



Front of the envelope

"Camp Forbes"
Somewhere near "Leaboard" Ind
Sept 11. th 1862
Dear Parents,
Since my last, I
have seen a little of the rough
of soldiering. Tuesday morning
early we struck tents and started
for somewhere, our tents are
large enough to hold two persons
and we have to carry them on
our backs, they are not very
heavy each one soldier carrying
one half. These with our
knapsacks, belts, roundabouts,
cartridge boxes &c make a
pretty heavy load on ones
shoulders. We rested several
times and at last halted
in this place about 4 o'clock P.M.
the distance being 12 Virginia

Page 1

miles which in our opinion are
equal to 15 of Yankee miles.
Many fell out (and the largest
men too) from exhaustion but
your humble servant stood it
like a brick and felt about as
well as when he started.
We all learnt a lesson, both
from practice and from the
many soldiers we passed on
our way, it is this, "to carry
too much baggage is acting
like a fool" and consequently
I shall send home everything
except my blankets, shirts, and
medicine and sewing apparatus.
Knapsacks we don't need.
There is one thing I
am thankful for and that is
that we are going to Gen.
Burnside's division. (Bully for
him.) and expect to start
early to-morrow morning.
I am going to steal, or in
more polite words, forage
all I can before starting so
as to have plenty to eat on
the march. I don't know how
far we are to go.
As for Col. Bowman
the men think him a little
God, they all most worship
him. Case why he treats
us as men and not like brutes
as ~~some~~ ~~some~~ some Colonels
do. I am feeling first rate
and if you feel half as well
as I do you are all ~~most~~ right.
Give my love to all my
friends if you know who they
are, I don't. Write soon.
 Hoping you are both well and
of good cheer I remain
Your Son
Charley

Pages 2 & 3

Camp Forbes

Somewhere near Leesboro, Maryland

September 11, 1862

Dear Parents,

Since my last I have seen a little of the rough of soldiering. Tuesday morning early we struck tents and started for somewhere. Our tents are large enough to hold two persons and we have to carry them on our backs. They are not very heavy, each one soldier carrying one half. These with our knapsacks, belts, roundabouts, cartridge boxes, &c. make a pretty heavy load on one's soldiers.

We rested several times and at last halted in this place about 4 o'clock P. M.—the distance being 12 Virginia miles which in our opinion are equal to 15 Yankee miles. Many fell out (and the largest men too) from exhaustion but your humble servant stood it like a brick and felt about as we as when he started.

We all learnt a lesson both from practice and from the many soldiers we passed on our way. It is this: “to carry too much baggage is acting like a fool” and consequently I shall send home everything except my blankets, shirts, medicine, and sewing apparatus. Knapsacks we don't need.

There is one thing I am thankful for and that is that we are going to Gen. Burnside's Division (Bully for him) and expect to start early tomorrow morning. I am going to steal—or in more polite words, “forage” all I can before starting so as to have plenty to eat on the march. I don't know how far we are to go. As for Col. Bowman, the men think he a little God. They all most worship him. Cause why? He treats us as men and not like brutes as some colonels do.

I am feeling first rate and if you feel half as well as I do, you are all right. Give my love to all my friends if you know who they are. I don't.

Write soon. Hoping you are both well and of good cheer, I remain your son, —
Charley

Bio of Charles Henry Howe

Born on 4 May 1845 in Lancaster, Massachusetts. He was the son of Ebenezer Wilson Howe (1817-1885) and Sarah Ann Blanchard (1823-Aft1900) of Clinton, Worcester, Massachusetts. Charley begged his parents to let him enlist, and when they finally consented, he enlisted on 15 August 1862 in Co. I, 36th Massachusetts Infantry.

In Rutledge, East Tennessee, during the pursuit of Longstreet, after the siege of Knoxville, the foraging group of nine Charley took part in was captured by Confederates all of the prisoners were sent to Andersonville Prison in Georgia where all of them died except 1 who survived and was paroled a year later. Charles Howe died on 27 August 1864 and was buried at Andersonville.