

Now, my darling, I will tell you what little I know about your business. I have one hundred and nine (109) dollars put away for you. 75 I brought home with me makes one hundred and eighty four, (184) Besides I have a little change in my pocketbook. This is all, darling, tell me what you want me to do with it. I shall not use only enough to buy me a summer dress (I would not do that, if I knew I should not see my "Peaches" this summer) and paper and postage. I want you to have all the money when you come home, my pet. Father is going to look after Bartlett and Cooley in a few days. He thinks he can get what they are owing. There are ten dollars coming from McCay yet. Father says he will do the best he can for you. He thinks he can collect a good deal yet. But he cant do much till he gets his corn planted. It cost me more than I expected to come home. I have spent so much money, love, during the last eight months that it makes me feel bad to think of it. But I hope it has not been wholly in vain. I think it has not. I am going to be saving now, my sweet love, till you come home. The my fine clothes will do me some good, the new silk dress I bought in Westport I have never had on, but once, since the day we went to Providence, I wore it when I had my likeness taken for you. But when you come home I shall need it. I will dress better than I used to, my dear one. I used to do wrong about it and I hurt your feelings sometimes I am afraid. I didnt mean to do wrong but I see now that I did. Wont you forgive me, dearest? Forgive me all the wrong I have done, my husband, and I will try never to displease you again. I will try to be worthy of your love. Can you, my darling? If you get sick, or need me I want to go to you. Will you let me? I will start at an hours notice. Tell me whether I may go, darling. Dont think that I wanted to forsake or neglect my only loved one because I came back to Iowa. You wont think so, will you? But I cant hear you say a word, love, and it grieves me. I come because I love you, and love our cause. But if it was wrong you must tell me so, my dear, tell me all you think. I will write to you again to morrow and tell you, if I get a letter this evening. Send all your letters to Scammon. Father says tell Will to send his letters there too. He is going to get all his mail there. The post office is well kept there I say. I will write some more after awhile, dear love, if I have time before this starts. I will try to send you a letter next time. Please write to me, dear, and write long letters. Remember the last letter I have is dated the 9th ult. Nearly a month ago. Good by, my precious love. Keep in good spirits. He will be happy enough to pay for all our privations when you come home. Wait up, my pet. God bless you always. Please write to your.

and Mrs. Keworth over and help each other and to fall for good and long. I hope the next night. She needs a great deal, but only more money. She says she wants to go to see you and her long some home together. She takes notes and letters and Mr. Keworth for love for you, and says tell her she took out some about your

Home, Friday Night, May 1st 1863

My Dearest Love:

I sent you three letters yesterday by Mr. Grison, who is going to Helena for his own. I hope you will get them. He can take them quicker than they could go by mail. I have had no letter from you since I came home. I am troubled about it, my darling. You said you would send me a letter to Osprey, but none has ever come. I am going to send to Sagoy and Scammon to morrow to see if any have come there. If you sent any more to Indiana, I think there has been time for them to get to Sagoy. Martha Fleckens is going there for me. She wants to go any how, and I promised her a horse. Father is going to Scammon on business. I havent heard anything from Woodside since I was there Wednesday. I will go again before long. I have been cleaning the yard and making garden today. I am planting garden for you, my pet. You will be hungry for vegetables when you come home, wont you? I am going to have plenty, darling. I have worked too hard to day, I guess. I am not right well to night. My throat is sore. I have taken cold I think. I shall be well again soon. I wont work so hard any more. I hope you will come home before long my sweet love. I believe you will come, and I want to work and get everything nice for you. I can never do enough for you. It is such a pleasure to think I am working for you, dear one. I am in good spirits about the war, and if I could only hear from you, that you are well, I should get one better than I have since you left me. I see that the people are friends. I have not seen a Copperhead, or heard a disloyal sentiment uttered since I started home. You dont know, my love, how much stronger I feel. I am afraid I was getting, as you say in the army, demoralized. That would have been bad, wouldnt it, dearest?

There I have plenty of work to do, that is one blessing; and I feel that I can do some good. Father and mother have done a good deal for the cause they have given three brave, young hearts, and six strong arms to help save their country. It was all they could do. Now I can do much for them. And when I can do nothing else, I am willing to work to raise corn to pay taxes, to help sustain the government and carry on the war. A sacred cause makes even the humblest labor dignified and holy. But I know another way - I know one, as noble a soldier as ever drew a sword, whose lonely hours, perchance, I can beguile, and whose heart I can sustain and encourage by loving, cheering words, sent in the "letter from home." Do you know such an one, my pet? (Do you know how much your Dollie loves you? Do you know how intensely, how entirely she loves you? God bless you my precious one. My daily paper has not come yet, and I have no very late news; but the latest I have is very good. Have you read General Sherman's speech at Lake Providence? It is in the Tribune I sent you yesterday. We cannot say any more that the government has no policy. It has a policy, clearly announced at last, thank God! This announcement is a long step toward a great victory, it seems to me. It is right and just. Matters seem to progress slowly in all our military Departments, but a great deal more is being done than appears on the surface, I think. I can't believe, my dearest one, that the war will last till Christmas. We hear again that Vicksburg is evacuated, but we have heard that story too often to be startled by it. But I hope it is true this time. I want it to be true so bad. I am so uneasy about you, my darling, when I think that you may have to go there. But I won't complain of anything, my good love. I have not heard any local news. I have not been out yet except to Mullins's and to Woodside. I didn't go to meeting yesterday. I hated to ride in the wagon so much. I made some flower beds in the yard while the rest were gone. I must raise flowers you know, beloved. I am

going around so soon as I get my garden made and things arranged. Nearly all the neighbors have been to see me. They say they are glad I am come back. And I could be glad, darling, if I knew you were pleased. I am afraid you think hard of me, love. I can't bear that. It is ten o'clock nearly. I am tired, my pet, and I will put up my paper till morning. May I not? Good night, sweet love. I dreamed of you all last night. May heaven bless you, good night.

Saturday Morning, - I will finish my letter, dear one, and send it to the post office to day. We look for Capt. Wilson and his wife here to day, so I will write early. I am well except my throat. That is hurting me. I hope to get a letter from you this evening, and if I don't will cure me. I do want one so bad, my precious one. I can get letters at Hannibal as often as I did in Indiana, if you write as often as ^{you} did then. And you will, won't you, love? I shall not have to go for them always myself. Mr. Sheets takes a daily paper, and he says he will bring mine, when ^{he} goes for his. By the way, how does John Sheets get on? His wife, they say is a rank traitor. We want, if not the only one in this neighborhood. John has been writing some desponding letters home, about the "siege war," and she shows them to the neighbors. Poor fellow I am sorry for him! It is hard for him to be there making his life, and not one friend at home to say a kind word to him. It is no wonder he falters, is it, darling? His father and mother are all right, but that is not enough. John Teater's wife is the same way, I have heard. I didn't talk to her about the war. The weather is warm and dry. We need rain. Father is "laying off" corn ground. The hay is rolling. He is getting on with his work very well, but it is hard on him. He don't complain. As I come home through Iowa I couldn't help noticing the many old, white-haired men, and little boys - some hardly as tall as their plow handles - that were working in the fields. I knew, full well, where all the young men were. But the farming is going on better than you would think. They have to work harder, but I have heard no one complain yet. Some say their girls must go in to the fields. If we have a favorable season Iowa will be "all right" another year.

Later, I have only time to add a few words to my letter, ending, before I send it off. I will write all I can you know, always. Capt. Wilson has just been here. His wife couldn't come to say. She had company. Father was gone so there was nobody to talk to him but me. Of course we talked about the war. He is all right. He saw Matt two or three days before he started home. The boy he looked fine, and there was never a better soldier. He told me a good deal of his experience. It is a wild, rough life, but he liked it pretty well, till he lost his health, then he wanted to come home. I had to tell him all about Indiana. He knows nearly everybody there that I do. He liked Henry very much, and tried hard to get him in his company. He thought father prevented his going; he saw him and talked with him on the subject. He had never heard of Henry's going. I promised to go to see them soon. I think I will, because they are such strong Unionists. Mrs. Wilson's people are all traitors, and she had a stormy time all alone with them, while he was gone. I must quit. Goodbye, my sweet pet. I will write again tomorrow. I love you dearest, ah, how much I love you!

Helena May 2nd / 1863

My dear Darling

As I expected, night before last when I wrote you in regard to Wills condition, he is much better. He has been improving very nicely I saw him late this P.M. He was clear of fever then and had taken a little nourishment, but was too weak to sit up any. He is in a very nice way now to get well. Don't be uneasy about him. If any thing happens him I will write immediately.

Yesterday we had a little excitement in Camp for the first in Helena. For the last week Gen. Sherman has been sending every day, about one hundred and fifty mounted men out on the Du Grange road on a reconnaissance. Yesterday morning they ran into an ambushade of three or four hundred rebels some ten or twelve miles out, and got pretty badly cut up. Out of one hundred and forty men - all of the Third Iowa Cav. they lost killed wounded and missing forty two. So I learned this evening. Of that no. three were killed nine wounded and the rest missing. They think the missing are all prisoners. This is about all I know of the fight. They claim that the rebels out numbered them four or five to one, that they, on first sight of the enemy, made a charge forward, when the enemy closed up in the road behind, and surrounded them entirely. Then each one took care of himself.

There were none hurt from our neighborhood. Oliver
Breese went through all right. One of the Delay boys from
near Conterville was wounded in the hand - not serious
3rd Lieut Stanton from Appinouse Co. has one arm ball
by injured. I have not learned yet whether it will have to
be taken off or not. About one o'clock there were some
two regts of Cavalry sent out, and I think, two of infantry
they came in this morning and reported all quiet, and no
enemy to be found. Of course such a report is just
what we expected to hear.

The news from Chickasaw this evening is good, if true
they say our forces have reached the rear of the rebels
and have turned up the rail road for ten or twelve miles
that they are advancing on the rebel fortifications, and
have captured three of their largest batteries. When the
boats left they say firing was going on all round the
rear of Chickasaw clear up to the Yazoo River. If all
of this be true we may expect stirring news from that
direction soon.

I am quite well this evening Dollie. I would feel much
better satisfied if I knew you were at home and well. I hope
you are. Tomorrow morning is our mail day again. I hope
to learn then that you are at home. Then I will be all right
again, and ready for any kind of duty.

I will quit for this evening My Darling, and fix my
cap and go to bed. Mayst I love, I will lie there and
think of you in Iowa. Good then sweet Darling
M^r J. Merritt

Helena Arkansas

May 5th / 1863

My Darling,

Sergeant Prosher is out calling the roll
Lieut May is up paper intending it. The Regulations
require that one Commissioned Officer shall be present at
every roll call, and we are trying to live up to the Reg-
ulations just now. The other evening I was up attending
to it myself and giving the boys a little lecture. After I
was through I looked round and there stood the Col
that night the boys had done first rate, but the Col was
somewhat drunk and of course he had to complain same
I paid very little attention to him. About once a month he
takes such a spell. He drinks very hard. but still I have
but little trouble with him any more.

Mill Kemper is improving finely. He day he has a good
appetite, and can sit up in the bed a little. I was down
to see him just before sundown, and found him sitting up eating
his supper. He had good light bread, tea, potato soup, roast
potatoes, and some nice well cooked shries. That was plenty I
thought. The Hospital he is in nothing but a regimental concern
in tents, but it is well managed. I think I know something
of how such a concern should be conducted, and I have been
there enough to be able to judge of that. Mr Westfall is there
from my Company as nurse, and he makes a good one too.
We had him detailed when we were down on the Alleghatchie.

Will Davenport is quite sick with a typhoid grade of fever. He went to the Hospital this morning. I think he will get well, but he will be sick for some time. We have now, in the Hospital Will Kemp, Will Davenport, John Smith, Will Gresson, Samuel Wright, John Clouser and Elijah Manley. All of them are improving however but Davenport. Mr. Worthington was returned to the Company today to make room for some one worse off than he is. On day after tomorrow we will start Mr. Worthington and Will Gresson up the river. Probably more but I don't know who.

Since writing the above I have been out fighting my tent. There is quite a storm blowing or has been. The rain is just beginning to blow through what few cracks there are in my tent. I will be all right if the wind will only stop blowing. The rain will not hurt me, I never get wet through the tent.

The Court Martial is still going on. We dispose of about one case each day. We have tried nothing yet of any importance.

We only sit now from eight A.M. till twelve M. of each day. Then if the boys were to get a long well in the Company I would have nothing to do all the after noon. But I generally have to come home and look after things here the rest of the day.

When you get rested you will go to Woodside, and see how things are going there now, Dollie. Yes, I know you have been there before this. You would not be at home till you get there and see Noah and all the other stocks. You will want to see them as bad as I would, and that is pretty bad. I want you to write me every thing. All about

how Teater is getting along. If you think he is doing right tell me so Dollie, and if he is doing wrong tell me I want to know just how things are going. Notice if Teater is cutting any of the Grove for wood. I don't want that done if it can be helped.

We have nothing special from Richburg. We all think the great fight has commenced. We all feel more sanguine than we ever have before. Grant is moving in the right direction this time. The rear is the place to make the attack. I have some hope that if Richburg should fall into our Army in the rear that Grant will capture the most of his Army. The fighting here is going to be decisive there this time I think. The enemy surely can whip us or all get away. The papers today say Hooker is on the move. If that be correct, there is going to be stirring news from that direction before this reaches you. From there you will get the news first. Dollie.

The rain is falling now very rapidly. It is thundering very loudly too. I will quit and put this up Dollie. I don't know whether it is a good letter or not I am. I will not stop to read it. That is the way you get your letters from me now love. I write them as fast as I can, and generally send them without ever reading them. No doubt they are full of errors, but Dollie, can make what I mean. If you had to write as rapidly as I write love, I expect you would send me about such letters as I send you.

Goodbye for this time my love, Write me long letters
W. F. Vermilion

New York, May 2.

The Tribune, in addition to what was telegraphed yesterday, says the movement down the river was a feint.

Wednesday night, the 3d army corps, which was at Four Mile Bridge, marched up the river again and joined the 2d at Banks' Ford, and early Thursday morning the 1st corps followed in its path, and also halted at the same ford, so that on Thursday morning there were three corps across the Rapidan River, marching straight on the rear of Fredericksburg by way of Chancellorsville, a village about 2 miles distant from that city, and three more at Banks' Ford, with the road to U. S. Ford open and communication established with the advancing columns. All the sixth corps is in position, to move directly upon the rebel line of communication, and the 7th corps, still with a formidable display of colors, threatened to cross below and assail the other flank of the enemy.

It may be well believed that Lee evacuated Fredericksburg precipitately and fell back towards Richmond. Telegrams to this effect were received yesterday, but were based on presumed necessity of retreat, perhaps, as much as upon any direct information. If it is not true so much the worse for Lee. He had no alternative but to march out of Fredericksburg or to fight, with the certainty that his whole army if defeated will be destroyed or captured.

Stoneman, with his cavalry corps is in the rear of any position to which Lee can possibly fall back, and we shall probably next hear that both the Virginia Central and Richmond & Fredericksburg Railroads are severed. In that case Lee must fight with what forces he already has, for no reinforcements can reach him before Hooker falls on his isolated forces. We regard a great battle as not merely inevitable but imminent, perhaps already fought.

The groundlessness of rumors which filled the city yesterday, may be judged from the fact that no telegraphs and no communication of any kind, except official, are suffered to pass outside the lines to the North. Those which allege that a battle was fought below Fredericksburg, are manifestly exaggerations of skirmishes which occurred when the troops were first thrown over on Wednesday, and circulated on ignorance of the facts that the whole of that movement was a feint.

It is impossible to suppose Hooker has divided his army, meaning to attack the rebels on both flanks at once, and without communication between the two wings.—The inevitable result of such a strategy would be that with a small force Lee would hold one-half in check while he hurled his whole force on the other and destroy it, then annihilating the other. Considerations and probabilities of information on that point is positive.

The accounts of a gentleman who left Fredericksburg on Wednesday evening, represents the citizens as fleeing in every direction. It is believed the city will be shelled and probably destroyed. A complete panic prevails through the whole country. Stuart, Lee and Hampton with their whole cavalry force were in Culpeper, watching Stoneman. They have all been intercepted by the Federal infantry, and if Stoneman bestirs himself he will capture the whole concern. A brigade at U. S. Ford barely escaped leaving all their camp equipage behind.

Wheelock's brigade marched out from Fredericksburg, intending to check the advance of Hooker's army, but hearing the magnitude of the move, ordered back his brigade, which fled panic stricken back to the fortifications.

Gen. Lee and Jackson are in command at Fredericksburg, Longstreet at Suffolk, and P. Hill and Pickett in North Carolina.

There are four brigades three miles this side of the city, with orders to fall back to the rifle pits on the approach of the Yankees.

The train from Richmond failing to arrive at Fredericksburg yesterday it is believed the railroad has been cut by a portion of our cavalry sent out for the purpose. The troops from Germania, Elys and U. S. Fords have joined. Thus far all is well.

Philadelphia, May 3.

The following statement is derived from a gentleman who left the Rappahannock on Saturday. He says it already is known that our troops have crossed over with much less opposition than was anticipated. The enemy massed a considerable force on the railroad front on Thursday. As soon as the rebels learned, on Wednesday, that our forces had crossed above, they commenced to move troops out to intercept our advance, and continued all night and the next day. Trains have been running constantly with troops from Richmond, and the enemy had all the available forces around Fredericksburg.

Later news from Chancellorsville is that Stoneman had cut the railroad. This is stated on the assertion of a General of the army, who arrived at Washington on Saturday morning. There is no doubt but that our army was at last accounts, in the most cheerful and hopeful condition.

A Radical Speech by a "Conservative."

Among the speakers at the great Union meeting at Springfield, Ohio, on the 11th inst., was Gen. S. F. Carey, of Cincinnati, well known thereabouts as a "conservative" of the strictest sect. In closing his remarks Gen. Carey said:

Now, a few words on the politics of particular men. I was not in favor of Fremont's proclamation, but I have got religion since then. [Laughter] This war will not cease until slavery is sunken. It has been the economy of God in all past history to make slaveholding nations fight for the removal of the curse.

Not at first, but now I am in favor of using negroes in any way to assist in putting down rebels. [Cheers.] When we all come to this we can close the war.— [Voices, "That's so."] Let us save the Union and the Constitution, and God will take care of the white and black race.

When you hear a man vaporing about Mr. Lincoln's breaking the Constitution, with nothing to say about Jeff. Davis, set him down as a traitor.

If you think Mr. Lincoln weak, then the greater scoundrel you are if you do not help him. [Cheers.]

A rebel has but two rights—a constitutional right to be hung, and a divine right to be d—d— [terrific cheers.] God bless Mr. Lincoln with all his faults.— [Roaring applause.]

We are making history; let us pledge to make it well.

The speaker then spoke at length of the marvelous work accomplished by our government in the last two years. He spoke of the sacrifices of mothers and fathers, and in the flowing blood of thousands to leave the heritage of a free government to their grand-children in great peace, and scorned the idea of the nation not being able to meet its debt. He wanted, and should ever demand, the right of way to pilgrimages to the graves of Washington and Clay.

The rebels are guilty of a crime, but we shall be guilty of a greater one if we do not crush them.

New York, May 2.

A special to the Tribune dated Memphis, April 30th, states that the Jackson Appeal of the 24th says a Yankee cavalry expedition in central Miss. is threatening Columbus and Grenada, and exceeds in daring all former raids. The Appeal has intelligence from Arkansas that the rebels are rapidly strengthening under Kirby Smith and Sterling Price to soon give the Unionists trouble in Missouri.

Gen. D. H. Maury is transferred to the rebel army in Tennessee.

Chancellorsville, Va., May 1.

Yesterday a congratulatory order was read to the troops. The auspicious opening of the campaign has electrified them:

Headquarters Army of Potomac, }
Near Falmouth, April 30. }

General Order No. 47.

It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the commanding General announces to the army that the operations for the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our ground where certain destruction awaits him. The operations of the 5th, 11th and 12th corps have been a succession of splendid achievements.

By command of Maj. Gen. HOOKER.
S. WILLIAMS, A. A. G.

Cairo, May 3.

The rebel account of running the batteries at Vicksburg by transports, differ in no essential point from that already given. A Vicksburg correspondent of the Jackson Appeal says it is humiliating that these transports should run our batteries at pleasure. I cannot help but feel discouraged at witnessing the imperfect arrangements here to repulse the enemy.

Col. Greerson's raid into the heart of Mississippi has spread consternation through that State.

The Jackson Appeal is terribly incensed at the Federal plan for employing negroes. It says the wages provided are but nominal and that the whole thing is a scheme to put money into Yankee pockets.

The rebel Gen. Taylor is above Eupolinea, Ala., and falling back toward Alexandria. This leaves the route to the mouth of Red River, distance 80 miles, open to Gen. Banks.

Gen. Prentiss is strengthening and adding to the fortifications at Helena.

On Wednesday last a body of rebel cavalry captured a construction train on the Memphis & Charleston R. R., a few miles from Grand Junction. A part of it was burned, the throttle valve pulled open and part of the train sent to Grand Junction without any one on board.

Wednesday Morning, May 6th. '63

My Dearest Love:

I have not time to write only a line or two this morning. This must start to the office directly, or it will not go this mail. I need not write much, for I sent a long letter to the office yesterday, which will go in the same mail with this. I hope you will get both together. I write this to tell you love, that the money you sent me, reached Hovinn yesterday. There are four hundred and thirty dollars for me, and some for father our boy says. He may be mistaken about the amount. I sent him to the office last evening to take my letters and get my daily, and Mr. Phillips sent word to me by him about the money. It had just ^{got} there, I don't know by what means. It is at Phillips. Kinner or I, one of us, will go after it tomorrow. The wind is blowing so very hard to day that I can't go, and father is not able to ride, with his back. It will be safe till we go. But, my darling, I feel badly about your sending so much. I am afraid you have not kept enough to supply all your wants. I want you to have everything my pet, that can do you good, or make you comfortable. You know I do, my sweet love. I hope I shall get a letter to day telling me what I must do with the money. What ever you say shall be done. It shall be saved for you, dear one. Oh, darling, if I knew you would come home to enjoy it, how joyfully would I hoard it up for you! I know how you like to have plenty of money, and how hard you have worked to get it. But, my own sweet love, if—forgive me for saying it, but the thought is in my heart—pet, if you should not come, what must your Dollie do with it? Write, dear one, and tell me all that is in your heart, all you think. I can bear it, beloved, and would rather you should tell me. It can do us no harm, love. He can't help thinking of it sometimes, you know, we can't, my darling. I won't talk to my good love, about it now though. I know you will do right. I got Monday's paper last night. There is not much news, only what I will send you in this. I am well to day, my dear, though I coughed all last evening nearly. I have had a severe cold. I don't think it will trouble me any more. I can hardly wait till evening, dearest, to send a letter so much I think.

I will get out at Casper to day. There is nothing ^{ing} so ~~and~~ heretofore. People are planting corn. Winter is going to commence to morrow. It is quite cool yet, but bright and clear. If you are still at Hoboken, I think about to day you will see Mr. Gissens and get three letters from Dollie. That will be a plenty for one time wont it, dear one? I sent you a dollar worth of postage stamps, and a pair of socks by him too, I dont know whether you will ever get them, but I hope you will, pet. I wish I could send you something every day, if it were only the veriest trifle. But I cant send you anything but love and good wishes. And these are wafted to you on every breeze that passes. This makes six letters, darling, that I have sent you since I come home, - in twelve days. And I would have sent six more if I could. Procter is getting better. He is able to get in mischief whenever he finds a chance. While he was at Mullin's he learned a trick of hunting the hen's nests and eating all the eggs he could find. The children would often have a race with him to see who should get them first. They thought too much of him to scold if he beat them. How my precious love, I must say goodly. But not for long, for I will write to you again to morrow. Write often love, if you please. Your letters comfort me, always. They are better than sunshine. Dont get the blues, my love, if you dont get the major's position. I am afraid you will a little. But I wouldnt care for it, my dear. You have the love and confidence of your men. Are you not glad of that, my pet? But now indeed I must quit. Goodly, and may good angels watch over you, my sweet love!

Your own
Dollie.

Read Gen. Cargis speech. I think I
have seen him, and heard him preach
several times. He is a sort of a Parson
Warrelow preacher.

Helena Arkansas

May 6th / 1863

My Darling,

Will Kemper is still improving. I was to see him just before night. He has not sit up any to day, it has been too cold in their tent. I wish, ^{he} sincerely, he will soon be about. All the boys are improving, but Davenport. He is having a spell of typhoid fever. He is quite sick but not dangerous yet. None of them have been sent up the river yet.

Our Court Martial progresses slowly. Nothing has been before us yet of any importance. There is one case I believe from our Regiment. We are quite lucky in that respect. No, I will take that back. We are unlucky, for Capt Phillips ought to have been arrested and tried for treason. It is a shame that such a man should be allowed to leave the service, and draw his pay from the Government. For some time before he left, he was in the habit of writing letters home for the boys, which ^{he} always filled with treason. He wrote one for John Waford of my Company, which was published in the Centerville paper. No day I got a copy of it, and took it to Waford, and asked him if it was his letter. At first he hesitated, but finally acknowledged having that it was. I asked him if Phillips didn't write it. He hesitated again, but finally acknowledged that he did. I told him then that treason could not exist any longer in my Company if I knew it. And it shant. Writers shant receive pay from Government, an my certificate if I know it. And the most of blopper heads in my Company are just hesing to learn the facts.

Henry Maiken got a letter today from his wife, in which she stated that you had been there. I am glad of that. I did not get any letter, but I got hear from my Dollie any how. Henry's wife says you look first rate. I was so glad to learn that. You must get fat like your Mother again. I get home.

No news from below today. The St. Louis Democrat of the 2nd, says Walker is on the move. That he has crossed the Rappahannock. We hope for good news from this poor

May 4th. We have good news from below today, if it be true. Report came up late this P. M., that Fort Hudson, twelve thousand and prisoners, and a large amount of guns, I think the news is so good to be true. I hope it is though. The report of Grand Gulf is confirmed.

Will Kemper is better, materially better. He will be about in a few days. The other boys are all improving slowly.

I am not very well this evening Dollie. Nothing very serious though. I have Rheumatism in my legs. I have just taken a full dose of Opium. I guess I will have a good time sleeping to night.

Early in the morning. I rested very well last night, but did not sleep much. I have just eat my breakfast. I have not heard from the sick boys this morning, and can't till noon. I have to go to the Court room at 8 o'clock this A. M. I have nothing new this morning. The boys in town are all pretty well. Write me long letters Dollie. I would have made this one a long one last night. Sergeant Grimes came in and I had to talk a while to him. He has Bronchitis. The Maiken boys are the best boys in the world. They don't average coming in

my tent once a month. They are a pair of boys. When there is Sergeant Proctor, the best boy I ever saw. He is the only Sergeant man that we have for duty. He is out as Orderly and Commissary, both. But I do not Dollie, I mention these boys when there are so many good ones, and I can't mention them all. William McCully is not very well. He has some Rheumatism. Billy Smith is as hearty as ever, and a first rate Soldier. Tell his Mother not to be uneasy about him. Will Grison will be discharged I think when he got up North. I am sorry to see he is one of the mad patient fellows in the Regt. They says are all getting a long more quietly now than they have for some time. Some of them have just learned who is Capt. and they are conducting themselves accordingly. The Col. has (that is says) not been round any more since I was at you the other night.

I must put this up now My Darling, or else I will not get it in this morning's Mail.

Goodly My Darling, I will love you all the time. I have not heard from father's folks since you left, I think they will never write to me, I don't care.

Goodly Dollie,

M. A. Bernier

Helena Arkansas

May 9th 1863

Mr Groom arrived here this evening and brought me three letters, some papers, one dollar worth of postage stamps and a pair of socks. Thank you for them all. I needed the socks. So I did the postage stamps.

Let Teater let his calves run on the pasture. But nothing else. Though I don't care anything about his geese and ducks they will have to have some place to run.

If you think best sell the corn to the best advantage you can. If you sell it on time because and sell it to good men. Let Teater some oats to feed the horses on, if he needs them. I can't furnish him any more horses. I will loose the crop first. Watch him and don't let him burn the rails or cut the grove. If I possibly can I will be at home this summer to look after things a little. You do right to tell him so. I wish Mullinix was there. He was not to occupy your part of the house neither was he to have the pasture I will sell all my stock next fall. Has Mullinix any horse All the sick boys are doing very well except John Smith I am afraid he will die. Will is walking round, so is Sam Wright. Poor John Smith I am sorry for him.

I can't write much to night Dollie. I am better of my Rheumatism about well. I will try and write you more to morrow Give my warmest respects to your father and mother.

I hate to send this poor letter Dollie, but I cant write to night
I conium is a small place for you to get your mail at love
You will have to go there too often. It is a bad place. Then they
will devil you to death Dollie, with horrid tales of one skins and
an other. For instance the had it going that I had been killed, and
a great many other things, that you will had to hear. I will
send them where ever you want them though.

I have written you three or four times Dollie, that I dont
think hard of you in the least,

Watch Heater,

Gods Dollie, I love you

W. H. Pennington

Sunday Morning 10th

letter from you

I have just received an other
letter from you. I have nothing new this morning. John
Smith is no better. The other boys are all better I believe
I will write more to night

Will

All the news from the East is bad. Hooker has been driven back again. He is at Holmworth. Stone man did well, but it will not do us any good.

Grant is doing well. He is in the rear of Vicksburg and has cut the rail road between Jackson and that place. Reports say he has already invested Jackson. I hope it is so.

I don't think heard of you Dollie for going home I never have. Be easy about that.

I am glad Mullin's like us. Give them all my respects.

I will give you Dollie, Be of good cheer. I am quite well, I hope you are. I hope all the folks are. I love you my Dollie. I will go to bed and think of you till I go to sleep and that may be till after midnight. I often lie and think about my sweet Dollie till after midnight. Goodbye love
M. A. Merritt

Helena Arkansas May 10th 1863

My Own Darling,

This morning I sent you a few lines for a letter, I sent it to Doonivan, although I hated to do so very much. I hate for you to have to go there for your mail matter, but you know best, and it shall be as you wish. Logranger will be too far for you to go, I wish it was nearer. From now on I will send them all to Doonivan.

John Smith dying this evening. He can't last longer than morning. Poor fellow I am sorry for him. He has kept his faith here as he did at home, but now he has to go. This is another family left desolate by this infernal rebellion. I hate so much for so many of these boys to die, who came just because I die, but I can't help it Dollie. John has had peculiar habits of his own, habits that I could not control. For instance he would eat meat, when he ought not to have done it, but there is no use in talking about his not taking the right care of himself now. His hours are but few for this world.

Will Davenport is not any better. He is having typhoid fever. He is not dangerous yet but I am afraid he will be. Elijah Mantley is not so well today as he has been. All of the other boys are better. Will Kemper is walking about. He thinks he will be up to Camp in a few days. Don't think Dollie because so many of our Company are dying, that we are worse off in this respect than any one else. Some of the other Companies have lost as

as Twelve and thirteen to the Company. The Mainville Company has
lost twelve or thirteen. Each of the Abbia Company have lost
heavier than we have. If Smith dies it will make eight for
us. All of the others have lost more than that, but one that
is the one from Centerville. They are too Verlieh to die

I have been in as much suspense all day as you ever saw
me in your life I fear. The news from Becker has been so
conflicting for several days, and this morning even it was not
definite, not satisfactory. This evening the word is that
he has been reinforced by seventy thousand fresh troops, and
that he is again in Frederickburg. I do hope it is true. If it
is and he was not so badly cut up in the fight last week
he surely can go into Richmond. If he does Vols, and
Gen Grant takes Richburg, which I think he will, this war
must close by Fall. Grant never has done a great deal of
good Generaling in this war, although his men have done some
of the hardest fighting of the war. At Richburg I hope there
will be some Generalship used in place of so much fighting.

Gen Prentiss is still fortifying this place. He is having
rifle pits dug, and batteries planted on most of the hills around
the town. If he continues the work Hellno will soon be
quite a hard place to take.

We move our camp in a few days down on the bank of the
river. People say, who were here last Summer it is much healthier
than here on the hills. The boys who have been down cleaning
it off say it is a very nice place. I think I shall like it much
better than I do up here. This is quite a high hill here, we have
half all of our water from the river, and wood from the timber back
of town.

No more morning at nine o'clock I go again to the Court
room. I will be there till three. We are trying Major Penny
of the 35th Mo. The charges are drunkenness, and conduct
unbecoming an officer and Gentleman. I don't know what
we will do with him. I think he is a bad man. If our
Col don't do better he will be arrested by some one soon. Capt
Lee of Centerville is under arrest. I don't know the charges
probably not much. It is getting quite fashionable here for
a superior to arrest an inferior when he does something he
dislikes. I don't hardly think there is any danger of Col.
Kittredge arresting me. I was told this morning from
a reliable source that he is afraid of me. I suspect such is
the fact. We have no contention any more. While we were
gone down the Pass, I took some of the ^{off} and killed a sheep
one day without any orders. Afterwards I told the Col. about it
he said it was all right. Yet I had asked him if I
might, and he told me no. I wanted some beef for the
boys and I was going to have it.

I will not write any more to night Dollie. Goodly,

Monday night May 11th. John Smith died last night
at ten o'clock. He was buried this afternoon. That is all
of him in this world. I have not been to the Hospital to
day. But I understand Mill is running a round. Tavenner
is better too. I think the boys will all get well now. Mr
Grissom is here yet. I don't know how long he intends to stay.
He wants to get Mill Grissom to go home with him.
I wish he could succeed. He will never be able to do military
duty. I have tried to get him discharged but can't. He is marked
for the river.

Sunday Evening, May 11th

My Love: It has rained all day, and there is no prospect of its clearing up. I have been thinking all day, in truth ever since I read your letter yesterday darling, of some plan by which I can be nearer to you, and can go to you if you should be in a battle. I can't rest for thinking of it, sweet love. I have thought of a plan that may be better than nothing. I think it is. Let me tell you what it is, and then you tell me love if you approve of it. Let us understand each other. I shall get my daily papers tolerably regularly. If you should go to Vicksburg, or get in a hard battle anywhere else, I shall learn it from them in a little while. You know I will watch them closely. Then as soon as I hear of the battle darling let me go to Keokuk - without waiting to hear from you, by letter. Then you or some one for you my pet, if you should be hurt - telegraph to me there. The telegram would get there before I could, but I should not be long going, and then if you wanted me I could go right on to you, darling. If you were safe I could come home, and get back by the time a letter would get here. Do you understand, my love? Don't you think it will do. I would a thousand times rather do it, dear one, than remain in suspense. I could get father or Mullinnis to take me to the cars at an hour's notice. The dispatch would be waiting for me at Keokuk and I would know whether to go on or return. Are you willing to arrange it this way? If you are love tell me as much as you can about it, or suggest anything you can, and it will be settled my darling, and you can do on your Collie not failing you. You can send the dispatches whether the news be good or bad, and depend on your Collie being there to get them. If you should not need me love, it would be only the expense of my trip. Are you willing to settle it thus - you sure that I will go just as soon as I hear of the battle, and I sure that you will send the dispatch there? I have talked to father about it, and he says it will be better than to wait for a letter. That I might save at least five days, if you should want me. Write what you think of it, my pet, as soon as you read this. I should not mind going at all. And I would stay till I heard from you. I can't think of anything better. If you can, dear one, tell me. I want to do something, that will, better than waiting here for a letter when you may be suffering. In case you should get sick darling could you not send a telegram to Keokuk and have it mailed there, to Leoninum? I don't know whether it could be done. I wish you would ascertain, my love, and try to make an arrangement to that effect. Will you, my sweet love? If it is possible, my dear, don't neglect it. I would go to the end of the world to find you, if you only say you want me. If you like my plan, darling tell me at once, and I will be always ready. I will keep my trunk packed, with all I should need. Think of ^{it} my good love, and tell me if you approve of it. Goodly now. I will write again

Sunday Night, May 10th, 1863

My Own Love:

I got two good letters from you this morning, dated the 26th & 28th ult. I was so glad to get them darling. But I am sorry to hear of Will being so sick. Poor boy. And he has the chills, and is homesick. I know. I wish it could be in my power to do something for him. I fear he will never get well. Rather don't think he will. He says he has felt that he would not, ever since he heard of his sickness. Mother is very uneasy, but she is calm and patient as she always is about the boys. Rather wants me to give you his earnest thanks for the care you have taken of Will. He will write him self if he can. I look for the next letter to bring us still worse news of him, my dear one, but I will hope for the best. I know he wants ^{for} no aid that you can render him, darling. If it were you in his place now, my pet, oh, what could I do my love? God is merciful to me yet. Let me trust him for the future. I feel sorely disappointed, my pet, that you think you can't come home this summer. But I will hope yet that you will come. Do try, sweet love. Since yesterday I have wanted you to come more than I ever have. For the first time since you left me I feel that I can make your visit pleasant to you. I have got everything neat and clean and comfortable. I can make you happy, my darling. Oh, don't say, love, that you can't come. I am afraid yet that I did wrong to come home. But believe me, dear one, I came for your sake, more than my own. You know when anything hurts me I feel keenly, and it was very hard, darling, to hear such things said about you. It was more than I could bear. In any other house than your father's I would not have borne any of it. But I tried always to remember that it was your father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and I remembered the reverence and respect that was due them from me, and that I had gone there of my own accord. I wanted to do right, love. I tried to do right.

As to your writing to them about it, love, I have nothing more to say. I thought for your father's sake, and mother's that it would be best to say nothing. They are old, and feeble, and I would have spared their feelings. But in my heart, dear, I can't blame you. It was not from any regard I had for traitors, that I asked you to forgive, but regard to your parents, as such. They will blame ^{me} with it all I know, but that doesn't trouble me now. Jane and Henry won't blame either of us. I heard last winter that father told old Mr. Wright that he didn't believe you would ever have gone to the war if it hadn't been for me. I don't know whether he said it or not. Sally Drummington told it. I never spoke to them about it. If I could see you, darling, I could make you understand my position there, better than you can from my letters. I may have done wrong in ever telling you anything about it at all. But you are my husband, love, and I had never had a secret from you. I didn't know how to keep anything secret from the only friend I had. I told you nothing but the truth, and you shall do as you think best about telling them your mind. Tell me what you say to them, and what they say in return. Who of them have you written to? You won't own Bunyon as a relative. Tom has disowned him too. I didn't know that till Jenny told me, the last night I stayed there. Not because of his treason, I think Tom does not object to a gentle traitor - but because, at the Dav. Vorhees meeting at Green castle, he got very drunk, took off his coat in the streets and made a general spectacle of himself, and had to be hauled home in a wagon. Tom said he never was so mortified in his life, and that he never should call him brother again. But father and mother knew nothing of all this. The children keep all such things from them. The boys knew him well before ever he married Ellen, but they said nothing against the match. If you had gone there to see me, my darling, the visit would not have been a pleasant one for you. I know my love too well. But if you should need me, darling, and I could not get to you, I shall never forgive myself, never in the world. This does trouble me, my pet. I can hardly bear to think of it. Is there no way that I can go to you, or be near you? Is there nothing I can do? I do hope, dearest, that you will not be in any battle, but you

may get sick, like poor Will, and need your Collie so much I can't talk about this. But if I can go to you darling, please let me. They say Col. Kittredge's wife was with him, even during the expedition to Greenwood. I am glad you were pleased with the route I came home. I had no trouble, I met with nothing but kind and respectful attention from every one I came in contact with. I met two or three pleasant traveling companions, especially an old lady who lives in Davis Co, and the old gentleman and his niece from Keokuk. I didn't get my birds pooping. I wish I had since you remembered them, I thought you would forget them, love. I wanted them much, but I thought I couldn't take care of them this summer. If I should be gone all day mother couldn't feed them. How good you are, dear, to think of such things. It would make me love you more than ever, if that were possible. How I prize your gentle, loving heart, I cannot tell you, my pet. Words are poor and weak. But you feel it, love, without my trying to tell you. That is enough. Gentleness and true nobleness go always together. I should like to have seen old Mrs. Brown, if I had had time, but Humphrey told us such hard stories about her I was almost afraid to go to stay all night with her. We have war news in plenty. I got yesterday's paper to day. Hooker has met a repulse. It is not a defeat. But he has not accomplished much. His loss is heavy, ten thousand they say, but I hope it is not so bad. He is not discouraged, and is going to make another effort. I am very sorry darling, and I am disappointed. I had hoped such great things from Hooker - and I do still. The news is good from every other quarter. The arch traitor Vandenberg is arrested at last, and is to be tried for treason. Isn't that good, dear one? If he is punished as he deserves it will be worth a great victory to us. And I think he will be. Prussia is wide awake. She is doing good service. It has been a blustering disagreeable day to night is very stormy, but no rain. It is nearly eleven o'clock. I will quit writing, my dearest and go to bed, and think and dream of you. I have written to you oftener since I came home than I did before. If I could only see now, and talk to you all night, how happy, how thankful I would be. But I will be true darling, as you tell me to be. Good night. My own precious love, good night.

I don't feel like going to bed Dollie but I believe I have
said all I intended to say when I sat down. No there is something
I wanted to say to you but I have forgotten it. It was some
thing about Woodside. Let it go I will think of it in a day
or two. I sent you some \$4.30, to Mr. Mathew by Mr. Wolfe
Wolfe of Albion I am anxious to hear I hope you have
got it before now keep it I don't know of it and. If
I go home I will meet it, otherwise you will meet it
I will stop now and go to bed Dollie. Perhaps I will
write you more in the morning, perhaps not. If I don't
I will write to you tomorrow night Goodly love, Goodly
Dollie, I wish I could see you this evening but I can't
these are war times and we can't do as we would wish
we must suffer for a while, but there is a better time com-
ing, Goodly love

W. A. Vermilion

May 16th Early in the morning. I didn't write any last night
but I will talk a little while this morning, though I don't know
what about. I have no news. We have heard nothing since day
before yesterday of any importance. It can't be so long. There
will be stirring news from the East soon, although Hooker is
still on the East North side of the Rappahannock. I wish he
could have staid on the South side and held Fredricksburg
The moral effect would have been worth so much. Don't you
think Hooker will be superseded if something is mad done soon
I fear he will. But there he must do something. It will not
do for him to remain idle all summer. The people will
get tired of having that army remain inactive so much
when the armies in the West are doing so much. Rose-
crans is doing all he can. So is Gen. Grant, so are the
troops under them. This is all I can put in this letter Dollie
Goodly for this time I will write again tomorrow.
W. A. Vermilion

Blissful moments. Will. Crook's half brother
I read his paper last night on the evening about
five o'clock. He will succeed this morning. All the
I wish was the water

Helena Arkansas
May 14th / 63

My Own Dollie

An other day is past, and I
am here at my table writing to Dollie again. Every
night for the last ten days about this time (which is
just after retreat) I have been sitting here writing to you
and still you are afraid I will forget you or get mad
and quit writing. What makes you think so love. I
have surely send you as many letters - or almost as many -
as any one could have done. I send them all because
I want to though, and because I have to. When the
days work is nearly finished I begin to think about
sitting down and talking to my love at home. If I go
to bed without writing I feel as though I have done
something I ought not to have done. And I have to
Dollie, I ought to write every day while I am lying
here in camp, and I will, or as nearly so as possible
You write me good letters and a good many of them too
and it would very mean in me not to write often
to you. So don't be uneasy about my not writing
especially as long as we are lying here in camp. Your
word will give love.

As for the news, we have none to day. There has been no word from below since yesterday, and I believe I told you something in my letter last night or the night before about the rebel prisoners. I told you then all I knew of things below. I am a little uneasy about Gen. Beauregard's position in the rear of Vicksburg. He may be all right but I can't help feeling some uneasiness. If he can get Jackson before the rebels get their reinforcements in there from Mobile and Charleston he will be all right. Or if he can't fall back and take Vicksburg before the enemy can fall upon him from the rear he will be safe. Military men are just beginning to see his condition. It may be that he understands himself sufficiently well to know that he is all right. But you know that he had to fall back last winter from our beyond Holly Springs. That move was intended to operate on the rebels rear at Vicksburg. But less said, if he comes out right he will be all right other wise he will not. Our Court Martial has been going on head again to day. Major Gen. Kiskadee as a witness this fore noon. He is quite a good old fellow, though he surely can't be much of a General. He has never commanded much.

The sick boys are all doing very well except

Elijah Manley. He must die in a few days. He is sinking. He is a step brother of Mr. Eads. He never was sick a day in his life till he came in the service. I have not seen Will Davenport to day. He was moved to the Red Hospital this morning. He will be better satisfied now I think as Doctor Sawyer has charge of all the sick there. He is their old family Physician. Jonathan Potts, who used to live down East of Corinth, was dying late this evening. In all probability he is dead before now. He belonged to one of the Albion Companies. There were four of the Potts boys in the regiment when we left Hooker. Now there is but one, if Jonathan is dead. I don't think they were all brothers. These men are all dying from the effects of the tip down the Yellowfever. It was was the worst tip on men I ever saw in my life. Sometimes some of the men were cooped up on the load for some ten days or two weeks without ever being on the ground. I was myself at one time. They could not cook as they ought, neither could they attend to their washing as they should have done. All of which has a tendency to demoralize men and make them sick. They sickened and died, they are dying yet and we can't tell when it will stop. The mortality in all the men's regiment was very great.

The following order has been issued by
Gen. Hooker :

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, }
May 6. }

General Order No. 49.

The Maj. Gen. Commanding tenders to this army his congratulations on the achievements of the last seven days. If it has not accomplished what was expected the reasons are well known to the army. It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity, or resources. In withdrawing from the south bank of the Rappahannock before delivering a general battle to our adversary the army has given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself and its fidelity to the principles it represents in fighting at a disadvantage. We would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, our cause and our country. Profoundly loyal and conscious of its strength, the Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interests or honor demand. It will also be the guardianship of its own history and its own arm by our celerity and secrecy of movement. Our advance and passage of the river was undisputed, and on our withdrawal not a rebel ventured to follow us. The events of the last week may swell with pride the hearts of every officer and soldier of this army. We have added new laurels to its former renown. We have made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in his entrenchments, and wherever we have fought we have inflicted heavier blows than received. We have taken from the enemy 5000 prisoners and 15 colors, captured and brought off 7 pieces of artillery and placed hors du combat 18,000 of the enemy's best troops. We have destroyed his depots, filled with vast amounts of stores, damaged his communication, captured prisoners within the fortifications of his capitol, and filled his country with fear and consternation. We have no other regret than that occasioned by the loss of our brave comrades, and in this we are consoled by the conviction that they have fallen in the holiest cause ever submitted to the arbitrament of war.

By command of MAJ. GEN. HOOKER.

(Signed)

S. WILLIAMS,
Asst. Adj. Gen.

[Special Dispatch to Chicago Tribune.]

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 11.

A number of deserters were arrested to-day, a mile and a half from the city, and taken to Camp Butler under an escort of cavalry.

About 300 rebel sympathizers, fully armed, met at Dobson's Prairie, about twelve miles from Marshall, in Clark Co., last Saturday, for the purpose of drill and parade. They were instructed in the exercise by two men, one belonging to Morgan's gang, and the other to General Price's army. Parties of Copperheads have also been holding meetings and drilling at Castleton, six miles north of Marshall; also at Martinsville. The meeting on Saturday seemed to be a concentration of the forces for parade, etc.

Tuesday Morning, May 19th, '63

My Darling: I am well this morning. If I could know that you are well, I would be all right now. I hope you are not sick, my pet. I feel better about it than I did yesterday Sunday night. I dreamed troubled dreams, about your being sick, all night. It made me have the blues, darling. Last night I had good dreams of you. The mail comes in to Keokuk today. Father is going down to get my papers, and he thinks he will get a letter from you there. I wanted to go to Mr. Gilbert this morning and see if I had not a letter there, but father persuaded me to wait till tomorrow. I am very impatient and anxious, my love. But I will wait as well as I can. Brooker is well I think. He don't seem the least lame any more. I think the shoes helped him. The old fellow has been having a good time of it. I mean to make him work some now. I wrote to you last week, dear one, about going to you if you got sick. For fear you never get that letter, let me tell you the plan I proposed, again. It might not answer in case you get sick, sweet love, but if you should be hurt in a battle it would. The moment I learn you have been in an engagement, from my daily papers, I will go to Keokuk - without waiting for a letter to come up here - and when I hear from you dear, I will either go on to you, or come back home. You send me a telegram to Keokuk at once, whether you are well or not, knowing that I will be there to get it. Then if you are well I can come home, if you should need me, my love, I would be well on my way to you. It would save us several days time, darling. Are you will to make such an arrangement? I would not mind going to Keokuk at all. The dispatch would be waiting for me there, and I would know at once whether to go on or return. I think it would be better than nothing, love. But we should understand each other so well, that there could not possibly be a blunder. Tell me what you think about it, my precious one. I want to do something that will bring me in reach of you, if you should need ^{your} help. I can think of nothing better than this. It will do, darling, won't it? You be sure to send the telegram knowing that I will be there to get it, and I am to go, knowing the dispatch will come there. I said so much about it last week love, that I won't talk any more about it now. But I feel anxious. Tell me what you think, sweet pet. Tell me all. This is a poor letter I am sure, but you will forgive your Dollie this time, won't you? I will write again to night. I write every day, my love. I won't neglect you. I will write all the time. I wish I was sure you get all the letters. I would send you my daily papers, love, but there is nothing of importance in them, but the telegraphic news, and that would be so old you would not care about it. I think. Tell me if I shall send them. I don't know whether you get the papers, send you or not. I will try to send you a letter tomorrow my good darling. Keep in good spirits, my love. Try to write me a long letter. How goodly. May good angels watch over you, my precious. Mother sends her love to you. Write as often and as much as you can, darling. Your letter are so good. I love them. Your own Dollie

Sunday Night, May 17th, 1863

My Cross Darling:

I got one letter from you today, dated the 6th or 8th inst. I was so glad to get it, love, though I thought I would get two. I wanted two. I am sorry you were not well. I am uneasy about it, dear. I am afraid you didn't tell me all about it. I am afraid you were worse than you said. Always tell your Dollie when you are sick, and tell her all about it, won't you, sweet love? You never told me you were sick at all - or I never got the letter while you were down on the Toller-hatchie. Will spoke of it, and several of the boys wrote about it. If you don't tell me, dear one, I know you refrain through fear of alarming me; but trust me, love. I always want you to tell me everything, good or bad. Tell Dollie everything, as she tells you. I am glad that Will is doing so well. I hope is almost well by this time. I won't write much to night, my pet, for it is getting late. I have not been well since yesterday. I was quite sick last night. Don't be troubled, darling, it is nothing serious. I shall be better in a day or two. I miss you so much when I am sick, love. I missed you last night. I wanted you to take me in your arms, and kiss me, and love me. I have missed you all day to day. I miss you all the time, everywhere, my pet. We have had a house full of company to day. Let me tell you who were here. David Emmons and his wife, and Leroy Hancock, and Mr. Garrison, and Mrs. Thorton Davis and Mr. Christie. All staunch Unionists, every one of them. There was later news in my doilies, than any of them had heard, and Davis read all the late news to the rest. The news is good, and it did them all good to hear it. I wish you could have been here, my dear one. David Emmons looks pitiful. He can't walk upright. He says if it hadn't been for you he would have died. That you did more for him than anybody else would have done. He told me a good deal about your being so good to the sick boys. His lieutenants he said never come to see them, even if they sent for them. But you always did, even if you had been there just before.

Mrs. Garrison said a soldier from the 36th - I don't know what company
but not your staid all night at their house a few nights ago, and he spoke
in terms of the highest praise of you, before he was aware that they knew anything
of you, or had ever heard of you. The same story, my good darling, I hear it from
all quarters. And I know it is true of you. And I am so glad that you are appreci-
ated, glad for your dear sake, pet, not for mine I would know you are good
and love you just the same if every man in your company hated you. But I
want them to like you because you are good, and it will please you, and make
your duty so much pleasanter. I am suffering a good deal, to night, sweet love,
so I put up my letter and go to bed. I will write again to-morrow. I write every
day to you my precious one. Good night, and God bless my own dear husband.
(I have been quite unwell to day, my darling) Monday, Nov. 21st, P. M.
Just see what a blunder I made writing in that line! I am ashamed of it, but my
love must come, will he? He can understand it. I don't know what to write about
this time, pet. Nothing has happened to day. We have no more news. The last we
got is not so cheering, but it is what I expected to hear. We have not captured
Richmond yet. But I believe we shall, before long, too. Stonewall Jackson
is dead. I think there is no mistake about this. And it is said Gen. Von Dorn.
We have no more news from Grant. I wish I could hear just from Dick King.
There is no news from below anywhere. Have you heard that the convalescent
soldiers at Heath's have arrested H. Clay Deane? I don't suppose they can
do much with him unless they hang him outright. He has been traveling
all over this state and Illinois organizing lodges of the K. K. Co. He ought to be
suspended. It is a nice, warm day. I have been sewing. I had some under-
clothes to make, and I thought I would do something at it to day. I have not been
well enough to do much. Don't be uneasy about me, dear one, you know I shall
soon be well. I don't like to sit in the house and work. I get so lonesome, I stay
out doors as much as I can. I work in the garden, and tend my flower beds. What
would I do, love, if I couldn't have flowers? There were two or three children here yes-
terday, and they were worse than that swine pig, on the flower bed. It took me a good

while this morning to repair damages. The place here don't look much like it did
when mother was alive. She couldn't clean up, she is too old. And then she never
had any tact about housekeeping. She couldn't help it. I wish you could come
home, my sweet love, if it were only for one day, or two. I don't want to urge you
if it is impossible, darling; that would only make you feel bad. But I want you
to come, alone all things in the world. You know this, my pet, don't you? It is
seven months to day, dear, since we got to your father's. I didn't think then I
could live seven months, without ever seeing you once. It has been a dreary seven
months, my love. But I will not think of this. When you come home, we will
just pay ourselves, won't we darling? We will be so happy then, that we shall be
more than paid for all we suffer now. Oh, that you may come soon, sweet
love! Sometimes I don't know how to wait. I am uneasy about you, all the time
dear one, but I am more anxious since you told me you were not well. I can't
help it. If you should get sick I don't know what I should do. What could I do,
my love? But I hope you are not sick. You must keep well, dear one. I hope
I shall get another letter to-morrow, with good news in it. I am afraid you don't
get the letters I send you. I wrote to you at Le Grange as I came home, and that
letter ought to have reached you, before Henry Maiken got Mary - some day
later, when I sent you three letters by Mrs. Garrison. He ought to have been there
by the eighth surely. I paid postage on them, so that if you should be gone when
he got there he could mail them to you. In all, my love, this makes either 11 or
12 letters I have sent you since I came home, nearly all of them long ones. I hope
they will all find you. I know you want them, darling. Tell me when they come, dear.
Letters come from Helena to Scranton in six and seven days, often. And some
of them must reach you in about that time. Father says Mr. Phillips takes
all possible care to have the mail go quick, from his office. I am going to send
all my letters there to be mailed, I think. I can't write my love a good letter today,
I feel too bad. I will put it by now, and maybe I can do better to-morrow. You
know I love you with all my heart, don't you, my pet? I think God that I do
love you, just as I do, and that you love your own poor
Pallie

Helena Arkansas

May 19th 1863

My Dear Dollie,

Yesterday was a hard days work for the Regiment. In the forenoon they had to go out Brigades drill and in the afternoon we moved from the hill where we were Camped, down here right on the river bank. We are now about one mile above town, with our tents remaining up just as close to the bank of the river as we can get them. It will be healthier here, I think, and it is much pleasanter, in fact it is as pleasant here as it well can be. We will be handy to water here and then the facilities for washing and bathing will be good. The men can walk every evening if they wish. There are here plenty of nice shade trees. We are all well pleased with the change. The Hospital was moved yesterday. It is now down some where between here and town, I don't know exactly where. I must go and look it up this morning. Will see doing finely when I saw him last. I am just now doing very well too. But Dollie he is not right on the poor question. Yesterday when we were passing some of the boys found a letter of his that had been dropped from some of the baggage. It comes from Sam Davenport to him in reply

To one Mill had written home to Sam and his father
in which he pitched into the Union Men at home and
the abolitionists generally. Sam said his father was well
pleas'd with the letter and so was he. Sam thinks
the time may come when the Abolitionists and Repub-
licans will have to try their courage up in that re-
spect of the Country. I am sorry Mr. Caspary is
Orderly I am sorry I suppose the Company to elect
him but elections have play'd out in Co. 4. I will
make the appointments if there should be any vacan-
cies here after, and I will put loyal men in the
Line, and would each give considerable money if
Levi Brothar were orderly. He is one of the best boys I
ever saw. He does his duty, and all of his duty, and
that without any trouble with the ^{me} or grumbling on
his part. In several respects he has been the only boy
we have had for a duty. He has acted orderly and Committed
Sergeant too. The boys all like him, and he is moral and
loyal to core. Mr. Caspary can never get any
higher if I can help it. The Company would not
elect him if it were to do over again. Good enough on
this subject, I will quit now and go to the Court
room. Goodly Willie.

Now I have just came up from town. Dinner is not quite
ready and while I have by I am getting it I will tell you
some more.

I came home from town hungry. Our dinner was not
ready so I went down to where the boys were eating and got
a snack to do me till ours is ready. We live very well yet
We have plenty of good Irish Potatoes, and onions and by the
way I can eat as many of ^{the} latter as you, but not quite so
many of the former as you used to. The Onions agree with
me finely now. They cost right smart but still we get them
and keep the most all of the time. The boys have just
come in with the dinner sooner than I expected. So I
will have to quit again. I will finish this to night
after the boys all go to bed. That is the best time I
ever have to write. Every thing is quiet then.

Eight o'clock P.M. Mr. Grier will start home tomorrow next
day. We have succeed in getting the privilege of sending Mill
so far north as Keokuk. There I think he will be discharged
He ought to be, he is not for the service by any means, and
never will be. Samuel Wright ought to go north too. The
Drs are going to try to get him off in a few days. He is not
quite so well as he was a few days ago, though still able to
be about. I wish they were all well, and if they can't
get well I wish they were at home. Many sick sol-
diers could get well - who die here if they could be sent
north, to their own climate. Of all treatment that is the best
Of course they don't all get well, who are sent north be-
cause in many instances they are not sent soon enough.
Mill

Lately. I have been thinking lately - good to day - that if
I knew you would remain here during the Summer and
I could get a good loyal family for you to board with I
would have you to come down here and stay a while. I
have just been thinking of it this afternoon. But you could
not stay with a rebel family, my Dolley, and I fear I al-
most know there is no other kind of people living here
We could have probably an hour or so every day to spend
together. Of course I would have to be on duty every day
and I don't know that I could get the privilege of remain-
ing on the side of the line any of the time with you, but if
every thing else was certain and satisfactory, I would
go and try Gen. Prentiss for that privilege. There is no
Officer of our Regiment who has his wife here, in fact it
would not do under such uncertainties as we are labouring
under now, for one may be called upon to go to Wickburg
at any time although it seems now as though we were
going to remain for some time. This Post will have to
be guarded, and our Division make more to many for the
duty. This is quite an important point. This afternoon
Gen. Ross sent round some very good order and citizens
passing the line. Most of the most important roads are now
instructions not to let them pass at all. They can visit
the fortifications any more. I believe I had better penetrate
by mail my Dolley, Mrs. Garrison might loose it.

If I have time I will write a short letter and send
by him to mother. I did not know he was going
home so soon. My Dollie or I would have had some
picture taken to send you. I don't think I can get them now
Dollie before he will start. I have been hunting for some
thing for the last week to send you but I have not got any-
thing, and there is nothing here to sell but sutters goods. Nothing

worth sending you love.

I will send this by mail. It will reach you sooner
that any other.

Goodly my love,
M. A. Williams

Friday morning 23rd in stead of the 22nd
my letter had laid here longer than I intended
it should I have but a very few minutes to write
I thought of some things I would like to before I closed.
John Runyan received a noble letter from W. J. it
got him down considerable he looked better than I
ever seen him he brought it up for Father to read
and gave it to him and he could not make it all out
and gave it to me to read and read every word of it and
gave it back ^(he asked me) what was in it I told him, nothing but
truth, and walked out he said Martha read it to him and
cried for two hours. poor girl she had her own troubles
oh Mary that she was the light-hearted girl she once was
Mary if I ever see you I will tell you just how things
are going on here, now they are not as they were when you
were here. I am glad you are at home you can enjoy your self if I
knew you could not hear. There will be several answers
to that letter Bill Runyan says he is going ^{right} to him one now
if he does hope he will consider the same and let it go for what
it will fetch. I will right write to you as often as I can
please dont forget me. Keep in good spirits I think
of you often excuse this scotted letter. Jane Vermilion

Wednesday May the 26th 1863

Dear Mary:

I did not think when I parted with you that
it would be so long before I would write to you but
it has been such a busy time with me that I could
hardly think of any thing but my work, mother has
been down at Martha's ever since you left here except
just to come and see us she came last Sunday a week
ago and staid until Tuesday and has not been home
since John has ^{been} up here plant ing corn and I have
had his field full of bands to cock for be sids
all our own. (I reckon mother had took a notion to land
their garden she is staying so long so you wont scold
me for not writing any sooner if I promise to do better
here after, I will write to you Mary if they dont
get their suffer this evening for I be fice you are
the only one that is half way a friend to me any how
I received your good and welcome letter last ^{Wednesday} ~~Monday~~
and ever chance time I would get I would read it over
I seen Jane Alice a Sunday and I gave it to her for

for her father to read. I have not seen Amanda for a long
time & she went home the next Saturday after you started
I miss her I will assure you I wish she was here to help me
keep house, Mother all ways made me the fire I could not
keep house by myself but I have got to believe better
I am just as good a house keeper by my self as any body,
to put them among so much hard work of every kind.
I wrote Mr. T. a letter last week and am going to write him
another before long Henry will him over yesterday and
mailed it at five more as it was going after the daily's. He
has got him a shot gun and that is all because for as
the papers and his gun when he gets a new paper he
will read the news to one while I cook and read them over.
I will pick up the paper when I am waiting for the cows
to come or the boys to get ready for their breakfast &c.
Mr. Henry is out a squirrel hunting he had a good laugh
at me just after dinner today I had six little turkeys
old quabater and some of the old shag, high had killed
all of them but three and nearly all of my little chicken
& I wanted him kill a great tall ugly shag high
that was standing in the dove he would not and told
me I might have the gun if I would I rary redily took

the gun and leveled it on a chair back just before the dove
just as I was going to pull the trigger he stopped me and I
looked up and saw Father coming up in the pasture just
before the gun he told me to wait until he came
up and then I might shoot so I was on about my
work and forgot the chucking I came and sit down freely
close to him with my barrel on a rail my eyes fixed
on the dove he had the gun in his hand and
he shot the chucking and the noise of the gun in the
in the house thir come out of my chair with a yell after
that he laugh about it a long time he thought I would
be a great hand to shoot if I could not stand the noise
of a gun no better than that.

among it is of no use for me to try to write a long letter
for if I were to fill up two sheets of fool's cap it would
be nothing in it worth reading let me tell you how
your tree comes on it covered with leaves and mine is only
bursting buds the yessamin is as full of blossom it is
of leaves many the clock has struck five I must leave my
letter until in the morning the boys are at work down
on Gahns place and will not be here before dark.
I have writ this in a ^{hurry} you will have a time reading of it
God by for to night

For sometime I have been sending your letter every
other day. I write some almost every night before I
go to bed. Love this right Dollie. I know you will
say it is. Sometime ago I sent you a box of
my hair. That will do you till it grows longer
The news today is conflicting. Not satisfactory
Goodbye now Dollie Write me good letters

W. F. Richardson

Helena Arkansas May 12th / 86

My Dear Dollie

I have no good black ink so I
will write with this, just this time
I have been to your old day. The Court has been trying
Major Perry of the 96th Mass. Capt. for the last four
or five days. I don't know what we will do with him
This morning I saw some seven or eight hundred
prisoners going North. They have just been taken down
by Gen. Grant. They were a motley looking set of fellows
All or nearly all were dressed in buttoned suits. They were
roundabouts. Some were bare footed, some had on no
shirts. All were very dirty. They looked very hearty
Looked to be in better health than our men. One fellow
was chewing tobacco. I told him I did not use
it. Some of them said we would get Wichita but we
could not take Richmond. Someone told him that
we had it all ready. He looked round and told some
of his comrades that we (meaning the Federals) would
know it - well when we got that place. But the
news is still this afternoon that Richmond is taken
If that should prove to be true my Dollie, down goes
the Southern Confederacy. What is the greatest thing

we could possibly ever hear of. If such should prove
to be the case and Grand Capture (Richburg) and what
rebels are there we will all soon be at home. But all this
is too good news to expect. I don't believe the
about Richmond yet. When I get the papers to-morrow
morning I shall form an opinion. I don't intend to
suffer myself to be disappointed any more. I won't believe
your news till it is confirmed. That is the best way.

The sick boys are all doing very well here. Elijah
Manley. I have not been to the Hospital to-day but
some of the boys have been. They say they are all better
but him. I wish he would get well, but I am afraid
he will not. We can't help it if he doesn't. I will write
no more to-night my good Dolie. I should take a
good bath before I go to bed. I like a good bath at night.
May 13th. Board adjourned this morning in consequence of some
excitement. The Fifth Kansas got into our tents this morn-
ing on their return from the field. During the day there was
some excitement here. We were all kept ready to move at
a moment's notice but we were not called on for anything
so the day passed off in idleness. This evening the forces
that have been out in reconnaissance for some time returned.
The Cavalry had a little fight last night, and on other again
this morning they lost a few men killed and some wounded.

We have not learned the full particulars yet. I go back
to Board again to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. Mr
Elijah Manley is no better to-day. I fear he will
not live many days. Will Davenport is not much better
any better yet. All of the other boys are getting better.
Will McCullough is not very well. He has diarrhea. He
will eat too much, and of the kind of food he ought not
to eat. John Smith did the same way. I told him
some ten days or two weeks before he died, if he did not
diet himself, he would die sure. "I know what my stom-
ach calls for Capt. says he, and I am going to eat it
and I think I will get well immediately." So he did. I
got him in the hospital as soon as I could, but it all
did no good. There are a few other boys will go the
same way if they don't pay more attention this diet. I
tell some of them of it almost every day. But they tell
me that when they do diet themselves, they don't get well.
Of course they all don't. But few bad cases can be
cured in that way. But all may be helped. Bad cases can
be modified, and several light cases entirely cured. All
or nearly all of the cases of bowel diseases die, where
they pay no attention to what they eat. If I get a little
runwell I cure myself by bathing and dieting. Such
treatment is better than ~~any~~ medicine here. In fact
the Doctors have but little medicine in the Army.

[1863]
Tuesday Morning, May 12th,

My Dearest: The rain is over, and the weather is clear and beautiful. I am going to
work in the garden, and make flower beds to day. He and all well. They are planting corn
Will get some to day. We all can say about Will, but I am not going to give way to it, love,
and anticipate misfortune, if I can help it. I hope he is better, I hope he will get well.
I am sorry for him as I can be, and would do anything in the world in my power for him.
But, my dearest love, I am too much absorbed in my anxiety for you, my life is too
much bound up in yours, for any trouble, apart from you, to hurt me deeply. If you were
safe, at home with me, it would almost break my heart for Will to die down there, as it is
I can bear it, if I must, very calmly. I can bear anything calmly so long as I hear you are
well. Do you think it is wrong, my love, to feel so? I can't help it, darling, if it were to save
my life. I feel that you have no one but me to love you, and watch over you, and suffer
with you, if you suffer. I know you have plenty of friends, love, there as well as here, but
you want someone to be nearer to you than any friend can be. Don't you, my sweet pet?
And I know no one else cares for you, as your own Dollie does. You know it too, don't you?
Think of the plan I proposed to you yesterday, and if you think it promises any good to
you, let us agree upon it. I am anxious about it. Write to me about it at once. I hope you
will not go to Vicksburg. I think you will not, but you may be in a battle somewhere else.
I have no war news yet this week. I was troubled about Hooker's failure, but it seems
it is not so bad as we thought at first. At least the enemy has gained nothing. I think
we shall hear better news from that Department soon. I have not lost faith in Hooker.
And I listen for good news now from Grant. His "plans" now promise better I think. Oh,
I hope he will succeed. We haven't heard from Matt since he started on his last expedition.
The Col is mounted now on mules. While they were out before they "confiscated" Matt
said, enough horses and mules to mount the regts, without any expense to Uncle Sam.
Only a few of them had saddles, but they didn't mind that. They are getting to be a terror
to the rebels in that country. I am keeping in good spirits, love, about the war. People
seem to be generally. Mr. Devulary was here to supper last evening, and he asked if you were
as zealous in the cause as ever. I told him you were. He asked a great many questions about
you. They say there are plenty of traitors in Iowa, but I have not seen one yet, my darling.

I think the people here don't know much about them. Just coming from Ind. it seems that way to me. I see no one but friends, at any rate. I don't hear our separation better here, my love, where I see nearly every body else making sacrifices, and suffering for Truth and Right and Humanity. It does make a difference, my darling. Not that I love you, pet, one atom less, but it sustains me in trying to do right, and to be worthy of my noble, soldier love. I know you want me to keep up my spirits, and be hopeful and patient, and I will, dear love. In Indiana I could not. I never want to go there again, unless I could go with a Regt. of Union soldiers, darling, just such spirits as yours and Matt's, who would not be afraid to "smite in the name of Lord." I am wicked enough sometimes, my dear one, to feel like I should like to go there in such company. Were there no traitors in our Southern states, this bloody, cruel war could not last two days. Were it not for them you would not be hundreds of miles from me, in deadly peril of your life, my brother would not be sick, perhaps dying in a dreary hospital, among strangers. Thousands of our noble soldiers would not have been lying lost, weak, cold and stark, on the bloody battlefield of Phocellonville. But let us not talk about these things, sweet love, it will only horrors up our feelings for nothing. Their day of reckoning will surely come. I will quit writing dear one, and help mother get dinner. We are going to have greens. God bless you always. I wish I could kiss you, my darling.

Wednesday Morning:— We are all well this morning, my dear. Lizzie Hitchcock is going to Mr. Gilberts for my letters this morning, I think I will get two. She will take this with her to be mailed. It is only six o'clock now, and before she starts I am going up to Mr. Sheeks to get my papers which he brings there. Father says he dreads to hear from Will. I have written a few lines to him and send in this. If he is getting better he will want a letter from fellows. It was hard work to write to him in such uncertainty. I don't know hardly how to wait for your letters, my darling. I write to you every day. Do you like such scragged letters, pet? I like them from you. I sat up late last night. I wrote to Matt, and then I sat by the fire and thought of my own precious love, for more than an hour. I don't get sleepy often. I dreamed of you while I woked and after I slept. I always do. I hope you will get to be major, if you want it, dear. You deserve it I know. It would gratify you. But don't let it trouble you dear one, if you don't get it. I fear you would be in more danger. I am sorry some of your men cause you trouble. But we could not expect it otherwise love among so many. I didn't think Parkhurst would fight that way. My paper is full. I wish I could send you a flower darling, but I haven't any yet. I will have afterwards. Write as often as you can my precious one, I love you with all my heart. Goodly, sweet pet, goodly,
Collie

no one to say a word of kindness or sympathy to him, least it hurt. If he isn't a good soldier, no doubt this is the secret of it, and I can't wonder at it. Isaac Sheeks writes that they have plenty to eat, and good enough for anybody. They say some of them have written ridiculous stories about the way they have lived, but I don't pay any attention to such things. I don't even know who wrote them. But I know you will never find a hundred men in a company, every one of whom will be good and honest and truthful. We have only to remember this, and let such things pass unheeded. I am always glad, darling, when you tell me about how you are getting on with your men. I don't want you to have trouble with them. I know it vexes you, and makes you unhappy. But some of them will be sure to do wrong sometimes. I hope not very often, for your sake, love. It is getting dark and I must quit writing for this time. I will go and bring in my clothes off the line. I will finish after awhile. In one of your letters, dearest, you said when you come home you thought you would not live on a farm any more, and asked what I thought about it. I think I want to live with you, my darling, live with you always, never to leave you or be separated from you any more. It won't matter to me whether your home, our home, shall be on a farm, or in town. Any place that pleases my love will please me. I think often of the happy home we shall have, not often of where it shall be.

An hour has passed, dear love, since I wrote the above. Now I am sitting here by the fire again (we need a little fire yet of evening) writing on our table. Mother has gone to bed, father is going in a minute, and I will sit here and talk to my own sweet love, and think of you as long as I please and that is all the time. I like better to write to you at night than in day time. It seems as though you are nearer to me then. The still night is about us both. And I notice you nearly always write to me after night. You have more time I expect then, dear. How much you will have to tell me, when you come home, about how you have lived all these long months. Want you, love? I am afraid it has been a hard life for you, pet. Harder than you say anything about. What makes you sit up so late at night, darling? Don't you sleep well on your cot? Have you any pillow? If you haven't dear, make you one. You can get a sack, and fill it with feathers. I never lie down to sleep on our good bed, with a clean white pillow under my head, but I think of you on your cot, and I wonder if you have anything but the coarse blanket under your dear head. Tell me, darling. You shall be paid for all these hardships, my pet, when you come home. You know that, don't you? Keep up good courage, a few months longer, love, and there oh, I hope it will be ended. And I believe it will. I will send this to Scoville tomorrow.

Now. Next day I am going to send you a letter to Lagrange. If you don't get letters often my dearest, it shall not be Polli's fault. The weather is beautiful. Everything looks very nice. The trees have got on their summer robes at last. This is my birthday love, I never thought of it till this minute. I wish you could kiss me, pet. I want a kiss. Good night, dear love, good night. God bless you. I will read the Bawkey a little while and then go to bed. Want that be right, darling your Polli

Wednesday Evening Bright, May 13th '69

My Own Darling

This has been a good day to me. A day to be marked with a white stone, because I have heard so much good news. This morning I went to Mrs. Sheeks for my dailies, and they had just got a letter from Isaac, and his old Will was better. That was good news to us. Then there was good news in the paper. From Vicksburg and Richmond and Hooker! I am only afraid, darling, that it is too good to be all true. You will know what it is, love, before you get this. I will send you the papers. When Lizzie came back from Mrs. Gilbert and brought me five good letters. What do you think of that, my pet? Five good, precious letters all from my own sweet love! Don't you think I was glad? I read them over and over all day. Thank you, darling. Two of them had been forwarded from Mt. Meridian. The others were dated the 2nd of April and the 2nd and 5th of May the last one came in seven days. Then to night we got the Onprey mail - a Tribune and Herald and another letter from you, love, to father, dated the 3rd of May. How good you are to write dearest. I never shall forget it, never. We are so glad to hear that Will is better. We hardly expected to ever hear it. I think he is almost well by this time. I hope he will be careful of himself, and not get a relapse. What would he have done without you, poor fellow! You will have your reward, my love! I have been sitting here by the fire reading to night till it is very late, but I couldn't go to bed without talking a while to you, dear, though I sent you a very long letter this morning. I would write to you three times a day, if I could send the letters that often. I want a letter to night, my pet, just as bad as I did last night. The moment I am done reading one letter I want another. Is it so with you, dear one? I am so thankful that you are well. I am always afraid of your getting sick. It is so late, my darling, that I will say "good night" now, and write again tomorrow. I wish I were in your tent with you to night. I do, dearest. We would talk all night long. Heaven bless you my precious.

Thursday Afternoon, May 14th

My Best Love: I have been washing to day, and I am tired, but I must talk to you awhile. That will rest me better than anything else. Father has just come from Woodside. I thought I would go there this week, but father said he wanted go and I thought that would be better. They were all gone to Pentonsville, and he didn't see any of them. Teater is done planting corn. Capitola is able to work, I suppose or he would not drive her to town. He was riding her to Iovinum the other day. We have had a suspicion that he was furnishing a team to tend by Teater's farm, for six boys to work for him. We couldn't account for the faded horses any other way. But we couldn't tell whether we were right or not. He said he swapped work with them. So to day father went around by six, and found the oxen there plowing. They said they got them this morning. They said the horses hadn't worked there, only one of them while they were planting, and that their team helped at Woodside. If this is true, it is all right. Father told them to take the oxen back, that you couldn't furnish teams to work two farms. They said they would. Father then went on to Woodside and looked around. He saw nothing amiss. The grass don't look very well, it has been too dry. He went over to Mrs. Knopp's and asked him about the horses. He didn't know whether they had worked away from home or not. But he hardly thought they had. Teater told him that Capitola was running when she got hurt. I hope he will do pretty well, darling. He will not do as he would if you were here to look after him; but we need not expect that. I will go there next week, and see what they are doing there. Father saw Mullinnis, and he says he is going next Sunday, to get the oxen and keep them. He says you told Mr. Cade for him to do so. He spoke to Teater about it, and he was willing. My tulips are in bloom, and I must go to see them. Father brought me one, and I am going to send it to you. I will send it with a kiss, my love, for you. Won't you be glad of a flower from Woodside, just one of Collie's own flowers? I know you will. I wish it could be as sweet when you get it, as your rose was when it ^{came} to me. But tulips are not sweet. But it is Collie's flower, and it come from home, our own home, my love.

We heard more good news to day, dear one, they say Hooker is fighting again, and is driving the rebels before him, back onto Richmond. All is going well, and every body in good spirits. Oh, darling, if it is only true! I hope we shall hear it confirmed to morrow. We all want good news so much. Sometimes I almost hold my breath to listen. We have nothing late from Vicksburg. I hope to hear good news from Grant before many days. The latest account was that part of his forces were within twenty miles of Jackson sweeping everything before them. If we get Jackson, Vicksburg is doomed. If this is true, and Hooker can capture Richmond, don't you think the war will soon be over, my love? I think it will. Oh, what a wild hope, darling! I don't know how we could hardly bear so much joy. With humble, thankful hearts, I hope. I feel like I should be thankful as long as I live. Before you get this, my pet, you will know how much of the good news is true. Father is going to Iovinum to morrow. He will take Brother and get shoes put on him. (Remember old Procter! I think there isn't much the matter with him now, only a little moral obliquity. He runs and capers over the prairie, and when he comes home to supper, like a colt. But when we try to ride him, he is very low. I am ashamed to tell such a thing of Procter, but it is a sad truth. Won't it go some way towards proving the doctrine of the total depravity of human nature? I believe he has a notion that he has done duty enough to have a long frolic; to eat his oats and enjoy himself in peace. And he has, my love. But he oughtn't to want a frolic till his master comes home. If the shoes don't help him, I don't know what I will do for him next. Father saw Or. Gibbons, too, to day. He says Humphrey is dreadfully downhearted, since he heard of Will and Sam. Wright being so sick. He is sure they are both dead. Father sent him word that they were both better. I know he was sure about them. He liked both. I do hope they are getting well. Poor fellows! I want them all to live to come home. I hope to see you, my love, and your men all at home, before next October. Won't we be happy? Won't we be thankful? I talked awhile with Mrs. Sheeks yesterday morning. She is all right, I assure you. But she is troubled about the way John's wife acts, and talks. She and her mother are traitors. The old lady says John is nearly heartbroken. It is hard, dear one, for him to have

You need not send me any more papers Dollie. The mail is quite regular here now and I can buy a lot of Memphis Bulletin almost every morning. We can get Northern paper here on the third day after they are published. That does pretty well. We keep pretty well posted on the movements of the Army. Last winter we could not get any papers hardly and it is different now.

You postage stamps will last me for sometime, and then there are plenty in town now. What do you think of the future prospects of the Hon Mrs Hollandingham. Bully for Burnside. I like him and his way of dealing with Joseph. I wish every Southern State was run in the military rule of such a man.

I have just been smoking till it has made me a little sick just like it used to do. So I had better quit writing and go to bed. It is now some ten or eleven o'clock at night and I am here at my old place in my tent writing to my loved Dollie. Last night I had company till it was late so I could not get to write any. No night I felt like writing and have been so ever since. I had called half past eight o'clock I will quit for this time. And I will not quit thinking about my loved one at home. Give my respects to your father Mattie. And I must write. I wish I could see you all. Truly Dollie
W. F. Vermilion

Helena Arkansas

May 17th 1868

My own Dollie,

This morning I received your letter of the 9th. I did intend to write to day but I kept working at my Quarterly Clothing returns. The Law requires Captains to make out and forward on complete returns of all the clothing we draw for the men at the end of each Quarter. But Col Kitzredge and his Quarter Master told us it was unnecessary. At last I, with one or two other good men, and concluded we would examine into the matter, when we found to our astonishment that the Government had not the first scratch of a pen showing what we had done with all the clothing we had received the Quarter Master for. If we had gone on and never made any returns, and had died or gone out of the service before settlement day had come with the men, we would have been ruined as many men are. Capt Taylor of the 8th Iowa Cavalry, from Appanoose County, who died some nine months ago came out indebted some five or six hundred dollars, besides about that amount, that the Government was owing him. It is quite easy to keep the acts all straight if new officers are properly instructed. But we have never had any instructions

If I can get time enough to attend to it, I will very soon have my accounts all straightened up, and Mr Kirtledge will have no thanks for it. But this is counting dollars and cents Dollic. I did not intend to say anything about such things when I commenced writing, but you see I have filled up more than one page. That is the way I do, sometimes tell things, all together, that are unnecessary. But then you have often said you "wanted to know all every thing connected with me." You come as near getting your wants in that respect as any body could wish, surely.

I have not been to the Hospital to see Mill Davenport to day - that is not since morning. He was improving, some then said he felt much better. The Doctors had told him that he would not have to take much more medicine. I think he will have to take some for several days yet although he is now out of danger. Will Kemper is walking round. I was down to see him but an hour ago, He was out doors walking round them. He looks considerably emaciated. Two or three days ago he ate a little, too much that will be the great difficulty. It is so with all the cases where there is any Diarrhoea. Some weeks or more ago I had some little Rheumatism in my legs. For two or three nights I took some Opium for it which cured it but the Opium left my bowels in black fits. ^{For} two or three days I took Diarrhoea. As soon as I ascertained what was going

to be the matter I quit eating anything but a little bread and water and in a few days I was all right. That is the remedy for that complaint. I do believe that all cases or almost all recent cases of the Camp Diarrhoea can be cured by proper dieting. John Smith never would confine himself to the proper article of food. Some two weeks before he died I went into his tent (it was before he went to hospital) and sat down by him and told him plainly, that if he did not confine himself to very simple food he could not live. Soon afterwards the boys told me he ate all the meat he wanted, and as a natural consequence he was taken worse. All such cases will. You need not be surprised if Will McCuller should go the same way, though don't tell his people anything about it. Green Owen is a good deal the same way. The other day I was talking to him about it, and he said he did not believe it made any difference, that he had been eating meat for several days but the next day (just as I told him he would be) he was taken much worse and has not been fit for any duty since. He is some better now though.

Old Mr Brisson is here yet nursing his son, and is going to stay and try to get Will discharged or furloughed so he can take him home with him. He is one of the best best boys in the Regiment, but will never be fit for the service. I am going to do all I can to get him discharged, though that is very little

Wednesday Morning, Six o'clock.

My Darling: I am going to finish my letter as soon as I can, and then go to Mr. Gilbert for my letters. If I don't get one I don't know what I shall do.

We are all well this morning. The weather is fine and warm. I shall have a plea^{sure} and ride. I am going to Hooker. I hope he won't get leave. If I get a letter today I will go to Woodside to-morrow. I don't want to go till I hear from you, darling. I don't throw any news I believe, love. Everybody is well, and busy as usual. Father is going to flow him a "cabbage patch." We want to have something for our soldiers to eat when they come home. If I know you would suit some this year, I don't know whether I could do anything. But I think you will come, sweet love. He won't last another year. We have no late news from Matt. or Jimmy. I think we shall hear from them to day. I hope we shall get a letter from Will, too. There is a little excitement in the neighborhood just now. Mr. Childs and his wife have parted; and she is staying around among the neighbors at Mr. Cullough's now. I don't know what the trouble is, the old jealousy, and their bad temper I believe. This reminds me of Mr. Marchbanks. You know how his wife and Mrs. Meyer wouldn't let him go to the war. He has been acting very badly since, and they come near parting. She told him to sell anything they had and get money to take him to the regiment, and go. But he didn't want to go there. They have sorely repented that they didn't let him go at first. It is a lesson to Mrs. Meyer, I should think.

Allie Mullinnis told me about it, but I forgot it till just now.

I have not heard a word from Indiana since I left there. That is a month ago to day. This is the 2.0th. Seven months ago to day you kissed me for the last time, love, and left me. It seems long ago darling. I can hardly believe it has been only seven months. In seven more I believe you will be at home with your Dollie. Oh, darling, can we wait? I am anxious to hear, my love, how you have settled the contest about the major's place. I don't care, dearest, how it goes, if you won't care. I am afraid you will let it trouble you, my pet. You must not do that. Now, darling, try to write often to your Dollie, your Dollie who loves you so much, and writes to you every day. I will write to you to night again. I must quit now. God bless you always, my own precious darling! It is bad to say goodly so much. Yours
Dollie.

Tuesday Night, May 19th '63

My Own Dear Love:

I sent you a long letter to day, but I don't think it was a good one. I was not well enough to write, and then I was so uneasy about you that I could hardly do anything. I am yet, my darling, but I try to be patient. Oh, I hope you are well. I thought father might get me a letter to day but he didn't. There were no letters from Helena come in the mail today. That is strange I think. I was sure some of them would get letters and I could hear something of you. I will go to Mr. Gilbert's early in the morning, I think there is something there for me. I don't want to sleep to night, dear one, so I will talk to my love awhile. You say write long letters. How can I, dearest, write very long ones, when I write every day sometimes twice a day? But I don't make them long I think. Don't you think so, my pet? Don't you remember I had to pay double postage on two or three because they were so long? I wonder if you liked such long letters as they were. I will make them all as long as I can, my darling, I love you enough to do nothing but write to you from morning till night, if my doing so would please you, dear one. I have written every day for two weeks to you. And I mean to continue writing that often. I think it is right, sweet love, and I feel like doing it. I want to talk to you every day. Will you be glad, my pet? I got yesterday's paper to day. There is not much news. Hooker has not recrossed the Rappahannock, as was stated a few days ago. I hope he will redeem himself yet. There are no indications of a speedy offensive movement, just now. I am afraid, darling, that the only consolation afforded us, in thinking of that six days fighting, is that at least Hooker beat the enemy, as much as the enemy beat him. You know we hoped for a great deal more than this, expected a great deal more. But though it is a failure, a disaster I am afraid, it doesn't fall upon us with the crushing weight such things usually do. We are hardened perhaps.

I don't feel half so troubled over it, as I did over Burnside's repulse at Fredericksburg last fall. That hurt me as if it had been a great personal calamity - which it really was dearest. This failure is not so bad, though our loss is heavier, - by the rebel loss much heavier, - from eighteen to twenty thousand the rebels admit. It is very frightful, sweet love. It surely can't last very much longer, surely not. You know Secretary Chase is a careful prudent man, and he said the other day "that he thought he hazarded nothing in saying that this war now approaches its termination" God grant that it may be so! There is very little news from Grant and that little so conflicting that I can't tell what to believe. On the whole, however, I am in pretty good spirits about matters in his neighborhood. I hope he will realize our highest expectations. I do want to hear good news from Vicksburg so much. If that stronghold were once in our possession I think I should not feel so bad, and so uneasy about you, my darling. I am afraid there will be a terrible battle there yet. You don't know how afraid of it I am, my precious love. There is no news from any other quarter. Vallandigham is to be sent South for two years. Isn't that good, dear? The sentence is a mild one, I think, but it will do. Mr. Clay (O'Connor) is likely to bear him company, I hope. I will send the account of his arrest by the soldiers. They did their part well. I am glad it was the rich soldiers who dared to do it. They should be honored for being true to their cause. Burnside is causing a good deal of trouble among the traitors. He is out of aid of them, and asks no favors at their hands, so he just does his duty. I think the right man is in the right place, there. There is a rumor that Gen. Curtis is superseded by Gen. Scofield. I hope it isn't true. General Halleck talks about taking the field, at the head of the Army of the Potomac, in person. I fear it wouldn't be any better. I hope they will give Hooker another chance. Don't you, darling? He wants to whip the rebels, and I think he will yet, before long. I have told you now, my pet, all the war news I have. It is not news to you I expect, won't be when you get it I mean. But I like to tell you everything I hear, darling. I so love to tell you when the news is good. I could write all night then

There is to be a Union meeting over near Dr. Gibbons' next Saturday. I think I will go, and see Julia May. When there is a Union meeting now everybody ought to go. I don't know yet whether mother or I will go. We can't all go off at once and leave the house alone. There are over eight hundred dollars here belonging to you and the boys, and if we were all gone some "unhallowed scoundrel" as both the Declaration says, might walk off with it. What if he should come for it some day when I am here alone? I expect I should make a valiant fight, with a woman's legitimate weapons - the broom stick and the shovel! Don't you think I would, my good darling? I wish I had a revolver, dear one, and I would learn to shoot. In times like these it is right. I think, I think, for every woman to know how to defend herself and her property. If she never has occasion to use her knowledge, so much the better. But I don't know what made me think of this, darling. I don't think there is any danger of such trouble up here. It has been very warm to day, and the wind blew hard. I think it will rain. I have been sewing to day. I am well to night. Oh, if I only could know you are well right now, what would I not give, my darling? I don't want to talk about it, my pet. It is quite late. May I put up my paper and go to my solitary bed, love? I will lie there and think of you and love you, till I fall asleep, and then I shall see you, I hope dear one. I see you nearly every night in my dreams. I am glad of it, I am thankful for it. It comforts me often. I will finish this early in the morning before I start to get my letters. I do hope you get my letters, dear, of late. I fear some are lost. God bless you now, love, and Good night. I hope you are well, and lying comfortably asleep on your cot, just now, dearest. If I could only slip in your tent long enough to put a clean white pillow under your dear head, how glad I should be! And my sweet love, would be glad too I think. But I will pet you and spoil you enough when you come home. I will pay you love, for all your hardships. I will make you happy. I will do everything for you, pet, and I will love you so much always. That will be best of all. Won't it? Do you ever think about the happiness in store for me when you come home, dear? I do always. It keeps my courage up. I hate to put down my pen and say Good night.

I Camp near Helena Arkansas.

May 19th / 863

My Aunt Dollie

What do you suppose makes me write so often to you I never write to any one else not even on business. I don't think of such a thing hardly. Every time I am idle for a few moments first thing I think of is to come into my tent and write to my good Dollie. I don't even want to get letters from you, but write just as though I were detailed for that purpose. Well Dollie it is all right I do it because I love you. I will keep doing it because I do love you so much. I have never written my father folks yet, and more I don't intend to I would like very well for mother and Jane to hear from me, but I can't afford to write - not even to them as long as the rest of the family hold the principles they do. I love mother, but poor old lady she can't read my letter when I write them to her, and I don't care about others, especially those who have no sympathy for me while here in the field, before the enemy and exposed to all the dangers incident to war, reading any thing to any one I love or respect. So all of them will have to become loyal, or never hear from me. I may be killed or murdered and if they ever hear of it they

will have to learn it without my order. Father is old and
has not got a very strong mind, but I am in no ^{responsibly} ~~wise~~ ^{responsible}
for that. I wish it were other wise with him. But if
Dollie if he were all right in mind he would not
be a loyal citizen. It is not in his nature to be.
Neither is it in the nature of Adam or John to be. They
none of them are of that cast of mind. All large &
generous souled men are loyal. Men of small minds
are all traitors. Some good Union men are small
minded, that is in power of thought, but they are
generally free and honest. I would give almost
any amount in dollars and cents if it would only
make my brethren good men. But Dollie it is
not my fault, I have done as much for them as
they ever did for me. They never done anything
for me. They can't even wish me well now.
Men who hold such bitter hatred to wards the
Government as they do can't if they are honest, wish
any one who is serving the Government well. They
may not want me killed, but they can't wish me
success. It would not do to let them hear
of the rebels getting hold of me, provided they
would not take my life. I am glad you are not
there, and it would please me very much if you would
not write to them. If you do don't say anything about
me. If they want to hear let them be compelled to
ask me to write to them. If they ever do that I will

first ask them if they love their Country. If they
say they do and will support it, I will write other
wise I will not. I have no time here to write to
any one who has love and sympathy for the rebels
and hatred for me. And I consider every man who hates
the Cause in which we are engaged as my personal
enemy, and I will have nothing to do with him un-
less he joins the rebel Army, and then I will treat
him as I expect to treat all other rebels. I wrote to
John Munyon, and told him the time might come
when he and I would meet, provided he had the mor-
al courage to fight for his principle. That if the Gov-
ernment did not proceed in putting this rebellion
down soon that such traitors as him should, and would
be attended to, that the course they were pursuing
would bring war to their own doors, and if it did
come I wanted to go North. That I loved and respec-
ted rebels in the South compared with such men
as him. I also told him that I hoped I would
never see or hear from ^{him} again, and I do Dollie. There
is no use for him. If he will go his way I will
go mine. I will never go to his house, and I am
sure he shall never come in mine, unless he becomes
a better man than he is now. I am glad I did not
go there last fall when I was in there. He is not kin-
dred of mine. Neither is any other traitor, or if they
like the Jew any better, - Southern sympathisers

Camp near Helena Arkansas
May 21st/803

My own Dollie

What little the people knew when they used to say that the Government could not get white men to command Negro Troops the difficulty is right to the reverse here. There are more men wanting promotion than can possibly get it, no odds how many Negro Regiments are organized. Several Sergeants and, for that matter I might say several privates of our Regiment have received Commissions. Many other good men of several of the Companies have failed, not because they were not well recommended, but there was not room for them. Lieut Col. Wood of one of the Indian Regiments - the 4th I believe - excepted the Colonels of the first Regiment here. He said he was not a friend but they would make good soldiers. Col. Styles of the 33rd Mo. is now gone to Memphis to get the appointment of Brigadier General of an African Brigade. He is a good man, I know him. He was President of ^{our} Court Martial. He is a Methodist preacher and first went out as a Chaplain, but was made Colonel when General Fisk was made a Brigadier. He is one of the most energetic men I ever saw

His Command is Colonel of the 33rd Mo. is a good position. Yet he will take and even seek the position of a Brigadier in a mega Brigade. I hope he will get it, because I hope all such positions will be filled by good men, and I think he is one. No one from our Company has asked for any position yet. I don't think they will. In fact I hope they will not. We need all the good men we have in the Company for our own use. By the way Jacob F. Spence is as near perfect as a man can be. He thinks the Government should arm every negro man in the Southern Confederacy. In that I think he is right. They will be better off in the Army than any place else in the United States during this great rebellion. 1st Lieut. Blifton of Co. H of our Regiment has just asked me to assist him in getting the position of Lieut Colonel in a Regiment that is now forming here. He is an old Mexican soldier and a very good Officer.

May 22nd Early in the morning. The mail goes out this morning, so you see I must put this up and let it be going, so you will get in due time. Probs fact is just ready, I must go and see, or the boys will be grumbling.

I have had breakfast. It is a very nice morning. I got down at 9 o'clock this morning. We in good luck. Well. Good for this time I will quit again now.
M. F. Merritt

I have written you a long letter & really I might
say Dollie. I got to talking about things, that probably
I had better not have spoken of, but what I think I will
do you my love, I tell all I think of when I go to mind
just as I would if we were sitting together at home
So you get my most sacred thoughts. No might I
sit down here not knowing what to talk to my Dollie
about, I happened to get to think of last winter, and
of where my Dollie was, and of course I could not think
of all these things without thinking of father's folks
and as a very natural consequence, I could not
think of them without associating them with the en-
emies of our Country, But I am getting on the same
subject again, without intending to.

Mr. Groom started home this evening, I could not
get any thing I wanted to send to Dollie, but an
Orange. I send all three of you one piece. I ad them
they will soon spoil. There is nothing down here
to sell but butlers goods, consequently I could not
get you any nice present, I wish I could have
got you some nice book, but I could not low
to do as the fa and doing it most you Dollie,
I will quit now goodly, I will read this letter in
the morning, It may be I have written to you
W. A. Merrill

Will Kump is still mending the river up to
Camp yesterday,

because I shall not stay there long enough to hear any of their tales. When I have to go myself I will go just to the office and back directly. You know I don't love Isonium, dear one. But it shall never annoy me any more. Don't be afraid of that, will you, my darling. They can't frighten me about you, for I hope I shall have as late news as any of them, and I won't listen to them. I have heard of some of their stories already, dear, and I could less for them than for the wind that blew around me. Father will go to the office for me pretty often, and Wickcox will go nearly anytime when I furnish a horse. Isonium is a bad place here. There are but five union men there they say. But I will not come in contact with any of them. But if you had rather send your letters to Sagrange, dearest, I can get them there very well. Mrs. Wickcox went there to day but there was no letter. She said I made friends of all Mr. Gilbert's folks the other day and they were quite anxious that I should get a letter by to day. Some came yesterday and this morning one of their little boys went to the office, and still there was none. The little fellow thought that was too hard, and he had quite a "spat" with the post mistress - the office there is kept by a woman - about it. He said I was coming to their house to day for a letter, and would be so disappointed if there was none. I must have one. Was she sure there wasn't any? She told him to tell me not to be greedy. That she thought I was getting letters enough. She sent me six last week, and that was oftener than she heard from her husband. He is in the war somewhere, I don't know where.

They were to have a mail at Isonium again to night. I think I will get another letter, my pet. I want one now just as much as I wanted one this morning. I can't help it. I want two in those every day. It is raining now quite hard. I am glad of it, we needed rain so much. It will make everything grow. If it is a good day to morrow father and I are going to Humphreys and to the Union meeting. I want to see Jul's, and Billy. When he was here the other day I asked him whom he wanted to see worst, and he said "uncle doctor, and uncle Wesley." I hope he will see both before very long. Old Mr. May is in good spirits about the war. Everybody seems to be. I do hope it is going right at last. There is no news of importance in the papers I got to day. I will look over them again in the morning, and if I see any good things I will send them to you. It is getting late, and my eyes are heavy. May I say "good night" and go into my room, and dream of you, love? I will write again to morrow, or to morrow night. I won't neglect you. You said you needed the socks, darling. Are you in need of anything more? Have you plenty of good clothes? How do you get your washing done? I am so glad I sent the socks. I was afraid you wouldn't want them. Goodbye now, my dearest love. Write often to your Pollie

Friday Evening, May 22nd '63

My Own Dear Love:

We have had supper, and I have just finished washing the dishes. We had light bread, and tea, and toast, and butter, and molasses. I have all my work done for the week. I cleaned the house this afternoon, and the yard in the forenoon. It is only five o'clock now, and I couldn't think of anything I wanted to do but to write to my "Peaches." I sent you a long letter this morning, but you won't care if I send you another to morrow, will you love? I feel like I want to send you a letter every day. It is all I can do for you, my precious one, and if you like my letters why should I not send them? I have a good chance to write. We are very quiet - only three of us, and father is out about the house, and mother sits and reads to herself. I don't work hard. I have work enough to do, sewing and knitting and such work but I don't do it, darling, I don't want to do it. I can't. I am in too much suspense. I can't sit still and work. So there is nothing to hinder me from writing every day and I will, my pet. It will please you, won't it dear? And to please you is all I care for. Father came home from Isonium about one o'clock, and brought me a couple of dainties, and two letters from you. I knew they were somewhere for me, love. I knew you had written. They are dated the 9th and 10th inst. Thank you for them, sweet love. I am glad you got the things I sent by Mr. Ginnson. I wish I could have sent mine. Whenever you need stamps, darling, tell me, and I will send them to you. Tell me a good while before you get out. It does me good to send you anything I can, even a few postage stamps. I felt very sorry to hear of John Smith's death. Such things are so sad, darling, so terrible when we stop to think of it all. You say he kept his faith. It did me good to hear this, darling. This being so, no one ought to grieve for him. They must grieve for their own loss. I wish I could tell his mother and father that I am so sorry for you, my dear one! I know how it hurts you for one of those men to die.

I thought about it often, before you spoke of it, dear one. I wish I could comfort you. I know you have done all you possibly could for them. I hope the rest of the men are all better. Are you very careful of your own health now, my love? You must be darling, or you will get sick like the others. Don't forget it, don't grow careless, my pet. I know you were so sad when those letters were written, and no wonder. John Smith is dying, and the bad news from Hooker were enough to make you sad. But you must not be discouraged, my love. Hooker failed indeed, but Grant has not, yet. The news from his Department is all good. Grant is good for something besides digging ditches. We have no news of importance since the capture of Jackson. There is a rumor that the rebels are leaving Vicksburg. I hope it is true. But I don't think they will attempt to hold Vicksburg, now that Jackson has fallen. There is also a report that Rosecrans is to take command of the Army of the Potomac, and Gen. M'Cook of the Cumberland. I hardly credit this. If Rosecrans is our best General and this seems admitted by every one - we need him just where he is. He surely has enough to do now, and the work is just as important. I should think. For the sake of the rest, I should be sorry to hear of that change. Would it you, darling? But you have so much war, and war news all the time, wouldn't you rather I should talk about something else? Don't you get tired of war, and long for the sounds and associations of peace? I know you do sometimes, my darling.

The best thing in your letter, is that you will try to come home this summer. Oh, bless you, my pet, for saying you will try. I think you can come. I do, indeed, dear one. I will believe that you are coming, and I will look for you. Oh, if you can come, please don't fail. I think I would give everything I have in the world, to see your dear face just this moment. I feel like I would. Keep telling me all the time what you think about coming, and what the prospect is. Don't keep me in the dark, sweet love, and come on me unawares. But, so you come, I will be satisfied, loved one. I will go to Woodside now, the first of next week if nothing happens. We have had no chance to sell the corn yet. Rather saw one man who wanted the corn, but he lived near Lagrange, and he couldn't haul it so far. He may meet with an opportunity soon.

Mullinn has two sorts of horses. One is a wild thing six years old, and the other a colt. They told me how they got them, but I have forgotten. I think John told me that he would keep one of our horses or both of them next winter, if you didn't get home before then. He don't want to have them only till he get his crop made. Will he keep them till next March? or can we take them when his corn is gathered? If you should not get home, and I stay here next winter, I can keep Capitola here, and Cassia and Horch. They must not be sold, must they, darling? —

A few hours later: — While I was writing a while ago, who should come in, but old Mrs. May! He had come all the way over here to see if I had heard, through you, from Sam Wright. The last letter they got was dated the 5th, and they were so uneasy that they couldn't wait till their usual day. I was truly glad, love, that you had spoken of Sam in your last letter, - said he was walking about. I know how to feel for people in such trouble and suspense, my dear. I know it all. And I am glad when I can tell them one word of good news. I read to the old man, what you said about Sam and all the sick boys. It did him a great deal of good, and it will do Sam's mother still more when she hears it. I ran out and got him some supper in a few minutes, and he sat and talked awhile, and then started home, just as it was getting dusk. He couldn't stay all night, he must go home to talk the news. Humphrey and all of them over there are well. Old Mr. Evans had just got a letter from Cunningham, and he said he helped to arrest Clay Dean. You know he has been all this time in the hospital at Vicksburg. He has got to do some good service at last. Are you not glad, love? I expect he is quite proud of it. As to getting ^{my} mail at Scovinn: You seem to hate it, darling. If I had known that I wouldn't have changed it. I can get my mail brought from Lagrange to Mrs. Gilbert's every day; and that is about as far as Scovinn. But I think the office at Scovinn is ^{my} ~~more~~ better than the one at Lagrange, and father goes there often anyhow. He thought it would be handier for me. But if you had rather, my pet, I will change it back to Lagrange. If Hooker keeps well I can go there to Gilbert's very well. Would you rather I should change it, my sweet love? I have only been to Scovinn once yet - and then not two minutes. I shall not be annoyed there, darling.

Helena Arkansas

May 24th 1863

My dear Dollie,

I started you a short poor letter this morning. Just after I put it in the office I got two letters from you. They were both good ones. One was dated on the 14th and the other on 14th just I believe. The one on the 14th was a good long one, and in it you have discussed your "plans" thoroughly, and want my opinion. I don't know what to say about it Dollie. We are here at Helena yet, and the fight at Bull Run is in all probability over before this, if it is not it is not out there going on now. Rumor says the place is taken. I don't believe it is yet, but I don't think we will be likely to go there. We are not any too strong to hold this place, now that Price is in Arkansas. After Bull Run falls, there will be in all probability, an expedition fitted out to clean this State of the Rebels. Then we may have to leave here. In that case you are just as well off where you are as any where else in the United States. But I don't apprehend any danger in that direction. Even if you come

To Hooker it will be hard to get a telegraphic dis-
patch to you because there is no line from here to
Memphis. And after all hard battles it is very hard
to get to send any private dispatches for some time.
You know there could not be any such dispatches
sent from Hooker's Army for some time. It will be the
same way from Vicksburg. So it would be if the
fight were any place else. But Dolly we are not
likely to get into one of those hard fights if Grant is
successful at Vicksburg. And very soon at any
rate. So don't suffer any uneasiness on that account.

Upon every appearance we will remain here for
some time. If there were a good loyal boarding house
in town, and I could get to stay out side of the
Camp any portion of the time, I would be sure
to have you come down and stay as long as
we remain here. But every one tells me, that a
loyal family is a very hard thing to find in Mem-
phis. I guess they are not here. Some of our Officers
get boarding, when they are sick, but in every instance
I believe they have boarded with disloyal people.

It would be a fine opportunity for you if Mr Wright
comes down after Samuel, which I think he will be
very apt to do. We have a very fine Camp now.

You could be here a part of every day, but it would
not do for you to remain here at night. We have the only
decent camp we have ever had. It is all together a
mistake about Col. Kitzredge having his wife down
here. She came as far as St Louis with him last winter
but when she left there she went home, and she has
never been with the Regiment since. General Fisk had
his wife here last winter, and took her down the Pass
with him. But my Dolly I don't want. You exposed
as she was while on that trip. I don't mean to the
enemy, but to everything else that a fine woman
should shun. She went & carried her Revolver all of the
time, not to defend herself with against the enemy,
but, but to deter the Southerners from insulting her
so she told Parkhurst - he says. But to finish this
subject. If I find I am going to be exposed to any
extent I will make some such arrangements as you
have spoken of. In the mean time don't be uneasy.
Will is better to day. He says he feels fine. Sam Wright
is doing quite well to the boys say. I have not seen
Davenport for two or three days. He is in the Post Hos-
pital. I heard from him this morning. He is oblie to sit
up some. He is improving slowly. We have no very
sick boys now. Mr Westfall is not well by any means
though he is oblie to go about.

On day before yesterday the 5th Kansas Cavalry and the
Dubuque Battery had a sham fight. The Cavalry charged
at full speed on the Battery, while they were firing blank
cartridges at the rate of two or three in a minute. Those who
saw it say it was one of the most frightful things
of its kind they ever saw. The Battery belched their
fire and smoke directly at the Cavalry, yet on they
came at full speed, urging their horses on till they
ran right in among the Cannon, and took them.
In making the charge the Cavalry had to ride throu-
gh a boggy place in the ground, which caused several
of the horses to fall. The horses behind were in full speed
and of course could not stop, but went right on over
them. Some four or five men were badly hurt. I have
heard once or twice that one has since died, but I don't
know whether it is so or not. I saw one of the men
that had been thrown. He was hurt badly. In those
sham fights someone is always hurt, and generally
one or two killed, yet sham fighting is the best practice
men can have.

- Several boats are just now passing down. I don't know what
they have on them. It is dark and I can't tell what boats
they are. I think I have written enough for this time. Willie
I received a letter from Henry this morning. He pitched into Dan Barber
the same John Kumpson had, at my letter. He said he was glad I had written

I think they are doing very well now, as far as I can judge. His corn is nearly for plowing. It looks well they say. They seem very clever. I went out to look at the blue grass in the field. It has been two days for that. It doesn't look very well, especially west the house. I went as far as where our garden was last year. The clover is very good, he says. I saw nothing worth to do, any way. I am glad, dear one. It hurts my feelings to see the things as they were when I come home. I would much rather be able to give you a good report than a bad one, love. They never said a word about the oxen, or about working the horses away from home. He is taking good care of them, I know, now. Their improved condition shows it. Hileho has a calf, and is running with it on the prairie. Mullinnix tried to take her over to his house, but he could not drive her. He went twice and tried. She is doing well. She is going to be an excellent cow. Vester says he would like to buy her. I told him if you come home soon, we would not want to sell her. I guess he would give about \$15, or for her, and that isn't enough, is it, dear? After I started home I rode over the hills towards Linders, and there I found most of our cattle. I found seven that I knew. I don't know them all. I couldn't find Korak or Walk, though I looked for them a good bit. I found Hileho, but not her calf. They are all doing fine now. They are getting quite fat. I wish you could see them, my pet. You don't know how I feel, my precious one, over them alone. I am glad you don't know, sweet love. But it is right to look after them, and I will. I will do everything I can. I got home about five o'clock this P. M. Hooker didn't behave very well. As I was going through the bottom, I met a boy with a wagon load of poles, and he got scared, and broke his mule's gales, and "cut up shins" considerably. I had to whip him, and that made him very lame for a few minutes. But I gave him a good drink at the river, and he forgot all about it after that. I guess I shall have to trade him off, and get a gentle horse that I can ride! Won't I, darling? Perhaps! Vester is all night about the war. He says the copperheads are very plenty in that neighborhood. They are exulting over that letter of John Wofford's, a good deal. I guess it was Vester who sent you the letter. It is not worth minding, my dear one. I am tired, and it is getting on for eleven o'clock. I will quit for the night, my love. Last night I didn't sleep much. Sometimes a terrible fear falls upon me, and I can hardly live, sweet pet. It was so last night. If I could only know that you are well, and safe. I keep up my courage as well as I can. But oh, my loved one, it is such a fearful risk. You are in God's hands, I try to take comfort in that thought. Good night, may my own precious, darling, good night. May the good God bless you always. I love you

Saturday Night, May 23rd 1869

My Own Love:

I am very tired to night, and I would not try to write, if I had not promised in my letter last night, that I would. I must break even the slightest promise to you. But you will be satisfied with a short letter to night, won't you, my darling? Rather and I have been to the Union meeting. It was almost dark when we got home. I will tell you all about it, and then I will go to bed. The rest are already gone. Very early this morning I went up to Mr. Sheeks' to see if there was any mail there for me - he was to bring it up last night. There was nothing but one paper. I thought I should get a letter, but I didn't. I was only gone an hour. I didn't get down, I never do. Then I dressed and we went over to Humphrey's, and stayed till after dinner, and then walked down to the speaking, which was about a quarter of seven from there. Humphrey is not well yet, by any means. I am afraid he will never be about again. He looks pretty well, and walks around a little, but he can't do much. Julia and the children are well, and look just like they did. They are good, sound abolitionists, both of them. They were looking for us, and had a good dinner. Mr. Bray's family, and Jane Sheeks were there to dinner. Thought the meeting was in the forenoon, and came too early. We talked about the war, and had a very pleasant visit. But it hurts my feelings to be where Humphrey is, dear love. I can hardly bear to stay in sight of him. He was with you so long. And he wears clothes just like yours. It is so hard for me to see him at home, and you are gone, my pet. But we must talk of this. They had no news. Humphrey says if he were well he would rather be at Helena than at home. He talks of going to Kentucky with his father, on some business. The day was beautiful, and there was a long crowd at the speaking. They had musical and vocal music. There were two good speeches by Mr. Sharp and senator Coates who was elected in the Mahony ticket. Both are strong democrats. "Their mother rocked them in hickory sugar-tongues with the book on." Sharp made an excellent, logical speech, giving the true

history of our politics for the last thirty years. Both were withering in their denunciations of traitors. I don't see how the copperheads could stand it. Estep is capt. of the Wayne home guards, and they say exceedingly wide awake, keeping five scouts out all the time. The copperheads are afraid of him, and hate him cordially. He told them he was going to speak throughout the county, and give them fair warning, that they couldn't sport their buttoned seals, and copperhead breastpins near him. If they didn't stop giving encouragement to the rebels, the Government would make provisions for them if it never did anything else, and they would have to go to their friends. He was very bitter and pretty rough. He read the telegram from Indianapolis about the copperheads firing into soldiers' houses, and told them "if they did it in that county, their boats would be shivered for hell in less than twenty-four hours." He said "he was for his country under any, and all circumstances, and if that would injure the democratic party, the democratic party might go to the devil." These are sample bricks. Both sustained every measure of the administration, and told the traitors that it would be a happy exchange to send them off, and fill their places with loyal negroes. I wish you could have heard them here, and seen the enthusiasm with which the people received every word. You would have felt that the soldiers were not forgotten by their friends at home. Estep was crippled by a fall from his horse, and had to stand on his crutches, but he told, he was going to talk to the people if he had to stand ^{on} his crutches, and have two men to ^{hold} him up. Quiver meetings were advertised at New York and Lagrange. I am glad I went, evening. It encouraged me, and did me good. I saw everybody that we know over there. A great many asked about you. I don't know how many come up to look at your likeness in my breast pin. They said that was the kind of pin to wear, - a soldier's likeness. Mrs Wright is nearly crazed about Sam. I am sorry for her. We sent her Wills last letter, and she says that did her a great deal of good. He said Sam was much better. How I will quit writing for to night my pet. I took a letter for you over there and gave it to Mrs. Gilbert to mail for me at Lagrange tomorrow. This is badly written dear, but I think you can make it out. I am too tired to write well. I love you, my own sweet darling, so much! Good night, now. Sleep sweetly to night my pet. May good angels watch over you, and preserve you from harm, and give you back to your Ollie

Sunday Afternoon, May 24th

I have just washed the dinner dishes, and now I must talk to you a little, my good darling. We had gooseberry pie for dinner. I wish you could have had a piece. You always liked gooseberries, you know. It is a fine, warm day. We have been alone all day. I am glad of it. Father is gone over to Mr. Schuster's. Mother is reading yesterday's paper. The news in it is pretty good. Father got up before day this morning, and went to Honours before breakfast. He had been gone a good while when I got up. He got two papers and a letter from you dated the 12th and 19th inst. It is a good letter, darling, and it is such good news to hear you were well. It was a long time coming. Wills letter to father of the same date came Wednesday. But it is good when it does come, love, and I want to explain. You are so kind to write often to me, darling. You don't know how much I love you for it. Haven't you learned yet who is to be major? I should think you have. Tell me how it is decided, soon. I am sorry some of your men were still sick. I so hope they will not die.

Monday Night - Something interrupted me while I was writing yesterday, and it was late and I didn't write any more. Now I will finish my letter, my good darling. I have been to Woodside to day. I started this morning, as soon as I cleaned up the house, and made a flowerbed, and set out some plants. I had a pleasant ride. When I got to the bars, I saw Capitolo in the postroom. She played around Puckler and tried to make acquaintance with him, much to his disgust. I hardly knew her, she looks so much better than she did, I could hardly have believed there could be so much difference, in so short a time. She seems quite well. Deater says she is. She is not fat, but she is in good condition. Very good working condition. And she is pretty too, darling. I think you will like her. She looks a good deal like our old Betty you thought so much of, only she is a bright bay. I was very glad indeed to find her as I did. Deater was plowing corn with Gabe, but I saw him when he come to dinner. He looks better too. He is in as good order as he ever has been when he works. I can't account for the change, darling, since I come home; but I think it is because they expect you home before long. That is always the first question they ask,

Wednesday Morning, May 27,

My Love: What shall I write about this time? We have heard no more good news, or had either, for that matter. I am washing to day, but I never get too long to talk to my "Beaches". I am quite well. Mother is complaining of feeling very unwell. She is lying down in the bed room. I hope it is nothing serious. Father has been writing to the boys. It is Casper's mail day. He is going up after dinner to take our letters, and will wait till the mail comes in. I hope we shall hear from all the boys. I feel sorry for Jimmy. When we heard from him last he was blind almost, with sore eyes. That will go hard with him I know. But he will bear it with as much fortitude as any boy could.

The weather is warm and fine. It is too dry. I hope it will rain soon. Still everything looks very pretty. Mr. Dunlavy was here yesterday to buy a cow, one of our cows. I told him about Muley and Kilcho. He didn't think Muley would do, but said if he didn't get one before he would go over to see Kilcho Friday. I don't know whether it will be right to sell her, darling. Do you want me to sell her? If you come home before winter you ^{will} want to sell the cattle I think. I told father he could let him take her for \$18.00. Cows are pretty high. Good ones older than Kilcho, ranging at from 18 to 20 dollars. Was this right, dear? If he goes over I expect he will take her. She will please anybody. I am going to Grullin's before long, and I will have Allie to turn Muley by, and let her get fat. She will bring more money that way than any other. If the oxen get fat shall we sell them, or do you want to keep them? These are things I don't know much about here, and you must tell me, won't you? A good many think cattle are higher now than they will be this fall. But they don't know, of course. Shall we sell the oxen if we meet with an opportunity now, or during the summer? Father says if your young steers have to be sold this fall - that is if you and the boys are still away - he is going to buy them for Matt. He has a hundred or two dollars here of Matt's money and he wants young cattle bought with it. Now I must quit writing, my darlings, and go back to my washing. I will write again to night or to morrow. I will write to you all the time, and love you all the time. I am glad you discovered the blunder about the clothing returns, in time. It would have troubled you so. Write me long letters, my pet. May heaven bless you always. Lovingly, my own dear love, ever &c. Faithfully, your own Calie

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Tuesday Night, May 26th, 1863

My Own Darling:

We are all in a state of jubilation this evening. We think we have cause to rejoice. The good news received a long time ago, for as long months I have watched and feared, and waited and hoped, but it came at last, thank God! Wickburg is captured! Thank God! Do you wonder that I am glad? You don't know how many dreary nights I have passed, in an agony of dread and fear, lest you would be sent there. You don't know, I feared that the result of the siege would be disastrous to our cause, but it is accomplished! Grant has accomplished his object. If you were only here to be glad with me, my happiness would be almost perfect. May

Mrs. Kirksey came here from Harrisonville. I met her beyond the city, and she told me she had some news for me, and that Wickburg was captured before she got off the horse. I seized the letter - I hadn't time to hear about Wickburg then - and sat down in the yard, under a tree, to read them. Father and mother and Mrs. Kirksey went in the house with the paper to discuss the news and read over and over the dispatches. I could for nothing just then, but my two letters. Good letters they were. When I got a letter now, I almost dread to glance over it. I am so afraid of hearing that you are sick, or that you are leaving Gallena, or some other bad news. But there was no bad news about yourself, my darling, in these letters. I was so glad and thankful! The latest one was dated the 17th inst. I am sorry another one of your men is dead. I am afraid more of them will die. Not many of them will die themselves as you do, my darling, they don't know, as you do, how it would benefit them. And they will not be as likely to regard their diet there, as they would at home. If poor John Smith had been at home, and you had given him the same directions a

but his eating, he would have obeyed them implicitly, I think. I am glad you are careful of your health, my pet. I verily believed you could not endure the hardships of such a life three months, when you went away. And you have been healthier than any of them. I think it has been so, because you have cared for yourself better. Don't you, dear one? But I commenced talking about Vicksburg. The news of the capture is in yesterday's paper. There are no details yet. Nothing said about our loss, though it must be considerable. This will open the river to us soon, for Port Hudson will not hold out now, and cut the confederacy in two. Do you not think they will yield, desert, and make the best terms they can, before long? It seems like madness to hold out longer. I think Rosecrans is able to give a good account, when the time shall come. The news from Banks is very cheering. If only Hooker had not failed! But he will not lie idle long. He is not the man to remain quiet and inactive. And now especially he must work to redeem himself and regain what he has lost. I have the fullest confidence in him yet. I think when he starts for Richmond again, he will get there. He must succeed, or he will make a worse figure before the world than even McClellan. But I have not yet lost faith in his generalship, or his patriotism. I hope he will not be removed from his command yet. Whom could they get, any better? The discipline of the army is very good, much better than it ever was before. He still has a fine army, in excellent condition. If he were disposed to remain idle during this campaign, the President would not allow it. I think our worthy "Father Abraham" is in deed, hard earnest at last. He has learned that the only way to end the war, is to whip the rebels, and he means to end it now. Don't you think the indications point this way, my love? I trust we have met with our last serious defeat. If once the tide of success turns strongly in our favor nothing on earth can save the rebels from a speedy doom. That the tide has turned, with the fall of Vicksburg I gladly believe. I may be too sanguine, my love, but let me be in as good spirits as I can. I have suffered disappointment

enough to teach me not to be too hopeful, if disappointments could make me wise. Don't you know, my loved one, that it is for your dear sake I rejoice when the news is good. You will soon be home! That is always my first thought. One perhaps ought not to be selfish, in times like these, but I can't help it, my pet. How can I? "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness," and so it does its own joy. I rejoice for our country, and our cause, and our gallant soldiers and their suffering families, but I think first of my own heart's treasure. I have not been doing much, since my letter this morning. I was so impatient while Mrs. Ticknor was gone to the office that I could not do anything hardly. Did you ever want the mail to come and bring you a letter from your Dollie right bad? so bad that you couldn't wait scarcely? Then you know how I felt. I had the blues considerable, because I had heard a rumor from Centerville that Grant was badly whipped, and driven back. Alas that somebody had got a letter from your Pa. dated the 15th and you had marching orders, and were preparing to leave Helena. I wouldn't speak of it, till I knew whether it was true. I feel like another somebody to night. We were all so glad of the good news that we sat reading, and talking about it, till the first we knew it was nearly dark, and we had forgotten to get supper or milk. It is nearly eleven o'clock. I wonder if you are sitting up writing to your Dollie now. Perhaps you are. I thank you, love, for writing every night. I write to you every day or night. I feel like it is my duty and I must do it. And I want to do it, my sweet love. There it is striking eleven. You must go to bed, darling. I will go pretty soon. I can't sleep when I go to bed early. I can sleep enough after you come home, and I know you are well and safe. I have some scraps I clipped from the papers to day to send you, but I will not send them now, as you get plenty of papers. They would be old. I am knitting you a pair of socks against the time you come home. I wanted to be doing something for you. I will quit writing now, and finish my letter in the morning. I can sleep, I think, to night. I shall be cozy & expect in the morning. Good night, my dearest. I will dream of you. I love you with all my heart.

Tuesday Morning, May 26th '63

My Dearest Love:

What do you think I have been doing this morning? You might guess. I have been making another flower bed, in the yard. I hope it will be pretty when you come home. Oh, dear one, don't you think you will come? Mrs. Hickcox is going to Leonium to day. She wanted to go to the store, and I let her ride Procter, for bringing up my mail, and taking my letters. She is here ready to start, so I can't write much this time. You need not feel bad my own love, about my going to Leonium often. I have only had to go once yet. I shall have to go sometimes myself, but I won't stay three minutes, and they shall not annoy me about you, or anything. I will do as Aunt Anne used to tell me. When I would get troubled about anything, in Indiana, she would say "Set your face like a flint, my child." That was good advice, my dear. May heaven bless that woman for all her love and kindness to you, and to me! I shall always remember her gratefully, and if she ever comes to Iowa, I think we will prove to her that we don't forget our friends, want we, love? She says she will come, if she lives a year or two longer. I think she will. I have written to Emily, a right good letter I think. She talks of coming out here to live. She is able to buy a small farm, and she wants to keep house. She says she never will make her home with any of her brothers or sisters. She is right about it. Father went to Milledgeville this morning to try to sell your corn. There are some men there feeding stock. They bought some corn of Mullinnix, and the teams were at Woodside hauling it away yesterday. The men told Dexter that they thought they would buy yours. The buyers were gone to Oklawaha this morning and father didn't see them. They are giving John sixteen cents, that is very little but it is as much as we ^{can} get probably. We will know when they come back. The corn is making a good deal. The rats are bad. Mullinnix said there were 2400 bushels in that pen. Father and Dexter think about 250. I feel much better satisfied about Woodside, love, since I saw how things were yesterday. They are doing

so much better just because they expect you home, I think. And perhaps my coming home had something to do with it. I think they felt badly enough about my finding everything just as I did. Yesterday was the first time they ever seemed to feel at ease when I was there. If they will do right now, we will be content, won't we, dearest? John Reater's wife is gone to Davis county to stay awhile. I think Reater will raise a good crop; he works well. The yard is not pretty like it was last year. They have no flowers only those I left there. My tulips are all gone to seed. I didn't get to see them in bloom. The caterpillars have killed the crab-apple grove, entirely. I am very sorry about it. They are worse than they were last year. Now, my darling, what else can I tell you? I expect the old lady thinks I write a long time. But I guess she can wait. I am quite well and we all are. I am going to work in the garden today. When I get lonesome or too bad troubled about my "Peaches," I go straight out doors and work. It is better for me, darling. I have no war news since Saturday's paper. I will clip out some scraps and send you to day, from my doilies. I don't know whether you will care for them, but I want to send you something, my pet. I sent you five letters last week. Wasn't that enough, dear? I wish I could send you one every day.

I am uneasy about you. I am afraid you are sick. I think I will be sure to get a letter this evening - I hope I shall get two. I want two or three. If I can only hear good news in them, I shall be so thankful. Reater says Smith's folks take it very hard about John. It is hard, my darling. I guess I must quit though I wanted to fill my sheet. But this is a long letter. Write as often and as much as you possibly can, my sweet love. Don't forget your poor Dollie. She wants letters so bad, and she loves them so much. But I know you are good. You will write to Dollie. I wish you could know how much, how entirely I love you, my own precious one. Are you glad I love you so much?

Take good care of yourself, my pet. Don't get sick. I am afraid you will have troublous times about Helena. The ~~papers~~ papers say the rebels are moving their forces near there. I am very anxious all the time. I think the war will not last much longer, but it may be terrible while it lasts. Write very often dear one. How goodly. May God bless you. Don't forget your
Keep up your courage, love. Be of good cheer. I will do the best I can) (Dollie

I camp near Helena Arkansas

May 28th / 1863

My own Dollie.

I send you a long letter this morning. The mail will not go out any more till on the day after tomorrow. By that time I will try and have you an other letter of some sort written. It may be a long one and it may be a short one, and as usual it may not be a very good one. But when I am well I always write to Dollie, whether I have any thing of importance to tell her or not. Will Kemper is back in camp again. He feels pretty well, but is quite weak yet. He is mending slowly. I shall not be nearly so bad him more if the doctors don't put him on duty. Do soon, as they did before.

Will is quite modest you know, and our Surgeon are any thing else but modest, and they often put men on duty when they are not able to do the duty required of them. That I think was the cause of Will's relapse some weeks ago. We will try and do a good patch of thing this time.

Evening. Gen Porter reviews all the troops that are here yesterday. I was not in the Review, but was out and saw it. It was a very nice thing. Our Regiment did very well. My Company did full as well as any of them. It was quite drizzly which made it unpleasant, otherwise it would have been a beautiful thing.

I stamp these Revels

This is a scrap of paper I picked up, not knowing there was any writing on it, but a few blotches and not hurt it. Dollie will not care because if I throw this away I may not write any more.

So you see you see you are not get so long; a letter

When I write letter now a days, I write with all my might and send them just as I write them, the first time I am

not by writing now as I used to be. Before I came into

the Army it was very hard work for me to write, and as

a very natural consequence I wrote quite slowly. But

now I write fast, and with ease. Of course I make

many errors. And Dollie says she said I am when I write to her

and I write to scarcely no one else. Will Water send to me

some time or other. I have never answered his letter

You go over often Dollie I see how things are going. Among

hand you can keep things tolerably straight. Can't you have

some of those things to go, you have rights there. Keep them out

of your part of the house. Put everything you and I have there

in our rooms and keep it there in the Army. I am coming home this

summer if possible. Be sure and tell them that I said so. In the fall I

want to put all my harness and farming tools in the house, provided

I don't want it for anything else. He has no right to it at any rate.

Don't let him put anything on the pasture, not his colts. Be sure and

don't let him put any hogs on it. They will kill all of the bluegrass. I will have some thing done with my horses and cattle next fall. It will not do to keep them over winter. I have written enough this time. Dollie. Goodbye. W. S. Pennington

such a letter to him, but sorry I had written at the time I did. Martha
was not well. She cries about it. Said she was sorry I thought so
little of her. I guess it will not hurt her, she is too light minded
for that. She will forget in a few hours. I am sorry Henry
made it for me for I did not want to write to any one of them
about it. I feel that I am under some obligation to him. He has
written to me, and I know he is loyal, but I do not want any
one who is not to ever read anything I write to my friends
I will never write to John or Thom nor never unless they be-
come loyal men, which I think will never occur. As to
John Runyon, he is nothing to me. he is no relative of mine
if the fact were I sent him to tell him so. I know but little
of him, and all I ask of him now is that he will never
speak my name to any one not ever his wife. I do not want
such men to even think of me as connected with them in
any way what ever. Poor old Mother I am sorry for her, but Volie
I am not in the least responsible for the unhappy state of things
there. They work out their own destiny. I want you to tell
me all you did for them while you were there. I do not want
to owe them one cent in any way. So tell me all you ever
did for them my love, then I will know whether to send them
any more or not. I will not owe them anything if I know
it, no not one cent for one hundred dollars. You may think
it strange that I feel so very low but I can't help it. I am
so independent for that Volie, and I want them to know it

The boys think Greenwood Wright will be here in
about two weeks. I hope he will come. If he does we
will try and get Sam off up the River. He is in
danger of his life here - that is danger of taking
worse, and if he does, it will be very doubtful wheth-
er he can get well. He has been sick so long
Sam is a good boy - modest and nice. He never
bothers me in the least. Will is still doing better.
So is Will McCullley. If they take care of them-
selves now they will both get well.

Henry Maiken is going to try to get a Commission
in the Regt by and that is forming here now.
He wants a Lieutenantcy. We are going to get a
recommendation for him to day. I hope he will
succeed. Jacob F. Prime was going to make appli-
cation, but he is a afraid of his health. Jake has
Bronchitis badly. Don't say anything about the
boys wanting such positions. Volie, till they suc-
ceed. Then we will mad care who knows it.
This is a very poor letter Volie, but the mail
starts in a few minutes, and I have not got time
to make it any better this time. Perhaps I will
write again to day. If I do you may get them
both at the same. The weather is fine this
morning. The river is warm plenty for the men
to bath in. Goodly Volie, I love you - strict mourning
Mrs F. Bernier
1864

I like your darling, as well as if she were my own sister. You know I must love you
just as if they were my own blood, as well as yours.
But your and Henry were the only loyal ones, and I could not love the disloyal ones.

I loved you too much. And the love of my Country, and Justice, and Right, and
Harmony was too strong in my soul. It was a disappointment, - a sad one, to me. I am
sorry about it, more sorry, I expect than you are. But I don't let it trouble me, love,
any more than I can help. Troubling ourselves about it will do no good. When you
come home we will talk it all over, and then we will bury it, my feet, and forget it.
I often think it is a great pity that I went there. If I had not gone, we would never
have known it. But it may be all for the best. It is going on for eleven weeks
my darling. I will quit writing. I am well. Don't think I have the blues, love, for
I haven't. I am cheerful. But I want to see you. Perhaps I shall in my dreams to night.
Sancho Panza said "Blessed be the man who invented sleep." I say Blessed be the man
who invented dreams. Good night my own love, good night. May heaven bless you.

Friday Morning: Father is going to start to Illinois now and I will send my
letter. I hope I shall hear from you, my dear one, when he comes back. I think I
will. I will write again to night. I will write every night or day. It rained last night
and is cool, with a dense fog this morning. It will be a fine day I think. I am going
to do my ironing this morning, and then some baking. They are going to have a "big
meeting" at Millersville this week. It commences to day. We shall have company
perhaps and I must make some preparation you know. I don't know whether I
shall go, maybe I will Sunday. I feel so bad, darling, to go anywhere without you
that I would rather stay, unless it is a war meeting. Father has joined a company of
volunteer Homeguards belonging about Melrose. They are going to draw arms. I am glad
of it. Every man - loyal man - should be armed, let him be old or young. The surest
way to prevent any trouble is to be fully prepared for it. Don't you think so, sweet?
We are all well. Mother is doing first rate. She runs on the prairie every day, when I don't
use him, and stands in the lower stable of nights. He has a very good time of it, now. I
wonder if you laugh at me for always telling you about Buckee? I'll tell you anyhow, love.
This isn't a good letter, my pet, but I send so many that I can't make them all good.
You write me a good one for it, won't you, my darling? The fog is lifting, and the sun breaking through
the clouds. Everything looks so fresh and beautiful. There is a bird sleeping in one of the trees. Don't you
suffer from the heat now? Tell me everything, my dear. God bless you, and now goodby, your
father and mother send their love to you. Goodby. Love you so much. Catie

Wednesday Night, May 27, '63

My Dear Darling:

We have new papers this evening, and I have been reading
till nearly nine o'clock. I thought I would not write any to night; but I could not
go to bed, darling, without talking to you a little while, though I wrote this morning.
I thought of my love, so far away from his home, with nobody to write to him but
me, and I went back and got my paper again, after I had put it away once. I can't
neglect you, good darling, and I won't. Perhaps at this moment you are sitting by
your table writing to Willie, and she shall write to you often, because you are good,
and because she loves you. I got a long letter from Matt to day. We didn't
hear from the others. Matt was at Lagrange on the 16th. They had just returned
from another raid. - This makes three within a month. He complained of cold, and
said he felt "used up"; but he was in fine spirits. They were gone five days this time,
went as far as Senatobia, had a hard time, and came near being "gobbled up" by a
large body of rebels, they kept them at bay, till they finally got beyond their reach.
They didn't want to fight. They had too much plunder along. They had then over a
thousand head of horses and mules, and all the negroes who wanted to go with them
and some who didn't. They all got back safely, but one man from their company who
was captured. He says Gen. Smith has done the rebels more harm in one month
than Penner did in six. He takes ord. destroys everything. The women with streaming
eyes will beg them, to spare their houses or mizzos or corn or bacon, or whatever they
have. In reply they ask for the keys to the smokehouse, and if they refuse to give them
up, a few sturdy blows soon ends in the door. Matt believes in making war after
this fashion, with all his might. He says he stood guard over rebels property long
enough. When they move now they have no long train of provision wagons, requiring
a regiment or two to guard it, but they take a little coffee and sugar, and a few crackers,

in their haversacks, and depend on the hospitality of southern planters for the rest. It is astonishing to say how the hams and chickens agree with them. They expected to start out again in a few days. Matt is seeing a good deal of service, and learning something of the world, isn't he dear? I hope he will come through safe, poor fellow! He sent five dollars in the letter, to mother. He wanted her to buy herself something with it. We heard to day that the good news about the capture of Vicksburg is confirmed. I fully believed it this time. I am so glad and thankful, my darling. Aint you? I am tired, somewhat, to night, I worked to day. May I put up my letter, and go to bed? There I will think and dream of you. I love you. Good night sweet love, ^(night) your
Thursday night. I haven't talked to my darling, any all day. It seems a long time. I have been busy all day, doing a little of everything. I don't work hard, but there is a good deal to do. I keep things looking tolerably well. I get on here very well, dear one, Father and mother are as good to me as they can be. They let me manage about the house just as I please. They are very glad I think that I am here. Mother says she was very lonesome while I was gone, but she didn't want me to come home on her account. If I could do you any good she wanted me to stay. This is not like our home, sweet love, but I can get on. I do very well. Just as well as I can anywhere without you. It is hard living without you, my love, anywhere. We had a shower to day. It was much needed. Everything looks so pretty now. Iowa never looked half so well to me before. Since I came home I am entirely satisfied with Iowa. I don't want to live anywhere else. If you wanted to move I would be willing to go for your sake, love, but I don't want to move on my own account. I sat in the west door this evening and watched the sun sink to rest in a bed of gold and purple clouds. I looked over the landscape and thought what a goodly prospect it was. What a beautiful country! How lovely were the dark green hillsides, and the rich foliage of the distant woods! I sat and looked a long time, till I almost grew sad. I wanted you to see it, too, dear love. Don't you get homesick sometimes, when you think of Iowa? When you remember that it is May up here. You know that is our favorite month. There are more

wild flowers than usual, of a dry spring. I keep a pot full on the table all the time, to make the room look beautiful. I don't think, my pet! But I am filling up my paper, and not saying anything. In truth, love, there isn't much of interest to say. Nothing has happened, and we have had no news, since day before yesterday. Father is going to Hannibal to-morrow. He is getting a plow made there, and he wants to see after it. He will bring my mail. They were going to get a mail late this evening, they said. I want another letter from you, dear one, so bad, and I think I will get it, maybe to-morrow. You are so good to write. I never shall forget you for it, pet! But don't you get letters pretty often, love? Don't you get more than anybody else? Don't you get enough? Are they not long enough? I wish I could peep into your heart some day when you have just got a letter, and see whether you are glad much! I am anxious to get my papers too. I want to hear the news pretty bad. I hope it is still good. I read a late speech of Wendell Phillips to day. He says this war will not be ended by an event. It will not be ended by a great battle. He don't think it will end soon. But it will end, and the end will be as glorious as we dare to hope. I don't think his prophecies will be all true. I have always expected the war to be ended by an event, as he says; perhaps a great battle. But why need we talk of this? My courage almost fails sometimes, darling. I do my very best to keep in good heart, but sometimes I fail. May God hasten the day that will give us peace once more! I am glad you can get the news now, my pet. I know you do a great deal better. I was so sorry for you when you had nothing to read. I never read a good thing but I think of you, and wonder if you will see it. I read the Tribune and South Eye and my daily Gate City. There are enough. I write so much, that I don't get to read as much as I will when you come home. I have had no letter yet from you or any of our folks, in Indiana. I hardly think I shall get any. Jane said she would write often. I wish she would. Poor girl, I want to hear from her. I won't write any more I think unless they answer my letter. Mother wanted me to promise to write every week, to tell them about you, but I told her I couldn't promise to write every week, but I would write as often as I could. I have only written once yet. Would you write any more, love, if you were in my place, before they write to me?

In camp near Helena Arkansas

May 27th / 1863

My own Dollie,

Early this morning I received two letters from you, both mailed at Genium on the 21st inst. Thank you for them my Darling. I received one also from Jane. She wrote me a good letter. It was not a fine letter, but it was as good as could be. It is short, and I am going to put it up with this and send it to you, so you may know just what she has said to me. She is a good sister, and I told all I said to you of at writing to father folks, ^{back} especially so far as she is concerned. Write to her if you want to Dollie, but tell her not to let any one else see your letters till after she reads them. In all probability, if I write to her than a some of the other boys will get the letter and read it before she gets to see it. If I were sure they would I would not write to her at all. But as I don't know for certain I am going to send her a letter by the next mail. Yesterday or the day before I got a short letter from Henry, and I believe I write to you about it. He is a good loyal boy, and I do hope he will mad go into the service again. He can stand a Camp life now, if he is much sick.

As to the rest of them at home let them stay, they
and I will assure you I will never bother them

We have news to day that the fight is still going on at
Michalung. One Hospital boat went ^{up} this morning early
She took up between four and five hundred wounded
soldiers. We look anxiously for news from that direction

On day before yesterday, the 5th Kansas Cavalry and
the 3rd Iowa Cavalry went out on its little boat
pound or so out. Some three or four miles out they run into
an ambushade of rebels and got pretty badly cut up again. They
fell back and sent a runner to town, but of course by the
time the reinforcement got there the Guerrillas were all gone
The infantry were all put under arms and some Regimen-
ents were sent out to the hills to occupy the rifle pits.

We were ^{out} in one of them all the afternoon. About night the
forces all came in, and so did we. Since then I have heard
nothing more of it. The 5th Kansas lost five men killed,
some twenty wounded, and about forty captured. The
3rd Iowa lost some eight or ten wounded, and two captured
Some two or three days ago, there was a boat sent down to
Frias Point, for the purpose of getting some negroes and mules
There were eight or ten white soldiers, and one or two negro
Companies sent down on the boat, coming back the rebels
fired ^{at} them some distance below here. They who were
on the boat say that the negro soldiers fought like good fellows

I believe in most of instances the negroes will fight equal
to white men. As the 14th Arkansas was going down the river from
here they were fired ^{at} by the rebels, and after the Regiment
had landed for the purpose of fighting, it was all the officers
could do to keep the negroes back, they wanted to go right
into them. They drove the rebels off and went on their
way rejoicing.

The above I believe is all the news I know of a local
character, and in fact we pay but little attention to these
small things, while every thing hangs in such doubt at
the Rebel Gibraltar Michalung is the only thing, or point
we inquire after now. But it can't belong till the conflict
will be decided there. I have no fears for Grant if the
rebels don't throw their reinforcement in on his rear and
attempt to raise the siege. Some reports say Banks is then
with a part of his army, if that be correct the Rebel army
at Michalung is gone up. It can't be other wise. Pemberton
may concentrate his forces on some one point and cut his
way through, but he can't take anything out, if Grant keeps
on the look out.

My sheet is now full of lies, and you see I can't write
to night, so I will quit. The boys are all in bed. It is
nearly ten o'clock. Keep in good spirits Volvie, I can
I don't get the blues any, I have a good place to stay and
sleep, I love you my best. W. F. Permitt

I am, dear Sir, I might

Thursday evening, May the 14th 1863.

My Dear Brother Will:

Will you not read a letter from Jane, I am hear a lone this evening, mother is down at Ellers and I have been very hard at work, mashing all day, the boys are plant^(ing) corn & father is shearing the sheep, Henry is not working any this summer, he has ^{gon} a fishing to day he has a good time reading the papers he is all right on the war question he is a good brother. I received a good letter from Mary last night, a good letter, yes it was good for you know she never writes any other kind for she is a good woman I love her dearly, she is so kind so good so patriotic I love her she was not happy while in Indiana I hated very much to see her stars but I could not ask her to stay any longer with us for I knew she would be happier in a place more loyal, than is too many copper heads hear to suit any body that is trying to put down

this rebellion. let me tel you what I did yester^{day}
evening I let my fire go out and went to hunting
in the boys pockets for some matches and I found
a letter in Henry's pocket which I saw was
from you. you know then I couldnt go away
with out reading it you said you^{were} glad he had
been to the war, of cours you was, you thought more
of him you loved him more, how much do you
recom we love you who has left your home
your Darling wife with united heart and hands,
body & soul to put down at the point of the
Baonet, the most fell, corrupt causeless rebellion
that the world ever saw.

I am going to send you a short letter I cant rite
good letters like Mary listen to hers she can
interest you and she will too. rite her lots of letter^s
they do her up so much good, Keep in good spirits
it is to be hope^d this war will come to a close short^{ly}
and you can return to her and live happier than
you ever did before. now wont you rite me a few
lines excuse this pore scabble and I will do better
whent I have more time Your obedient sister Jane

one that was not keeping well. The others I will keep if I can till you come home. I am glad you can get them. They will be so good for you, in the warm weather. Get everything you can, love, that will do you good. Humphrey May starts to Kentucky next Monday. He will be gone four or five weeks. He will stop at Aunt Anne's a while. We shall get to hear from Indiana.

I have been busy to day, ironing and l'king, and scrubbing, and sweeping the yard and reading my papers. My hand work is all done for this week. My candle is burnt out, and I want go after another one to night. Goodly sweet love. You know I love you with all my heart, don't you? Good night. Sleep sweetly, my own precious one!

Saturday Morning. Father says he will go for our mail again this morning. He is ready to start and want let me write any. They get the mail nearly every day now, at Isonium. We are all well this morning. The weather is beautiful. Take good care of yourself for your Polly's sake, my love. I do hope I shall get a letter. I want one so much - but I always want one. I am in good spirits, my pet. You must be of good cheer. Write me long letters my own dear love, and oblige your affectionate Polly.

Father says you can charge him with this blank paper because he's in a hurry. He and mother send love.

Friday Evening, May 29th 1869

My Ann Love:

Just as I was dating my letter Billy Wright came to the gate and halloed. He had come to hear whether I had any late letters, and whether you wrote anything about Sam. I got your letter of the 18th this morning, and I told him what you said that Sam was going about, and that you were trying to get him sent up the river. He was very glad to hear even that much. His latest letter was written the eleventh. They were afraid you had all gone to Hickling. I know how uneasy Sam's mother is, and I feel sorry for her. If I could, I would send her word always when I hear any good news.

This morning early Mrs. Sheete came by going to Hickling, and brought me a letter from you, and my papers, and three oranges, and a little book - Letter writer that Mr. Grissom left at their house last night. I had heard nothing of his coming home till then. He told them he had no time to come here. I think I will go to see him. I want to hear all about you so much, my love.

Father was at Isonium to day, and they there say that he brings a terrible account home. He says the boys are all sick, and tired of the war, and want to come home. That they live very hard, and can't eat at their tables without vomiting, and the like. Now this is Isonium talk, my dear. I don't know whether Mr. Grissom ever said one word of it. If he did he must have been intimate with Will Parson and a few others like him, while he stopped at Haskins. We don't believe one word of it. It doesn't trouble me a particle. I can believe you and Will and the Maithens. You have a few bad men in your company serving, who no doubt are traitors at heart, and they would be glad to get out of the service at any sacrifice of honor or manliness. I think this is the way it is, my love. Don't you. I expect your company is just like the others. They all have a few bad men in them.

You could not expect it otherwise. The most of them give a very truthful account of the way they live &c. The good, loyal are very far from grumbling. Waiters will do almost anything, you know. Don't let such things annoy you, love. I don't let them trouble me. We have more good news from Vicksburg to day. What a series of brilliant victories Grant has won! I am glad he has succeeded so much beyond even our fondest hopes of him, because I have doubted him. I have been afraid that his campaign would end in some terrible disaster to our cause. I would have been glad last winter if the President had removed him from that command. But he has taken Vicksburg, he has won us such a victory as has not gladdened our hearts since Corinth, nor then even, and how joyfully we forget the five long months of itching and digging! Grant is everybody's hero now. I don't think there will be any more fighting along the river, do you, my love? I don't believe the rebels will hold out much longer. We shall have peace, my darling, I ardently hope before the first snow shall fall.

Darling, you said you were thinking about letting me come down to Helena to stay a while. My heart gave a great bound when I read that. I do want to go to you, love, if you can't come home. You know I want to see you, worse than I can tell you, but I will not urge you to let me come. You know best, my pet, and I know you will do right. But I will come gladly, if you say I may. I could do with very common lodgings, I would submit to any inconvenience to be near you. You know I would, dear love! Then if you were sick I could take care of you, and nurse you, and if you ^{were} well I could love you, and see you sometimes. But I won't talk about it to night, dearest. You must decide. I hope General Prentiss will let me come. He has a new wife of his own, and I hope he loves her, and wants to see her, if she will visit with him. Women are not such bad things in the army, darling. General Grant keeps his wife with him, or near him all the time. She gets captured sometimes, but he always gets her back, you know. Seriously, dear one, I wish I had a thousand dollars of my own, and I would spend it all, to stay near you, till you come home. If I knew you could

keep well I could stand it, hard as it is, to be separated from you. But I am so afraid of your getting sick or hurt. Then you will need Polly as much. I am glad you have a pleasant camp, on the river. The bathing will be so good for you. Won't the mosquitoes eat you up? I am afraid they will, nearly dead. I think Will will be careful of himself, and keep clean. Matt is dirty I know, but he seems to thrive on it pretty well. Will comes. We have heard from Jimmy through some of his comrades. His eye was better. Otherwise he was well. They are expecting stirring times in Missouri this summer. We have a rumor from rebel sources, that Helena has been captured by them. We put no reliance in it. They will get another mail at Helena to night. Father or I will go there in the morning, to get the papers, and I think I will get another letter from you. You are so good to write my precious love. Father is in a great way over the good news. He thinks it means that you will all come home soon. Mother is willing for me to go to you, though she thinks I will get blown up on the river. She will let me go without a word.

Father was at Woodside to day. He saw Mr. Dainburg going over to look at Kitchie, and he went with him, and sold him the cow for nineteen dollars. I am afraid this isn't right, darling. It is a pretty good price, but I don't know whether we ought to have sold her. I didn't want to, till I heard from you, but father thought I had better let her go. He says her calf isn't worth much. He paid the money for her. I shall not let any more be sold till you say so. Everything was right at Woodside. The man from Milledgeville is going to look at the corn. He offered \$37,00 for the pen, but father wouldn't take it. He thinks there are between 200 and 250 bushels of it. He says he will take \$24,00. I hate to see our things sold off, darling. It makes me feel bad. But it may be for the best. I think it is to sell the corn. Father saw the young steers. He thinks they are fine. He said he would give me twenty dollars a head for them. I told him he couldn't never have them. It is eleven o'clock again my darling, and I must quit writing and go to bed. I don't feel sleepy, but I will in the morning I guess. Thank you for the oranges, my pet. Mother and I ate

Saturday Evening, May 30th 1869

My Dear Love:

I find I have a few sheets yet of my large paper. I will use one this time, so you may look out for a large letter. Will that please you, dear? I don't think I have any other duty to perform half so important as that of writing to you. I am glad I haven't for it would be sadly neglected I fear. I don't want to do much but write to you, and read your letters, and the new news, and love you with all my heart. But that enough till you care how, my dearest? I sent you a letter yesterday and one to-day. I am not sure I can mail this before next Wednesday, but I will have it ready and perhaps I shall have a chance. I wish I knew whether you get my letters, dear, and whether they are any old when you get them. I got yours of the 19 and 22nd this morning. It came in eight days. I have had four, yet five, this week, and I hope I shall get another one in the morning. Mr. Sheets will bring up my mail to night. Mr. Phillips says he gets a semi-daily mail now. The people are so interested in the war news, that they go nearly every day to Moscow. It pleases me, I assure you, love. It was a good long letter I got this morning. I love it, dearest. I don't know how many times I have read it over. I love you for writing so often. I know what makes you do it, pet. I know all about it. I write to somebody every day, and twice a day, and then I am not satisfied. I want to talk to you all the time you are seven or four John Purgason, love. But I am not going to apologize for him. I think he deserves it, but because he married our sister I would not make an open rupture with him. I don't blame you, my pet. I am sorry for another and you. I will not write to them any more, unless they do to me. When I will write to you, my dear Purr-Jane, she can't help it, and she has trouble enough, without any hurting her feelings, or neglecting her. She loves me, I know, and she always did every thing she could for me. It was not much she could do, but she was willing. I hope she will some day come to live and live near us. I would be very glad. Only think how, if the moral compact required for her to be loyal, and she was loyal! Surrounded with out-of-door heaven, no one to tell her the facts about anything or talk to her in the subject, no papers to read, or at least reasonable ones, and yet she was loyal - all the time. Could you or I have been more? Jane is worthy of our love, my pet, and we don't know her away, will we? If she ever writes to you, answer her letter dearest, and say a few gentle, loving words to her. It will do her untold good. It will make her a better woman, I know, my dear one! The poor child now has a loving word said to her, and her heart grows for someone to love her, and respond to her.

She told me all her trials one day, while we were out in the pasture gathering willows. It was a sad story. She said she wanted me to tell you all about it, and how she lived - after you come home; not before, because she didn't want to annoy you with her troubles, when you had trouble of your own, and so much to do, and think of. But when you come back, and had time to think of her, then I must tell you. She said she often thought that if she married and left that home, she would never go back even to see them as long as she lived. They are not good to her, my darling. I don't know why. She is the best one in the family. And if the rest don't sympathize with you, and wish you well, I know she does. She loves you, more than she does any of them. We won't throw her away, my precious. I wonder what made me get to talking on this subject. Nothing was further from my thoughts when I sat down. But I never know what I am going to say to you when I commence writing. I just tell you everything I think of, darling, as fast as I think of it. That is all the way I can write to you now, when I write so much. If I only wrote once a week, I could send you carefully prepared letters, - and you wouldn't care half so much for them, I know. Would you, dear love?

Later: I am sitting here by the candle writing again to night. I didn't want to go to sleep - and I never want to go to bed now, till I get very sleepy - and I didn't want to read - I didn't want to do anything but talk to you. There has been no one here to day but Mr. Christie. I gave him some papers to take home to read the war news. I think he is a good old man. This afternoon I went over the prairie and gathered me two large flower pots, of wild flowers. I have one in each room they are so pretty now! I wish you had one of them in your tent. It would remind you of Dollie, I know. And you would admire it, and love it; you wouldn't help it. As I came home with my flowers, I stopped a little, while at Hickcox's gone Pennabaker was there. I feel so sorry for her. Her husband is at Vicksburg, and she has not had a letter from him for two weeks. She is in Steele's Division, and she thinks she has been in some of the hottest battles of last week. But that is all. Don't it hard, darling? God has been merciful to us, my love, let us be thankful. If you were situated as he is now, I couldn't bear it as well as she does. She is quite cheerful, and seems as anxious to hear that our cause is triumphant, as that he is safe. I am glad for her that she can bear it so well. She has three babies to take care of. That don't leave her much time to grieve. I like her very much. I used to like her before we were either of us married. How little we thought then of what the future had in store for us. Both of us come back to
(our old home!)

I promised that I would go to see her before many days, and hear how she is getting on. I think I will go next week. Mark Hickcox is at Vicksburg too. His folks are very uneasy about him. I rec'd a letter from Jim. Hickcox. I know he is a good soldier. Some of his letters are very rich. He writes well. All these boys do. I sent by father to day and bought some letter paper, and a pair of shoes, and a dark brown dress. It is a very pretty piece. I must make it up next week, though I dont know how I am to be still long enough. I dont need it, unless I go to you during the summer. But I want to be ready, love, if you should send for me. Isn't that right? The son Mullinn's at Sam Dix's trying to buy a horse. He has sold one of his little rabbits for \$5.00. He said a traveler come along and told them the latest news from Vicksburg, and Dix couldnt hold his head up. I guess he and most of Isonium will put on mourning. How soon we feel for them, dont we, darling! Mullinn's sent word for me to go there, that the strawberries were ripe. He has sent for me half a dozen times. I am going, maybe Monday or Tuesday. John is rejoicing over the good news. My Phillips is having a jubilee all by himself. He says he has fallen ten cents on the yard, on his goods. You dont know, my love, how good people do rejoice over it. You never say anything like it here. The war has come much closer home to the people than it had before you went away. And then they have waited for this so long, and so much depends on it. We talk of nothing else hardly. Many are afraid to believe it. It is so good, they fear it cant be true. An evening or two ago, old Mr. Ealy called at the gate, and asked about you, and then about the news. I told him, and he was so glad, and asked me again and again if I was sure it was true. I told him I was pretty sure this time, and I took my latest daily out to the fence and read the dispatches to him. He laughed freely over it, and said "It was mighty good; it was just good enough; but he wanted our boys to get them all, every one of them." That is the way all the people feel that I have seen. I hear of the traitors going around with long, doleful faces, trying to make out that our victory isn't so much of a victory; and that if Grant has captured Vicksburg, Price has taken Heclona, but I dont see them, love, nor hear them. I am glad they are not in our neighborhood. I dont trouble myself about them. I leave them to their own consciences, and the tender mercies of our patriot soldiers when they shall come home. I am in good spirits, my darling. Isn't this letter long enough to tire you? I will go to bed now, and sleep, and dream of seeing my own sweet love. Haven't I gossiped to you to night, pet, enough? I have told you everything I can think of.

Sunday Morning Early.

Good morning, my pet! Are you well this morning? Are you contented and cheerful? Do you ever think this warm, bright Sunday, away in your far off tent, about home and the Dollie who loves you so much? I know you do, my own love. I have hit upon a plan to send off my letter before Wednesday. Trust a woman for always finding a way to do anything she wants to do right fast. Humphrey May is going to start to Kentucky in the morning, and I will send this to him, and get him to mail it for me somewhere as he goes along. (Do you see that big S up there, dear? Don't laugh.) That will do. You will get a day or two sooner by it. This makes twenty letters I have sent you since I came home. Haven't I written enough my love? It has only been a little over a month. I am going to Mrs. Sheels this morning to see if I haven't a letter there. Oh, I hope there is one! I shall get my papers too. Father is getting Rover ready, and I must pack this up and go. I want to go a long. It is a beautiful morning, I shall enjoy the little ride. I am not going to meeting to day. I don't want to go. I would rather stay here and talk to my own Peaches. I must quit now. I will put on my bonnet and go. Take good care of your health, my pet. Be of good cheer, and don't forget to love your own faithful
Dollie

I will not allow any man to go if I can prevent it I must
and will defend my character and that of my family to the bitter
end, with my life if necessary. I do not so much blame your
wife and the old man for what they have done and written for
that parcel find and his wife sure influenced them to it.
I have always made it a rule to deal honestly with mankind
generally and expect to do so still. now I do not claim that
every thing has been done exactly right for I am not perfect by
any means but I feel conscious of having conducted as well
as I conveniently could and as I regarded best for your interest
and mine and expect to do so til my time is up. I would
like to have staid on your place another year but under the
circumstances I shall leave when my year is out.
now I do I have stated the simple truth in regard to my
conduct nothing more nothing less if you are satisfied with
it well and good if not well and good my conscience is clear
I will not tell a lie to screen myself from censure or to gain
the good will of any man. if pursuing a straight forward
course and stating the simple truth will not gain us mans
good will I do not want it. Your mare is well and
healthy and able to do more work than Luke your colt we doing
well. I would be glad you would answer this soon
and I wish you to preserve Mr. Malinix's correspondence with
you and also any thing that he may have caused to be written
for I think that if we all live til you get home I will
convinces you that you have been grossly deceived by him
I will state a few things on another slip of paper which may
serve to show you whether or not he is a truth ful man and
a loyal man to all of which I ^{have} plenty of evidence that he
dare not deny. Tell John that the connections are well generally
the folks are in good health.
and wishing that it may ^{find} you and the
boys generally enjoying the same

Wm. L. Swater

Woodside May 31st 1863

Captain W. F. Vermillion

Sir I seat myself this evening to address a few
lines to you feeling not in the best humor in the
world. Sir I would much rather not write this to
you I would rather you were here so that I could
tell you face to face with the Scoundrel that has been
doing all that he can to injure us ever since we have been
here so that you could see and judge for your self
Mr. Malinix has been doing all that he can to poison
the minds of your self and Wife and Mr. Kemper against
us ever since he left the place and he has done it by gross
misrepresentation and base falsehood. I have been accused
of working your man to death for other people. I have been
accused of stealing your potatoes. Pasture my ~~my~~ boys
on the flowers using the pasture lot without authority
abusing your room and furniture and every other damned
mean thing that the villains could think of.
his motive for so doing I cannot comprehend but I shall
bring him to a strict account the first time that I
see him I have deferred writing this until this evening
expecting to see him to day but he did not come
he has succeeded in his design with Mr. Kemper and your
Wife and I suppose with you also as you do not answer my
letter I am led to think that you consider it beneath
your dignity to answer the letter of as low contempt-
ible devil as myself. Now Sir I will make a simple
statement of the facts in the case first the mare has
not worked one hour for any one but myself but I worked
Luke three or four days for Cyresses boys covering corn with a straw
net plow and the boys worked the battle seven days I
could hire no help so I thought the best thing I could
do was for the boys and me to work together they had
in 25 acres of corn and have plenty of team to tend it
without any help from me but not so with me I have in

50 acres and could tend it without help so you see that the boys will do more work for me than and their team than I will for them for which I expect to pay them in the first place the two small boys ploughed and harrowed for me about three weeks they then took the cattle home with them and pouched them 5 days then the three boys come and helped me do my first planting then we planted theirs and I used Lake 2 1/2 days as before stated during this time the mare got hurt she got over it in 4 or 5 days but I did not work her for about 2 weeks I had some 20 acres ready to plant and 15 to break so the oldest boy brought their team and broke for me while ~~the~~ the little boy ploughed the cattle and I planted with a machine they all worked on for me until we finished then after this the boys worked the cattle for themselves 2 days now in doing this I don't what I thought was best for all parties concerned and if there is any thing wrong about it I can't see it during the last 2 days that the boys used the cattle Mr. Kemper came to them and made ^{them} turn them out and said some pretty hard things I was not at home that day or the consequences might not have been very pleasant I ^{and} Mr. Malinix sold your potatoes and on Sunday he asked me to take them up on Monday I did so I got about 4 bushels of them what I thought would do to plant and I supposed that there was about the same amount of rotten ones they had the dry rot now the scoundrel told your wife that ^{to} put up 15 or 16 bushels that amount never was put there in the world 8 bus would have covered the pile and they had not been mottled by any one after they were buried or I could have discovered it they believe very thing he says consequently I must have stolen the potatoes hence I ^{am} looked upon as a thief as well as a rascal and sir we never took as much as one potato of yours we had plenty of our own and have plenty yet and I left 6 bushels in the hole and gave them to Mother and George so I don't see what interest it would be to me to steal them for I

sold none to any body I do boys destroying the flowers they never touched a flower one Sunday while we were to church the calf got out of the pen and eat of the leaves of the tulips but they grew up and blossomed as towards as for any of the rest being destroyed since we have been here such is not the case there has been some of them destroyed but it was before we came here Mr. Wothers folks can tell you whose sheep and calves destroyed them if you wish to know 4th the pasture lot I am using just as you ordered me to you told me that Malinix would take the division fence to put around the yard and cornpens and for me to put it back in the spring and use the lot for my calves and your horses to run in I did so I had six pigs that run in there for some time for the reason that the outside fence was so open that I could not stop them for a long time but I finally succeeded in stopping them out and I kept 3 sows in there about ten days for this reason I had six sows to have pigs out side and never sored but one pig and I thought I would try to save some of the rest consequently I turned them in the lot until they had their pigs and got so that they could follow them I turned them out 2nd we have set our bureau two trunks and a bed in your room and keep the room in order we use it for nothing else whatever except when any one stays all night with us we put them in there to sleep your furniture has not been abused in the least since we came here for we have plenty of our own I think the room is in much better condition than if we had not put opened it for the same day we moved here I cleaned about 3 bushels of snow out of it if I had left it in that condition you would have been displeased so I thought it best to do as I did being crowded for room anyhow the little room I am using as you told me to to put the tools and harness in we ^{have} some of our things in there too Now Doc I feel my self considerably hurt and injured by him and though his instrumentality now the thing has gone far enough I will submit to it no longer there are bounds beyond which

I will state how they used the room of yours which they positively deny they worked in there during the winter made their soap in there heat water in there to scald hogs used your stairs through the winter made candy in there there was plenty of it sweared on the centre table when we came here they had their ashtray against the front wall between the two doors we had ours between the smoke house and the lot fence close by a nook tree that stands by the fence although it has been reported we had it in the iron yard.

Will now in regard to the letter I wrote you about Mr Philips and your wife both. Says the letter does not contain what I wrote to you but had neither of them have seen the letter referred to though they think they had Philips says he read it for him in the office but he did not I dont suppose any logical man or woman has got to see it or ever will the letter may not contain the exact words that I wrote but to that import the copperheads for miles around know all about it now I would say there were 3 persons at Seoniam god the letter went to Malinix a visiting one of them read it the other two did by and heard it he rised and he swore and damned Doc. Permillion for everything he must be damned hell or fight I will write him a letter and give him hell for writing me such a letter I will tell him when he writes to me on business to not write any such damned stuff to to me is some of the language that he used.

The above witnesses will testify to this if necessary.

My own opinion of him is that he is a two faced scoundrel and a rebel or he would not be wiping Tom Branons ass and laying around the rebel barbar ad Seoniam as he does if this does not satisfy you I will write out the charges in full have all the witnesses to sign them and send them to you I mean the whole of the charges throughout

Wm. N. Tenter