

St Charles Arkansas
March 30th 1864

Dear Dollie,

The Commercial our transient mail boat passed up this evening, and left us a mail which is always a welcome ^{thing} in this regiment. My share was some official paper, and two good letters from my pet. The latest one was mailed at Osprey on the 20th inst; and from what you say about not being able to find St. Charles on your maps, I think I have got clear away from you, this time. I have a notion to not tell you whether we are in the United States or not. But then if I don't, there is no telling what course you might pursue. Who knows but you might advertise me as old Morgan Wright did his 'weep penny' at one time; I wouldn't have you do anything of that kind for anything. I may want you to pay some more debts for me, up in Iowa. St. Charles is situated (or was before it was destroyed by the Army) on the right bank of White River, at about equal distances from Devells Bluff and the mouth of the river. The rebels smothered a gun boat at this point sometime during the Spring of 1862. I recollect of talking with you of the circumstance frequently.

about it. You must take better care of it. Dollie
or it may terminate in something very serious yet.
I don't want it to be sore any longer, and it
mustn't be fret if you can help it. If you don't
mind, fret it will become a constant running sore,
and in that case it may never heal.

Tell Jenny not to fret about Isaac and
his rebel wife. Let them hang to their sink-
ing Southern Confederacy, if they are shallow
enough to think it best, but I should think
Eliott would keep them quiet, especially while
about him. But I am not going to talk about
them to-night, and to prevent, I will quit right here.

The long looked for papers have come at last,
and Col. C. W. Kiltredge has gone home. The
order came yesterday morning, and he left in the
evening, just after dark, without bidding half a
dozen men in the Regiment, goodby. He was what
we call drunk, all day yesterday. He gets his
pay up to ~~the~~ yesterday, the day he received
the order, but his military honors are all gone.
He simply ceases to be an officer in the United
States Army, by order of the President of the ~~same~~.

Let him go. I will try and forget him.

The Adjutant, came in but a few minutes
before the Col. left. They hadn't long to talk,
and I suppose what few words they did say were
not very encouraging to either. I hardly think the

of 28 1/2 of a mile

You were quite right in your conjecture in return to my working in the garden. Gen. Solomon is not General enough to get blood out of a turnip, and I don't know but there is about as much blood in that vegetable as there is labor in me, especially while I remain in the army. And then I had no confidence in the enterprise, whatever. The ground selected was on the north side of the Arkansas river, and three miles below the City, which would have required the working party and guards (that is a good "G.") to have been kept down there all the season. Besides we are all thinking a great deal more about going home than gardening down here in this wadded country. We were all opposed to raising anything for General Solomon's Dutch and negroes to eat. We are very much opposed to the Dutch, more so if any difference than than we are to the negroes.

The shirt came all right, but I am glad you concluded to keep the others and send them by the boys. It will be much better than to send them by mail, and then I can do very well until they come down. Two more will be enough to do me. Three of those I brought down with me are very good yet.

I am not uneasy about your money, but I am about you would my darling. There is something very strange

4
Adjutant can remain and do duty in the
Regiment. The feeling is so strong against him
He has no friends scarcely left, especially
among the prisoners. If he were to ask me
to tell him what he had better do, I should
say, go home as quickly as possible; and
I should add, get out of the 30th Iowa as easily
as possible.

I suppose it is hardly worth while to
send any word to Will, for he may be gone
before you get this. I hope he will get
well though, but I am afraid you will feed
him too well. Over eating kills many
a prisoner after they get home.

Tell Jimmy to write to me. I am getting
tired and sleepy yet. May I go to bed?

I think of you all the time, and I love
you all the time. I want you to quit taking
about how poorly you used to treat me. You
treated me better than anybody else ever did, and
you treated me as well as anybody can. Sweet
Dollie. I want to know ~~what to do~~ what
you want to do for the County though yet?
Tell me nowt you?

Goodly Sweet Dollie
Peaches