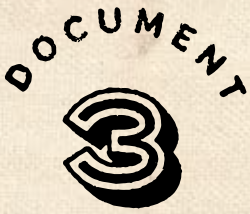

A Letter from Ward to his Father

Mud Island, Texas
May 23, 1864
Col. Thos Wm Ward

My Dear Father,

It is becoming oppressively warm here, and if it were not for the sea breeze I do not know what we would do. The general health of the regiment is excellent, for my part I never enjoyed better and what is more, I improve every day, at present I weight [sic] nearly 160 lbs. We are getting plenty of good rations, with the exception of water, of which there is neither enough nor is what we do get good, being first of all brought from some brackish Bayou and then let stand in the sun until it becomes full of filth and vermin, and of this miserable stuff we only get one gallon per day for each man. We have driven the enemy's troops from an immense amount of our territory which caused thousands of their bravest men to bite the dust, in order to get, and it requires every man that they can muster to hold the ground on which they stand. Great will the consternation on the minds of the Northern people [be] when they reflect upon the immense mortality of their armies, and the question will be asked- "What has become of the hundreds and hundreds of thousands of troops, amounting in all to nearly two millions of men called out by Lincoln, when he can now scarcely find enough to cope with the handful of heroes in the Rebel ranks?" History will answer that they have gone to their long homes, sent there by the messengers of Death, - disease and minie balls.

Your Affectionate Son,
Dudley H. Ward ,
Col 2d Regt Texas Vol. Infty. , Galveston Texas