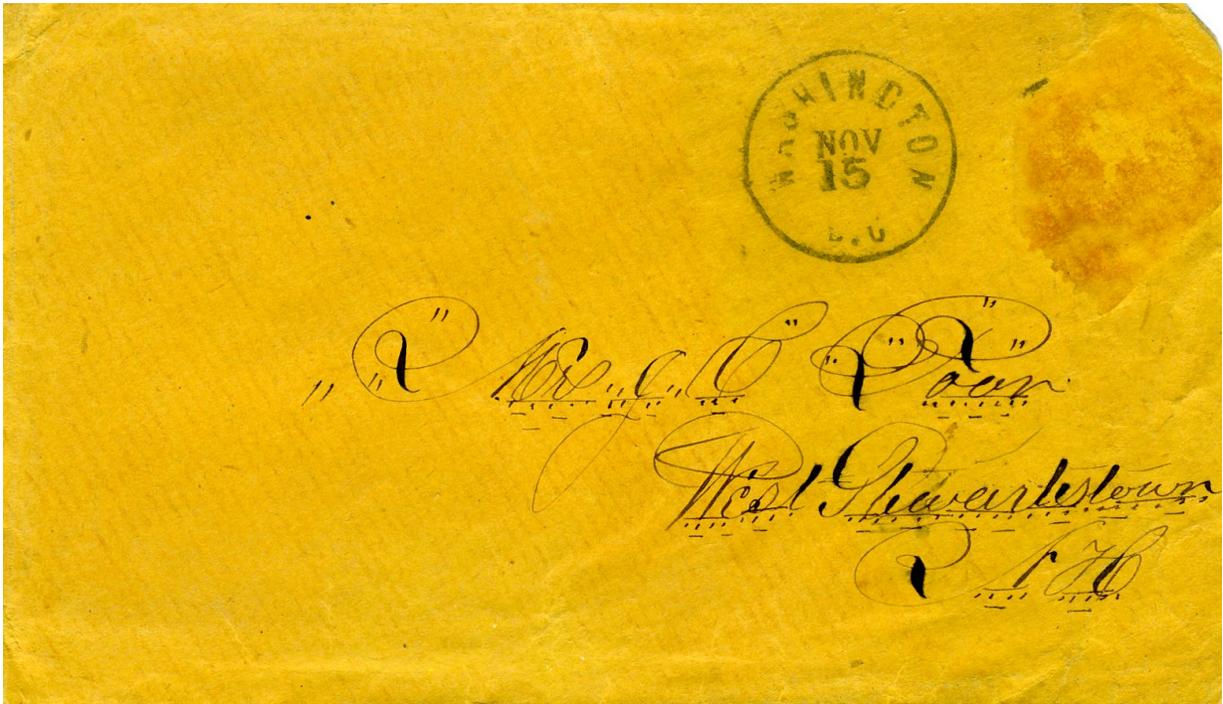


FROM: John Calvin Poore | Head Quarters Co. P. H. NH V, Fort Berry VA | 14 November 1864
TO: Emma Poore | Mrs J C Poor, West Stewartstown, NH



There taught that life is nothing to man so and not worth
pursuing, for if you die you are a great hero and
your name will be handed down to the future
Some of the saints or martyrs that fell in
Lincoln's holy war of Emancipation - who would
not sacrifice life for this women's spirit? Yes
I ask of the man that had not patriotism enough
to face the cannon, cannot find mouth and all that
he fell dead of the sunny South that he may be
remembered in the world's history & the kneeling
and folds of Lincoln's Administration. Such
at least will be the case with poor Whitney, he had
opened the way and others will soon follow
to swell the host of heroes with the power of a thun-
der bolt but a few days and had never been to the
hospital, but the authorities like birds let in, they are
and die amidst all the noise and bustle of camp
with no ^{kind} hand to soothe his burning
no mother kind and willing hand to soothe
his pillow the how could not be expected in a
place like this, but what made me angry is the
manner of neglecting him in the manner they did
he should have been sent to the hospital where
at least he could have had the comforts of quietness
and care if not that tender care he would have
received at home. Here they have been and
were his life out amidst all the noise and confusion
that one hundred and twenty women are

capable of making and that is no small
account. Whitney was a young man from
Newburyland N.H. and of good moral
qualities, a good and faithful soldier and
respected by all that knew him. He died
that would be pay the debt of nature in this
war, and they have another brother here with
us I was called upon to help lay him
out and fit him for the narrow house, but
this the last act for poor Albert I willingly
performed, but not with that feeling of reverence that
all was to feel in death of your brother, why I know not
it seems not so short a time would not make so
vast a difference in our feelings but enough of this
Cocaine
I speak of that 11th 16th cure to
send since I commenced this and pleased in
mind that you and your are in health & may the
Lord you will prosper with that the greatest of God's
blessings health. But methinks my old acquaintance
Orest how sad and lonely must be the fire some in the old
homestead how much must be with the prattle of those
little phantoms of their earlier affections, but how much more
will be sad will be the sight of the vacant seat by the
hearth stone of the in whom he confided every sorrow
secret ~~of~~ sorrow and shadows in whom he united
all the affection of ^{early} childhood, but such is the fate of all who
will live in the vale of tears and think of safe

My Dear Emma

Being at liberty this PM I thought I could not better improve my time than in writing We have had some excitement in camp this PM, just as we were called to dinner, the report came through the Barracks that one of our boy was dying, and indeed the report proved but to true, for I had not got through my meal before I cast my eyes around saw that he was breathing his last. This dear Emma looked hard to see a

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company of men eating their food and fellow soldier dying in their midst. Who two short months ago would have believed that we should become so hardened that we could eat our dinner and one of our fellow men gasping his last in full view, And the first one that has been called away too -- but such are the affects of war for such scenes are we schooled to look upon grim death as a welcome, and common visitor. We are taught that life is nothing to man and not worth preserving, for if you die you are a great hero and your name will be handed down to the future as one of the saints or martyrs that fell in Abe Lincons holy war of emancipation - who would not sacrifice life for this famous epithet? Yes I ask who is the man that has not patriotism enough to face the canons firey mouth and all the fell diseases of the sunny south, that he may be remembered in the worlds history as the hirelings and fools of Lincons Administration. Such at least will be the case with poor Whitny. he has opened the way and others will soon follow to swell the list of heroes. The poor boy has been sick but a few days, and had never been to the hospital, but the authorities like brutes let him lie here and die amidst all the noises and bustle of camp with no tender hand to sooth his burning brow, no mothers kind and willing hand to smooth his pillow. This how could not be expected in a place like this, but what makes me angry is the manner of neglecting him in the manner they did He should have been sent to the hospital where at least he could had the comforts of quietness and care if not that tender care he would have received at home. Here He lay poor boy and wore his life out amid all the noise and confusion that one hundred and twenty men are capable of making and that is no small amount. Whitney was a young man from Northumberland NH. and of good moral qualities, a good and faithful soldier and respected by all that knew him. he makes the second to pay the debt of nature in this war, and they have another brother here with us - I was called upon to help lay him out and fit him for the narrow house and this the last act for poor Albert I willingly performed, but not with that feeling of reverence that I used to feel in days of yore, but why I know not it seems that so short a time would not make so vast a difference in ones feelings but, enough of this.

Evening

Yours of the 4th & 6th came to hand since I commenced this and pleased indeed was I that you and yours are in health & may this find you no less prospered with that the greatest of Gods blessings health. But methink of my old acquaintance Orcott, how sad and lonely must be the fire now in the old homestead, how much must he will miss the prattle of those little pledges of their earlier affection, but how much more will sad will be the sight of the vacant seat by the hearth stone of her in whom he confided every secret sorrow and gladness, in whom was centered all the affection of early manhood. But such is the fate of all who dwell here in this vale of tears. I think I am quite as safe as I should be there, for life is uncertain and death is certain whether I am here or there I shall have to succumb when He that orders all things shall see fit, But I do not feel to night as if should go very soon I am feeling so much better than usual that I feel almost like a new man I have been out into the Fort to day and it seems good to be out again with the boys - But methinks it would be vastly more pleasant to be at home and see you & all my friends at home but it is only ten months more and then I shall be with you all again This will be but a very short time and if we have our health we shall meet to enjoy the society of one another.

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TO: Emma Poore | Mrs J C Poor, West Stewartstown, NH

I want you all to write and not feel afraid of a little paper and postage. Frank Chamberlain wants you to tell his parents if they have a chance to send any more dried plumbs to do so as there are so many sick and they do not go bad if anyone is not sick he says his are about all gone.

We expect to get paid of this week or at least that is the report that has come in to day. I had such a treat yesterday What do you think it was Well it was chicken pie - Laviry and Marshall had a box come and I had an invitation to go over and dine with them and of course done so As for a clerkship that has fell through as I expected it would. A Black Abolition Minister came on from Lancaster and got the situation - So much for being a good republican One can get any kind of a situation he wanted to vote for Abe or at least could before elections, but in me they will find one that has got a will of his own d__d them. All I want is just to see some of our officers after I get out of this and have the same freedom of speech that they are allowed, they catch h___.

It is very very sickly in this Co. now and they keep us all in one building sick and well and this method is calling hard on the well ones I think for want of space I will close as I think that I have already written as much as you can decipher for are one week I guess you will think I am deranged by the rig I have run but I believe I know myself properly yet.

Good night write soon and tell all the rest to write also and I shall be highly pleased to ans - If we get our pay this week you will get some money by next

Calvin

Still Later since I commenced writing I have learned that I am one chosen to make up the eight to pay the last tribute of respect to poor Whitney in the form of a military burial and this will be the last mark of respect that we can pay to our brother in arms I will write you of the proceedings in my next - the manners form etc of a soldiers burial Hoping you can read this I will call it done and poorly done and I think you will be glad I have got tired of writing Take good care of your self and write often.