



Camp Mount Pleasant

Hospital

May the 4th 1865

Dear Mother

As writing materials often are scarce,  
I purpose to write you a letter in verse;  
To condense my ideas, save paper and time,  
Is my object for writing the letter in rhyme.  
Of course you will know it is one of my pranks!  
It will take but a minute to fill up the blanks.

I received your kind letter just one month ago,  
Which found me a member of "Uncle Sam's Show;"  
And for four months better, expect to remain  
Unless, like full many, I chance to be slain;  
Should this be my fate, the last boon I crave  
Is to mark on my tomb-stone, "A Patriot's Grave!"

In the history of wars, as we carefully scan,  
Since the first one was waged by man against man  
In all the fierce conflicts no records remain  
Which can be compared to the present campaign.  
This war has been general! on both land and sea  
And many have fallen for "Liberty's Tree!"  
It would fill many volumes to pass in review  
What our various armies this year have gone through.  
Though my space is not large, yet 'twill not be amiss  
To give a slight sketch on a small sheet like this.



The Potomac's great army has nobly withstood  
The wiles of the traitors, and written in blood  
The route it has taken, o'er mountain and plain,  
Through forests and rivers, in hot sun and rain;  
And now like a giant, aware of his power,  
Aims a death-blow at Secession's "left tower!"

In the siege of Atlanta, and Charleston, too,  
What subjects for history's pages we view!  
Generations to come will exult in the name  
Which their fore-fathers carved in the records of fame.

At the Gulf, on the flank of Secession's domain,  
From the shores of "Red River," our brave comrades slain  
Are calling for vengeance; Ah! traitors shall feel  
A full share of this in the siege of Mobile.

The reb who surrender'd the stronghold, Fort Gaines,  
We aver, was possessed of less valor than brains!

Our heroes at sea have had plenty to do:  
The ports to blockade, and pirates subdue;  
Let the famed Tallahassee beware of the day  
When our "Yankee Tars" meet her in battle array!  
I am sure they have not forgotten so soon  
The victory we gained on the 19th of June.

Thus we see every part of our army so grand,  
In the "War for the Union," on sea and on land  
Are working in concert, our cause to maintain,  
To crush the rebellion, and end the campaign.

I have the honor to be your affectionate son

Signed, Ernestus S. Hill

P. P. on next page.

Well Dear Mother

It has been  
some time since I received your  
most kind & Welcome letter & the  
reason that I have not answered  
it before is <sup>in the front of Jefferson</sup> we broke camp on  
the next day after I got it & they  
have kept <sup>us</sup> on the march for  
eleven days since then I have  
not been <sup>well</sup> very well but so as  
to be around I have been in the  
hospital about two weeks & the  
talk is now that they are going to  
send us to our own state & they may  
send us in the course of a day  
or so & I thought that I write you  
a few lines & let you know where  
I am I am in mount pleasant hospital  
Washington D.C my ~~and~~ complaint  
is chronic diarrhoea but I am better  
than I have been you need not  
write until you hear from me again



for I may be in york state before  
I could get your letter if I am  
I will let you know & then you  
can write

No More this time  
from your Affectionate Son

Erastus T. Hill