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**Transcriptions by Center for Digital Collections staff.**

Wilmington Del Feb 12<sup>th</sup> 1863

Dear Brother

We received your letter of the 7<sup>th</sup> on last Tuesday and was very glad to hear you were still improving. It seems a very long time since you were wounded. And I think you must have past through a great deal of suffering, but I hope the worst is over and that you will soon be home. Anna has been out at Uncle Steptoes since last Sunday, I expect she would be hurrying home if she only knew we had a letter from you. I think you must have a great deal of patience to lay there without ever getting up, you have more than I have. I think it would nearly kill me to be in bed a month, let alone months. I guess nearly the whole of Wilmington knows you were wounded, and I have cut several pieces out of newspapers where your name was mentioned, One piece tells who you are and who your father was and that you fought most gallantly in defence of your country. Cousin Johnny Steptoe is at Falmouth Va.

Wilmington Del Feb 12th 1863

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We received your letter of the 7th on last Tuesday, and was very glad to hear you were still improving. It seems a very long time since you were wounded And I think you must have past through a great deal of suffering, but I hope the worst is over and that you will soon be home. Anna [Anna R. Fulton] has been out at Uncle Steptoes since last Sunday, I expect she would be hurrying home if she only knew we had a letter from you. I think you must have a great deal of patience to lay there without ever getting up, you have more than I have. I think it would nearly kill me to be in bed a month, let alone months. I guess nearly the whole of Wilmington knows you were wounded, and I have cut several pieces out of Newspapers where your name was mentioned, One piece tells who you are and who your father was and that you fought most gallantly in defence of your country. Cousin Johnny Steptoe [John C. Steptoe] is at Falmouth Va.



Cousin Johnny Chandlee lives with Cortland. a few days ago he took a flock of sheep to Philadelphia and I don't know whether he has got back or not. We sent you in our last letter some stamps and a dollar, you hadnot any stamp on your last letter so I suppose you hadnt got them then; but perhaps you have by this times if not write and we will send you more. Mr Mudford was wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg but he is better I believe, and is still with his regiment. He wants you to know that he has written you two letters and received no answer, he says his views of McClellan have changed, and none of the men had confidence in Burnside, when Burnside would come along the men were sullen and would not cheer him. He is at Falmouth too. We will put in the post office some paper and Envelopes for you at the same time we post you this letter. We are all right well. Mother and Anna join me in love to you.

From your loving sister Sarah C. Fulton.

Cousin Johnny Chandlee [John Chandlee] lives with Cortland [Cortland Chandlee]. a few days ago he took a flock of sheep to Philadelphia and I don't know whether he has got back or not. We sent you in our last letter some [underline]stamps[underline] and a [underline]dollar[underline], you hadnot any stamp on your last letter so I suppose you hadn't got them then; but perhaps you have by this time; if not write and we will send you more. Mr Mudford was wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg but he is better I believe, and is still with his regiment. He wants you to know that he has written you two letters and received no answer, he says his views of McClellan [George B. McClellan] have changed, and none of the men had confidence in Burnside [Ambrose E. Burnside], when Burnside [Ambrose E. Burnside] would come along the men were sullen and would not cheer him. He is at Falmouth too. We will put in the post office some paper and Envelopes for you at the same time we post you this letter. We are all right well. Mother and Anna [Anna R. Fulton] join me in love to you. From your loving sister Sarah C. Fulton.



*After the Battle*

1 Grey-hooded like a friar  
Is the high mountain-top;  
The east is all on fire;  
The rain begins to drop  
As morning opens slowly  
The leaden lid of sky,  
That hid night's visage holy  
From his red and wakeful eye.

2 Night that did kindly stifle  
The battery's flaming smoke;-  
Silenced the deadly rifle;-  
Palsied the sword's keen stroke;-  
Gave little cheer to any,  
No victory, no gain,-  
But endless rest to many,  
To many life-long pain!

3 Here in their sluggish courses  
Crawl little pools of gore;  
There stark and stiff lie horses  
That gallant riders bore;

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With dumb but strong reliance,  
They followed the mad run,  
Met the fierce foes defiance,  
Now lie with human slain.

4 This right arm cleft asunder,  
That sturdy blows withstood;  
The damp earth lying under,  
Black with the flowing blood!  
This still face upward turning,  
All heedless of the rain,  
Unknowing that the morning  
Dawns on the earth again.

5 God! earth already covers  
Too many a gallant breast!  
We praying ones whose lovers  
Are fighting with the rest;  
We daughters and we mothers,  
Heart broken for our dead;  
We sisters, whose dear brothers  
Lie in some nameless bed;

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6 Of every town and city,  
In prayer, oh God! to Thee!  
Beg for thy tender pity,  
Nor let this longer be;  
Look on this desolation,  
And bid the conflict cease;  
To our beloved nation,  
Give Victory! give Peace.

*[Decorative flourish]*

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Mr Edward A. Fulton  
Company A. Col. Baxters zouaves  
General Hospital  
Formerly Ward B  
Smoketown. Md.

