

Nov. 13, 1862
No. 24

Mrs. Andrew Upson
Plantsville, Conn.

(Pre-stamped 3-cent envelope postmarked BANKS DIVISION Nov. 13. Letter is on one sheet of stationery folded in half and is written on four sides, and also one small piece of paper written on one side, each has lines and is written in ink.)

East Base, Loudon Heights
Nov. 13th, 1862

My Dear Wife,

Let me take the moments between this & the closing of the mail, a short hour to describe the transactions of Monday afternoon – I wrote you that morning – Nothing transpired till just after noon – These events followed as below – Scene 1st – A Lieut. Officer of the Guard, seated at the foot of a pine stump, having just finished reading a long letter from Mr. Burrett – The men stretched around, some asleep, some writing, some watching the fire & chatting freely - Front prospect, Solomon's gap & the Potomac pictures gently coursing onward – more immediately a mule team approaching towards the quartermasters post. It halts – Quickly someone shouts “Express Matter” – “Express Matter” – No words could wake such animation in a hundred men as did those – Mind you some in every company are & have been expecting tokens from home – The cry passes through the woods – axes (**Pg. 2**) fall – logs drop – huts play a lively gait, hardly has the wagon halted before fifty eager faces try to penetrate the canvas & read their names upon this or that package – Down goes the tail board - The first article is discharged – a box for Co. E.- the 2nd, Co. E., the 3rd a bbl Lt. Upson, Co. E. the 4th a bbl. Sergt. Grannis; the 5th do – The 6th a bbl. Capt. W. Co. E's pile by this time was getting large & men not belonging to us began to inquire rather anxiously if Co. E. run Adams Express – Another bbl for Capt. W., one or two boxes besides added to our long list & the balance very small, contributed in part to allay the suspicion that the Southington boys hand stole everything in the office belonging to the 20th –

Scene 2d- Men bending under the weight of bbl & boxes winding their way to the quarters 20 rods up the hill – That was work – But we knew the reward would be ample – There, down (**Pg. 3**) goes one bbl. thump on to the ground – Too much for a single back – Others grapple the load & on passes the line of good things - Soldiers have to struggle for their presents even after getting hold of them –

Scene 3d- Heads out & now begins the richest joy – How carefully each thing is handled – The first care, by the way, the matter has recd since it left the dear hands that placed it snugly for the journey – Apples – O what a sight! Potatoes! The like of them, can it be that they grow up in New England! Flour, Meal, Cheese; Conscience Wife, I began to be sorry for sending after so much – My fears began to be serious lest you had deprived yourselves to gratify me – Bless Me, that tea pot was good to look upon – Just the right size & yesterday it went with me to the top of the Heights on picket, & what a

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delicious draught I had from it – Those tin cans; what's in them carefully the lid comes off: butter- age butter – Again my sorrow for asking so (*Pg. 4*) much – But at last I came to the conclusion it was best to see the bottom of the bbl & let the sorrow go – Tea, walnuts, raisins, nutmegs, sugar & there finally a cheese box - Can it be that she has sent me two cheeses; I was beginning to feel provoked over so much liberality – She ought to think of herself as well as others – Well, it took a precious while to get that box out – I couldn't raise the lid & though I upset the bbl still it would stay – At last after much pulling & prying the deed was done & my joy you can guess, not so much over the goodies & bread, as that you had not done yourself the wrong to send me two cheeses – The other scenes I must leave to another letter – How much I ought to thank you for these things! Aye, one thing I have not mentioned; that little keg of pickles – Just such as you make – I tell you, two minute soldiering & privation gives a flavor to those common preparations that you can not conceive – Unfortunately the vinegar leaked out & wet one side of my buckwheat – but the tick caught most of it – The marked head of the bbl was broke in, whether intentionally or not I can't say – Perhaps some things had been taken out – The bbl was not full by about 5 or 6 inches – Guess the apples if had been stolen.

(Continued on small piece of paper)

Maybe however nothing was wantingly – There were 8 or ten apples – I must stop or loose the mail – Accept my kindest regards for all this attention to my wants – What a blessed comfort is a good wife even though 500 miles off – Hope we may yet rejoice together in our own home & family –

Ever Yours
A. Upson