



Camp Stoneman DC

Dec. 14th 63

My Dear Mother

As I have a few moments to spare I will write you a short note tho' I have nothing new to tell you. I never take my pen to write home but what I think of William poor boy, and remember how we used to long for his letters and how we used to read them over and over again but alas dear mother

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Contributed to Maine Memory Network by the Maine Historical Society (Local code: Coll. 184 Box 1-7)

Date: December 14, 1863

Description: Letter from John Parris Sheahan to his mother about the horrors of war, and his feelings about the death of his brother William in the Civil War.

we shall hear from him no
more only like very many
other soldiers he has fallen
for his country. it was hard
I know to hear of his death
because he was one of our
number but how many
have fallen like him to
write no more letters to their
father or mother oh how
sad it makes one feel to
think that a great nation
like ours is at war with
itself. I pray God that it
may soon end it has lasted
too long already, ah my dear
mother I have seen many
sad sights and some of which
if you had seen them would
have frozen your very brain
you know nothing of the
horrors of war at home

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only think of men strewn
for miles over the field wounded
and some torn in pieces some
crying to God for help others
for water, and some ever begging
to be taken from pools of
-their own blood such are
-the sights on the field of strife.
-may it soon be over is my
earnest prayer.

A part of the famous
Russian fleet is still in the
river near our camp - they
have just fired a salute of
13 guns I see the Russian
officers quite often when I go
to the camp - they are very
fine looking men dress in
dark blue, and wear the
old fashioned military hat -
such as you always see
on a picture of Napoleon

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Russia is the greatest friend
we have among the nations
of Europe

your son John



Russian officer

The two bars on the shoulder
are gold

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[sketch of Russian Officer]

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