

It is very cold to night. I have been sitting here by a gas fire. The wind is blowing and howling around the house (No. 47) feel very dreary and desolate. I wish like a mad thing. It breaks me. It would be still. Good night sweet.

Thursday Night, October 1, 1863.

My Dearest Love:

I sent you a letter to day to Lagrange. I can't write much to night, for there is nothing to write about, my darling. There is no news up here. Father went to the post office this evening, and I hoped I should get a letter from you, but I was disappointed. He got nothing but one paper and there is nothing of importance in that. I feel very lonely to night, my love. I am afraid I have the "blues" a little - or rather I am sorry because I didn't get any letters. And then I want to see you so much, darling! Only think how long it has been. October is here now. It was October when you left me, pet. It will soon be a year - it seems ten to me - since I saw you. Don't you remember when you left me you said you would come to see me by Christmas? Oh, darling, we didn't know much about war then, did we? I am afraid another Christmas will come before you. But still, sweet pet, I won't give up the hope of your coming this fall. I will look for you every day. I think if you come at all, it will be soon. Tell me what you think about it, dear one. It will comfort me a little to hear you talk about it, I think. I wish I could go to you, my love. I do in deed. I would give everything almost if I could stay with you, or near you this winter. I can't live without you hardly, my precious one. Sometimes I am tempted to start and find you, and stay with you any how. I would have gone long ago, only I was afraid you would scold me when I got to you. Do you think you would, pet? Could you scold your Polly for loving you so much? But what am I talking about, dear one? Let us change the subject. It is very cold to night, and cloudy and dismal. It rained this morning. I have been working a little, and reading the papers, and thinking of you.

Saturday Evening, Oct. 3^d

I didn't write any last night, my darling. I had headache, and I went to bed early. I have taken a severe cold. I have done nothing to ease but sit by the fire. I am so sore and stupid I can hardly go about. But I shall soon be over it. You know a cold always hurts me a good deal. The weather is very cold and disagreeable. Last night it rained again. I think the sudden changes in the weather has given me cold. I guess I shall doctor myself up a little to night, if I don't feel better. How can't be uneasy about me; love, it is nothing but a bad cold, and it won't last long. If I could get a good letter from you, darling, I think it would do very much towards curing me. I would rather have that than all the medicine in the world. I have had no word from you since last Tuesday. I expect the mail will come in again to night, and I may get a letter. I do hope I will, sweet love. I want one so much. But you know I always want one, don't you, pet? I have heard no news, and I don't know what to write about. My head don't feel quite heavy enough to "make up" a letter, to day. If this is a short, poor scrawl my love must forgive me this time. You will, won't you, darling? If you were here I could know plenty of things to talk about. I would talk with you all day long, and all night long, and never get tired. But I can't write much, dear, when my head feels muddled. I have no late war news. I wait anxiously to hear of some movement of Meade's army, now while the rebels are weakened. I am afraid he will do nothing, till the opportunity is lost. Rosecrans was still holding Chattanooga, and waiting for reinforcements at last accounts. There is nothing secretly in the papers about Steele's army, or movements. That is always the first thing I look for, and I am always disappointed. I thought the Tribune had a correspondent along, but I guess he didn't leave the river. Sometimes his letters are dated at Helena, and sometimes at Memphis.

I hope we shall hear some good news before the election. Rosecrans' defeat was capital for the traitors at home, and it will win copperhead votes, if not counterbalanced by a Union victory before the election. It is a sorrowful fact that there is a party in our country that fattens only upon our country's misfortunes and humiliations, but it is a fact. Defeat of the rebels is despair for them. If Rosecrans should whip and scatter Bragg's army within the next ten days, they will come to the polls with far less confidence of success. But we won't talk about politics, my love. I thought I would go to Steag's tomorrow, but I guess I shall not be well enough, especially if the weather is bad, like it is today. I know the old lady will give me a good scolding if I don't go. I must try to write a short letter to Matt, and send by Willis. He starts back Monday. He was so long coming that he only had one week at home. He will have a long way to go before he finds his regiment again.

The people here have sent off a petition asking to have father appointed post-master. They think there is no place else for the Deputy office to go. I don't want him to have it at all, at least while I stay here. I tried to get him to stop their petition, but I believe he is very willing to take it. If he does, it will do us no good, as the mail will come but once a week. He has no room for it, and it will be a great deal of trouble. What I shall hate is that it will bring so much company and make so much work; but let him do as he pleases about it. My darling will be at home sometimes, and then we will hunt us a home. We will make it the dearest and happiest home in the world, and we will live there and love each other. We will work together, and need together, and live together. I feel, my pet, like nothing but death shall ever part us again. Do you ever think about the happiness in store for us, love, when you come home? If it were not for that I could not keep up my courage at all. I must quit writing a little while and warm my stiffening fingers. I will write more to night. Goodly, sweet pet.

Laten - It is bed time now, my dear, but I will finish your letter before I sleep.
I have written a letter to Matt. I feel a good deal better than I did all day.
I think I will be about well in the morning. I don't like pepper tea
you know, so I am very glad I am getting better without having to drink
any of it. If I get a letter from you in the morning I shall be well, my
dearling. I hope, ^{our} will come for me to night. Unclely Parenport has not
come home again as we heard. They say his father is telling very hard
stories about the way the soldiers are treated in the hospitals at Keokuk
since he come back. I don't know whether it is true, but it is said that
he tells that they have nothing to eat scarcely, and what they have isn't
fit to eat. It is the first time I have heard a word of complaint on
that subject since I come home. I don't believe a word of it. There are
some copperheads that nothing - but treason - can please. I see in my
paper that Robert Standley of co. 7, 34 regt. died lately at one of the
hospitals in St. Louis. I don't think you had any man of that name.
Did you, dearling? I hope there is some mistake. I hate to see so many of
your men to die. I know it troubles you, love. I wish you could bring
them all home with you. But your men have fared extremely well,
compared with some regts. and companies I mean of. If you are well
yet, my pet, I think you will not get sick this fall. I hope the worst
danger is over now. I know you are careful, dearling, that has saved you
so far. You will be all the time, won't you, love? I should be crazy if I
thought you were careless and reckless about your health as most men are.
I know your constitution could not bear it long. But I know my good
dearling is careful as he can be. You must not get sick, till you come home
and your Dollie can nurse you, and pet you till you get well again.
I must quit writing, my love. I didn't think I would fill up all these pages
when I commenced. Perhaps I can send my letter to Lagrange to morrow.
You won't forget your Dollie, will you, love? nor forget to love her all the
time? No, I know my husband will not forget. God bless you, my pet Dollie

Little Rock Ark. Oct 18th

My Dear Sister

I take this opportunity of writing you a few lines. I don't feel a bit like writing this evening. But the fear of another scolding, and the hope of getting a good long letter in return, compels me to attempt to write you a short letter. I received your very welcome letter of July 8th and 9th a few days ago. I have read and reread it until I have nearly committed it to memory. You don't know how much good it does me to get a letter from you. It is true I do not write to you as often as I might. But it is not because I do not like to hear from you, but because I am such a poor hand at writing myself. If I could write like you can, I would write every day.

I would like to have been
at home a while, when Jim was there
and have gone to some of their big
Reunion meetings, with you and him.
I would like to have gone to
Centerville with you, and heard the
good speaking, to have seen the
pretty girls, and to have seen Jim
"sold out." Poor fellow, I feel for him
but I can't quite reach him. I can
imagine how you looked, and how
he felt when you got home.

I suppose he had a good time, and
has gone back to Springfield well
satisfied with his visit, and content
to soldier til the war is over.

You say you are looking for what
I am afraid you will look a long
time before you see him. I got a
letter from him, the same day I
got yours. He said they draw
lots to see who should go home
and he was one of the unlucky ones

Saturday Evening Oct 3rd

Will Mary, The boat is going to start out in a few minutes and my letter is not written. And what is worse I have any thing to write, It is very windy and disagreeable to day, and the dust comes whirling in at our shuttered doors, filling our eyes and dusting our paper, so that I don't think I will have a very nice letter to send to a lady. My health is good. I never felt better in my life. I am getting fat again. And I think I will be able to move Uncle Sam as long as he has any thing for me to do. The Capt is well and hearty. He is at work to day fixing up a room to sleep and write in. He is going to live up stairs in our "Shanty". He will have a room about seven feet square. And a ladder

to climb up and down on.
Wont that be nice?

I got a pass the other day and
paid a visit to the City of Little Rock.
It is the nicest town I have seen
since we left Memphis - and that
is not saying much for it.

I think you would like it pretty
well, because it is scattered over
so much ground, and has so many
shade trees. The citizens appear to
be very well pleased with the change
things have taken. If I can get a
pass I am going to town tomorrow
to church - not exactly to hear the
preaching but to see the girls.

You wanted to know how many Tuttle
men we had in Co F. I can't answer
that question yet - I think we have
some that will do for him. We are
so far out of the world, and get so
few papers, we don't know much about
what is going on in other parts.
I hardly ever hear politics named. But
when the time comes I guess you will
hear from us. Write to me soon, wont you?
And tell me all about - Jim's visit - Where he
went, what he said and did, and all about him.
I know he wont tell me any thing about it.
Tell Father if he dont write to me pretty soon I shall
write him to head quarters

Little Rock Ark.

Oct 3^d / 1863

My Darling.

The is quite cool this morning. So cold I cant write but a few lines. You could not write either my Dollie, if you were situated as we are here, with nothing to keep the mice off of you. We will get our tents in a few days I think, at least the Col says we will. But then he said that two weeks ago. He does not care much I think. His tent is well floored and made as comfortable as it can be. So are the tents of all the field and Staff. But then I told you I was not going to grumble.

We have no news from the front. Some say Price is at Arkadelphia, with what is left of his Army. Reports say his men are deserting very rapidly, and reports say they are coming in here and taking the Catts. The number of two hundred a day. General Steele is arming all who wish to defend them selves against the Guerrillas. There are some doubts in the minds of military ^{men} of the propriety of giving men who have been rebels Uncle Sam's guns. I hope they are all right. Some of them must be, for they brought in several prisoners the other day. If they do prove to be all right and in good earnest they will do an immense amount of good.

I am going to town this morning. When I come back if it is not too disagreeable to write I will tell you all I see or learn, but I think it will not be much.

The latest news we have is that the 17th met. So you see we dont know much of what is going on. Some say Rosecrans has been whipped and beaten back from Chattanooga. I cant believe it, - I dont want to believe it. But if he ever is whipped he will be badly whipped.

My fingers are so cold I can hardly write at all. You
don't blame me for not writing you long letters will you
my Darling until I get better situated ~~with~~
then you shall have plenty of them again.

Be hopeful about the war here. We will come out
all right, and I think it will not be long.

My health is good. I have plenty to eat and I eat it
for the last month we have had all the Sweet Potatoes
we have wanted, and I like them too, full as well
as you do. When I get home I will have as many
planted for myself as I will for you.

Tell me all about our business. You know I want
to hear from my Dollie.

M. A. Vermilion

Little Rock Ark

Oct. 3rd 1863

My Darling,

The night is passing. It is already about nine o'clock. The weather is still quite cool, but I have a more comfortable place than I have had since we left Helena, and where do you suppose I am. We have a Barracks for the men much like those were at Keokuk. The mens bunks are all below, and I have a place floored on the loft - up against one of the gable ends. It is just large enough to sit my bunk on and for my Ackerly's box to sit on. It is small, but quite pleasant and warm. The only trouble is, the boys noise. They say I shant stay here - they will drive me away. I am going to see Joseph Funkhouser has just come up from Helena. He brings us the greatest news of the great and days battle in Georgia. This is the 3rd and he brings us news up to the 28th ult, and papers to the 29th. Rosecrans to have been beaten back - or at any rates checked in his onward movements. What a fight it must have been. The Commander who never had been whipped at any point or at any time to be checked and thrown back. Another what a slaughter. Twelve hundred men killed and seven thousand wounded. It may be our losses are not so heavy, and it may be our Army has not been compelled to fall back on Chattanooga. But then even if it is all so, the reverses can only be temporary. Reinforcements are going up ^{river} the all the time. They go to Memphis and then up - or out on the rail road. The reports say troops can reach Chattanooga in five days from Helena. Funkhouser says General Smith's Division which had staid at

Helena on its way here - went up immediately, and that
fourteen boat loads had passed up besides. Probably each
boat carried up five hundred troops. If so those boat loads
will almost replace Rosecrans' loss. And then General Smith's
Division must have contained some six or seven thousand
In all there has been some fifteen thousand troops gone to
his command from down the Mississippi. That is quite an
army its self you know, and those troops going to his
relief from Indiana and Kentucky. I don't know how
many in all I hope enough of brave souls to care
well for the good cause in that section of our Union. So
after all the loss can't be very great. It only shows the
point the rebels are the most afraid of they know it
would never do to let their center be broken, but it will
be broken. Our defeat there is just sufficient to cause
Government to send troops there plenty to make an army
invincible to the rebels. Perhaps full Dolly I am

Our Regiment has lost three line officers since we
left Helena. First Capt Will. of Co. K. He lived at
Albia then Lieut Spooner of Co. B. He lived at Center
ville. And to day we heard of the death of Capt Varner of
Co. A. He lived at Albia. All good men, and all were
on their way north. Capt Will died at the mouth of
White river. Lieut Spooner at Memphis, and Capt
Varner at Hannibal Mo. Capt Varner was trying
to - or did try to get the body of Capt Will home he got
it as far as Cairo and had to bury it there. He went
on and only got to Hannibal. Poor fellows, I wish they
could have got home. The rest of the line officers are
tolerably well. Some one or two have the ague occasionally.
Lieuts May and Wright are about as usual. They must
take good care of themselves or they will not get home.
The war may yet end with many of us lying here
under sail and occupied by rebels, but I hope not. I must quit
and go to bed

W. F. R.

It is going on eleven o'clock, curling, and everything is very still and quiet. I am sleepy, but I hate to go (No. 48) to bed. I would rather sit here all night if it would do as well. But father will want breakfast early in the morning, and I must sleep some, so good night, and good by, curling.

Sunday Night, Oct. 21, 1863

My Own Dear Lover

This has been a cold, bad day, but I went to Dr. Sarge's for all that. I am about well of my cold, and I thought I would wrap up and defy the bad weather. We had a very good time. There were over seventy people there. The house could hardly hold them. They had an excellent dinner - everything that was good. They had sent out a general public invitation to all Union people to come. If many more had gone I don't know where they would have put them. The old lady was flying around and seemed just in her element. The only thing that troubled her was that the old doctor was not there. That was bad. Willis looks very well, and seems in the best of spirits. I talked with him a few minutes. He speaks very highly of Matt. Says a better fellow never wore uniform. He brought home a large picture, having eight figures on one plate - all the members of their mess. The pictures are all good. Matt is sitting down with a spoon in one hand preparing something to eat. One is holding a cup of hot coffee, one smoking, one reading, some standing around. It is very nice. The boys joined in sending it home to their friends, and it belongs alike to all. We are to keep it by turns. Willis says Matt will not come home now till his time is up, unless the war ends before. I didn't know hardly anybody that was there, but a good many knew me. Everybody nearly seemed to know you. A young lady from Albion wanted to look at your likeness in my breast pin, and said she had often heard of Capt. Vermilion. She told me that Capt. Vanner's wife knew nothing of his death till they brought his dead body home, and at the moment she was busy writing a letter to him. Wasn't that dreadful, my darling? It turns me heart sick almost to think of it. Poor woman! I am sorry for her, sweet love.

Ray says he is surprised that the people up here see so much trouble about the soldiers. If we could only know what a jolly life they lead we wouldn't grieve about them. He believes, taking it all together, that the women at home have a harder time than the soldiers. I have no doubt there is truth in this, dear one. Grief is the fear, and the suspense, and the anxious watching and waiting. But we can't help it, love. We shall be paid, and more than paid, when our country is saved, and our loved ones come home. Your coming home, alive, my pet, would pay me a thousand times, for all the trouble I ever saw in my life. It is one year to us since you were mustered into the U. S. service. So long, my darling, and only one year of the time gone. But I am thankful that you have been well, and escaped all danger so far. I didn't think when you started, my love, that you could endure half the fatigue and hardships you have. Did you, darling? I thought I would get a letter this morning, but I was disappointed again. Father went to Mr. Shuck's early this morning, but got nothing but some papers. There were letters come yesterday from some of your company, but none from you, my pet. I must wait now till Tuesday. I will surely get some then. I have only had two short letters from you since the 30th of August. It is no wonder I am uneasy, is it darling? But I know it is not your fault. You have sent me letters I am sure, and I will get them after awhile. There is no news hardly in the papers. It is said now that Sherman is not gone to reinforce Rosecrans. I don't know which dispatch is true. I see that the rebels are watching anxiously to see how our elections go. They say if Vallandigham is elected there is a prospect of peace, and their papers are urging their generals to make some vigorous movements in his behalf. If he is defeated, they say, the war must last for years yet. By the time you get this letter, darling, we shall know what the people of Ohio say about it. The traitors are going to carry his election by fraud if possible. It is getting late, sweet love, and I will go to bed, and finish my letter to-morrow. Good night, my precious one.

Monday Night, Oct. 5,

My Dearest: I have been busy all day, or I would have finished this letter before night. This morning father was going to the timber with the wagon, and I went with him to gather hickory nuts. I could not find any hardly, and I didn't stay very long. But I was glad I went. The woods are very beautiful now. The trees have faded away their green summer robes, and clad themselves in the gorgeous tints of October. Their rich crimson, and gold, and purple, &c. beautiful, but saddening. I can't love my old friends so well, in such brilliant dresses. Far dearer to me are the warm showers, and bustling birds, and tender, springing grass and pale wild flowers of May. Poets love to sing of the "golden October" but it was always the saddest of all the twelve to me. It is doubly sad to me now, my love, because you left me in October. I never see the yellow leaves go drifting by, but I think of that autumn morning. I think of it too much, sweet darling, but we won't talk about it to night. We won't talk of anything that will give us the "blues," will we, dear one? It has cleared ^{up} again, and the weather is fine now. I am truly glad of it. I have been sewing ever since I come home this morning. I don't do much work that requires me to be still. I don't do all I ought to. -- Darling, just now Beppo flew out and barked like somebody was coming. I sat still, and didn't look up, but I thought maybe it was you coming. My heart almost stopped beating for a few moments. But I guess it was nothing. Beppo is quiet again. But it has made me so nervous, love, that I can hardly write. Don't laugh at your silly Pallas, will you, pet? There! he is barking again, but I won't mind him this time. Father and Mrs. Wilson are going to start to Edgville in the morning. Father is going to sell his wool, and buy salt and copper, and such things as he needs. Mother and I will be pretty lonesome while he is gone. Can you get some one to stay with us a few nights. I shall be afraid to stay

just with another, I know. I don't suppose anything would go wrong with us
at all, but I am timid and cowardly since you went away. I wouldn't stay
alone now like I used to of nights, for a great deal. I never thought hard
of being afraid then. I will send this letter by father and he will mail it
somewhere, for me. Fletcher Evans come home to day, on a freight
and found not one of his family left here. I feel so sorry for the boy.
His mother and father have both died since he went away, Jim has exist-
ed again, and the girls have broken up and moved to Marion county.
Fletcher is going to start there in the morning. He has nothing here but
the graves of his parents. He could tell us about Jimmy, if we could get
to see him; but I guess he got back all right, or we should have heard it.
I may get a letter from him to morrow. If I don't hear from you then
my darling, I don't know what I shall do. It has been a week now since
I heard one word. Sometimes I think you are coming home, and that
is why I don't get any letters; but I watch and look for you and you don't
come. My own darling, don't come. It may be that you cannot come at
all, but I don't know anything about you now, my pet, and so I will be-
lieve that you are coming soon. Let me have this poor comfort, dear one.
There is no news to write. Nothing has happened. Nobody is sick or dead
or married that I have heard of lately. Everything goes on just as usual.
One day is like all the others. The people all talk about the election, there
is more interest manifested I believe than was before the presidential
election. And it is right that every patriot should be fully awake now.
They say there will be twelve or fifteen copperhead votes given in this
township. It is late, my pet, and I must quit writing. My eyes ache.
You must not look for any good, or possible letters, darling, till I hear
from you. I can't write when I am uneasy. Send me a big long
dear, and you shall have a better one than this in reply. Take care of your-
self, sweet pet. Be of good cheer. Don't be troubled about me any, but send
me all the letters you can, possibly, and above all, don't forget to love your own folks.

Oct 4th 1863

My Darling,

The mail did not go out to day, so I did not send you the scrap I wrote last night. I will talk awhile to night and send all together. Today has been an other cold windy day, the dust flying like every thing. But to night it is quite still and calm. Nothing has occurred of interest, or diverting only I picked Col Kittredge up on one of his orders this afternoon. Some days ago he issued an order for a roll call at one o'clock each P.M. and required Company Commanders to report all absentees to Regimental Head Quarters immediately. My boys all danced up to the music finely till this P.M. Sam. Cullen in his giveness, had wandered off after grapes, and did not get back until after the roll had been called. So, without saying any thing to Sam. I sit down and wrote report to Col Kittredge, informing him that Private Samuel Cullen of my Co H, 24th Regiment Iowa Vol Infy, had been absent from roll call. I thought he would not punish him himself - in fact I knew he would not, and he never intended to when he issued the order. He never has punished a man in the regiment, yet he always quarreling with the line officers because they don't punish the men. For this reason I tried him on, on his own order, and he failed, for this afternoon he saw Lieut May - not me, but he could have seen me - and told him to tell the Captain to punish that man of his as he saw proper - if he pleased. that he - the Col didn't want to punish him, or have him Court Martialled. Quite a good way to get out of one of his orders that is if I would do it, but I will not. He can't play off on me that way, unless he issues a positive order compelling me to, and that he will not do, for it will annul his former order. It is a very nice thing to be situated so one can put all such work on some one else. Don't you think so Dollie

To day I have been reading 'The Story of the Guards' by
Jessie Fremont. The 'Hampock Edition' is a pamphlet of
some two hundred and fifty pages, price fifty cents. I don't
think it is a very great effort, but I will send it to you if I
can buy it. It belongs to the Chaplain. It is more of History
than anything else. From it I learned more of Gogonyi than
every thing else. Jessie speaks well of all the Guards
every one, and thinks they have been badly used by the
Government. So it was my Dollie. Never before in this Country
surely have such brave men suffered so much, and surely
never before in this Country did such a man as General
Fremont suffer so from the hands of the American Army
for the present he is lost to the Government. I can't help think-
ing him one of the great men of the age. But we can't always
get our men in just such places as we want them. When
Fremont was removed Uncle Abraham had not concluded
to fight this War with abolitionists and negroes. Wise men
that is some wise men saw that the Government would
have to adopt the Abolition system, but others professed not
to see, so things went badly. What an immense amount of
blood and treasure would have been saved in this Country if
all men could have seen as far as John C. Fremont, but alas
for the short sighted ones, have we not ^{paid} dearly for what all
seem to concede now. But why sit here talking all the night
of the man we both always admired. Let the blunders of
this Administration go. For in reality they seem to have few when
we consider the magnitude of the work. No man of this
age has had half so much entrusted to his care as Abraham has.
Of all men he has had to work, and if he comes through without
being mortally wounded, he will be the great man of the age.

Keep writing me letters Dollie. Tell me whether you have
ever got that money from Mrs. Steele or not. You have not told
me yet, or if you have I have not got the letter. I am quite well
this has been written Dollie without my ever looking up. No doubt it is
full of blunders, but I can't help it now. I love you Dollie dearly.

W. A. B.

Little Rock Ark

Oct. 5th 1869

This morning I mailed you a long letter you must be the judge of whether there is any thing in it. It is half an hour till drill. I will talk to you till then if I am not interrupted. This morning we got another mail yours of the 19th came safely in. Thank you for it. It was a good one. I don't get the blues. No one need tell you I do. I am well, and will be likely to keep so. The sickly season is nearly passed, and if we remain here we will have healthy locality for this winter. It seems to me there will be but little cause for sickness here. We are taking plenty of exercise - drilling from three to four hours each day. I think it is only to make us exercise sufficient for health. General Steele seems to be running the thing here all his own way. No one knows yet what we will do, whether we will remain here or not. We will surely not all remain here from now until next Spring. We can winter here finely full as well as we could at Helena. General Steele is a very passionate Commander. He kicks men around just about as he pleases. While we were on our way from Brownsville to Mill Bayou, we stopped one day to rest. There were two roads - or tracks at that place some thirty or forty yards apart. The Cavalry and Artillery were passing us on one of these tracks and we were resting on the other where no horsemen had passed. The boys were all lying down. They - or some of them were lying with their feet in the wagon track. In sitting or lying down they had occupied the first easy position. While we were resting there - and some of the boys were asleep the General and Staff came along. As ^{he} came opposite - or through Co. I of our Regt (Capt Sedgwick's) his ^{haze} ⁺ ^{scared}

at one of the boys lying by the side of the road the General stopped and spoke sharply to the man and asked him if he could not get out of the road - or if there was not room for him out of the road. He had on no shoulder straps, and the man did not know him, so he told him there was but he need not be in such a fix about it. The man then got up - or partly up - and moved a little out of the road, and told the General he could move or ride on. In a moment Steele jumped off of his horse and stepped up to the man and asked him "if he knew whom he was talking to." The man said not, and added something some what impudent. It excited Steele, and he kicked at the mans face with all his might, but he threw his gun up and gave the kick off, and put his finger on the trigger. They then had some words, when the General got on his horse and rode off, saying the man insulted him. A day or two afterwards - while we were encamped at Mill Bayou, some men went to an old mill near Steele's Head Quarters and were poking such lumber as they wanted. Steele saw them and ran out with all his might, telling them to stop it. He met a Sergeant in the yard with a heavy load of plank on his shoulder. Steele hit him on the face, the man was either hurt, or thought he had better get away from there as fast as possible, so he pitched the lumber off on to the General's shoulder. He was not prepared to receive it, so it slid off down to the ground, scraping considerably as it went. He got away as fast as he could. He went with his head down. Seryt Brasher who saw it couldn't tell whether the man was hurt or whether he was only anxious to get away. If I had seen it, I know I should have laughed. For all these peculiarities I think the General is a good fighter. He has managed this army well, and I suppose he never intends to become a candidate for the Presidency.

(No. 219)

Tuesday Night, October 6, 1869

My Own Darling:

I didn't sleep any hardly last night, and I feel very dull but I will talk to my love a little while before I go to bed. We had company nearly all day. Old Mr. Christie and his wife are here to night staying with us, because I was afraid to stay alone with mother. They are all gone to bed now. It is late, but I never can write of a night till everybody goes to bed and the room is quiet. Father is gone to Edgeville. I am attending to things for him while he is gone. He will get back Thursday I guess. I have no letter from you yet, my darling. It has been a bad day and I couldn't go to Fenimore, but I went to Mr. Sheeks late this afternoon to see if they had brought my mail. Isaac had gone to the office, and was not home yet, and it was so late and raining that I couldn't wait. The old man said they forgot to tell him to bring my mail, but he thought he would. If he didn't he would send his little boy down for it early in the morning. I told him not to do that, it was too much trouble. I am going back for it soon in the morning, for I am sure I'll bring it. They always do, when we don't go ourselves. Isaac is not much better. He is trying to get his feetough renewed. If he don't succeed he will start back in a few days. I think he means to report at West Point. I was sorely disappointed because I couldn't get a letter to night. I didn't want to wait till morning. I thought I couldn't hardly. But morning will soon be here now, and I am going to be up betimes. Oh, darling if I can get one or two long letters from you it will do me so much good. I must say "good night" now, my pet, my precious one. My fire has burnt down and it is too cold to sit up. Heaven bless you, ever one. I miss you, good night.

Wednesday Morning, Oct. 7,

Good morning, my love. Are you well and safe and comfortable, dear? I hope so. We are well. The "bugaboo" didn't get me last night. Christies are just gone home. They are good, kind people. It is very early yet. I was up before day this morning. I haven't got my work done up yet, but Lizzie Hickey was just here and said she had some letters to mail and wanted Rucker to ride to Terminus. I will let her take him, and I can send you this scrap of a letter. She will bring my mail when she comes back. I hate to wait three hours yet for it, but I might have to go all the way to the office myself. I didn't know I could send out a letter to day, or I would have written a long one last night. You will forgive me for this, won't you darling? It is no account, but it will tell you I am well. I hardly slept any again last night. I couldn't sleep for thinking of you, sweet love. I think every night maybe you will come before morning. I thought for you last night. I can't help it, pet. I want you to come so much, that it is hardly out of my mind one moment.

There is no news, dear one. The neighbors are all well. The weather is clear again, but it rained nearly all day yesterday not hard though. I wish I had a letter ready to send Will. Tell him I will write this week to him. I have not had time yet. I expect he is grumbling about it. And I have neglected him, but I neglect everybody but you, my love. You have not grumbled, I'm sure, if you have got all the letters I sent you. I am so hurried I can't write this morning, darling. I want Lizzie to start. I will write to day again. I am going to finish my new dress to day - one I commenced making four or five weeks ago. I wouldn't finish it this winter if I knew you wouldn't come home. Write to me after, my precious love. Please do. I am ashamed of this scrawl dear but I can't well help it this time. Lizzie is sitting out on the horse waiting. May the good angels watch over you, my loved one. Yours own faithful Pally

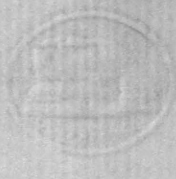
Little Rock Ark

Oct 6th / 843

My Darling,

I forget how I addressed you in my last letter. I wrote here in the barracks where every body was looking over my shoulder while I was writing, and I hardly ever read what I write so you get mistakes and all. We got one tent this evening. That is not enough. I am going to have a tent by my self or try very hard for it. I am entitled to it while we are in camp. There will be no trouble about it if we get all the tents that belonged to the regiment, but the 29th Iowa has taken possession of a portion of them. We are going to try to get them tomorrow. It is raining to night again. Lieut Wright has the angle again. He and Lieut May will sleep in the tent and I will sleep here in my garret. Every thing I have is here and I will stay with it, till tomorrow, then I will move out. Will is sitting here by my side making out his detail for tomorrow. He got a little bothered but we have made it out all right. Some of the boys are going out tomorrow on some kind of duty for five or six days. They are in a great fix about it.

The election is nearly here, one week from to day. The boys are talking considerably about the election. Some are going to vote for Tuttle, but I don't think George Stewart will get a vote in the Company, and not even in the Regiment. I shall be glad if no one of my Company votes for him. Nimrod Marchbanks told me this, that he would not vote for him if it were to save his life. If Rod don't I don't think any one else would if they half under stood themselves. (I am making good grammar, am I not?) Rod is a very good quiet fellow; but he is not well now. He is troubled with Dysentery, but is better about. We left him at Durwall Bluff to nurse the sick boys, and he got sick himself. He has fallen away till he looks badly. Good night Dollie



Later. Probably you think I am suffering for something to eat. Let me tell you what I have been having for the last month, and to please you I will commence on Onions and Sweet Potatoes. We have had plenty of them. The onions are bought, and the Potatoes are foraged. Then we have had plenty of fresh beef and pork, and occasionally a chicken. Such Irish Potatoes as grow here we have had. They are not good here though. We got out a barrel of flour and traded it to the baker, for bread. We get it fresh every day. Tea, Coffee and Sugar we get at the Commissarys. Is that not enough for us to eat, - and then we have had plenty of good pumpkins, and they are good too, as good as I ever ate in my life. Green is getting to be as good a cook as we can expect a negro to be. He is very clever. We only agreed to give him five dollars per month, but he is worth more than that, and I think we must give it to him. His old master has taken his wife and children down - or out towards Texas. Green wants to go out farther and find her if he can. All or nearly all the negroes who live in this part of the Country have been taken away they are running from Old Abe's proclamation. At first they said they were not afraid of it, but I notice it makes them skedaddle with their Samboes. Texas is reported already full. And it must be too, for many have been taken there from East of the Mississippi. They are completely Corraled

7th 10.3 Clock. P. M.

This morning I made out my monthly return of Clothing Camp and Garrison equipage, while the regiment was drilling. So I missed one drill. This afternoon I drilled with the rest. Since dark I have been Cuclure with Capt. Full, Lieut. Porter and Lieut. May. We have a very nice game. We frequently play - never for any thing but sport. In fact the most of us make it a rule to never play with any one who does play for money. In that one respect we are out

The boys have lots of war news to day. First they have it that General Rosecrans has subdued Pragg badly. That he has captured one hundred and two pieces of Artillery, and thirty thousand prisoners. I hope there is such news, but I have not heard it from any reliable source. And then I heard late this evening that Price has killed Homes and that Price has now gone into Nere as with what remains of his Army. And that the people of Mathew Texas have elected a representative to the Federal Congress. That they are becoming quite loyal in that part of Jeff. Davis dominion. Out of all this, we may learn that some of it is true. I am expecting to hear of a hard fight between Meade and Lee. Perhaps it has occurred before this. You will get the news long before, ^{now} this however. There never has been a movement of either of those Armies without a big fight, and the latest news says Meade is on the move. Of course Lee is not going to allow the Army of the Potomac to advance very far. If the result is only good. If Meade can only hem them into Richmond, and keep them there all will be right. It does not matter much whether he takes the place or not. But he must move, so as to keep that rebel Army occupied. The inactivity of that Army is what defeated the Army of the Cumberland. Pragg was not able to do it himself. You may think strange that I call it a defeat. But you will find I tell that it will turn out to be one of the hardest fought battles that has been fought since the began. General Rosecrans never falls back unless he is compelled to, and when he is compelled to, you may be sure there has been hard fighting. But I will not talk any more to night. Goodly Dollie

Oct 8th 1863

Last night was another cold night. I sit here writing till I get quite cold, then I went to bed and did not get warm all night, so I did not sleep much. But I feel first rate this morning. We have already been out and drilled two hours since breakfast but I did not enjoy it. I was not thinking what I was doing

I have never been to the City yet, except on duty. Some people see every thing they go near enough to, but I dont. Here in the Army many thing pass unobserved by me. For instance, at the battle at Helena, because I was tired I waited until the 6th before I went over the battle ground on our left, where there was such a slaughter among the rebels. Then I thought there was enough on the right to see, without going down to the left. Nearly all the dead were buried on the 6th. Now I wish I had gone earlier, as many others did. But then all the marks of the severe Cannonading were there on the 6th. The old negro Church with one hundred or more holes through it where the balls had passed. The stumps are all torn to pieces, the grave stone knocked to atoms, the ground torn up and so on. There many thing the rebels call for on the other side of the river. Some day a few of them are quite strong. In a few days I want to go and see them. General Kimmball has been commanding over on that side of the river, but he has just been ordered to Indianapolis to take Command of the department composed of the State of Indiana and Michigan. Had I known he was going away so soon, I would have gone and seen him, that is if being a General has not spoiled him, and they it has not except in morals. In Illinois he was a strict Presbyterian. Now they say he drinks and gambles. We do have not learned yet who takes his place. A few minutes ago Col. Kirtledge told me, General Rice was going to take Command of this Brigade so we will have no stranger over us. Generals appear to be plenty here abouts just now. When we left Helena there was the only General in the expedition. A few days after we started Rice got his appointment. No others came up until after Little Rock was taken, but just now they seem to be plenty. Green must have dinner about ready. It is time for the boys have all had theirs. Let me quit and go and see, won't you Dollie what are you doing today - about twelve o'clock M? Are you eating your dinner? or are you bare at work? You must not work so much, and so hard. Leave a girl to do all your washing and ironing. I will go to dinner. Goodbye Dollie
M. F. C.

At 3 o'clock this P M we went out to drill again. The ground
we drill on is between two large Hospitals. One is in the rebel
Seminary, it was occupied by them before we came to the place
The other is in the United States Arsenal building. The Sem-
inary is a large rough building, with no yard. Standing out
like some old mill in the north. The Arsenal is a very nice
place. The rebels carried all the Machinery away with them to
Philadelphia. Our Division has taken the building for a
Hospital, and it makes a very nice one. But as I was saying
Our drill ground is just between these two Hospitals, and there
is seldom a day passes but a funeral procession passes by
while we are on Drill. What a thought to ^{one} who is capable of ^{thinking}
We drilling, learning to distrust men and a few of our own
rades passing by with the remains of some poor fellow who
has fallen a prey to this war. Here we stand, all in Column
- for we cant make the next movement until the procession gets
by - and then that procession goes, so slow, the music is so sol-
- lemn. There three or four fifers and about that a ~~number~~ of drum-
mers with their drums muffled, playing and beating the ~~dead~~
march, next comes eight Souther Soldiers with their pieces
all reversed - he is a private, for the escort is composed of only eight
walking so solemnly. Next, the Ambulance, with the Corps
and then there are the mourners behind. Sometimes there are only
one or two, but this time there are eight or ten

All stepping to that dead march. Slowly they move. We still wait
How many of all that thousands men, standing by my side
gave the doleful sound of that march a solemn thought. That
many I imagine, for before it was past, the Col showed signs
of impatience. No man in all that number could give it a
farewell look. Many gave it looks, but only of curiosity. But the
mortal part of that soldier's passion was with standing, and the immortal
part looked on without a pain. Such my Dollie is the last sight
we get of many of poor comrades, but such is war

Let me just this up and go to bed my love and see if I can
sleep to night as I did not sleep any last night. Good night Dollie
Good morning my Darling.

Oct 27th / 1863

Look out what a blunder I don't
you recollect you have made several lib. So I will let
this go. I am quite well this morning. But the Secret
have the Anger. There is no chance for any of us to get to
go home yet. We don't know whether there will be a rest
I have heard of no one dying since we came here.
We have no news yet. The mail will be in to day or tomorrow
again, then I will get letters from Dollie again. Be sure
and take good care of yourself, and be sure and get the blues
so much. It only makes the matter more Dollie

I love you

M. F. V.

(No. 50)

Wednesday Evening, Oct. 7, 1863

My Darling:

I sent you a little scrap of a letter this morning, and promised to write again to day. But I can't write, love, to do any good. I was sure I would get a letter from you this morning, but I did not. Not one word, my darling. I have been almost sick ever since Lizzie came home, and brought me nothing from you. What is the matter, dear one? I have had only the two short letters since the last of August. Not a line since the 12th of September. But I won't complain. I will try to get on the best I can. I am sure you can't help it, my pet. If I only knew that you are well, I could wait. But I can't write honestly. I am too much troubled about you. Oh, you don't know anything about it, love. You can't know, and I am afraid you can't. There is nothing in the papers about Steele's movement yet. There is a letter from Little Rock, dated the 14th of Sept., giving an account of the occupation of that place, but there is nothing in it concerning the infantry regiments. I must just wait on, and on, darling. That is all I can do. There is not much news in the papers. It is said that both Rosecrans and Burnside are safe enough. We had heard that both were in imminent danger. The rebels seem afraid to attack Rosecrans in his stronghold. He will hold Chattanooga, I think, without doubt. Meanwhile I don't hear a word from Gen. Meade. I guess he is watching what is left of Lee's army, and Lee is watching him. There is nothing of any importance from Charleston. We got a letter to day from Jimmy. He got back, all right, in five days. His eyes are just as they were when he left us. It is said they are to go to Fort Smith as soon as the election is over. He says the 18th is all right about politics. They will all vote for Chase. He wishes he were old enough to vote. I wish he were too.

We get a letter too from that Mr. Gustin who was here to rent Woodside
He has got a place in Davis county, and will not come up here. I dont
know whether we shall be able to rent the farm at all, my love. Plenty
of copperheads want it, but you know the loyal men are all gone to the
war nearly. The few who are left dont want to rent. But perhaps we
shall find some one to take it before spring. That dont cause me any
trouble, darling. We can manage somehow. Taylor Hancock - the man
who lives on Humphrey May's farm - is a very good tenant, and I have
been thinking I might get him at Woodside. He may stay where he is
next year. May is a candidate for some counties office, I forget what,
but if he is elected he will move to Paducah. In that event he will want
Hancock to keep his farm, I think. But I dont suppose there is much
prospect of his election. I have not heard anything from them lately.
I wish they would come and see me, I am so lonesome. I have not
heard anything from father's folks, in Indiana. I guess Jane will not
write any more. I shall not write to them any more unless they do to
me. If they dont want to hear from us, sweet love, I dont want to in-
terfere upon them. I write to Jane after the battle at Helena, telling
them that you were safe, and they have never answered my letter.
But we wont be troubled about it, my darling. We will love each other
all the more. I should like to know whether Henry or Jane ever
write to you. I know the best never do. If you come home to your Collie
we will be so happy that we wont miss their friendship much, will
we, dearest? I pity them, darling, for they dont know what they do.
But it is nearly dark, and I must get in my wood, and feed Buckner.
He is out in the prairie now, but he will come home to supper. Dont you
want to see him, dear? I know you do. He looks as well as he ever did.
Father will be home to-morrow, I think. I am "superintendent" while he
is gone. Goodbye, my own precious darling. I love you with all my heart.

Thursday Morning, Oct. 8th

Dearest: - I have a chance to send this letter to Mr. Gilbert this morning, and I will put it up and send it off, poor scrawl as it is. I have a bad headache. I don't feel much like writing, or writing. I don't try to write to anybody but you. I won't neglect you, my love, if I can't get any letters from you. Old Mr. Hickcox is gone down to Iowanna now, and he may possibly bring me a letter, but I am afraid not. He will only get our weekly papers, I expect. All the Casey mail matter is stopped at Iowanna now. It don't get there till dark of Wednesday evening. Martha Hickcox and George stayed with us last night. We get along first rate. If father don't get home to night I guess we will stay a lone. I don't believe I would be afraid. (Did I ever tell you, dear, that I have a revolver? It is genuine. He left it with me when he went back. He didn't like to go without it very well, as the guerrillas were thick along his route through Missouri, but he said he guessed I needed it worse than he did, and he would lend it to me till the war is over. I wanted to buy it of him, but he wouldn't sell it. Said he wanted it when he come home to kill copperheads. It is lying on my safe loaded. I have never fired it off but once since Jim went away. It is a fine "shooter." I believe I could use it, my love, if occasion should offer. You wouldn't blame me, would you, pet? But matters are very quiet up here now. If the traitors are defeated at the election, I don't apprehend any trouble at all. They will not dare to cut any "roads" then. If they should succeed, I don't know what would follow, but I don't believe there would be any safety in Iowa for life or property. Do you, darling? But they will not succeed. The noble Iowa soldiers will look after the fame and safety of their state. While they are watching the enemy in front, they will keep an eye on the movements of traitors in their rear. The soldier's vote must save Iowa, and it will. I have no fears.

There, love, I must quit writing. Mrs. Jenison is going to take my letter and she is waiting. I wanted to fill this page, but I must not take time. You won't come, will you? Write to me, darling. If you have no chance to send out your letters write them any how my pet, and you can send them sometime. If you sent four or five at once, I should be all the gladder when I got them. Won't you write often, my sweet love? I will write again soon, and try to be better. Goodbye darling. My head feels better. It will soon get well. I love you so much. You know I do dear one. But I must quit. Goodbye again. God bless you, my dear husband. Your own
Pallie

Springfield, Dec, 18th, 1864

My Dear Sister

I will try and write you a few lines this evening, to let you know that I am still on the land and among the living. I dont know how long I shall be there you there in, and have been for the last few days, a great excitement here on account of old Coffey's raid through this part of the country.

The Citizens are said to be within about an inch of their lives; you ought to have seen them rushing into town yesterday, with their old muskets on their shoulders; it did me more good than any thing I have seen for a long time.

But I dont think there is any danger of having a fight here, but if they do come, we will have a pretty hot time of it I expect for there is hardly any troops here except militia; 8 Cos of the 18th have been gone for the last week, I expect they will have

a bush or two before they get
back.

Well Mary how are you getting
along, shooting, can you aim center
yet's or can you shoot one eye
at a time yet without putting
your hand over it's but then I
expect you are a dead spot by
this time; it is a very good
thing that I left my revolver
with you, for the boys are
not allowed to carry them now
I did not need it coming back
at all, I had a good time coming
back, I had plenty of money
to come on, I paid Mack what
I owed him and then had two
dollars left, we got back in
time to get our pay,
we had to settle for our
clothing, so I did not get much
I drew \$11.95⁰⁵ that was a little
better than I expected, I will send
you 5 dollars of it in this letter, I don't
like to send more than at a time
the boys are all well, except Gilbert and
he is getting along the best kind, my eyes
are no better I think I will have to quit working
as duty before they will get well again you must excuse
me for only writing a half sheet of my letter

Friday Night, October 9, 1893

My Dear Husband:

Another dreary day - two more, have passed, and I have sent twice to the post office, but I have not a letter from you yet. To day Mr. Christie went to Peunium, and I almost counted the minutes till he came back. When I saw him coming I ran over there, and got to the house as soon as he did. But he had nothing but a paper for me. Every morning brings fresh hopes, and every day new disappointment. What can be the matter, darling? I am so troubled about you that I can't feel like I could write hardly. It is very hard to sit here and try to write calmly to you, love, not knowing that you will ever get my letter, or that you are even living. But I have promised to send you letters all the time, and it is my duty, and I will keep writing till I hear something from you, my darling. But to write under such circumstances is harder than one who has had no sad experience would ever imagine. Can't you know it is, beloved? Can't we word talk about it much. We are quite well. I had headache yesterday when I was writing to you, but it got well. Father came home from Edgelyville last night. As he came through Albin he saw Will's mare, Kelly, and he went back there to day to deliver her up. She got \$20.00 for her, tell Will, and she is going to the wool. But then he wanted to go back to day anyhow. Col. Stone was to speak there, and they were making preparations for a grand time. Father wanted to see the future Governor of Iowa. He has not come home yet, though it is long after dark. I hope when he comes he will bring some good news. We have heard cannon firing to day, and I don't know what it is for unless there is good news. The firing they say was at Chautau. But there may have been a Union rally there to day.

Saturday Morning, Oct. 10,

I couldn't write last night, my darling, so I put up my paper, and sat by the fire a long time waiting for father to come home. But he didn't come all night. He got here this morning while we were eating breakfast. It was so dark he said he was afraid of getting lost last night, so he stopped all night at Mr. John Dwyer's. He heard no news. Col. Stone made a fine speech, and they had a good time generally. P. P. Cole was there too, but he didn't stay to hear him. Stone said that if the Unionists were successful at the election, he believed the war would soon be ended. I think it will, darling. I trust it can't last much longer. Father says the opinion prevails that the rebels will shoot Breckers again next Tuesday. They think it is part of the plot, and that Booz will fight that day in order to prevent the Union soldiers from voting against Vallandigham. That would be a trick worthy of them, and one that would suit the traitors at home, perhaps better than it would their rebel brethren in Georgia. I shall not be surprised if something of the sort is attempted. The copperheads have staked everything on Vallandigham, and if his election be possible they will accomplish it. His defeat will be utter ruin to them. They know this; and they are bad and desperate men who will hesitate at no scheme of wickedness that will help them to power. It is said that thousands of butlerments are being worn into Ohio from Indiana and Kentucky to vote at the election. Matters are almost as bad there as they used to be in Kansas during the border ruffian reign of terror. If we lose the election there it will be a terrible blow to us. I confess I am fearful of it. I shall not sleep much till I hear that the votes are counted. I am not uneasy about Iowa. Iowa is all the time right. I am proud of Iowa. I never want to live in any other state. Do you my love? Iowa has won imperishable honors for herself since this war began. How any other state as bright a record? I think not one.

For the last three weeks the copperheads have trumpeted all over the state that Fernando Wood was coming to Iowa before the election to make several speeches for Tuttle, Painecomb & Co. But the great apostle of the "peace snakes" has not come. His admirers are making lame excuses for him, but loyal papers say the real reason is that he was afraid to come to Iowa. He has heard of Iowa soldiers, and Iowa patriotism and he does not trust himself in the state. If this is not the true reason of his not coming, darling, it ought to be. But I believe it is. Father says Mr. Purdy told him he thought Mullin's vote would vote for Tuttle. He believes he is a Union man, but he has been led off by bad company. I know you will be sorry to hear this, my darling. I am sorry to tell you. It may be he is all right yet, but at any rate, his loyalty is not above suspicion. This is a bad sign, in times like these. I intend to find out how he votes, if I can. But if he votes the copperhead ticket I don't believe he will own it to me. There will be enough to watch him, though. In the meantime, love, let us not judge him till we are sure. If all the friends I have in the world, except you, dear one, were to turn traitors to my country now, and enemies to you and me, I would throw them away with as little compunction as I would an old shoe. Friends to our country, are good enough friends for me, darling. I remember the sacrifices we have made, and the hardships and dangers you have encountered, and the perils that still surround you, and I never will own one traitor as a friend if I know it. I love you too much to do it, even if I cared nothing for our cause. But I do care for the cause, my pet. Next to you, I care for it above everything else. But what all am I talking, dearest? I set down to finish my letter in a hurry, thinking I could send it to Lawrence to day. I don't know what I have said hardly. I must quit now and help mother get dinner. I will write more by and by. Goodbye.

Later. I have eaten dinner, darning, and now I will finish my letter. Mrs. Gilbert will be along here presently and I will send it to the office by him. They are good people, my pet, I like them very much. One of their sons is in the 18th Regt. and he is dangerously sick. He has flux, and now has other diseases with it. They are greatly distressed about him, and fear he is dead by this time. I am sorry for them. One of their sons died last winter. One is in the 1st Iowa Cavalry, and was at Little Rock lately. Father is going to Icarium this evening to see if he can get any letters from you or Will. He is very uneasy as well as I. I am afraid he will get nothing. I have been disappointed so often that I will try not to look for a letter this evening. I can't tell what is the matter, my sweet love, only I know it is not your fault. You would send letters to your Pallas if you could. I know you would, my darling. The papers say that trains commenced running over the Little Rock and Memphis railroad on the 21st of last month. If this be so, I cannot imagine why letters cannot come through. But I will try to be patient, dear one, and to hope for the best. Sometimes I am almost in despair, but I know that is wrong, my love. I will do the best I can, all the time. There is no news to write darling. I have not been anywhere, or seen anybody. Yesterday I made pumpkin butter. It is very good, and I am going to make a good deal soon. Father gave me a pig this morning. I am going to fatten it in a pen, and feed it good, and when we want to go to house-keeping I expect I shall have pork enough to last us nearly a year. Won't that be good economy darling? I am going to have better luck with this, than I did with my other pig. It is a nice one now. The weather is clear and cold, - not cold like it was some days ago - but too cool for comfort without good fires, and shawls and overcoats. I must quit. Goodbye, my own sweet love, goodbye. Be of good cheer. Don't get sick, pet. God bless you, always.

Pallas

Little Rock Ark

Oct. 9th / 63

My Darling,

It is nine o'clock P M again, but I must
talk to you again, before I go to bed. The Regiment has done
nothing to day but drill, both in the fore and after noon
The drill was the same as usual, only there was no funeral
procession. I have not seen or heard of any to day. But there
surely is one less Union Soldier in this Command to day
than there was yesterday, for the destroyer of life follows all armies
and it seems to me this one more than any other, but probably not
My Company is in pretty good health. We are sick I think that
will die. In fact the health of all the regiment is pretty good
I have moved out of the Barracks into the tent with the Lieuts
The bags close the Barracks up so it was to dark for me
We have one good tent for our three. We will get an other to-
morrow I think. Then I will be quite comfortable, and so
will the Lieuts. The men already have as good Barracks as
they had at Keokuk. Almost every one is getting him some
kind of a writing desk put up. They are getting their little
traps fixed up quite rapidly. It is surprising how they
accumulate such things. Especially to those who do not see them
getting such things. Will is going to take my gun in the
Barracks. He has some window glass, to make a window of

I must quit and write a certificate for Green showing that
he is employed as my servant, or he will be arrested and put
in the Negro Detent Camp. Goodly till morning

Morning 10th Last night was cold. I didnt sleep very well
It is colder out here than it was in the Barracks, and then I
bathed before going to bed which chilled me so I didnt get warm
all night, but I feel well this morning. If you could look
in here this morning you would think this quite a comfortable
place. A nice clean tent, with a bunk on each side and the
Candlers Box sitting at one end. And three chairs sitting around

There is not much room left. But then three good humored fellows can get a long very well, until the weather gets so cold we have to have fire. Fire would feel very well just now, yes almost every evening and morning, but still we can and must get a long till we can do better, which we think will not be very long. It is as cool here as it is in Iowa no doubt.

There is no talk of the paymaster appearing in this Army. Some one said four or five days ago, he was in town, but he was not, or if he was we have had no notice of it. Unless there were some better way to send money home, I would rather he would not come for some time yet. I don't need the money here, and Dollie don't need it, and then the Government is a good paymaster. If we don't get it for a month or such matter yet, we will be likely to get four months pay at once, and then there will be likely to be some way provided to send it home. Let me tell you just how it is Dollie about furloughs or leaves of absence. They give more of it, well officers, and to sick ones only for twenty days. In fact they have no power to grant any longer time. General Grant controls the thing. He has specified the time, and the Commander of this post or army can't legally go beyond it. Don't get the blues my love, for I can't help it. If I could I would. Suppose they give me a leave of absence for twenty days, why my Darling it would take all of that time for me to go from here to Iowa and back, and if I were to miss connections a time or two on the way I could not possibly get back in the time. Capt. Kearney was nearly three weeks coming from Centerville here, and he traveled as fast as he could. The boats from Keokuk to Duralls Bluff don't make regular trips, and then the Mississippi River is so low, that almost every boat that runs from Keokuk up gets on a sand bar or two which detain them sometimes three or four days. Possibly we may move out from here before long, and get back on the Mississippi River. Should such be the case, and well officers are allowed leaves of absence at all. I will try every hand to get the privabegs to go and see my Dollie. I will rest.

Oct 11th 1863

My Darling,

This is Sunday and I have not written anything to you, or said any thing to you all day, and I don't feel like writing to night, but I must talk a little before I go to bed. My cold was hurting me very much last night, so I did not write much. I took a big dose of opium, and had a good time all night, but you know one can't sleep much after taking opium late of an evening. Don't you recollect how it used to affect you. It serves me the same way I have been on as Brigade officer of the day to day. At 8 o'clock this morning I was down at General Soloman's Head Quarers. They had no news. At four o'clock this P. M. I visited the out Pickets I was through the South part of the City, and saw more of it than at any time before. Nothing attracted my attention but the Cemetery. It is a nice place, situated on a high rolling ground. It was once an oak and pine grove, but the pines have all been taken out, leaving nothing but the oaks, such as we have in our grove, only they are nicely cared for. The grounds are well laid off, and the graves well cared for so far as Monuments, Tomb Stones, fencing, Poling and so on. There are some as nice Monuments as I ever saw in my life. I saw a good many persons promeading through the Soloman grounds. Mostly in couples, but now and then I could see a solitary person winding his or her way through the grounds, stopping first at one Marble and then an other. The women were dressed nicely, but the men looked hard in their straw hats and cotton dresses. But my Darling, no doubt the most of these people were looking at the resting spots of friends who had died respected and wealthy. I saw no citizens any where else.

The Pickets have instructions to leave let all citizens pass at will. I can't mind man my darling Goodly I love you

Letter. The Paymaster is here. We have orders to send our rolls in as soon as we can get them signed, which will be tomorrow morning I wish he had not come so soon, for I have plenty of money yet. Don't ^{be} afraid or uneasy about my not keeping enough. No more, I always keep plenty. I have on hand now nearly fifty dollars, that will do me two months yet, if I keep well. It was right to let Mr Napp have the one hundred dollars and it was right too, not to let Mr Heater have any. He is owing more now than he can ever pay, and I resolved when he charged me five dollars for that blue grass seed to have nothing more to do with him. Be sure and don't let him have any - not one dollar. And in fact Dollie I avowed much rather you would not let any one else have any. Times may shut down again, and then I can never collect it. Don't you recollect how I used to have to drum the people for what they owed me. If you are afraid to keep it, my Darling we will make an agreement to get someone to keep it for us. There is Mr Maiker is a good friend of ours, and would accommodate if it were in his power. But you can keep it. You are that much of a Soldier surely. Now is the time my Darling to get all the money in our care. The people can get the ^{money} now to pay us. When times get close they can't. You will be bothered a great deal, with people wanting to borrow money. You need not expect any thing else. They our best friends would take all you have if they could get it from you. Keep it Dollie. If I get home I want it immediately. If I don't get home I want you to have it, not them. You have never told me yet whether you have had my horses paid or not. Tell me all about it in your next letter my Darling. If you have not, have it done as soon as you can. If you don't it will cost so much after awhile. Don't you recollect what a percent I used to have pay on every bit of tax I paid for Osborn. I will be so again if we don't keep up ever. I am glad you sold Joke and the Cattle. You got us much as I could if I had been there no doubt. You are a good trader.

W.H.C.

To-day Isaac News - if it is true has just come into Camp. The report is in cir-
culation that General Rosecrans has whipped Bragg, badly. That he has
taken, thirty-five thousand prisoners. Now if it be true. Should it
be confirmed, this war must end, they can't hold out. Charleston
will fall, Richmond will follow, and the whole Confederacy, Jeff.
Davis and all. Then what a rejoicing All America will be in
them. Copperheads will have played-out. Traitors will have played-
out. Every thing but liberty, freedom and this Government
will have played-out then I will get to go to my Dollie, and
to stay there too. The boys will all get to go home to enjoy the
fruits of their hard labors. No matter all, for many have fallen
Many have sickened & died, and are buried, and must be left
at our various Camps. But one will recollect them. But after
all the report may prove to be only a report. I am not excited
over it. Such things don't excite me any more. I will fold
this up and go to dinner Green has it ~~it~~ almost ready
Perhaps I will write you more, before the mail goes out. I
will if I can. I will write almost every day while we
remain here - in Camp. While we are marching I can't write
much, for after my writing materials is back when I can't get it
I really can't love. I will eat some sweet potatoes for you
Don't that night
W. F. V.

Get Mr Knapps Teams to gather the corn with - that is if he dont charge
you too much. He is a terrendious man to charge, Dollie, and it will no
doubt suit him very well to make his team pay a part of that one
hundred dollars. Contract with him - or any body els of whom you get
a team, as to what you are to pay, before you use it. Do so in regard
to every thing else that I have. John McMillin is a good fellow, but
contract with him too. The cheapest and best place to get a yoke of
oxen of some one long enough to gather the. Then there can use our one wagon

If you have to hire a horse team it will cost you too much if you can
help it. Lots of people will want to accommodate, but it will finally be for
the money. Recollect that love. If you want to kill the beef do it. But I
don't think you need keep any for us my Darling. I fear I will not be there
long enough to eat much of it. But you use any thing we have my
Dollie, that will make you comfortable. What is what I look at. ~~Get~~ Ask
John Mullins if Land Dykes ever gave him five dollars I sent him to pray
Discie with - for work. I gave it to Land at Ketchikan to give John back by W.F.C

Monday Morning, October 12, 1869

My Dearest Love:

I didn't get any letter from you Saturday, and I was so troubled about it that I could not write yesterday. I never touched my pen all day. But last night when I looked at your likeness, and kissed it, and cried over it, I felt badly about it. I thought I had done wrong, my darling. I had not said a word to my love all day, because I had the "blues," and thought you would never get my letter. Forgive me, dear one, and I will try to be better. I will send you letters, whether you get them or not. If you should get this, you will see by the number that I have sent you letters all the time. And I will, my sweet love. But I hardly expect you get them. Your letters - if you send any, dear, don't come to me. I have not had one for two weeks, and it is a week since the last one I got, was written. Is it any wonder, my pet, that I am uneasy? I am afraid of everything bad. Sometimes I think you are sick, and nobody will tell me. Oh, darling, I don't know what to think. If I thought I could find you, I would start this day and go to you. I would not care for what anybody said. But I don't know where you are, my pet. A long month has passed since I heard one whisper of you. You may be hundreds of miles from Little Rock now. I looked for you home, love, every day and night last week. I thought surely you would come. But I have given you up for a while, dear. I think if you could not get here before the election, you would not start till after it is over, even if you could get a furlough. You would want to lose your vote, darling; and I don't want you to lose it. If I don't hear from you to-morrow, I don't know, my love, what I shall do. What can I do but wait and wait and wait? Oh, when I meet darling

I received a letter from your Saturday. There is not much news in it. She had had a "rising" on her head for a long time so she could not write. She didn't say a word about any of them but Henry. He had been elected sergeant in the home guards, and was at Green castle, drilling. All the loyal young men in the county belong to the home guards. Henry had been looking for a letter from you. She says she never got but one letter from you, but "that was easier to her than if she had always been used to such a letter." Amanda has had very poor health all summer. The doctor says she has consumption. She calls her boy Franklin Banks. Your says her quarrel with Wilcox was a serious affair, and they are parted forever. He got to believe she was corresponding with some soldier and tried to break it up. She says "he was hard to read, to read and it took a long time, but she was bent on finding him out." She thinks she never had the love and confidence that she ought to have had, or she would not have hesitated and waited so long. But it is all over now, and she is not breaking her heart at all. I am glad it is over, my love, for I never thought he was half good enough for her. But is not here another proof of the good judgement, and good heart of our Jenny? Poor child! I know how dreary her life is, and I pity her from my heart! No soon as you come home, my precious one, we will have her come to Iowa, and we will love her and help her to be something yet. Won't we, darling? I know she wants to come. She begged me to write to her, for "you always have something good to say to me when no one else has" said she. She feels that those on whom she is dependent are not true friends to her, though they think they are. This is all the news that was in her letter. She is very anxious to hear from you, and wanted me to tell her where you are. Alas, my darling what would I not give to know for myself where you are? I can't write to her till I hear from you. I can't do anything hardly till I hear, love.

Monday Night.

My Love:— I will try to finish my letter to night, though I can't promise that I can write much. There is not much to write. We have no news. I am quite well. If I could know that you are well, my darling I feel like I would give almost everything in the world. I am so afraid you are sick, or in great danger, that I can hardly live, sweet pet. I want to see you so much to night. I want to be near you, and stay near you all the time love, my love. I want to be useful to you, to do something for you. I want to be with you to nurse you if you are sick, or to comfort you if you are troubled, or to love you if you are well, darling. I think often that I cannot bear the separation much longer. Don't scold me, dear, I can't help feeling so. Oh, darling, life without you is so dreary. But I didn't mean to talk like this. I would not make you sad, my pet, for anything. Forgive me. The separation is indeed very bitter to me. But I know you did right, my husband, to leave me. I love you for your patriotism and bravery. I am proud of my captain. I have done the best I could for a long year, without once seeing your face, but I want you to come now, darling, so much that I can't hardly wait. To think of the possibility of your staying two years longer, — if you live — makes me sick at heart. If it were not for the danger that surrounds you I could bear the loneliness. But we will not talk about ^{it}, my sweet pet. It is a dismal night dark and stormy. It has been raining a little all day nearly. It is quite cold, and the wind roves and howls around the house like a mad thing. The weather makes me feel so lonely to night. Always on such nights as this I can see a cosy little room somewhere, with a bright fire and a clean swept hearth, with close drawn curtains, and an cosy chair, and a table with books — and I fancy it is our home, and my love sits there. But the wind shakes the house, and I open my eyes and — I sit here alone, your poor, foolish, Callie

It is getting late, dear one, and I will put up my letter and go to bed.
If you should ever get it, love, you will think it is long enough. I have
sent you seven or eight letters since I got one in return. I don't know
whether you ever get them, my love, but I will keep writing as long as I
can. But I can't write such long letters as I did. You won't care, love.
After awhile we will quit writing, and we will sit down together and talk
and talk. Will we ever get some talking when you come home, darling?
You will have so much to tell me, won't you, dear?
But it is getting very cold here, and I must quit. Good night. I
will write again to-morrow. My own precious love, good night.

Dallie

1
Little Rock Ark Oct. 19th / 1863

My Darling.

To day we have done nothing but get some more tents and put them up. To night I am all alone in my own tent, and all I lack of being entirely comfortable is a little fire and it would not take much to do either. Just enough to take the chilliness of the air off. I will have room enough now and can write when ever I please, without having any one to look over my shoulder. But then I don't suppose I will write any more than I have been doing, for the last week or so. All most every day I write something to send you I don't tell you much, for I don't learn much to tell you or any one else. But why do I say any one else, when you are the only I ever write to.

To morrow is the election, the Commissioner came in last night. Some of the non Commissioned Officers and Soldiers are going to vote for Tuttle in spite of all we can do. Though I need not say much for I have not electioneered with the boys any, or scarcely any. Late this evening, I learned John Sheeks was going to vote the Copperhead ticket. So I called him into my tent and asked him if he wanted a ticket. He told me he had one, and from the way he looked I knew he was going to vote for the whole bag. He knows my opinion of Copperhead men. Poor fools, that they are. But there is one thing that is pleasing Dollie, J. B. Stewart must get a vote in my Company. Or at any rate such men as Rad. Marchbanks, and John Wofford say he must. He will get but very few in the regiment. But then he ought not to get any - not one in any regiment. What, a Soldier vote for George Stewart, to represent him in the Legislature. Can it be possible any man is in the army, who will do such a thing. But then he is just as good as General Tuttle, or any other man who is on their ticket. Wait till I get home and I will string up details and give it to them to their hearts contents. It is what I long for, and the time will come often or while.

It was nearly ten o'clock when I commenced writing. We had a game of Euchre, but it would not do to go to bed without talking to Dollie. She must have a part of every day while we are situated in this nice Camp. The 30th always beats every body else in making Camps. Here, the town clock has just struck eleven as sure as I live. We can hear it quite plainly. It reminds me so much of old times in Chicago. There went by the clock on the market house. Then eleven was common bed time. If we stay here it must be with me this winter, for every night I must write to Dollie, if there is nothing seriously in the way. The nights will soon be long, and with a little fire we will be comfortable. But let me go to bed this time. Write you Dollie, Goodly.

Oct 13th

Evening. The Election is over, and the votes for Governor counted. Stone gets in this regiment here three hundred and six and General Tuttle seventy one. My Company gave him some ten or twelve of them, but the County ticket got only about half that number. Stuart got "many votes" from my Company. He is the only man whom I worked against, until this morning. After the voting had commenced, I found such men as John W. Wood, Jack Day and a few others had been gulling the boys. So I pitched in, not as I would have done at home, but as I thought best. I think I saved Stone several votes. It was a thing I hated very much to do, but I thought it best to do it. It will not do for an officer to electioneer with his men much. Major Hamilton has just been and tells me that the 33rd Iowa gives Tuttle but forty votes, the 27th Iowa about ninety. The Dubuque Battery, 27 and the 14th Iowa Cavalry, about one hundred out of eight hundred. These figures do pretty well, considering. We have not heard from the 3rd Iowa Cavalry, and the 40th Fifty yet. We will hear tomorrow. If the people at home will do as well as we have done here Tuttle will be beaten so badly, that he will sneak back to Iowa and live in private life the remainder of his life. There is where he should be. No man should command troops who won't support the Government in every legal way.

The cleverest men in the Company, are all right - but few good clever fellows to see wrong. So I had my copper head. Co. I but one. All the rest had some. But enough about the elections this time Dollie

How much money have you put away now Dollie. I forget how much there sent home, but as much as I ought I know. It is foolishness to spend much money here, when every thing is high. Boots such as I must wear this winter will cost me about \$12. Shirts \$10 a pair. Nice pants \$12. to \$15. No one has them but the Sutter, and must have a big price. Butter he sells at sixty cents etc per pound, eggs, when he has them set for forty and fifty etc. No dog Mrs Carpenter who is working at I saw some fine smelt out in the country brought me a dozen eggs for twenty five etc. That was cheap. He is quite good again, as clever as I want him; as clever as any in the Company. The other day he caught and sent me a fine fish. I guess I had better go to bed. The town clock has already struck ten. Sometime ago. You see there is scarcely a line but I leave some words out of. That is the way with always, but I think I am worse to night than usual. I write on half sheets Dollie because it is handier. Sometime I don't do them. Can you get any sense out of them. If you can't tell me and I will try and do them. But I am tired now may Dollie. Let me go to bed a finish this in the morning. Goodly love Darling,

Oct 4th / 1863

Good morning Dollie

I am well this morning, except I cold. Lieut Wright and I have been to the City this morning. We both came home tired, he I believe is in bed. He is not very well. We didn't see much in town. There is not much there to see. We went by the Hospital to see Ben Prather of our Company he is now sick, quite sick. He has chronic Diarrhea. He may get well, but I fear not. I will write you again this evening if it is not too cold to sit up. I tried to get a Stone this morning but could not. I must be careful till I get well of this cold. I love you Dollie, with all my heart. Goodby. W. C. B.

Let me give you the names of the little men in my Company
 who voted for Tuttle, No I know either, It will be too much
 trouble. Nimrod Marchbanks voted for only three Democrats
 On the State ticket, Tuttle & Duncome, On the County ticket
 Sheriff Banks. The rest of the ticket was filled up with
 Union. That done pretty well for him - A full blooded Copperhead
 when he came into the service. When we started out ^{our Company} was
 pretty nearly equally divided. Now there eleven or twelve who
 have voted for Tuttle. Had they run a home man, the Party could
 not have polled no less than seven or eight. But there are some
 men here who will continue to be Copperheads as long as they
 live. The only consolation we have, is, they are in the army and
 can't get out. Some of them have tried to play out, but
 couldn't come it. They never shall as long as I can help it.
 The most of them make first rate Soldiers. Duncome
 is a little saucy. Bart Marken was not going to vote this
 evening. I called him into my tent and talked him, and told
 him how it was. He and I went to the Polls and he voted.
 Afterwards I heard of Duncome swearing about it, - about my try-
 ing to get him - not him but other men to vote as I wanted them
 to. If I hear him at it any more I will arrest him and put him
 in the guard house, and keep him there until he gets quiet. If
 he will behave himself, he and I will have no trouble, otherwise
 we will. Now - don't get alarmed for fear I will do something
 desperate for there is no danger, whatever. Bart wishes the Union
 as well as I do, but he is a very backslid fellow, and all the other
 had voted and a good many had tried to get him to vote. He refused
 because he thought his vote would not elect any one, and then he
 hated to go to the Polls, because I think he was afraid he would
 have to talk to the Board some. When I told him, I would go
 with him, he agreed to go. Bart is a good boy, and, I think I did
 right in getting him to vote, for no one else could, not even Henry
 I thought of the old man, and when he would want Bart to vote
 so badly. He did vote and voted a straight Union ticket. Don't
 say anything about it to Duncome

(No 53)

Tuesday Night, Oct. 13, 1863

My Own Dear Love.

They have come. They have come at last - four
good, precious letters from you. I thank you, oh, you can't know how much
I thank you, my darling. I had not heard from you for more than a
month, and I was almost crazy. I can't help it, sweet. But I
knew all the time that it was not your fault. I never doubted my
darling for one moment. And now the letters have come. Oh, they have
done me so much good, my pet. I have read them all three or four times
over. They are dated from the 13th to the 21st all inclusive. The last one
says you had been sick, but was well again. This makes me uneasy. I
am afraid you were not quite well, love. I shall wait anxiously till I
hear again. You have been so exposed no wonder that you got sick,
sweet pet. I hope it can't hurt you much worse to lie on the ground
and in the rain and cold, my love, than it does me to think about it.
I have a good bed, but I lie and think of you in your fur off bed, till I
feel like I was resting upon them. If the war continues, my pet, much
longer Collie wants you to come home, if it be possible. Your life is too
precious to me. I can't be willing to risk it much longer. Don't sell
me, dear, but think about it. Won't you? It is three weeks now since I
have heard from you. Your letters were all mailed at Memphis on
the 5th inst. I got one from Will too, and one from Matt of ten pa-
ges. Will says he can't tell me anything about you but what I already
know, but "He is a good man, and a good officer, and the boys all like
him first-rate." Of course they do, my love. I know they can't help it. I
am glad you like Will. I think he is a good fellow, when you find him out.

I know you can't get all my letters, darling. You ask again about your horse
and I know I told you about that long ago. Father paid all your stages
soon after I come home last spring, and has the receipt. It was over
fifteen dollars, I think. I have told you everything I could about our
business, love, and if you have got my letters you know all that I do about
it. For fear that you have not got them ever, I will tell you again that
I have sold all the cattle except Cassie and Adelaide - and the horses
both. I got \$394.75 for all the cattle, and \$79.00 for Jake. (Teater
sold him for \$80.00, but I had to pay him a collar expense money.)
I got Mr. Knapp's horses to gather the corn, and Teater is to stow yours
away in the crib that Mullinnis built. I have told you all the details
darling, very fully, I hope you have got the letters. I will not sell the corn
till you come home, or give orders about it. I think there will surely be
300 bushels - I hope a good deal more. Corn is already selling at 50 cents.
Counting Mr. Knapp's note as money, I have just seventeen hundred
dollars put away for you, my love. And I will keep it for you till you
come home, sweet pet, every dollar of it. As to the notes, I didn't know
what was best. We have not tried to collect any, but there has been about
fifty dollars paid in - as I have already told you. I thought I would let
them remain on interest, if you were willing, and not try to collect any
till you come home, as I have so much money on hand. But it shall
be just as you say, dear one. Dr. Richards was talking to father the other
day about his note that falls due this winter. He means to pay it off.
Or if he couldn't raise all the money he said he should settle with his
customers and let them pay the interest. I would rather he should do
this, darling, for I think the debt is safe, and the interest is something.
Father has never been to look after the Bartlett debt. I will try to get
him to go before cold weather. We supposed it was safe. Tell me, love,
if you are pleased with what I have done. Tell me anything you think about
it, won't you? I did the best I could, my darling. Good night, and God bless you.

Wednesday Morning, the 1st

I have the headache this morning, my love. I got up too late last night. I was so rejoiced over my letters that I forgot I ought to sleep some. But I shall soon be well. I have not heard anything yet from the election. Yesterday was a busy day everywhere. We shall begin to hear to day. Father went to Innesse and voted, and then went to Icarium for the record. He learned one fact, darling, that hurt my feelings and provoked me. It will hurt you too, pet, but I will tell you. Mullinnis did vote for Tuttle. Mrs. Mather and Gen. Bennett both told father and Mullinnis told them. He cut Tuttle's name off the copperhead ticket and voted that and nothing else. But that makes it little better ever. He has affiliated with traitors and aided them. He voted with every traitor and copperhead in the state, and against you, my darling, and every patriot and loyal man. He has made his decision, let him abide the consequences. Let him keep his own company. I don't believe yet that he means to be disloyal, but I don't feel like having anything more to do with him. I will not love, love, while you are gone. I have already made a "trade" this morning in consequence of it, and I will tell you about it. You know I had got Mullinnis to haul corn from Waukesha and winter Cassie for me. I thought he had sold her calf for four dollars, but father says he told him a day or two ago that the man didn't take it. So the estimate I made last night is that for wrong. Well, this morning I told father that I wanted to sell him the cow and calf with the understanding that I would buy her back when you come home. Old Mr. Christie was here, and said he'd help me make a good trade for I was right in taking her from Mullinnis's care. Finally, father said he would give me \$14 for the two, or he would buy them here and winter Cassie for the calf - so next spring the cow would be ours, and the calf his.

that was a good offer, darling, and I took it at once. Don't you think it was?
If I had left her at Mullinn's she would have eaten twice the price
of the calf in corn. So it is settled just this way, my pet, and I keep
my favorite Cassie. The stock is all disposed of now - every one but
Adelaide and she is so little nobody will buy her; and I am going to
have her killed and sell part of the beef and keep part. She is fat.
You told me to give the calf to Esther, dear, but they wanted Mullin's
calf and I had already given them that, - or I told Allie to keep it
and if you and John wanted to put a price on it when you come home
you could do so. I want to give it to her, darling, for she has done all she
could for me. I think they never lost a penny by us, but I don't care
for that. I don't want anybody to lose by us. I thought you would not want
to give them both calves. Tell me if I have done right, my darling. I am
always afraid that I will not manage for the best. But I do the best I can.
Do you blame me for having nothing more to do with Mullinn's? I
shall say nothing to him about it. I will just let him alone and ask no
favors of him. They were all coming here last Sunday if it had not rained.
He is not your enemy, darling, but he has identified himself with all
who are deadly foes to you and our country. This is enough for me, my pet.
But I don't want to prejudice you against him. When you come home you
can hear his defence, and judge him for yourself, darling. I think we will
get Cassie home in a few days, then I will have nothing left there but a pair
of turkeys and I don't care anything for them, unless you could have them.
I am so nervous this morning that I make bad work writing, but my
love won't care for that. I will send this letter to Leominster to day. Some
of Hickcox's are going down. I sent you one to Lagrange yesterday. You ask
about father's folks, dear one. I have told you everything I know about them.
Wouldn't it be right, my love, for you to write to mother? She loves you.
And so does Jane. A letter from you would do them good, and we need not
mind the hard things father says. I will write to you before long. Poor
Jerry I am sorry for her, and I think a great deal of her. Mother sends
her love to you and Will. I sent him a letter yesterday too. Write as often as
you can, my precious darling. Your letter was better than sunshine. Good bye, Allie

Wednesday Morning, Oct 21

I am going to send my letters to the office to day, and I have just time to add a few words. I am quite well, my darling. I feel uneasy about you. I fear you will get sick, my pet. Tell me all about how you are situated, and how you spend your time. Do you have much duty to perform? Are you comfortable dear one? I want to know all about you. You said I must tell you all about our business, that you wanted to know. My love, I have told you every thing I could, - all I knew about it myself. I have feared sometimes that I would weary you with so many details. If you have got my letters you know as much about it as I do, sweet pet. I wish I knew whether you are satisfied with all I have done. It seemed to be the best I could do. If you can't come home this fall, you must tell me what to do with our corn. Whether I shall sell it this winter, or keep it till spring. Teeter expects to move in February and it might be stolen if left after that. But you tell me, love. I lost \$1000 by selling our old corn last spring. But I could not see any further ahead.

When I sold it the prospect for a heavy new crop was very flattering. A good many men hauled their surplus corn some distance and took 15 cents per bushel. I have been very sorry about corn, darling, but I can't help it now you know. I want to do better in future. I think, considering the season, I have done pretty well with the cattle, though I could have done much better by selling them all last June. But that was another thing, my love, that I could not foresee. I am very glad now that I have them all off hands. I want to get Cassie brought home in a few days. I couldn't bear to sell her, darling. The weather is quite cold. It froze last night. The sun is shining now. This is a long letter, dear, and I must put it up ready for the office. I must finish Will's yet. I will make short work of that. I ought to have written to Matt by this mail, but I have not. I neglect everybody but you. Write me long letters, my pet, won't you? I have all your letters, but I love the long ones more. I shall write to you again very soon. Be of good cheer. Don't get sick. Don't get the "blues," my love. Goodbye. Your loving
Callie

I send you a pale little forget-me-not, love, the very last of the season. My flowers
are all gone now. I am sorry. The weather is pleasant to day, but everything
looks like autumn. I would feel much better, awling, if I knew you had
your tents and blankets and over coats. I am afraid you suffer for them. I
am going to look for you home, my pet, in a few days. You didn't say
anything about coming, but I will look for you any how. I do want to see
you, sweet love, so much! I am glad if you have met an old friend in
Gen. Kimball. (That isn't the way to spell his name is it love?) If you have
called on him tell me about it, won't you? And I am sorry that Cal
Killidge does not do right. Don't let it trouble you, my awling. You won't
be in his power long I trust. I don't want you to be. Tell me all about
how you are getting on in the regiment, pet. I want to know everything about
you, you know. I have no war news scarcely. It is said Rosecross is safe
yet, but it seems ~~Phillips~~ is not as strong as position as it was said
to be. The Tribune says it will not be surprised to hear of his falling back to Bull Run.

Some of the rebel papers say that their recent victory over Rosecrans will insure the election of Vallandigham. We shall soon see. I never wanted to hear election news half so much as I now want to hear from Ohio. If no frauds were perpetrated, I have strong hopes that Brough is elected by the home vote. It will be too bad if he is not. I believe Stone will be elected at home - has been, I mean. If nothing happened to prevent I know you did your best for him, darling. I wish I could know how your election passed off yesterday. I trust you had not one copperhead vote in your company. Mr. Maiken thinks they have beaten George Stewart in Appanoose. I am afraid not. He has thought all the time that the county would go right, but I was not so sanguine. I will give you the news, my love, as fast as I get it. But this letter is long enough. I love you, my darling, with all my heart. I love you more every day I live. Oh, you don't know how dear you are to me, my husband. Try to come home to see me, won't you? Goodbye now. May heaven bless you always. Your own
Pallie

In Camp at Little Rock Ark

Oct 14th 1863

My Darling,

The Capital of Arkansas is not a great City after all. not so fine as I supposed it was judging from what others had told me. It covers a large amount of ground but it is not compactly built. Merikuk is far ahead of it. There is no such a Street as Main Street, in fact there is not a fine Street in the whole City. In what one would call the business part there are a few very good buildings, but no nice blocks. In the out skirts of the place there are many very fine dwellings evidently belonging to wealthy men, but they are mostly built on the Southern style, and mostly of bricks. The business part is not pretty, the rest is. The Side has once been covered thickly with an oak grove. The trees still stand around all the fine dwellings. They have built in the trees and not put the trees in the buildings. They have planted or reared quite an abundance of Cedar, but "marry" pine. I suppose they think there are pines enough in the woods. Once, no doubt the Side was as thickly covered with pines as it has been with Oaks, but there are none now. Some people they seem to hate them. They have not even left the smallest one in the Cemetery. There is nothing there but oaks. Just out side of the fence there are the nicest pines - from one to ten feet high - you nearly ever saw. How I wish we had our yard full at Woodside. We would not dig them out would we Dollie. In the City now and then there is a frame house built as we build them North. Poor thing they look as though they were away from home. They look as if they had strayed here before the war began. I felt like going in one but I did not. If I had, and had found the people at home, I no doubt would have met a live Yankee. We saw plenty of citizens, but talked to only one. He claimed to be an English man, and he was except, or he would have been in the rebel army long ago. The night before the fight here, he heard

they were coming after him, so he got on a mule about ten o'clock at night and left. When we came in he left the Southern Confederacy for good. In conversation, he asked me what I thought would become of the Negroes, I told him they were free in all of Arkansas. He didn't like that, and added 'white men can't work in this climate. Substerring is harder than work, is it not, Yes say he. Well says I, are soldiers going well down here in the Summer. He there said the Country would be ruined for the farms are so large white men never can cultivate them all. We asked him if white men would not do more work than negroes, He thought so, but still contended that the farms were too large. We asked him how large they were. Some one especially he knew of who had a farm of two thousand acres, and no Northern men could ever farm that. We told him, that would be an ordinary farm in some places in the North. That farmer in ~~the~~ Illinois and Iowa would not be satisfied with that amount. We told him then that, the Northern people would crowd the South and cultivate every acre of the Soil, and become rich so, that the Yankees would hire the Negroes and keep them on the very farms their Masters kept them on, and that their money and energies ~~and money~~ would make the South worth more to itself and to the world than it ever had been worth. So they will Dolly, Why if I had ten thousand dollars and this war would end, I could come into the South and lease land of the Government, and in ten years I could make half a million. But don't be uneasy Dolly, I am not going to come I would not live here for all the money. I love the loyal North too well, I love the institutions of the North too well, I exchange them for this Country. In connection with him, I know nothing but peace and love. In connection with the South I know nothing but Slavery, every war, and blood. We can live North and we will ~~not~~ live there as long as it pleases the Supreme Being. Let us live at Green has supper almost ready. Goodby Dolly.

Later, I have just been up in my old Quarters talking to Will and Albert Hancock. They are quite comfortable up there, but they are a little too saucy. They say I shall have the place any more. Well we will see, probably I won't want it. While there I had a cigar with Serg't Hancock, that the State of Iowa would give her home vote to Stone. She lets not know I win it, Iowa will not give her vote for any man surety, who runs on such a platform as the Democratic Platform of Iowa is. If she does she will move on Matt's Primmesato. So watch the Election returns, and make preparations accordingly. Will and Hancock are both in fine spirits this evening I read the letter Will got from you and your father. It was the first time I had seen it. What fool girl was it you spoke about in connection with Jim? Will wouldn't tell me. Probably because Albert Hancock was there. Jim must be a pretty nice fellow, probably too nice for his own good. The war is going to affect him, probably more than any of us. I don't know how it is with Matt but it is changing Will any - yes it is too. It is making him better, so far as business is concerned. You know when he first came out he was so bashful to do, what he was capable of doing. It is different now. He acts fearlessly now. Sometimes the ^{boys} grumble - all soldiers grumble more or less - but he pays no attention to it at all. It is rather diverting. Sometimes the other morning he put Capt. Shutterly on fatigue duty for missing drill. He was to take charge of three or four boys and police the Quarters. The Capt. went to work and done it very poorly. After while I passed through the grounds and saw the camp was somewhat dirty. So I told Will to make a detail and have the Camp thoroughly policed. He said he had detailed Capt. Shutterly and a Squad of men to do it, but the Capt. was a little mad, and has steeled it. He went and told him to get his boys together again and finish that work. That they must not turn work off of their hands in that manner. Will went on about his business then, but that time the work was done. Shutterly is a queer fellow. He has been in the Hospital for a long time. He came up to us a few days ago, and wanted a furlough immediately. He pitched right into me I put him off by telling him I had nothing to do with it, but he argued

his case very much. I told him the regiment was not furloughing any one. He said the 27th Iowa was, and we could if we would or would try. He claimed that he had been sick a long time, and ought to be allowed to go home. I told him that General Grant had issued an order for commanders ~~to~~ to furlough well men only. And under no circumstances to furlough any man who had ever shirked in the East, or had ever quibbled at Government, or struggled on marches. That cured him. He ~~has~~ said no more about it. General Grant has issued such an order, and it was read on dress parade before we left Helena. Our regiment is not going to send any more men home at present.

What else shall I talk about Dollie. There is nothing going on here except what I have told you. We are making preparations to put up furnaces to heat the Barracks and. We got some luck this evening. We will soon get that job done. Then we will only have kitchen to put up and we are done for the men.

B. B. Stuart gets thirty one votes in the regiment. He is mostly odd for his opponent. Stuart gets fewer votes than any one else.

Here is a little blank paper, and I don't know what to put in it - or on it. You hate blank paper sent through. If it were not for that I should stop now. But it must be filled to prevent a frown on your brow. If one judges from what you say you must to quite a spell every time you get letter, where the sheets are not filled. I don't blame you, you are right. White paper - a blank paper was not intended to be sent as letters. But then what are we to do when we can't get the space filled with something sensible. Do you want your friends to keep on scribbling whether they say anything or not. I know you don't, but this should be filled Dollie if were not that I am getting so cold. I want to do for me to sit here so long for I have a bad cold already. All the other boys are in here long ago so goodly for I might
My Darling.

Monday 15th

All well yet this morning. How do you do? Are you well? I hope you are. I dreamed of you last night. I don't dream much, but all day of you when I dream at all. How I wish I could see you this morning. I would kiss you and listen as you talk till you would get tired Dollie. I love you so much this morning. I will write again to night if nothing prevents me. Goodby my Darling
Send me some postage stamps
W. J. V.

I will be in your letter to day
I am so well. I wish every opportunity
to answer, but I don't know whether

I will go to bed, and dream of you
I will write and think of your
sufferings

Thursday Evening, Oct. 15, 1843

My Dear Dear Love:

I have not been very well to day, and I have done nothing but sit by the fire. I shall be well again in a few days. It is nothing serious. If I had not felt so dull I would have written my darling a long letter to day. But I can make it long enough I expect before I have a chance to mail it. I have not much news to write, love, but I cannot go to bed without saying a few words to you. Sick or well I will not neglect my "Peaches." I love him too much. I have not heard much election news yet. Monroe county is all right - has elected every one of her Union candidates. So has Lenoir, they say. This township gave fifty majority for Chase. But I hear nothing like this from Appamono. Wittle is ahead there. (Chautau township gave him thirty majority, Independence thirty, and all the others we have heard from small majorities. I think we shall hear all about it tomorrow. But I never had any hopes of Appamono. I don't think we will ever live there any more, my love. Oo you? There are too many traitors there, and such contemptible traitors they are, too! I know my gallant soldier will never want to live among them, and I don't blame him. There is considerable excitement to hear the news. Old Mr. Ely was here to day and told me that several members of his church had voted for Wittle, and that he couldn't and wouldn't live in the same church with them. The old man got excited talking about ^{them} and at last stamping his foot, he exclaimed "Oh, I could kill them, - the last one of them. Ho, I don't know as I ought to kill anybody, but I want to knock 'em in the head." A great many people manifest just such a spirit as this. It is nothing unusual. Old man Graham voted the copperhead ticket. Marvock's wife told him if he did it, Marvock should never cross his threshold again. He didn't care for her threats. But I will wait till tomorrow, and I hope I can tell you some good news.

Capt. Wilson came to father the day and wanted to borrow fifty dollars of me. He said he heard you had sent me a good deal of money. Father told him I had none to lend. He was in the service fourteen months, and I don't suppose he saved anything scarcely. I got a very long letter from Matt the other day. He styled it "The General Epistle of Matthew, to his Beloved Sister in Iowa." He was in fine spirits about the war. He had a good deal to say about the election. I was surprised to find him so well posted. He said the soldiers were "preparing the bay with the bay for back in the shade, where he would have leisure to review his late conduct, and time to repent of it." "They didn't bite at so naked a hook as the one the 'cups' threw out to catch their votes." He said Dr. Lambert was gone home in a parlor and he expected I would see him. I don't know what would bring him up here. My darling, I don't feel well enough to sit up late to night. May I go to bed, and write tomorrow? I will think of you all night and love you, oh, so much! My pet knows I will. You know your Pallas loves you more than all the world besides, don't you, my darling? May the good angels watch over you, dear one, and shield you from all harm! Good night, my love.

Friday Morning, the 14

My Darling: - Father is gone to Scammon to get our mail and hear the election news. I will not write much till he comes back. I am tolerably well to day; but I was sick all night. I didn't sleep much. I wanted my "Peaches." A man named Kimball was here this morning to rent Wood side. He came from Kansas last spring, and has been and is yet living on Shaffer's place. I know nothing of him at all, but I don't like his appearance very well. He has two sons in the service - had three - but I am afraid he's a copperhead. I told him the farm could only be rented to a loyal man, but he didn't say whether he was loyal or not till I asked him. Then he said yes, he had always been loyal to his Government. I told him I would make some inquiries about him, and send word to Scammon, within two weeks, whether he could have the place or not. He said I could learn all about him from Minkers, any of the

do settle there. He need to live about there. I told father to inquire to say
Shep is the worst of traitors, and if a Union man had been living there
I think I should have heard of it. He say he isn't able to work himself, but
he had force enough to cultivate all the ground at Woodside, and he would
do just what he agreed to do. I don't believe he will do, darling, but he may.
I told father to ascertain how he voted. That is the best news. You told me
not to let a copperhead have our home, love, and I want. But I think it
is doubtful about my finding a loyal tenant this fall. The loyal men are
not here, darling. They are gone to the war. But you may be home before
spring, and the war may be ended, and in that case, dear, it would not
be hard to find a good man to take it. So it may be just as well not to
rent this fall, I think. Tell me what you think about it, my darling.

Just one year ago this morning, we left Kentucky and started to Indiana. It
makes me sad to think of it, sweet love. But I have thought of it all morning.
It has been a long year to your Dollie. But let us not talk about it, my pet.
It is just beginning to rain. It has been warm and pleasant since yesterday
morning. I will put up my letter, dear, till evening, and see what I shall
have to tell you then. I hope something good. I am anxious to hear the news
later. — Yes, my love, I have something good to tell you. Something more
than good. It is glorious. If you were here to rejoice with me, pet, my hap-
piness would be complete. The people have spoken, and the nation is saved!
The news is better than I even dared to hope for. It is just good enough. Stone
is elected at home, without the soldiers' votes, (but we want them to swell his ma-
jority, love) (Purton elected in Penn. by thirty thousand, and Brough in Ohio
by sixty thousand! Only think of that, my darling. And the soldiers' votes
will swell his majority to one hundred thousand, it is said. Are you not
glad, dear one? But what a question to ask my love! Yes, I know you are glad.
You will hear all the news long before you get this letter, I know, but still I must
tell you about it. Nothing has done me so much good since the war commenced
except hearing of your safety, my husband. That is the best news I can ever hear.

We have few details yet. Appanise gave 104 - I believe suppressed majority. It is thought the soldiers vote may save it. Phillips thinks George Stewart is beaten. Father says Cavenpoint is sick! He denied it all till he read the dispatches in his own suppressed paper. Then he said he wouldn't mind being beaten fairly, but men were not allowed to vote their sentiments! Oh, dear! The vote in the hospital at Keokuk was: Stone 602, Tuttle 12. that is pretty good, isn't it? They had a grand "glorification" in Keokuk Wednesday night. The Gate says it was the happiest time they ever saw. Not a copperhead could be found, though twenty-five dollars was openly offered for a glimpse of one. But I have better news to me, than all this, my love. I got another letter from you, dated the 26th ult. Thank you, good darling. I was afraid you were sick. As long as I can hear you are well, sweet pet, I will try to get on some way. I am sorry my letters don't go to you. It is not my fault. I send them all the time, my love. And I will send them. Tell me what numbers are lost, dear, and I can tell where I mailed them. The fault may lie up here partly. I send them just as I can. I am glad you were getting better quarters for yourselves, and your men. I hope you are comfortable by this time, and I wish I were there with you, love. Tell me if you have anything to need, and what. Do you want me to send you paper, dear? Who cooks for you now? Do you get plenty to eat? Do you sleep warm at nights? Have you got your pillow yet? This is not half that I want to know, but I must not ask too many questions at once. I want to know all about you, at your new quarters. Tell me all the particulars, my love. Want you? I almost forget to tell you about the man Kimball. Phillips says he is a good Union man, but he voted for Tuttle. I don't see how a Union man could do that. But I don't know what to do about letting him have the place. I am afraid to risk him. If you only were here, sweet darling. I shall not let him have it at least, till I see Mr. Walker. My sheet is full, and I must say good night. I feel unwell again to night, but I think I can sleep on the strength of the good news I shall be well to-morrow. Don't be uneasy, darling. Be of good cheer. The war will soon be over I trust. Don't get sick, my precious one. God bless you, and good night. Callie

Little Rock Ark

Oct 15th / 1848

My Darling,

The Thirty Sixth has made a gallant charge to day. This afternoon we charged Batter Green Backs. The effort was successful. Each private got his regular twenty six, and I got my two hundred and fifty five. If I meet with an opportunity I will send you two hundred and twenty five. With what I have and thirty dollar will be as much as I will need till next pay day. Don't be uneasy about my not keeping enough to supply my wants here. I always attend to that. Since last pay day my expenses have been quite light. We have foraged the most of our grub. That is the boys have for me. From this on I guess we will have to get it of the Commissary. It will not be so good when it comes to living on the regular Army rations, we will not eat so much I mean. It is a little too rough for me. Lieut Wright is quite poorly with ague and Diarrhea. We have just got the arrangements made for him to go, up in town and stay a while. He does not want to go home yet, but says if he does not get better he will try for a leave of absence in the course of a week or ten days. He can get plenty of good places to board at, for five or six dollars per week. That is not very dear, when every thing is taken into consideration. My opinion is - if he takes good care of himself he will get better again. That is of the Ague and Diarrhea, but he has or had cough, following Measles. He had that disease while in the Army of the Potomac. He had some cough when we made our Company, and he has never got well and in all probability never will as long as he stays in the Service. Don't tell Mrs Wright this though. It will scare her unnecessarily. This is a healthy place, and if he gets a good boarding place in the City he will be just as likely to get well here as any where. I wish he would get well or could rather. He wants to so badly. And then he is making a very good Lieut, full as well as could be expected. He is by far the best Wright I ever saw. Could he live and have his health, he will make a good citizen. More pleasant than many

Like all men he has his peculiarities. But of late I have taken a notion
to close or control ^{them} (I did not mean to say close) Some Siers. thinks
a Captain has no right to Command them. Of course I dont have him
ask me every time he wants to go any where. I dont want a Sient of
mine to do that, but when I want them to do any thing, I tell them to
do it, and that is the end of it.

Let me tell you a joke on my self Dollie. You know the place I
got at Redoubt. I have had it over one year now, and have avorn it all
the time except when it was too warm. From June until the middle
of Sept. I did not wear it any. All the rest of the time I have avorn it
and this after noon I found a large inside pocket, I had never
known was there. Do you believe it? If it were not that I tell you
it is so you would see that. Dont laugh Dollie, although it is full
as bad as "Propping the Stone up, to put the Carpet under" It is of
no use to me now, for I never intend to rise it. The best has been avorn
to ~~commence~~ long to commence it now. The night is cool Dollie and
I am sitting here at my desk writing without fire. Its already after
ten o'clock. I had company until a little while ago. Are you willing
for me to go to bed and finish this letter tomorrow? You are I know
Dollie. If you know how late I sit up of nights writing to you
you would tell me to go to bed this time I know. I will have a
Chimney in a few days. Then I will be as comfortable as need be
I have been writing with all my might since my company left
and of course, have made many mistakes, but you may correct them
Sleep sweetly to night my Darling Good night

Morning. Siers ~~Wright~~ is gone. She went early this morning to look up
a place to stay at. Siers John McAlley news with us far as the Com-
missarys to get us some grub. He has just got back, with a bucket
full of Sown Crow. We are going to have some for dinner. That is all he got that
is good, but I have sent Levi Grady to the Slaughter, to get me
a ham of Mutton, but he will not be back in time for dinner. The Colonel
has just told me, he can furnish sticks enough for one chimney only, at present
but that we will have to put our tents together and make one chimney do, all
three of us. I dislike the plan very much, but will have to put up with it for a while.
We will get a Stone pit as soon as we can for the Siers. tent. They must stay by
themselves this winter.

Evening. When we come to look around and think what we would need to put up our furnaces and chimney, we found we had no trowel. So Capt Fee and I concluded we would go to the City and buy one for each of our Companies. So off we went and inquired in every Store where we could find in the City, but there were none to be had. So we commenced on the private Citizens, but could get none of them. At last we espied an old dilapidated brick building, that was being repaired. The workman had gone to his dinner, and left his tools just as he had last used them. We walked all around the buildings, and Capt Fee even went up on the scaffold, but could not see any trowel. We gave it up in despair, and went on to look elsewhere. After looking some time in vain, we happened to pass the same building again, and saw the trowel lying on the wall in one corner. I observed that there was the trowel. Capt Fee looked up and saw it, and observed "I must have that." So up the ladder he went, and got it, right in the center of Little Rock in broad day light. We walked off together, he with the trowel in his hand, and I laughing at him. No doubt the fellow soon returned to his work, but found his main tool gone. The Capt made me promise not to tell it, until we get home, but I told him I should write it to you. He agreed I might, if I would not tell it here. So we compromised it on those terms. The Capt is to have the use of it first, because he stole it, and I must because I don't tell on him. I am not sure, but I should have used it first for not having him arrested.

The boys have been out this evening and got us a good Parker. I got one Quarter. That will do us for a week. We have plenty to eat now Good Parkers bread, Coffee, Pork, Mutton, Sweet Potatoes Pumpkins and onions when we want them. Isn't that enough for ~~Soldiers~~ Soldiers eat? Of course it is, at any one time. Supper is now ready. I must go and wash. I will finish this to night. It will go out tomorrow morning - perhaps not till next day. We look for a mail to night or in the morning. I hope I will get plenty of letters from Dollie. I go to supper.

Nights. It is ten o'clock, and after again. Several of us have been over to Col Droker tent playing Muggins. Capt Lee was there, and don't you think he had the imprudence this afternoon, as he was passing the house where we got the trout, and while the fellow was still hunting for it, to stop and ask the fellow to loan him his trout. The man told him he did have three, but that he had no chance of them, and some one had been there and stole the one he had been nursing, and that he could have to get another before he could work any more. Now, the stealing of the trout in the first place did not amount to much, but to go back while the man was actually hunting for it, was a little to bad. He should be punished.

We have no war news whatever, and having had for a week the B.G. is the latest date of papers, that have been in town and this the 10th. What a long time to be behind the news from the B.G. to the 10th. The destiny of this country may have been decided in that time. And then it has been much longer since I heard from Dollie, and now I want to hear from Roseans very badly, but I want to hear from my Dollie a good deal worse. I hope you are well my love. You must not get sick if you can help it. Has your face got well again. If has not you must have something done for it. It won't do to let it go on, my Darling.

Will is quite well, and so am I. Don't be uneasy, for I think we can keep well here. The locality is a healthy one. Nothing but exposure to make one sick, and the worst exposure the men can have man. is dishes to full. They will eat too much. My appetite is not so good as it was. It is better, but not voracious. My head aches a little to night, so I will go to bed and put this up and mail it tomorrow. It can't go out before Sunday any how. I will write just enough in the morning, to tell you whether I am well or badly Dollie. Every body is in bed, or nearly so.

W.F.C.

I am quite well this morning Dollie. I slept about five
hours last night a pretty good nights sleep. It is about
as much as I ever sleep. It is lovely this morning and will
rain soon. When we will have a cold spell again. I had such
weather. Be cheerful Dollie
Gossett

M. A. N.

Saturday Night, Oct. 17, 1863

My Dearest Love:

This has been a very disagreeable day. The wind has blown so hard we can scarcely step out doors without being almost whirled away. It is still blowing, and is very cloudy and murky. I am quite well. - George Dickcox has just been in, and brought me some good news. Nathron Gilbert is at home, and his mother made a special dinner for him today. George was there, and I charged him this morning to ask Gilbert a hundred questions about you. I had an invitation to the dinner, but I couldn't go. He told George that he saw you and Will often, that you were well, and so far I wouldn't know you and that you were the best looking soldier he ever saw in the service. What a good man! He is a very good man, I think. He is a man of good taste and judgement, and I should like to see him and talk with him about you. He speaks in the highest terms of you. I am glad my love, to hear this much about you. You can't know how much good it does me. He says you seem to enjoy yourself and get along better than almost any one else. He never heard anything about your coming home. He was fifteen days coming. He saw Matt at Memphis as he came up. He will start back in about a week. I will try to send you a letter by him, soiling. I wish I could send you something better and more, but I hate to ask him to take anything else, he will have so much to take to his own comrades. I sent you a long letter to Lagrange this morning. I have heard no more election news, only that Ind. has gone Union in the election of county officers. I doubt this a little. I will get my paper in the morning I hope. Then I will hear all about it. The wind blows so hard it confuses me, so I can hardly write. I hate to hear it.

There was another man here to see the great Woods. It is Woods is
Cave. He is an uncle of the Claver who is your company. He came
from Pennsylvania last spring and has been living on George Claver's
farm, but he wants more land. He has two sons in the service, and
says he is loyal. But he didn't say much on this subject, and what he did
say was noncommittal. He has two teams, and says he could cultivate
70 or 80 acres. I like his appearance very well. He is intelligent enough, and
looks like he might be an energetic worker. But I doubt whether he is
the sort of Union man we want. I told him I could not rent the farm
to any but a loyal man. He has never seen it yet. He said he heard of it
and was afraid some one else would get it, so he come up here first. He is
to go and look at it, and if he likes it he will come back in a week or two
and say the come to terms. In the meantime I must try to learn some
thing about him. I am in a grand old, darling, about Woodside. I want to
as well if I rent it, and I am afraid I shall not. You know I can't learn
much about an entire stranger, love. I can't tell whether a man will
make a good tenant or not. I can't know how far I ought to make a
man's political principles a test of his fitness. Can't you hold me out
to let a copperhead have it, and I want, my darling. I would rather it
should lie idle. I wish you could be here a little while. You would know
what to do. If I learn anything more about this man I will tell you.
This is all I can write to night, sweet love. It is quite late. Mother and mother
have long been asleep. I will go to bed and dream of my darling. One
year ago to day we were traveling all day over the wide prairie of Ill.
Don't you remember that day, love? and the night we spent in that dirty
barroom? I shall never forget that. But you were with me then. I am
astonished at myself now, that anything could vex or annoy me when you
were by my side. But I must not talk about it, sweet pet. Good night, darling.

Sunday, October 18th

This is your birthday, my dearest, and you have to spend it far away from the fond heart that loves you more than all else in the world. But this cannot prevent my thinking of you all the time, and wishing you health, and happiness, and many, many returns of this day. If your Pannie's wishes could avail, every blessing that could crown a mortal life should be yours. When your next birthday comes may you be safe and happy at home, our country saved, and peace restored! I remember I thought last spring that the war would be ended, and my darling surely at home by this day. How I hope that the spring will bring the end. And indeed, my love, without some fatal blunder on the part of the "powers that be" I don't see how the rebellion can much longer be sustained. I think our election returns will have a decided effect upon the prospects of the traitor both at home and abroad. And well they may, for their importance can't well be overestimated. Gettysburg and Vicksburg were not complete or more glorious victories than this that has been achieved at home. Bravely and gallantly as our noble soldiers have battled for their cause, they need not be ashamed of their friends at home. I have known something about politics nearly all my life, but I never knew anything like this convulsion that has just closed. There was but one issue, and that a direct one between loyalty and treason. No one was deceived. Every man knew the import of every vote that was polled. Every man knew he voted for his country, or against it. And it is this fact that makes the result so significant, and so cheering. I have not got my papers yet this morning. The wind is blowing so hard that I couldn't go for them. Father is gone to meeting, and he will come by Mr. Sheeks' and get them. He withdrew from the Millersville church yesterday solely on account of the members voting the traitor's ticket at the election.

Later. It is bed time now, my love, but I will finish your letter before
I sleep. I got three more good letters from you to day, sweet darling.
Oh, I was so glad. I didn't expect any at all. I hope they can come regularly
by now. These were dated the 27, 30, and 3rd inst. Part, darling, I am so
sorry and distressed that you are treated as you are. It made my blood
boil, and I cried about it too. To think of your lying on the ground, with no
protection or shelter scarcely is almost more than I can bear, my love. You
know your Dallis is sorry for you, and sympathizes with you in all your troubles.
I got a letter from Will too, written upon the 3rd, but after yours. He said you
had been fixing up a room to sleep in over their "shanty" and had a ladder
to climb up and down on. That is a hard way, and I don't suppose your
room has any window, but I am glad you got even that much shelter. It is
better I hope than outdoors. I wish I was there to help you make it snug and
comfortable. I never will forgive Col. Kilbridge for the way he has treated you
my pet. But can't get the blues over it, my precious one. I hope you will not
be in his power long. I feel in better spirits about the war. I think the end is
nigh. The news is stirring now. It is reported that Meade is removed and
Sickles appointed to the command, but it lacks confirmation. Instead of
Meade pushing on toward Richmond, while Rosecrans was fighting a good
portion of Lee's army, he has fallen back across the Rappahannock. I hope it
is all right. I see Sherman's troops have been in another battle not far from
Memphis. I hope Matt is safe. In his last letter he said he wished he was
with you. I wish he were, I know. I have yesterday's paper, but the election re-
turns are not full yet. I will send you the paper as soon as they are. I am
glad, my love, that you said something about coming home. I am going to look
for you every day. I think you will come. Oh, I want you to come, if you can, my
darling. I am glad you wrote to Henry. Don't be troubled because the rest are
not right. It is not our fault, sweet pet, and we can't help it. Don't grieve over
it, my love. They will see their error some day. I am thankful that we are inde-
pendent of them, darling, that you are beholden to them for nothing. We will be
happy, dear one, and heart that they may become loyal yet. My sheet is full, dear,
but I haven't said all I want to. But I will write again to morrow. You are so good
to write to me, my love. You don't know how thankful I am, and how much I love
you for it. God bless you, my own good love. Good night. Your own faithful
Dallis.

Camp at Little Rock Ark. Oct 18th 1863

My Darling

Last night I wrote you a part of a letter, thinking I would finish it this day, but I didn't do it. To night I threw it a side, and this may be served the same way, before I get it started, though I am not in the habit of doing such things of late. Don't expect a good letter to night Dollie, for I don't feel like writing, and then it is already eleven o'clock, or thereabouts. Capt. Sedney and Lieut Clifton have been here all evening until just now. We had a good long chat and several good laughs. The Capt has very poor health, though he keeps in very good spirit. Were it not I don't think I could. He will send in his resignation papers in a few days. The boys are all gone to meeting to night - to the Methodist church in town. I believe that is the most of the company. Fifteen or twenty went to day. Lieut Wright is still down in the city. I have not heard from him, but one of the boys saw him on the street yesterday. Some of us will go down early in the morning. I am quite well, so is Will. Let us talk about business Dollie. The law requires all moneys to be stamped now Dollie otherwise they can't be collected by law. Did Mr Knapp put one on the note you got of him? If he didn't, leave it attached to my Dollie, not but what Mr Knapp is a good honest man, but the law requires it, and the moneys don't amount to any thing unless it is done. I send by Mr Wolfe two hundred and seventy Dollars. It is directed to your father and will be left in the care of Mr Steele at Abbeville. Two hundred and forty five Dollars of it is for you, and twenty five for Will. You get ours and take care of it. Don't be uneasy about my not keeping enough to supply my wants. I always attend to that. Draw off James Murphree's A/c. and send to me. He is here in one of the Abbeville Co. I think I can get it - or a part of it at any rates. He gets money here, and if he ever intends to pay, it now is his time. I don't claim soldiers in my own Company, but if they owe me any thing in other Companies, I have no conscientious scruples about it. This is all about business, this time my love, and I believe it is all I shall write to night. If I sit up too late I will be drawing to morrow. Last night I sat here studying until after twelve o'clock, and then got up at roll call, this morning Goodly my Darling. I will write some more tomorrow

Morning. We didnt get any mail yesterday. On Saturday something happened to the car. I dont know what it was. Some say the Engine gave out. Perhaps it will be in sometime today. Green is out getting breakfast. She looks out of doors, but we have a tent to set under a small one. I dont feel much like eating this morning. I am not sick. Not a bit. We have to drill at eight o'clock this A.M., and at three o'clock this P.M. I am a little too lazy to like to drill; Think I shall shirk, but then brass won't let me have a flunk.

I think - my Darling you had ^{love} see about renting the farm for next season. If any one wants it you can write to me and I can advise you about it. I may get home and I may not. At all events (as Col. (R. H. Hedges) says) it will do me harm to be looking around. It must do to let it lie idle if it can be avoided. I wish we could sell it to some good man on time, I wouldnt care much how long. It will not do us any good lying there. Breakfast is ready.

Night. The mail has come in, but has not been distributed to the regiments yet. I thought it might get round by this time to night but it has not. We will get it early tomorrow morning. There are four or five letters there for me from Dollie surely, and I know they are good ones. I go on duty at seven and a half o'clock in the morning. I must manage some way to get my mail before that time.

I have not got the blues my love - but oh! how I do want this war to end. So I can go home to my good Dollie. One long year since I last saw her, and no one knows how much longer it will be and no one cares the thousandth part as much as you and I. But when we get at home again, and no one else has any claims on us, we will belong to each other, and we will live for each other and each other alone. We are will get out of home some place, make it so we will like, and stay there as long as we live. And it may not be so long after all. The rebel army may give away all at once one of these days. A few more breaks will send home crawling. They may have received heavy blows since I heard last. I hope they have. This must necessarily be a poor letter. I have not felt like writing. Goodly my precious Darling. Sleep sweetly to night. W. F. V

(No. 56)

Monday Evening, Oct. 19, '63

My Dear Darling:

I sent you a long letter by Adie this morning by a man who stopped here last night. He lives there, and said he would mail it to night. I have been aching to say, love, and don't feel much like writing, but I cannot be contented without writing to you once a day at least. I have not heard any more news. The weather is still very disagreeable. I think it will rain to night or to morrow. I never knew the wind to blow harder for the same length of time, than it has the last three days. The trees are nearly bare. The leaves still cling to a few withered leaves. It seems that winter is coming too early this year. I see the newspapers are prophesying that we shall have the severest winter we have had since '57. But I hope they don't know much about it. People were never less prepared for a hard winter. I look for a mild one, if the war continues. I wish I could know how you are getting on now, my pet. I hope you have your tent before now, and are comfortable. But, darling, will you have nothing but a "canvas house" all winter? Can you live in a tent when the weather is cold, without suffering a great deal? Oh my poor love! Pollie wishes she had you at home with her.

I trust I shall get some good war news to morrow. I think there will be a battle on the Potomac soon. I tremble for the result, but still I shall be glad to hear that some movement is made. It seems to me that the war ought to be ended yet this fall. What is to hinder? I think Rosecrans will not be attacked again. If Meade could only defeat Lee, and Gillmore could burn Charleston - as it seems he can't take it - I would think the work was almost done. Is it not amusing to see how the English papers, especially

SECOND EXPOSURE

(No. 56)

Monday Evening, Oct. 19, '63

My Dear Darling:

I sent you a long letter by Adams this morning by a man who stopped here last night. He lives there, and said he would mail it to night. I have head ache the day, here, and don't feel much like writing, but I cannot be contented without writing to you once a day at least. I have not heard any more news. The weather is still very disagreeable. I think it will rain to night or to morrow. I never knew the wind to blow harder for the same length of time, than it has the last three days. The trees are nearly bare. The leaves still cling to a few withered leaves. It seems that winter is coming too early this year. I see the misers are prophesying that we shall have the severest winter we have had since '57. But I hope they don't know much about it. People were never less prepared for a hard winter. I look for a mild one, if the war continues. I wish I could know how you are getting on now, my pet. I hope you have your tent before now, and are comfortable. But, darling, will you have nothing but a "cowboy house" all winter? Can you live in a tent when the weather is cold, without suffering a great deal? May your love! Ollie wishes she had you at home with her.

I trust I shall get some good war news to morrow. I think there will be a battle on the Potomac soon. I tremble for the result, but still I shall be glad to hear that some movement is made. It seems to me that the war ought to be ended yet this fall. What is to hinder? I think Rosecrans will not be attacked again. If Meade could only defeat Lee, and Gillmore could burn Charleston - as it seems he can't take it - I want to think the war is almost over. Is it not amusing to see how the English papers, especially

The times, have taken in soil since the bombardment of Sumter, and since Gillmore threw a few shells a distance of five miles? Evidently they have a very profound respect for his 200 pound Parrots! It is very well. Mr. John Hinton told father yesterday that he saw Mullinnix not long ago at Scoville, and that he abused him and wanted to fight him for being a Stone man. Hinton told him he was an old man, and was sick but if he wanted a fight just "pitch in". Father says Hinton is an honest, truthful man, and intensely loyal. If it be true, Mullinnix must have been drinking. Hinton says he said "Stone and all his friends were cowards", and such stuff. But drunk or sober, it shows him up in no very enviable light. I know it hurts your feelings, my love, and I would not tell you only you have asked me so often to tell you all I could about him. And then you must know it sometime, pet, and the sooner the better. I can't reconcile such conduct with the way he has always talked to me. I should not wonder if the copperhead whiskey at Scoville has had a great deal to do with it. Allie has complained about his spending nearly all his time there, every time I have talked with her. I do like her, darling as you know, but I will have nothing more to do with him. I will be civil to him, if I meet him, that is all. Don't this be right, my pet? I cannot associate with anybody who proves himself an enemy to our cause. It is said "actions speak louder than words", and his vote tells much that he would not have confessed to you or me. But let it go, sweet love. I don't want you to be troubled about it. If you had been here you could have kept him right, I think. It is getting late and I must go and see about some supper. I am really glad that you like sweet potatoes. That was positively the only fault you had, my love, and now you are just as good as you can be. I don't want you any better now, pet, but I want you here with me. I will finish this to-morrow. I must write to Will to night, if my head don't ache too bad. Good night for a little while. I do love you so much, so much

Tuesday, October 20th

My Darling: - I am alone this evening. Father and mother are gone to see John Fair Evans buried. Poor fellow! he is come with service in this world. He has been sick a long time. A few days ago he came home from Jefferson Barracks, and last night all that was left of him was brought to his father, to be laid to rest among his kin and. I am sorry for his poor wife. She has three children, and is one illy calculated to make her way through the world alone. I used to be well acquainted with her. I never saw a soldier buried, and I wanted to go to day, but mother wanted to go too, and she hardly ever goes anywhere, so I stayed at home. We never all go from home at once. They think there is no danger, but I have too much at stake here to risk it. I am quite well.

It is one year to day since you left me, my darling. Have you been thinking about it? Are you sad, dearest? For weeks I have dreamed this day. I thought I could scarcely live through it. But I have come better than I expected. I have kept busily at work, and tried not to think about it too much. And then since I heard of poor Rebecca Evans' trouble, I have felt that the only feeling I ought to indulge is one of intense thankfulness. I am thankful, my love. Our family has been almost wonderfully preserved thus far. And I do thank God that amid all the perils that have surrounded you, my husband, He has spared your life, and your health! While you are living and well, sweet pet, I ought not to complain of anything. I know I ought not. But I cannot talk about it to day. You can know how your Collie feels, and all she thinks and hopes without her telling you. Can't you see my precious one? You know how fondly she loves you, and how much she longs to see you, and how dreary has been this long year, without you. You know ^{how} she waits and watches for you, thinking of you by day, and seeing you in her dreams at night. You know it all, my own sweet love.

Later. I put up my letter a while ago, love, and went out and caught
Buckler and went to Mrs. Sheeks for my mail. There were no letters. I am
sorry, dear, but I have had eight from you within a week, so I will not grumble.
I hope I shall get one in a day or two. I want them all the time, you know.
I got yesterday's paper, and the news is important. "Father Abraham" has
called for "three hundred thousand more" volunteers. If the number is
not made up by the fifth day of January, the necessary number will be drafted.
I am sorry there are more volunteers wanted. It may all be for the best, but
I wish they would enforce the draft. Iowa will have several thousand more
troops to raise now. She will do it. The news from the Army of the
Potomac is exciting, but so conflicting that one can't make much of it.
But there was no general engagement up to Sunday night. One dispatch
says Meade has fallen back upon Washington. Another says Lee's army has
suddenly disappeared, and nobody knows where it is gone. The general im-
pression seems to be that the last great battle is just at hand. It may
be lost or won before now. I think the report of Meade's removal was
incorrect. I hear nothing more of it. But you will hear all the news, long
before you get this, my darling, so why need I be telling you?
Father saw Taylor Hancock to day, and talked with him about Woodside.
If Humphrey is elected collector - I believe that is it - he will stay where
he is next year; if not, he wants to rent a farm, and says he will go and look
at Woodside. Humphrey is only \$7 rates behind at home, and he thinks
the soldiers' votes will elect him. In that case he will move to Concord.
Hancock is a good tenant, and I wish we could get him at Woodside. I
am afraid it will be hard to rent it to a Union man. It is cold sitting
up here, my love, and I will go to bed, and think and dream of you. I
will sleep with your likeness close to my heart, pet, - the one that was taken
a year ago to day. If you can't come home please send me another one, darling.
I want to see how you look now. Will you, love? I wonder if I would know
you, pet, if you should step in here now. I know I would. Heaven bless you, my love.

Oct 20th / 863

My Darling,

There is no mail yet this morning. The cars came through yesterday, but from some cause or other, brought no mail. They told me down at Division Head Quarters, it would be in 10 days, but how do they know. It can't come unless it gets to Duralls Bluff, and there is no way for it to get there, except by boat, and they are as uncertain, as any thing can be in time of war, or peace. Some say some papers came through, but I have not been able to get one yet this morning. Perhaps I will during the day. There are rumors in town, that the rebels have been throwing some shells into Chattanooga, and that ^{they} had sent twenty five hundred cavalry into Basecrum near, and that our forces had captured them; that Lee was falling back, and that Meade was advancing. Whether there is any truth in it or not I am not able to say. There is going to be a big fight at Chattanooga soon no doubt, and I have faith in the Army of the Cumberland. Basecrum can whip Bragg if he can get him in a fair fight. Don't you think so my Darling. He always has

I will put this up and mail it, for I cant write until I get a letter
from Dollie. I am going to sit up to night again to see if we dont
get something when the cars come in. I love you my Darling

Goodly

M A Vermilion

(No 57)

Thursday Night, October 22, 1849

My Dearest Love,

I have not written any to you since yesterday morning. It seems a long time. I have been washing to day, and I put off writing till night. I am well, darling, but I have been troubled all day. Buck has been quite sick, and I was so afraid he would die. But he seems very much better to night. Father says he will be all right by morning. I don't know what has ailed him. I think now he was not well yesterday, he wouldn't drink any water, but he ate his corn readily, and I let Mor the Hickox ride him to the post office. This morning he couldn't eat or drink and seemed to be suffering. This afternoon, as he seemed to grow worse, I got father to try a charm cure on him. I don't know that it helped him, but he seemed to get surprisingly better in a very short time, and commenced eating oats, a little. Father has no faith in it himself. Old Mr. Christie knows a good deal about horses, but he was over at uncle Billy Evans' working in the graveyard. But without my knowing anything about it, at all, George Hickox went all the way over there and brought him home to see Rucker. When he got here his patient was a great deal better, and he didn't do anything for him. I shall go down to the barn and see how he looks before I go to bed. I want him to get well, so much. Two or three of the neighbors have called in to see how he was. Rucker is a favorite. I am still uneasy about him. The weather is very cold. It snowed some this morning. It has been very disagreeable all day. Father was going to Scammon this evening, but he gave it out on Rucker's account. I hope there is a letter there from you. I am getting anxious to hear from you, my darling. She will go in the morning.

I have heard no news since my letter yesterday, only that Mrs. Galloway's house was burned down a few nights ago. The neighbors are fixing up an old house for her to live in, I heard. I hardly ever hear anything from Iconium. I have not been there - that is to stop, or get off my horse - since Will was home. I never go when I can help it. I expect you hear more news from there than I do, love. We got a letter from Matt last night. He was at Memphis when he wrote, and was well. The boat they come up on, came very near being burned, but they happened to discover the danger in time. I am looking for you home, sweet love, every day. I can hardly say I expect you, but I can't help looking. I will look, my darling, whether you come or not. That will not be wrong, will it, love? I go to sleep every night - thinking that you may come before morning, and I feel so disappointed always, when I awake. I am foolish yet, but I can't help it, because I love you so much. I am tired to night, dear one, and I will go to bed early. I will finish my letter to morrow. Are you well and comfortable, my pet? Oh, I wish I could know. Goodnight, my own darling. I think of you and love you every minute.

Friday Afternoon, Oct. 25

My love: - I found my ink had frozen when I sat down to write. I can't believe I can write with it hardly. The weather is very cold. I am well. Father went to the office this morning, but there was a letter for me. I know my darling has sent me some, and I hope they will come soon. I won't get so uneasy about you this time yet, - if I can help it. I have news from Little Rock to the 14th in the "Globe." It says the health of the troops there is very good, and they expect to have a very quiet time this winter. I am glad of this, dear, for it encourages me to think you will get to come home. The news from Washington and the armies, is so contradictory and conflicting that I can make nothing of it. It is said that Grant is to super-

-cede Breckers, but I can hardly believe it. I hope it is not so. I have faith
in Grant, but so I have in "old Rosy." He surely has done well, though he
could not whip the whole Confederacy at Chickamauga. I hope they
will let him alone, where he is. But of course the "powers that be" ought
to know what is best. The news from Meade and Lee is "a. a. muddled."
After reading it all one knows, if possible, less than before. But there has
been no battle yet, - may be none after all. This is all I can make out, and
I have to guess at this. Rooster was about well this morning, some enough.
He ate his breakfast, and played with the calves, and seemed in better
spirits than usual. Father turned him outside with the other horses and
he has not been up since. I hope he is all right. It would have been bad
for me if he had died, to say nothing of our attachment to him. I
should have grieved about him, love, for I think a great deal more of him
now you are gone. I like him because he is yours, darling. I have been very
busy to say nothing of pumpkin butter. Mrs. Christie gave me the pumpkin.
I shall have a good many gallons when I get done. I am going to put up
some for us, love. If you should get home this winter, pet, I will have
something for us to live on. I have put up everything I could. If you
don't come, darling, I shall care nothing for any of it. But let me
hope you will come, for good, before many months. I have been living
on this hope ever since you left me. Let me still hope on, my darling.
They say at Kenner that the supervisors in Appanose, are going to give certifi-
cates of election to George Stewart any how, on the ground that the law le-
galizing the soldiers' votes, is unconstitutional. Isn't Appanose getting
along? The copperheads have a majority of 230 now that the votes are all
counted, but still they are scared nearly to death lest the soldiers' votes
shall beat them. I heard that they had given it up in Centerville. We are all
anxious to hear from our friends, the soldiers. They dread nothing so much.

Saturday Afternoon, the 2. 21

My Dearest:— Mr. Henderson Hancock was here to day and told me that Isaac Sheeks is going to start back in the morning. I guess he is only going to report at Keokuk—that is what I heard a few days ago. I ^{am} going to finish this letter and take it over there and get him to mail it for me at some office to morrow. I wish I was able to go on to Little Rock, and I could have sent you some new socks, and, I think, a jar of butter by him. I want to send you some things, love, I may have a chance before long. I wanted to send you a letter by Nathan Gilbert. I was going to get George Hickens to take it over there for me, but he is sick, and I am afraid I shall not get to send any. But I will send you plenty of them by mail, darling. What will do, will it not, pet? I have a bad cold to day. I am not quite well, but I shall doctor myself up to night. I will be well by morning—especially if I get a letter from you this evening. I am getting so anxious for a letter, my dear. Parker has got well again. I am very glad. I know you are glad too. You would hate it I am sure, if he should die while you are gone. The weather is still cold, but clear and pleasant. Mr. Hancock settled that affair of Evans's. He gave me his note for twenty dollars, drawn one day after date with ten per cent interest, and I credited Evans's note. Evans has been gone some time but Hancock says he left enough in Ed. Prindle's care to pay off the balance of the note, which is about five dollars. Prindle says he will pay it soon. Any how we have saved twenty dollars of it. I have heard no news, only father says he heard Mullinwit, ^{yesterday} offering to sell his only cow—the one he had at Woodside—for five dollars. He must have very little coin. This is a poor letter, my own darling, but I can't write to do any good to day. I will write again to morrow,—if you don't come home to night, my pet. I dreamed last night that you came and were sick. You must not get sick, will you? Write to me as often as you can. Goodby. Heaven bless you, my dearest. Yours own
Dullie.

Oct. 24th / 263

Last night was the coldest night we have had, and it is as cold as I can
abow I will assure you. Yesterday morning there was a little ice over water
that stood out all night, but this morning it is colder still, the ground is
frozen right smart, and at the present time 10 o'clock A.M. it has not
thawed. Every body who goes out wears their Great Blue coats, and they are
fully justified in so doing. Our tent is warm, when we keep it closed and
a good fire burning in the fire place, but as soon as the door is opened a few
times we get cold. It is closed now and has been for some time, so I am quite
comfortable. Before I came South I supposed the Springs and Falls were warm
and mild, but it has not been the case this season, for last Spring the springs
were quite cold till the last of May or the first of June, and now it has been
quite cool for full a month, the ground already beginning to freeze. The real Sum-
mer here is not much longer than they are north, the transitory seasons are so
long. Last Summer we had some very warm weather, but it was not so
long, nor near so warm as I expected it would be. The Winters are not very
cold, but where there are no gravel, nor stone the roads get very muddy, which makes
it very muddy unpleasant. All in all, the North is my place to live - The best of
both, where all my friends are. I will not write much more now my love
for fear I don't get this in the office in time for the mail this afternoon.

I believe I told you all about the money in a letter I sent you a few days ago. Mr Wolfe took \$9.70 for Will and me. Forty-five of it was for you - yes two hundred and forty-five of it was for you, and twenty-five of it for your father. It was for Wills. It is all to be handed to Mr Steel. Let your father get it for you. There is \$6. more going to Mr Dooley, for his Sons Over coat which I sold. I have written to him about it. He will be over and have his note credited again, If he should want the money - which I think will not be the case, insist on keeping it. Dollie. He has owned the note a long time, and ought to be willing to pay when he can. If I had not taken the trouble on my self to care for the coat until the reseller got sold it would have been lost entirely. I will visit Dollie and not talk about business all the time. Be of good cheer my love. The cruel war will end after awhile, and I will go home to Dollie my precious love. I do love you Darling. Dont get the blues badly

M F Permittion

Little Rock Ark Oct 23rd 1863

My Darling,

What do you think I got last night?
The mail came in about ten o'clock, and brought
me seven letters - yes eight, and five of them
from Dollie. It took till after mid night for me to
read them, but I could not go to bed until
I had read every word. My Darling had written
How could I after doing without any letters from
my love for nearly two weeks. Why it began to
seem as though I never would get anything
any more. But then it was because the mail did
not get through from Helena. I know - if Dollie
had been well, she had written lots of good
letters for me. If it had not been for that knowl-
edge, I don't know what I should have done.
Always when I don't get any letters from my
precious love, I console myself with the fact that
she does write, and that they will come after a while.
So they did this time - five last night, and one
this morning. They didn't send us all the mail from
Burgess Street Quarters last night.

I have forgotten the dates of them but that matter ^{and}
I recollect the contents, and first of business my
Darling. Some days ago I told you to contract with
Mr Knapp as to what he would charge you for his
Team to gather the corn. You seem to think he will
not charge much. Don't deceive your self my love
As long as we had plenty of every thing, people no
doubt seem to be very clever, but now my love that
we are out of every thing but money, they will all
charge as much as the Law will allow. Look at
Peader for instance. He has no more right to that
Dollar than any one else, and he has not been truthful
in his statement in all probability. It is very doubt-
ful if he got the man to bring ^{his} home for a two dollars
that is if he charged him any thing at all. I am
not complaining he cause you praise him the dollar
It was best no doubt, but still it was extremely
mean in him, it seems to me. Watch him from this
on my Darling. Whose Team is he using now to gather
corn to feed his hogs with. Be sure and don't pay him
for that team. He was not to have a team all the time
only to cultivate the farms with, and to gather the
crop with. Of course he was to gather the crop

at the right season of the year. Watch him. Don't
pay him money for any thing - if you can help it. He
is not entitled to it. He may go to work and repair
the house and want me to pay him for it. I will not
do it. So he may want to feed in the pasture. but he
must not do it. So he may want all of the stalk
field, but he is not entitled to that either. Neither is
he entitled to that sweet corn, but I don't care much
if any shows that. Before the field is pastured
this fall the yard must be fenced. He ought not
charge any thing for that, the use of the house ought
to pay him for doing that. If the fence is not put
back the Locust trees will all be ruined, which I
would hate very much. I am not under any obligation
to furnish him or team this winter. If you can rent the
farm for next ^{year} do a good man do it. If you should meet
with an opportunity to rent to some one wanting more
ground than you have fenced let them plow up the
south portion of the grass - just as much as they want
Be sure and contract with any one getting the place
not touch the ground for any thing. Let them have fire
wood out of the down wood in the timber nothing else
Reserve the pasture. So they want claim it. It would do
to let any stock be fed on it.

Know it is the first good man. Let them furnish
their own team

About Mullins. I will bet you a fine dress
that he voted for Galt. He could not help it very
well. He has not got the finances Dollie, and then Galt
being a Soldier will make him all right. But don't get
mad at him until you get every thing out of his hands
He owes me a good deal you know, and you know
his disposition. He has not got the courage to tell you
if he voted for Galt. If you get him to do any
thing for you, know what it will cost first. It will
be the best way of void any hardness here after
Don't be disappointed if I don't get to come home. If I
could get a leave of absence at all, it would only
be for twenty days and I could not get home and
back in that time. Why some of my boys have
just got in from Peabody, who started on
the 29th of last month. They got in night before
last. It took them longer to come, than my
leave of absence would extend. So you see my
love it would be worse than nonsense to attempt it
on a shorter time than fifty or sixty days, and
that ^{would} ~~would~~ give a Brigadier General. I would not
care for the expenses, or for losing my pay while
gone, if I could get to remain at home any length of time
but I could not. So my good Dollie, we will have to
wait until there is a more favorable opportunity. Don't get
the blues love for it is not my fault. God might love

Little Rock Ark

Oct. 20th 1863

Dollie,

The news came into camp yesterday evening, that Iowa had given Maj Stone on the home vote from fifteen to twenty thousand over Gen. Tuttle, and that Brough had beaten Vallandigham from seventy-five to one hundred thousand on the home vote in Ohio. Brilly for the home vote - if it be true. And why should not it be true? The people at home ought to be patriotic enough to defeat traitors that bad, and I think they have. Stone will get ten thousand majority in the Army. That is my opinion only. At any rate my Dollie, Gen. Tuttle is going to be the worst defeated of any man that has ever run in Iowa, and I think Vallandigham will be served the same in Ohio. But my Dollie you will have had the news long before you get this, so my opinion won't be worth much to you. The boys in the barracks are singing - singing songs they sang long ago at home. They often do. At such times I think they always think of their homes and the loved ones there. I know their mournful tunes always carries me back to long time ago. I can't help it, and I don't try. As a general thing the men of our regiment are in good spirits, they have good barracks now, plenty to eat, and but little to do. We don't do much guard duty - Gen. Steele I believe never does - and there is not much fatigue duty, as we ^{are} not fortifying any. No doubt the purpose is to keep a good many troops here all winter.

I heard a sermon preached this afternoon - not by our chaplain
nor by any other chaplain, but by a negro, and it was preached to
our Regiment too. The man was about as large, and almost as white as
Mack. Eliot of Hoosier, but used better language, and was undoubt-
edly a more intelligent man, and a better preacher. He looked to be
near fifty years of age, could read, although he had - I think - always
been a slave. His manner of speaking was quite good - sweet and
not very harsh. He prayed fervently for the President of the U. S., for
the Cabinet, and for the Congress, and for all the rulers both Military and
Civil, and finally for the private Souldier. He touched very lightly
and very appropriately on the condition of his own race. Today was the
first time he ever spoke to a congregation of white people, and the
first time he had ever spoken in the open air. There were several
negroes with him. I suppose members of his own class, and I notice
the most of them could read the hymns and sing quite well.
I wish I could get to tell some of our one horse rebel preachers
in Iowa, that there is a slave - or a man here in Little Rock - who
has always been a slave, who is now a better preacher, and a smarter
man than they are. Poor insignificant rebels that they are. Soon I
do love to have them. Old John Osborn for instance, and that other
rebel, that married the Widow Childers. Leaders of Liberty. Teachers
of Treason, and yet pretending to be guides for the people. Of all men
I think I hate them the worst. But there is no use in talking. I don't
I get too mad, and it don't do any good - not a bit. But I don't want
to ever live by any such people. I don't want to live by many people
who now live in Iowa - that is Appomattox Co.

I was down to the Arsenal this evening - not for the first time - but I never
paid much attention to it before. It is a nice place, much the nicest

Public Property in the City. There some twelve or fifteen acres in
side the fence, which I suppose contains all the ground belonging to it.
The ground lies very nice, high and slightly rolling. It is quite
sandy, with no grass scarcely growing on it. There are plenty of the same
nice oak trees that grow all over the city, to give plenty of shade.
There is a large garden fenced off to its self. I was in it, so I don't
know what it contains. In all I suppose there are some ten or
twelve buildings. Two very large ones. The rest are smaller. The large
ones appear to be the main machine shops, - or were one are using them
now for a Hospital for our Division. In front of one of these there has
been a very nice flower garden. It has been laid off in a semi-circle.
Now it looks like it would never be pretty again. But it may be after
this cruel war ends. The buildings to side from the two large ones
have been for Ware houses, Paint Shops, Dwellings, Stables &c.
Many of them are occupied now by Soldiers and officers. Gen. Rice
is occupying the old United States Head Quarters, a very nice little
building. His Head Quarters guards occupy the old guard house
Off to the west from the main building, along by the side of
a large brick building used for a stable, which is painted
yellow - and every thing in the yard is yellow - Stables, all in good
trim & Battery of six or eight Panot guns. Out this way - dismoun-
ted and lying on the ground is one of the largest bore guns I have
ever been close to. It is ten or twelve inches. I believe it is Spitzer
A Soldier who happened to be passing told me it was left by our
forces after the taking of Ark. Post, which told I dont credit by any
means. No doubt General Steele intends raising it in some way.
I went down there to see one of my boys, who is very sick. His name is
Prother. He is lined up by Sagrange. He has Chronic Diarrhea, and I am afraid
will never get well. He is nothing but skin & bone. Poor fellow God's will.

Oct 9th

Since I wrote you this poor letter I have been sick. I took with
a chill, and a pain in my side, then quite a fever followed, which
lasted me about twenty four hours. When I first took sick I took
medicine. I did me a good deal of good, ^{and} I think the disease entirely
taken up. At any rate I fell about as well this morning as usual
although I am not on duty. I have done duty enough in the Regt
to be allowed to rest a little especially when don't feel very well.
No Commissioned Officer in this Regiment has lost as little time
or done as much duty as I have. Don't be uneasy about me Dollie, for I
think I am in no danger what ever. I will go on duty tomorrow

William Smith is quite sick this morning. He started out foraging
He says he was well, but when he went to get into the wagon
he fell out. Some say it was by accident, but I am of the opinion though
I have not examined him closely - it was an epileptic fit. I am going
to the Hospital to see him in a few minutes, and I will write you
again to night as to his condition. If it was a fit he will get well

Be sure my love and don't be uneasy about me. I will do very
well no doubt. We have only two men sick in the Company this
morning, and one of them is able to do duty. He had the ague yesterday
I will take this and put it in the Office, for fear the mail goes out
so early my precious Darling. I will write again soon. The Election
news is still better this morning. It is said now Stone's majority will
reach Forty thousand. Bully for the forty thousand

Soady Dollie

M F V

(No. 58)

Sunday Evening, Oct. 25, 1863

My Own Darling

I sent you a letter this morning by Isaac Sheets. He is going to report to Memphis, and said he would mail my letter there. He is not all for entry yet, though he is a good deal better than he was when he came home. I didn't get any letter from you this morning, my pet. I thought I would surely. I have not heard from you since the 3rd of this month. That is a long time to wait, love, isn't it? If I don't hear soon I shall think you are sick. I hope I shall get three or four by the next mail, which will not come till Tuesday afternoon. I must be patient till then. I am not very well to say, my love. My cold is better, only I have a severe cough that is hurting me a good deal. I didn't sleep much for it last night. I think it will soon be better. Don't be uneasy about me, sweet pet. You know a bad cold won't last long. This is the second severe cold I have had this fall. I attribute it to the bad weather. It has been very cold and disagreeable. I got a letter from Jimmy this morning. They were expecting an attack from Coffee and his band of raiders, every day, and there were no troops at Springfield except two companies of the 18th, and a few militia. The citizens were scared almost to death, he said, and were pouring into town with such old arms as they could gather. His eyes were no better, and he thought he would have to quit going on entry. I am afraid the boy will lose his eyes yet. He is so careless of them too. He don't try to take care of them I am afraid. I wish he were with you, cooling. I have yesterday's paper, but there is not much news. Rosecrans is removed. I am sorry, though I hope it is all right. There are more rumors of Meade's removal. I cough so much, dear one, that I can't write. I will put up my paper and sit by the fire and think of my love.

Monday Evening, Oct. 26,

My Love: - My cold is not much better yet. I can't cough so much as I did yesterday, but it hurts me worse. My throat and chest are so sore. Last night I took some opium, and drank a cup full of syrup made of ginger tea and honey, and went to bed early. I thought I should be well this morning, but I coughed all night. I couldn't sleep much. I dreamed that you came home, but only stayed a few minutes. I thought you were in your shirtsleeves, and were so fat you could hardly walk. That was a mean dream, wasn't it, pet? You shall stay longer when you come again. That Mr. Haven was here again to day. He has been to South at Hoveside and likes it very much. He says the fence needs some repairing, and he thinks part of the grass land will seed itself and do pretty well, but several acres, next the house and well, have no grass on them to do any good, and ought to be cultivated next year. If he gets it, he wants seventy acres to tend. Says he can manage that much easily with his force and teams. I think he is right about the grassland. I think it would pay better to put it in corn, another year, and then sow it in grass again. It has grown up in tall weeds with hardly a tuft of grass on it. The corn ought to pay all expense of seeding it again, and the ground ^{would} be in better condition. Mr. Zegener came with him to day. He wanted to buy our corn, but when he heard it was selling up here for 50 cents, he said he couldn't afford that, and said no more about it. Father asked him about Haven's politics. He said he was perfectly loyal he thought, but he did vote for Tuttle. I told Mr. Haven that I had got letters from you since he was here, and you spoke of coming home soon, that I was looking for you every day, and that if you did come I would very much rather you should visit the farm yourself. That under these circumstances I was not willing to make any contract, until I should know surely whether you were coming or not. He talked very clever about it. Said

he supposed he could wait a few weeks, and in the meantime he wanted me to write to you about it, so that if you did not come, you could give some directions in regard to it. I told him I would, and so the matter rested. And now, my darling, if you can't come, I want you to tell me what to do. I have told you all I know about the man. His appearance I think is very good. He looks like an energetic old man, who would drive things ahead. He came from Pennsylvania, as I told you before, only last spring, and has two sons in the army. One is with Gilmore. I didn't know what to do about it, love. I didn't know whether you would want to a dull man, if he were even reckoned loyal. And I didn't like to refuse him on that ground alone, lest we should miss a good tenant. Father thinks it may be the best chance I shall get, and that at all events the farm must not lie idle. It is just possible that Taylor Harewell may want it, and if he does I will rent it to him without any misgivings. I am sure you would be satisfied. But if he stays where he is, I know of no other chance yet that seems as good as Heaven. If Harewell don't take it I shall wait, dear, till I get an answer to this letter, and then try to do just as you tell me. And you must tell me what to do about the grass land, whether part of it shall be put in corn or not. And also about the other grass and clover. Shall I rent it, and have it mowed? and if I do, on what terms? Tell me all you can, my love, for your Pullet is a very poor "business man" yet. I fear she has no particular talent that way. This is all I can say about this matter, my pet, for it is all I know. I trust you will be at home before this letter ever finds you, and then you will know what is best. Mr. Governor says their copperhead supervisors have actually given certificates of election to all the county officers, without waiting to hear from the soldiers vote! What do you think of that darling? And the copperhead candidates have all accepted them but Hough of

Centerville. He had the common sense to refuse a certificate till the votes were all counted. Mr. Legendre says it is the best thing that could have happened, for us. He thinks the gentlemen will learn one or two things in consequence of it. Where is the use of supreme courts when Appomattox has her supervisors abroad? If the soldiers' vote does not happen to beat them, they will be sorry that they acted quite so hastily. It looks to me, love, like a gross insult to our soldiers. I feel rather "indignant" over it.

My pet, I quit cough, cough all the time so I can't write. I don't know that I can send this letter out before Wednesday, so I will put it away for this time. It is nearly dark. I made me a jar of preserves to day. That is all I have done. Mother says I shall take some honey and alum to night. I don't know about the alum, I think it is doubtful. But I will take something. I think I will be better to-morrow. I love you, my precious one, and now Good night

Tuesday Morning, the 27.

I will put up my letter this morning, my darling, and I may have a chance to send it to the office to day. I hope I will. My cough is better this morning a good deal better. I took more ginger tea and honey last night. I feel very weak and the soreness continues, but I shall soon be well after I quit coughing. Don't be troubled about me, sweet love, for I will be quite well in a day or two. I should feel much better this morning if I could know that you are well, my pet. I have the blues a little, because I dreamed last night that I got six letters from you, and that is almost a sure sign that I won't get any. If I dream of getting letters from you I am sure to be disappointed. I don't believe much in dreams, but I have noticed this so very often, that it makes me sad. I want some letters so bad, my love. It is now twenty-four days since I heard from you. That is so long, dearest. I can hardly bear to think about it. But I know you have sent me letters, pet. You don't forget your poor Pottie. I will write again to night. May the good angels watch over you, my darling. Keep in good spirits. Don't get sick, love, and don't forget to write to your Pottie

Handwritten notes at the top left of the page, including the number '59' and some illegible text.

(No. 59)

Handwritten notes at the top right of the page, including the phrase 'I will send it along through'.

Tuesday Night, Oct. 27, 1863

My Dearest Love:

I finished a letter for you this morning hoping I should have a chance to mail it to day but I have not. It is lying here in my trunk, and I shall have to send you two at once from Scrimm to morrow I can't help it this time, my love. I hate it though. I went up to Mr. Sheets' just before dark to see if any letter come for me to day, though I was almost sure there was none. There was nothing for me. It is eleven days since I have had a letter from you, my darling. Don't you think this is hard for your Dollie? But I will try to keep in as good spirits as I can, love. If I only knew that you were living and well I could get on. But I will hope for the best, sweet pet. That is all I can do. My cough is better to night. I have no appetite at all, or I should be almost well. I have not eaten much for several days, and I am weak. I wrapped up very well when I went out this evening, but I am afraid it will set me back a little. Nothing but the hope of getting a letter would have taken me out. I would do anything, or wish anything almost to hear from you my darling. Father went to Wardside to day and brought home his cattle. Mr. Hickcox and Mullinix went with him. No one knew them but Mullinix. He was here to dinner, seeming just as clever as ever, and as good a Unionist as need be. He said not a word about voting the thair-tis ticket. He surely don't see it in the same light we do, dear, or he could not talk about you and the war so freely, after aiding your enemies all he could with his vote. He insisted on my going over soon, I told him I couldn't go anywhere till I got well. I told him you wanted Esther to have the calf, and that she or Allie must one sell out to the other. He seemed

pleased about it, and said he wouldn't give much for Allie's share, if you said Es. was to have it. I am glad for them to have it, however, for they have done a good deal for us. I told him I had got father to winter Cassie, and if he would bring her home I would pay him for the trouble. He said he would bring her one of these days, but he guessed father didn't care how long he fed her. I know they can't well spare her, and if it had not been for his vote I would have found the corn and let them have her all winter. As it is, pet, I would rather have her at home. He laughed at father about our "trades" and said I had got the best of them all. I believe I have, dear. I wanted to get as much as I could for our stock, but I don't want to make anything off of Matt or Will while they are gone. I couldn't have got as much from any one else, this fall. One of them (the spotted Ginty) looks like he would hardly live till spring. I think he is sick. The others look well. I was glad to see little Horrah, if she is not ours any longer. Well, darling, another man wants Woodside. Whom do you think he is? Jake Tree! Old man Tree talked to father about it this morning. He said Jake was coming to see me, and asked if it would be worth while. Father told him he guessed not. He believed I would not want it till I heard something more from you about it. Poor simple Jake. What could he do with his ill, worthless wife, and nothing else? I don't expect he is worth as much now as he was the day he married. I have heard that he was doing me good at all. He had better have taken our advice. Mullinix says Dr. Hays got home with Josephus yesterday. The poor fellow is bad sick. They think he will not live. How sad it is, my darling. The old man has no doubt worked faithfully to get him home, and I do hope he will get well now. He has been sick a long time. It is getting late, dear, and the fire has burned down. I had better go to bed before I get cold. Good night, my precious love. I will think of you and dream of you.

Wednesday Morning, Oct. 28.

I am about well of my cold this morning, early. If I could eat I should be all right. I am going to have our beef killed in the morning. I think when we get fresh beef I will find my appetite. That is the only thing I can think of that I imagine would taste good. Don't fancy that I am sick, my love, for I am not. I am just a little ailing, and don't want to eat. That is all. I guess I shall have to go to Scoville after dinner to take my letters. Father is so busy he can't go. It is not cold and I can go as well as not. I want to write a short letter to Jimmy this morning. I ought to write to Matt too but I can't by this mail. I have no idea where he is now. There is a rebel dispatch in the papers that says Price is marching upon Little Rock with 20,000 men. I don't put any faith in it. Little Rock would have been easier kept than retaken, I think. There is not much war news. I have been reading the Tribune a little. Greeley has a good article on the elections. He says "of course Iowa is all right," and that is every word he has to say about our election. I should like to have him rapped over the knuckles for passing over our great victory, of which we are all so proud, and which we deem so important, with a simple "of course." But he is in ecstasies over Ohio. He knew the soldiers' votes would defeat the traitor who "waited and watched over the border," but he never dreamed that a candidate so imposingly presented was actually not running at all. He never expected to hear that the home vote gave 50-000 majority against him. It is something to rejoice over, and thank God for, isn't it, my love? A more terrible calamity could scarcely befall our country than Vallandigham's election would have been. We can already see the fruits of the victory. Gov. Seymour has issued his proclamation at once stating that the President had called for 300,000 volunteers and that he must have them, and New York must not be

behind in her duty. He would not have seen such a document as that from Seymour if Vallonclighom had been elected.

But I expect you know all the news, dearest, and I need not try to tell you. I am so nervous I can hardly write. You must forgive this scrawl. There is no news here, darling. People are all well, and busy. Becker has got quite well again. If you had seen him run last night when we tried to catch him, you would have thought he was well. He broke away from father three or four times after he would get hold of him. I wanted to ride him to Sheeko. I have him safe in the stable to day. He dont do anything in the world but go to the post offices, and he dont like to do that very well. Last night he was just as dirty as he could be. You would have laughed at his face. It looked comical. The poor old fellow cant get much carrying. Father didnt go to the house yesterday at Wood side. I should like to know how Dexter is getting on gathering corn. He ought to be done soon. They say that William Burns' widow is married to a very worthless man. I forget his name. I have not answered Jones' letter yet. I have not felt much like writing. I must do it soon, though. I cant write to do any good to day, my pet. I think I had better quit. If I could get a good long letter from you, love, I think it would do me more good than any thing else in the world - except seeing you, my sweet darling. I have not heard one word from you since the 3rd of this month. It is no wonder that I am uneasy, is it darling? It has been so long. I still look for you home all the time, but you dont come. My love dont come. I will write to you again to morrow. I think I shall be quite well by then. Dont be uneasy, my pet. I am not going to get sick. I write you fully about our business, dear, in the letter that goes out with this. (58) Tell me what to do as soon as you can. Now good bye, my own precious love. Dont be discouraged, dont get sad sweet pet. Tell Pallas all your troubles and cares, and let her sympathize with you. God bless you always. Ever thine own Pallas.

Little Rock Ark. Oct 28th 1863

My Darling,

This morning I sent you a letter. It was not a good one, but it was just what I had written and I thought you would rather have that than none at all. So I sent it. If such letters as I am sending you will do you Dollie, you shall have plenty of them. No doubt it takes you about as long to read them as it does me to write them, and if you love to read them as well as I love to write them they pay for all the trouble they cost. There is nothing I would rather do my love, except read your letters. That is the most satisfaction of all. If it were not for the comfort I have of reading so much of what you say and think, I should have the blues a good portion of my time I think. But almost every mail brings good letters from my Dollie at home. What a good Dollie you are to think of me so much, and to tell me so much. No one else in this wide world thinks of me so much or talks to me any. But then I don't want any body else to think of me much, or talk to me any. Dollie is enough. I told you of Billy Smith's sickness this morning. Since then I have learned he was standing up in the wagon, when he took the first spasm. He fell backward - out at the hind end of the wagon - his head and shoulders striking the ground first. The Lieut. in whose charge he was told me he thought the fall didn't hurt him much. Such is still my opinion, but I may still be mistaken. Sergt Hancock has just spoken to me about him. He has just come up from the Hospital. He says he is no better. It is his opinion he will die, though he does not know any thing about it. When I looked at him this afternoon, there was no immediate danger of his death, although he was not conscious of any thing. I didn't see the Doctor

Consequently I don't know what his opinion of the case is this afternoon. He will be well cared for. The Doctor is a good man and will do all he can. I will see him again in the morning before I put this letter up, and tell you how he is. I hope he will be better. Ben Prather who is at the Division Hospital is not any better, from what the boys tell, who were down to see him this evening. Poor fellow I am afraid he will have to die, and a better Soldier I never saw in any regiment - that is more quiet. He thinks he is getting better but he is deceiv'd. I am afraid he must die.

As usual at this time of night, the boys are singing their old merriful hymns. They make right good music, or at any rate it sounds so to me. It may be simply because it reminds me of so many years ago, when I used to go to Church, and when I first learned to know Dollie when I saw her. And then they always make me stop and think, and I always think of Dollie. I love to hear them, I love to think of Dollie, but why do they sing such songs so much if they don't love to think of home, and those they love. And my Dollie they boys here are not forgetting their friends. They think of their wives - those who have them, as much as their wives think of them. They get the blues when they don't get any letters. When they get letters and good news, they are cheerful and do their duty without grumbling. Their friends at home ought to write and write often.

There was a fight the other day down at Pine Bluff. It is about forty miles below here on the river. Col Clayton of the 6th Kansas, was in command. He had the reports say about six hundred and fifty men. The rebels attacked him from three to four thousand strong - so goes the report, and got badly whiped. Col Clayton whiped them without a doubt, I think there were not many rebels as reports say. If there were it was a glorious fight. Look what a mistake I have made with you? I never noticed it until just now. You must keep twisting the paper around till you can read it Dollie. I will commence on the next page at the right place.

Later - I have just been to see Billy Smith. His case is a hopeless one. Dr Strong his Surgeon thinks he will die. The fit he had this morning must have been Apoplexy. There are no signs of any injury about him, and if it had been Epilepsy, he would have been better by this time, but he is mad - he is falling. Some time ago I thought I noticed he was not right, was more stupid than usual. One morning - three or four days ago, I asked him if he was not sick, he said 'not much', but I was so much convinced that he was needing medical attention, that I told him he must report, but on looking at the books this evening I find he didn't do it. On night before last he was standing by the fire in the Barracks, in quite a stupid condition - the boys say - when he apparently started to fall. One of the ^{boys} caught at him, and asked him if he was sick. He replied not and went and laid down. This morning he would go on duty the boys say. He has always needed watching, or he would do duty when he was not able. When in the Hospital he has always managed to get to the Company not soon. Such was the case at Duralls Bluff. Now I fear he will not do any more duty. There is in all probability an effusion of lymph on the Brain to night. He may linger on a day or so, but I think not longer than twenty four hours. Though I am not a very good judge now a days. His Cousin is staying with him to night - Samuel Smith. He has been with him ever since he first took sick. This morning I intend he shall stay as long as he is needed. This is all I will write to night. Dolly I will go and see him in the morning, before I finish this letter, then I will tell you exactly how he is. Until then Dolly good morning no good night. You see I am full of mistakes to night. I'm almost every time I blunder. Best guess at my meaning my Darling beauty

Oct 29th / 1883

Morning Billy Smith is not any better. He can't last much longer. Consciousness has never returned, and never will. I will write you in regard to him again this evening.

The rest of men in camp are quite well. I feel first rate. There are no many things to see to just now. Tolle for me to write. Be cheerful. Goodbye my Darling

W. H. W.

Friday Morning, October 30, 1862

My Dearest Love:

I never wrote any yesterday. I had the blues because I could not hear from you, and it stormed so all day, that I had no heart to write to my pet. Forgive me, won't you, beloved? I never saw a worse day than yesterday. It rained in the morning, then sleeted till the earth was covered with ice, and then snowed till night. And all the time the wind blew furiously, and it was very cold. Winter, with all its dreariness, is really upon us. To day is comparatively pleasant. The sun shines a little, and it is not blowing any, but the ground is covered with snow. It is wild sleighing I should think. Wednesday afternoon I went to Iccanum and mailed my letters. I saw no one but Kees. Phillips was gone to the river. I bought some goods to make me underclothes. I sent to Eddyville, where father went, and got my winter shoes. I don't intend to buy anything more this winter. I have plenty now. Goods are very high. I stopped awhile at Mr. Maiken's. The old lady was quite sick. They thought she had diphtheria. She is very much distressed about Bartley. Thinks he is sick and can't write. They got their last letters the same day I got mine. It will be two weeks tomorrow. How of us have heard from you since the 3rd inst. They brought up the mail from Monroe night before last, and yesterday, storming as it was, Mr. Hickcox went down, but there was no letter for me. I was so disappointed, darling, that I couldn't help getting the blues a little. I wanted a letter so much. Mrs. Maiken was in the finest spirits. She has heard that the 36th was coming to Alton Ill. to do garrison duty this winter, and she was making calculations to go down and see Henry as soon as he got there. Even Mr. Maiken I think, puts some faith in the report. Henry wrote about it lately.

I don't think it can be true, my love. If you had known anything of it you would have told me, wouldn't you? If it should prove true, no one will rejoice more than your Dollis. We heard the same sort of rumour last summer, but you never come to Alton. We can hear a thousand things that have no foundation in truth. They had heard even there that Jim and Simons (your men) were both dead. I hope it is not true. It seems so for so many of your men to die, my sweet love. I can't write to do any good to you. My fingers stiffen with cold, here by the fire. I don't know when I can mail you another letter. I fear I shall have no chance this week. I do wish I could be near a post office, my love. I have done very well through the summer, but I am afraid I can't send out letters near so often this winter. But I will do the best I can, my pet. If I can't do any better I will send three or four at once, when I do have chance. I won't neglect, my darling. But he knows that, I think I am getting about well again. I feel a little weak yet, is all. I cough some but it can't hurt me now. I hardly ever had a cold to cling to me so stubbornly as this has. I am going to be very careful of my health this winter, and try to escape them in the future, if possible. But this one came on me unawares, and another one may. I have done nothing for a week, scarcely. If I could know that you are well, darling, I should be all right now. I have sat here and thought of you, in your comfortable quarters, sweet love, till I get almost wild. To think of your lying on the ground all night in the cold or rain is almost more than I can bear. But let us not think of such things if we can help it, my good darling. There is very little news in our papers. How that Boscrows is removed everybody seems turning against him, and making all manner of charges against him. If half of them are true, it is well that he is relieved. One is that he has used opium lately to such an extent that his mind is sadly injured.

I am going to send you this week's Hawk-Eye. It is a very good number. I see that the 36th gave only 71 votes for Tuttle. That is pretty well. The 4th gave a majority for Tuttle. I am sorry for that, and hope still that there is a mistake in the figures. The Gate says the 36th cast just 400 votes in all. I suppose that don't include the sick men who were scattered through the hospitals. I thought I would write two or three letters to you, but I can't my dear. My head won't work. Do you ever get in that sort of fix, love, or do you know what I mean? It is bad enough. Father is down in the timber getting wood. He works very hard. I am often sorry for him. He would hire a good deal done if he could get any one, but there are no men to be hired. He thinks he can get through the winter pretty well, if he can get his wood chopped ready for hauling. It is going to be hard on him. Evening. - I have an unexpected chance to send my letter to bagsons. I have just heard that Mrs. Gilbert is down at Hickcox's and will start home presently. I must put this up for apology as it is my love, and take it down there. She will mail it for me. I wish it were better and longer. But my feet must forgive me. I hear that Jimmy has left Springfield for Little Rock. If this is true you will soon see him. The report is that the 18th will winter in Little Rock. My good soles, I can't take time to write more or I may lose the chance to send it out.

I feel very well this evening. I love you with all my heart.

Goodly sweet love. Yours own

Pollie

Little Rock Ark

Oct 30th 1863

My Darling,

Billy Smith is dead. He died about half past nine o'clock this evening. Consciousness never returned, from the time he was first taken. None can tell whether he suffered any or not for he never spoke to convey an idea. Once or twice when Dr. Strong asked him what hurt him, he answered "Sir" nothing more. All day to day he lay in a complete comatose condition. He swallowed some drops once or twice yesterday, but nothing whatever to day. I saw him twice this fore noon and once this after noon. I could not do him any good, and it was not pleasant to look at him, lying there breathing so hard. He could be heard quite a distance, the froth or phlegm collected in his throat so. Once this morning I thought he would strangle but he coughed and threw it up into his mouth, and the nurse took it out. Afterwards his jaws were more easily opened, while he lived. He lay all the time with his eyes partly closed. He could not open them. Now they are completely closed - no open no more in this world of blood and strife. His race is run, his soldiering here is over, and how I wish we could bury him where the sweet grass would grow over his grave in Gayal Iowa. But we cant. Tomorrow we must take him out here on the hill and lay him under the sac, where many of his fellow Soldiers have been laid. It is a very nice place, and already there are many Union boys sleeping there. He will rest as quiet as they, for he was as good a Soldier as came to Little Rock. Always ready and willing to do his duty. But I cant make the matter any better by talking about it to my lit Willie

October 31st 1863

Billy was buried this morning. He left nothing worth anything but an over coat. Samuel Smith will sell that if he can and send his aunt the money. He has other clothes and a blanket, but we buried him in them. If he had any money I have not learned of it. I will inquire to morrow. A B Prather died this morning, and was buried this afternoon. We have but one other man sick here and he is in the Company, and I believe he about. His name is Lutzada. He lives up by Cozacks.

This morning I got your no 63. I can't tell why you don't get plenty of letters my Darling. Some weeks I send you four or five. This week I have sent you two or three, and I will mail this tomorrow. I wish you could get them, but I can't help it my Dollie. It is not my fault. I am glad you got a letter from Jane, though I had begun to fear she would never intend write to us. Write to her and tell her to make her calculations to go to Iowa when I get home. I will keep her as long as she will live with us, and do just a good part by her as I can. Write to her immediately and tell her, do tell fathers folks what she intends to do. Probably they will object, but she is of age. I know we can do a better part by her than they have ever done. At all events we will do the best we can.

This has been muster day again, and quite a delay it has been to the Col got just drunk enough to pitch into the hay. He scolded more than I ever knew him on any day before. We have no money pay due us again. Probably we will get it in a few weeks. If we do I will send you the most of mine, for I have about fifty dollars on hand yet. That will do me full two months. I don't like to keep any more money here than I can use. I can't carry all I have in my pocket.

Lieut Wright is still down in the city yet. He is not able to be here in camp. He still has Diarrhea and Ague. He will be up Monday. He will make application for a leave of absence. He will be sure to get it, and it is the best thing he can do. He can't remain here and get well. He has tried that manfully, and has failed. Now he must do something else, and I don't know what else he can do but go home. Don't say one word about it my Darling - but if he don't get any better he is going to resign. I don't want the Company to know it, and above all I don't want Orderly Davenport to know it. If he dies he would be here immediately, and that is just what I want him. not to do. He can't get a long with the Company at all, and I think I never will recommend him for promotion. Some of the boys say he is rated for a Yvette if so goodly Billy Davenport, for meether Capt. Vermilion or Col. Plattre or so will ever recommend you to the Loyal Governor of Iowa for a promotion, and even if one were to do he would not Commission you, if ^{he} knew what kind of a man you are. So stay where you are until you can play out of the service. I have just been detailed as Brigade Officer of the Day for tomorrow. All right. I will go but I don't like it. I am quite well to night Dollie. Don't be uneasy. Perhaps I will write a little more in the morning. For a night, Soeetly Love

Morning. Nothing new this morning. The Sun is shining brightly, and it is quite warm. Lieut May is sitting here by my side smoking out the monthly return of Alterations. He is going down to see Lieut Wright, about noon. A pretty sharp iced of his - He got a good dinner which he will. I wish I was not too Lazy to go, but I am. I confess it. Green and I will have a piece of mutton for our dinner. He can cook it very well. Tell Mrs. Smith all about Billy. I love you Dollie. I will send you lots of letters soon. Soeetly

Remo the same - if you can M. F. V.