

A photograph of a handwritten letter on lined paper. The paper is aged and yellowed. The handwriting is in cursive. The letter is dated April 24, 1865, and is addressed to Mrs. Bacon. The text discusses the arrival of a regiment at City Point and the need for supplies.

City Point. April 24. 1865.
Dear Mrs. Bacon.
How can I ever collect my thoughts sufficiently to write you any kind of a letter? The very idea is enough to drive me wild. Soon after I came (Saturday P.M.) a part of the 31st reached City Pt. and being quite destitute came directly here for supplies. The Agency has been crowded ever since, and we came to the conclusion last eve, that it must be an unusually full regiment. They are to leave today, and of course must be waited upon at once. I look upon Mrs M. & your sister with wonder & astonishment, as they fly about answering all their demands, and feel quite proud when I can step into a vacancy with my arms full

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Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Maine Historical Society
MMN # 96591

Date: April 24, 1865

Description: Nurse M.E. Dupree on soldiers' needs

to relieve them of a part of their cares.
What an institution this is, to be
sure. The boys think it next to home
and feel perfectly happy if they can
find a standing place inside the
door. Here sits a Surgeon, just come
in to say good bye to Mrs M. but

-- I don't know what I was
going to say next. Had there been
but six or eight callers should have
kept on with my writing, as it was,
I found it simply impossible.

Visitors are to be entertained, at the
same time the supplies are being
distributed in the Soldiers' room, and
delicacies for the sick concocted
in the kitchen. We have had a
minutes respite, and now come
two tired boys recently from Libby
prison, and makes Mrs M. to get them
something to eat. "oh 'tis so good"
say they "to sit at a table and be

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civilized once more. Meals are being served at all hours of the day. We were quite amused this morn before rising, to hear the raps at Mr Hayes' door and the conversation carried on between him and those outside who could hardly wait until daylight to have their wants supplied. He concluded there was no rest for him and he might as well be up ready for the emergency.

I am surprised at the large quantity and variety of eatables, drinkables, and wearables contained in these three small rooms. At one time we almost feared the latter would be exhausted, but Mr Hayes reports six packages at the landing, and has now gone for them. They have been detained at Washington a little while. A knock. "Some blancmange for Soper." Miss Usher steps up and says, "I'll get it, you keep

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on with your writing, and tell Mrs B.
that I commenced a letter to her a
few days since, and got as far as
the date." yes here's another. "Dinner
for Lieut. ^{Col.} Starbird." Mrs M. sings out
from the kitchen, "I am getting it as
fast as possible." Of friends at home
could realize that every minute is
occupied they wouldn't expect so many
letters. So after such a busy day, even
if one can sit quietly for a few
moments, it is rather difficult to
write a readable letter to any one.
Let me see, where did I leave off?
No matter, I can't stop to read it
over - 'tis of no use, I give it up
for the present. Wish I had a dozen
pair of hands. -- Tuesday Morn.
What a letter to send to my "superior
officer!" But you will excuse all
shortcomings dear Mrs B. I know, for
you find it about as difficult to
have a quiet chat with absent friends
as your Agents do here. When I left
you yesterday, there was such a rush,
it took us all to attend to them.

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5.

(4 o'clock)

Then came dinner, after which your sister and I walked out to the Cavalry Corps hospital to carry some custards & lemons for some of the 1st Maine Cavalry. returning we met Mr Hayes, and Jimmy Lowell, (who came the day before) on their way to the encampment of 31st Me. We joined them, and were quite delighted with our visit there. 'Twas certainly a beautiful sight. Groups of men sitting round their fires cooking meals for supper, others lying full length on the ground resting their tired limbs. From several of the tents might be heard the song of praise reminding one of a Camp meeting, but the majority of them were having what you would call a jolly time. We were invited into "Headquarters," a small but comfortable tent, and soon had it full of company. Captains, Lieuts, Doctors, Chaplains Crawford &c &c -

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