



CAMP "JOHN MANLEY," 154TH REG'T N. Y. VOL.,
1st Brigade, 2d Division, 11th Corps, Army Potomac.

Near Stafford C. H., Va.,

1863.

Near Stafford C. H., April 10, 1863

Dear Frant,

We are having so many grand reviews and so much drilling, I don't get time to write or anything else. We had a Grand Review yesterday for General Howard and staff. He is our Major General now. He has taken command and Sigel has gone West. I believe I'd rather have Sigel.

Today we had a Grand Review at which the President, General Hooker and all the division generals and brigadiers in the Corps were present. It was a grand show--the grandest I have ever seen since I was in Virginia. We were told to get ready, then marched two miles to the place where the review was to be held. Here we were lined up, one line behind the other, a brigade in a line. We had just got formed and stacked our guns when everyone started looking toward the station. It was a body of Lancers that attracted our attention. They were gayly dressed and mounted on fine horses, each man bearing a lance about 10 feet long with a little red flag on it.

Next was the roar of the cannon, followed by 25 more in honor of the President. All eyes were strained to get a glimpse of that chap, Lincoln. He soon came in sight, followed by about 500 generals and officers and cavalry. (There were three women with him, and they looked a great deal better to me than he did.) After they rode around and showed themselves to US, we had to walk along and show ourselves to THEM. There was a little boy about as big as Dutch Shannon who rode by the side of the President.

After we had passed in review, we marched back to our camp and sat down to a dinner of boiled pork and hardtack. I made up my mind that all their pomp was only an outside show--only a mask to cover the miseries, the anguish and tears which are caused by war.

This writing paper was a present from John Manley. He gave everyone in the regiment two sheets because we named the camp after him. I must close this letter and get some wood.

From your true friend,

Edgar Shannon.

[*The Jamestown Sun*, Wednesday, July 5, 1961]