little suspicious that their pickets should have been called in this very day, thus enabling us to get so near camp. From these ladies we learn the character and positions of the family whose house we occupy as headquarters. Having thus accomplished our mission we returned and reported. Found our Boys had gathered apples and were having a nice time making cider.

Wednesday Sept 11th A rainy day. Early this morning I was detailed to guard with a picket guard to the front. Having assisted the Boys in preparing some corn and beans for dinner, I left them with the expectation of having a good dinner brought out to me. Not long after I had taken a position however, before my suspicions of yesterday were confirmed, for coming down a cross road in the distance, we discovered a squad of Rebel soldiers. They discovered us at the same time, and before I could change position we received their fire. It did us no harm, we retired a few rods-fired an alarm. Our reserve came up on a double quick, and took up a position of defense. A detachment of the enemy coming round a bend; our Boys fired, the fire was returned killing one man and wounding three others. Just then, the whole force of the army under Gen. Lee hove in sight, consisting of, as near as we could judge, one Regiment, 1 cavalry and three Regiments of Infantry, with several light batteries.

Of course, our company of a hundred men, was entirely inadequate to think of holding that force at bay. So Capt. Irwin ordered a retreat to camp. Leaving me in command of a dozen men, to follow as the enemy advanced, to hold them in check, and draw them on to a masked battery we had placed in front of our earth works. Soon after the reserve retired, we saw a Rebel crossing the creek on a log, we halted him, but he not stopping we fired and crippled him. I immediately took up a new position which I no sooner obtained then Bang! went a volley into the bushes we had just left. I thought they were getting much too near and took up a line of march for camp. Coming down to the house I ran in to see if anyone was there. What a sight! Here was all our camp kettles, cooking utensils, provisions, our nice dinner over the fire half cooked. Several blankets, and considerable personal property belonging to our company being carelessly about the house. In fact the company had left everything and run, and very commenable indeed, when a dozen of us were left behind to keep the enemy from coming down upon them. We did not stay long, but took a double quick step towards camp. Before we arrived, at the fork in the road-where we had parted company with Capt. Bence-a cavalry man rode up with the unpleasant information that the Rebels had possession of the road, and we must make quick time or be captured. I ran faster than ever before in my life-and I only passed the corner a few rods before the enemy filed into the road I was marching.



The above sketch of this road will give an idea of our positions—the house is about 8 miles from our earth works—I left the road at the above march and took to the woods and reached camp in safety. Found the Boys ready to receive the Rebels at any moment. But sad indeed was the news that Comp. 2 had not come in—Capt. Bence with 40 men are surely captured. What will be the result of the expected battle of course we can form no idea. Our little army consist of about 5000 men—40 pieces artillery. One comp. cavalry. I hope and pray that we may come off victor—for we are tired of these mountains, though it is warm enough through the day, it is uncomfortable cold after sun down. From this standpoint everything looks favorable for the war to close by Spring. I received a Cincinnati paper from Emery today. I learn they are drafting men to preserve the City. I am glad you are not there. Write often, for in this desolate country a letter does me more good than my dinner. With love to you and the children and all enquiring friends I am as ever.

Your affectionate Husband

P. W. Fuller

TO MRS. FULLER NO. 13

Camp Morris

Sept. 23, 1861

Dear Wife,

You are doubtless impatient to hear from me, especially as I left you in suspense at the close of my last letter. Referring to that letter I resume my Journal.

Thursday Sept. 12th It rained very hard last night, and is really cold today. During the night the enemy moved up to within three miles of our earth works, took a position. Undoubtedly this movement is intended to cover a flanking preparation. All our forces have spent a greater portion of the day in the Rifle Pits, awaiting the enemy. About 5 o'clock p.m. Gen. Reynolds received a dispatch from Cheat Mountain Summit asking the number of our forces at Elkwater. This is a little suspicious. The enemy must have got in the rear of our forces on the summit, got possession of the telegraph wire, all the time trying to make us believe they are in our front. Comp. E of our regiment has orders to be ready to march at 4 o'clock tomorrow morning to ascertain if possible the fact, nine other companies from different regiments have received the same order. So that we have a picked regiment for this special service. Before we get started however the mystery is solved. A messenger has arrived from Col. Kimball, saying he is surrounded and out of ammunition. We cooked two days rations and at 4 o'clock a.m....

Friday Sept. 13th We started, fording Tygart River we passed a farm house, and entered single file, a blind path leading up the mountain to the rear of Col. Kimball's camp. Some 6 miles from Camp "Morrow". It was solemn. One thousand picked men, stealing a march on the enemy. Rifles loaded and primed. No one allowed to speak, and it was a difficult march, literally climbing or rather drawing one's self up by the bushes. Passing the first rise in the mountains, we was surprised to find that the enemy had been much nearer our camp than we had expected, only (2) two miles. Descending toward a clearing, there was evidence of a large force having been encamped along our path the night before; and certainly they must have left in a hurry for the path was strewn with blankets, and clothing of every description. The Southern Army must be better supplied than our own, or they would not spare so much clothing. Getting down on to a creek, we found that a portion of the 13 Indiana Reg. had got the start of us by coming from Huttonsville by another path. They had already a skirmish with the enemy. Killing and wounding several and the Rebels were scattered over the mountains like sheep. We crossed the ravine and entered the woods by a path still more blind than the one we left, and here commenced the tug. In many places the side of the mountain was almost perpendicular as heavily loaded with blanket, ammunition and rations, we made our way with great difficulty, often the giving away of a twig would precipitate a half dozen of us down 15 or 20 ft. Our rifles loaded and primed, it required the utmost caution to prevent shooting

each other. A mile farther on we come to another clearing and Halt! What's that we see? A log house in possession of two regiments of Rebel Soldiers, now for a skirmish. We succeeded in getting within one fourth mile of this house before the Rebels discovered us, they broke and run, we, however, took prisoners, and left four men wounded in the care of the family. The poor wounded men thought we should run our bayonets through them and was quite surprised when our surgeon took off his coat and proceeded to dress their wounds. We rested one half hour then went on our way, up, up, up three miles farther, suddenly emerging from our forest path on to the Stanton turn-pike, what a sight met our eyes! Here again the work had been done for us. Lying by the side of each other across our path were two Rebel Soldiers, both shot through the head and presenting a horrid spectacle. Seeing that our work had been accomplished by others, we marched on to the summit. For nearly a mile the road was literally covered with blood, blankets, knapsacks, canteens and clothing of every description. As we entered the camp of Col. Kimball, three hearty cheers made the walk-in ring. We now learned that the camp had been surrounded-the Rebels taking advantage of a very dark night-a company of fifty men started out in the morning to relieve the picket-but alas! The Picket had already been relieved by the Rebels and gone to their long home. But this little brave band of fifty men, put to flight over 2000 of the enemy under command of a Gen. Anderson (our brave Col. will not own any relationship) killing and wounding some 50 and taking twelve prisoners with a loss on our side of seven

with a loss on our side of seven men. Our days journey ended, we are preparing to spend the night on the summit of Cheat Mountain. My Boys have gathered alot of birch bark and fixed it up so as to keep off the wet and I think I shall sleep soundly for I am tired I can hardly sit up. Psalm 40:17\* (\*But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me; Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O, my God). Many distant and loved friends and relatives are now thinking of me. The reflection cheers and revives my Spirit. A mightier than human friend is doing the same. An eye in heaven is watching me, and a heart in heaven is feeling for me. The Lord is very pitiful.

Saturday Sept. 14th Although I slept so soundly that the enemy might have carried me off, I have no desire to spend another night on the tip of this mountain. The dew is more like rain, and the cold very severe. We started back to camp 8;30 o'clock am marching round through Huttonsville eighteen miles. The enemy having apparently retreated, a company of the 17th Indiana was ordered out to reconnoiter. About a mile and a half to the front, at a bend in the road, they came suddenly upon a few horsemen. Seeing our advance they wheeled to retreat, but the Hoosiers fired bringing one of the Rebel Officers to the ground, and wounded two others so they could not sit in their saddles without being supported by their comrades. Our men followed up and secured their man, he lived only 15 minutes. The cuffs of his gauntlets, his napkin, hankerchief and haversack all told that he was



none other than the veritable John A. Washington of Mt. Vernon. A fine specimen of a man from 35 to 40 yrs. of age. 3 bullets struck him fair in the back, and within a few inches of each other, passing down through and coming out of his breast. He had a splendid pair of pistols, a heavy knife, a fine opera glass, a gold watch with heavy gold chain, \$80 in gold and 75 cts. in silver. A map of the county below us, with farms, location of our camp etc. Thus has a descendent of our noble Washington met an inglorious death. A traitor to the government his ancestor fought so bravely to establish. 1 Sam. 7;12\* (\* Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us).

Lord's Day Sept. 15 Pleasant. We have been allowed to rest, blessed privilege. This morning the body of J.A.W. was given up to a flag of truce bearing a letter to Gen. Reynolds stating that our men had shot Leut. Col. J.A. Washington aide de camp to Gen. Lee, if he was dead they desired his body, if alive to know his condition. John 11:2\* (\*It was that Mary which annointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick).

Monday Sept. 16th Rained nearly all night, but pleasant and warm today. 10 o'clock a.m. was ordered to prepare for another march, by noon we got under way, when to our great disappointment we learned, that our march was over the

same path, and for the same purpose as on the 13th. We saw no Rebels, although they were reported very near. It was early dark when we reached the Stanton "pike", a part of our force went on to the summit, our company turned aside into a Briar patch, with orders to rest until morning. We could have no fire, and though wet through with sweat, I beat down some briar bushes, rolled myself in my blanket and with Haversack for a pillow resigned myself to sleep. Heb. 13:6\* (\*So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me).

Tuesday Sept 17th Waked up just as the day was breaking and marched back to camp before breakfast. Coming down the mt. it was slip, hop and jump, and the occasion of many a ludicrous scene. Our company led the way and we think there must have been some double quick time in our rear, rested the remainder of the day. My text James 4:8\* (\*Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and purify your hearts, ye double minded).

Wednesday Sept. 18th Pleasant. Washing day preparatory to another march. The mail came up bringing me two letters from you. And one from Brother Edwin. Answered Edwins.

Thursday Sept. 19th Detailed for picket guard duty. Fording the river, we are stationed along the Bridal Path, we all are but too well acquainted with. There is a prospect of our remaining here for week. Fortunately I am with the reserve and shall have but little to do. Have built me a nice "shanty" of fence rails and bushes and having cooked

my supper am ready for the night.

Friday Sept. 20th O Dear! I often have to laugh at my trials. It commenced raining about 12 o'clock last night, and though I had succeeded in getting the roof of my rail house nearly water tight, I waked up about 3 o'clock floundering in the water, in fact I had made no provisions to keep the water from running in from every side. I got a rail, sit down upon it and waited for daylight. Of course I have it all right now. Ps. 138:7\* (\*Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me; thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

Saturday Sept. 21st An apple tree near the "reserve" is fast being shorn of its fruit, though not very good. We soften our "hard tack" stew the apples, put in a little sugar and we have a rare dish. There is a peculiarity in being on the "reserve" no excitement, nothing but a dull monotony that is anything but pleasant or agreeable. Today is twin born of yesterday, nothing new to be heard or seen. It is really hard to pass away the time. But for my Bible I know I should be miserable. Rev. 1:18\* (\*I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death).

Lord's Day Sept. 22nd Pleasant. Have enjoyed the day in perfect solitude. My little Shanty is built in a small opening of the woods and is really a pleasant spot.

Monday Sept 23rd Wrote the following letter including

the above extracts from my Journal. We are being constantly reinforced. We now include the 3rd, 6th, and 24th Ohio, 7th, 9th, 13th, 14th, and 17th Indiana and 2 Virginia Regiments, besides a large force of cavalry and artillery. My health continues good with plenty of pork, hard cracker, coffee and beans for rations. We can buy nothing here, not even a lb. of butter. I hope we shall soon get out of this desolate country. I was playing with the children in my sleep last night, and could but weep when I waked and found it a dream. I hear that we are to return to camp day after tomorrow, and that our pay awaits us, with love to all I am as ever

Your affectionate Husband

P. W. Fuller

TO MRS. FULLER NO. 14

Camp Morrow Western Virginia

Oct. 5, 1861

Dear Wife,

I received yours dated Sept. 21 glad to hear that you are all well. Referring to my Journal I find that I gave promise of material aid before this, we came into camp rejoicing in expectation of our pay how we received it my Journal will tell:

Wednesday Sept. 25th Relieved and returned to camp. The rumor that our pay awaited us was only a "camp rumor", and disappointed as we know that those depending upon us are sadly in need of it, we make it a cleaning up day, washing and drying our clothing etc.

Thursday Sept. 26th Our regiment detailed to reconnoiter and find if possible the whereabouts of Gen. Lee & Co. Together with the 13th Indiana under the command of Col. Sullivan we started with three days rations in our Haversacks for "Mingo Flats". When about six miles out it commenced raining very steadily, before dark it poured down, and now, as if to try our patience we are ordered to halt, and make the best of it until morning. I got our mess together, and tried in vain to start a fire, give it up as a bad job, and sought for shelter beneath a large log. My Boys were more successfull, but the wind and rain together made the fire a nuisance. It does seem that I was never more uncomfortable than just now.

Friday Sept. 27th It rained all night, and it was a

Great relief when at daylight we received the order to march. Coming to a little village called "Marshall's Store", halted, and learned that the Rebel Pickets were driven in from this point by an advance guard. Here we have a good specimen of a Virginia Village\_\_\_\_\_l store, one saw mill, two frame and two log houses. The proper officers advanced to reconnoiter leaving us to stand in the rain four hours. Having discovered a detachment of Rebels, they sent for us to come up in double quick time as we came on the enemy fired retreated, their bullets went over our heads, we returned the fire with more deadly effect, killing 15 of their number. Our Scouts, taking advantage of this flight followed up and ascertained the strength and position of the enemy. Our mission accomplished we started back to camp, the rain pouring harder than ever. Reaching the river we found it had risen some four feet since we forded in the morning. One company marched in, but found it impossible to go through. The Captain was carried down with the current and came near losing his life. A little above the ford was a foot log, we filed onto this log and crossed in safety. Standing in the rain and water awaiting our turn to cross over, we became chilled and numb. We gained little by crossing, for the river had flowed its banks. We marched nearly a quarter of a mile through water and mud knee deep to the next ford. (We forded this stream 16 times between Marshall's Store and our camp). Here again was another foot bridge but it being now under water, the crossing was

dangerous but not until two men had lost their lives was we ordered to halt, and make the best of it until such time as we could get over. The rain was still falling in torrents. On one side of this narrow road, was this mountain stream tearing down at a fearful rate, on the other the mountain itself almost at this point, perpendicular, and what to do? was a question more easily asked than answered. We finally went back a short distance to a small clearing. Here we managed just as daylight left us to fire a log heap .

Saturday Sept. 28th A day to be remembered. After getting our fire last night, I made a cup of coffee and wrapping my blanket around my shoulders, seated myself upon a rock, and with my feet to the fire was as comfortable as could be expected. It stopped raining about 10 o'clock, before morning, I could discover that the stream was falling rapidly. After finishing our breakfast we fell in line our company on the right. Reaching the ford, we found the foot bridge gone, we entered the stream and with great difficulty- and danger reached the other shore. We marched on, the water at every ford up to our middle waiting some five or six hours for the water to recede we crossed over the last ford and marched on to camp, and here, what a sight met our eyes? Our earth works that two days before had extended entirely across the valley, and seemed so impregnable to the enemy was breached, and a mightier power than cannon balls had rushed through and was this all, these same earth works that spanned the river by too small a sluiceway had damned

the water thus causing our delay and when finally the water broke through they flooded the country below. Our camp was situated on the bank of the river, and had been flooded to a depth of from 2 to 4 ft. It was indeed sickening to look into our tents. Our knapsacks containing all our valuables, letters clothing, and etc. was filled with water, my Bible and Journal was soaked to pieces, I felt like crying. But wet through to my skin, with nothing dry to put on, no time was lost. We soon had a good fire, washed and dried our clothing, cleaned out our tents, procured some straw, and this evening we quietly discussing the incident, we call it the hardest march yet, several tents were carried away and a large number of our Boys have lost all they left in camp. My physical sufferings have been so great, that I have had little time for reflection, and I sink down upon the straw tonight completely exhausted.

Lord's Day Sept. 29th It has been a pleasant day, but last night made one feel the chilling grasp of winter, my clothing being damp, I suffered much from the cold. It is now one month since we came up the Elkwater expecting a Battle, but no battle yet, excepting the battle of elements.

Monday Sept. 30th Received a letter from home. These letters from home how they revive our drooping spirits. We have fasted today, because our cook spoiled all our rations while cooking. Some four men will never learn to cook, I believe they would live on raw food rather than try to learn how to cook it properly.



Tuesday Oct. 1st 1861 Movements in camp denote another move, we hear there is to be a reconnoissance in force- starting tomorrow morning. Our force consists of eleven infantry regiment, three batteries of 6 guns each, and some 20 pieces of artillery mounted at the various redoubts. Some three companies of calvary, in all about 1200 men. We are hardly rested and ill prepared for another forward movement so soon, but the prospect of a Battle this time is having its influence and the Boys are getting ready.

Wednesday Oct. 2nd Another day to be remembered. Last night we experienced another mountain rain storm. No less than 5000 men in the mountains without shelter. Our late experience has created in us a deep sympathy for them. At daybreak the column took up its line of march toward Greenbriar River. The copious rains and the constant tread of over 7000 men, and the moving of artillery and wagon trains, rendered the roads almost impassable for mud and slush. The mire being from one to two feet deep, very juicy and slippery. The hauling was hard on horse flesh, while the pedestrian soldier managed to operate on the sliding scale with great difficulty and slipping or falling at almost every step. At a point three miles from camp, a Courier reported that, "Col. Nelroy with the 9th Indiana Reg. had engaged the enemy's advance, at Greenbriar Bridge. Killing 3 Rebels and losing 1 killed and one wounded." After fording Greenbriar River we found both sides of the road for two miles strewn with blankets, overcoats, haversacks, canteens all belonging

to both the enemy and the Hoosiers. The latter in pursuit had cast off their accoutrements in order to facilitate their speed- in pursuit of the Rebels, who made the best double quick possible to their camp and fortifications while many endeavored to seek refuge in the mountain thickets. Turning a point in the main road to the left in a beautiful valley the enemy's encampment was before us, some two miles distant. At this point the firing commenced. During the engagements the execution was principally by artillery. The action was nearly four hours duration, and it is a curious fact that by some oversight the enemy neglected to cut the fuse of their shells, preventing their explosion and consequent disastrous effect, and they accounting in part for our small loss. The lamentable heart-rending shrieks and cries of their wounded in their trenches, and within their camp, heard during the cessation of our guns, and from the number killed outside give us the assurance that the enemy's loss can not be less than 500 killed and wounded. Our men one and all did nobly. The reconnoissance proving entirely successful, affording information as to the enemies strength which could not be obtained from Scouts or otherwise. We learn from prisoners that the Rebels had ten Virginia and Arkansas Regiments and eight pieces of artillery after silencing 5 of their guns, they were reinforced from Monterey by 4 additional regiments, and a Battery of six guns. Stonewall Jackson was in command. We took 12 prisoners. The number of our killed and wounded only 29, none are missing and none taken

prisoners. This is the most effective and longest artillery engagement since the commencement of the war. Our Boys returned to camp in good heart.

Thursday Oct. 3rd The excitement and fatigue of yesterday together with a bad cold, has laid me up for the day. I have done little else than write up my Journal.

Friday Oct. 4th About eleven o'clock last night our company was called up, and ordered to get ready to march. Although not feeling well I determined to accompany them. We marched out some 2 miles from our entrenchments, and fearing we might be fired upon by our own pickets we halted laid down in the bushes and waited daylight, about 4 o'clock this morning we got under way, and marched some 3 miles up a narrow ravine-just in time to head off a Rebel Scouting party. They took to their heels, and we returned to camp. A careless Hoosier from an Indiana regiment seeing a huge rattlesnake on the opposite bank of the river-attempted to shoot his snakeship. He did not shoot the snake but he did shoot Luet. S. H. Bidwell of Co. H. our regiment. It seems that the bullet struck a rock and glancing upward took effect in the right breast of Luet. B. who expired within ten minutes after the accident. We hardly know when we are safe, even among friends. Our regiment have lost some 5 men from similar accidents. Luet. B's remains will be forwarded to Cincinnati.

Saturday Oct. 5th Two large boils on my side-are occasioning some pain and laid me up for the day. This letter to wife containing the above extract is all I have been able to accomplish.

CAMP ELKWATER VA. OCT. 12th 1861

Dear Wife,

I wrote you on the 5th that I was nearly discouraged about getting money in season to be of benefit to you this fall. But you see the bonifide Paymaster has come at last. I can not describe the wild excitement manifested by our Boys when it was known for a certainty that the man and the money had actually arrived. They shouted until the hills \_\_\_\_\_the sound "The Paymaster has come". None rejoiced more than myself, for I knew how much you needed the money. If no one steals it, you will find enclosed forty-five dollars in greenbacks, I have only received \$52.00 payment to Aug. 31st so I have retained but \$7.00 for spending money. This much and I go back to my Journal.

Lord's Day Oct. 6th Cloudy with signs of more rains. I have enjoyed a delightful day. The Chaplains of the several regiments at this camp held a morning service together, we had a good meeting and a good sermon. This afternoon our Regiment was detailed again, to reconnoiter the Rebel Camp. Having a large boil on my left side, I am for the first time left behind. Five of our mess finding that I was not going contrived to get excused, so we are having a quiet time all to ourselves.

Monday Oct. 7th Our Boys are destined to get a soaking every time they go up the valley. It rained pouring all night, and I have really suffered in sympathy with our regiment.

Tuesday Oct. 8th Pleasant again. Our Boys returned this morning and report the Rebels all gone--(done gone-as the darkeys say) They seem to be backing out of Western Virginia. Finally after so long a time, the Paymaster a Major Haselton-has arrived. Of course we stay behinds must care for him and his greenbacks. I am accordingly detailed, and with my guard proceed to take possession of a small house occupied by a family by the name of Stonerker, consisting of the man and wife 3 children, the eldest a young lady of some 17 yrs. They felt highly honored by our presence and proceeded at once to make us as comfortable as could be under the circumstances. The house is divided into two rooms and the attic is reached by a ladder. The only cupboard in the house was a few shelves in one corner of the room we occupied screened by a curtain. We expect an invitation to breakfast by the activity manifested in the culinary department, several Virginia pies have been deposited behind the curtain, and a big loaf of cornbread has gone into the oven. As bedsteads are not in fashion in this locality-the Major and myself have selected the softest plank in the floor, trusting to the guard outside to care for us and the treasure, it is lucky they know nothing of the pies.

Wednesday Oct. 9th Pleasant. Slept very sound-did not awake until aroused by the family in the adjoining room, who were talking loudly and seemed excited. We immediately arose and was about to investigate, when the door partly

opened, and the eldest daughter who looked enough to frighten even a soldier, remarked- "Somebody's stole our pies and cake, ever who's stole our pies and cake has gots to pays for it'." The Major looked at me, and I looked at the Major. And I think we must have looked innocent for she added- "I know twasent yous". "No," said the Major- "It was not either of us. The Parson would not steal, and wouldn't eat a poison cake for all the money I got in this box." I called the guard, but they knew nothing about it, they was sure they saw no one enter the house. Of course, I threatened to report the guard and as the rascals had not only carried off the contents of the shelves in the room we occupied, but had also entered the adjoining room and the loaf in the oven was gone, and the family had nothing for breakfast, I ordered the guard to furnish from their rations more than double the amount taken-so the matter was compromised.

Thursday Oct. 10th Pleasant. We did expect to receive our pay today, but for the fifth time our pay rolls are found to be wrong. The 3rd Ohio has left us for Huttonsville, and Col. Durmont of the 7th Indiana now promoted to Brig. Gen. takes command of this post from date.

Friday Oct. 11th A hard soaking rain all day.

Saturday Oct. 12th Pleasant. Noted as our first pay day. I received \$52.81 paid Suttin \$4.00 sent in this letter to wife \$45.00.

The following was found in the back of the Journal written in P. W. Fuller's hand. It is not known whether he was practicing for a statement to be written or whether it is a copy of one sent.

Whereas-Our esteemed Chaplain Comrade Rev. P.W. Fuller is making an effort to obtain the Chaplaincy at the Minnesota Soldier Home and Whereas-We learn that the Ministerial Union of which our comrade is a member have forwarded to the Commander of the home a resolution passed unanimously at their last meeting- commending Rev. Fuller as able-efficient and well qualified for the position and whereas we learn that although a concienacious member of one denomination of Christian he has been employed as a missionary and served several years for a Society composed of all \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_denomination and is therefore eminently fitted for inter-denominational and non-sectarion work such as would be required at the home and whereas his present circumstances demand our sympathy and substantive aid. Therefore resolved that the \_\_\_\_\_ and is hereby instructed to convey the complements of this Post to Capt. Thos. McMillin. That we heartily endorse the testimonials already forwarded and urge the appointment of Rev. P.W. Fuller as Chaplain of the Minnesota Soldiers Home.

Whereas our honored Chaplain is making an effort to obtain the Chaplaincy of the Minnesota Soldiers Home.

And whereas, the Ministerial Union of which he is a member, have forwarded to the Commander of the home a resolution commending our Comrade as able, efficient, and well qualified for the position-

And whereas we learn that Comrade Fuller has a good army record and has labored successfully for a Social Conference of ALL evangelical denominations and non-sectarian work and therefore eminently fitted for the kind of service required at the home And whereas our Comrade is now in circumstances that demand our sympathy and substantive aid.

Therefore Resolved

That we heartily endorse the testimonials already forwarded.