

write more, give my best respects to

**LIBERTY AND UNION**

**FOREVER**



# M'CLELLAN & VICTORY!!

Or the Battle of South Mountain and the uprising of the Keystone State.

TUNE — "DAN TUCKER."

I'll sing a song, how brave McCLELLAN  
Gave the rebel foe a drilling,  
And made them beat retreat in fear,  
With this tune ringing in their ear,  
Clear the way "Little Mac's" advancing,  
To set your Stonewall Jackson dancing.

The rebels driven to theft and plunder,  
Thought to scare us by their thunder,  
They crossed the Potomac at Hagerstown,  
To scare the women up and down.  
Clear the way, "Little Mac's" coming, &c.

They plundered barns and fields of corn,  
Of Maryland whiskey, took a horn,  
'They seized each Union patriot there,  
But Freedom's Eagle sung in the air,  
Oh! clear the way, for "Mac's" advancing.

So on they marched for their grand attack,  
But the mighty mind of "Little Mac,"  
Their plans and dodges kept his eye on,  
As still as a mouse, but as cool as a lion.  
Clear the way, &c.

Upon the heights of old "South Mountain,"  
He made their blood flow like a fountain,  
Till old secession's wings were clip't,  
And Lee confessed himself "well whipped,"  
Singing, clear the way, &c.

With HOOKER, FRANKLIN, and brave BURNSIDE,  
He nobly turned the battle's tide,  
And drove them across the blue Potomac,  
With battered heads and an empty stomach.  
Singing, clear the way, &c.

At Sharpsburg next, our gallant "Mac,"  
Quickly followed suit and drove them back,  
He seized their Longstreet by the knob,  
And shelled the corn from Howell Cobb,  
Singing clear the way, &c.

Three cheers for our glorious hero, "Mac,"  
And the gallant army at his lack,  
He's bound to march to victory forth,  
Till the Union Flag floats South and North.  
Singing, clear the way, &c.

keeping a good horse of it for yourself. the end  
It comes out the biggest head in the saddle, if he had  
let folks know when he was first dismissed and  
I'd give little Mac. has got command of a corps, di  
thing down south elsewhere now, again. I hope to see him  
begin to lead this  
called for a small command.

he might now be the as good man as any  
of them he is the man for me yet if he will  
do right, he is a Brick. there that-I do.  
and those verses if you don't think so, it is bad



Camp Near Brandy  
Station Virginia.

Dear Brother I now sit down  
to let you know how i am. I am  
well and hope this will find you  
the same. it is pretty cold here  
now. i am a-going to have a  
soldiers memorial of the Comp-  
any. it will be about the  
size of a candle and a foot  
and a half long. i thought  
i would tell you about it. so that  
you would know what it when it  
come. if you have drawn that money  
all right i wish you would send me  
five dollars if you can spare it.  
there is one thing i should like to  
out. perhaps you remember when i  
was sick at camp grifen. you know  
herbert taylor wrote a letter for me,  
about that time we were paid of

i let Lieutenant persons of Company  
A. have ten dollars to send home.  
he gave me receipt for it. & i do  
not know why i sent this receipt to  
you or not. what made me think of it  
know i was asking Mother about it  
when i was there. she said she had  
not got it i wish you would see if  
you ~~would~~ can get any track of it  
by looking over the old letters. about  
the memoridll you can open it, but  
keep it clean, i will tell you about  
my tent and mates. we have a tent  
for four. & it is built of large logs  
split into thin slabs. & it is built  
four ~~four~~ feet high, the door on one  
side and the fireplace on the other  
the bunks on each end two feet  
from the ground. with the same as  
three tents over it. so Posco fisher  
and i are sleep together, and Oaks  
Oaks and Ingrame. fisher is a small  
fellow he only a little over two hundred.



he sleeps the fore side and makes  
a very good breastwork. he is as good boy  
as there is in the company. he is a  
trick. Ingram is wood choper. they have  
to draw all our wood. they draw it a  
good way. so we do not have much each  
day. but we have plenty of wood  
all the time. It is morning with  
us now. i have Just finished smoki-  
ng my meersham. and taken my pen  
to finish my letter. I am running  
the shanty alone today. fisher and  
Cubs went on picket this morning.  
Ingram is chopping. last night  
when i was ~~writes~~ writeing this  
i received yours with a photograph.  
i was glad to hear from you.  
i saw Lon yesterday. he is tough  
as a knot. you can give one of my  
photographs to Sarah and Mrs Thom-  
as. i want you should send me  
two or three boxes of Wrights pills.  
i donot think of much more to write now  
so good bye from your brother  
yours traly, (snooks) George W. Hill

Write as soon as you get this

# Keystone Brigade.

COPY RIGHT



SECURED.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Composed by LIEUT. JAMES D. GAY, of Philadelphia.

Formerly a member of the RINGGOLD ARTILLERY of Reading, Pa., and Author of the beautiful SONG on the Death of the Gallant ELLSWORTH, which has been adopted by SABBATH and PUBLIC SCHOOLS, through the Northern STATES, also by the UNION ARMY.

## Air.—Columbia the Gem of the Ocean.

Hurrah for our brave Pennsylvanian's,  
To their flag they are always so true,  
Hurrah for "Abe" and his Generals,  
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,  
In armies of mighty Battalion,  
Our true sons are marching so brave,  
They are marching to crush out rebellion,  
They are fighting their country to save,  
They are fighting their country to save,  
They are fighting their country to save,  
They are marching to crush out rebellion,  
They are fighting their country to save.

Brave Baker, Lyon and Ellsworth,  
Our hearts would forever upbraid,  
Should we falter while fighting for freedom  
In the ranks of the Keystone Brigade.  
Far away across the Blue Mountains,  
Is the land of our father so true,  
We love them with heartfelt devotion  
While we fight for the Red, White and Blue." Repeat as above.

We're sons in the land of Rebels,  
Our banner is proudly displayed,  
On the battle field full of great danger  
It waves over the Keystone Brigade.  
They fear not the loud cannon rattle,  
Their foes they are sure to subdue  
As bravely they march on to Battle,  
Upholding the Red, White and Blue. Repeat as above.

At Richmond our sons fought so bravely,  
So nobely McCall led them on,  
May the wreath they have won never wither  
Nor the Star of their glory grow dim,  
Like Baker's brave soldiers undaunted,  
May it now and forever be said,  
That none but brave hearts are wanted,  
In the ranks of the Keystone Brigade. Repeat as above.



Station  
Camp Near Brandy

Virginia Januury 13, 48

Dear Brother - I recieved your welcome letter the day before i left alexandria for the regiment. i was glad to hear that mother was and the rest of you were so well. i am well for me. i am tougher then i was at B. i never was so well in the regiment before. i left alexandria and got to the regiment two weeks from last sunday. i was glad to hear from you. but i hope you will excuse me for not answering your letter before. if i am as well as i am know i will not say a word against serving my time out. you need not say anything about what i say of the armys moving perhaps it will not make any diference then what you say there about it. but it is thought pretty strong that this

Corps will go to Washington and the eighth corps will come here. This corps is so small because so many have reenlisted that I should not think strange if they did so. There is quite a number of the old boys in the company that could not see the ~~re~~reenlist. Taylor Shepherdson myself and some others. I saw Alonzo Goodenough yesterday. He says he has been tough since he got back. He sends his love to you all. Frank is discharged. We are encamped where the Jobneys were when Sedgwick drove them off a short time since. I cannot think of much more to write so goodbye from your brother.

George W. Hill.



**LIBERTY AND UNION**  
**LIBERTY AND UNION FOREVER**

**WHEN THIS  
CRUEL WAR IS OVER.**



Dearest Love, do you remember!  
When we last did meet,  
How you told me that you loved me  
Kneelling at my feet!  
Oh! how proud you stood before me,  
In your suit of blue,  
When you vow'd to me and country,  
Ever to be true.

CHORUS:

Weeping sad and lonely,  
Hopes and tears, how vain,  
When this cruel war is over,  
I raying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing,  
stourfully, along!  
Or when autumn leaves are falling,  
Sadly breathes the song.  
Oft in dreams I see thee lying  
On the battle plain,  
Lonely, wounded, even dying,  
Calling, but in vain.

CHORUS:

If amid the din of battle,  
Nobly you should fall,  
Far away from those who love you,  
None to hear your call.  
Who would whisper words of comfort,  
Who would soothe your pain?  
Ah! the many cruel fancies  
Ever in my brain.

CHORUS:

But our country called you, darling,  
Angels cheer your way,  
While our nation's sons are fighting,  
We can only pray.  
Nobly strike for God and liberty,  
Let all nations see  
How we love our starry banner,  
Ever of the Free.

CHORUS:

*The last part of this letter  
donot let every one read it  
till me if you think i can get the*

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by J. M. H. 311 Chestnut St. P. M. 1862

*town townly if i should want it*



Camp Near Brandy  
Station Virginia  
February 17<sup>th</sup> 44.

Dear Brother.

I now take my pen to write you a few lines. I have been unwell for a few days. I have had a bad cold. I am a little better today. I think it will come out all right. I hope those few lines will find you all well. I sent you an order some time ago. I have not received any answer from you, so I did not know whether you had received it or not. we have had some trouble about the ~~mail~~ mail. only two or three nights since the brigade mail was stolen. the whole of it. if you have got the order let me know it. and let me know

if you had any trouble in drawing  
it. I think i shall send a  
Valentine to Mary. she will see  
by the date that it had ben some  
time since it ~~was~~ was written.  
I do not think of much more to  
write. i must tell you one thing  
i never had so good a mind  
to recenlist as i have had for  
a few days past. it is thought  
that those who stay here untill  
the first of ~~June~~ June will see  
nearly as much fighting as any.  
and if i could get the town bounty  
d \$1902 government pay ~~\$125~~  
for my state pay, and thirty-five  
days furlough. where could i do  
any better. & see what mother says.  
write as soon as you get this  
from your brother.

George W. Hill.

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252





Ch. Magnus, 12 Frankfort St. N.Y.



CONNECTICUT

## The Battle-Cry of Freedom.

Yes, we'll rally round the Flag, boys, we'll rally once again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom ;  
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom !

CHORUS.

The Union for ever ! hurrah ! boys, hurrah !  
Down with the Traitor up with the Star !  
While we rally round the Flag, boys, rally once again  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom !

We are springing to the call of our Brothers gone before,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom !  
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million Freemen more,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom !

Chorus : The Union for ever ! &c.

We will welcome to our numbers the boys all true and brave,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom !  
And although he may be poor he shall never be a Slave  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom !

Chorus : The Union for ever ! &c.

So, we're springing to the call from the East and from  
the West,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom !

And we'll hurl the Rebel crew from the land we love the best,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom !

Chorus : The Union for ever ! &c.

500 Illustrated Ballads lithographed and printed by  
CHARLES MAGNUS, No. 12 Frankfort Street, New York.  
Branch Office : No. 520 7th St., Washington, D. C.

Camp, Near Brandy  
Station, March, 7<sup>th</sup> 64

Dear Brother,

I now take my pen to write a few lines to let you know how I am and how I am getting along. I am well and hope those few lines will find you all the same. I said I was well I am with the exception of a pretty hard cold, of which I am getting well of. I am glad the order was right, only I am sorry that you ~~could~~ did not draw when ~~you~~ you wanted it at most, you may send me 5 dollars if you can spare it, you wanted to know when I drew the last state pay, it is drawn to the 20<sup>th</sup> of septem<sup>r</sup>. I received your letter and picture, likewise the last one with a mothers your picture was a good one, I was glad to hear from you, and mother. I must tell you what has been going on here, after about four



days after i. wrote to you i think it was the next friday my regiment went to the station to escort governer Smith from Vermont up to camp. Col Grants quarters. he reviewed the brigade the same day. I was on brigade gard that day. that night the Corps.e had orders to move the next morning with light marching order with five days rations three on their backs and two in the teams. they went up to the rappidan to make as great show as they could while Banks and Billpatrick went up the peninsula to Richmond. they were gone three days. I presume you have heard of Billpatrick's rade. I was not relieved from gard till they got back, so i did not have to march. they marched 26 miles the day they came in, you need not tell me any thing about the town pay it is to late now. Herbert had a letter from home. they said they paid old veterons

three hundred and fifty. I think that  
looks well for Swilford six hundred  
to recruits recruits and veterans cash  
pay, it shows what they are. I will  
soon be out of this. they cannot  
get this chap now. they can kiss  
my foot. and more then that they  
can go ride straight to to H-1  
perhaps you will call this pretty  
hard talk but i cant very well  
help it, you did not tell me why  
many had recieved the valentine i  
sent her or not, I am going to  
send you in this letter Gen. Dudgeon  
h.s photograph, please keep <sup>all</sup> those verses  
that i send to you till i come.

Yours From your Brother  
George W Hill  
Washington Dc.



LIBERTY AND UNION

FOREVER

WHEN THIS  
CRUEL WAR IS OVER.



Dearest Love, do you remember!  
When we last did meet,  
How you told me that you loved me  
Kneelling at my feet?  
Oh! now proud you stood before me,  
In your suit of blue,  
When you vow'd to me and country,  
Ever to be true.

CHORUS:

Weeping sad and lonely,  
Hopes and tears, how vain,  
When this cruel war is over,  
Praying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing,  
Solemnly, along!  
Or when autumn leaves are falling,  
Sadly breathes the song,  
Oft in dreams I see thee lying  
On the battle plain,  
Lonely, wounded, even dying,  
Calling, but in vain.

CHORUS:

If amid the din of battle,  
Nobly you should fall,  
Far away from those who love you,  
None to hear your call,  
Who would whisper words of comfort,  
Who would soothe your pain?  
Ah! the many cruel fancies  
Ever in my brain.

CHORUS:

But our country called you, darling,  
Angels cheer your way,  
While our nation's sons are fighting,  
We can only pray,  
Nobly strike for God and liberty,  
Let all nations see  
How we love our starry banner,  
Ever of the Free.

CHORUS:

Camp Near Brandy  
Station Mar 12<sup>th</sup> 1864

Dear Brother,

I now like my pen to let write  
you a few lines, perhaps you will  
think I am writing pretty often, but  
circumstances alter cases you know.

I am well now, excepting a cold,  
I hope these few lines will find  
you all well, I have nothing of  
importance to write to you.

I saw Alonzo to day, he is well,

I saw Guff Gilbert Clark a  
few days ago he is in the County.

I will tell you what I want you  
to do. special Order No. 4.

I wish you would go to the

Hospital at Brattleboro and get  
my overcoat, Denis Mahony, has got

it I am going to send a  
letter to him when I send this



and see if he can spare  
it, so you can get it if he can  
spare it, it will be saving so much.  
besides it will come handy for me  
to wear. I reckon Wright smart,  
I saw Charles Lamb yesterday, he is  
well, he said Willard was well,  
I cannot think of much more to  
~~write~~ write, only a little de'troy  
that coat I don't want out  
here or at least shall not by the  
time he gets back here, let me  
know if you get it, I am a  
tough Cuss but cant eat hay  
nor bread or Minneys, what do you  
think of that.

I was by mistake we lost ball-own  
Fish-balls, Fish-balls,  
I was by mistake we lost ball-own  
Fishballs. says I,  
I was by mistake we lost ball-own

and we all skedaddled for Washington  
and we all drink Stone blind  
Johnny fill up the hole,

That's so.

From Your Brother  
George W. Hill.

write soon.



A  
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# ANNIE of the Vale.



The young stars are glowing, their clear light bestowing,  
Their radiance fills the calm, clear summer night!  
Come forth like a fairy, so lithesome and airy,  
And ramble in the soft mystic light.

CHORUS.—Come, come, come love, come!  
Come ere the night-torches pale;  
Oh, come in thy beauty, thou marvel of duty,  
Dear Annie, dear Annie of the vale.

The world we inherit is charmed by thy spirit,  
As radiant as the mild warm summer ray!  
The watch-dog is snarling, for fear Annie darling,  
His beautiful young friend, I'd steal away.

CHORUS.—Come, come, come love come!  
Come ere the night-torches pale;  
Oh, come in thy beauty, thou marvel of duty,  
Dear Annie, dear Annie of the vale.

Camp Near Brandy  
Station March 21<sup>st</sup> 64

Dear Brother,

I now take my pen to write you a few lines. I received your kind letter in due time. I was glad to hear from you, and that you were all well. I am well. I hope these few lines will find you all well. I am on picket to day, on the support. I have got to go on post two hours today and not again until tomorrow night. then I shall have to go two nights and one day. it is very pleasant but rather chilly here today. I received your letter day before yesterday. friday night. we had orders to march that afternoon. we were to take everything. and three days rations. but the order was



Countermanded that night, it is the  
talk know that there is to be a  
grand review tomorrow, if so I shall  
get clear from that, but I should  
like to be there, General M D Grant,  
is to review them, you thought that  
I had not received all you had wrote  
since I (wrote to) sent the order  
to you I think I have received three  
with the one I now answer, I received  
the one with picture, and one since,  
I donot remember of writing anything  
about the order but once since then  
and that was that I was glad very  
you could not draw the money when  
you wanted it most, that was <sup>when</sup> you  
said the school ~~most~~ teacher was coming  
there to board, I was somewhat dissa-  
pointed at not finding some money  
in the letter, and as I have not  
had any for some time, untill I

got some of Alouzo yesterday,  
but when I had read the letter  
could not complain, for of course I  
cannot expect to get it (if you cannot)  
until you can get it. so do not think  
I am in much of a hurry for it  
only send it when you get it.  
I cannot think much more to write  
Alouzo is well, write soon.  
From Your Brother,

George W. Will.





Published by Cha<sup>s</sup> Magnus, 12 Frankfort St. N.Y.

# WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

*Words and Music by Chas. Carroll Sawyer.*

(During one of our late battles, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon tell those who were near him that he could not live, he placed his hand across his forehead, and, with a trembling voice, said, while burning tears ran down his fevered cheeks, Who will care for Mother now?)

Why am I so weak and weary?

See how faint my heated breath;

All around to me seems darkness;

Tell me, comrades, is this death?

Ah! how well I know your answer,

To my fate I meekly bow,

If you'll only tell me truly

Who will care for mother now.

CHORUS.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,

With bright laurels on my brow;

I have for my country fallen,

Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?

Who will dry the falling tear,

Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?

Who will whisper words of cheer?

Even now I think I see her

Kneeling, praying for me! how

Can I leave her in anguish?

Who will care for mother now?

Cho.—Soon with angels, &c.

Let this knapsack be my pillow,

And my mantle be the sky;

Hasten, comrades, to the battle!

I will like a soldier die.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,

With bright laurels on my brow;

I have for my country fallen,

Who will care for mother now?

Cho.—Soon with angels, &c.

500 Illustrated Ballads lithographed and printed by  
CHARLES MAGNUS, No. 12 Frankfort Street, New York.  
Branch Office: No. 520 7th Street. Washington, D. C.

Camp Near Brandy  
Station March 25<sup>th</sup> 69

Please read this over yourself before you do to  
any one else.

Dear Brother. I now take my  
pen to answer your welcome letter,  
which I received in due time.

I was glad that you were all well  
as usual, I came of picket yester-  
day. I am well at present with  
exception of sore eyes, we had a  
A A pretty tough time on picket.  
it was quite pleasant the first  
day, we did not go on post til  
the second night, it began to  
snow when i went on post, we  
had to be on post two nights  
and one day, it snowed all  
the first night that i was  
on post and most of the first  
day. I think i never was out  
in such a tedious storm in my  
life, the wind blew all the time,



I must tell you what A time we had  
after we come in from picket,  
in the afternoon of the same day  
the left wing of the regiment  
challenged us the right wing, to  
A game of snow-ball, ~~so~~ so we  
went at it officers, and all, except  
the Col and Maj. it was an even  
thing, that is, it was a draw game  
besides they had A fifty, or a hundred  
more men than us, the d-d sneers  
played foul some of them threw  
~~stones~~ or stones or any thing,  
they could get hold of. I forget  
to tell you how much snow fell.  
it was half a foot or more,

I want you should let me know  
when you write again, if you have  
received my memorial, I have  
received them pills you sent me.  
I cannot think of much more  
to write this time

write soon. I would not care  
if I could ~~see~~ hear from you every  
day. I would try to answer them

it is very lonesome here unless one can  
have from home, I can have a letter with  
the rest. you know how that is very  
well, you need not be afraid of my existing  
for I would see the ~~whole~~ whole concern  
in hell with there back I broke, I reckon,  
and then I would not. my time is to  
near out. it is so near foot that the  
vermont paper calls us Game-bags,  
but dont tell any one any thing so they  
will know that I am coming home,  
it is believed by those that have to be  
discharged that we shall be home the  
22<sup>nd</sup> of may, may, dont tell even mother.  
Just for the for fun for it,  
you wanted I should pitch the time to  
that song, I dont see how I can very  
well pitch now, but here is another you  
keep them all that I send to you and  
I will pitch the time then. please tell  
mother that I was glad to hear from  
her here. this will do this time I guess  
yours truly,

G G G

G O George W. Hill  
Company 4<sup>th</sup> Vermont  
Regiment  
Washington Dc.  
G  
G G G





Nº 7

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, ARK. MARCH 6, 7 & 8, 1862

## Ellsworth's Avengers.

AIR.—Annie Lisle.—By A. L. HUDSON.

Down where the patriot army,  
Near Potomac's side  
Guards the glorious cause of freedom,  
Gallant Ellsworth died.  
Brave was the noble Chieftain,  
At his country's call,  
Hastened to the field of battle,  
And was first to fall.

Chorus.—Strike, freemen, for the Union,  
Sheath your swords no more;  
While remains in arms a traitor,  
On Columbia's shore.

Entering the traitor city,  
With his soldiers true,  
Leading up the Zouave columns.  
Fixed became his view.  
See that rebel flag is floating.  
O'er yon building tall!  
Spoke he, while his dark eye glistened,  
Boys, that flag most fall! Chorus.

Quickly from its proud position,  
That base flag was torn,  
Trampled 'neath the feet of freemen,  
Circling Ellsworth's form;  
See him bear it down the landing,  
Past the traitors door,  
Hear him groan, Oh! God, they've shot him  
Ellsworth is no more. Chorus.

First to fall, thou youthful martyr,  
Hapless was thy fate;  
Hastened we as thy avengers,  
From thy native state.  
Speed we on, from town and city,  
Not for wealth or fame,  
But because we love the Union,  
And our Ellsworth name. Chorus.

Traitors hands shall never sunder,  
That for which you died;  
Here the oath our lips now utter,  
Those our nations pride.  
By our hopes of you bright heaven,  
By the land we love  
By the God who reigns above us,  
We'll avenge thy blood. Chorus

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Camp Near Brandy  
Station April 3<sup>rd</sup> 69

Dear Brother

Your kind letter of Mar 27<sup>th</sup> is  
before me, and I now take my pen  
in hand to answer if I was glad  
to hear from you. I am well and  
hope those few lines will find you  
the the same. I ment to write in  
my last letter that I had received  
the pills that you sent me. I have,  
and likewise the money you sent to  
me in your last, which I now  
now ~~answen~~ answer. I have nothing  
of much importance to write now,  
one thing is we are living very  
well now, that is one thing I look  
at now, one might as well buy a  
little some of the time as to live  
on just what the government gives  
us, especially while we are in winter  
quarters



there are three of us in the tent  
that mess together, each one of us  
puts in a little and buy vegetables  
at the Brigade commissary such as  
potatoes turnips &c. that grand  
review that I wrote about has been  
countermanded, but I understand that  
it is to come of the 25<sup>th</sup> of this  
month, I must tell you one thing  
more and see what you think of  
it. I understand that Gen. Grant  
has ordered that no Luckers shall  
be brought into the Army whatever  
not even to officers only for hospital  
uses. if so I think it is the best  
thing that ever hapened.

I cannot think of much more  
to write this time, write soon

From your brother

I am going

to send a ring  
in this letter

for Mary

George W. Hill  
Company F 9<sup>th</sup> Regiment  
Vermont Vols Washington

*George  
Apr 18 1864  
The banner of the  
Free  
Brotherly love will  
go down with  
My 883*

3<sup>rd</sup> DIVISION  
  
SIXTH ARMY CORPS  
  
*Austain A. Hill  
East Guilford  
Vermont*  
Chas. Maynard, 12 Frankfort St. NY





C. Magnus 12 Frankfort St. N.Y.



IOWA

## THE BANNER OF THE FREE.

Air : The Sword of Bunker Hill. — By Eugene Johnston.

He lay upon the battle field,  
Near the Chickomony's tide,  
His life blood flowing on the ground,  
From a deep wound in his side ;  
He cried, comrades, I'm getting cold.  
My eyes can scarcely see,  
Before I die let me behold, } Repeat  
The Banner of the Free.

His comrades gathered round him,  
And tears from their eyes fell,  
As they gazed upon the ghastly face,  
Of him they loved so well :  
He cried, oh comrades do not weep,  
Why shed those tears for me, } Repeat  
I can like a soldier die, }  
'Neath the Banner of the Free.

They raised him from the ground,  
To see his flag once more ;  
In triumph waving o'er the field,  
Now covered with human gore,  
But see, he starts, his eyes grow bright,  
He sees the foemen flee,  
Before the steel of freemen bold, } Repeat  
With the Banner of the Free.

A smile o'er spread his palid face,  
He feebly gasped for breath,  
And fell back in his comrades arms,  
In the embrace of death ;  
They buried him on the bloody field,  
'Neath a drooping willow tree,  
And planted o'er his resting place, } Repeat  
The Banner of the Free.

500 Illustrated Ballads lithographed and printed by  
CHARLES MAGNUS, No. 12 Frankfort Street, New York.  
Branch Office : No. 520 7th St. Washington, D. C.

Camp Near Brandy  
Station Virginia.

April 10<sup>th</sup> 64

Dear Brother AUSTAIN

Your letter of the 4<sup>th</sup> & third is before  
me. which I received in due time.

I was glad to hear from you  
and that you were all well.

I am well and hope those few  
lines will find you still the same.

I saw Alonzo, to day. he was well

I have not much news to write  
you this time. I wish that

Mary and Frank could have  
their Photographs taken whole

Size standing up. I am going  
to send you some songs in this

letter. I believe you told me when  
I was at home that that old

Man that use to make e up songs  
and sing to the boys out here  
was in your camp when you was



out here,  
his name is Lock, the one that  
made up the songs, was Marching  
<sup>down</sup> to Dixies land, we are marching on  
to Richmond, Meleton is our man,  
&c. we call him old dixie.  
he has not ben with us since  
we left front of Richmond untill  
this winter, he has ben here  
twice in a few days, we heard  
that he was hanged, he heard  
of it to, and he told us about  
it, since he was w after he  
left us, he went down into  
Rosecrans army, he lost part  
of his hand and was taken Prison<sup>er</sup>  
I gress this is enough about  
Mr Lock, perhaps more then  
you would like to hear, but I  
have not got much other news  
to write, if I knew the art of  
telling as big story as some do  
I could send you quite a letter.  
I cannot think of much more to  
write this time, we do not have much

Pleasant weather here this month  
it rains and snows most of the  
time, we are just having our  
winter, those songs you want to  
keep clean and not wear them out  
I will send you a Canwadowm

What makes a young ladies  
teeth decay sooner then mens,

Because their lips are so  
Sweet,

*[Signature]*  
Cook-master General

Yours Truly  
From your Absent brother

*G* George W. Hill

*[Signature]*



## BROTHER, WHEN WILL YOU COME BACK?

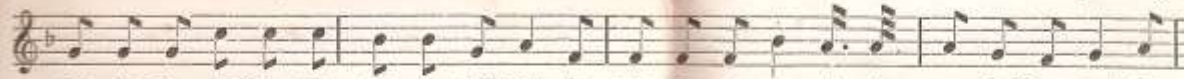
Poetry and Music by E. W. LOCKE, the Army Poet and Balladist, author of "We're marching down to Dixie's land," "We're marching on to Richmond," "We will not retreat any more", "Down by the Sea", &c., &c.



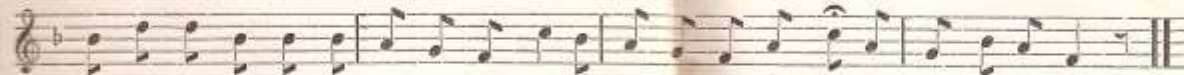
1. The shadows of evening bring home to the hearth The loved ones who patient have toiled through the day;                    Though  
2. The cold winds of winter sweep down from the hills, With wailings more dismal than ev - er be - fore;                    We  
3. There's many a soldier lies silent alone,      Uncoffined, unshrouded, be - neath the damp clay;                    His



glad be the greetings, and hearty the mirth, Our hearts ev - er turn to the Brother a - way; We  
think of the blast that our soldier boy chills, And ~~it~~ ~~so~~ ~~di-~~ ~~vide~~ ~~him~~ ~~our~~ ~~bas-~~ ~~ket~~ ~~and~~ ~~store~~. We  
kindred search vain - ly for head-board or stone, Or someone to tell where his life ebbed a - way. Though



ask, Is he pacing the sen - ti - nel's beat, In - tent for a sign of the near lurking foe? Or  
know that but lit - tle he heeds his hard lot; His long, wea - ry marches; his coarse, scanty fare; The  
sad be the tidings from fields red with gore, And Death reaps a harvest of brave and true men, Dear



wearied with marching through mud, rain and sleet, He lie in his blanket, his pil - low the snow?  
cannon's loud thunder, the death-dealing shot, But nerve him to suffer, to do, and to dare.  
Brother, stand firm till the contest is o'er, Then rush to the arms that will clasp you again.



Brother, dear Brother! when will you come back— Back to the hearts ev - er loving and true? While your



camp-fires are burning our fond hearts are yearning: Brother, dear Brother! we're praying for you; While your



camp-fires are burning, our fond hearts are yearning: Brother, dear Brother! we're praying for you.

Stephen Barry, Printer, East of Exchange Street, Portland, Me.