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(Coll. 184, Box 1/6)
MMN #63358

Date: Aug. 30, 1863

Description: Pvt. John Sheahan on war destruction

Sulphur Springs Aug 30/63

My Dear Father

I received your welcome letter last night and I was very glad to hear from you, and to learn that all the folks at home were well and in good spirits. I am getting along finely and we are not having much to do. We were at Catlett Station a few days ago but have come back into our old encampment south of the Rappahannock, this is by far the finest place we have ever stoped in. I was over to the Springs yesterday. There was quite a village near there but last year the Rebs came

came up with a part of
Seigel's command, a fight
took place which resulted
in the almost entire destruction
of the place, the houses are
literally riddled with shot
and shell, and in many cases
are burned down by fire
from the exploding shells, I
should like very much to
draw a picture and send it
home and will do so if I
can get a chance, while
at Harpers Ferry I drew a
picture of the arsenal which
John Brown took possession of
and which was afterwards burned
by our forces when they retreated
across the river, I intended
to copy it and send it to
Mr Vose but some how or
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doing picket-duty here and
the Rebels are very troublesome,
as they are all the time sneaking
up and shooting our pickets,
they are not Rebel soldiers
for Rebel soldiers have more
honor than that, this spring a
rebel picket - no I am mistaken
it was a stragler shot one of
our pickets while on duty
the Rebel Genl. just sent him
right across the river and
told our officers to do as they
saw fit with him, our prisoners
are used better now and draw
more rations in Richmond than
Reb soldiers, every thing looks
bright now and I have no
idea that the war will last
another summer I hope and
pray that it may not -
We are cheered by our recent

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victories but we should remember
that victories however splendid are
the price of blood, oh how
many desolate homes have
been made by this war, how
many homes there are that even
the white winged dove of Peace
cannot brighten, but those
that have lost friends in
this great struggle, have one
thing to comfort them their
friends died for something dearer
than life itself The Nation's
honor

I remain your
J P Sh—

A leaf from Ball's Bluff
battle field where Colonel Baker
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Son

J P Sh—

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