

# Jaqueline Beverly Stanard papersMS.0083

Jaqueline Beverly Stanard papers

1863-1865



## Title Statement

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## Descriptive Summary

**Unit ID**

MS.0083

**Unit ID**

/repositories/3/resources/166

**Unit Date**

1863-1865

**Language**

English .

**Creator**

Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

**Extent**

0.25 Linear Feet approximately 20 items

**Physical Location**

Manuscripts stacks

**Repository**

Virginia Military Institute Archives

## Administrative Information

**Restrictions on Access**

There are no restrictions.

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**Preferred Citation**

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## Biographical / Historical

Jacqueline Beverly Stanard was born in 1845 in Orange County, Virginia. He entered VMI in January 1863 as a member of the Class of 1867, and was killed at the Battle of New Market on May 15, 1864, while serving as a Cadet Private, Company B.

## Scope and Contents

The Jaqueline Beverly Stanard papers (approximately 20 items) consist of letters from Cadet Stanard to his family (dated 1863 to 1864), a telegram concerning Stanard's body, letters from his brother Robert to their mother (dated 1865), and two essays written at VMI.

## Related Materials

Many of these letters, as well as material from other sources and background information, appear in the book "Letters of a New Market Cadet", edited by John G. Barrett and Robert K. Turner, Jr. (Chapel Hill, University of North Carolina Press, 1961).

## Keywords

Virginia Military Institute—Civil War, 1861-1865

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet compositions—Prose

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

New Market Cadets

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

Telegrams

United States—History—Civil War, 1861-1865—Personal narratives—Confederate

Virginia—History—Civil War, 1861-1865

## Online Access

The Jaqueline Beverly Stanard papers are available online.

## Description of Subordinate Components

## **Jaqueline Beverly Stanard correspondence**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5112

**Unit Date** 1863-1864

**Language** English.

**Extent** 2 Folder2 folders by year

### **Correspondence**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5113

**Unit Date** 1863

**Language** English.

**Extent** 8 itemsFolder 1

### **Letter to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5114

**Unit Date** 1863 January 17

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

### **Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia. Letter regards ice skating on the frozen river, attending church, academics, and demerits.

### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

Smith, Francis H. (Francis Henney), 1812-1890

### **Transcription**

Virginia Military Institute January the 17th 1863

My Dear Mother I have anxiously been looking for a letter from you for some time in reply to my last which I mailed about the 5th or 6th. I hope it has not been lost for it was a long one and I wanted you to see how I spent my Christmas. Mother it has been so long since I wrote that I guess you have been uneasy about me again thinking I might be sick. Quite to the contrary, for the last weeks I have been having a good time skating. The river was frozen over beautifully for miles. As we were not doing any studying, the Examination being past over. We were all allowed to go. I wish you could have seen the river. It looked like a flock of black birds was on it. I never saw boys seem to enjoy themselves more. Could play [bandy], fox & goose and many other games to afford us amusement. Sandie P. & Sisters & some other ladies were down to see us. Sandy seemed to be a very awkward skater and would get some pretty falls sometimes which added to my fun. I think he is stuck up quite much. I haven't spoken to him yet. I attended Church this morning. Saw his wife there, do not think she is pretty. The [G] has only preached for us once since he came here, but gave us an excellent sermon then. I suppose in this Peach has reached Orange & [camp]. He called to see me one evening and only remained about half an hour, promised he would come again the day after and said I must have a letter for him to take home for me, but he never made his appearance. I stayed from church hoping to see him & show him the VMI sights. He was staying out in the country about three miles. Wanted me to go with him but could not do so. I never saw a boy so changed in my life. Had a little beard and then he was dressed in real soldier style. I don't think I should have known him had I seen him in a crowd. He said himself Geo. M had been having a good time out in the country for 18 days. Really glad they have gotten furloughs for they have both been good soldiers and deserve them. Hope they may be able to reach home. Mr. M seemed somewhat taken with poor Lewis Williams old flame Miss Darden. Wilson Newman called to see me a few days ago. And going from his looks, I think the army must agree with him. Am glad our Orange boys are all so pleasantly stationed. Mother tell Champ to write what has become of [Mr. G]. I feel so sorry for him. Doubtless in this you have received my report and have been worried about the way I have wasted my time & gotten demerits etc. in the last six months. Myself as well as many others have done but little studying. We have lost about one and a half months going out of these plagued marches and still Old Spex hasn't made a single allowance in the examination and I would not be surprised if there are not 150 cadets shipped soon for being unjustly unjustly found deficient, some over 18, and others for demerits. 15 were shipped yesterday, one of my roommates goes [ ] tomorrow, for demerits. Spex a grand old scoundrel coins money by this as most of them have made their deposits which is \$600. I think you must not be surprised to see me at any time as my

number of demerits is past one hundred, though most of them I got for over staying furlough, and may yet be removed. I shall write to brother in a day or two for money to pay what I owe to Old Spex. Mother to give you an idea what sort of person Gen. S. is after our return from our last march, the government sent up 300 pairs of shoes for the Cadets as presents or to pay for our own that we wore out and now Gen. S. will not let a Cadet have a pair if he has gotten shoes from the Institute within the last 6 month, and if a Cadet is shipped before he can get them, they fall in Spex's hands, who furnishes all his darkeys with a good pair. I shall try hard to get mine, tho' don't expect to wear them, they are course army shoes worth at the present prices 30 or 40 dollars. I have a pair I bought before I went on the march that will do me, so I shall keep mine (if I get them) for Henry, unless he is well supplied. Mother you recollect the box I was so concerned about, it made it to us, after being on the way only 19 days. Although the things were rather old & stale, yet everything went good even the turkey. I tell you we were not a long time emptying the box. We were all very agreeably surprised yesterday by the receipt of another box for one of our roommates. It contained a splendid ham, two elegant rich cakes and any quantity of little molasses cakes, sausages, molasses, apples, etc. I never enjoyed anything more. I certainly did justice to it myself. I hope Mr. L has laid in a good supply of provisions. How does Eliza do now. Hope she may not give you all troubles. I can imagine I see the difference in her cooking & aunt Phoebe's, and hear you complain. Well Mother you see I am 'bout run out for something to write about so I guess I had better stop altogether. You must excuse led pencil, I wrote with, is because I wanted to write fast (which the bad writing & mistakes will bear evidence of) in order to finish it without being interrupted by any roll call. It seems to me I now commence a letter but what I am called of by the tap of the drum to attend some call. It is really worrying. Well Mother, I shall prepare myself to receive a good scholding [sic] from you soon. You must not be too hard upon me, [phrase unclear] made to stay here for my own good, but at the same time greatly against my will. And now with love to all and a due portion for your darling self, I am as ever yr affect Son J. B. S.

### **Letter to Fannie Stanard**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5115

**Unit Date** 1863 February 20

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

### **Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia to his sister. Letter regards family health matters and daily life at VMI.

### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

### **Transcription**

Virginia Military Institute February the 20th 1863

My Dear Sister, Having honored all the family with a letter, except your sweet self, Have determined to drop you a few lines (Tonight since I have no lessons to get.) to show you that you have not been forgotten. The letter I wrote Champe, you were justly entitled to, but as she wrote me such a long letter first, and I had to answer, thought had better do it at once. So you must not think anything of the step I took. I received dear sisters letter yesterday. And you cannot imagine what pleasure it gave me to read it and particularly that part in which it spoke of my darling mother, being so much improved in health. God grant that it may continue to do so, is my sincere prayer. It makes me feel like a new person almost, when I think about it. And Oh! If I could just be there to see her enjoy it. What I would not give? And just to think I have only been here one month today, and have five more long weary ones to spend here. It is awful to think about. But at the end of that time, I must have a furlough. In spite of everything. The boys all laugh at the idea of my expecting even to get one but I guess they will laugh out of the other side of their mouths, In July, when they see me going home. If I staid here I would have to go in Camp and drill, but I think I will get enough of it before them. You would laugh to see me going through double quick step. I look like a frog in the act of jumping. I see I will have to lay my letter aside until tomorrow when I endeavor to finish it though it will not leave here before Monday. Saturday. Have been down today to see them at Mrs. B[ull]'s. Capt. B[ull] has returned from Richmond. Came by G[ordons]ville. Wish he had run on down to Orange, might have sent my things by him. Phil Hiden is trying to get a furlough to go down to Charlottesville to see his brother James married. (To take place on Friday night I believe) If he succeeds, he will come on to Orange, so that will be a good opportunity to send my box. Says he will bring it. I also want my pants that (dark brown) Bob gave me sent. Repair them if they need it, before you send them. The surprise party to the Maj.'s was grand. If I had been there I should have made the girls get before. So that I might be sure they would not fall or

get in the mud again. There is so much gold lace, and brass buttons in Orange now that a poor private stands no chance. The girls hardly glance at one, I guess. While I am writing they are drawing a cannon out on the parade ground to test it. I am going out there to see it fired. Bum! She goes; and the boys tremble & run. I stand my ground. The gun proves a good one. Scott & myself went up town today to get some thing to eat. Succeeded in getting some pies. Tomorrow is the 22nd and Gen. Smith told Capt. Bull if he could get the turkeys, he might give us a big dinner, but as he cannot get them, we will have the same old fare, Beef & Bread. I am in hopes there will be a suspension of Studdies until tuesday. (Private) Sister asked if I ever saw the little Madisons. Am sorry to say I have not, And moreover I don't expect to, from what I can hear. Don't say anything about this? I heard from good authority that the children were not allowed to wear socks, until that one (the youngest) had its feet frost-bitten. I feel sorry for the little darlings. Mrs. M is master. And every one easily perceives it. Let no one see this but the family? I have seen Mrs. Newman at Church, have never spoken to her, will go up with Scott soon to see her. There is no episcopal preacher here, but they expect to call Henry A. Wise, Jr. hope they may. Have very good music at the Presbyterian church. Sister Mollie certainly is good about writing so often, and her letters are so interesting and amusing. You all must continue to send them over whenever you get them. I intend to write to her soon. It is time for brother to be answering my letter. I think Mr. C. has acted quite strangely. It is too provoking. Tell Mother boiling over does no good. She had better remain quiet. And Mr. S[haw] is in Lynchburg. I wish I could run down to see him. Suppose it was business that took him there. Hope the army have not pressed any of his corn. He must be much incommoded in his farming by not being at Berry Hill. Sunday the 22nd. Ground covered in snow nearly a foot deep and still falling fast. What awful weather we have had in the last month for our army. They must suffer. I never saw such a country as this in my life. And every boy agrees with me. It is either raining or snowing all the time. Write me word what Mrs. R. brought. Wish she had brought my shoes & knife. And Willy [Fry] has gone to be married. What will take place next. Expect Peach (poor fellow) would liked to have accompanied him. He is fortunate in being out of the army now. Oh! Fan. How I would like to see you all. I sometimes think that it will be impossible for me to stay away from my dear home and those for whom my love is so great, until July. How is Miss Summer. Give my love to her and tell her I think of her often. Well dear Sister I have written you quite a long letter. You must make due excuses for this miserable ink and writing. Kiss dear little Mary for me and tell her she must not forget Uncle Bev. Be a good girl and tell her when he [sic] come home I will bring her some good. Give oceans of love to Mr. S[haw] and all the family, and accept for yourself a true brothers love. Hoping you are all well I bid you Goodbye! Beverly

### **Letter to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5116

**Unit Date** 1863 April 14

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

### **Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia. Letter regards financials, family matters, and daily life at VMI.

### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

### **Transcription**

Virginia Military Institute April the 14th 1863

My darling Mother I received your letter a few days ago also the cloth. Hiden was on the way a week, or more. Which has been the reason why you have not heard from me sooner. I wrote home last Friday as usual but I wrote it in such a hurry and did not even read it over. I really felt ashamed to send it. Know I spelt a word wrong did you notice it? I know better. Well Mother Gen. Smith has at last gotten cloth, and as I had never had a suit my name was put down for one. I have had my jacket made at last so I now have or will have two suits which will do me until July. I don't know whether to have the cloth you sent me made into a pair of pants or sell it. If I have it made up I can save my new suit. I will send you some money by first opportunity. Need not get me any more cloth. How sad the death of poor Hugh Atkins, he was so imprudent. I suppose old Mrs. A is almost frantic, and it will have such a bad effect on Julia. Champe mentioned in her letter Miss Ellen B had gone deranged and been taken to the asylum. Where did she stay? I disremember her. Old Mrs. B has been sick for a week or more I suppose that must have been the cause of it. Be sure an[sic] write me word in your next. I was down to see them yesterday. I suppose your have commenced gardening, such pretty weather for it. It seems strange that I am not at it. Hope you are well enough to go out and superintend. As you are so devoted to it and can't help it. I am not surprised to hear about sister Mollie. She wrote to me and said she had fattened.

In my answer I asked her "Could it be that Ala air was purer than Va. and agreed with her better, Hardly!" I am glad and then again I am sorry. I don't know why some of them out there do not write to me. Her letter is the only one I have received. I will not write to them until they do. I hope you have written to brother and given him a good scolding about that sugar. He deserves one. Does Ras T. intend to go South to live? Every body in Orange must be buying and selling. I suppose it is to invest their money which they have made by speculating. You will have a near neighbor now, Cousin H. & I think I should rather live at his old place than Mr. R. by far. I wrote you about making me collars did you ever get the letter. My cap must be black. When is Mary Taliaferro coming back, and so they ever hear from her. Give my love to all at Uncle E's. Suppose Annie is uneasy about her Johnny as the fight has begun. Myself and some of the other Cadets went fishing Saturday caught a few fish and a live ground hog which we had a good deal of fun out. Have to get up now at five, then drill for an hour also in the evening. I do not mind it so much now as it is rather more pleasant. We have abandoned the old drill and begun a new one (Hardie) which I much prefer. Mrs. Newman is in Orange, wish now I had gone to see her. How is Phil & wife getting along. Suppose they have not moved to Piedmont. Is there a prospect of much fruit at Berry Hill this season. Won't I miss Sisters cherries. I guess she feels lonesome without you all. Don't the children enjoy being at B.H. I expect they stay there all the time. How I would like to have a game of play with them. I expect Mary Beverly will be as wild as a buck soon. Kiss her for me and tell her to write to me. Mrs. C proceedings are shameful. Hope you may get everything back. Everything is so dull here that I have nothing to write interesting. They give us ham now occasionally. I send you a pattern of another collar, you may make some like it. Has Mr. Shaw enclosed his new plantation. Give my love to Miss Summer, tell her to write to me. I do not hear from home as often as I desire. How are the Spring gardens and are they as intimate since the dog quarrel. With much love to all and kisses around to the children I must bid you goodbye. As ever your affect.  
Son Beverly

Send me Charlie Taliaferro direction. There is a Cadet who wants to write him. Excuse this miserable scrawl. What has become of Theodore G. Did he say anything about Taylor.

### **Letter to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5117

**Unit Date** 1863 August 28

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

### **Scope and Contents**

Letter written from "Camp Jackson." Letter regards a trip to Staunton, Virginia, the Corps of Cadets leaving VMI to reinforce Stonewall Jackson, and family matters.

### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Civil War, 1861-1865

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

Jackson, Stonewall, 1824-1863

Smith, Francis H. (Francis Henney), 1812-1890

### **Transcription**

Camp Jackson Aug 28th 1863

My darling Mother, No doubt you have been wondering what has become of your darling boy and the reason why he had not written before. Well dear Mother I will give you a few of my reasons which I hope will prove satisfactory. In the first place, after reaching Staunton and trotting around some time in search of Mr. G whom I succeeded in finding at last, and it then being too late for me to procure a seat on the stage. Mr. G begged me so very hard to remain over with him until the next day that I at last concluded to do so, knowing that one day longer would make no difference. I left Staunton about 4 ½ Wednesday morning and after a very pleasant trip (Having met with 3 or 4 Cadets returning) reached my old prison house at 1 p.m. and to my surprise found the Corps had left the evening before to reinforce Jackson. I then began to regret and censor myself very much for stopping over in Staunton but about the time we were ready, one of the Officers came in and said the Yankees had fallen back and that the Corps was then on the way back to the Institute after having marched to Staunton Goshen. We then thought after that information that it would be a piece of folly in us to start to meet them in coming back. I felt quite lonesome there being only a few Rats left as a guard. I staid down with Capt. B and made myself at home. He seemed very glad at having me back. And yesterday evening they all returned, broken down, sore footed and quite mad that they were not permitted to go on and engage the enemy. Jackson was very anxious expecially[sic] for the company of artillery to

come on and join him, but Old Spex had not the authority to take the Corps out of the County, but had to fight them any when in Rockbridge in defense of the Institute. I am not delighted that I did not get here in time since it has proven such a useless & fatiguing march. I was on guard last night tho' not compelled, only did so to relieve some of the broken down who would have had to have gone on. I could not help contrasting & feeling the difference between my bed last night & the one I have been enjoying for the last month. Just imagine me in the guard quarters on the hard floor and in among a parcel of rats, minks, chickens, lice, etc. and then with my accoutrements all on, I tell you what taking everything into consideration I did not have my pleasant time, but it is all over now, and I hope it may not happen again. I am all OK. We will move into barracks next Monday or Tuesday when I will have a much easier time. I have not seen Old Spex yet to give him the letter. I expect he will be for court marshaling me. I was much worried at having to leave them all so hurriedly at the Village the morning I left. The plagued men at the provost office were the cause of it, they were so very slow. I only had time to kiss them & tell them all goodbye. Was Annie married on the next morning, I hope not since I could not see it. Tell Sister M to make up some excuse to give Mrs [Miss?] [H?] for not coming to see her again. I suppose every thing still remains quiet and there is no chance of the army leaving you. Has Miss E & Co. come to board with you yet. You all must write and give me all the news. I have no time to ask questions. I want this to be mailed this eve and it is near time for it to close. I had an elegant time in Staunton which I suppose Bird had written before this. Church did not get me the pillow after all. Get it from him and send it by S\_ Hiden, also that knap sack Sam G. gave. You recollect I guess a new one. Tell Felix he had better sell me his cadet overcoat. Well dear mother I have not time to write more but will take time & write a more satisfactory letter soon. Excuse all mistakes & bad writing. Show it to no one but burn it. Give my love all inquiring friends. Tell McGuire I desire his letters. With love to all friends I must now bid you goodbye. Kiss the children and Old Sal if she is with you. Write soon & often to your affect. boy Bev.

Send me the Buffingtons letters if you get any. Their brother is here. Will tell you about him in my next.

### **Letter fragment to Mildred C. Stanard**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5118

**Unit Date** 1863

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

### **Scope and Contents**

Letter regards family matters and daily life.

### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

### **Transcription**

...one of my favorites, give her my love. Champe so you ever hear from Mr. G now. Poor fellow! I expect he is dying out in N.C. by degrees with the [blues]. Let me hear something from him in your next. You know how I love him. Who are you engaged to at present? I fear you are gaining yourself the name of flirt. I hope not tho. I suppose it is because you have so many extravagant admirers, and not wishing to get married you are necessarily compelled to send some up the spout. I am really glad you are not like most of the girls at present, crazy to get married, for I should hate like all the world to give you up. You recollect I dreamt last summer that you were married and how I told you it distressed me. As my prospects for being a married man are exceedingly doubtful, I think I shall have to consent to the proposition you made some time ago that we should both remain single. Do you not remember it? You say you believe Victoria Is really going to write her fate with Capt. Hardy's. I am sorry for it myself for I never fancied him much. Hasn't she had better offers? She certainly is a changeable girl. Does Uncle E like the "Capt" or is he opposed to the match? I suppose they are daily looking for Mary from Baltimore. I guess she will have lots to tell. How I would like to be at home to hear her & Sister Mollie talk. If Bob & M. have arrived tell them I will write them both soon. Did Sister go down to R. as she expected or did the Yankees raid frighten her out of the notion? Champe in several of my letters from home they have mentioned Gen. Pizzini's[?] name. Who is he? I have never seen anything about him in the newspapers. You say the young man who took my bundle & letters home did not call. I did not expect he would, as he is very bashful. He is a very good boy, but one of the ugliest boys you ever saw. He does not intend returning here. Resigned to enter the army. Well dear Sister I I have written you quite a long letter so must stop and mail it. You must excuse all mistakes and bad writing. The boys are discussing the probability of the Corps being ordered out (although rumors circulated here in barracks) etc. and making so much fuss that I scarcely know what I am writing. And now I must bid you adieu. With love to all the family and hoping to have the exquisite pleasure of reading one of your

usual interesting letters again soon. I am as ever Yr aft Br

### **Letter to Mildred C. Stanard**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5119

**Unit Date** 1863 December 1

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

#### **Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia. Letter regards cadet life, family matters, and a desire to fight in the war.

#### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

Lee, Robert E. (Robert Edward), 1807-1870

#### **Transcription**

Virginia Military Institute December the 1st 1863

My dear Sister, Really everything is so dull and I write so often that I am puzzled to know how to commence this letter. I don't think I owe you an apology for my long silence. For whenever I write home to any one member of the family, I intend, and I suppose my letters are read by you all. So none need complain. Mother you know deserves most letters, as she is so good about writing to me, and then such long and interesting letters. I am always overjoyed when I see her handwriting. I received her last written on the 27th and you cannot imagine how much I have been worried to think you all would be left in the enemies lines and that I should be cut off from all communication with you. But I am as yet ignorant of whether this has been done. I have commenced this letter with the hope that it may go direct and that you are still spared from the outrage of the enemy. Can it be that Gen. Lee intends falling back again around Richmond? I think it looks very much like it if they are moving commissary stores from Gordonsville. But I suppose before this is done, there will be a second Chancellorsville battle, therefore I will not despair until I hear the result. I am very much afraid that Lee has weakened his army so much by sending aid to Braggs (who it seems is doing nothing but allowing his men to be captured & falling back) that he will eventually be compelled to fall back to Richmond. When this is done I suppose we will be ordered out. We are rather better equipped now than we were when we went on out last cavalry expedition to Covington. I think if we do leave here, I will go with Dr. McGuire whom Mother says will give me a place. I ought to be there in the army now fighting for my home. Changing the subject, I attended the tableaux given last Friday night by the ladies for the benefit of the poor soldier, although I was dead broke at the time, thought as I had never been to anything of the sort here, and then it was my duty, borrowed the money to go. Some of the scenes were very pretty, but the smallness of the room and the immense[sic] crowd destroyed all the pleasure of being present. Capt. B the only person you know, acted the part of the "Irish Volunteer" It would be useless in me to attempt to describe the scenes, dress and etc. Will send you a programme and you can form an idea for yourself of what they ought to have been, at least how they looked. I don't think it could have been as grand as those given by the ladies of Old Orange as the material was wanting. They realized I understand \$600. Leela P. did not act. I don't think she can be very popular. By the by I forgot to tell Champe, that she told a friend of mine that she was one of the wildest girls she ever saw and was wearing Gen. J's ring. Tell C. she had better beware her reputation will be quite broad. I have never spoken to her since I came back. Tell Mother I got the \$20. Hope that she has seen Willie's and if he does not intent coming back soon will send me the money to pay for my overcoat & shoes. How I envy you all, eating fresh meat and sausages. Do you think I hadn't forgotten there was such a thing. I hope you all have gotten your pork and lower than the market price which is frightful. Mr. Shaw is a fortunate man in having any left. So poor Lil is gone at last. I suppose there was a universal weeping. \$800 I think was a very good price. What has Mr. C. put where it is. Did Mr. S. go to Gen Lee? Willis is not coming back. Has sent his resignation. Did he give Mr. S the shot I sent. I have drawn a sketch of Charleston & vicinity from one I have seen. Will send home for you all to see soon. The drum has just beat for dress parade so I must close. Remember me to all enquiring friends, and now for each and every member of the family give oceans of love and accept for yourself & hubby and little darling a due portion. Write soon, goodbye Bev.

### **Letter to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5120

**Unit Date** 1863 December 19

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

**Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia. Letter regards finances and daily life at VMI.

**Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

**Transcription**

V.M.I. Dec. 19th 1863

My darling Mother I guess you have been wondering what in the world had become of me that I did not write. Well we were ordered out on last Tuesday very unexpectedly to march directly to Goshen and there wait orders from Gen. Imboden. I have not time to give you an account of our march now as we have to leave here in the morning at 5 to go in the direction of Buchanan or Salem after Averell ["Averil" in original] and having marched 13 miles today [page torn] a miserable frozen ground feel as if I could [page torn] a little sleep on my old mattress after taking it out long. Oh! I tell you I can stand Army Service. We were exposed one day and night to the most disagreeable weather I ever saw. Rain fell in perfect torrents freezing as it would fall. We intended to have gone on from here after a rest of 2 hours but as there were a good many boys shoeless and others with sore feet we concluded to stay over. We take 3 days rations (which is very little) I received your letter written on the 13 with the \$100 but haven't heard or gotten Mr. S with the \$70. Has he written and did he [?] rebels. I hope it may not be lost as I am deep in debt. I took dinner with Miss Louise B. today. She promised to write to you for me if I went on. I hope this letter may reach you safely and relieve your mind somewhat. You must not worry yourself. I am perfectly well & hardy, ready to give that [page torn] "Avril" a [ing]. I hope to gracious we may catch the scoundrel and his men. I will not write more at present. Will do so as soon as I return again. So now must bid you all good night with love & kisses to the family and little ones I am as ever your darling boy Bev.

**Letter to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5121

**Unit Date** 1863 December 23

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

**Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia. Letter regards march to Camp Staunton, Virginia and family matters.

**Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

Smith, Francis H. (Francis Henney), 1812-1890

**Transcription**

Virginia Military Institute December 23rd 1863

My dear Mother I wrote you a few days ago, on my return from our Goshen tramp and promised I would write again so soon as I reached here once more. Well dear Mother we reached our journeys end Monday evening and nar'e Yankee did we kill or see after marching us all over this plagued mountainous country and ruining our feet we being badly shod at the time. But thank gracious, there were none seriously hurt by the trip, and now since they have had a little rest would be willing to start out on another, provided they were carried in some other direction than that of Goshen & Covington, for both of these routs every boy seems disgusted with. And it is a enough to despair anyone for you look upon nothing but huge mountains of rocks the whole way. Once in every ten miles by accident we would pass an old dilapidated looking building. I believe I mentioned in my other letter what a wet time we had of it while at Camp Staunton near Goshen. Although we were so near drowned, yet there was no grumbling, quite the contrary the boys were hollering & singing the whole time. I wish you could have heard us when a train came up to Goshen whistling & the bell ringing. I believe every boy joined in a thundering shout which reached throughout the surrounding mountains. It reminded us all so much of home & especially those who had been here so long without having a furlough that I do believe if the Yankees had been near and we been ordered to keep quiet we could not have resisted the temptation to give vent to our joy at such a pleasant sound. When we left here we thought we

were going to Staunton. I took some collars along in case we should, and when I heard this train I could not but help thinking it was coming to take us there and I had made up my mind if we were got that near home I would work my [?] so as to go the whole hog. But alas! There was no such good luck for poor me. I was doomed to be disappointed. The train only came to bring a bearer of dispatches. We laid in our mud puddles until evening when the tap of the drum bid us prepare for marching. There were all sorts of rumors a float before we left camp, some said the Yankees were near Lex. and we had to march there that night a distance of 22 miles. Others said we were going to Covin. but we were all surprised when Col. Ship [Shipp] marched us up to Cool Sulphur Springs to quarter us in the cabins there for the night. Before we reached there we had to wade through mud & water a foot deep for near ten miles. We managed to build us up a little fire and dry our blankets. There was a still house at this place and every boy got enough to drink to make him sleep and to keep him from taking cold. In fact the majority of the boys were quite merry. I took a little swig Though not enough to make me feel the effects of it. Stanard Buffington had his canteen full and was looking all about for me. Expect if he had found me I should have been tipsy also for I did not think it any [harm] that night. Buffington is a splendid boy. On the next morning we set out for Lex. it had ceased raining and we had a beautiful day before us for marching, but the roads were so bad and the streams we had to pass over so swollen that we did not go more than 12 miles to Wilson Spring before we stopped over again for the night, and slept in some old darkey cabins. Although it was very [quite struck out] cold I had a very good night's rest. While were here Col. Ship received a dispatch from Old Spex (who said in his order before we left he would [?]over [?]) who was then at Lex enjoying the pleasures of home comforts) ordering us hurry back as quick as possible. We had to go in the direction of Buchanan. So we left next morning early & reach here at 11 ½ although the roads were so bad we marched 4 ¼ miles in one hour. We had orders after reached here. Mother I send with my coat a pair of pants for Henry. I wore them on the last march you will observe that they have seen hard times after mending the seat they will be made a good pair pants by having them turned. I send also a shirt which I could find no owner for and it is too large for me. You can dispose of it as you like. What do you think of the bill in reference to currency. I hope it may prove of some good for money seems to be worthless. Confederate I meant. Suppose Emma Chapman will be married soon. I would like to be present to get some of the good things. Of course they will have a big wedding. Is cousin Vic going down South to see Annie. I heard she was. I was down at Capt. Bull's yesterday. He read me a letter he had just gotten from Mary. You have no idea what a good letter she writes. It would really surprise you to read one. I hope she may pay them a visit here this spring. I would like to see her. Mrs. Powers has gotten back. I promised to kill her some birds, so if it does not rain, shall go out tomorrow. The weather has moderated a good deal today and I am truly glad of it for it was so very cold two or three days ago that I like to have frozen. Well dear Mother, I have written you quite a long letter, and I think all the news, so I must again bid you goodbye or good night rather. Bev.

P.S. Make some of the family write me soon & often. You will find in my coat a rough sketch of Charleston & Vicinity which I drew for amusement. It has been laying up in my drawer so long the plagued mice destroyed it and commenced eating the edges.

## **Correspondence**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5122

**Unit Date** 1864

**Language** English.

**Extent** 10 itemsFolder 2

### **Letter to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5123

**Unit Date** 1864 January 3

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

### **Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia. Letter regards family matters, Christmas dinner, cadet life, and finances.

### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

### **Transcription**

Virginia Military Institute January the 3rd 1864

My dear Mother Taking into consideration the many letters which you have honored me with lately, I think I would be doing my self great injustice if I were to allow a longer period to pass by without dropping you a few lines. I think my last letter was written in the year 1863 and now it is 64. Will you not forgive my seeming negligence. I received your long and interesting letter written on the 27th on the morning of the New Year. I therefore reckon it as among my numerous presents and as being one most valued. I was glad to see from your letter that Christmas had passed so handsomely and pleasantly. The dinner you spoke of was really a "beautiful" one, but I am confident when I give you a bill of fare of the one which I had the pleasure of masticating you will not for one moment hesitate in saying mine was still more beautiful. First, we had cold loaf bread (not enough by 16 loaves) also warm corn bread. Second cold beef. For dessert, molasses, water, & c. &c. Oh! Indeed I fear if I were to go on and enumerate the rest I would not finish this letter soon. So leave it for you to form an idea. You all must have very kind friends to furnish you with so many nice things. You had a lot of big [?] to dine with you. My mouth runs water whenever I think about it. Why couldn't I have been there! Christmas week was the dullest to me I ever spent. Only one day suspension. Few boys tight, owing to the scarcity & high price of Liquor. I slept most all the time to rid myself of the monotony. Occasionally I would walk up in Lex. and get something to eat. I have looked forward before Xmas with much pleasure to the arrival of two boxes belonging to my roommates which were to have come by the packet boat, but it has not as yet made its appearance, and judging from the looks of the river which I can plainly see from my window, and which is entirely frozen over, that it will not do so for some time to come. We have almost despaired. The first thing we would all say in the morning, and the last I believe at night would be, wonder if the boat has come! I think we spent at least 2/3 of our time in the day standing looking in vain down the river. Isn't it too bad I intended to feast for once. There were a great many boys who were as much interested and disappointed as we were. Well Mother, changing the subject, let me give you an account how nicely I was fooled yesterday, and at the same time right much disappointed. While sitting down in my room thinking over what I should do during the day. One of my roommates (Jonny Wise) came blustering in and handed me a bundle accompanied by a letter directed as follows Cadet Stanard, politeness of Miss Bull. You well know what thought first struck me, I opened it and read it and supposing the girls must be down at Capt. B.'s commenced in great hurry to get on what the boys here term a "big dike" after I had finished dressing, and been told two or three times by my roommates that I would certainly captivate those young ladies, I started down to Capt. B. and upon entering the parlor asked Miss Louise where were the girls. The girls, what girls! I think told her, she seemed surprised, and said she had not a word from them. I then took it for granted they must certainly be up in Lexington, some where. So started in search of them. In passing by the Hospital I saw Dr. Madison who had just come the evening before from Petersburg and who told me at least asked me if I had gotten the bundle & letter. He then told me why they did not come on, and that his little girls had gone on to Staunton that morning on the Stage. You can well imagine my feelings. I thought it strange that they should have selected such an awful cold spell to come in. It was really the coldest weather I ever felt and I was on guard too. Hope they have postponed their visit until Spring. I got the money sent and let me thank yourself and my dear sisters for their nice presents. I am willing to wager any thing that I am the only boy who has received such. Tell Fan & Champ I will I will write them both soon. So Gen. J is still flying around Old C. Wonder if she can't prevail on him to give me a place on his staff. I am much obliged to you for sending my shirt & brush. I was in want of both so they come at an acceptable time. I hope dear Mother you will not think I am extravagant because I write so often for money. I will put down on paper how I have disposed of most of it and I know you will not think me so. I attended church this morning. The Methodist had to go there with my Company but deserted & went to the Episcopal. Saw Sandy P & bride, but did not speak to him. Lula had a beau so looked pleased. I fear Mr. Shaw's letter is lost for good. There are some grand rascals in this corps. I will go over this week and find out what that notice meant. The deposit for the next five months I think will be near \$650. What has become of poor Mr. Gassaway? Let me know. I hope C. will not engage herself to anyone again unless she intends marrying them. I rather fear she is inclined to flirt. I am truly sorry that Aunt Phoebe will leave you. Know you all will see for more trouble the coming year. With Eliza as a cook she is so often sick. I delivered your message to Miss Louise B. She acted on a tableaux a few nights ago. I did not attend, it was so cold. Did you ever get your money back from the man who bought Lil? Sister Mollie said in her letter I was her debtor. I think she is mistaken. They all owe me letters. As for Monsieur Haywood I have despaired of hearing from him again. This is the beginning of the 8th page of my letter. When I began I did not think I could fill four. But I am 'bout run out now for news to write. Suppose Cousin Mollie G. is with you. Give her a buss for me. I wish I was there to do it myself. It is getting late so I must bring my letter to a close, though will not be able to mail it until tomorrow evening. Hope I will continue to hear from home as often as I have the last week. Give my love to Uncle E's family. Remember me to all the girls. Write again soon, and now with oceans of love to each and every member of our family. Kisses to the little ones and for yourself accept that which is one from a true & devoted son. J.B.S.

**Letter to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)****Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5124**Unit Date** 1864 February 21**Language** English.**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864**Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia. Letter regards ice skating, George Washington's birthday, finances, and cadet life.

**Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Social life and customs

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Correspondence

**Transcription**

Virginia Military Institute Feb. the 21st 1864

My dear Mother I wrote you a long letter some days ago and promised I believe to write again the last of the weeks. Therefore in accordance with my promise I shall endeavor to drop you a few and I fear very uninteresting lines. Since my last letter nothing much of interest has transpired to disturb the monotony of the V.M.I. soldier boys life or daily routine of exercises save the freezing up of the river, which has afforded us a little fun skating. Yesterday being Saturday, it did not interfere with our duties or studies, so all could go that wished. I went down to the river in the morning myself, though not with the intention of skating, as I had a sore toe and then I was minus a pair of skates mine being broken, but the ice was so beautiful that I could not resist the temptation, so borrowed a pair from one of the boys and spent the rest of the morning on the ice. It was really elegant fun, could go down the river as far as you wished. There were also a great many ladies on the ice, who seemed evidently to think there was more fun in falling down than standing up, but unfortunately in the height of their enjoyment, one of them [frisky] fell rather too hard and almost broke her nose. Poor girl, I guess it will spoil her beauty spot and I know will teach her a lesson how to run on ice again. The fall of this unfortunate lady, of course, intimidated and somewhat marred the pleasure of the remainder of the party. My friend Miss L.P. was among the no. and was looking as rosy as usual. Tomorrow being the anniversary of the birthday of the father of our Country, and in order to show due respect to his memory, there will be suspension of academic duties, but owing to the scarcity of powder, will not be able, as is customary to fire a salute. I went up in Lexington yesterday and looked around for the combs you wrote for. Got you these which I hope may suit. The best I could find, and rather high, but you know every thing is now. Though I could have gotten the two large ones for two dollars less if I had only known it in time. The following is what I gave for the three black, \$3.75, one of the horn \$5.00 the other \$6.00, making in all \$14.75. Would'nt this frighten you in peace times? I will send my [tal-er], and the combs also some matches which I bought thinking you might want them, by Cadet Harrison who leaves tomorrow for Orange to see his brother who is in a battery stationed near Morton's. I hope the things may reach you safely. Do you think the Yankees will get Mobile? I would not be surprised to hear of its fall any day. Suppose Mollie & Sallie have moved out of the City as the ladies have all been advised to leave. I think it so strange Haywood don't answer my letter. I wrote him a month ago and he knows my deposit is due at this time. Mr. Norton our Episcopal preacher lectures every Sunday eve during [Lent?] and principally for the benefit of the Cadets, and as it is near time I shall have to close my letter as I want to attend. May add a post script tonight. Goodby with love to all I am as ever your darling boy, Bev.

**Letter to Fanny Stanard****Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5125**Unit Date** 1864 March 13**Language** English.**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864**Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia. Letter regards receipt of a package, family matters, "greening" of a cadet, and cadet life.

**Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Social life and customs

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

Smith, Francis H. (Francis Henney), 1812-1890

### Transcription

Virginia Military Institute March the 13th 1864

My darling Sister Quite a long time has elapsed since a letter has passed directly between you and myself and I am still in doubt as to which of us is the debtor. But nevertheless, I shall wave all ceremony and endeavor to drop you a few and I fear very uninteresting lines for I honor you home folks so often with my letters that there must be a good deal of sameness in them. This remembering that this is one of the dullest & meanest places in Christendom that is in my estimation and also of a great many of my fellow Cadets. But I shall not waist[sic] my time by heaping abuse upon Lexington and the V.M.I. You are well aware of my hatred for them both. Before going farther, allow me dear Sister to give vent to my feelings by expressing my grateful thanks for the nice box of eatables which you sent me. I can assure you I have enjoyed them no little and done justice to the box as well as my roommates, who said that it was the best that had been received in No. 38 (my room) and I think we have gotten four since the first of January. We played fearful havoc with the turkey pies and cakes. Nothing now remains I am sorry to say, but my ham which I hope to enjoy for some days yet as it was such a fine one. We only eat this as a snack. Mr. S surely must believe they came out of that small box. I invited or had besides my roommates (five in number) three of four of my friends (S.B. among the no.) to help me eat and there was plenty for all, not withstanding the tremendous appetites of the Cadets are noted for. Fan, where did you get a turkey from? I did not think there was such a thing left in the county of Orange. Why did you not keep it, also the ham. I had much rather you should have done so, for I know how scarce such things are with you since you have had the army among you so long. You ought not to have deprived yourself of it. I can manage to make out with the beef they give me here, although it makes me sick about once a month. The candy sent was perfectly elegant. I never enjoyed anything more in my life. I would not care if you would send me a small package of that whenever an opportunity presents itself. If not two[sic] much trouble. I have been feasting right much lately on robbin pies. One of my roommates & myself went out hunting last Saturday week, killed 19 birds. I gave Mrs. Bull six and get the Judge to cook the rest for me. I believe near half of the boys in the Corps were out yesterday, but all had bad luck, frightened every bird for ten miles around. I was wise for once, and did not go. I went up in Lexington yesterday to see young McCown, who brought my box up for me. I shall send this by him as he says he will go by Berry Hill Tuesday. He also takes a little bundle for cousin Sarah Bull, which you will please send her. It is from Mrs. Powers to her husband. Tell Mother when she writes again to send me some stamps. I cannot get them here. Fan, how do you suppose I spent yesterday evening? Why I saw a poor mink court marshalled by the boys (only greening him) for deserting his post, where they had stationed him the night before. After speaking on both sides the jury retired and soon reentered the hall. The sentence was read by the judge. The prisoner found guilty and had to be shot in one hour. The whole court was so much affected at this sentence that the judge had to tell them they must not give way in that moment to their grief. The prisoner was then told that he would only have one hour to live and asked if he had anything to say of if he did not want to write a letter home. He arose and endeavored to make an appeal to the commander the plea of ignorance and a promise to do better in future, but the poor fellow was so frightened that his speech made but little impression upon the court. He was then told to retire into the ante chamber where he could write his last letter, which he did and such a one you never saw. He told his sister when he kissed her and told her goodbye he never thought he would disgrace the family in that way. After finishing his letter he returned in the court room and was so much distressed & frightened that his lawyer again made an earnest appeal in his behalf and begged that they would grant him a reprieve for ten days, so that he might be better prepared to meet his fate. This was granted by the jury, but subject to the approval of Old Spex. The Sergt. Of the guard was then ordered to post 2 sharp shooters at each corner of barracks so as to prevent the prisoner from talking to anyone or attempting to make his escape. He took the proceedings of the court over to the Genl. who told him we were only greening him. When he returned and told us what Old Spex said, every boy roared out laughing. Our fun was then ended, the poor boy relived from his misery. He actually thought he was going to be shot sure 'nough. These are the kind of Cadets which are being admitted in the V.M.I. now. Do you blame us for having a little fun some times? Old Spex says we can substitute greening in the place of bucking for the new cadets. I was sorry to hear Tom Fry was wounded, hope he may recover. Will Mrs. F. go out to see him? Well I suppose Bob & Mollie are with you by this. What would I not give to be with you all. The receipt or arrival of my box and the thought of their living with you has made me awful homesick. I never was more so. I saw Dr. McGuire's mother at church this morning. She is a very sweet looking old lady. Say to Mother I believe I will wait for the new currency. I send the letter Mother mentioned. Now dear Sister I have written you a much longer letter than I expected to write when I first commenced and as it is getting late & I want to take this up town I shall have to bring it to a close. I have been writing in a great hurry which you can plainly see, so you must excuse this miserable scrawl. The paper sent was very acceptable. You see I have made use of it soon. Give my love to all the family and now for your darling self & husband accept a due portion. Kisses

without number to Mary, Bev, and a kind remembrance to all enquiring friends. I remain your affect. brother Bev.

P.S. Write soon & tell the other members of the family to do the same.

### **Letter to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5126

**Unit Date** 1864 March 22

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

#### **Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia. Letter regards winter weather, cadet life, fortifications of VMI, and a desire to enter the Army.

#### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Civil War, 1861-1865

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

Smith, Francis H. (Francis Henney), 1812-1890

#### **Transcription**

Virginia Military Institute March the 22nd 1864

My dear Mother It had now been ten or twelve days since I had a line from home. I now write to demand an explanation for such treatment. Upon the receipt of my box I wrote Sister Fan a long letter thanking her & c. Prior to that time I wrote Champe and I certainly expected by this time to have a few lines (at least) from one of them as they well know how anxious I was to hear from Bob & Mollie whom I suppose are with you at present. My letter to Fan was sent by Young McCown, who brought my box. I suppose he is reliable. Is the son of a Saddler in Lexington. Well Mother I guess you will wonder why it is, that I am writing with a lead pencil. The reason is first this, we are upon the eve of freezing up. It has been one week since we had a particle of heat (there not being a stick of wood at the V.M.I.) You know what a change has taken place in the weather. Today it is snowing hard, and a cold wind blowing, and still we are having the same duties to attend to, both academic & military. It is outrageous for the boys can't study a bit. I wish you could step in and take a peep at us. It got so cold we could not stand it any longer. So we call the roommates and went out and made a raid on Old Spex laths and have built us up some sort of a fire and are all gathered around like a gang of chickens under its mothers wing. If the officers of the day should by chance visit our room and catch us we would get a hard report and a few demerits. Peach came by here on last Saturday morning to see me, has just returned from Ark. Martin and one of his friends were taken prisoners. The day he stopped over to see me, Ex. Gov. Letcher made a very fine speech, also Judge Brockenbrough. So we went up and heard them. Both were very encouraging and thought the war would not last a year longer. In the evening I walked out in the country with him to get his horse. I came back, but he staid[sic] with one of his company friends until yesterday when he called to see me again on his way to Orange. I guess he will get home before this letter and tell you all you would like to hear about me and about his trip, so I will leave it for him to do. Mother you think I didn't sit down and write Cousin Vic a long letter a few days ago. Felt so interested about her. Hope she will condescend to reply to it. Suppose Bob had gone to his command ere this. What is his rank, and what is that of Gen. Long? Gen. Smith got a letter a few days ago from some gentleman over towards Hot Springs, who had, I believe, been in Gen. Averil's Camp and says Averil is preparing to make a raid in this direction. He advised Spex to fortify all the mountain passes, which he is going to do. Major Williamson & two of the Cadets left this morning to make a survey. I suppose we will have to go the last of the week to first of next. We will have the fortification to build ourselves. Is this what I was sent here for, to shovel with the spade & dig with the hoe for the protection of Rockbridge Negroes? This is the reason in which our studies are to be interfered with off[f] & on this Spring & Summer and I think you had just as well give your consent at once to my resigning and entering the Army. I want to have some of the glory of the [trenches] in the year 64 attached to my name, and this war can't last much longer it is certain, and it will be my only chance. Are you not willing to have it said you had a son in this war? I was down at Mrs. Bulls the other night, spent a very pleasant evening. The Capt's duck was there. He (the Capt.) is one of my best friends, and is very kind to me as well as the other members of the family. [This part written in the margins of pages 2 and 3] As is so cold I shall have to stop writing, with the hope of getting a letter, certain this eve. I shall write again the last of the week. Hope you are all well. How is Mollie looking? Write me a long letter soon giving me all the news. With much love to all the family, yourself amongst them. Goodby, Your darling boy Bev.

## **Letter to Mildred S. Stanard**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5127

**Unit Date** 1864 April 8

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

### **Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia. Letter regards family matters, a desire to join the Army, and cadet life.

### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Civil War, 1861-1865

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

Smith, Francis H. (Francis Henney), 1812-1890

### **Transcription**

Virginia Military Institute April the 8th 1864

My dear Sister I hope you will not deem me indifferent as to writing or to yourself. I have been intending writing for some time, but you were away and I took it for granted that my letter would be more acceptable upon your return. And then another consideration, the other members of our family have been quite good in writing me so often and of course I had to give them the preference, though had you been there I should have waved all ceremony and dropped you a few lines at any rate, for I suppose my letters generally go the rounds. Even though they do not bear inspection: I received one from Sister Mollie this morning inclosing Aunt Lucy's. I suppose they will soon begin to look for Mary. How I wish for Aunt L. would accompany her. She writes so affectionately and seems so anxious to see all her relatives and friends. She says she wants to come over to see something of the War. Do you not think she could be gratified? The sad changes wrought in Old Orange by it alone would be enough to shock and sadden her heart. I hope Monsieur Taylor may get his due in the coming campaign. I would like to be the one to greet him with a bullet. Don't you think he deserves such, though he seems sorry he ever thus acted. Will Willie T. postpone his marriage now until Mary's arrival? He ought for she will be dreadfully disappointed if he does not. Please say to Cousin Vic I am anxiously looking for an answer to my letter. Suppose you saw Willie Buffington while in Richmond. Eugie writes me she expects to go down soon to attend Cousin Martha S. marriage. Eugie is a sweet girl and is one of the best correspondents I ever had. Why don't some of you write her. She always inquires about some of this family when she writes. I promised I would give Champe a scolding (I generally spell this word wrong. Did you ever notice it?) for being so neglectful but I think mine have ceased to be of any virtue, so will merely remind her of the fact. Suppose she is occupied all the time with her many beaux but this is not sufficient excuse. Ask her if Gen. Pizzini has any vacant place that she can secure for me, if so she must do it, for I do not intend to remain here after this month. Just think I am a plagued conscript. If I can't get some place I am stout and hardy enough to rough it as a private. Do you not candidly think I ought to be in the Army. I am over 18. I think I have been very obedient in remaining here as long as I have, and only done so because I hated to go contrary to the wish of a fond and devoted Mother. I think Mother might very willingly give her consent now that the prospect of the war ending soon is very great. Write me your views on the subject. I got a long letter some time ago from Sister S. brother Hay added a post script of a few lines (2) and said he would write one in a few days which I suppose will be a few months. He has neglected to send my deposit until this time (after the first of Apr) when he will I suppose have to loose right much money, owing to the change in currency. He should not be so negligent especially when money matters are concerned. Glad to hear Bob is so well satisfied and likes the service so well. It will be the making of him, I mean his health, don't you agree with me? Hope he has some rank and is in the line of promotion. Know he will climb high in the intimation of his superiors. He must make himself the worthy representative of the Stanard family. I suppose his being separated from his darling Mol goes rather hard with him, but he must learn to stand it like a true soldier. I guess he will think this is great advice. Mollie writes they are quite worried about her sugar and liquors not having been heard from. It will indeed be quite a serious affair if they never turn up or come to hand. Was sorry to hear of the loss of your cow. What do you so for milk? It is something we never may our eyes on here. Our fare is not good by any means, been feeding us off [Stanard purposefully omits word here] beef. (I don't like to use the word) for some time, and I hardly ever get enough bread to eat. It is a hard matter though to satisfy our appetites we take so much exercise, drilling, & c. and then our meals are so regular. I believe I have really grown a little since last Summer, and know I have fattened, weigh 137 lbs. Tried on some of my summer clothes a few nights ago out of curiosity. You know they were full large for me then. Now my jacket won't meet around me, and my pants require a little sugar or molasses on my shoes to induce them to come down a little. Sister did you ever see anything like

the snow and rain we have been having for the last week or ten days. The clouds really seem weakened from exhaustion, but after two days of spring weather, they seem to have been replenished as it were, and from the present appearances, out doors, now I am inclined to think they are preparing to take us by storm. I wrote before how we suffered during the cold weather for the want of fire. It was the same this last spell, had to have suspension and let us lay in our beds to keep from freezing. Old Spex was well prepared to meet his own individual comfort. Plenty of the best coal that could be started in peace times. We were not at all indignant at his having suspension. I believe the majority of the boys preferred it and the cold weather to fire. Very natural feeling for school boys. One of my roommates has just come in and told me the mail would be taken up in a few minutes. So I shall have to bring my letter to a close. I did intend giving you an account of a review of the Corps by Gen. Rossum. Will do so in my next. I guess I have already tired you with such a long letter. I have not time to read it over and make the necessary corrections, so please excuse all mistakes. Give my best love to all the family, and for yourself & baby and the little ones. Accept that which is due from a fond and devoted brother. J.B.S.

### **Letter to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5128

**Unit Date** 1864 April 24

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

### **Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia. Letter regards finances, potential for battle, and a request to resign and join the Army.

### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Civil War, 1861-1865

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

Smith, Francis H. (Francis Henney), 1812-1890

### **Transcription**

V.M.I. April the 24th 1864

My darling Mother Your long and interesting letter has been received and I have been intending for the last two or three days to answer it, but something has always interfered and prevented my good intentions. You say that you had begun to get uneasy at my silence, for fear I might be sick. Why I wrote two or three letters home but a very short time ago. I can't imagine what became of them. It seems to me that I am always writing home but very seldom get letters from there myself. You all are not as good about writing as you ought to be. I am not alluding to you but to the other members of the family. I have not as yet heard a word from Hay and the \$9.00. Am going to drop him a few lines this evening. I am dead broke at present, wish the check would hurry up and make its appearance. Had to borrow some money the other night to go up town and get some thing to eat. They are starving us out now. Don't give us half enough bread, miserable rye coffee without sugar or milk (and it has caused an eruption to break out on a good many of the Cadets, I believe it is a prison) and for the last two weeks they have been giving us nothing but rotten beef. I declare it is perfectly awful. Old Spex has some 50 or 60 barrels of it put away and will keep feeding us on it. An old scamp, he has about ten or eleven barrels of molasses and won't give us any. All the cadets are grumbling and asking him for it. I am glad to hear Bob has improved so much and is so well please with his place. Didn't I tell you he would be. Hope he is up near [home] now. Mother you ask me why I don't call Mollie Sister when I write. I was not aware before that I failed to do so. It was thoughtlessness on my part I can assure her and not for the want of love that I did not make use of sister instead of Mollie. Why I am sure my letters to her have always been very affectionate. I hope she will banish all idea that I meant anything by my manner of writing. Well Mother every body (or Cadet at least) has been right much excited today to join in the coming battle. You need not be surprised if I am one, if they raise a company I shall join. Remember I will be 19 on the 27th of this month and ought to be ashamed of myself to be here. When you are advised to keep me here as long as possible, people don't know my age, and of course they would not tell you they thought I ought to be in the army. They are going to take us in service I expect in July out in the mountains here. But I prefer being with Lee. Mother I don't want to desert or be shipped from here against your wish, therefore I beg that you will write me permission to resign, and I can then use my own discretion whether I will or not. If you give your consent, mention that it is concerned with family matters (except name) that prevents your sending me here longer. Mother I hope you will not let what I have written distress you. You should be more firm and patriotic and want me to be in the army, but this is an unnatural feeling for an affectionate Mother like yourself. When is the big fight to

come off. Is there any chance of its taking place in Orange. I think the Yankees are going to get the worst whipping that they have ever gotten, and it will almost wind up the war. If Lee whips them, he ought to follow up his victory and drive them as far North as he can, the same time burning all their cities. Well dear Mother I have written you quite a long letter, and one I have no doubt you will be sorry to see. The mail will be taken up in a short while, so I shall have to bring my letter to a close. Wish I had something interesting to write about, and now darling Mother with love to all the family and oceans to your sweet self I must bid you good evening. Hoping what I have written will not cause you trouble and that I will soon hear from you I am as ever your own darling boy Bev.

I am in want of draws.

### **Letter to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5132

**Unit Date** 1864 May 9

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

### **Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia. Letter regards return to VMI, family matters, cadet life, and suspension of academic duties to honor the anniversary Stonewall Jackson's death.

### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Correspondence

Jackson, Stonewall, 1824-1863

### **Transcription**

Virginia Military Institute May the 9th 1864

My darling Mother Here I am, no longer a freeman, but a prisoner within the lofty walls of the V.M.I. I reached here safely on Friday evening and it has been a source of regret to me ever since, that I should have been goose enough to leave when I did. And have to leave my trunk behind. So much for not taking the advice of a wise man (Mr. Chapman). Doubtless they told you at the village about my being left by the train. I did not care myself but I was afraid poor brother would swear himself to death about it was the only reason which actuated me to promptness in acquiring some means of conveyance to take me to Gordonsville, and after all I did not get there in time to see him, but unfortunately in time for the Staunton train. Plague on it! I wish it had left before I got there. I should certainly have returned after getting there and finding the Richmond train gone, had I not feared that I would be greeted by a scolding from some member of the family. Yes, I expect all of you would have pitched into me. Even Mr. C. for driving his horse so far and not listening to him on the first place. Just think, if I had remained I could have seen some of the Yankee prisoners, and heard something of the result of the fight. My trunk has not reached me yet. I hope it may not be lost. I would like to see the person that I would leave it behind for again. I wrote to Nat Catlette about it this morning. I hope Mr. Chapman wrote when he sent my trunk up. He seemed very much amused at me when I found it was left. I didn't blame him, for I imagine I was quite a laughable object about that time. I was so worried I came very near letting an ugly word escape my mouth, I wonder if I didn't. I went to see some young ladies while I was in Staunton, staid until half past eleven had no idea it was so late. Met with one of the most interesting and agreeable and pretty young ladies I have seen since the War. A Miss Gregory, refugee from Alexandria. She is the one Madame [?] at one time, said Vandergrift was engaged to. I was sorry to see that Col. Brown was killed. Suppose Brig. Gen Stanard & Long win in the fight. The stage has come in this evening but bring no news, this is generally the way. Tell brother William is he hasn't too much to do I wish he would keep me posted as to the movement of our army. I received his letter, thank him for attending to my trunk for me. Tell Sister Mary she ought to have been at home that morning and not down at the depot. She urged me to go to Goville [Gordonsville] anyhow. Hope Mr. Shaw didn't think anything of the manner in which I told him goodbye I was in a big hurry about that time. Tomorrow there will be a suspension of academic duties in order to raise the flag sent from Europe, over the grave of our lamented leader Jackson. Well Mother it has been very warm all day, and this evening I had to attend drill for two hours. Wound up with 2 charges 100 yards across the parade on on pretend breastworks. It was very exciting in the first charge I was the first to mount the dreaded works. In the second the 3rd man, but as I was so fat and excited, I had to leave ranks at Dress Parade from a violent headache and fainty feeling. But I have rested and feel all right and ready for another now. The drum is beating for tattoo so I must close. I only wrote to let you know I had arrived safely. Please write soon. I am anxious to hear the result of the battle, who of our friends were killed. Good night, with much love to all, I am as ever yr darling boy Bev.

P.S. Excuse this miserable scrawl.

### **Letter to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5133

**Unit Date** 1864 May 12

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

#### **Scope and Contents**

Written from Staunton, Virginia. Letter regards orders from General Breckenridge to march to Staunton, news of the Civil War, and life at camp.

#### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Civil War, 1861-1865

Correspondence

United States—History—Civil War, 1861-1865—Personal narratives—Confederate

Breckenridge, John C. (John Cabell), 1821-1875

#### **Transcription**

Staunton May the 12th 1864

My darling Mother No doubt a letter written from this place will take you greatly by surprise. Well to relieve your anxiety I will tell you before going further and keep you from uneasiness. On Tuesday night an order came from Gen. Breckenridge calling us immediately to Staunton. In obedience to his orders we fixed up and left on Wednesday Morning at half past 8, marched 18 miles by half past 2. when we camped. The roads were very good but were quite dusty and then it was very warm. This morning we left camp under quite different circumstances, it having rained during the night and has continued to do so all day. The roads were awful perfect loblolly all the way and we had to wade through like hogs. We came 18 miles from 5 to 12 however and are tonight encamped one mile out of town. I have run the blockade and come in to take tea with Cary Taylor, and that I might write this letter. Am I not good? I have a strong notion of staying in until 2 tonight with him so as to dry off[f] for I have been like a wet mouse all day. So disagreeable in camp. We will leave in the morning early and expect to have to march to Harrisonburg (down the Valley) a distance of 26 miles. The Yankees are reported coming up the Valley with a force of 9000 strong. Our Corps will run Gen. B. up to 5000 maybe more. I hope we may be able to lick them out. I have suffered more with my feet this march (so far) than I ever did on all the others together. I hope to get me a more comfortable pair of shoes when this will be remedied. I got my trunk the evening before I left all safe. It was in the nick of time and my biscuit and ham for my rations. If you want to write to me direct your letter to me at this place Care of Edmond M. Taylor, Staunton, he will send them to me. I expect we will be down out this time for some weeks. I told you that you had better let me join Lee at once that this could be the way, but you must not make yourself uneasy about me. I will take care of myself. One of my messmates from this place is going to fill my haversack with something better than what we draw so I wont suffer for some days at any rate, though I hope not at all. Well darling Mother I have written enough I suppose to relieve your mind as to our destination so I must stop and go in the parlor. Some young ladies there. You will have a hard time trying to make this out I shan't undertake it. Saw Fedic T. this evening. Give my love to all [acquaintance] & friends. Hope Bob come out all right and all the Berry Hill friends & visitors. I shall write when ever I have an opportunity. And now dear Mother that I may be spared to see you all again, and that you may continue in good health will be the nightly prayer of Your darling Boy Bev.

### **Telegraph from S. Yates to William H. Chapman**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5134

**Unit Date** 1864 May 16

**Language** English.

#### **Scope and Contents**

Written from Staunton, Virginia. Telegraph regards the death of Jaqueline Beverly Stanard and the location of his body.

#### **Transcription**

The Southern Telegraph Companies. Received at Orange CH, May 16, 1864 From Staunton. To W. H. Chapman Cadet Stanards body is at New Market I presume. S. Yates

#### **Keywords**

New Market Cadets

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867  
Virginia Military Institute—Civil War, 1861-1865  
Correspondence  
Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

### **Telegraph fragment**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5135

**Unit Date** 1864 May 16

**Language** English.

### **Scope and Contents**

Written from Harrisonburg, Virginia. Telegraph regards the death of Jaqueline Beverly Stanard.

### **Keywords**

New Market Cadets

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Civil War, 1861-1865

Correspondence

Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

### **Transcription**

Telegram Fragment. Received at Orange C.H. May 16 [1864] By telegraph from Harrisonburg. B. Stanard was k[illed] will be sent to

## **Jaqueline Beverly Stanard compositions**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5136

**Unit Date** circa 1863

**Language** English.

**Extent** 1 Folder

### **Scope and Contents**

Two essays written for an assignment at VMI.

## **Compositions**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5139

**Unit Date** circa 1863

**Language** English.

**Extent** 2 itemsFolder 3

### **Composition "Life"**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5138

**Unit Date** circa 1863

**Language** English.

### **Scope and Contents**

Composition for an assignment at VMI that discusses thoughts on life.

### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet compositions—Prose

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Academics—History—19th century

### **Transcription**

Life Life has beautifully and appropriately been compared to an Ocean, whose surges when the storm sweeps over its surface, bear a striking resemblance to that portion of our life in which troubles and cares beset us, and whose smooth surface when there is nothing to disturb its accustomed tranquility, bears a simile to that portion of our existence in which the busy scenes of this life are laid aside and which has been fitly called the "sunset" of life, often the billows of the ocean, when the pitiless storm sweeps over its surface with unrelenting fury rise to such a height that it is with great difficulty that vessels can ride triumphantly on them and bid defiance to their efforts as it were to bury them beneath their briny folds. Numerous are the instances in which vessels have sprung a leak in spite of all the

efforts of the sailors to prevent it, have sunk to the bottom of the sea where so many have found an unwelcome and watery. On the other hand when there is nothing to disturb its peaceful waters, and when the sun, unobstructed by clouds from the view is reflected on its polished breast, vessels sail with security to their destined ports whence to discharge their freight. Such is a simile of our existence when the troubles and cares of this life agitate it and also when our cares and troubles are forgotten. Often during life when misfortune seems determined to claim us for her own and when cares beset us at every step, it takes all the moral courage we can summon to our aid to enable us to triumph over them, and at last [reach] the harbors of happiness. The latter scene is like old age, the "Sunset" of life, when the busy pursuits of life are laid aside and when you have determined to trust your frail bark no longer to the stormy sea, but float quietly down, a stormless sea too that harbor which is called, "The End of Life" Well has the poet exclaimed "Thou, too, art a sailor, and time is the sea, And life the frail vessel that upholdeth thee." Respectfully submitted By Cadet B. Stanard To Dr. Madison

### **Composition "War"**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5137

**Unit Date** circa 1863

**Language** English.

### **Scope and Contents**

Composition for an assignment at VMI that discusses thoughts on war.

### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet compositions—Prose

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia Military Institute—Academics—History—19th century

### **Transcription**

War Of all the punishments which Divine Providence sees fit to inflict upon a sinful nation, none so severe as that of war, which is now being so frightfully carried on throughout this once peaceful and prosperous republic. Although I am well aware, that this is a subject on which better pens than mine have exhausted their eloquence, yet I think, especially at a time like this, it is one, on which we may profitably reflect. From the Statesman to the school boy, Every one is occupied with this absorbing topic. The preacher from the pulpit thunders into our ears threats of the increased wrath of God, already visited upon us in this cruel war. The poor man shudders at the thought of the coming winter, and curses the hard times and high prices. All alike seem to think it an unmitigated evil. But it would be far better for us to trust in the old saying, "Look on the bright side," and I think that if we would allow the exercise of a little reason, we may bring ourselves to believe that there is a bright side to this picture. I do believe that it is a punishment, but that as a loving father corrects his erring son, so it is send for our own good. Let us but suppose there were no such punishments for mankind, and what would this world of ours be? We may but turn to the pages of history, and selecting a few from the many examples before us, find a sad response to this question. Look at Rome! For hundreds of years enemies without and fierce dissensions within, had humbled her proud eagles, and at length she stands without a rival, none dare call her enemy. But prosperity has accomplished that which her enemies have in vain assayed and the "City of Seven Hills" lies prostrate at the feet of her own vices. A handful of barbarians have devastated her fair provinces and beautiful cities, and Rome is no more. Look to England. Twice she has been intensely overrun and ground under the feet of Roman and Norman invaders. And behold the fruit of suffering. England the mistress of the seas! But a speck on the map of the world she has possessions on which the sun never sets. And lastly, we have a striking striking example in our own once peaceful land. After a comparatively short contest, she has enjoyed blessings totally unprecedented in the history of a nation of free government, the most beautiful country in the world, and a large territory, nothing seemed wanting to fill up the measures of her happiness. But what were its effects? A Government rotten to its very core, and an effeminate people, divided into little factions. The smiles of prosperous fortune has accomplished that which our enemies tried in vain and War, the only specific for a nations diseases, has come upon us. Let us bear it like men, and remember that terrible as it is there are evils far worse. Respectfully submitted By Cadet Stanard

### **Stanard family correspondence**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5140

**Unit Date** 1864-1865

**Language** English.

**Extent** 3 Folder

### **Scope and Contents**

Stanard family letters written after the death of Cadet Jaqueline Beverly Stanard and envelopes addressed to family members.

**Keywords**

Wise, Louis C., 1844-1911

**Correspondence**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5141

**Unit Date** 1864-1865

**Language** English.

**Extent** 4 itemsFolder 4

**Scope and Contents**

Four letters. One letter fragment (dated July 28, 1864) is from Jaqueline Beverly Stanard's sister to VMI Cadet Louis C. Wise and mentions the death of her brother. Three letters (dated 1864-1865) are written from Stanard's brother Robert to their mother.

**Letter fragment to Louis C. Wise**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5144

**Unit Date** 1864 July 28

**Language** English.

**Scope and Contents**

Written from Orange County, Virginia by one of Jaqueline Beverly Stanard's sisters. Letter regards the death of her brother.

**Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Correspondence

Wise, Louis C., 1844-1911

Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

**Transcription**

"Berry Hill" Orange Ct Ho July 28th 1864

Cadet L.C. Wise I scarcely know how to thank my dear young friend for his thoughtful kindness, & beautiful tribute to the memory of our dear one, now sleeping under the shadows of his own home! Tis true my dear friend no earthly consolation can be given to sooth entirely the heart sorrow we are all compelled to bear, but it is sweet & above all things comforting to hear his praises from those among whom he lately dwelled! Your name sounds like a household word- so often has it fallen from his dear lips. Indeed I feel as if I know all his roommates, & could call them Brothers. Most anxious were we to have them come and see us. We have received such evidence of their generous hearted tender thoughtfulness that we long to express in words our gratitude. I should have answered all their letters received with much pleasure, but yours is the first which bears a "Post Mark". Will you not extend for us, to his friends, from whom we have received letters- "W. Overton Harris" "Jn S. Wise" "Ed"ward Harvie Smith Jr." "E. Berkley" our sincere thanks & say to each that we would be most happy to return our gratitude in person, & to none would give such a warm welcome to our home & hearts, as the friends of our darling Brother! Now that you all have vacation we would be glad to have a visit from you, a sad but pleasant

**Letter from Robert Stanard to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5145

**Unit Date** 1864 August 3

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Robert

**Scope and Contents**

Written from Bunker Hill, Virginia. Letter regards to Jaqueline Beverly Stanard's death, family matters, and news of the Civil War.

**Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Virginia—History—Civil War, 1861-1865

Correspondence

### Transcription

Hd Qrs Arty Corps V.D. Aug 3d 1864

My Darling Mother I have anticipated the pleasure of sending you a letter for some time but being so continually on the wing have been deprived of doing so. To day being my birthday have concluded to write and I hope I shall not be molested by any couriers riding up with orders to move until my letter is finished.

I have written Mollie so often giving her all the news (which of course you get through her) that there is but little left me to day to make up a letter. Still I know my Darling Mother will be glad to get my letter though it may be a very dull one. And then too I am aware of my inability to write a letter which will compare with those you are now deprived of by the death of that Darling & Christian child. Still my Dear Mother, that feeling shall not deter me from writing and I trust to God that in the deprivation you have sustained in those sweet & loving letters, mine may serve to cheer you, and assure you have a son whose love is as great as a child's could be, although he may be incompetent to control words to express that love. I know my Darling Mother how you miss those sweet letters from that dear child, and feel how very incompetent I am to send you such messages of love as he always sent, still feeling assured of bearing you all the love a dutiful son can bear I commence this letter (knowing as I have before marked) it will be properly appreciated while at the same time hoping it may serve to cheer you & assure you that you have those dear ones to live for who love you very dearly & for whose sake you should cheer up, and not grieve for that lost one taken from this world of sin & trouble to dwell with his God on high.

I was much distressed my dear Mother to hear you were suffering so much with your old complaint, dysphasia, and hope ere this reaches you you will have been entirely relieved, have you any of the Alleghany water left and do you continue to drink it. Mollie writes me she is making you take bitters regularly which she thinks benefits you. You must continue to take your tonic and not think of the spirit you consume. No doubt your trip to the village benefitted you a good deal, a change is a great thing sometimes. You should ride every evening.

I wrote Mollie yesterday and just after sending of my letter received hers of the 24th by Bester's boy. He also brought my over cape which I was glad to get. I wrote Aunt Lucy long letter and left it at Martinsburg to be mailed when the Yankees get possession. We are now encamped at a place called Bunkers Hill but don't think we shall remain here very long. Here comes Genl. Early's courier, wonder what order he brings.

Just what I expected, the order is to cook two days rations and be ready to move at day light tomorrow. This will not however interfere with my letter writing to day. I have no idea which way we will move but every body seems to think up the Valley. I hope it may be so for I am always better satisfied when moving towards the dear ones at home. Why has brother never written how he managed to remain at home. I don't know to this day in what position he is in the service still. I hear he is still at home. I shall be truly glad to know that he is permanently stationed there. We were all very much rejoiced at Hood's victory but fear it was only temporary. If he can whip Sherman in front of Atlanta his army will be destroyed. We have a rumor here to day (Coming from Baltimore paper Sun by some of the Citizens at Charlestown) that Genl. Lee has given Grant another terrible whipping. I trust it will prove true and that it will force Grant to get away from Richmond. Our army here is recuperating considerably and is as strong now as when it first started. All the stragglers lost on the long march around have been gathered up.

Was very glad to hear you had a fine rain in Orange. It will do some good although much more may be needed. We have had lowering clouds here for several days but no rain and the people are almost in despair. They will make no corn at all. I hope Mr. Shaw will make more than he thinks. We can get no vegetables in this country. I sent Lewis fifteen miles yesterday and he returned with one pound of butter and one doz eggs. Mollie writes me that all the children had the whooping cough. I hope they will all get through it easily. I was glad to hear you enjoyed the cheese so much. You must not let the others have too much of it but keep it for your own use. What sort of an article did the tea turn out. Good I hope. So Tom wants to wait until after the war to get married. If he does he will not get Vic. He can I think make arrangements now that would put him in a position to marry at once. I am going to write him a few lines to day. Mollie writes me Mrs. Fry objects. Why is this. How does Aunt Octavia and uncle [?] like it. They should be delighted. My horse hurt her foot about a week ago so I have been in the ambulance while on the march. She is well again, but I fear she is too young for service. She is a splendid animal & if I could get another to ride wound send her to Mr. Shaw for light service. What is the matter with [Ross?] Hear he is at home sick. I suppose Mollie calls on Aunt Martha & uncle Jaq. very often. Tell her I expect to hear of a dreadful intimacy between herself & the former. Early's campaign up here is looked upon as a failure by every one. He is fit to command nothing but a division [that] under General Lee. I heard Mrs. Gordon was at Winchester but hardly believe it. If she is there she has

seen very little of the Genl. as I know he had not left his command to visit her. I feel too sorry for poor Jane Carter. Has she gone south, poor soul. I hope she will fine with her husband's relatives a kind & good home. Doubtless he will leave her well off as he was considered rich. Well my Darling Mother, I must bring my letter to a close as I must write several others to day. Give my love to all and kiss the children for me and believe me ever My Dearest Mother Your fond & devoted son Robt 24 to day. Feel quite aged.

### **Letter from Robert Stanard to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5146

**Unit Date** 1865 January 11

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Robert

#### **Scope and Contents**

Written from Fishersville, Virginia. Letter regards family matters and troop movements.

#### **Keywords**

Virginia—History—Civil War, 1861-1865

Correspondence

United States—History—Civil War, 1861-1865—Personal narratives—Confederate

#### **Transcription**

Hd Qrs Arty V.D. 11 Jany 1865

My Darling Mother I have been intending to write to you for several days but have been kept from doing so in consequence of having a great deal of writing to do for the office. [Shook] being absent on a 15 day furlough I have to do all his work during his absence and we have had more to do since his departure than for 6 months previous. I rec'd a letter from brother several days since dated the 1th Dec. and would send it to you to read but it is merely a business letter and he writes no one must read it. He was still stationed at a battery some distance from the city but expected in a short time to receive through Judge Campbell an appointment as Ordnance Sgt placed on duty there. I hope sincerely he may not be disappointed. He writes me he has made very little money since I left him and that his expenses are very heavy. When he gets back to town he hopes to be able to make something. He writes me Sallie and the little ones are very well and that Willie is the prettiest child in the city of Mobile. The baby he says has hair like Chandler. I am sorry for this, Mr. Chandler is fast declining and he says he will not live but a short time longer. Mr. John Battle was there and he thought he was giving away every day. I was truly sorry to hear this as we were led to believe he was better, at the time he wrote this. Was great excitement in the city caused by the approach of the enemy. Said the bells were ringing & things were in a mess generally. He congratulated himself that he was out of the excitement being over at his battery in the bay.

Mollie wrote you of her safe arrival the day after she got here and told you how nicely she was fixed and now I regret to tell you after all out trouble to get fixed etc. that Genl. Long had concluded to move his Hd Qrs to Staunton so we will have to look out quarters there. He took command to day and will move the office in a few days. Col. Carter's command will be here so he will remain here. Dr. [Straith] has gone to Staunton to see what can be done in the way of accommodations but I feel certain we will not be as comfortably or agreeably fixed as we would eventually have been here. I shall hate very much to part with Col. Carter and not be with Mrs. C as she would be such a pleasant person for Mollie to be with. I wish Genl. Long would let the Dr. & myself remain down here. I have done a good deal of work for nothing. Hereafter will do nothing until every thing is definitely settled. The Genl. inquired particularly after you all. He is looking very well but I don't think well by any means. This is a miserable neighborhood, the meanest people I ever saw and the greatest [extortionists]. I wish the Yankees would come here and take every thing they have got.

Now that Mollie is away from you and you will not have the benefit of my letters to her I intend to write you regularly. Mollie will I know keep you all posted besides. How I wish we could have been stationed near Orange, that we could have seen more of you all during the winter. Never mind I am entitled to a furlough which I will take after a while and spend it with you all. Mollie seems very happy being with me and I am too happy at having her. Matilda does first rate and I am too thankful that you allowed us to have her. Mollie could not have done without a maid. Mollie rec'd Fan's note by Botts yesterday. He went on up to Staunton. She has some nice brooms to send Fan.

With much love to all Your devoted son Robert Mollie sends love to all. This was written in a hurry

### **Letter from Robert Stanard to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5147

**Unit Date** 1865 January 16

**Language** English.

**Creator** Stanard, Robert

**Scope and Contents**

Written from Head Quarters Army V.D. Letter regards traveling to Staunton, Virginia and family matters.

**Keywords**

Virginia—History—Civil War, 1861-1865

Correspondence

United States—History—Civil War, 1861-1865—Personal narratives—Confederate

**Transcription**

Hd Qrs Arty V.D. 16 Jany 1865

My Dear Mother I wrote you a short letter last week since which we have heard nothing from Orange. Mollie wrote you I had been up to Staunton to procure rooms as Genl. Long had moved his HdQuarters to that place and would of course require my presence there. I am happy to state that after much trouble I yesterday succeeded in getting board with Mrs. Harman a widow lady and on very moderate terms. We will be delightfully fixed when we get settled. We will move up tonight and take possession. Hope after getting settled this time we will not have to move again as it gives much trouble. We will be some two or three squares from Mrs. Long and a little farther from the Dr. I regret exceedingly breaking up our arrangements here as we would have been all together. We will too lose Mrs. Carters pleasant company which we are both very sorry for. Col. Carter will remain down here and of course Mrs. Carter will prefer being with him although the Col. is much in favor of her going to Staunton as she would have no society here at all.

Mollie wishes her bonnet box with bonnet sent up by first good opportunity or by express if it can be done. She says the key is on her bunch of keys in her large black trunk. She will require her bonnet to wear to church. I am exceed[ing]ly glad we will be where I can attend church regularly as I have been debarred of the pleasure for some time. Tell Fan I saw Mrs. Long on Saturday and she inquired after all. She seems a very fine woman and is delighted at having us in Staunton. Tell Champe that Dr. [McGuire] is the finest dressed man in Staunton. All of old Early's staff seem to be having a very gay time. Dr. Straith went to the wedding and came home disgusted of course. Says he spent the entire night in getting out of other people's way. They had a fine [supper] the Dr. has heard nothing more from his wife but is looking for her every day. I hope sister wrote and explained to Cousin Eliza my dispatch. I sent it at the Dr.'s request. He thinking his wife might have reached that place. Corbin Welford is going to Culpepper to look for her in a few days. The weather had been very fine for the last week and I hope will continue so. No doubt the bright sun has persuaded you just to peek your head out of the door. Matilda is still much pleased. I will keep a good watch over her in Staunton and try and return her improved as Mollie will learn her to be very patient. Has Vic heard anything from Tom recently. Willie was here today and says they have heard nothing from him for months. Hope Vic put an end to Hardy's coming to see him. His independence in staying so long at uncle E's beat anything I ever heard of. Mollie would have written today but has been busy packing. She will write as soon as we get to Staunton. Tell Champe she might write us often.

Mollie joins me in much love to all. Tell Sister I will write her very soon.

As ever your fond & affect. Son Robert

**Envelopes addressed to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5142

**Language** English.

**Extent** 2 itemsFolder 5

**Envelopes addressed to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5143

**Language** English.

**Extent** 8 itemsFolder 6

## **Virginia Historical Society correspondence copies**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5148

**Unit Date** 1863-1864

**Language** English.

**Extent** 1 Folder

### **Correspondence copies**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5149

**Unit Date** 1863-1864

**Language** English.

**Extent** 4 itemsFolder 7

### **Letter from Jaqueline Beverly Stanard to Champe C. Rawlins (Stanard)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5150

**Unit Date** 1863 September 15

**Language** English.

#### **Scope and Contents**

Written from VMI, Lexington, Virginia. Letter regards family matters and financials.

#### **Keywords**

Correspondence

Virginia Military Institute—Cadet life—1860-1869

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

### **Telegram from H. M. Bell to William H. Chapman**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5151

**Unit Date** 1864 May 16

**Language** English.

#### **Scope and Contents**

Written from Staunton, Virginia. Telegraph regards Jaqueline Beverly Stanard's death at the Battle of New Market.

#### **Keywords**

Correspondence

New Market Cadets

Virginia—History—Civil War, 1861-1865

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Telegrams

Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

### **Letter from John S. Wise to Ellen B. Stanard (Taliaferro)**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5152

**Unit Date** 1864 May 19

**Language** English.

#### **Scope and Contents**

Written from Staunton, Virginia. Letter regards Jaqueline Beverly Stanard's death.

#### **Keywords**

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

New Market Cadets

Correspondence

Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864

**Letter from Willie A. Buffington (Tennant) to his cousin**

**Unit ID** /repositories/3/archival\_objects/5153

**Unit Date** 1864 May 30

**Language** English.

**Scope and Contents**

Written from Christiansburg, Virginia. Letter regards Jaqueline Beverly Stanard's death and family matters.

**Keywords**

Correspondence

New Market Cadets

Virginia Military Institute—Class of 1867

Stanard, Jaqueline Beverly, 1845-1864