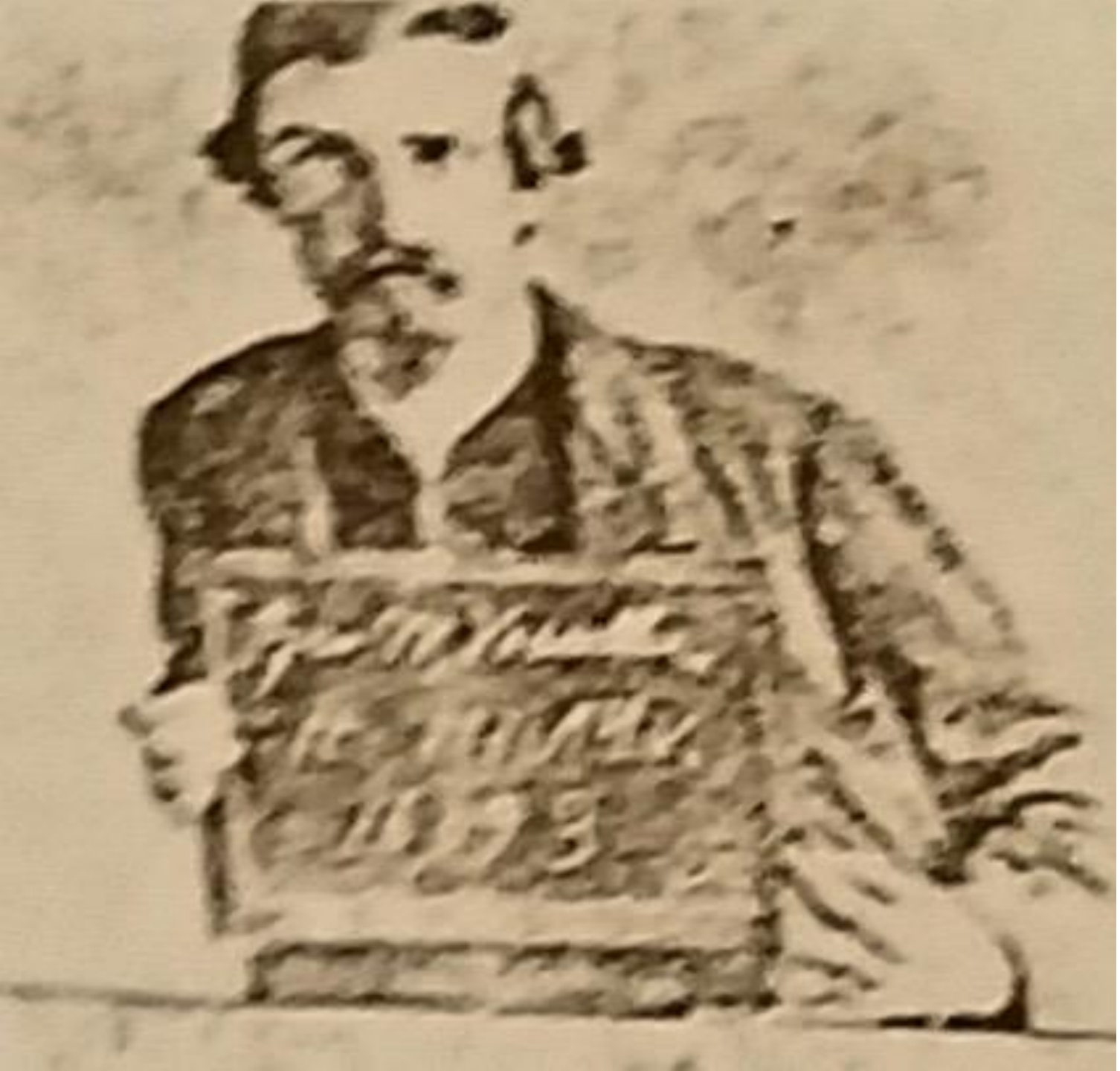


A grainy image of George W. Vosseller taken at Harewood Hospital in 1865 attached to his discharge papers.

Envelope from letter Addressed to Miss Mary Joralemon, Cato, Cayuga County, New York and A 1903 Reunion Ribbon that was sold with the letter

Dines time and I must
dear my letter to as close you
must excuse my writing for my
hand trembles so this morning
that I cant make a strate mark
write as soon as you get this I send
my Respects to all inquiring Friends
So good by for this time this is
from a Friend George W P
Mary Israelen

Recved yours letter to
Co. H. M. Regt N. Y. S. Vol
Camp Douglas in Chicago

Camp Douglas Oct 4th 62

Friend Mate

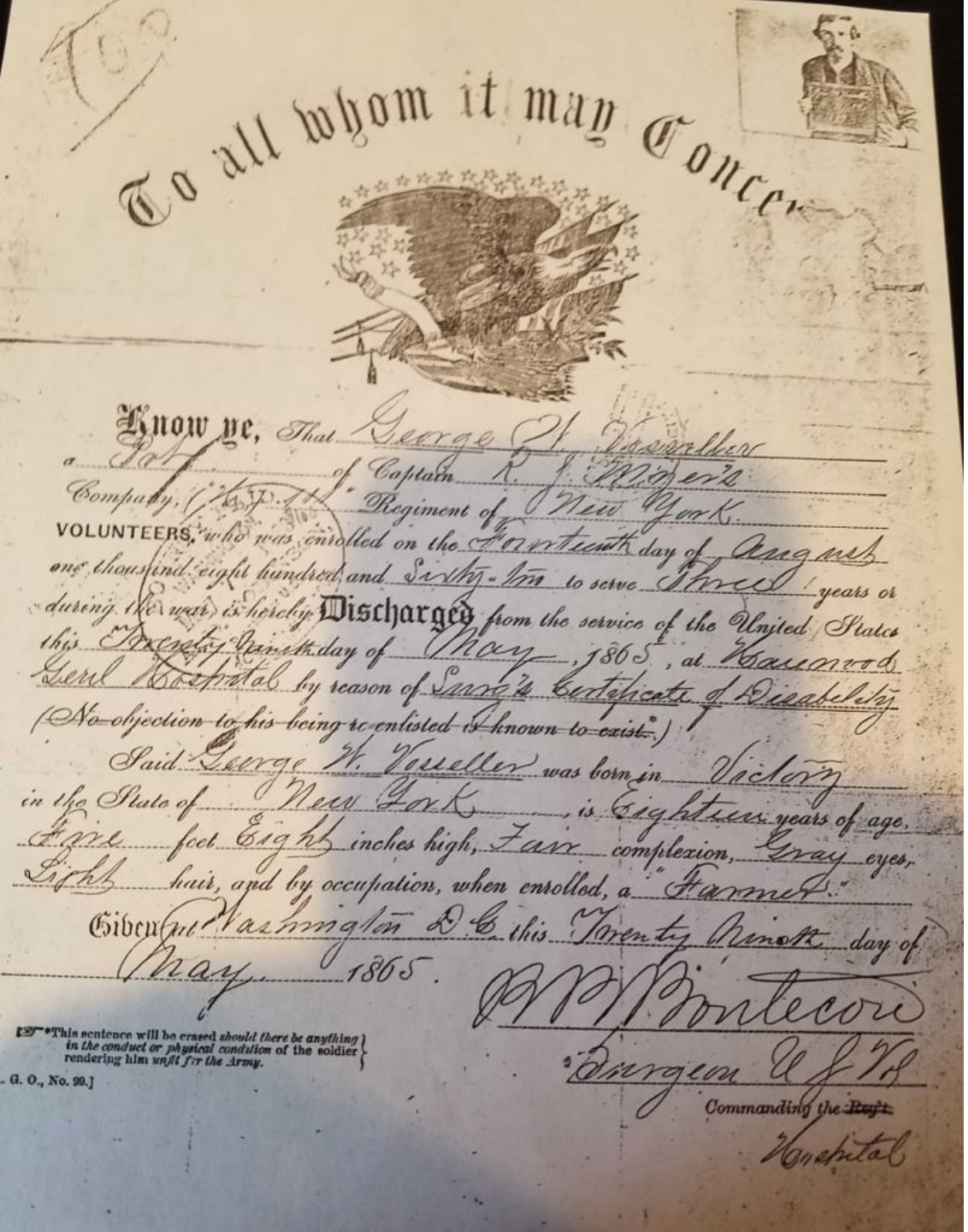
this pleasant morning
put me in mind of writing I thought
that I would let you now that
I am in the happy land of
Canaan. we have glorious old times
now. we dont hafto Drill. we go
where we please. we have plenty
to eat now. we had a death in our
Regt this morening it was George
Parmer the Fellow that work last
Summer for Bill Vandoren he died
with the a feaver. he wasent sick
but one Day and one night. I supose
that you have heard that we was taken
prisner at the Ferry I can say that
have seen the balls whiz. we had a
Curmish with the Rebles cavlery they
left there horses in a corn field

we dident expect them they
crept up and then fired into us
then the M Regt fired to they fired
two vollows and then fled, it was
so Dark that you codent see a rod
we lost Six killed and Three wounded
the enemy lost, Twenty, and dont
now how meny wounded. the next
morening they commenced Shelling
us they kept up firing about
a noures the Shells flew thick and
fast we was fourst to Surrender
we had tow ten thousand troops
and Jackson had Sixty Thousand
troops, General Miles ordered the guns
to be Spiked the Day before the
Surrender he wodent send forth
any ammunition to the Boys of the
Artilery was forst to spike there
guns. we marched from the Ferry to
Annaplis we was six Days we had
crackers to eat on the roay after we
got to Annaplis we Stayed there two

Days and then Set Sail for
Baltimore on a boat after we
got there we got on the black
horse and went Smoking along
till we arrived in Chicago at
Eleven oclock at night then they
marched them up to camp it is a
bout Three miles I Dident march
that Distance that night I got out
of the ranks and got a ride up
on the City cars. they got up there
about a noures before they Did
so I get that I have wrote all the
perticklers when you write Mate wrote
all the news. You may Eat tom of them
peaches in cate for me. Tell Sue to
write as often as she can. have you had
any more wars meatings up to Cato
if you Do I hope that you will not
go to the Tavern and sook in my
little cherry (ha ha) I wantt you to write
me glorious old Letter and all the
news that is in cate I believe it is most

Pages 1 & 4

Pages 2 & 3



To all whom it may Concern

Know ye, That George H. Vosseller
a Pvt of Captain R. J. Rogers
Company, (A. B. C. D. E.) Regiment of New York
VOLUNTEERS, who was enrolled on the Fourteenth day of August
one thousand eight hundred and Sixty-Five to serve Three years or
during the war, is hereby Discharged from the service of the United States
this Twenty Ninth day of May, 1865, at Hammond
Genl Hospital by reason of Surg's Certificate of Disability
(No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist.)

Said George H. Vosseller was born in Victory
in the State of New York, is Eighteen years of age,
Five feet Eight inches high, Fair complexion, Gray eyes,
Light hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a "Farmer."

Given at Washington D.C. this Twenty Ninth day of
May 1865.

P. P. Pontecoe
Surgeon U.S.V.
Commanding the Pvt. Hospital

This sentence will be erased should there be anything in the conduct or physical condition of the soldier rendering him unfit for the Army.

G. O., No. 99.]

George W. Vossellers discharge papers.

Camp Douglas

October 9, 1862

Friend Mate,

This pleasant morning put me in mind to writing. I thought that I would let you know that I am in the happy land of Canaan. We have glorious old times now. We don't have to drill. We go where we please. We have plenty to eat now.

We had a death in our regiment this morning. It was George Turner—the fellow that worked last summer for Bill Van Dorn. He died with the fever. He wasn't sick but one day and one night.

I suppose that you have heard that we was taken prisoners at the Ferry. I can say that [I] have seen the balls whiz. We had a skirmish with the Rebel cavalry.

They left their horses in a cornfield. We didn't expect them. They crept up and then fired into us. Then the 111th Regiment fired too. They fired two volleys and then fled. It was so dark that you couldn't see a rod. We lost six killed and three wounded. The enemy lost twenty and don't now how many wounded.

The next morning they commenced shelling us. They kept up firing about an hour. The shells flew thick and fast. We was forced to surrender. We had some ten thousand troops and Jackson had sixty thousand troops. General [Dixon S.] Miles ordered the guns to be spiked the day before the surrender. He wouldn't send fourth any ammunition so the boys of the artillery was forced to spike their guns.

We marched from the Ferry to Annapolis. We was six days. We had crackers to eat on the way. After we got to Annapolis, we stayed there two days and then set sail for Baltimore on a boat. After we got there we got on the black horse [the railroad] and went smoking along till we arrived in Chicago at eleven o'clock at night.

Then they marched them up to camp. It is about three miles. I didn't march that distance that night. I got out of the ranks and got a ride up on the city cars. They [we] got up there about an hour before they did.

So I guess I I have wrote all the particulars. When you write, Mate, write all the news. You may eat some of them peaches in Cato for me. Tell Sue to write as often as she can. Have you had any more meetings up to Cato? if you do, I hope that you will not go to the tavern and rock in my little chair (ha ha). I want you to write me glorious old letters and all of the news that is in Cato & Victory. It is most dinner time and I must draw my letter to a close. You must excuse my writing for my hand trembles so this morning that I can't make a straight mark. Write as soon as you get this and send my respects to all inquiring friends. So goodbye for this time. This is from a friend—George W. V.

[to] Mary Joralemon

Direct your letters to Co. H, 111 Regt. NYS Vol., Camp Douglas in Chicago

Bio of George W. Vosseller

Born in 1842 he Enlisted at the age of 18 on 14 August 1862 at Victory, New York, to serve three years in Co. H, 111th New York Volunteers. George rose in rank from private to corporal, to sergeant, and finally to first sergeant by 1 May 1864. He was wounded in action of 16 June 1864 in the first assault on Petersburg and was discharged from Harewood Hospital in Washington D. C. on 29 May 1865. Also serving with George in the same company were his two older brothers, Smith Nelson Vosseller (1834-1920) and Sanford Melick Vosseller (1839-1902). Sanford was captured in action on 25 August 1864 at Reams's Station and spent six months in prison before he was paroled, at which time he took over George's position as 1st Sergeant. The Vosseller brothers were the sons of George Vosseller (1811-1892) and Olive C. Smith (1812-1874) of Victory, Cayuga county, New York. George passed away 1911.