

and am itching to have a
shy at the cusses. The boys
are all on taps.

We will have to take another
march before long in order to
catch Gen Burnside, but by
the time we get where he is he
won't be there. I'll bet two to one
we don't see him for a month.

I am all right, have not
been troubled with the camp
distemper and have not had a
cold and in fact feel as well
as I ever did. How are you
all at home. Write as soon
as possible. My love to all

Charley

P.S. This is my third
letter
Charley

Camp "Torber" Brookville Ind.
Sept 13th 1862

Dear Father

In my last letter
I told you that we expected to move
to join Burnside's division. Well,
yesterday morning we started with
a mighty heavy load on our shoulders
because it rained hard all night
and our tents, blanket & so and so
forth were completely soaked. my
knapsack weighed, as near as I can
judge about 60 lbs. The weather
was cloudy and very warm and
we had a tough time of it through
the mud. We at last halted and
pitched our tent in this place, but
no Burnside here. he is a busy
body and started away about the

same time we left Leesboro.

My cloths were soaked with
sweat, so much so, in fact, that
my knapsack was wet through.

You can make up your mind
that I slept well last night.

I will describe the
towns or rather villages I have
passed through. Washington and
Alexandria are about alike, you
know what I have said about
them.

Leesboro consists of
one church, three houses and 8
or ten hay stacks, big town.

Mechanicsville is a pretty little
place. I am not joking.

there are about ten houses in
the town and a few good barns
which are ~~an~~ uncommon things
in this forsaken land.

Brookville, three miles from the

last named town and about
twenty one miles from

Washington I have not seen
a great deal of but they say
that there is a tavern, postoffice
a few good houses and cabins
in it. We are encamped a

little south of the town on a
side hill, good water in abun-

dance and very handy. It belongs
to a good Union man who

offered Col Bowman the use of it
and furnishes us wood at his

own expense. We don't trouble
his cornfields or poultry in the

least. There is a good deal
of heavy skirmishing going on about

a mile from here and as there
are but a few troops here we

expect to hear the long roll at
any minute. I feel all right

“Camp Forbes”

Brookville, Maryland

September 13th 1862

Dear Father,

In my last letter I told you that we expected to move to join Burnside's Division. Well, yesterday morning we started with a mighty heavy load on our shoulder because it rained hard all night and our tents, blankets, and so forth were completely soaked. My knapsack weighed as near as I can judge about 60 pounds. The weather was cloudy and very warm and we had a tough time of it through the mud. We at last halted and pitched our tents in this place but no Burnside here. He is a busy body and started away about the same time as we left Leesboro.

My clothes were soaked with sweat so much so in fact that my knapsack was wet through. You can make up your mind that I slept well last night.

I will describe the principal towns or rather villages I have passed through. Washington and Alexandria about about alike. You know what I have said about them. Leesboro consists of one church, three houses, and 8 or ten haystacks—big town.

Mechanicsville is a pretty little place. I am not joking. There are about ten houses in the town and a few good barns which are uncommon things in this forsaken land.

Brookville, three miles from the last named town and twenty-one miles from Washington, I have not seen a great deal of, but they say that there is a tavern, post office, a few good houses and cabins in it.

We are encamped a little south of the town on a side hill—good water in abundance and very handy. It belongs to a good Union man who offered Col. Bowman the use of it and furnishes us wood at his own expense. We don't trouble his cornfields or poultry in the least.

There is a good deal of heavy skirmishing going on about a mile from here and as there are but a few troops here, we expect to hear the long roll at any minute. I feel all right and am itching to have a shy at the cusses. The boys are all on taps.

We will have to take another march before long in order to catch Gen. Burnside but by the time we get where he is, he won't be there. I'll bet two to one we don't see him for a month.

I am all right. Have not been troubled with the camp distemper and have not had a cold and in fact, feel as well as I ever did. How are you all at home? Write as soon as possible. My love to all, — Charley

P. S. This is my third letter. — 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.