

-63



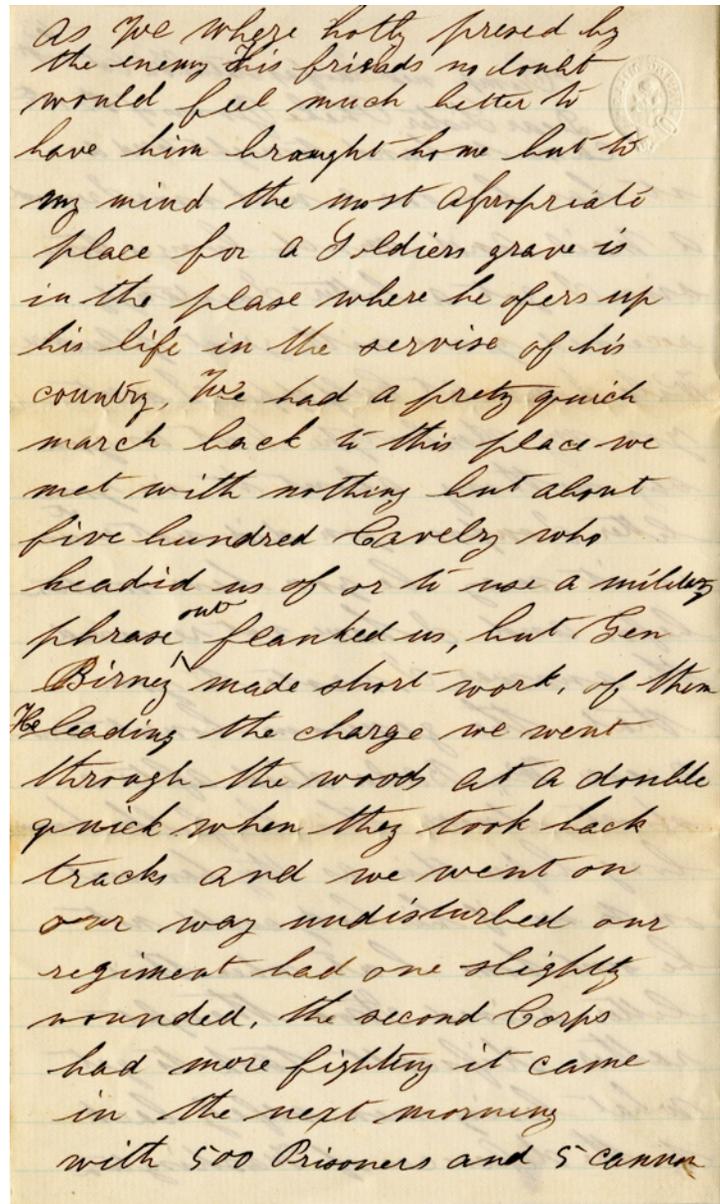
Camp near Fairfax station Va Oct 18th
Dear Sister Phebe yours of the 11th
came to hand tonight and as
it has ben over a week since I received
a Mail and much longer time
since I got a letter I sertainly
received yours with great pleasure
Wile I was at Culpepper I sent
you my Ambrotype but as you
say nothing about it in your
letter I suppose you did not receive
it or it may be you have written
befor and I have not received
the answer I wrote to you
that the generous honest and
Brave W^m Barker died after a
short illness, this his folks know
long before this as they have sent
on to see if his body could not
be sent home but when their
letter arived It was thought
rather difocult task to get
what living men safely back
to the defences of Washington

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Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Maine Historical Society
(Coll. S-293)
MMN #5506

Date: Oct. 18, 1863
Description: Meshach P. Larry letter to his sister, Phebe



As we where hotly presed by
the enemy His friends no doubt
would feel much better to
have him brought home but to
my mind the most appropriate
place for a Soldiers grave is
in the plase where he ofers up
his life in the servise of his
country, We had a pretty quick
march back to this place we
met with nothing but about
five hundred Cavelry who
headid us of or to use a military
phrase ^{out} flanked us, but Gen
Birney made short work, of them
He leading the charge we went
through the woods at a double
quick when they took back
tracks and we went on
our way undisturbed our
regiment had one slightly
wounded, the second Corps
had more fighting it came
in the next morning
with 500 Prisoners and 5 canna

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Since we arrived here we have
witnessed the unpleasant sight
of the shooting of a deserter, he
had deserted 3 times and once
he went over to the enemy and
told them where our trains
were laid so that they might
capture them, he was escorted to
his grave by a band of musick
playing the sad strain of the death
march ~~and~~ and the provoguard
one of wick was Wm Bodge, he
was accompined by the chaplain
of his reg^t, ~~the~~ his coffin was
caried be fore him when he arrived
at the grave he was seated on
one end of the copin and blind
folded when twetve of the guard
fired putting nine Balls through
his freast when he fell ^{instant}
dead, life is sweet but we know
we minst all of us die thing
why not die a glourious death
wen there is so many chances
to do so

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As you may infer that W^m Bodge was
 one of the guard that shot this man
 I will say that he was not one of them
 We are now laying in a temporary
 Camp And what is in stor none
 of us knows we have had our knap
 paced all day ready to march at
 a moments notice but the order
 was countermanded just as night
 if the rebs do not trouble us I
 think the Dogs of War will be
 put in their kenels this
 winter some where in this vicinity
 as for my self I do not worry for
 once in my life I thought I
 was a gorned goose and got
 safely out, since then I
 let the world wag as it will
 as for that horse when we got it
 done a soldier came in with out
 Blanket or tent and
 as he had no chance to sleep
 we took him in and so
 slept very close for two nites
 the third night we enjoyed
 it our selves the next day
 we were up and away
 sleeping upon the ground
 in the open air when we halted
 to do so such is war M P Larry

Tell Mother to keep my money till I tell her what to do with it

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 [written up side]
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