Camp Lincoln - near Hampton, Va -
April 5th 1862 -

Dear Henry,

There is a Post-Office near here, and I am going to write a few lines this evening, hoping that I may be able to drop my note in the letter box - though I have doubts as to its ever reaching you - We reached Fortress Monroe safely yesterday morning & dropped anchor, after indulging in a little collision with a schooner, which stove in the bulwarks upper deck of the old Knickerbocker to some extent, and scared some of the men who were asleep in the saloon, but produced no other damage -

After disembarking, we were obliged to lie about this magnificent fortification for several hours, awaiting orders - During the day two small rebel steamers came out from Hewell's Point, and run down within three or four miles of us, n-

considering - Through my Field glass, (I have a very fine one) I could distinctly see the turrets above, and the "bug" astern

Just before us lay the famous Monitor I wish you could see her - you would certainly laugh at her apparent insignificance - I really thought that they were trying to "load" me, when she was pointed out as the thing that saved our game once, and our only hope in the next battle - Imagine a "staging" (?) - as we used to call the water platforms on which the men stood when coppering a ship's bottom - with a small pole stuck in the middle of it, and a hogshead near it (the turret) and you have the Monitor exactly - that is to say, all of her that is visible above water - There the queer little craft lay with steam up, waiting for the Merrimac - who may lose her chance, unless she comes down very soon - Today we are in camp at this place (Hampton -)

You remember the history of the burning of this ~~place~~ town, upon Magruder's retreat -

It is a melancholy sight to see the tall lonely chimneys and blackened walls on every side of us. I dined today at the house of one of the two men who voted the Union ticket at their last election. I have heard his story before, probably you have also. He was in the last stages of consumption, but insisted upon voting, saying that they might kill him if they would, it made but little difference with him, but he was bound to stand up for the old flag. He died soon afterward. His wife told me today that for a long time they expected a battle would be fought at their very door, but they could not leave.

Part of our heavy guns have gone on, and others are being shipped today. We shall probably leave tomorrow morning. I have no right to say aught of our destination. You undoubtedly can guess pretty nearly right. Our troops just ahead of us have warm work today, and the roar of the mortars from the gun boats has been almost

incessant –

But – I have work to do, and must close – If you could look in upon me just now, you would see a fair picture of Camp life in the field – With my feet on very muddy ground, my Portfolio resting on my knees – I am sitting on a corner of my Buffalo robe, writing by the light of a tallow candle, which compels me to bend very low, as I can get no higher position for the candle than the one occupied by myself –

I had almost forgotten to congratulate you on the advent of little "Whatsher name" – Long years of happiness to her & her parents – Tell her that I shall do myself the honor of calling upon her as soon as my business will allow me to do so –

Love to Alice – and to Mother and all –

Very affly –

Tom –

Newbern, N.C., Nov. 29th 1862.
Saturday Aft.n

My dearest friend:

Last Monday morning I heard that the United States would leave on Tuesday for the North. Gladly I commenced a letter to you, but while writing I learned that she was sent to Plymouth, and no mail would be forwarded until another arrived. For once, I thought I would depart from my rule, and send you a cold letter, i.e. long cooked: there was no lack of hot condiments even if the calorie had escaped. But now as I glance over the four full pages I had written, it seems to me too bad to send off such a jumble; so I throw the whole aside and begin anew, for the mail by the U.S. which is now bound to N. York.

It has been hard to pass so long a time without hearing from, or writing to you. I chafe for your return. You can hardly know how constantly you are in my mind. I thought I might do more work in your absence even if with less satisfaction - than while running so often to see you, but I was mistaken. I stop my writing to think over what you said or did or how you looked. I sit in my chair, or on the side of my bed, and wish for your coming again. I lie awake at night, wondering where you are, or grieving over your absence. I spend more time longing for you than I spent with you while

here. It is an economy of my time and strength to be constantly near you.

Now let me hurry over the news of the camp. Last week Friday Col. Leggett passed an hour in my tent talking over the affairs of the reg^t. I think I did not mention this to you in my last. He spoke of wishing you to take a captaincy, although he understood you did not care to. Oh how I loved to hear him say a word in praise of you; but, dear Adjutant, I cannot bear the thought of your returning to the line. I should be under the necessity of making the next march on foot, unless you took your horse. I could not ride if you walked.

Last Sabbath, Col. Leggett was one of the first to make his appearance at the Chapel tent when the drum sounded the Church call. Dr. Newton was also there, and Maj. Otis, and a good sprinkling of officers. This was quite encouraging to me. In the eve^g. I went down to the hospital and held a brief service in each of the five wards.

I am having hearty coöperation from our present field officers in all my work. They are talking of taking the camp hospital for a winter chapel for me. Col. L. says the tent is not large enough. Officers and men speak approvingly of prayers at dress parade. Capt. Goodyear said the other eve^g. it looked now as it should look. The men liked it. Maj. Otis said privates and officers liked every man to fill his place, and they were glad when the Chaplain was present to

perform his part even if they did not particularly value the prayer. This corresponds with my idea that my influence is increased by a recognition of my official relation to the reg.t

Possibly you have seen a notice in some Northern paper of the death of Dr. Hunt ass.t Surgeon of the Mass. 27th. He was first surgeon at Wash.n He rode out on the Jamestown road, a few days ago, with one or two companions. Without a demand to surrender, the party was fired into by the rebels and he was killed. His death is deemed a decided loss.

Dr. Pease has been ordered to Portsmouth. This takes him from us. He is in sole charge there, being Com.t of the post.

Dr. Newton has rec.d his watch from Washington. This is quite consoling to him.

I have had your horse shod. He has been used occasionally by ~~the~~ Lt. Faulkner — (I won't call him even "acting Adj.t." While you belong in that place. No man to my mind can act in your stead.) Also a few times by Maj. Otis. Capt. Hudson has had him once.

We had some trouble from men desiring to enlist in the regular army; but it is hoped the whole thing will blow over. One of the privates went down town and learned from Maj. Hoffman that if he wished to join the regulars he might hand his name to the Adj.t of his reg.t. With four or five others, he came to your tent, the next morning, for the purpose. Col. Leggett, finding

out their business dissuaded them from their move. Half a dozen more came up. He fixed them in the same way. Then about fifty appeared. He was discouraged, and ordered all to their tents. He now waits positive instructions from head quarters. My own opinion is we shall have less difficulty than this would seem to threaten. The men were sorry to lose Col. Pettibone. They had it in mind that this was a sinking ship and they must quit it. Now they are liking Col. Beggett more and more. I am doing what I can to confirm confidence in him. Our line is growing at an encouraging rate. The sick list is decreasing. All looks brighter. The men are more contented.

I had your sword carefully cleaned by Mike. He thought I was very particular about it. I made him do his work over three or four times until I was fully satisfied. I obtained all the appliances of emery paper, polishing powder, &c., and sought information from officers as to the approved mode of operation. I have now hung it in my tent. It is company for me. Your tent looks quite topsy turvy. I do not quite like to be in it now. But yesterday, when no one was there, I stepped in a moment. Your linen cap, with the oil silk cover, was on the table. Oh how distinctly it brought you before me. I took it up and — well I will not confess how much of a baby I was —

Thanksgiving Day was well observed in camp. Genl. Foster recommended the day to his division, and Col.

Leggett to his reg.t. I read the Gov's proclamation last Sabbath. On Thursday I preached my first Thanksgiving sermon. I did so wish you could tell me how you liked it. The text was Ps. 23. 5 "Thou prepareest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over." Do you not think that was appropriate?

Riding out with Maj. Otis, Dr. Hart and Q. M. Fowler, on Thursday aft.n, I lost my saddle cloth. It worked out while riding fast. I have sent for another to Smith, Brown & Co. Mrs. Trumbull will obtain it and put it with the other things I am despoiled to trouble you with. My idea is, to have a leather valise packed with what I need and what you choose to put in. Then, if you can bring it as personal baggage, I shall be grateful. But do not inconvenience yourself too much. I have asked her to procure a rubber blanket to replace Nannie ruined while I was so enjoying myself in the cabin of the Skirmisher. By the way, the old Capt. of that craft who was so shockingly profane and whose good opinion I sought to win, for his good, came to camp to see me, to-day. He took dinner with us. He says his steward said if he had known, that first night, I was sleeping on the floor, he would have had me take his bed. Ah, I was in more pleasant quarters than I could have been in any single bed in the whole world. I would I could rest as comfortably to-night.

And now let me say that you will hardly find us here in camp when you return. The barracks just in our rear are at seems for us. Indeed they are already at our disposal. Our men are finishing them up, and most of the companies will be likely to get in next week. The house for the field and staff is just framed. It stands at the North end, beyond - i.e. easterly - of the house for the officers of five of the Cos. I have learned nothing new of the proposed arrangement of the rooms. I wish you could be here when we go in. If you are not, I must see to it that our rooms adjoin, if we have each one; and I wish we could have a door between the two.

Rumors of another march are rife. Chaplain Mullen, of Col. Stevenson's reg.t, told me on Wednesday that he had it from those who ought to know that it would be commenced within a fortnight. Brigade drills are, I understand, to be resumed the first of the coming week. This is another sign - in the opinion of Maj. Otis. The Capt. of the Skirmisher thinks we will take transports for Wilmington. Inquiries are already being made which look to an expedition of that kind. A lack of coal in the department must however cause some delay. I think we can hardly start under two weeks from the present time.

Oh, Adjutant, what if we should move before your return? The thought that you would be in no danger would be the only consoling reflection. Yet, knowing that you had rather share the dangers of

such a movement, I could hardly refrain from bitterly lamenting your absence. Only imagine me as I should find myself, riding between the Ass^t. Surgeon and the Q. Master all day long, talking familiarly, freely with them out of the fullness of my heart, and then sitting up late at night for conversation on intellectual topics with the Col. Don't laugh, dear Adj^t.; it's too serious a subject. I live, now, in dread of the order to move. If you were here, my heart would leap with joy at such a summons.

Not a word from you yet. Nor am I likely to have one in some time. Only one mail has come since you left: that was mostly the old one, so long missing. My last letter from home was dated Nov. 18th Yet the next arrival will bring me nothing from you. How delighted I shall be when your first letter does reach me. Although I have never had a line from you, it seems as if we had corresponded for years. I cannot realize or quite believe that we have been intimate friends but a few weeks. I think I know you so well, and I know you have so sounded the depths of my heart, that the conviction is that years must have passed in bringing us to our present relative positions. But I will not trouble myself as to the steps taken in bringing us together. It is enough for me to believe that we are the best of friends, the most thoroughly sympathizing, the most warmly attached. Whether we came to this intimacy gradually, or as by the thrill of an electric flash, it mat-

ters little to me.

Do you think, my dear friend, that I write in too much of the love letter strain? Would you have me confine myself to intelligence from camp, or to the discussion of great truths? I rattle on, page after page, saying what is uppermost in my mind. I can keep nothing back. I can plan nothing ahead. I write as I would talk if you were here. May I continue this course? Or would you like from me such letters as I send to others, and as others send to you? As it is, my letters to you are more free and open than to any other friend I have. I believe they are more unrestrained, more confused, more affectionate than those of any other correspondent you have, or ever had, or will have. I cannot watch your face as you read them. They have as yet brought no word of response. Is it strange, then that I am asking myself these questions? Yet I am not much in doubt.

Now I must close. The Post Master has been here to say he was about starting. I told him to go on. I can gain a little by going down town with this, although the mail closes at the office at 8 P.M. I have written rapidly. Dress parade and tea took out a good - or a large - share of the time since I commenced writing.

Col. Kurtz has resigned. The 23d goes into camp. The 17th does Provost duty.

I presume another mail will go soon, for one from the North is over due. Then I will hope to write about Dick and other matters. In much love Yours heartily A. G. Trumbull

Seabrook Island, May 9th, 1863
11.40 P.M.

Dear Henry.

I hear that another vessel is to sail for the Head tomorrow, and take the opportunity to enclose to you these miniatures which you intended to take with you. The melainotype, you know, I only lend you, and almost grudge it even at that; it recalls so pleasantly those delightful days at New Berne. Don't trust it to the express or mail again, but come back with it as soon as possible.

The Arago's mail arrived this evening. I send to you in two envelopes three letters which came by it and two others which reached camp a day or two after we left it last week. I have received three since then, all from my mother. one of 12 pages. I wish I could read some of it to you and hear retracts from some of yours. I gazed

at them wistfully enough before re-mailing them - How much I have enjoyed and admired them in time past! and how sadly I miss your sympathy as I read my own alone - There's no time when I miss you more than upon the arrival of a mail - It would have been some consolation if I could have had a letter from you - and that I shall have next time -

Our news from Hooker's army is to Sunday evening - still indecisive and I don't like the looks of things - You know all, I presume, by this time - If only it is a victory! —

I intend to give out notice of the Sunday-school tomorrow morning - Preaching in the afternoon - prayer-meeting in the evening - How gladly we would exchange them all for a five minutes' talk from you —

With much love, your friend

Henry —

Rev. H. Clay Trumbull -
Chaplain 10th Regt. Conn. Vols -
attending the wounded in hospital -

Charleston Prison, July 20, 1863 –

Dear Henry – It is said that we are to leave for Columbia in the morning. I fear you will not go with us. Could we be together, I should enjoy all else – so, I know, would you – Keep heart – "be of good courage" – we shall meet again – at our own homes – God preserve your health & strength until then & give you all support and consolation. I am very glad you are likely to enjoy so much physical comfort. I trust that a very few days will see you again in freedom. My own protest[x] will, I hope, have the weight which belongs to it, but if not, I shall look forward hopefully still to the end. God bless you –

From – Henry –

x to be made in due time –

Morning – We are off – God bless you –

In Jail Columbia S. C July 24 1863

My dearest wife

A long letter to you, commenced on James Island and finished on Morris Island. I left last Saturday morning within our lines where I had completed its writing. Of course you will not see it as it was neither folded nor addressed. After laying it aside I went out with my friend the Adj.t to do what I could for our wounded, understanding that an armistice had been agreed on for that work of humanity. We had gone but a few rods from our works when we found ourselves arrested and held as prisoners. The circumstances of our position I have not time this Evening to detail. First we were brought to Charleston and lodged in Jail there. Thence we ~~were brought here~~ came hither. Henry on Tuesday I to day. To morrow A.M. Henry goes to Richmond. I must remain.

I am much surprised at being held in durance as I have not to my knowledge overstepped the bounds of my duty as a minister of mercy to the afflicted and suffering and I think a proper representation of the case from the agents of the Government will secure my release. I hope my friends will have that made

I am as comfortable as could be expected and hope ere long to see you in health and safety

May our Fathers Blessing be on you and all the darlings

now and ever prays your affectionate husband

signed H C T.

P.S. Saturday AM. The order for the other Officers to move to day is countermanded & we are still together.

Henry.

Headquarters 10th Regt. C.V.
Morris Island S.C. Aug. 7th 1863

Gurdon Trumbull Esqr

Dear Sir

I received a note from your Son Chaplain Trumbull, dated Charleston Jail July 23d in which he stated that Adjutant Camp was sent to Columbia the Tuesday previous, and that he was to be sent that night. I infer from what he wrote that the prospect of his being exchanged, before the operations now being made against Charleston had ceased a terminated in the capture of the City, was somewhat doubtful; my own opinion is that they will not exchange any of the prisoners taken here until Charleston falls, which we think will take place very soon.

this is the 27th day of the Siege & with the reinforcement recently arrived, Gen. Gilmore will be able to dig them out in less time than Grant did Vicksburgh. I have secured Mr. Trumbulls things and will see that his horse is properly cared for. Your sons note was enclosed and sent to Mrs. Trumbull, I presume she will receive it by this mail. Any thing new I may learn of them, I will immediately communicate to his family. Lieut. Col. Leggett of this Reg't received a severe wound from a shell which exploded in our trenches taking off his left leg just below the knee, three men were wounded - seven after by solid shot from Fort Johnson. Col. Leggett was wounded on the 25th. is still on the Island and doing finely will be sent North in a few days.

I have ordered that the box sent to Mr. Trumbulls address and at present in the Adams express Office at Hilton Head be returned to his address at Hartford. any directions in relation to his things will be implicitly obeyed

I am Sir with great respect your obedient
E. S. Greely Major
Comd.g 10th Regt. C. V.

Hartford Oct. 9th
/63.

My dear Olive

The inclosed letter from Henry we received a few days, since, your father has procured the money, and has written to the Soldier that he, has done so, & that it is subject to his order, and would like to you mention the fact to Henry, as your letters reach him now, so that his mind may be relieved on that subject.

Mrs. Camp sent down for our perusal yesterday a letter from Henry of the 7th a few days ~~later~~ earlier date than Henrys. he had received his first letter from home, about a week after Henry received his, telling him of the death of the dear Baby.

— Tom. & Annie left us for Sharon Springs on Tuesday

accompanied by James Sarah & little Annie. The Dr. strongly recommended his trying the waters there for a few days, they might do him good perhaps, if he were able to stay long enough.

Mary Prime came up unexpectedly last evening she expected to find Annie at home. I am afraid she will be lonely. She is not at all well - suffers much from shortness of breath & general weakness. Gordon is talking of taking a Sea Voyage this winter to Rio Janeiro or Cuba. but has not fully decided.

Since I commenced writing, Jenny with her mother & little Kitty called - they came out in the cars to enjoy the pleasant morning. Kitty looks beautifully, says she wants to see Cousin Sophy & Cousin Mary.

Celie Clancy has had no more of her chills and looks well now, she is at James's, with Mary Donnelly keeping house.

Mother & Mary both join me in much love to you and the dear Children — please remember me also to your Mother & Sister —

from your affectionate Mother

S. A. Turnbull

Examined F.P. [ca. 1863]

Rev. H. Clay Trumbull
Chaplain 10th Conn. Vols –
Hospital of Wounded Prisoners –
Charleston –
S. C. –

✓

Has been sent to Columbia S.C.