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U.C.

Miss Emma Albarr

Conneaut
Ohio

CHAUTAQUA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2003

1861 - 1862
1863 - 1864

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

Washington D.C. 1863
Camp Anderson
July 23rd 1861

Dear Emma You have probu-
ably received today a letter which I
sent you from our encampment near
Centreville Va. and also the news of
the disastrous battle which the next
day witnessed. Ah! Emma that was a ter-
rible day, a horrible ~~struggle~~^{battle}, a more terrible
retreat and a more horribl night. I
am preserved, God only knows how but
I do know that it ~~could~~^{was} only be by his
power and mercy. The accounts which
you received have doubtless been very
meagre and unjust toward the poor boys
who were engaged in it. We left camp
where we were about 2 oc. Saturday morn-
ing and after being kept on the road and
marching three or four miles in as many
hours we at about 6 a. m. came to
Centreville and started off on a very
quick march which was kept up
for about 15 or 17 miles in order to
outflank the enemy this, of course, entire-
ly outmaneuvered us, but notwithstanding
our utter exhaustion, the general, although

it is said to have been contrary to order,
 sent me, without a moment's rest, a drink
 of water, or a supper of breakfast, right
 into the battle, almost man-handled, when
 I call it a battle - it was rather a slaughter
 drove men through the carriages of officers
 as if private of our regiment. said the men on
 the day, the officers lost it. "Well, my friends and
 fought until blood and sweat and heat for
 about 6 hours, and, at length when we were
 overruled and disappointed by the long conflict
 we were ordered to retreat and had no choice
 if we could see Gen. Johnson had come with
 a reinforcement of 4000 men for the night.
 How could such men retreat in that condition?
 They could only drag themselves along as fast as possi-
 ble. It was a physical impossibility for us to re-
 treat - we only ran and back was sent through
 all those long weary miles with the expectation
 that our enemy would be upon us every mo-
 ment in back to our old camp - but fair-
 ly as C. G. sent back to Washington that very
 night. Oh! you cannot imagine the horrors of
 that long and night. But I cannot tell you of them
 now. You must be content to know that I am
 safe. Thank Heaven for it. I was so busy I could
 not feel fear but it was so awful such an agony that
 I have just yet recovered myself. The fatigues of the
~~fighting~~ no retreat, and to expect that I have no