

Rooms of Maine Camp Relief Association
Stonemason's Station, near Falmouth.

February 26th 1863.

Mr. E. W. Fyer,

Sir,

Situated as we are near the encampment of the 20th Maine, and knowing that there exists a certain degree of anxiety, in your vicinity, in regard to this Regiment and also having every opportunity for obtaining information concerning its sanitary condition, as well as a thorough acquaintance with the officers in command, also, certain circumstances having come under my observation recently, which clearly indicates to me that it is my imperative duty to communicate with you in regard to the matter, although I must request to have it confidential, as far as my name is concerned. I am aware that many would say that it is no part of the duty of a lady to interfere in these matters, but, if I know my duty, I think it is, to look after the interests of our sick men and when I know them to be maltreated and abused I feel it a duty to make it known, more especially as I learn there

are steps being taken to give this miscreant a situation in some other of our Maine Regiments, solely for the purpose of getting rid of an Officer so utterly void of all good principles. Of this I was informed by a commissioned officer who had placed his name to the paper recommending him to the favorable notice of the Authorities of Maine, he added, however, that he did not read the Document lest his conscience might prevent his signing it, and further said, that he regretted very much now that he had done so, having learned so much more of his conduct recently. This Officer is none other than the Quartermaster, a more wicked, profane, cruel, unprincipled man, I think could not be found in the State of Maine.

You are aware, that there have been three movements made this winter, by the Army of the Potomac, first the battle of Fredericksburg, second, a reconnoissance in force, third, the last great failure to cross the river. Each time very many sick were left on the ground, and all the other Officers being needed with the Regiment, as a matter of course, this man was left in charge of the camp ground.

Words would be tame to describe the abuses these poor sufferers received at his hand, the heart sickens at the thought. Poor, sick men, scarcely able to walk, were dragged from their little shelter tents, in a drenching rain, to stand guard

over an old lame horse, because, foremost, it was the private property of the surgeon, as if the loss of a horse, was to be compared with the life of one of the brave sons of Maine. It was painful, truly painful, to be compelled to witness such abuse. I could name very many more, such as driving out these helpless victims to bury one of their comrades, telling them with horrid oaths, that if they were not expeditious in hurrying him into the ground, he would cause a hole to be dug in which to inter them. The haste commanded, was the more painful, as the spirit had but just departed and the body was not yet cold. I am aware that many have censured their young, but gallant and brave Colonel, but this, as far as my knowledge extends, is unjust, I have never yet observed anything that would lead me to think that these charges were correct. On the contrary he has acted on every suggestion we have given for the comfort of his men, especially the sick, & he has given us every facility in his power to carry out our plans for their relief. But this Quartermaster has never failed to tell the men, even in my hearing, that all these outrages were ordered by the Colonel, himself, (which I have every reason to believe was wholly untrue) and hence the discontent ^{has} there, existed in regard to their commanding Officer. Being well assured that

you will not deem an apology necessary for calling your
attention to these facts,

I remain very respectfully yours,

Isabella Fogg.

Mr Isabella Fogg,
at
Feb 26. 63.
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