5-26-1862

Letter from Robert Hanson to Francis P. Porter

Robert Hanson

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.owu.edu/harvey-letters

Part of the Military History Commons, Social History Commons, and the United States History Commons

Recommended Citation

Hanson, Robert, "Letter from Robert Hanson to Francis P. Porter" (1862). Harvey Collection Letters. 82.
https://digitalcommons.owu.edu/harvey-letters/82
Camp in the Woods
May 26th, 1862

My dear Frank,

Your welcome arrived last evening and was read with much pleasure as is all your letter, please write often. When George gets one from home I give him no rest until I read it. By the time this reaches you, you will have the pleasure of welcoming home D. J. I am glad that he has gone, he was while here with us as a pure minded honorable man always avoiding that was evil and strictly adhering to that that is good. His dear mother will be happy and oh! what a relief will be off of her mind. I hope that you and all the rest of his will try to assist him in regaining his health. I will see when I return to take him by the hand. George is well and in good health and he is the same George that he was when he left home. As a sergeant he had the esteem of men and officers. As Lieutenant he has become more popular. One thing Manson wants to be 1st Lieutenant. The men and Majority of the officers says George should have it and I believe that he will get it. I hope so.

Now I will tell you of the health of the 78th in the last two weeks something over one hundred have been sent home or to the Hospitals in Cincinnati, since I last wrote you several have gone to there home beyond the grave. I will name a few Old Sarge Lewis Jones, Robert Kneadler, I do not remember the others in 67, ten or twelve have gone. May Heaven bless the bereaved ones at home. We have over one hundred and fifty here and at Camp Fishlake, and many of them I fear will never recover. George has not seen his Brother John yet, he wrote to him to day if he knew what division he was in he would soon find him. Sect army is in three or four divisions and not knowing which one he is makes very difficult to find him among so many thousand men stationed over 20 miles of territory. I have made several inquiries for him, but did not succeed.
The days have just come in from the parade, and now for supper did you write to her in the evening. I have seen it. But we have acted as if I have been on some sort of a mission, and I have been too busy to write a letter. I went to Pittsburgh, finding at 7 o'clock, 4 miles from the main road, there are twenty-four miles a car which stopped at the main road with a very large number of letters. I unlimbered our car from there. I expected to have you go to the station, but I was not there. I did not expect it.

Dearer, I think that she is a good and kind sister. I do not know her, but she is one of those letters, they are excellent. I know of another sister who removes you. Think of her. She has very high hopes of her. She sends a letter from her by turkeys. The other day you will see her very well.

More than any other letter, one of these letters will ever be the one in the past of your own. I assure you that I am not to say. I am getting tired of hearing those things. I have seen others. After a while, though, the mind and a letter in a breaking time, after no letter, to have a good letter. I read sometimes I want to get up, and sometimes I want to get up and enjoy them very much. Then I think well it will all be her own. She is a good one.

The sky is fair, and the sun is set. The breeze and gentle and free.

May your heart be ever right in this world, and be ever right in this world. I shall think of you more and more.

I will not write. What a month and a half to write to her, and be back to see. Candles light. I must finish this to write. It has now me 3 to 4. I will not finish this letter. I have got a light to write to her, and be back. Now do you remember the Sabbath? We have no forbidding but generally do our business on the Sabbath day. I would love to go church once more and listen to a good sermon."

"Please don't waste a moment. This is a precious time. Have you been to Philadellia? Perhaps I may speak a little more. I write to think of you and of our happy times, but have not seen an answer yet. Perhaps she thinks a letter is inaccurate. I have no desire to hear from her. She may have a good time. Have you a new party yet? She has been full of letters, very beautiful, and the scenery that arises from them is very rich. She has been writing to us. We have been so busy. I will write it."

The way of life is light and fair. And gay with springtime flowers. So both are happy seasons of care to cherish and every heart. We hope sing when the light of dawn begins with good the crimson sky. We think the heart of life may learn some faith in honor."

This song the poet Hayley's and truly might this bright lovely day that the face brings in the thought. I am here, and feeling with the breath of many flowers, the warm sunlight, sparkling on the fruits, illuminating fields into smiles, and the sunshine of hope playing around the trees and animating the hearts may be ever nearer the earth, while enjoying them, make our memories more cheery to their creator.

If this letter is done of interest, please give it not for there is no news today. I expect to be among our children by the coming of winter. It is here telling what time the battle will come off. Our Brigade is on the extreme right about a mile from the cross and near six from our division. We are busy during the building of fortifications. I may get into the fight and may not be present at present to do so far to the right that
I must now bring this letter to a close. Give my kindest regards to Your Father & Mother also to Miss F. P. Porter. George sends his love to the family. May God bless you for your Kindness to me. Tell your Mother I shall never forget Camp Gilbert and those Cakes and Chickens. Do not go west until the war is over.

I must tell you that I gave that picture of a certain young lady of your acquaintance to Mr. S. Was that right? I done it for the best.

Farewell! May we all meet soon in old Muskingum. Write soon if you please.

Your Friend,

Robert Hanson
78 Reg't O V & P
3rd Brigade 3rd Division
Commanded by Gen. Lew Wallace
May 26, 1862

Addressed to Miss Frank P. Porter Hopewell Muskingum Co. Ohio

Camp in the Woods

May 26th 1862

Friend Frank

Your welcome letter arrived last evening and was read with much pleasure as is all your letters. Please write often. When George gets one from home I give him no rest untill I read it. By the time this reaches you, you will have the pleasure of welcoming home T.S. I am glad that he has gone. He was, while he was with us, a pure minded honorable man allways avoiding that which was evil and strickly adhering to that that is good. His dear Mother will be happy and oh what a relief will be off of her mind. I hope that all of you and the rest of his friends will try to assist him in regaining his health. I would love when I return to take him by the hand. George is well and is good health and he is the same George that he was when he left home As a sergeant he had the esteem of men and officers. As Lieutenant he has become more popular. One thing Munson wants to be First Lieutenant the men and the majority of the officers says George should have it and I believe that he will get it. I hope so.

Now I will tell you of the health of the 78th. In the last two weeks, something over one hundred have been sent home or to the hospitals in Cincinnati. Since I last wrote you, several have gone to there home beyond the grave. I will name a few. Old Pap Lewis, Leroy Roberts Kineade. I disremember the others in Co. B. ten or twelve have gone. May Heaven bless the bereaved ones at home. We have over one hundred and fifty here and at Camp Shiloh sick and many of them I fear will never recover. George has not seen his brother John yet he wrote to him today if he knew what division he was in he could find him. Buells army is in three or four divisions and not knowing which one he is makes it very difficult to find him among so many thousand men scattered over 26 miles of territory. I have made several inquiries for him but have not succeeded.

The boys have come in from dress parade and now for supper. Did you read T.S. letter in the Courier. I have seen it. That was a hard march for me, have been on several more since then and am very tired of it. I went to Pittsburgh Landing on Saturday on foot for the mail. Distance from here twenty three miles arrived in camp yesterday at noon with a very large mail, six letters for myself and one was from you. George received one or two. None from Gratiot. Tell Miss K Nowles that she must write oftener. I had an introduction to her at Camp Gilbert. I think that she is a good and kind lady. I judge from his countenance and I believe that I am right. I would love to read one of her letters. George says they are excellent. I have heard of another lady that resides near you. Sarah is her name. The boys speak very highly of her. George received a letter from his ____ Starkey the other day, he enjoyed it very well.

We are very near another battle one if we are victorious will end the war in this part of Dixie and I assure you that I will not be sorry. I am getting tired of soldiering. There is one thing that gives me pleasure after a hard march through the mud and a night in drenching rain after we get back
to have a good letter to read. Sometimes I hunt up the old ones and read them over and enjoy them very much. Then I think well it will soon be over and George and myself gets in the shade of a friendly oak and talk over the times we will have in old Muskingum. Mine are only imaginable ones, his are real. He has parents and relatives and some others that will give him the welcome that he desires and should have.

The day is past and the sun is set,

The breezes are gentle and free

My boat is not ready, neither is my sail set.

I will wait and light a candle as it is most to dark to see. Candle light. I must finish this tonight. George wants me to make a pair of boots for him tomorrow. We must keep his feet dry and his head cool. How do you spend the sabbaths. We here have no preaching, but generally do our marching on the holy day. I would love to go to church once more and listen to a good sermon, one that will make a man feel and listen to the singing, oh it would be so pleasant. But I must abide my time. Have you good preaching at Hopewell. Perhaps I may spend a Sabbath there. I wrote to Miss Annie C. Cox by request but have not received an answer yet. Perhaps she thinks a soldier is beneath her dignity. I have no fault to find, hope she may have a good time. Have you had a May party yet? The woods here are full of flowers, some are very beautiful and the perfume that arises from them is very rich. These May mornings remind me of some poetry I once read. I will insert it.

The May of life is bright and fair

And gay with springtimes fairest flowers

It hath no heavy clouds of care

To shadow oer its sunny hours

So birds sing when the light of dawn

Begins with gold the eastern sky

Ene thus the heart at life may mourn

Sends forth its notes of ecstasy

This sings the poet nearby and truly might this bright lovely day that has passed suggest the thoughts the air clear and balmy perfume with the breath of many flowers, the warm sunlight, spreading over the world illuminating nature into smiles and the sunshine of hope playing around the head and animating the heart -- may we ever admire earth's beauties while enjoying them and ever remember to adore there creator.

If this letter is devoid of interest blame me not for there is no news every night; we expect to be aroused from our slumbers by the booming of canon. It is hard telling what time the battle will
come off; our Brigade is on the extreme right about 9 miles from Corinth and near six from our Division. We are busy during the building of fortifications; we may get into the fight and we may not; our position at present is so far to the right that very possibly not get into it.

I must now bring this letter to a close. Give my kindest regards to your Father and Mother; also to Miss F.P. Porter. George sends his love to the family. May God bless you for your kindness to me. Tell your mother I shall never forget Camp Gilbert and those cakes and chickens. Do not go west until the war is over.

I must tell you that I gave that picture of a certain young lady of your acquaintance to T.S. Was that right? I did it for the best.

Farewell, may we all meet soon in old Muskingum. Write soon if you please.

Your friend

Robert Hanson

78th Regt OVI

3d Brigade 3d division

Commanded by

Gen Lew Wallace