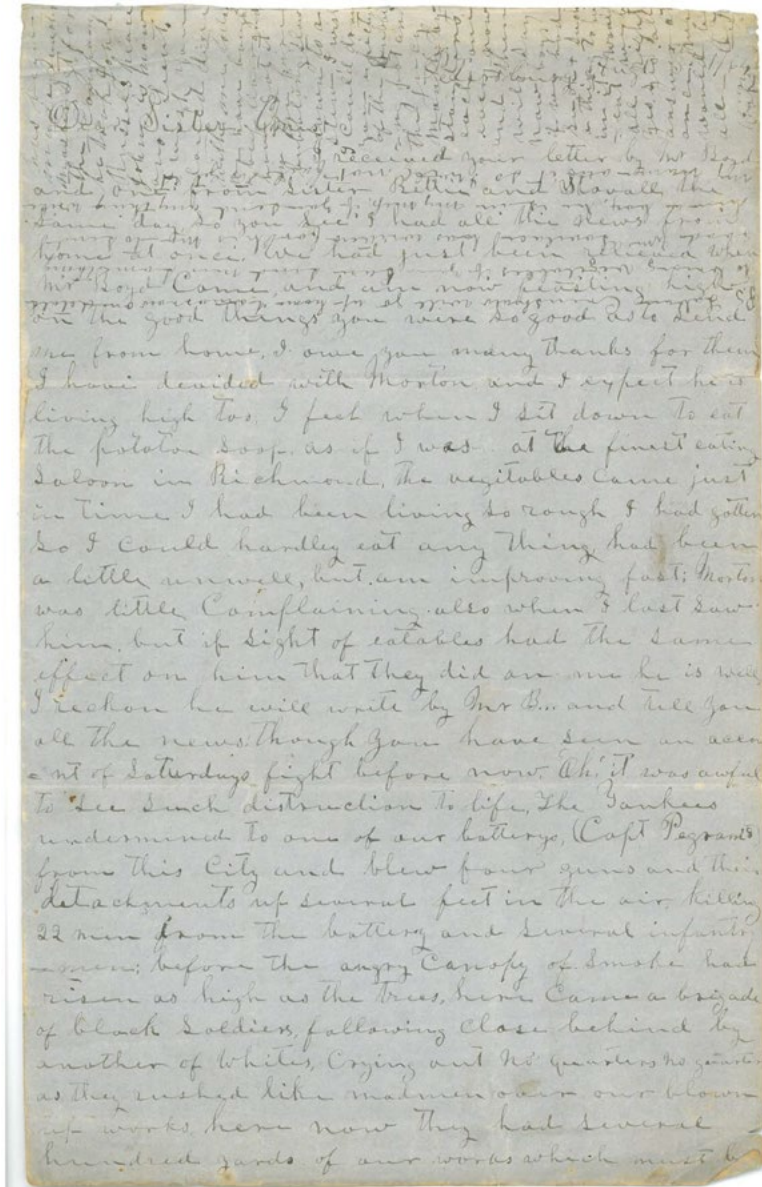


Letter from Anthony Sydnor Barksdale to his sister



Dear Sister
I received your letter by Mr. [unclear] and [unclear] from [unclear] and [unclear] the same day do you see I had all the news from home at once. We had just been [unclear] when Mr. [unclear] came and also now [unclear] the good things you were so good as to send me from home, I owe you many thanks for them I have dined with Morton and I expect he is living high too, I felt when I sat down to eat the potato soup as if I was at the finest eating Saloon in Richmond, the vegetables came just in time I had been living so rough & had gotten so I could hardly eat any thing had been a little unwell, but am improving fast; Morton was little complaining, also when I last saw him, but if sight of eatables had the same effect on him that they did on me he is well. I reckon he will write by Mr. [unclear] and tell you all the news, though you have seen an account of Saturday's fight before now. Ah! it was awful to see such destruction to life, the Yankees undermined to one of our batteries, (Capt. [unclear]) from this City and blew four guns and their detachments up several feet in the air, killing 22 men from the battery and several infantry men; before the angry canopy of smoke had risen as high as the trees, here came a brigade of black soldiers, following close behind by another of whites, crying out no quarters no quarter as they rushed like madmen over our blown up works, here now they had several hundred yards of our works which must be

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