

Sunday Morning, Feb. 1st 1863

My Dearest Love,

This is just the gloomiest, dismal^{est} (to make a new word) looking morning I ever saw. It don't rain - I wish it would. Anything would be better than this dreary, smoky fog. I didn't get any letter last night from my "Peaches." Perhaps this is the reason of my having the "blues," instead of the cloudy weather. I have just been writing a short letter to Ally Mullinnis, and I thought I couldn't put away my paper without saying something to you, my good darling. I was writing to Ally about my carpet, and telling her not to weave it till I go home. You know you told me sometime ago to buy Jane a new dress. Well yesterday afternoon she went to town, and I gave her five dollars, and told her to get me the nicest dress she could at Louis. She brought back a beautiful dark colico at twenty-five cents a yard, and I gave it to her. If I had given her a deed to a farm she couldn't have been more surprised. And she was pleased as well as you ever saw a child, in your life. Mother was pleased about it too. Isaiah was here yesterday. He is a good deal better than he was a while ago. You sent me yesterday's paper, and I will send it to you. There is a good speech in it. It will do you good to read it.

<sup>more till we come home, I don't want you to think a moment about that, I
don't know what I am not comfortable so I can't say
I will send you, too, the speech of one Perkins, that you may see for
yourself what a depth of iniquity Indiana democrats have reached</sup>

Arch Johnson sends such things as that to father very often
but he don't read them now - I don't know whether he ever did.

The Sentinel calls it an able and patriotic - God save the mark -
address! I have heard no war news, but what you will see in
the paper. I am beginning to hope great things of Hooker. I
have always believed that we had just a man for the crisis,
if we could find him. I do hope he is found at last. And
Rosecrans seems to be the right man, in the right place.

I am still in hope that the war will be ended in a few months
more. What a blessed thing is Hope!

I wonder what you are doing to day, my darling. Writing to your
Dollie, maybe. I dreamed last night that you come home, and I
saw you, and put my arms around your neck. like I used to do.
Oh, darling, I wish you could come home. I wish this wretched war
were over. It is so hard to live without you, love. I think sometimes
that I can't wait, I must see you again. I wish I had more fortitude,
more courage. I may hear something from you when father
comes home. He is gone to Deer Creek, and he always goes to aunt
Annie's for dinner on Sunday. If Julia has heard any late news
from you, she will send me word. I can't write much, and I will
put my paper away, and wait till he comes. Goodly, my dear love.

Tuesday Morning, Feb. 3rd 1869

My Own Darling: We are having winter here at last. It is intensely cold. John Runyan has come to help them gather corn, but they all think it is too cold to work. - Not Runyan, he never stops for cold or rain or anything else, they say. He says Ellen is not well. She is poorly nearly all the time. We can't go there now till it gets warmer. She is spry about my not going. Father saw Julio while he was at Deer Creek. He stayed all night at Aunt Annie's. Julio had got letters from Humphrey, telling her about his coming home. He said you were well, and was looking better than he ever saw you. I am glad to hear this, my dear one, but I want to see you so bad! My eyes long to look on you, and so many people see you every day who care nothing, in particular, for you. I often think that I would gladly do the hardest work that is done about your quarters, just for the privilege of seeing you every day, and every hour. But, take care of yourself, my good love, and after while you will come home to Dollie. How proud I shall be of my noble, Captain! I think we will be the happiest people in the world, if we can ever live together again. Don't you, my pet? I dream nearly every night that you have come home, and the dreams do me good. It is good to see you even in a dream. I am afraid you are having bad weather at Helena now. Take care of your health, darling, a change of weather may cause much sickness. Oh, I hope you will keep well, and come home before very long. I can't help thinking that you will surely come this spring.

gone and I were making baskets yesterday, all day. I should not like for you to see the one I made. I gave it to Jane to dig potatoes in. She made a nice one, that I am going to take home with me. I am going to make a better one to day. Old Mrs Lewis was here all day yesterday. I didn't hear any news. I still want to go home after Humphrey comes, if you are willing, my dear one. I think I had better stay here, till I hear he has come, and then I will take all my things and stay there till we start home. Julia is very impatient to get home, and thinks they will go in a few days after he come. I don't believe he will want to stay three days. They are all kind to me here darling, and I can't go away without telling them the reason, and hurting their feelings with me for ever. I would rather not do that, love. I don't think you will blame me. I want to do right, and what will seem right to us years from now, when we think of it. I think May will be here before long, surely. I hope I shall get long, long letters from you, when he comes, telling me all you think about my going home, and what you want me to do when I get there. I would like to stay at Woodside, if you are willing; but if you are not I will live at father's. Poor Mother! I am sorry for her. I know she is so lonesome. I know they will want me to stay there. But it shall be just as you say. I am staying here darling, I fear against your wishes, but it is because I see it is the least of the evils that beset me, and I promise you, my precious love, if ^{you} will forgive your Dollie for this, it shall be the only thing in which I act contrary to your wishes. Henry is getting on smoothly. Yesterday he walked out into the lane. He is looking much better. I can't send you quite as long a letter as usual darling, because I am nearly out of paper, and there is none at Mt Meridian. I don't know when I can send anywhere else to get any. I must be saving till I get some, but you shall have one sheet every mail. John says he is going to town this afternoon and will take my letter. It is so cold that my ink freezes in my pen here by a good fire. I can hardly write. Mother is sewing for Ellen. Father is making fires, and hustling about. I am sorry for him, he has to work so hard. His hands are all chapped and sore gathering corn. She complains about them, and they all laugh and make fun of him. I never served my "Teacher" so, did I, love? My sheet is full, darling, and I must say "goodbye" again. I think I will get a letter tomorrow. I can hardly wait till then. When I quit writing I will do up the paper for you, and then I will work at my basket. Write to me as often as you possibly can, my love. Goodbye, my own sweet love, May heaven bless you always. Yours Dollie

Wellesley Feb. 12th 1863

Good evening Dollis.

You must excuse this large paper, it is all I have now. I went up to the Butlers this evening to get me some nice paper to write to my Darling on, but he was out this is all the kind he had. In the last few days he has sold a large quantity. Every boy nearly has for himself a good quantity. They will use it too.

This has been one of the nicest days I ever saw. Last night it rained nearly all night. This morning it cleared off, warm & nice. We have all been sitting around, doing nothing all day, but write letters. There was preaching in the Regt. this afternoon. Brig. Gen. Fisk talked a while. He promised if we were all together on next Sabbath, to give an exhortation on religion - his individual views. So what denomination he belongs, I have not been able to learn. It is said we will belong to his Brigade, though he will have command of a division. Either Col. Rice or Col. Kirtledge will command our Brigade. Col. Rice is of the 33rd Iowa. I hope he will get the command of it, for if Kirtledge gets it Drake will command our Regt. That will be bad. I dislike Kirtledge but he is a better Commander than Drake.

The rank of the Capt. is still undecided. We have heard no more from Col. Kirtledge since he gave us to understand if we did not settle it he would arrest us all. I am easy about it, you need not be uneasy about what I will do, I have learned the ropes.

We have no news since I wrote you last. There have been some boats up from below but I have been unable to learn any news they brought up. I have a Chicago Times of the 27th ult. That gives me the latest news I have. It is not very encouraging. It may be better by the next mail. If it were not for the rebels in the North we would all be in pretty good spirits. But they are the Devils of this Country. To talk about a North Western Confederacy, attached to the Southern Confederacy. If we the Soldiers get home once I would like to see them do such a thing as that. I would like to see them get us to help break up the Government of the U. S. & attach it to the Southern Confederacy. Wouldn't you say Dollis

Monday morning. It is still a pretty morning. No mail though today I thought I would get a letter from my Dollie sure this morning, but you see I get disappointed as well as you. Probably you think I don't, ^{care} because I don't want to get letters as bad as you do. But I do want letters as bad as you do my Darling. If it were not for your letters I could not get along at all. They are more to me than anything else. I love my Country but what is my Country, if I can't hear from my own sweet Dollie. She is more to me than all else in this world. My Dollie are the only true friend I ever had. Then how can I do without you. I can't, that is it. I will come home to you after a while. It may be sometime. But I don't think it can be three years. But if it is it will be better than than never.

Eight o'clock, P.M. I have good news for you, if it is true Dollie. I learned from head quarters this evening, that Banks had taken Port Hudson. If that be true it is one bit of good news. From the same source, I learned that our forces had passed below (Wicksburg, I) land. They are still working on the Canal with some prospect of success. Civilians think it will fail, the Engineers think it will succeed. We will know if we wait long enough.

As I expected, Col. Pitttidge is acting Brigadier General. That gives the Command to Lieut Col. Drake. We are all sorry of it. We don't like Col. Pitttidge is a man, but he is a very good Commander. Col. Drake is a poor Commander. But we will do the best we can with him.

This is all I know to write Dollie. You know it is very hard for me to write when I have nothing to write about. We are staying here for what purpose I can't tell. This morning there was a detail made on our Co. of a seven men for fatigue duty. There were some sixty five taken from the Regt. Where they went or what they went for I am uninform- ed. The last I heard of them they were getting on a boat at the Wharf. They had two dogs patients with them. They will not be back for that length of time.

I have been thinking all day, I would get a letter from you before night but none come, I will surely get two or three to morrow morning. Dollie won't let me go any longer without hearing from her I know. Well you know.

I have been so long writing this half sheet I will send it, & write again in a day or so.
W. G. Sherman

Wednesday Morning, Feb. 24th, 1869

My Dearest Love:

John went yesterday to take my letters to the office and when he came back - after dark - he brought me two letters from you. They are dated the 17 & 20 ult. Oh, how glad your Dollie was to get them. I was not expecting any last night, for it was not the regular mail day. But somebody happened to bring it from Fullmore. I am ever my darling that you don't get my letters oftener. I send two or more every week. I sent you eleven letters in January. I improve every opportunity my love. You know this, don't you, dearest? I wanted to send you some money, two or three weeks ago. I am so sorry that I didn't send it then. I send you the five dollars, as you directed, in this letter. I would rather send more; but I hope you have been paid, or will be before this gets to you. The papers say Rosecrans' army, and Grant's too, are already paid. I am afraid though you have been quite ^{out} of money, my good love. That would be hard for you, I know. I can't bear the thought of your being unable to buy anything you may need. Then I know you want to have money, even if you don't need to spend it. And Dollie wants you to have it. I will send you more, darling, in my next letters if you will let me. If you are still at Helena there will not be much risk in sending it to you. I think I have got every letter you have sent me.

I have about 30 dollars here yet. But I wanted to send you ten or fifteen if you would let me, and have plenty to take me home, if I go with May, so I wrote to father, the other day, to send me ten dollars. That would more than take me home, and that was all I wanted here, Did I do right about it, my pet? I don't know what I ought to do, darling, now, about having him send all our money to me, here. I am sure May will go home as soon as Humphrey comes, and I thought you would want me to go with them. If I could only see you one hour my sweet love, how much we could talk about these things. But if I could see you only one hour, I don't think I should mention business to you. We could talk of something far dearer to our hearts than business, couldn't we darling? Still, I want to do just what will best please you. If you would rather I should stay here a month or two, or three months longer, I will do it, my dear one. I have told you already that I would rather be at home seeing after our things and doing what I can for you there, than staying here, spending our money here in a community of traitors. It is the politics of the people here, that I am sick of, not the country. Then I thought that, as I couldn't stay here till the war is ended, I might as well go one time or another. When I found that I couldn't go to you, my pet, even if you were sick, and that you couldn't come to see me, I felt that I had nothing to stay here for. And since I have thought about it so much I know that if you can come to see your poor Dollie, you would

enjoy your visit for more if you come to our own dear home
on the prairie. You say you would not stay long if you were to come
and I know, my love, that you would not stay three days. At home
or at father's I could make you very comfortable and happy, here I
could not. It is thinking of all this, dearest, that makes me want
to go. You may get this before Humphrey leaves you, and then
you can think the matter over and tell me just what you would
rather have me do. I will not go till you write to me about it.

Had I not better write to father, and tell him not to send me any money
- except the ten dollars - till I hear whether you want me to go or stay?
If you would rather I should stay, I will write again, and tell him to
send it. I told him in my last letter that May had resigned, and I
thought he would go home with his family, and that I should go with
them. They will be looking for me before long. I will write darling
and explain matters to him, so there will be no danger of his send-
ing the money - if I go. Won't this be right, dear one? It seems the best
to me. But I have said enough on this subject, have I not, dear?
I got a letter from Will last night, but there was no news in
it. He didn't say a word about you, except that you were quite
well. I wouldn't give him much for a letter if there is nothing
about my "Peaches" in it. He seemed to be in fine spirits, but
said he wanted to know how the wool was going. I will send you
all my papers, love, and after you have read them give them to him

I got my Tribune and Gate City last night, and I sat up till nearly twelve o'clock reading them, and my letters over and over. They were good letters, dear love, I wish I could get one every day. You are anxious to get letters, but you cant suffer such uneasiness as I do when they dont come; because you know I am here, and in no peril or danger. It is not so with me, my darling. I dont know what moment you may be in deadly peril. Two weeks make the greatest changes often in the condition of a soldier. When I get a letter, my heart almost stops beating till I tear it open and see where you are, and whether you are well or sick. I was so glad when I thought you would be left to do duty at Helena, now I am terrified again, lest you have gone with the army to Vicksburgh. I see in the Tribune that McClearnonds army reembarked at Helena a day or two after your last letter was written. I am afraid your Regt, is gone, and some other left in its place. But I will have to wait for your next letter, darling, before I can learn anything more about you. Wherever you are, my precious love, you are in Gods care. Oh, that he may watch over you, and protect and save you, from all the dangers around you! I never felt, darling, till since you left me, how utterly weak and dependent we are, on some Power, higher than our own. Have you not felt so too, my good love?

You said, if you ever got home again you thought you would stay with your Dollie. I thank you for saying that. You wont leave me anymore, will you pet? There is no peace and no happiness for Dollie, apart from you. As well had one part of my body try to live without the rest, as for me to live without you, love. I feel like only half a being. But I will try to have patience and faith. You will come home sometime, darling, and then we will be happy enough to make amends for all. God bless you. Dollie

I will send you my papers with this letter. I sent you a daily yesterday, and a letter. I got a Chicago Tribune last night. It was wrapped in fine stamped paper, and addressed to "Mrs. Dr. Veemilia" in a strange handwriting. I have no idea who sent it. It is last week's paper. I have not looked over it yet. If it has any good things in it I will send it to you. I am so sorry for you dear because you have nothing to read. Dollie will do all she can for you. I am sorry to hear about Tucker, and Jake Grimes too. He feels, I suppose like nobody cares for him. Poor fellow! Tell him he must keep up his spirits. I should be glad to know how you are getting on ^{with} the regimental officers. Don't have trouble, if you can help it dorking with them.

I am still here at father's. I have already answered all your questions about them, in my letters. They are kind to me. John walked to town yesterday just to take my letters. And Reason shall go this afternoon they say. They don't say anything about the war. I have never heard father mention the subject yet. Mother is very uneasy about you. I read some of your letters to her. She tries to get them all to write to you, but they put her off, and don't do it. Tom said he would write to you, but he knew you would not have time to answer his letter. I have not seen him since I came back. The weather is dreadfully cold. My ink freezes in my pen, they can't work and are all sitting around the fire in the other

room. I am writing in the west room. Jane is sitting by the fire
knitting. Father has just concluded to go to town himself and
wants my letter ready. I must quit writing, and do up your
papers. I am well, my beloved. Don't be uneasy about me.
Take good care of yourself. I love you dearly too much
It is too hard to live without you. May God forgive my
idolatry. Don't forget your Dollie, and write to her often. Dollie

Helena Feb 4th 1863

My Darling,

Every day for five or six, I have been looking for a letter from you, but none has come yet. Yesterday when the mail came I thought I would be sure to get one, but I was disappointed. This morning I met with the same luck. This afternoon we got a small mail again, but nothing came from Dollie to me. (What is the matter here, are you sick?) If you are why don't you write - or have some one else to write & let me know how you are? This has been the longest spell, I have ever been without a letter from Dollie, except when we were moving. But I need not talk so, for I know you have written regularly. The mail must be clogged some where with plenty of letters from my Darling. I will still wait & hope, they will come after a while.

No news since I wrote the other day. Our boys come in this morning, who had been out with the working party. They went down the river about twenty miles, to what is called the Gayou Cut off & blew up & threw out the levee, which prevented the water from running from the Mississippi to the Gayou river. After the levee was torn away the water ran through, immediately, ten or twelve feet deep. It will over than a large farming district, & give a good navigable stream for Gun Boats to run from the Mississippi to ^{the} Gayou. The distance across is not more than thirty five or forty miles. The object may be to send troops across & then march them down in the rear oficksburg. The boys while out had a fine time of it. They come in this morning loaded with nice fresh meat. Beef Pork & Mutton. The Lieut Col. who had command of the expedition let every man do just about as he pleased. The consequence was that the pickets let every man, that is enlisted man, pass through the lines

going out - & back provided he had plenty of fresh meat. The boys forsook
out some three or four miles. They went in squads of ten & fifteen. Out some
distance they come to plenty of large farms, the most of ^{them} having been
deserted by the owners. There were frequently five hundred or one thousand
acres of corn ungathered, with plenty of fat hogs, cattle, & sheep running
in the fields. To these the boys helped themselves. They took in over
one hundred hogs, fifty or sixty sheep & several large beeves. It was
diverting to see the boys come in this morning, marching through town
each fellow with as much meat stuck on his bayonet as he could
carry. The boys up here - at quarters - ~~with~~ - received them with
many shouts. We had a good dinner. They know pretty well how to
cook it, & we all know very well how to eat it. I hope Gen Gorman
will send them out on fatigue duty, soon again. Through, this
afternoon, I have been told several times, that he is out in an order
punishing any person (that is private) who commits such depredation
with death. He will have a good time of it I imagine. It is more than
he dare do. (A little shoulder strap Gentleman, permitting or suffer-
ing those under us to get the upper hand of a rebel hog, are to be
cashiered & dismissed from the service. Well let him go it. If he undertakes
to enforce his order, it will be an unpleasant ^{thing} for him. He is
very unpopular with every body here - but rebels. (While he was up White
River, some of his men went ashore, one day after some chickens. The Gen. ordered them
on board the boat. They paid no attention to him whatever, He drew his pistol and
told them, if they did not go aboard he would blow their brains out. Two or
three of them made ready and told him to crack in, that he could get but
one shot, and then it would be their turn. Report says he desisted, but ordered
their Col. to bring them aboard (I spelled that word very above) He told the Gen.
that his men were all aboard, but those he was talking, order them on your self
Gen. He did do it. So goes the report about the General Commanding here

I think he is an Indianian. He used to live about Gosport. Albert Hancock says he used to know him quite well. He is an old Democrat.

It has been snowing all the afternoon. I believe it is the hardest - or worst - snow of the season. It is now about nine o'clock at night, & the hard snow or hail is still pelting against the little six glass window, of my Cabin. There is no loft in it, & little hail stone makes quite a noise on the roof. They are falling fast just now, making one continual rattle. Sient John (W) May is sitting in the corner, by a cheerful fire, that is burning in the fire place. He says he has just ^{seen} wondering what has brought him here, & placed him in this rude Cabin, such a dreary evening. He drops his head again, (What he will think of I don't ^{know}). There is one thing though I do know, his mind will not be idle - never while he is in the mood he is this evening. Let me quit here Dollie and dream too. Good night I will finish in the morning. I hope ^{you} will have sweet dreams while you sleep Dollie.

Thursday the 5th. Sure enough (W) May remained with his head resting against the pane for full one hour after he spoke to me. (What he thought about I do not know) but if you could have ^{seen} him in the corner, & me sitting in a chair before the fire, you would have wondered what we were thinking of, & I might have guessed what I was dreaming of, (when I have such a Dollie as you behind my back) at noon of you I was thinking. For one hour or more, there we sat - both of us - smoking, & thinking without uttering a thought. For that hour I talked with you my Darling,

The mail comes in this morning, but no letter from my loved one I will have to wait again. It has been six days since I have got any letter from you. It is hard for me to go to the office & get letters for almost every one else, & give them out, & do the last one, & see none for me - from Dollie. It has been so now for five days. I sent to town & got a lot

paper, even tho' give nothing cherish, I must stop here good Dollie. If I write any longer I can't mail it till to morrow. I love you Dollie, so dearly. I am well. All is well. We got a letter from mother the other day well. W. L. Williams

Dollie is out night. Light. Blue sky & day, after the light from morning.

Friday Morning, Feb. 6th, 1869

My Own Darlings

Our cold weather continues. Night before last it commenced snowing, and snowed all night and all day yesterday, and was still snowing when we got up this morning. But it has ceased now, and the sun is shining a little. There will be fine sleighing now. The ground is hard frozen. Bill Allee and Amanda and Esther came last evening to see me again. I told them when I was there that I was going home, I thought, and they have come now to tell me "goodby." They are here yet. I guess they will stay till after dinner. Father is going to snill to day and I am writing this to send to the office by him. I will never neglect my good darling, I don't care who comes. But I can't write much, my love, because there are so many sitting around talking; the noise confuses me. I am in the east room, with mother and Amanda and Jane and Esther. They are talking about their knitting work. All the men are in the other room talking loudly about something - I don't know what - yes politics it is, for I caught the words "Breckenridge," "Sherill," "Lincoln;" just this minute, as Etty opened the door. This reminds me, dearest, that that they have had a battle this week over in the "State of Oregon." They have opened the ball at last. We have been hearing of it for two or three days, but Allee's account of it seems to be the straightest one.

He says, a couple of officers came to Martinville to arrest two deserters (There are lots of deserters in this country, nearly all from the Army of the Potomac) who were there. The Copperheads gathered together and resisted the officers, mobbed them and drove them away. They went to Indianapolis and the Governor sent them back with a company of ~~cavalry~~ cavalry. They had quite a skirmish with the mob, but finally got the deserters, and a good many of the Copperheads and took them off. Several horses were killed, but nobody else, as I have heard yet. So it seems that in the first battle the "free democracy" have been worsted. I think before they are done with him, they will find Gov. Morton is a "whole team." He is the only hope of this State now. I don't know what they are doing at Indianapolis now. I have had no papers except the ones I have sent you. I hope you will get them, but they will be old. I have sent you two letters this week. In one of them I sent you five dollars. It is very little my pet. I want to send you more if you are not paid yet. You must not be out of money, dear one. I can't bear that. I will write to dog to father, and explain matters to him, and tell him not to send me the money till I know whether I shall go home or not. If I don't go — and I won't go, love, if you want me to stay here — I will write for him to send it. Won't this be the best darling? I wish I could see you dearest, so you could tell me what you want me to do. We are so far apart now, and it takes letters so long to go and come that I am

afraid I shall not do all the time as you want me to. But I will do the very best I can, every day, and in everything. I will, dear love. I have been sick for a day or two. I was very unwell all night and this morning I am suffering all over. But I shall get better soon. Don't be uneasy about me, darling. But you know I always want my "Peaches" when I am sick. I thought about you all night, and I missed you so much. I can hardly live without you when I am well. If you get home this time, my precious love, you must never go away and leave your poor Dollie again. Will you, pet? Never, dear, in all the wide world, will you ever find any one else to love you as she does! Don't you know this?

Later - Allee and Amundac are gone. They left Esther to stay awhile. I told them "goodby" Allee said if I didn't get to go home, he wanted me to go up there and stay a month or two, and they would take me to Stilesville, and I could get my mail from there nearly every day. They both sent their best respects to you. They seemed very clever, but I don't care about staying there any. I talk about going home, dearest, because I think you will want me to go when you get all my letters, and know all about things here. I do want to go, dearest, if you are willing for me to. I want to go for your sake more than mine. You would understand all I tell you much better if you could be here a little while. We came from a loyal state, and I could not believe such a

state of affairs possible, as exists here. I can't stay here without
being dependent in some way on ^{some} body who is disloyal. I don't like
this dooling. How can I, when I think of my dear, soldier hus-
band? But, I think every time I write that I want mention
this subject to you any more. But I always do. I have no one
else to talk to. Don't think darling that I am complaining
of fathers folks. I am not alluding to them more than
all others nearly. They are very kind to me. I feel so unwell, love
that I can't write hardly. Will this poor letter do for this time.
I will write again in a day or two, when I feel better. I am so
uneasy about you dear love. Maybe, I will get a letter tomorrow.
Goodby, my precious one. Don't forget your
Dollie
This is a poor letter dear and I send you a few scraps to make up for it.

Dear morning. I believe I can't go home tonight. Humphrey & I have
been out all day in meeting to do that. I didn't want to go. I
thought I would rather stay and write to my brother, George, tonight.

Mr. McCarty, Sunday Feb. 8, 1869

My Own Darling:

Here I am again at aunt Annie's. Friday night I
heard that Humphrey had come, and yesterday morning I came down
to see him. I rode father's buggy, horse and came alone. I am going
back this evening. Humphrey has told me a great deal about you
but not half enough, not half that I want to hear. He gave me the
letters and the inkstand and croaker. Thank you my love. I wanted
some little thing from you, and these are just as good as any thing else.
I will keep the croaker till you come home and then I will eat it. God
bless you, my good darling. I wish I could tell you how much I
love you. I think, sweet love, from what you say about it that
you would rather I should not go home till spring. I will stay my
pet. If there is the remotest probability that I can be useful to
you in any way, I can stay contented. But you told me I couldn't
go to you, and I had not thought about meeting you somewhere on
the river, if you got sick. Yes, darling, I will stay till you think
it best for me to go. Mags are going home about the first of March.
I shall come down to see them again before they start. I will stay
at father's door, if you will consent. Indeed, I cannot stay any
where else. I can't leave for good with telling all the reason

and that would nearly set father wild, and besides, dearest, if I should do that, there is not a house that I know of, that would be willing to take me in. Soldier's wives here, my dear one, must do as they can, not always as they would. I have talked with Humphrey & Julia and aunt Anne, about this, since I have been here, and they all say the same. — that it would be better, all things considered, for me to stay here. I can stay very comfortably, my love. Now, will you not be willing, and let us consider this much settled? Oh, my darling, you know I would do anything in the world for you, don't you? Humphrey gave me \$31,80 for you. I wish you had some of it. I wrote to father not to send that money to me, and don't you think he had still better not send it, as I have money enough now to take me to you anywhere? May say you were looking for money from me before he left. But darling, I never sent it until last Thursday. The letter was nearly three weeks reaching me. I never get a letter from you in less than two weeks, sometimes longer. I am surprised that you get mine so quick. And I am glad, too, dear. When I do go home I guess I will get my mail at Iovinum. Father says they have mails there twice a week now. I have thought about having it come to La Grange. There it comes daily, and I would as soon be riding Packer there every day or two as not. I could, you know darling if I go home next summer when the roads are good. That will

of your own free will by making your own
be the best want it? I shall not mind going that far to hear from
you my pet. While I am talking about Iowa, let me tell you
that I got a letter Friday from father. He dont know what to
do with our stock. Dealers says he cant feed them after he goes
there. Can you write to him or Mullinnis and tell them what
to do about it? They might hire some one to feed them. I am afraid
Dealers want do very well. I think father will do the best he can
for us. Mother has been very sick, but she was better. She had
colic again. This was all the news he wrote - only this, (Capt. Wil-
son has gone home resigned. He was sick.

I got your letter of the 29th last Friday. It was just as I
feared, that you were going to Vicksburgh! It was a blow to
me, darling. I dont hardly know how I got through that night.
Yesterday I came here and saw Humphrey at home, and Julia so hap-
py, and I have felt worse than I had since you left me. I have
cried ever since I heard it dear love. I cant help it. Aunt
Anne talks to me, and tries to comfort me, and she does while
she is talking, but I forget it in a moment. God help me to bear
it. Humphrey thinks you are probably at Vicksburgh by this time.
We hear rumors that the battle has commenced, but we know noth-
ing surely. I cant talk much about it, my precious one, but if you
need your Dollie, you will let me know, you will let me come
Dont think of waiting for a letter, but telegraph to Greencastle

I will try to talk of something else. Humphrey brings a good account of you. He says every man in your Co. likes you, and that you are the best in the regiment. He says you are a good man every way just as if I didn't know that you are the best man in the world! He don't know, half so well as I do, how good you are. I will not try to go to you, till you send for me. I want to go, but I love you too well to go against your wishes. He saw Capt Wright's wife at Memphis going to join her husband. She told him she had been offered thirty dollars a month to clerk in the hospital at Memphis. I wish I could get a post like that somewhere on the river. Then I could be nearer to you dooking, and I would be just as safe as I am here. Can you do anything for me dear, in the way of getting me such a place - in case you should be willing for me to go? I should like it, dooking. They are all talking here about Father. Last Sunday at Deer Creek, he prayed for the soldiers all of them, and for you in particular, and for the river and children who are left all over the country. Julio says he left nothing unsaid. He never did the like before, and everybody was surprised. They say it is a hopeful sign. I think it is too. Darling, there are a thousand things I want to talk to you about, but I can't in this poor letter. I write this here so it may be mailed to Green Castle and you will get it sooner. Humphrey says you told him to tell me a great many things, but he can't remember who they were. I wish he could. Write often now, love, for I can never hear one word about you except what you write to Dollie, I used to hear through Julio's letters, sometimes. If you get killed my own love, will anybody tell me? I am afraid they won't. You tell me to be cheerful, I will be as cheerful as I can. I will do the very best I can. I know you love me dooking. You don't know how much good this knowledge does me. I don't doubt you, I know you don't doubt me. Are you not glad of this? God bless you, my own sweet love. I will be your own forever, your own
Dollie

Later - I found a scrap of paper in my trunk
and I thought I would write it full of something to
you. You like long letters - in that you are like your
Dollie. Your letters are worth more to me than dia-
monds. I keep them all and read them again & again.
Aunt Anne and I have just been talking about how
we could arrange about the money that father has.
Why couldn't Humphrey let me have some here
and take an order to father for the same amount
there. She says it would be the best and safest
way. I don't know whether he will be willing or not.
I think he will if he has the money to spare. I
talk about this, my love, because you want me
to have ^{it} and keep it, and I want to please you in all
things. I may need it if I go to you anywhere.
Humphrey says he met the Paymaster going
down and thinks you have your money by this time.
I hope so, my good love. I know you will ^{not} feel right
unless you have plenty of money. I want you
to spend it, dearest, in every way that can do
you good. I want you to be comfortable. I am glad
you are careful of your health. It is right, love.
It is still raining. I expect I shall stay all night

I should not care if I thought they would not
want the horse at home. We heard last night
that Gov. Morton has been assassinated, I
don't know whether it is true or not, I hope
not. We have no late news. There has been
trouble at Chicago and at Springfield Ills. I
don't know the particulars. Now, my own
precious love, I must say goodbye again.
I want you more than I can tell you. I would
give all we have in the world if you could be
here with me, and this dreadful war over.
Your own Dottie

Washington, January 22, 1862.

Burnside's resignation of the command of the army of the Potomac, and Hooker's appointment to succeed him, were attempted to be telegraphed last night. If your dispatches failed to get through, you must, before this, have received the official confirmation of the same statement from headquarters at Frederickburg.

The stories that Sumner and Franklin were ordered to Washington under arrest, grow out of the fact that both have been relieved of their commands—the former at his own request, and the latter because of the conviction here of the necessity of such a course.

Sumner preferred his request to be relieved immediately after the battle of Antietam. It has never been possible to grant it till now.

It is rumored that Franklin's regards being removed of his command as an imputation on his conduct, and will demand a Court of Inquiry. The rumor goes on to say that if such demand be made it will be promptly granted, and that this Court will be sure to show that the actions in Franklin's military career which have caused him to be most blamed, have been done in direct obedience to specific orders from McClellan.

It is believed that the upshot of the whole matter will be a court martial of McClellan himself. Hitchcock's remarkable letter fully accusing McClellan of disobedience of the President's orders is regarded as a forerunner of such a course.

It is thought that there can be no doubt that action will now be the word with the army of the Potomac. Hooker is a man either to make or break, and not to stand very long waiting to go about it.

His appointment in Burnside's place causes no surprise. It has been thought probable at any time since Antietam, and was always thought sure to come, sooner or later.

Speaking of the appointment, last night Wendell Phillips said, "In our delving for a General we have gone through the drift and stable of McClellan and the rich alluvial soil of Burnside, but now, thank God, we were striking the solid granite of Hooker."

Burnside, Sumner and Franklin came up tonight. For the present, all these may be considered as added to our list of relieved Major Generals.

Senator Wilson introduced an important bill to-day, providing for the organization of a volunteer force in the several States, to be called National Guards of the United States, to consist of 200 regiments of twelve companies, each company of 100 men, divided among the States *pro rata*.

Enlistments can embrace men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five years, citizens of the United States.

Each regiment is divided into three battalions, the officers consisting of Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, three Majors, and twelve captains, to be appointed by the Governors of the several States. Any part of this force may be ordered into the service of the United States by the President, during any war, invasion or rebellion.

THE RAPPAHANNOCK. The rebels are to be sure with the huge army that is so good to be rotted by a second winter's experience in Virginia mud, and which may perhaps harm the enemy more effectually than by being sent to draw the fire of all the thickly ranged batteries on the road to Richmond. The dispatches will speak of possible events in terms that sufficiently well indicate their sympathies. When the New York *World* talks of "disbanding" there is a gratified chuckle revealing the wish that is father to the thought, and Copperheads everywhere will echo it.

But the rebels well know better how to judge of the nature and effects of a quick transportation of portions of the great army to make Rosecrans' host mighty enough to sweep down upon the railroad spine of the Confederacy and drive Bragg to the Gulf; and if they see Hunter with an adequate army so long denied him, and know besides of the *sable* lining of the cloud, promised by his preparations to arm the blacks; and if further the movement inclined into North Carolina is strengthened by 50,000 men from before Fredericksburg, and Richmond is cut off from its Southern connections,—How we ask will the rebels like that style of "disbanding?"

The Government assuredly is intending to set the whole machine for rebel-grinding in motion. The lazy grub that used to be called an Anaconda has come out of the chrysalis state, winged, and with teeth and claws—a figure we do not borrow from Buffon nor the book of Daniel. But assuredly somebody is going to get hurt now. If the Government can use the men now on the Rappahannock to any better advantage than to push them straight ahead, assuredly to the points so discovered the troops will be sent, even if we have no more grand specimens of military writing addressed to the Army of the Potomac.

Barren is not a West Point man, comparatively speaking, but a boy who fights to hurt and to win. He wants to whip the rebels in the quickest possible time. He is thoroughly in earnest, and possesses vigor and assiduity. Place him at the head of an army of twenty thousand men, and oppose him with Halleck, McClellan, Buell, Porter, Franklin, Steele, Sherman, either or all combined, with an equal force, and he will whip them out of their boots, and be but a short time about it. Is it any wonder that the war has not prospered better than it has, when our soldiers have been commanded and held back and kept down, and their ardor and energies crushed, by officers who do not want to fight or hurt their dear aristocratic, slave-breeding brethren? That's what's the matter with the war.

Wendell Phillips says that it is the height of folly and absurdity to expect to overcome a terrible fanatic like Jeff. Davis with a compromising intriguer like Wm. H. Seward; as well undertake to neutralize nitric acid with Cologne water. And to fight the fanatical rebel generals we must have at the head of our armies men who take square issue with the idea for which the rebels are fighting, and who are ready, with fortitude and courage, to sacrifice everything to carry through their idea. That is the way the Union was created in the Revolution, and that is the only way it can be now saved.

What a Rebel Paper Says.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 20th, received here, has a remarkable editorial on the situation. It opens as follows: It is not altogether an empty boast on the part of the Yankees that they hold all they have ever held, and that another year or two of such progress as they have already made will find them masters of the Southern Confederacy. Those who think independence is to be achieved by brilliant and inconsequential victories would do well to look, with the natural eye, at the magnitude of the Yankee possessions in our country. Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri are claimed as constituent parts of the Confederacy. They are as much in the power of Lincoln as Maine and Minnesota. The pledge, once deemed foolish by the South, that he would hold, occupy and possess all the forts belonging to the United States Government, has been redeemed almost to the letter by Lincoln." The concluding paragraph says: "If within the next two months we do not add 75,000 or 100,000 men to our forces in the Southwest, we shall come to grief. If we do add them, we are safe beyond peradventure, and next summer will witness the final triumph of our arms."

Helena Arkansas Feb. 2nd 1863

My Dear Dollie,

This morning I told you I would write again this evening. The reason^I did that was because I wanted to send you some word by the mail to day. And then I felt sure I would get something from you, but as usual I was disappointed. Nothing came for your Peaches. This evening I went after the mail myself, so if there was any thing from Dollie I would be the first one - after the Post Master to see it. The most of the boys got letters, but they all - I believe - were a month or more old. I got none - not one. It gave me the blues, but then I knew Dollie had if she was well written me plenty of them. Perhaps they will come tomorrow. If they do and Dollie is all right (that word is wrong, is it not) there will be one boy in Helena in a mighty good humor. You may be sure of that.

It will be very hard for me to write you a good letter to night, because I know but little to write. There is plenty going on here for me to write of if I only knew what it is. But I don't keep posted. It does me more good to sit down in my Cabin and think of my own good Darling who is far away from me, than it does to go out and talk to other people of what is going^{on} in and about this military post. If they interest me at all it is only through the desire I have to know that the cause of our free Government, - the liberties of mankind - is prospering. Not because I have an idle curiosity to gratify, for I have none. When I hear good news I always associate it with the thought of Sweet Home, the ^{time} when I will be with Dollie again. If it were not for you my love I feel like I should be perfectly reckless in this War. The man who has but little to live for now, surely has the greatest cause to die in that man ever had. What thing more noble, need any man want to engage in, than to lunge off in this war in that reckless manner that characterises some of our subordinate officers. For instance, the Gun Boat, Queen of the West has just run the blockade at Vicksburg. It is the boat that first run the Batteries at Island No. 10. I for get the Capt. name, but if had nothing to live for like some men, I would love to have such

a Command, and be such a man as that Capt. is. His life is worth something. Mine might be worth something to my Country, if I did not want to take such good care of it, ^{for} my love at home, who is suffering so much, in consequence of this war. I know how you are troubled about me, and yet how you are interested in this war.

You are a good woman Vallie. If you were not you would either hate me or the Government one. But, be courageous. The strife will end after a while. The war will be over, and then we will be happy again.

You must - I know you will be brave my love. If I die I will die in a good cause. But, I have always thought I would live to get home. I still think it.

Capt. Phillips is still here. He can't get out of the service, - he can't resign. He told me this evening "that he should not hand in his resignation, because he thought it would not go through. He says now, that he is not fit for duty, and if they want to keep him here and pay him for doing nothing, he will stay. He looks low spirited. I should hate to be situated as he is. I think he handed in his resignation and it failed to pass the authorities here, and of course it was unnecessary for it to go to St Louis. You don't want me to get in that kind of a fix do you Darling?

In the last three weeks there have been three negroes and one white man shot. I said three weeks, it has all occurred within the last eight days. The Negroes were all shot by the Souleliers. The white man a Soulelier - was shot by a negro. It is not known what he did it for. I ^{know} nothing of the circumstances connected with the killing of the two first negroes. The last one was shot by the Provost Guards yesterday, for running when he was ordered to halt. No one knows why he did it. He had a pass in his pocket, but refused to stop and show it. The negroes are in bad circumstances here. No work to do and nothing to live on. All most every Soulelier is prejudiced against them. They would all be better off on the other side of Jordan.

They don't do us much good here. There are large Plantations of them within ten miles of this place. They don't run off.

I was at meeting this afternoon. Brigadier General Fisk preached & talked a while to the soldiers. He is a preacher, and is from Mo, I think though that I am not certain. He is a commanding, a division man. Kirtledge is commanding his Brigade. He is rather a clever looking fellow. About forty five years of age. I do not know whether he is much of a military man or not. We all think he is clever.

These few items of news are all I have for you Dolly. Except that Sergt. Grimes has written a communication for the Hawk-Eye, He came out in favor of the Presidents Proclamation and opposed to all traitors North as well as South. You know he used to be a Strong Appanoose Democrat. He is all right now. I hope the Ed. of the Hawk Eye will publish the communication for him so his old friends up in Iowa will know how he stands. His health is improving very rapidly.

Now Dolly, I have told you all the news I can think of. What else shall I talk about. It is already very late. Lieut. May has been in ^{and} a sleep for over an hour. My eyes are getting heavy.

Suppose you fix the bed there in the corner, just as you used to at Woodside. If we were there to night wouldnt we be happy

Be cheerful to night love, we will be there again. Goodly

There are a great many words spelled wrong in this but I will send it - You may read it I have only read a letter of it

Will Vermilion

Feb 8th 1869

My Dear Dottie,

It is now Sunday evening. This morning I mailed a short letter to you, in which I told you I would write again this evening. In that letter you know I told you I had not had any word from you for nine or ten days. This evening I got quite a mail from home for the boys, but nothing for myself from any where. This is the longest time I have been since Dottie was mine - without hearing from her. I am uneasy about your Darling, but still I think I will get two or three together one of these days. If you are not down sick, I know you have written plenty of them. It may be that the Postmaster does something else with them besides send them to me. But sometimes you mail them at Putnamville, or Greencastle. I had forgotten that. I have no confidence in Cooper's honesty whatever. Send them some place else when you ^{can} so well. If it will be as handy for you let me send you letters to Putnamville

It will be a very hard matter for me to write you a good letter to night, because I have nothing to write about. It is true if I were always interested in what is going on here, I could have plenty to tell you. But Dottie to be plain, I think too much of you to pay that attention to things here that I should. I would rather think of my Dottie than to look at things here. Yesterday evening I was detailed for officer of the day to day. This morning I reported on the sick list (I am perfectly well in body) so I could write to you my love to day. You don't blame me do you I would rather read Dottie's letters, or if I have no letters from her to read, to write to her than to do any thing else that is to be done in Helena. You know I would don't you?

Monday evening. Last night when I looked over what I have written above I thought there were too many errors in it to send to my love, but you see that conclusion has kept me from sending you a letter to day. Frequently when I write letters and then read them, they look so bad and read so bad that sometimes I throw them aside and don't send them, even to my best friends. Very often I never look over them at all, then my Dottie gets them just as they are written, and hear I always write in a hurry. If they are not good, look over the imperfections, for I have not got time here to look over and correct all of the errors here.

While I was writing on the other page Sergeant Hancock came in
We talked a long time on the war. He is out of heart. Thinks the
Government is going under. He is troubled about where he will live
You he thinks will be too hard a place. He is not far wrong.

If you want to know my opinion on the war. I think "America
is a sick man" What the result will be is beyond my power of
comprehension. The traitors North are worse than the rebels South
I hate them worse. I would rather fight them. They are fools, "they
know not what they do" This is enough for me to say on the subject

We have got no pay yet. We hear nothing of the paymaster
Just as I was writing the last sentence above my candle burned out. I
had another one lying by my side. I picked it up and lighted it. It
burned for a minute nicely, then it grew dim, then it grew dimmer, then
it went out, and left me in the dark. I thought - is it possible
that this great Government is no more than that candle. The candle
was bright for a while and then went out. The Government - this
great star of liberty - has been shining brightly for eighty odd years
Must it fade as the candle has. Must the light of liberty, by which
the American people have been guided, fade and go out. Must this
great people be covered with darkness, as my sheet of paper is. Will
send word to the American people if such is to be their fate. It
makes my heart ache to think of it. Ollie. No spot on God's earth
where the weary soldier can rest ⁱⁿ peace. When I go home none but
my honest Ollie to welcome me there. Your smiles will be worth
more to me than all others. But then what a state of things, when
a soldier is hated by his Countrymen. Let me take that word back,
They will not be my Countrymen, they will be def. Davis. They will
be his friends and my enemies. - - -

Let me quit such talk here for fear I make you sad. It is late
suppose I quit writing till to morrow night. Will you be satisfied
with this for a letter. I have to write on this large paper yet. Perhaps
I can get some better at the Sutters Aproman, but it will not
make any business difference with you will it Ollie.
Wm. W. W. W.

Monday Evening, Feb. 9th, 1869

My Good Darling:

I am uneasy about you, and I can't think of anything else, and I want to write to you every day, though I know my letters can't start till day after tomorrow. I came home from aunt Ann's last evening. It ceased raining about three o'clock. It was a great comfort to me to hear so many things about you dear one. I know a good deal more about how you live than I did before. I am going to stay here, darling, till spring, or till you think I had better go home. Your Dollie won't forsake you, my feet, when you are in danger. You know she won't. After you told me that I could not go to you, I thought I had better go home and look after our things - as I could do you no good by staying. From what you said, dearest, I inferred that I could not go to you in any event. Then I got wild to have you come to see me, and I thought you would not want to come here. So I was homesick and impatient to be off. But my love, I am willing and anxious to stay, since I read your letters & talked with Humphrey. Don't think that I am not, for I would not deceive you, dear one. Why I could not go now, and leave you to your fate, since you tell me that I shall go to you if you get sick. Am I not yours, darling? What do I live for but to try to do you good?

When I came back last night I told them all about it, and they all said they wanted me to stay. They are very anxious about you now, love. When we came in to go to bed I asked Jane what she thought I ought to do, and she said I ought to stay by all means. I intended to stay my darling, from the moment I read your letters, but I wanted to know what they would say about it. Jane said she "didn't know what she would do when I went away. She felt like she would miss how a friend left." Now, my good love, I don't want you to be uneasy about me, not for one minute, I shall be very comfortable. I will do just the best I can, darling, in every way. Can't you trust your Dollie? I shall not see much trouble only about you. I will go down to aunt Anne's, in a few weeks, to stay awhile again. I don't want to go while Humphrey stays. It nearly kills me to see him there with his family, I can't bear that, my sweet love, I don't want to see any men, anywhere. When he goes home aunt Anne and Emily will be left alone; then I am going down to stay. This morning early I went down to Mt. Meridian and subscribed for the Daily Gazette for one month. I must have the latest news now darling. I am going to put up a little box on the fence, at the turn in the lane, and they say it can be dropped there nearly every day by some one passing. It cost only 40 cents a month. I would rather have St Louis daily, but they would be so long coming. And there are none taken at this office. They don't get the Gazette every day

You can imagine me going up to my box every evening about dusk to
look for my paper. When I get it I shall do so much better. Won't
you be satisfied now, my pet, with the way I have done? I have
indeed tried to do right. I am so glad that you told me all you did
in your letters about my going home. He had not understood even
other before. If I had gone, before I knew that there was any chance
for me to do ^{you} good in any way, and then you should need me, and I
couldn't get to you, I don't know darling what I should do. Wouldn't
it be dreadful. You knew, when you wrote those letters, that your
Dollie wouldn't go, didn't you, my love? I will write to father again
before long, and tell him about my staying. He and mother want
me to go home, but I belong to you, darling, not to them. Though
they will want me to stay if I can do any good by staying. I will try to
persuade them to get Lizzie Hickox to stay with them. I believe
father will do the very best he can about your business there. If
he has time I think he will keep it all pretty straight. I wish he
would hire somebody to work for him at home occasionally, so
he could go to Woodside and look after things there. I will tell
him so, when I write. I am tolerably well to day - I have a head
ache, that is all. And I haven't the blues, darling, like I had
yesterday and Saturday. I am thankful for this. I never have
felt quite so wretched since you left me, as I did those two days.
I know you don't want me to feel so, and I strive against it, all the time.

It is getting dark, and I will quit writing, and finish my letter to-mor-
-row. Mother is weaving, Jane is sewing, Henry and Esther are play-
-ing. John is gone to his place to work. Father and Reason are feeding.
I don't work hard. I have nothing to do for myself. I help mother
and Jane. You want me to go to Mondy's, and I will, dear, if I can.
I should like to make them a visit, and see how they are getting on.
But now, that I fear you are in danger every hour, I don't care much
about visiting my darling. I think of you every minute day and night.
No one is any company for me, no one can be till you come home.
I don't think Julio is half so happy as I would be if you were at
home. It seems to me that I never should take my eyes off of you.
I would go with you every where, and listen to every word you said.
Oh darling, do you think you will come back to your poor Dol-
-lie? I am glad you told me about having the armour, love, I
won't speak of it, and I am so glad you have it, if it will be any
protection. It is right to use it. I will quit for to night, my dear.
In the morning I will try to do better. Good night, my own darling.

Feb. 10 - Good morning, my love! I wish I knew where you are this
morning, and how you are, and what you are doing. It will be two weeks
to-morrow since the last letter I have received, was written. This is a long, long
time. I am afraid I shall not get another letter before Saturday - if I do then
Humphrey says he can't imagine why your letters are so much longer
coming to me, than mine are going to you. I wish I could get them sooner.
I am afraid if you go further South, that some of your letters will never
come at all. It will be uncertain I know. So far, your letters have all come
I don't think one has been lost. And they are all such good letters, dearest
every one of them. Mother said, this morning, that she wanted me to give
her one of your letters to keep, - one that had no secrets in it. I told her
I would before I left her. I always read her part of your letters - I
skip over all I don't want her to hear - and that is all that is dearest to Dollie.
No eye but mine, darling, has ever seen one of your letters yet. - read one I mean.
They are too precious to me, for profane eyes to look over them. I have five or six
had locked in my coffer - the rest all in my trunk at aunt Annis.

Last night father talked to me a good while about you. He asked me if you expected to be in a battle soon, and where, and in whose command, whether you were to be with Burnside - though he said they told him that Burnside was not commander-in-chief now. I told him all I could about it - how strong Vicksburg is, and what a terrible battle is pending there, and how much depends on our gaining a great victory there. It was all news to him, and it was the first time we ever spoke a word together on the subject - or about the war in any way. He talked very reasonable - said he was afraid you would never get back if you went into a battle like that, that he was uneasy about you all the time. But he had one comfort - God's will would be done. If He will you to come home, he knows you will come. He said he wanted me to stay here, that they would do all they could for me, and it might be the last opportunity I would ever have to do anything for you. Now, my darling, was not that clever in him? He didn't express any opinion about the war - nor did I. He don't know anything in the world about it, my love.

Emily Cox says she can notice that he has changed a great deal in his views about it, lately. She has heard him talk frequently. He stayed all night there last Deer Creek meeting, and he told them he felt very bad about my staying down there so long. He said you left me here, and he was going to take good care of me while I staid. He was very sorry for me, he said, and he knew I couldn't be satisfied anywhere. They are all kind to me, my sweet love, and I have fully forgiven them. Won't you, for me? Little Esther has just brought me a braid of her hair to keep. She and

have been busy in the other room fixing it up. Etty is a good child
I like her. She will do anything in the world for me. Mother is sick
this morning. I think it is cold air to her. She is talking about going
to Ellen Perry's to stay two or three days. She is uneasy about Ellen, as
she is not very well lately. I have not been there yet. They say I must go
this week. The weather is warm and clear to day. It is thawing and getting
as muddy as ever. I am well. Don't be troubled about me, my good love.
I am going to write to day to Jimmy Kemper. I have not written to him or
Matt since new years. I don't feel like writing to any one, but you.

Goodby, now, my own dear love. I need not beg of you to write to me often
for I know you will. You will not forget your poor Dollie. Tell me every
thing, everything. May heaven bless you, my dear one and bring you home to your
Dollie

I guess the writing won't show through this thick envelop. I want you
to tell me whose ~~Boyz~~ Brigade you are in, and whose Division.
Tell me all about it dear one, and then I may sometime learn some-
thing about you in the papers. Tell me everything you can, my love.
Beason is going to take my letters to the office. He is waiting. I
cant write more. Goodby, my dear love. I asked you for a
little lock of your hair scented, but you have not sent it. Want you
please?

Keelers Arkansas Feb 10th 1863

My Good Dollie,

This is the eighteenth day since the date of your last letter. Do you wonder at me for being anxious to hear from you? (Who would not want a letter from their loved ones at home in that length of time?)

There was a large mail for the Regt. this morning, but nothing for me. That is my luck here lately. I went over to Steady waters before the mail came up, and as quick as the letters were opened, I looked them all over. I felt disappointed afterwards. But when the mail comes in again I will go again, and keep going till something does come.

The papers bring no good news to day. Not one bit. The Government is going under. Our cause is lost, I fear. This is not a recent conclusion of mine. Neither is it because I have the blues, or because I want to give up the ship. I would rather fire a broad side as the "Old Ship" goes down.

I read a Chicago Times this evening. It is plumb full of treason. It has not one line in defence of this free Country. I never have seen it when it had. We buy it here to learn what the Copper-heads are doing North. What our enemies are doing in the rear. Their doings are not very satisfactory. That is they are not pleasant for us to think of. How can they be when all they do, all they say are in direct opposition to all we say and all we do. While the rebels here in the South are trying to destroy the army, they Cowards like, are trying to demoralize it. Company has come in, I will quit till tomorrow. Good night to Dollie.

Feb. 11th The Good news came this morning, I got your letters of the 2nd and 9th, both mailed on the 29th. They were good letters.

It surprised me a little when I learned you were at father's. But I will not grumble. Your letters made me a little sad, because they were written by Dollie while she was sad. (Were you not Dollie? Poor mother I pity her. So I do you. I wish we had never learned any thing more of them than we knew while we were in Iowa. We would all have been happier I know I would. They could have been traitors then and I would never have known anything about it. But knowing what I do, I can't feel well towards any of them except you & Mary.

You still want to know what I think of your going home. I told you two or three weeks ago all I thought about it. There is one thing I will tell you now. Letters from Decatur are nearly one month getting here. They are fully as long if not longer going from here up there. Can you stand that my Dollie. If you go back and stop at your father's La Grange will be the nearest regular mail. If you could hire some boy to go over there once a week, and then get it asprey once a week you could get along better. Think of it all and then do as you please. There is one thing however you must expect if you go back to Iowa - and that is - you will hear all sorts of tales going about us. For instance they had the report going the rounds, that we were all either killed or taken prisoners. Another report that I had deserted and left the boys. Such things will be talked of up there. When you get there you will find plenty of traitors. They have had two or three meetings at Decatur. There are traitors there Dollie, as sure as there are in Putnam Co. Indiana. But then the State is loyal. If war breaks out in Indiana, you will be better off at home. It will come first in the States East of the Mississippi. I will let you be the judge of what is best. I got the tribunes, I thank you for them.

I will write more tomorrow or next day. I think I will get another letter from you by that time. Humphrey is there before this no doubt, he will tell you all.

This is an other poor letter, but I can't help it. If I don't send this probably you would have to do without hearing from me one day - a more. Goodly Dollie, Write often.

W. F. Vermilion

Thursday Evening, Feb. 12, 1863.

My Dear Darling

I will try to write to you, though I feel so out-of-heart that I don't know whether I can write anything that will do you good. As I feared, I didn't get any letter from you last night. It was two weeks yesterday since the last letter I have was written. In all that time I have not heard one word from you. Oh, what a long time it has been to me! And how much may have happened, of which I know nothing. You may be still at Helena, and you ^{may} have been for a week at Vicksburgh! I try to be patient, darling, and wait and hope for the best, but God knows how hard it is, and how weak I am. I thought I would get a daily paper, last night, and learn something from that, but it didn't come. I haven't seen one for a long time. The boys don't take any now. The latest news I have from Vicksburgh is the 30. ult. It will be over after a while, my dear one, and you will come home to your Dollie. Home, is not this a sweet word love? Home, to your Dollie, never to leave her any more, while we both live. It is this hope that keeps me up. I should despair, were it not for this. There is not much war news, either good or bad in my papers this week. I will send you the Tribune. The Gate I want to send to Matt. There is nothing of importance in it. I got a letter from Matt last night. He was still at Grand Junction Tenn. on the 24. ult.

My dear & sweetest, I have been reading & writing
We are getting on as usual here. Father and mother and little Esther
went down to Ellen Beungan's this morning. Father is coming home
to night. Mother and Eddy will stay till Saturday evening. Mother has not
been there before since I came here. Jane is getting dinner and singing
in the kitchen, and Henry is in the east room sitting by the fire.
He ought to be studying something this winter with all his powers.
He is well enough, and he can't get about to do anything else. He hasn't
much education, and he has a good chance now to improve. I want
to tell him so, but I never have. I don't think he has much taste
that way. Jane is the only one that cares about reading much.
Henry reads my papers sometimes. He likes to hear all the wor
news. They are all kind to me, darling. John told me the other day
that he would be glad if I would stay here all next summer. Mother
is very uneasy about you. I believe they all are. You has gone to Ills.
to attend a Government horse sale. I have not seen him lately.

Now, my good love, this is every scoop of news or gossip I know. I am
thinking of you all the time, and I don't hear half that is talked about
around me. I feel no interest in anything but the wor news. I have no
interest in anything else. If I could only hear from you right now
I think if I could see you and have one good long talk with you I could
get on, maybe, another four months, but not to see you any more
and have to wait and wait - oh, darling it's so hard. And I love you
my dear one, so much. I know I can't see you darling, that is why I wait

Friday Morning

Reason is going to town this morning, and I must send my letter by him. And he is almost ready to start before I know it, so I must hurry. We are all well. Don't be uneasy about me, my good darling, I shall get on very well. The only trouble I see is about you not about myself. I think you will be glad that I concluded to stay and not go with Mary. I will stay just as long as you want me to, darling. When you think it best for me to go, you will tell me, won't you? I have not seen or heard anything more from Humphrey. Don't you miss him a good deal? I know Wesley is a good fellow, but he won't be as much company for you as Humphrey. He is a young man, and has no one to leave behind him, and he will never know how you feel when you want to see your Dollie. And ^{you} do want to see her sometimes. I know you do. And we will meet again, dear love. My faith is strong this morning. Let us be brave and faithful and we shall come safely through the bitter ordeal. Don't you think we will, my pet? I am going to try to be a braver woman, more worthy of my dear, soldier husband. I know you will be brave, you will do all your duty; if you live I shall be proud of you, if you fall, your memory will be a precious legacy left me, and I shall, even then, thank God for the noble heart that was given me, once. But is it only on the tented field that we shall look for brave spirits, in a time like this? Should there not be strong hearts left at home, to encourage and sustain the dear ones in danger? I can do nothing to help you, my sweet love, I wish to heaven I could. How much easier it would be to fight by your side and share all your dangers, than to sit here afar off and ~~endure~~ ^{this} But, is my lot, and I will endure. If we are true to ourselves, God will be just to us. Henry & Reason are making so much noise that I can't write, dear love, so I will say, goodbye, and I will try again soon. Oh, my love, may heaven bless you and save you, and bring you home to your Dollie. If anything should happen you, dearest, won't you send for your Mary, and send quick? I will come to you darling, no matter where you may be. I love you pete Dollie

Helena Arkansas Feb 12th 1863

My Dear Dollie,

It is now nearly ten o'clock P.M. I am not com-
mencing this letter with any certainty that I will mail it tomorrow,
but at last I have a bit of Good news to tell you. What do you
suppose it is? Well perhaps I had better not tell you for two or three
days. If I were with you, you would have to guess awhile at any
rate. But as you are not here, and probably you will hear it before you
get this letter I will tell you that General Prentiss (I am not sure
that is the way to spell his name) has superseded Gen. Gorman in
Command here. He arrived yesterday evening. To day he has been riding
round looking after - or rather at things in and about this place.

He takes Command tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. We all hail
it as a good change. In Gen. Prentiss we have confidence, both as
a Patriot and Commander. In Gen. Gorman we have none.

Another bit of news - I don't know whether it is true or not, is
to the effect that about one hundred and fifty officers went up the
river yesterday. Some say they were (Federal officers, others say they
were rebel. I will be able probably to learn the correctness of
the matter by the time I finish this letter.

The third bit of news is, that, we have got Col. Drake in the
notion of letting us go out foraging, provided he can get the con-
sent of the Commander of the Post. We will have a good time of
it if we go.

The fourth bit of news is, that the Regt. is to be formed in a hollow
square tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, and one of the Centerville
Company put in the center and publicly reprimanded for stealing
a pair of shoes from the Regt. Quarter Master. I am glad it is
not one of my boys.

The papers started to come about the third or fourth of the month
come in this morning, but not letter with them. I have read the
address delivered by the traitor J. E. Perkins. Such men should be
hung higher than Haman. They hunted down like sheep killing dogs

Feb. 14th I was on duty all day yesterday and last night. Nothing very special occurred. While I was ^{going} the rounds, I met and rode some distance with an old rebel. He moved in 1846 from Lee County, Iowa to this County. He was born in Kentucky. Was raised there with Gen. Garman they were boys together. He thinks a great deal of the General. Says he is well liked in Arkansas. Has won great applause from the people. The people, he thinks will hate very much for him to leave them. But says he I hope Gen. Prentiss will prove himself to be as good a man as Gen. Garman. I told him that Gen. Prentiss was a very good man, that the loyal people of the United States thought far more of him than they did of Garman, that he looked upon this rebellion from a loyal stand point, and treated all traitors as traitors, and that he looked upon them as being the enemies of all free Government. He had the impudence to tell me that the people of this State were loyal up to the issuing of Lincoln's Proclamation. I nearly told him "it was a lie", and let him go on his way rejoicing.

Lieut. Pearson of the Centerville Co. has two children, aged - 9 should think about four and six years, in his quarters this afternoon. One girl and one boy, they are brother and sister. Slaves both of them. People call them Negroes. The girl is full as white as many children living North, the parents of whom are always prating about the Abolitionists bringing Negroes North to associate with white people. Poor fools that they are. Always talking about amalgamation. They believe in slavery but ^{not} amalgamation, when slavery is amalgamation. The former can't exist without the latter no more than the viper can live without its prey. I wish they were all here for a little while, if it were only long enough for them to see the amount of American blood - (the descendants of our fore fathers) is in slavery here. I think - and others have the same opinion - that full half of all the slaves - or those who used to be slaves, are mixed. But then I suppose Democracy thinks it is right to enslave six drops of innocent white blood because it happens to be mixed with

one or two drops of African blood. I will not talk any more about it.

(We have no news yet as to when we will move from here. Almost every one thinks it will not be long. But then almost every one may not know any thing about it. If we get orders - or as soon as we get orders to pack up, I will write to Dollie, and tell her all I know of where we are going &c. Some two or three Regts have gone down to the Oyayo cut off to day. You recollect, do you not, of my telling you that our forces had cut the levee some distance below here, on the East side of the river, the purpose of was to let the river run through the lagoon - to the Oyayo. The water soon run through sufficiently deep, to admit of boats passing, but the rebels cut timbers across the channel - which was narrow - and completely obstructed it. Our forces are now engaged in clearing it out. The boys say they are having a very good time down there. They skirmish a little almost every day, but generally to no effect. They get plenty of fresh meat while they are down there - (guzhawkent) I would have liked very well to have gone down, but in the Army you know we can't do as we please.

Now my good Dollie this large sheet is nearly full, and I will stop and send it by the mail to morrow morning. The boat goes out then I believe. It will be long enough for you will it not Dollie?

You wanted me to tell you whether I loved you long letters or not. You said like I believe, I love them. I love Dollie and every thing she sends me. Be shure of that my Darling. Don't doubt your Peaches who is a way off here among the rebels.

(We are all doing pretty well. Samuel Wright is right ~~now~~. We have just sent him to the Hospital. Will is as hearty as you ever saw him. So am I.

Keep writing Darling. I have no letter from you since the one mailed on the 28th ult. I think I will get some to morrow. I have heard nothing from Millimit for a long time. Do you ever write to them?

Soadly Dollie

W. J. Vermin

gives not talk time to answer for the information this

Feb 19th 1863

Eight o'clock P.M. This morning at ten o'clock Col. Drake formed the Regt. according to the order send round last night, and publicly reprimanded one - Morrison of the Centerville Co. for stealing a pair of shoes from our Regt. G. wrote (M. said). The fellow looked rather bad, but ^{not} as bad as a good soldier ought to look under such circumstances. After the Col. had talked to the Regt. for a few moments, the boy was led into the center of the square (the Regt. was formed in a hollow square) by two guards one of them carrying his gun and cartridge box. He stood perfectly still where all could see him, while Col. Drake reprimanded him severely for the theft. He then ordered him to receive his gun, which the Guard gave him and take his place in his Company. Col. Drake then drilled us in the square for a while. He seems to be an unfortunate fellow. It is impossible for him - it seems to have any thing to do with the Regt. without incurring the curses of the men. So much so that I find it necessary to apologize for his acts, on almost every occasion. It may be better with him and then after a while. I hope it will.

Col. Kirtledge takes command of our Regt. tomorrow morning. Fisk takes command of the Brigade, and one Gen. Ross of the Division, All commanded by Gen. Prentiss. Of the change I am very thankful.

I am detailed as Brigade Officer of the day for tomorrow. I don't know what I will have to do yet. Probably a good deal. I don't care if they furnish me a horse.

It is thought by those who ought to know, that there are some twenty thousand troops here. (What we will do or where we will go, we are uninformed. Probably to Sheikhaning.)

It is an excellent fact that we are not all needed here. Of course we will be sent some where, to fight. And as Gen. McDowell said to Porter, on the Potomac - that is what we are here for.

Monday Morning, Feb. 16th, 1863

My Dearest Love:

This is a beautiful, springlike day, the finest we have had, I think. The mud is so deep we can't get out much, but it does me good to see outdoors. I want to be working in the garden. If it were not for my anxiety about you, my sweet love, this glorious weather would make me feel almost like another being. You know how I always loved the Spring. - And it is difficult to imagine this morning that spring is not really here! I am tired, dear. Jane and I have been down close to Mr. Hill's and gathered as many willows as we could carry. We have them in the large kettle, boiling, now. When they get done we are going to make six baskets. I am going to make one for aunt Anne McPart, and one for Esther, and one for mother. Jane will make for herself. Yesterday was Providence meeting. The roads were so bad we didn't go. Isaac was out here in the morning and he and John went, and walked. The rest of us stayed at home all day. John Bunyon and Ellen came in the afternoon and stayed all night. Ellen ought to stay at home! I wish I could know, dear one, how you spent the time yesterday - and every day. I didn't get any letter from you Saturday evening. I thought surely I would. I don't think you can know, darling, how disappointed I was. It had been so long since I heard, and I was so uneasy about you.

It will be three weeks Wednesday, since I heard one word from you. Do you wonder, my good love, that your Dollie is troubled? I think I would give almost everything I have in the world to hear from you - just how you are, and where you are, to day. My hope is that you have not gone to Vicksburgh. Oh, my love, I don't want you to go there. I got four Daily papers last week, and there seems not to have been much accomplished there yet. But the troops are getting sick. Diarrhea and smallpox are prevalent among them already. The paper says the Iowa 30th has only 180 effective men now. This is frightful, my darling. You may be there at this moment, or you may go soon, and I want you to promise Dollie one thing. That is, love, not to stay there if you get sick. You have said you would send for me, but I couldn't get below Helena. The fear of your getting sick, somewhere, where I can't go to you haunts me every hour. Then if you should get smallpox I am afraid you would not send for me at all. Would you, darling? I want you to let me go, no matter what ails you. I am not afraid to risk anything. I think the vicinity of Vicksburgh will be dreadfully unhealthy for our soldiers. If you get unable for duty, darling, get a furlough and come home - if you are able to come, or resign. That is what I want you to do if you get sick. I don't counsel you to do wrong, my pet. It would be wrong to stay there and lose your life, when by coming home you might save it. The army is not the only place where patriotic men are needed. I never saw a time in my life, when the services of good men were so much needed at

home. I have sometimes been sorry that you went, on this account. You could
do more for the cause if you were here, ten fold, than you can in the
field. The greatest danger now, is not from the rebels in your front, but
from the traitors in your rear. What we need now is bold, honest
earnest-voiced men to expose these conspirators, and hold them up
to the scorn and indignation of a betrayed people. But I hear of no
such men here. The unionists are supinely folding their hands, and
drifting down the current. Poor innocents! Instead of arousing the
state from one end to the other with a shout of alarm, they are very
quietly waiting to see how "the thing will go." Shame on such Unionists!
But our brave soldiers in the field are not afraid to speak, thank God.
Letters and resolutions and remonstrances are pouring in from every di-
-section, from Indiana Illinois & Ohio troops, protesting, in terms not to
be misunderstood, against the course the Copperheads are pursuing. I re-
-joice at this. It may prove the salvation of the country. These traitors
are generally cowards as well, and the threat of the brave boys that when
they get back, "while their hand is in" as Gen. Milroy says, they will wipe
out the last trace of treason at home isn't a comfortable thing to think
^{about}
of nights. I will send you some of the resolutions and letters. By the way
a series of them was up before the Ind. Senate the other day, and Arch
Johnson voted against printing them. And said he felt himself in-
-sulted. That it was a threat and he was not going to be scared. But I he-
-^{! Come home}
-here they are scared. They know at least that these soldiers will vote after they

There is no news here, darling, We are all well. Father is gone to Mt Meriden on some business with Amos Hibbs. He took my heavy shoes with him to get them mended. I am still wearing out my shoes as fast as ever, almost. Mother has got all her weaving done, and the loom taken down; she says she feels now like she had nothing to do. She stayed three days with Ellen last week. Esther is still here. I like her. I got a letter from father last Saturday. He sent me the ten dollars that I had written for, before May came home. I have ~~now~~ sixty two dollars here now, darling. Had I better have him send me any more? Though I think Humphrey will let me have some, and get from father instead. This was aunt Annie's plan, and I think it is a good one. I have not seen him since we thought about it. There was no news in father's letter. He had been sick, but was getting better. Mother was getting pretty well again. She complained of not hearing from you or Will, since in December. He says he has written to you several times. I told you, I think, that he said in a former letter, that Teaters would not feed our stock after he come to Woodside. I have not said anything to father about it, because I didn't know what you would want to have done. I hope you have written to him yourself about it. I think Teaters might care for them. It will not be long till they can live, without feeding. Father says Roker is in fine condition. Wouldn't you like to see him, darling? Poor, old faithful Roker! I wish we could both go home to Woodside, my pet, and live and love each other. I don't ask for any thing better than this, of fate. And we will, dear love, some day we will. I can't mail this till Wednesday so I will quit writing and help fone feel the willows now. Tomorrow I will write some more. It is hard to write, dear one, when I know so little of you. If I only could know where you are. But a great change may have been wrought, in all your surroundings, in three weeks. But I don't doubt you, my own good darling, I know you have written to me since then, and will will write to me often. How do you, love? I have faith in you. If it were not for that - I don't know how I should get on. Keep up a brave heart, my love. Our cause is a just one, and God will take care of you and bring you safely home, I trust, to love and

Dollie

[1865]

Tuesday Morning, Feb. 17,

Good morning, Darling. Henry is going to town to day. He thinks he can ride on horseback that far. He has never been farther than to the barn yet. I am afraid he wont get along very well to day. I want to send my letter by him. We have another fine morning, though it turned colder and snowed a little last night. We are going to make some maple sugar. This is just the weather for it now. I am afraid father wont get ready till the run will be over. I wanted to send you some daily papers this mail, but I couldn't get any wrappers; so I cut out all the best thing and will send them in an envelop, as a letter. I hope you will get them, darling. I wish I could send you something better, my dear one, but you are so far off I cant send you anything. But you know Dollic's will is good. And you know she loves you, dont you, my pet? How much I love you, you never can know. I dreamed last night that you came home, and we were together at Woodside, and we were so happy. I wished the dream might have lasted forever, for I felt so lonely and desolate when I woke up. Do you ever feel so, darling, when you dream of home, and wake up suddenly? I do always, but still I love the dream.

It will be four months tomorrow since we came here. Four months! and I have never seen my loved one in all that time. It has been such an age to me. I hope, dear love, that you bear the separation better than I do, I believe you do. I know you love me, darling, love me, with all your heart, I fondly believe - and a brave, generous, noble heart it is, but you don't know; my good darling, I hope you don't know any thing about the wild, absorbing, idolatrous devotion that makes separation, to me, as bitter as death. I say I hope you don't know, because it is a fearful thing to love any earthly object as I love you, my husband - as I have always loved you. It is given to but few natures ever to know such a love - and they know it - but once in this world, or the next. Sometimes I wish the fearful legacy had not been mine, then again I thank God for it, I do this morning. I can't see you, dear one, I may never see you again, but I thank God for a love that is sweeter than life, and stronger than death!

Later - Henry is nearly ready to start. I must finish this letter. I have just looked over it - all. It is an unconnected disjointed thing, but I can't help it, darling. We have no important war news. It seems to me that there will be an end of the war before many months. How it will end God only knows. But it will end, I think. A great deal depends on public sentiment at the North and this is why I said we need patriots at home as well as in the field - and worse because our army can do nothing in the field unless it is sustained at home.

I hope I shall hear good news when I get my papers tomorrow. And I hope I shall get good letters from you, love. If I don't hear from you, all the good news in the world, will be but a mockery to me. Goodbye, my precious love, Take care of your health. Don't get sick darling. I am so uneasy about that. Write as often as you can, and write all you can. We all are well today. I am comfortable here, dear one. Don't be uneasy, I'll

Helena Feb. 17th 1863

My Dollie,

We have just received a letter from Mr Sovey. He says things are getting in a deplorable condition in Iowa. Judge Harris is stumping Appo. County. He goes in for a reconstruction of the Union, "with New England left out in the cold." He says "no more men and no more money" shall be furnished for carrying on the war. That the men want to - and would desert if it were not that the Officers have them. That "I" says he "would rather shoot the man who keeps them, than to shoot a deserter." So you see there are plenty of rebels in Iowa as well as in Indiana and Illinois. They are there thick Dollie. And, some of them are the same men who were the most anxious for us to enlist, now they say we will give you no help, we will give you nothing to eat and wear, we will pay you no money for your services. Their hearts are blacker than the blackest spots of hell. But while we are here we can do nothing but send back our opinions of them, as our soldiers have from Indiana and Illinois. This we are doing. Yesterday evening an dress parade, the adjutant read a set of resolutions, that were gotten up by the field officers of all the Iowa Regts here at Helena. They are to be passed on here and then sent to Washington for the Iowa Soldiers there to pass on. After they have been the rounds they are to be published in all papers in Iowa that will publish them. Of course there are some that will refuse

They are good Dolly. They take the high ground, of undivided support to the Government. Leave to the President the selection of the best course for the suppression of the rebellion. (We pledge ourselves to support him in all such measures. We denounce all opponents of the war at home as traitors. (We denounce all opponents of the War, who are in the Army, as men of the Arnold & Burr School. How many do you suppose there were in our Regt who voted against the resolutions - for they were submitted to the Regt. for their approval or disapproval. Of all the seven or eight hundred there were but seven or eight who refused to vote for them. Thank fortune - there was not one in my Company. If there had been I should have been ashamed of them. I would be ashamed of any man in my Company, who would say any one could be loyal who remains at home, and says the soldiers should not be fed and clothed, and be paid by the Government. We say eternal damnation to all such men. But enough of this dilly. If you watch the Iowa papers you will see the resolutions. Read them and be your own judge of our loyalty.

Feb 19th. We have orders to keep our commands in readiness to move on short notice. (We don't know where we will be taken. But we are certain of one thing - we are not going to Chickasaw, because we are ordered to leave all of our baggage, and our convalescent sick here in camp. We are either going down on the Hoegas cut off or Little Rock. Probably we will go up the Arkansas river to Little Rock. We expect to be back here in side of two weeks at furthest. Don't think now because we are going away from Helena that we will never get back again. You must keep in good cheer. If we go down on the cut off, we will ^{get} our mail over drag a too.

Let me tell you what I saw the other day. Dolly, I was coming home from the sutler, which is just round the fort, and met a Negro, driving a drag through the mud with an old poor horse. The driver was sitting on a box. On looking closely I saw the box was a rough Coffin. I asked him if that was a negro or white man in the box. "Niger" says he. "Where are you going says I. "Out here on de hill to put him in de ground" says the darky". Such sights are very common here among the Negros

I have just received your letter of the 11th. There are surely severally between it and the one written on the 23rd of last month. Is there not Dolly. I know there are. You never go eleven days without writing to me. They will come in a few days surely. Probably all together, then I will have a good time reading my Dolly's letters. (Mont D)

You want to know what Brigade and what Division we are in (We are in - I believe - the 13th Army Corps, the 13th Division Commanded by Gen. Gorman (Printies commands the post here) and Gen. Ficks Brigade. So you see we will be commanded by Gorman. I am your Dolly. Gen. Gorman commands the whole force, that are to leave here. Gen. Ross commands our Division. There will probably twenty or twenty five thousand troops leave here. We are looking for more down from Memphis. Probably Mott. Kemper will come.

I have just received Humphrey's letter, written the 7th. It had \$5.00 in it for me. The one he wrote at Outnamville has not reached me yet. Perhaps it will in a few days

The pay master is here at last. Some of the troops have already got their money. We have not yet. We sent in our Pay Rolls a day or two ago. We will get money in a few days. That ^{is} some- not very much. We will get it up to the 31st of Oct. That will give me about one hundred dollars which will be plenty to do me for a five months if nothing happens me. You need no mind nor my Dollie about sending me money. I think we will be paid again in a few weeks. Then I will have more than I will want here. The Government owes me between five and six hundred dollars now. Nearly six hundred.

I dont know what to say about your staying at Fathers. I wish you did not want to stay there Dollie. I would rather pay five dollars a week for your board than to have them think, I want to spruce on them. They shant think it. Dont you stay at Aunt Annes. Are you not comfortable there. You know Dollie, I told you to go up there on a visit, but not to stay long. When you wrote your last letter you had been there some three weeks. It makes me feel bad Darling but it may be right, it may be best. But they have said and done so much I cant feel right towards them. I feel sorry for mother, Jane & Henry, but they are all. And I want them all to feel and know that I am independant. that I am not beholdin, in particular, to any man or set of men on Gods Earth. If they know, or learn that you would rather, and that I would rather you would stay, some place else than there they surely wont think hard of you for it. As for myself, I dont care what they think about me. Their judgement is not mine.

If they were as good to you as they ought to be they would take you to Dr. Moody's, they would take you any where you want to go. I know how it is Dollie.

(When you get this letter if you would would rather go home go. But be sure my Darlings, that you will be satisfied there.

So far as my getting a furlough is concerned; that Dollie is out of the question. I saw and talked with a Doctor yesterday - he was our Brigade Surgeon - who has been trying to get a furlough for four months, and never succeeded till a few days ago. He got his direct from the War Department. There is nothing I would rather do than go to see my Good Dollie, but I am not my own master now, and will not be soon. Mine is not an isolated case. If it were it would be hard. There are thousands of others in the same condition. If you can go to Aunt Anne's and stay there till Spring. Pay her for your board.

I will quit writing Darlings. It is one o'clock P.M. The mail goes down in town in a few minutes. This letter must go to day. I think I will get more from you to morrow morning. Do tell father that Burnsides never had Command in chief of the Armies of the United States. Tell him he never has Commanded in the West.

Poor old fellow. He is blind and can't see

I love you Dollie. Be of good cheer

Goodly,

W. A. Herriman

I will not read this for fear I through it a way.

Thursday Evening, Feb. 19, 1869.

My Own Dear Love:

Yesterday was our mail day, and I got a short letter from you written the 7th of this month. It came quicker than any of your letters have before since you left St. Louis. But the last one I had got before was dated the 2nd of Jan. You surely wrote to Dollie during those ten days. Yes I know you did, more than once, but the letters have not come - yet. I may get them Saturday. I do hope they will, for I want so much to know all you have written. There was no news in this last letter, darling, only that you were well, and that you were still at Helena. But that was worth more to me, than whole pages of news from any one else. I was so uneasy about you, my sweet love. I am sorry you don't get my letters oftener, I know how you feel, poor dear, when you get no news. But it is not your Dollie's fault. I have sent you a letter by every mail. I have not failed once. And I will not, my pet. Yesterday it had been eleven days since I heard one word from you, but I did not doubt you, for one moment. We will have faith in each other, won't we, dear one? We will let nothing rob us of our faiths

I am not very well to day. I have some erysipelas (that is not the right spelling, is it?) on my face, and feel feverish and my head aches. I took it yesterday. I dont think it will get any worse. Dont be uneasy, love. I only tell you, because I tell you everything, and because I want you to tell me every thing about yourself. I got my papers last night, but I have not been able to read them much. I will send them all to you. I miss you so much, my precious darling, when I get papers to read. I want to read the good things, and talk them over with you. Sometimes I feel so keenly my loneliness, that I can hardly read at all. I think of the many winter evenings that we have sat by our own bright fire, reading and talking. I miss you all the time, dear love, day and night. I miss your society, your loving words, and kisses, your care of me. I miss you, in all ways, all the time. I couldnt sleep last night, and I lay and thought about your coming home, and how happy we should be, and how I would repay you, a thousand times, for all your hardships and privations. And I remembered you said you would not become meany more. And you never will. I hope, my good darling. I think now, that when you come home I shall never let you go out of my sight again. I must not love you any more.

There is not much war news. We hear very little from Vicksburg. There will not be much fighting till the roads get good. I hope it will all be over by the fourth of July. The rebels, I believe, will not stand three more such battles as Murfreesboro unless they get aid from their friends in the North. And their chances now are not so good here as they were before the soldiers spoke out. Does it not do you good, long to hear the gallant fellows talk to traitors at home? All honor to them, every one! I have sent you all the papers I have had - but one - since you asked for them. I will send them on, so you can read all the news for yourself. I hope you get them. Tell me, if you do. They are all well here, and getting on very well. I have finished my three baskets. I didn't have very good luck with them - except Etty's. She is very proud of her. Just now she is sitting here on the floor, and Henry is trying to teach her to play his jews-harp. You would laugh to see and hear them. She is bright and quick and he never gets tired of teasing her. Generally he don't make much off of her. She is going home Saturday. I will be sorry to lose her. I hardly ever knew a more lovable child. All she needs is good training.

The weather is bad again. It has rained all day, to day. The roads are worse they say than they have been before this winter. Father has not got his corn gathered yet, and he is troubled about it. I don't blame him.

John goes every day to his place to work, and stokes his dinner. He is making rails. He works very hard, & it is the only thing, I believe, that he takes any comfort in. He wants to get rich; and he will some day.

Tom and Isaac hardly ever come out here, and when they do, they don't stay but a few minutes. I tried to get the Daily Gazette and thought I had. But Dr. Brenton sent me word that I couldn't be attached to the club. But said he would send me his as often as he could till their month was up, which will be soon, and then I could go in the new club. I will have to be content with this. They have my money and I will get my papers after while. Brenton has sent me a number of dailies, after before he reads them himself. There is to be a grand Union demonstration at Indianapolis next Thursday. I would like to go so much - if my "Beaches" were here. Gov. Yates is to be there and "Halt" of Kentucky, and a good many "big game" from different states, besides Gov. Morton and Joe Wright. They will have a good time I hope and arouse our stupid Unionist to a sense of their duty. I am not discouraged yet, darling. It will all come right I think. But I am sorry the end is so long coming. It is getting dark, and I must quit, love. I do wish I could know where you are, my good, darling. Perhaps you are comfortable, in your little cabin at Helena. I hope you are still there. I wish I knew whether you have been paid yet. I will write you again tomorrow. I will write all the time whether you get the letters or not. Good night, my own darling, God bless you

Feb 19th 67

Dear Mary:

You seem to want to hear from Mother so bad. and as no one else will write I guess I will. She is about - as she has been all winter. She gets a little better for a few days, then gets a little worse. To walk across the room is about all she can do now.

She sits in the rocking chair all day long, and reads the papers, or the bible.

She has her meals brought to her and don't pretend to go in kitchen.

I think when the weather gets warm she will get better.

The rest of us are well
There is no news up here
only Thompson is trying
to have a protracted meeting
at Opey. La is Township
Assessor this year, and he
is fixing to commence
this morning. He will
be pretty busy for a month
or so. He says tell you that
he has been wanting to
go down for some time
but the roads have been
too bad, and the waters
too high. He has been
shaking with the Ague
off and on ever since
the first of Jan.

As Greene used to say
"I'll add no more"

WPK

[1863]

Friday Morning, Feb. 20th.

My Good Darling - Father said at breakfast that he was going to Mt. Meridian this morning, and that if I wanted to send any letters I could get them ready. This is the only one I have to send, and I hate to send it so long before it can be mailed, but I may have no chance to send it this evening. And it will only make a few hours difference. The mail goes out now early in the morning, and comes in about three o'clock. I think I will get two or three letters from you tomorrow. Oh, I want them so much, my darling! I can hardly wait till then. I feel some better than I did yesterday. I ate a hearty breakfast, and the eruption on my face is no worse. I shall get as well as ever soon. It scares me to think of getting sick, my love. I don't know what I should do without you, I couldn't get on at all, darling. But I will try and not get sick. If I were with you, I know I wouldn't. I couldn't sleep last night for grieving about my loved one. I lay, alone, in the same bed we slept in just four months ago. - Jane and Etty slept in the other bed. But I don't want to make you sad, sweet love, and I will not tell you how foolish your Collie is. It snowed a little last night, but cleared up this morning, and now the sun is shining brightly. It is quite cool, but there is no ice. They are all out at work. Father is going to town, I think, to borrow money of Amos Hibbs to pay a debt that is crowding him. It is going to some of the McCannick tribe. He wants seventy five dollars, I heard him say. He ought to make ten dollars on this farm where he makes one. I ~~can~~ would do it, easily.

I will send you the Gate City this morning. Read Joe Wright's last
speech in the senate. There is bad news from Missouri. The Legis-
lature has adjourned without electing U. S. Senators. This is too bad
But then on the other hand the Ill. Legislature has adjourned without
doing anything worse than talk! This is a blessing for which I am
thankful. On the whole, dear love, let us take courage, and hope
for the best. There is no fire in here, and my hands are so cold I can
hardly write at all. I must say "goodby" again, my pet. I love you
dear one, more every day I live, and I would give all I have in ^{the} world
to have you at home with me again. But I must wait darling,
and I will try to do right. May heaven bless you, my loved one.
Do you love me yet, and think of me often? Yes I know you do, dearest.
Doubt

If Julio goes home I should be left utterly alone. I mean in re-
gard to the trouble the war has brought on us. It is true that
"Misery loves company." Here I should have none. And above
all, my good darling, I want to breathe the pure air of our prairies.
I want to see people who can speak out boldly and bravely for our
cause. I believe there are such people yet in Iowa; though if I
say so here, I am laughed at and told that Iowa is as strong
secesh as Indiana. I know it is a base slander, but the people
here don't know it. I hate rebels and despise traitors more every
day I live. I can't think of you, my pet, and not abhor them.
They are having ^{troubles} times at Indianapolis. They have elected two
Butternuts to the U. S. Senate. Bright is not one of them, though
he came very near being. There has been a rumor for several days
that Morton is going to call home his regiments for home service.
I doubt if he has any power to do this. He is a noble man. He had a
meeting of the war men the other night, and made one of his
greatest speeches, in which he hurled perfect thunderbolts first
at the Southern rebels, then at Northern traitors. He says Indiana
is not to go out of the Union! And he hints at the 60,000 soldiers
whose votes would speedily change the aspect of affairs. I don't
know what will be the result of the present troubles.

Everything, I think, depends for the success of our armies in the field. If we once get possession of Vicksburgh, and Burnside does anything, we will hear no more of the South-Western Confederacy, for a time at least. If we fail again - I dare not try to predict what will follow. A large part of Lee's army has gone to strengthen Vicksburgh. (Can it be possible that the Army of the Potomac will quietly await its return to Virginia? Let us, at least, hope not. The papers say there are signs of a speedy movement. They have said the same thing often, but I will try to believe them again. But, my own love, dark as is the prospect just now, I am not discouraged about the final result. Our course is just and will succeed. Sooner or later, I know it will. My anxiety is not for the cause, but for the only object on earth dearer to me ~~than~~ than that. If I could know that you would come back to me at the end of the three years, I could wait. I could endure anything for myself. But I know you are in danger every day. How can I rest, my loved one? But I must not make you sad, if I can help it. I have wandered from what I was talking about. I want you to tell me what you think - all you think about my going home. If May go back I would rather go with them. But if they stay here - I don't think they will - I can go alone. I thought, awhile that you might go with me, a part of the way at least, but I must give that id up.

If I go alone I must stay till I see Humphrey - if he comes - so that I can hear all the news about you, from him. Tell me, then, dear love, or before, what you want me to do about, going, and about everything else. I want to do right, and to please you, my pet. You will tell me everything, won't you, dearest? Write me a long letter, all about yourself. That subject is more interesting to me than all others. I could never get tired of reading your letters, if I got ten every day.

I am sorry you don't get along pleasantly in the Regiment. I wonder if such trouble is not common to all regiments. Be very cautious, love, I don't want you to get entangled with any of them, if you can help it. But I think you will not. I know you are generous and noble, and will do what is right yourself. Surely, when they know this they will act fairly toward you. I can almost see you in your tent, when I read your description. You were pretty comfortable then. I wish Dollie had been there, instead of Humphrey, to brighten things up a little and make them look home like. Don't you say darling? Tell me if you ever feel home sick. Don't you want Dollie sometimes, when you are not sick, to love you, and pet you and spoil you? If you get sick, I want you to resign and come home too. It is not right, dear one, for a man to stay out and lose his life, when he might save it. Do you think it is dear

I am ashamed of this writing, but I am so nervous I cant do any better. You will look over it this time I know. I have had a slight neuralgia for two or three days, but I hope I wont have it bad. Julia is having a severe attack of it. She is hardly able to be up. She is trying to write to Humphrey. I didnt get to mail a letter for you last week from Monday till ~~Friday~~ Saturday. I hated it so bad darling but I couldn't get one taken to the office, and I was not well and couldn't go myself. You shall not be treated so again dearest if I can help it. Forgive me this time. When we did send our letters Sally Peck took one of her boys from his work to go. We have seen no men here who would do that for us. I am well now, and I will go myself. It is getting late, and my letter is long. Goodly, My precious
God bless you
Your own
Dollie

Utelina Feb 29th 1867

My Good Dollie,

We are ordered on the boat immediately
(We go down thirty or forty miles to guard what is call the
Pygocoo cut off. I had intended writing you a long letter
to night, but I can't do it now. (Will Eads start home
this evening or tomorrow. She will see to my stock
for me. That will be all right. My health is very good
My spirits are good. Gen Perittiss I think will
Command us. He is all right.

Be of good cheer Dollie I love you. I will
look in my trunk for some serops to send you
you money came all right. Thank you

Will's well, Goodly Dollie. The boys are
all waiting on me. Goodly - I love you
M. F. Permittin

Helena Arkansas Feb. 19th / 86

Dear Friend,

We received your letter this morning, that was dated at Greencastle the 7th. It is the first and only word we have had from you since you left us. The letter and five dollars you sent from Putnamville have never been received yet. It will be very apt to turn up in a few days, all right. If it does not you need not send any more, as we are going to be paid off in a few days. The Pay Master is here now. He came in a few days ago. We have sent in our rolls that we made out at Hookah. They will give us pay to the 31st of Oct. That will give me about one hundred dollars. The boys will not get much, but then they don't need much, unless they want to send it home. Col. Pittredge says we will receive two months more pay in a very short time. If we do that will give us plenty of money.

We are all very glad to know that you have got well. We suppose you are fine as you failed to tell us anything about your health. The boys say that is the way a man always does when he is all right. If they are sick they always tell it. they say, if they are well they say nothing about it. Be sure and tell us how your health is next time. Everything here is going a long about as usual. Nothing unusual has occurred. Except that Recs Mc Harris died. He died at Jefferson Baracks Mo. soon after he got there.

The rebels are rampant in Iowa. Judge Harris of Centerville says no more men and no more money for the prosecution of the war. That the men want to desert, but the officers threaten to shoot them if they do. He says boldly that he would rather shoot the man who tries to keep the men than to shoot the man who deserts.

Feb. 27th This was written for Humphrey.

Helena Arkansas Feb. 9th 1863

This morning the clouds are thick. It will surely be raining in a few hours. Then for several days we will have mud to our hearts content. It takes but little ~~rain~~ ^{rain} here to make it very muddy. The boys are all out drilling, except those who are out on duty. Four or five are on picket duty. Several on fatigue duty and some are down the river, at the Yazoo cut off. Lieut May is not stout enough for duty yet. Lieut Wright is drilling the boys. I am up here in my cabin writing. (Will Gads is sitting in the corner, doubtless studying about home. I wish they would discharge him. His eyes are very sore. They surely can't get any better while he remains in the Army. I have just spoke to him, I asked him if he had the blues. He said he thought not. He wants me to go and see about his discharge papers. I will go sometime during the day. If my going does no good, towards satisfying the authorities, it will satisfy him. He is a good fellow, and ought to be at home with his family.)

The health of the Company is tolerably good. Some are sick, none bad enough however to be in the Hospital, that are here. Several are up the river in Hospital. Some at Hooker and some at St. Louis. We report as many men for duty now as any of the Companies,

Col. Pittreidge has advised Col. Opoke to move us out of our cabins into tents.

Feb. 9th 1863 This was written for Col. Pittreidge I think.

Helena Arkansas

Jan 17th 1863

My Dear friend,

This has been a dreary day. Last night about ten o'clock it commenced raining, & has been at it nearly ever since. And the beauty of it was, I was out all night & all day on Picket. We come in as tired & wet as you ever saw a fellow. There is no fun in standing Picket, especially if a fellow thinks there is any danger of the rebels shooting.

There not more than twenty five hundred troops here now. That is, that is my guess. We consider ourselves safe here although the General has thinned our Pickets this evening. I don't know what the cause is, unless they have become alarmed about something.

The boys are all doing pretty well now. Albert Hancock is a little unwell to day, nothing serious I think.
Feb 29th. I don't know who this messenger for

On board Steamer Mermaid

Kelewa Feb. 25th 1863

DearOLLIE,

Here we are again. Yesterday we started about three o'clock for the Pass. It took us till nearly sundown to get through the Pass, into Moon Lake. The Pass leaves the river about eight miles below here. About two miles out it enters into Moon Lake, which is about two or three miles long and half mile wide. It runs from the Lake across the Country into what is called Coldwater, which empties in the Yagoo a way up above Yagoo City. There are a good many Boats down in the Lake. Five Gun Boats and ten or twelve transports. What we are exactly intended for I do not know. But we are not the kind of expedition that is to go down into the Yagoo. It may be that we are to go down and reconquer the Pass. If we do it is not likely that we will be in any general engagement for some time. We expect to be out about fifteen days. We have that amount of rations down, and it is generally thought we will be gone about that time. So myOLLIE you must put up with this letter for at least that length of time, for it will be impossible for us to either send or get any mail, as the transports cannot pass without a Gun Boat. They will either all go with us or to Wickabug. Don't cryOLLIE you hear that I can't send you any more letters for two or three weeks. You keep writing to me, for it happens that we will only be out a few days. Things in the Army are all very uncertain. But I feel like writing and telling you love all about it, just what I expect to do, as well as what I am doing. If I had time and could I would draw youOLLIE a map of the Country we have to go through. But I guess I can't, till I get back.

One of Gen. Brinter's staff has just been aboard. He tells me that the Hunter Boats had opened on Wickabug. He thinks the fighting has commenced there in earnest. I hope it has

The Post boy has just brought a large mail on board. I must go and see what there is for me. Perhaps there is a letter there from Dollie I do hope there is.

The Mail has disappointed me my Darling. Almost every person else got letters but me. But I will not grumble if you will not for the next two weeks. Let me tell you right here my Darling, I was talking this evening with Capt. Sidney about things in general, and he said if any ^{thing} happened me, I might depend on all, every thing he could do for me. If I fall - which I don't think will be the case in the defence of our sacred County, he will see that what is left of me is sent to my love at home. I should not have said any thing about this but I thought it might be troubling you.

I was up nearly all night last night. I was Officer of the day. You won't think hard of me if I put this poor excuse of a letter up and send it to my Dollie and go to bed. I am sleepy. I am as well as you ever saw me.

Before closing, let me tell you, that Sient. May has never said one word about his health since he left here. I have received two letters from him, but nothing about the condition of his health. I wish you would tell me how he is. I hope he is well. Last Sunday I was out on Picket. There came three persons to pass through the lines. One young fellow about fifteen or sixteen years of age, one married Lady and one young Lady. They said they lived about twenty five miles out. Their passes were good & I would not let them go through. Their preacher was a long (he lives here in Shelburne and had just come out to help them through the lines) He took their passes back to get them fixed or corrected. The girl got scared and cried all the time he was gone. Her Parents no doubt of other I mean is in the rebel army. I only speak of this to let you know how the people get on long. It is a very common occurrence here to see women come in, a distance of thirty or forty miles, with no man person but a boy a long, to trade.

The men are either all in the rebel army, or they are too cowardly to fight for a Northern cause. They think their women are objects of charity and will not be hurt.

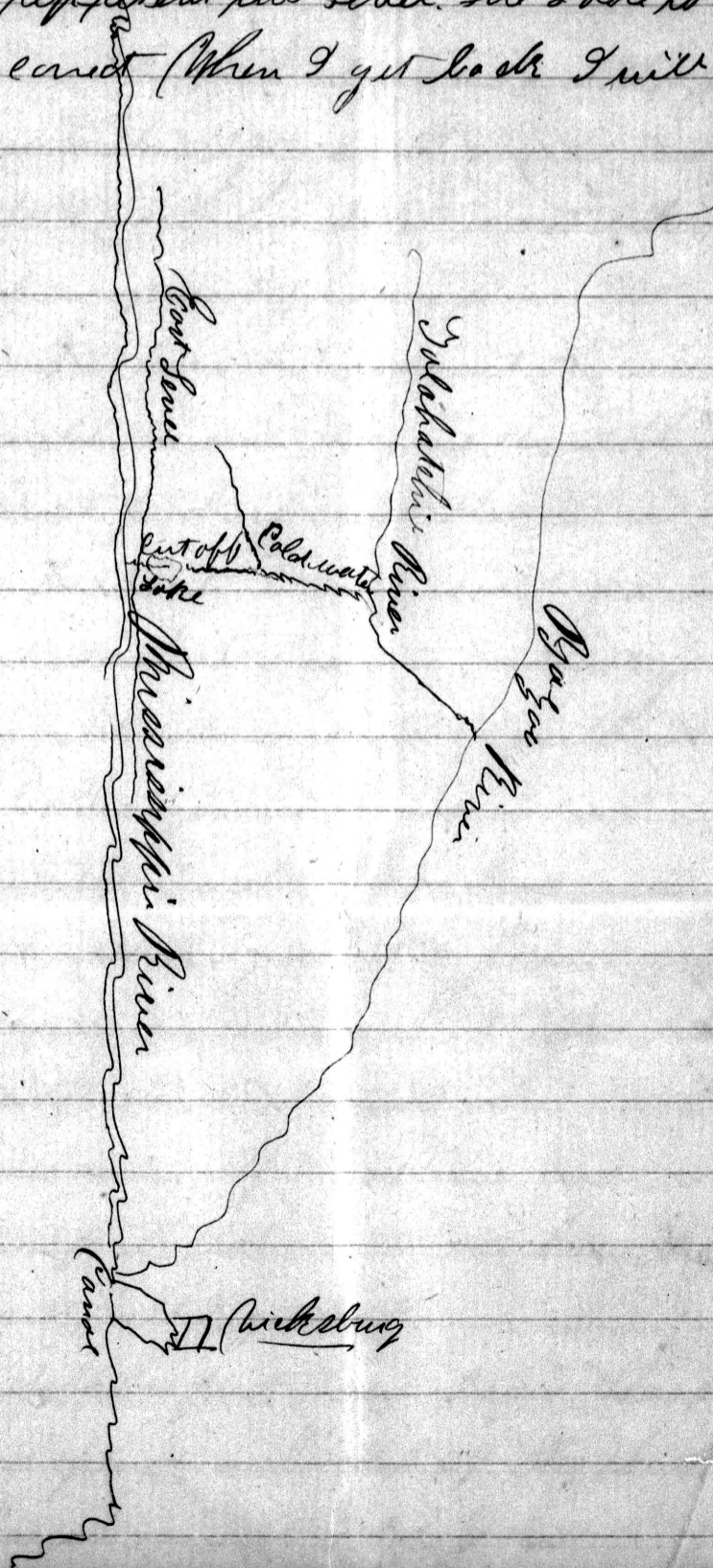
Now Dollie I had to send you so much white paper, but I am sleepy, very sleepy. Then what I am sending you has been while every body is running round over the boat.

Before I quit let me scratch you a rough map if I can. There it is a very poor thing, but it will do no harm.

I done it in half minute and on first trial. The two left hand lines are intended for the Mississippi, the other shorter is aimed to represent the lower. The Lake is too near the river to be correct. When I get back I will make you a good one.

Keep writing go love,
Goodly further time.
Dollie

W. F. Garrison



Thursday Morning, Feb. 26, 1869

My Own Darling:

I must tell you the good news this morning - I got four letters from you last night. Oh, darling, do you think you can know how much good they did me. I had not heard one word from you - except that little note since the 28 of January. That was longer than you had to wait to hear from your Dollie. And then you are in so much more danger, you know. But I thank God, they come at last - good, precious letters every one of them. They are dated from the 29 of Jan. to the 11 of Feb. but there was none written between the 1st and 7 of this month. I know you wrote to me in that time but it has not come yet. Your letter of the 1st inst. was mailed at Cairo the 21st. It is very hard to wait so long for our letters, but there is so much comfort in them, my love, when they do come. There is nothing I must scold you for a little, you must not do it any more. You must not apologise for your letters, or talk about there being errors in them. Oh, darling! Do you think, if there are errors in them, that your Dollie

sees them - or knows it? To her they are the best letters in
all the world. If you could know, my dear one, how I
read them, and and miss them, and cry over them, and how
I love them and keep them carefully under lock and key
for fear some profane eye should ever see them, you
would not apologise any more, and you would send me
every scrap you write. Oh, my pet, they do me so much
good. I want to know your most idle thoughts - I want
to know everything about you. All your letters are good,
sweet love, but the best ones and the ones that tell me
most about yourself. Then don't be afraid to send any
thing you have written to your Dollie. It may be, dear love,
that these letters are all that either of us will ever know
of the other again, then why should we not tell everything
to each other. We will, my dear one, won't we? And we
won't write letters to be criticized, but we will pour out our
hearts to each other just as if we were sitting together by our
own fire-side. You say I am "the only true friend you ever
had" I am glad darling - not that I am the only friend
you ever had, but that you know I have been your true
st friend. I have always wanted to do good, my darling
and I have loved you more than all the world, besides,

has loved you. Don't you know I have, sweet love?
And I am proud of you. I know you are good and true
and noble, and I feel every day that you are the only real
friend your Dollie ever had. All the happiness I
ever knew in my life, I found in your love. I never
shall know any apart from you. All I ask of Fate is
that you may be given back to my arms just the brave,
loving, truehearted darling that you are. I don't want you
a grave Senator or President weighed down with cares
and responsibilities. Ambition, never of itself, even
when gratified, brings us happiness. That comes, when
it comes at all, through the exercise of the affections.
Don't you remember Lord Napier - the hero of the
Crimean war? While he was on the highest round of
the ladder of Fame, and a whole Nation were singing
his praises, some one was talking to him about it,
and he said "I would give it all to be at home a few
days with my wife and little girls." It didn't satisfy
his heart, and it never can satisfy the heart of a
good man. Then, my pet, don't get the blues be-
cause you think you have not accomplished as much
in life as you ought. You have accomplished a great

dear. Think of the thousands, who with better opportunities, have done for less. And you will do much more, for one young yet, darling. I have faith in you, and I know you dear one. I don't want you to have no ambition, you know I don't, pet; but I don't want you to get discouraged and make yourself unhappy. You must not do that. Dollie must not let you do it. You were sad, when you wrote all these letters, and it makes me feel so sorry for you. You needed your Dollie there to love you, and pet you up, and comfort you, just as she needs you to love and comfort her so often. Oh, it is hard, darling, that loving hearts should be torn so far apart. But we will try to be brave, and the end will come after while. Then ^{we} will only remember this bitter time to make our happiness more perfect. You say I am good or I would hate you or the Government one, because I suffer on account of the war. Why darling! Hate you, my only loved one, because you are a noble patriot, because you are suffering privations, and risking your life in defence of your country and mine! Hate the government, because, in its ^{hurry} to grapple with deadly foes, it calls on me to give all I have to the cause! No, my precious one, I love both, but I love one so much more than the other, that my poor patriotism can hardly bear the dreadful test. But the more I suffer for the cause, the deeper the cause is to me, and the more steadfast is my faith in the final triumph of Right over Wrong. I am not in despair about the result of the struggle. It will end right yet, my love. I was dreadfully out of heart a while. I saw no hope for us, but the prospect brightens a little. It will grow brighter and brighter. My trouble is all about you, my darling, and I can't help it, though you say I must. I do the best I can, sweet love, and I will all the time, but I love you so much, so entirely and you are all I have in the world to love, goodly, my dearest one.

Thursday Four o'Clock, P.M.

My Dearest Love - I will write some more to you this evening, just because I want to talk to you, and because I know you like a long letter best - I judge you by myself, darling. I don't write you as long letters sometimes as I ought, I'm afraid. When I don't hear from you for a long time, I get so unhappy and restless that I can't write hardly. If I do wrong you must forgive me, dear love. I don't tell you much news, but I tell you all there is. There is little neighborhood news and gossip, but I don't hear it, or know what it is. I care nothing for it, and you would not care to listen to it, if I could tell it. We have something else to think about, my pet, haven't we? Life is very earnest and real to us, now. The little thought five years ago, when we pledged our faith to each other that we should live in such eventful times. It was well, darling, that we couldn't foresee this long, cruel separation. It is well now, that the future is hidden from our sight, whether our portion be bright or dark. I have no war news, except what is in my papers that came last night. I will send them to you, my dear one, and you can read them as soon as you can this. I am sorry you are so discouraged about the war, sweet love, but I don't blame you, for there has never been a gloomier time than the last two months since the war began, I think.

But the "Old Ship" is not going down yet, I trust. The soldiers have spoken and their words have struck terror to the craven hearts of Southern traitors. Don't it do you good, love, to hear the noble fellows talk to them? The Copperheads have learned something, and that is, that if they end the war the soldiers will come home, and they don't want them at home, in the mood they are in at present! They would quake to see them coming, and not without reason. So they are beginning to take in sail, I believe the soldiers have saved the country, in a way they never dreamed of when they left ^{their} homes. All hail! brave, loyal hearts! I don't think we shall hear any more, just now of the Northwestern Confederacy. But the traitors are only scared, they are, by no means, converted. Their hearts are just as black as ever, but their silence will be a great deal gained. Don't you think so, my good darling? Then let us take courage, and hope on, a little while longer, dearest. And surely, if I can "hope on" we all can, for no one has more at stake than I have; few have half so much. It is cold here - in the west room - without fire, so I will quit, and write again to-morrow. Shall I not, my loved one? I know you love me, and think of me, wherever you may be and this thought gives me comfort, and keeps my heart from breaking. Good night, my own precious love. Good night!

Friday, Nine o'clock P.M.

Good Morning, my Love! We have a beautiful spring day again. The sun shines bright and warm, and everything would look cheerful if it were not for the mud. That gets no better. I never saw the like in my life. Jane is sick with cold and sore throat. She can be up. I am not right well. The erysipelas - or whatever it is on my face didn't get quite well, and I took some salts this morning. It makes me sick a little. I shall be over it in a couple of hours I guess. I wish I could know how my darling is now. What would I not give, my dear one, to be able to spend this day with you, in your little cabin, on the banks of the great "Father of Waters." Wouldn't you like to have me there a little while, love? Everything is going on as usual here. Father & Pearson are gathering corn. The mud is so deep they can hardly get in the field with a wagon, and they have been gathering in a basket and conveying out enough to feed with, for sometime. They thought they could stand that, and they have taken a wagon this morning. Father manages badly. I don't think his mind is right at all. I am afraid he will be wild again some day. If his boys here were all gone to the war, I don't think he would have any harder time than he has. He is very kind to me, and all of them are. Don't be uneasy about me, my sweet love. You must not be

I am afraid sometimes that you will think hard of me for staying here. But indeed, darling, I could not do otherwise. If you were here you would see how things are, and you would not blame me. I did the best I could, my pet. My going to Aunt Anne's, after you left me here, made such a talk that it annoyed her to death. She was afraid it would break up the friendship of her family and this, and remember, they have been friends for twenty five years, and expect to die ⁱⁿ the church together. She likes me almost like one of her own children, and wanted to keep me there, but she could not in peace. It was troubling her, and I couldn't stand that. She is a widow and alone you know, darling, and almost as friendless as I am, as regards her political faith. She hasn't a friend to stand by her, but two or three other widows. She isn't worth a change of powder. She is old, and getting very frail, and your Callie couldn't be willing to stay and bring trouble into her family. I know my "Peaches" wouldn't want me to, when she is such a true friend to us both. Would you, love? I knew of no other place where I could stay, dearest, and if I had gone anywhere else, the same hue and cry would have been raised about it, and I should have had no friends. If I went to Green castle or anywhere else to board - I had no acquaintances or friends there - and I had just as well have gone to Memphis at once and been near my friend. Don't you see I had, dear one? I know that you can't know, dear love, just how things are here. How you won't think hard of me, will you? Father's folks wanted me to stay. They are better and kinder to me than they are to each other. They are careful to say nothing to hurt my feelings, and I say nothing to hurt theirs. It would nearly kill them for me to stay in this country and not stay here. Father was greatly troubled about my staying away so long, I don't know what the rest thought. Whenever you think I had better go home, darling, I will go. I am willing to stay as long as you think best. But I don't want you to blame me, love, for what I have done - if you can help. If we ever meet, my precious one, we will talk about it, and I can tell you more than I can write. Aunt Anne goes sorry for me, and would cry about our troubles. She would say she didn't know what was right to do.

I have not had any letter from Iowa lately. When father writes he don't
tell me much news. I don't know half so much as you do about the war
feeling there now. I don't think it can be as bad as it is here. Those old
men who have sent their sons to the war, I don't believe, can be gagged
and silenced like the unionist here, who have done nothing, and suffer
nothing, severely, for the cause. Don't be afraid, my pet, that when the gal-
lant soldiers come home they will have no friends. Every one will have
some home friend to love them, I hope; and then every one will have
five hundred thousand soldier friends. What a host, love! But you
know, dear love, where one soldier will find his welcome home, don't you?
You will know where to find the heart that loves you, and the arms that
are waiting to clasp you. And I know the joy that will fill one poor
heart when my captain comes home. This is a long letter now, I will
quit writing and help get dinner. What will you have for dinner, my pet?
Goodly, my own sweet love. Keep up a brave heart, and may God bless you
Dollie