

Thursday Evening, April 2nd 1869

My Own Good Love.

I got two letters from you last night, dated the 17th & 20th ult. Thank you, darling. They did me good. But I want another one now, just as much as I wanted them yesterday. I want a letter every day. I am sorry for Will, poor fellow! I know better it hardly is sick the way I do hope he is better now. I have not written him often. I will write to him soon. Tell him to keep up his courage, and be a brave soldier. I think he will. You were disheartened, love, when you thought you were going back to Helena. I know you were before I got your letter. I had had tolerably correct accounts of the attack on Fort Pemberton - and its failure, in the papers. I wish you could have succeeded at first. I felt as sorry about it, darling, as you could. And I was so uneasy, too, about my "Peaches" that I could hardly live. But it is no better now, on that account, and the failure will encourage the rebels. I know nothing of what may have happened to you, since your return to the Fort. The only particle of news we have since then is in a dispatch from a rebel paper, which says "The enemy have again appeared, in force, before Fort Pemberton. Heavy firing was heard on Monday evening - the 23. The result is not known." This is all I know, my darling. You can't know how anxious and uneasy I am. You don't blame me, do you? The rebels admit that in the first attack, they lost some gunners, but say their loss was not large. As you have gone back, my love, I do hope you will be successful this time. We have had too much fighting without victories. Oh, darling, I didn't want to know what soldiers' lives were worth. I know their value too well now. The news is encouraging in every quarter but one. I fear things are not right there. The many comforting promises that have come from that vicinity are not made good, yet. I am afraid, I have been, all the time, that Grant is not the man for that task. He may succeed, God grant that he may! It is said the rebels are evacuating Richmond. They are preparing a tremendous force to overwhelm Rosecrans. Let them. I have no fear for him. I hope he will have the decisive battle to fight. Our cause could not be in safer hands. Some of the rebel papers say this cause will be lost or won in the next three months. I believe this. I will send you the Tribune, that you may see in what good spirits Greeley is, this week. He has been despondent, you know for some time. Now he sees the clouds breaking! Thank God! not that he sees it, but that the dark clouds really are breaking away. The light is dawning at last. I think the end will come before many months. I buoy myself up with this hope. It will keep me from despairing. Sometimes I can hardly get on even with this to sustain me.

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Here matters are going on as usual. We are all pretty well. The weather is warm, but the wind blows as hard as it ever does in Iowa. Mother is talking about making garden. I don't think they will do much good, in that line. They don't go to work the right way. Yesterday, Jane went to Mr. Pentecost and got some trees and shrubs, and I helped her to plant them in the yard. I planted a catalpa, and a silver-leaved poplar, in the front yard, and got Osborn to promise to take care of them for my sake, and he would take care of hisself. Day before yesterday, it rained all day. You don't know how good the quiet seemed. In the afternoon I was going to town to take my letters, but Jane proposed that she would go. I told her if she would I would make the haming - we were going to make some that day, and she started. I was so glad to be alone a little while. I had not had one half hour to myself since you left me. I thought I was getting a stranger to myself. But now everything was quiet, my head didn't ache, I could think, I could write a good letter to my dear one. I worked with all my power, and had just ^{got} a good five made and my haming about half done when I heard the everlasting whistling, and saw the boys coming home. I was sorry, sweet love. I was wrong, for it is their home, not mine, but I couldn't help it. I didn't write any after all. I am glad you got so many of my letters dearest, I was afraid you didn't get them. I send them regularly, and the papers, too. I got a letter from Jimmy last night. He was still at Springfield, was well and in good spirits. He says they have a pretty hard time; have to stand guard every other day, but he likes a soldier's life better and better. He wouldn't be anything but a soldier, till this war is over, if he could. He thinks they will all be home before very long. I have not heard from home, since I wrote to you. I am glad you hear from Mr. Lewis and Deaters. Father sent me fifty dollars the other day in two letters. I wrote to you about it, but you may not get the letter. I have one hundred and ten dollars here now. But this enough for me to keep here, dearest. I shall not spend much for anything but paper and postage. By the way, darling, I have only sent you a few stamps, but I can't get them at Mt. Meridian. I am sorry about it. I can send to Green castle next Saturday, and I will get plenty. Sam Voorhees, the traitor is to speak there then, and every Copperhead in the neighborhood will go, of course. There is considerable excitement here in regard to the election to be held next Monday. Sam Jones is running for township trustee, against a copperhead named Allen, and his friends have strong hopes of his election. I hope he will win, not that the office is of any importance, but I want traitors defeated everywhere, in all ways. I have not seen the Joneses since I have been here. They are all right they say.

Now, my own love, this is all the news I can write, for it is all I know. I don't listen to neighborhood news and gossip. I have other things to think of. I am uneasy and troubled about you, darling, and I think of you every minute. I dream of you when I sleep. Nearly always I think we are at home together, and we are so happy. I wake up and you are gone, and Dollie is alone. It is so hard to bear, my pet. I thought I would write you a cheerful letter this time, love. I must not talk of these things. I have ~~nothing to write~~ but up my paper now, and finish this business. Oh, my husband, I want to see you so much. At this moment, I don't know how to bear the separation another day. Goodby, my own sweet love. May the blessed angels watch over you, and guard you always, and bring you safely home to your Dollie.

Friday Morning, April 3rd

My Darling:- I will try to finish my letter this morning. I don't know what I can write about, for I have no news to tell you, love. I didn't get my paper yesterday. Sometimes persons passing bring them out and leave them at the turn in the lane - by the guide post. As soon as I got up this morning I walked up there to see if it had been left there last night. It was not there. I hope I will get them to day, and I do hope there is some good news in them. Oh, I want good news, worse, surely, than any one ever did before. But we can't expect to meet with reverses this campaign. Universal success is more than we need hope for. Still bad news makes me sick at heart, I can't help it. If you were here with me, darling, bad news would be dreadful now, then how must I feel now, when I associate every thing, good and bad, with the thought of your safety and return. If you were at home I should feel anxious for our cause, as I feel for you, my darling. It is dearer to me, because you have risked your life for it. There is in the world but one thing worth more to me than my country. You know, darling, that I would not give you for all the countries and governments on the globe. If I lose you, what do I care whether the country is saved or not? With you, I could live under any government, or no government; without you I could not live anywhere. It is for your dear sake I want our cause to succeed. It is that you may have a just and free government. I care not for myself. I only care for you, I only live for you. "Loving is a painful thrill," said Tom Moore. Nobody knows this better than I, for nobody ever loved more than your Dollie loves you, and yet all the world could not buy my love. I would give up my life rather than my love. You know your Dollie would. It is strange

It is incomprehensible. It is not to be reasoned about, or accounted for. It is
so. I only know that God made us to love each other, and that it is right.
But I tell you I love you so often. Are you tired of hearing it, my pet?
Forgive me such a question. I know what you will say, what you always say.
I am afraid I shall not hear from tomorrow. Your letters don't come regularly
any more, but I know it is not your fault. You are too good to write often. I
believe your letters have nearly every one reached me.
If any were lost, it was only one or two, I am the sadder for them, dear one.
Your letters have comforted me, when nothing else could. I sleep with one under
my pillow every night, and I dream sweet dreams of you and home.
I want to go down to aunt Anne McCartie soon. She ^{has} sent word for me to
go several times. I would stay a few days, if it were not for my daily paper.
I couldn't get it there, and I couldn't be willing to do without it very long. I
will stay all day, or all night. My trunk and half of my things are there yet.
If you should send for me, I will take the things I have here, and go by there
and get my trunk. But I am afraid you won't send, dear love, if you do get
sick. You would stay there like poor Henry Swallow, and brother Will.
Would you not have to, darling? Tell me something about it, won't you? I fear
you are gone from me, out of my reach forever, my precious love. And
the thought almost breaks my heart. I wish we were Christians, and could
trust God for all things. Don't you, dear one? I wish we were good, and hum-
ble in His sight. I think of all these things a great deal. Do you ever darling?
Listen. It is very cold to day. It snowed this morning, and the wind blows. I am
well. I have no work to do, only help gave about the housework. I read all
my papers. Nothing interests me but the war news. Father has just gathered his
corn. He only had three or four loads. He has carried out corn from the field, in
his basket, to feed with nearly all winter. He is getting up wood now. He is
going to Pleasant Garden to meeting, tomorrow. I may send this letter by him
and have it mailed at Putnamville. Now, darling, my big sheet is nearly filled
and I want to beg you to write me as long letters as you can. Write with a pencil
if it is easier, any way, so you tell me everything. I want to know if you feel
satisfied and contented dearest. Are you homesick any? Humphrey said
you like a soldier's life as well as any one he ever saw, he thought. Tell Dollie
all, so secret love. Don't have any secret from her. Goodbye, You know how I love
my pet. You will come home, and then the happiest woman in the whole world
(will be your own Dollie

On Board Steamer *Mariner* *Yozoo Expedition*

April 6th / 1863

My Dollie,

Just as I feared we are on the fall-back again. What it means I am entirely unable to say. Day before yesterday the fleet received orders of some kind from Gen Grant. Yesterday about noon the tents began to fall, and by three o'clock a large portion of our Division was on board the boats. The right of our Regt went on board the *Lavinia Logan*. Later in the evening - just before night the left wing (the part I am in) was ordered on board this boat. This morning about day light we showed out. As we passed up I noticed all the troops that had been landed on the river where we were on the boats, which were fired up and ready to start. There enough they have started - we are all on our way back. What it means I can't say. We had two iron clad Gunboats, plenty of Artillery and some ten or twelve thousand troops. Whether the rebels had more than that is a question. But some say they had some twenty or thirty thousand. All-very body concedes the fact that they had a very strong position and it well fortified. At the point where the fort was, the river was very narrow, so the Gunboats couldn't operate to any advantage. The infantry could not do any thing at all towards reducing the Fort, and our Commanders never planted any batteries to amount to any thing, and as a natural consequence never fought to amount to any thing. Reports say now that when our forces attacked their Fort when we were here the first ^{time} we injured them very much. That at one time the Fort was virtually reduced and all we lacked of completing the job was going in and taking possession. The same report says the rebels lost some two hundred killed. If that better case, of course they must have lost twice that number wounded.

Why the fighting was not continued ~~the~~ more low in command pretends to say
then after we had fallen back till we had met reinforcement, and then returned
why there was not something done towards taking the establishment, ^{I do not know} Then
later other reinforcements arrived but they had hardly got on shore till they were
ordered on the boats again for up the river. Nothing done. This makes forty one
days since we first left Helena. Money and all kinds of Government property
have been used without limit, but so far as I can see to no effect. We have
lost a good many good men from sickness, and others are still sick but to no
purpose. There may be wisdom in the army but it surely can't be in this expedition.
There is but one way by which I can account for the movement satisfactorily
that is this. The object was to get into the country east of Chickburg. That could
not be done without control of the ^{lower} portion of the Yazoo River. Grant could
not take it, ^{from} below, because he could not pass Heained Bluff. We were going
down for the purpose of taking it in the rear. But since then rumor says
four, or five Gunboats have passed through an other pass, which leads into the
Yazoo between Yazoo City and Heained Bluff. If that be the case there is
no use of our expedition going on. If not it seems very much like abandon-
ing a very important undertaking. Other men may know more about
these things than I do, they may be better satisfied too. I hope they are.
If I were a good writer Mary I would tell you of everything that has occur-
red since we left Helena, but I am not. It is too hard work for me to write.
I am a good talker and when I get home I will tell you everything. You
know I can do that, and you know Dollie I will. We did not get
into much danger, but one day we got where the shells whistled close
to us. We were down within a mile or such a matter of the rebel land
held as a reserve in case we should be needed. The rebels either saw us or
guessed well where we were, for they threw several shells that burnt near our
right. The noise was peculiar. One of the Co. H. boys says it went like some
one repeating the word again, very rapidly. That is a very good representation of the sound.

Several of the shells must have landed, but no one was hurt. After wards I was on picket at the most exposed part of our line. But nothing occurred there of any note. We had but very few adventures of any importance. That is our opinion. That is the opinion of all soldiers who have seen service. Of course some of our boys think they have seen the Elephant

Let me tell you of a little thing that occurred in our Company a few days ago. Ollie, then I want you to tell me if I were right

Our rule is if a man misses roll call he is put on extra duty. A few mornings ago G. L. Carpenter missed roll call, so the orderly detailed him to help police the Company grounds. He refused the Orderly. I told him he must work, He said if he did I would have to smoke him. I told him I would do that. He said I could not. I told him to go to work or I should put him under arrest and have him Court Marshallled. Then I turned round and walked off. He went to work, like a good fellow. I will smoke him they order or I will have him severely punished. He is just now learning that. He has bothered ^{me} more than any man in the Company. He is the worst man in the Company. But he shall learn that I am Capt, and he is not. I will make no difference in the army. All shall be governed by the same orders. He has always thought I ought to appoint him to some office. I have never done it. The boys don't like him, and of course don't want him to have any position.

The health of the boys is not good. Several are very sick. Among the rest Will McCulley. Don Worthington is very sick. These two are all you know that are much sick. Henry Maiken is better, Will Kemper is getting quite well again. He is on duty and full rations.

6th This is Monday morning. We are still moving up. Yesterday we made good days run. I hope we will do so.

I have heard this morning that we were likely to be sent up
to Columbus Kentucky. and from there to Gen Rosecrans Army.
If the report be true, I shall be very glad. We will be in a healthy
country and that much nearer home. And then, above all
if we get under Gen. Rosecrans we will have a commander, one
who knows how and when to strike, and is not afraid. If he had
been at Greenwood, that place would have been taken, without
a doubt. But as it is the Fort and Town are still in posses-
sion of the Rebels, and this hole Fleet on its way back.
We hate it, because it is our first expedition. The first time
we have ever gone out to fight. But as you know we have to obey
the orders of our Generals, or men who are called Generals. Don't
you wish there was a Napoleon in America. We have as good
soldiers as there are in the World, But they can't achieve great
victories without commanders. A Brigadier Gen. who never com-
manded a regiment in their lives is not fit to plan a battle
any more than any other man. A man holding a Major's Gen.
or a Brigadier's General's Commission does not make a great
man of him. If it did we would have a great many great
men. Our Brigade Commander is a very nice man. He is a
Methodist preacher, but not a Military man. But it is
contrary to the regulations. I shall stop it. But, then I am talking
to my Dollie and it don't make any difference.

In all probability I will mail this letter at Helena myself.
I will not close it till I ascertain. Ryan wanted a lock of
my hair. Well now Dollie I have not got more than a
lock on my head. Just a day or two before I received yours
I had my hair trimmed very close. It may be that will send you
a part of what I have.

If I go up North to Kentucky or Tennessee, I may get
to see you during the summer Dollie. If I can I will

sure
I will put this up to night. We will get to Helena some
two days after tomorrow. Good night my Dollie

M. J. Perimeter

Monday Forenoon, April 6th 1863

My Own Darling:

The "men folks" have all gone to the election to day, Jim McChambers' wife is here. I have ^{made} a good fire in the west room, and sat down to talk to my love. I am not well to day, and I want to see you, dear one, so much that it seems I can't wait. How can I, darling? I don't know whether I can write much. My head aches, and I have been quite unwell since yesterday. I shall get better. I would get better very soon if I could hear some good news from you. I didn't get any letter from you Saturday. The last one I have was written the 20th ult. That was a long time ago, you know, darling. There is not one word about your expedition in Kidder's or Saturday's papers. It seems very strange that there should be no news yet. I can't account for it ^{at} all. I am dreadfully afraid that when we do hear the news will not be good. But I will hope for the best. We hear no good news from Vicksburg, nor indeed from Grant's department anywhere. I am hopeful - or I try to be - that all will go right after while; but he seems to have an unhappy faculty for blundering. To think of all the labor and money and lives he has wasted on those canals! and now they are worth nothing to us! I can't help fearing that we are a long way off from the capture of Vicksburg yet, - unless, indeed, the rebels should evacuate, which they will not do unless they get starved out. But we can leave them Vicksburg, and still end the war, I believe, in a few more months, if the men who rule us only try. The rebels are now making a last, desperate effort. I think they know and admit that it is their last. The war ought to be ended by harvest. God grant that it may be! I get more and more uneasy and troubled about you, love, every day. I don't hear it nearly as well as I did at first. I can't help it, sweet darling. You know I can't help it, and you won't blame me, will you? Sometimes I don't care for anything in the world, but your coming home. I would hail any sort of a peace, that would give you back to me again. My heart cries for you, all the time. I can't live without you, my pet. I know I am selfish, but who is not? You are more to me than country or government, or ought else on earth. But I don't want to discourage you, beloved, or make you feel sad, and still I can't write cheerful letters when my heart is almost breaking with the fear that I will never see you any more, that you will never come home again.

This is the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh. I must try to write to Matt to day. I hope he looks upon scenes to day very different from the wild carnival of death that surrounded him a year ago. I got a letter from him Saturday night. He was still at Grand Junction. He complains a great deal about my not writing to him oftener. I do write to him oftener than any one else except you. He thinks the war will be ended before the close of '63. He gives a sad account of the sufferings of the people in that part of Tenn. They have nothing left them scarcely, and there is no prospect of their being able to raise anything to live on this year. Most of them would hail with joy the suppression of the rebellion, and the return of peace. Doctor Lambert is Surgeon of the 6th, and, Matt says, is highly esteemed by officers and men. I wonder how he ever came into that position. I hope he will do well there. I have no news to write you dearest. There was a grand turnout to hear Voorhees speak Saturday. John and Isaiah and John Bunyon went betimes. I never asked John a word about it; but Henry says from all he can learn from them he thinks there were at least twenty-five or thirty men there sober. This was better than he expected. They broke up, as they always do; with a row and a fight during which pistols were fired, but I guess nobody killed or wounded. The copperheads were terribly afraid that a company of soldiers would be sent down from Indianapolis and the meeting adjourned sine die. It might have been so, had Gov. Morton been at home. I wish he had. A good deal depends on the result of the elections held to day. I will send you word as soon as I hear. Last week the Rhode Island elections went off. It is all right there. The republicans were chosen by large majorities. I am glad. Every drop helps to swell the stream. Connecticut speaks to day. And so does Cincinnati. Jeff Davis is watching the result. May it bode him no good. We will have to wait and hope a little longer, my pet. Yesterday we had company all day, or I would have written to you then. I wanted to. Ellen and John Bunyon, and Irene Douglass, were here and James "Peaches." He left since breakfast this morning. James says he is a good union man; but his father is not. This is all I know to tell you now, my good love. I will put this up till tomorrow. I may hear some good news to night. Oh, if I only could. Try to write to me often. Goodbye, my precious love. I hope I shall feel better tomorrow, and can write you a better letter. I love you with all my heart, every moment I live.

Tuesday Morning April 7

My Darling: - No news yet. Not one word. My paper didn't come yesterday, I don't know whether I shall get them to night or not. There was a rumor from Greencastle yesterday, that Richmonds has fallen in to Federal hands, but I don't credit it at all. There were no Union troops near there last week. I can do nothing but wait. I will surely hear from you tomorrow. Every hour till then seems long enough for six. Oh, if I can only hear good news, when I do hear. Father came home from his meeting last evening. He was thrown from his horse while he was gone, and considerably hurt. He complains a good deal, of his breast I believe mostly. His foot hung in his stirrup, and, if the horse had run he might have been killed. I guess he will soon get over it. At the election yesterday the republicans elected their men by seventeen majority - every one of them. That is pretty well for a township where the "Knights" thought they had everything their own way, isn't it? Henry says they looked "awful." I am glad, darling. I am glad whenever traitors are defeated in the field, or at home. I know you are too. There is quite an excitement now about Dr. Brewster. He has been selling whiskey, they say, pretty extensively for a year or two without a license. They have the case before the grand jury now, and they think it will about ruin him. They are making a political matter of it. The copperheads are trying to get a little revenge. John has to go before the jury tomorrow to testify. For my part I have no sympathy for any man who sells whiskey, be he union man or butterman. But these things don't interest me, darling, and they will not interest you any, I know. I am better than I was yesterday. I could hardly sit up then. I shall try to keep well, my love. I don't know what I should do, if I were to get sick, and you could not come to me. Wouldn't it be bad, my dear one? But I am afraid you are sick, or will be, and your Collie can't go to you. That would be worse than for me to get sick. There will surely be a great deal of sickness this summer in all the country that has been overflowed this spring. Don't you think so, dear? I sent you a cure for diarrhea in my last letter, but you may never get it. I clipped it from the Tribune. It is now made of the bark of the sweet gum tree. Solon Robinson says it never fails to cure that or similar diseases. If you get sick, dearest, try it. The tree grows everywhere in the south. I am more afraid of diarrhea than almost any other disease for you. It is simple and easy and will do you no harm, the remedy I mean, and it might save your life. It will cure flux, too, Robinson says, and he is pretty high authority. Don't forget it, love.

I hope you can hardly read this. My pen and ink are both so bad. I will send you a few scraps now in every letter. I got the address with yesterday. I am afraid you have missed more than I could send you yet. Good night.

I have not heard from home, or father. I trust they are well, and getting on. Home! Is not that the sweetest word in our language? Don't you love it, darling? Do you think we will ever go home again, my precious love? To our own home? I always thought I loved our home, but I never knew anything about how to value it as I ought, till since I have lost it. I know what it was worth now, my pet. I shall never forget. Well, the days go by, slowly and drearily, but still they go. The time will come after awhile, dear one, when we can go to our home. We will know how to appreciate it then. We will love it as we never did before, and we will be happier than we ever were, than any people ever were, I think. Don't you, love? Do you think much about such things? or are you always busy, with no time to think or think except about your duties? I wish I knew more about the way you live, dearest. What you have to do, and how you sleep and eat, and how you like the life you are now living. Can't you tell me more about it, darling? It is a wild, dangerous life, and I fear it is full of privations and hardships for you. You have endured it so far, much better than I thought you could. I didn't think you could stand the fatigue at all. But I am still afraid of your getting sick. I am afraid of all the dangers that surround you, my precious one. I am a very coward when I think of you. I can't help it. You are all I have in the wide world! Are you sorry for your poor Dollie sometimes, when you think how lonely she is? Yes, I know you are, my darling. I saw you last night, in my dreams. I see you every night almost. You are always well and cheerful and bright, and I am so happy, for a moment, while the dear vision lasts. My love, I am afraid my letters make you sad. I don't want them to, but I can't help writing so. You know I can't, don't you? I can't help longing to see you, to hear your voice, to feel your kisses on my lips, to live with you again, all your own Dollie, and I can't help telling you, when I write to you. Do I do wrong, my good darling? Tell me. Sometimes I fear my letters do you harm rather than good, and I don't want to do you harm. I can't love a little as most people do, dearest, it is not my nature. You know this very well, don't you? I am just as I am, and I can't make myself different. But I must quit, my pet. The weather is fine and clear, but cool. Spring is a long time coming, it seems to me. I am not working much. I have nothing to do for myself. I wish I had, for idleness hurts me. I do hope I shall hear good news from you, dear one, when the mail comes tomorrow. If I don't, I don't know how I shall get on. I hope Will is well again. Poor fellow. I am sorry for him. Good night, again. I hope soon we will quit saying goodnight, because we will be always together. May good angels watch over you, my heart's own love, and bring you home to your Dollie.

Friday Morning, April 10. 1863

My Dearest Love.

I have no letter yet. I thought I would surely get one Wednesday but I did not. The latest I have is dated the 20th of March, - three weeks ago to day. What a long time, sweet darling, for your Dollie to do without a letter from her "Peaches." But I know it is not your fault. You have written to me. I know you will send me a letter by every opportunity. I don't doubt my love. But it is very hard to wait when I want to hear so bad. I think I will get two or three letters tomorrow. I see in the papers that several boats have come from the Yazoo Pass to Helena. I think they brought letters. I hope there are some for your Dollie. There is no news yet scarcely from your expedition. There is a rumor that it is abandoned, and the fleet returning to the Mississippi; and another rumor that it is still pressing onward. I don't know which to believe. I'll agree that Fort Pemberton has not yet been taken. I am very anxious and uneasy my dear one. I think your position is a perilous one. Even if you should pass Fort Pemberton and get into the Yazoo river, would there not be danger of your being cut off from the main army, in case the water in the Pass should get too low for the boats to return the way they came? Would you not be compelled to fight your way down the Yazoo, past the fortifications at Yazoo City and Haines Bluff? I know this is what you would want to do, if you were strong enough in men and gunboats. But I am afraid you are not, near. But the papers say reinforcements are being sent to you. It may all ^{be} right. God grant that it may. I may be mistaken in the geography of the country. I have no map; nothing but an old school atlas. I wish I had brought my map of the Southern States with me. I didn't think of it. There is not much war news from any quarter now, but the little there is, is encouraging. Even from Vicksburg the reports are more cheering. They say Grant is inaugurating a new "plan" for the reduction of the rebel stronghold. What it is I don't know, but I will hope it may be successful. Sometimes I am almost out of heart about matters in his Department; then I remember that he has a Herculean task before him, and he must have time to accomplish it. He is in good spirits they say. It may be because I am so much interested in every movement in his Department, that I am more impatient of delay there than anywhere else. If I could only know that my darling is well and safe I could wait and wait. But I know you are in danger every hour. How can I be patient, my loved one? Bad as I want to hear from you, I almost dread lest I hear no good news from you.

Our soldiers often send good news to us at home, thank God, we can now send a little good news to them. The elections have gone right. Everywhere nearly the Union has triumphed. Are you not glad, my pet? From Rhode Island and Connecticut, and Cincinnati and Missouri came the good news. Treason is rebuked and our brave soldiers encouraged and sustained. You will only have the rebels in front to contend with now; traitors in your rear will not trouble you any more. And the soldiers have done it, my darling. Didn't I tell you, weeks ago, that they would save the country in a way they never dreamed of when they left home? All honor to the brave, loyal men who knew their rights, and dared maintain them! Where can Copperheads hide their loathsome forms when all our army of patriots comes home? Then will come their day of reckoning. Oh, may it come soon. Do you blame me, dearest, for being glad that our cause has triumphed at home? It will triumph now in the field. It is for your sake I am glad. It will encourage your heart, and strengthen your arm. It will hasten your return to your home and your Dollie. Is not this enough to make me glad? But I will send you all my late papers, and you shall see for yourself. I hope you will get them. There is no news here, my darling. I am well excepting headache. I have that nearly every day. The rest are well, only father still complains of his breast. Jane is staying with Ellen this week. John Remyon is here plowing and mother won't let Ellen stay alone. I guess she will not come here to stay; she don't want to, and Jane isn't willing at all. But I don't know how they will manage yet. Doctor McGinnis' wife died last week, and he is not expected to live. They had some malignant fever that is prevalent about Cloverdale. A good many have died, they say. I got a letter from father Wednesday. It is dated the 1st inst. Mother was sick, though better. He didn't say what was the matter but I suppose it was colic. They had heard that Will was sick, and were very uneasy about him. The news went in a letter from Jack Day to his wife dated March 17th. Father said he expected a letter that day from you. He thought you would surely write to them if Will was much sick. I hope you did, dearest. And I do hope Will is well again before this time. It would almost kill them if he should die down there. Father said he didn't know anything about Woodside for Choriton had been so full for a long time that he couldn't go there. But he thought he could go in two or three days by Leater's Mill. He was going to try to get there anyway. There was no other news in his letter. He don't have time to write much. I am afraid they will both kill themselves working so hard while we are all gone. I wish they would not do it. They need not.

I got a letter too from Matt, and his likeness. He looks as hoody as a pine knot, and as fat, and as black! He is in fine spirits. He says the "pets" - you know the rest of the Brigade used to call them "Sherman's pets" - don't think about getting tired or giving up the struggle. Just send them good news from home, and they'll take care of the rebels. The regiment is in very good health. Col. Mc.Dowell has resigned, also thier Brigadier General - Denver. Matt speaks very well of Col. Mc.Dowell. Says the boys all liked him. I don't know why he resigned. They were in good spirits about the war; thought it would be "finished" this year. Surely it will. Don't you think it will, my precious? This is all the news I know to write you this time, dear one. It is not much, is it? The weather is cold and cloudy. It freezes every night. The yard is not as green as it was three weeks ago. I think it will rain before night. I wish spring would come. It is almost summer time where you are, love. And it will be so sickly. I can hardly bear to think of it. Let me beg you again, my own good darling, to come home if you get sick, if you get ailing so that you are not able for duty. Don't wait to get down, so bad that you cant come. Think of your poor Dollie and come for her sake, wount you? If I could only hear you say "yes" I don't believe, sweet love, that you can live there through the summer without getting sick, and I want to come home for your ^{you} Dollie to nurse you, who else could nurse you so well? No one else loves you as she does, my darling. If you get sick and cant come home, I want to go to you. Wherever you may be, I want to go. Oh, darling there are so many things I want to say to my dear one, but I cannot. Your own heart must tell you. I cant talk about it, my pet. May God help us all! How can I bear the thought of what may happen you? An hour later - I have been away up the lane dear one, the way you went off when you left me. I walk up there nearly every day. Last evening just at dusk while the rest were eating supper, I went up to the turn in the lane, to the guide post. I thought my paper might have been left there by some one passing; but it was not there. I sat down on a large rock by the meadow fence, and thought of my absent love. I thought of how good and loving and noble he was, and how much I loved him! And I remembered how far away he is gone, how a thousand leagues surround him and my eyes ran over and my heart almost broke. But you will come home to Dollie. Oh, surely you will come. God will not make me utterly desolate. You know you are all I have in the world and you must come.

I send you three or four papers every week. Do you get them. (Do you have anything else to
send? Do you need them? You can let him have them after you are done with
them. I send you all I have that is worth sending. I write to him last night. Tell him to
keep up a brave heart. And you, my dearest one, be of good cheer. He good time will come

Two O'clock P. M.

I put away my paper this morning and helped mother to get dinner. Since
dinner I have written a letter to father and mother. I thought I would leave this
page and perhaps I could hear some good news to tell you. Henry and Pearson are
gone to town, and I will get my paper when they come. They went to mill and
may not be back till night. I listen every day to hear that Charleston has been
attacked. The winter is coming, and we shall hear stirring news from there before
many days. And from the Army of the Cumberland too. I hope great things of
both. Hooker is waiting for good roads. Oh, my love, is there no way to peace
but through such frightful seas of blood? My heart turns sick at the thought.
Let me talk to my good darling of something else. I don't want to make you sad.
Tom has gone to Cincinnati for his goods. He will be home to day, I guess.
John says Tom and Isaiah are not making any money, only barely a living.
I don't think they try much. They take life very easy. - Here come the boys. I will go
and see if they brought my paper. If there is any news I will tell my dear one.
No love, there is no news. I didn't get any paper. They didn't go to Villmore af-
ter the paper yesterday nor to day. If they were as anxious to hear as I am, they
would go. I can't hear anything now till to-morrow night. It is a long time
to wait, but it will come after awhile. If the news is only good when I get it,
I can afford to wait. I will surely get letters from you then, dearest. Oh, I want
them so much. Tell me whether you get my letters. You know I write twice
every week, so you can tell, my darling, whether you get them all. I have never
failed yet to write that often, and when I can, I send three a week. Tell me all
about yourself, my loved one. I can't hear half enough about you. I want to
know all. Tell me how it is arranged about your position in the regiment. And
how you get on with the officers, and with your men, and how you like such
a wild dangerous life. Tell me what you think about your Dollie - I know
you do think of her. Are you glad, now that you are so far away, that she
loves you so much? She loves you too much, sweet love, too much. And
she always will. She can't help it, she don't want to help it, my pet. It is all
I live for. We shall be so happy when you come home. Do you ever think
of it, darling? I dream of it nearly every night. I think of it all day. Only come
home, that is all I ask. This is a long, rambling letter, but I can't help it, dear one.
Write all you can to me. Don't forget me, love. May heaven bless you always.
It is hard to say goodby, but I must. Goodby, my own sweet darling.

M. A. C. Vermilion

Helena Arkansas

April 11th / 1863

My Darling,

It is now late at night. Every body else has gone to bed, but I am sitting here by my table trying to write to my Darling. I am not going to try to tell you any news to night. I would not write at all if it were not that I want to talk to you so much this evening, and this is the only way I can. If I could sit and talk with you from now till morning, I think it would be the happiest night of my life, but I can't my love. The rebels won't let me. They are the cause of it, of our separation. They have brought me here my love. We will not have the blues my love, no not while every body else is encouraged as they are here. It has been but a few days - last Monday I believe - since the Adjutant General of the United States was here and made a short speech to the soldiers. He told them that the Government was going to arm every Negro, who could be induced to take up arms against the rebels, and farther, that no man in the Army should be allowed to say aught against the policy General Prentiss (and by the way he is confirmed a Major General) spoke of while. He said if any man did not like the course the Government was taking, he must keep it to himself, or he would deal with them severely. He is a good man. If we had plenty such, we would progress faster. Since he came the trade Gen. Sherman had established with the Rebels has been

stopped. All communication with the rebel Arkansas has ^{been} cut off. They can't get their salt as they could three months ago. White Gen. Gorman was in command here.

12th this Sunday. It has been a very quiet day. I went down to the fort this afternoon to hear some preaching. The sermon was short but after the preacher was through, Col. Breasey of the 8th Iowa Cav. spoke. He is all right. The Negro was the subject. In fact he is the topic here. Every person talks about him. Since the first of last week the Lord only knows how many have been recruited.

Monday morning. I could not write last night. I got too drowsy. I kept thinking yesterday that I would write you a long letter but I didn't. This morning I can't because the mail starts in a few minutes, and you must have some sort of a letter from me, on the way this mail. We are here at Helena, all quiet. We can't tell where we will go. The indications are that we will remain here for some time. Every body else is going away, and some regts must remain for garrison duty. We will be paid off in a few days up to the 31st February. We got our pay before we left here on the Yozar Expedition up to the 31st of Oct / 862. So you see I don't and am not likely to want for money. I have nearly one hundred dollars now and will draw over five hundred. I don't know what to do with it.

In my other letter I wrote you to go to Iowa. I still want you to go. I will send you a letter to Asprey in a few days.
Sincerely yours, Sincerely Dottie,

Mr. F. Vermilion

Sunday, April 12th 1863

My Own Darling:

I got two letters from you last night. Wasn't that good, love? They are dated 25 and 26 of March, but the last date in the latest one is the 28th. That was two weeks ago yesterday. They did me good. I was so uneasy about you, and I am still, but it does me good to know that you were well two weeks ago. I am just writing to day, my pet, because I want to talk to you, not because I have any news to write. I sent you a long letter yesterday, but father talks of going to Greenouster to-morrow, and if he does I will send this by him, and you may get it sooner. I send you letters by every chance, dear love. It is all I can do for you now. I wish I could do more. I wish I could even give you a drink of pure cold water. How good it would seem to you, my poor darling. I know you have been having a hard time, but if you can only keep well, it will be such a blessing. Don't get discouraged, my precious one; it can't last very long. My last paper says your expedition has been recalled. I don't know whether it is true or not, but I am inclined to think it is. Then you will be back to the Mississippi somewhere long before you get this. I am grieved to hear of so many of your men being sick, but I could expect nothing else. You are careful of your health, and that is why you escape. Oh be cautious, sweet love. You will, won't you, for your poor Pollie's sake, if nothing else? Oh, I wish I were with you, darling. I do indeed. I know you will tell me that I couldn't live there, and you know best, but still I want to be with you. I can't help it, dear one. You don't know how much I could endure and dare only to be near you. But your Pollie will do as you tell her, as near as she can. And you won't blame her for wanting to stay with you, will you, my love? I got a letter from Will, too, last night dated the 25th. He says he wishes it could be so that you could be at home with me, but they couldn't do without you there. He praises you, darling; says he never knew how good a man you are, till since you both left home. I am glad. Still I cried over his letter. I know how good and noble you are. And it is because you are good that I can't live without you, sweet darling. If Pollie did not know that you are better than other men her heart would not break about you. But she does know it. Oh, my loved one, I have laid a precious offering upon the altar of my country! I could not do it again. But you are gone, and I cannot recall you. I can only ask God to take care of you and give you back to me; and I do every day. His loving care is over you, my love.

You said you were nearly out of paper. I have put up two dailies to send you tomorrow, and I wrapped a few sheets of paper with them. I don't know whether they will be spoiled when you get them or not. May be you can pencil on them. I can't bear the thought of your not being able to write to me any more because you have no paper. If you come back you will not need it, but if you remain where you are I will send you more. I have sent you a few stamps in four or five letters. I will keep sending them. I will do what I can for my dear one. I wish I could do more. You will see in these dailies the latest news I have. The attack on Charleston has commenced. The fight is over perhaps by this time. I am very impatient to hear. If the place has fallen into our hands, it will be a crushing blow to the rebellion. If the battle goes against us, it will be bad for us. You will know the result long before you get this, and I need not speculate about it. I hope for the best. There is no news here. Mother and I are alone to day. Muffy has meeting at Providence and Jane and the boys are gone. It is the first time any of her brothers have taken Jane off the place since I have been here. She asks them often, but they won't take her, and sometimes sneer at her. Since I have been here she has gone twice to Mill Creek, that is all till to day. She came home from Ellen's this morning, and is going back this evening. I think she will have a home of her own in a few months. I shall be glad to hear of it. I hope she will do well. She may stay all next week at Ellen's. I don't know. I don't think Ellen will come here to stay during her sickness. She don't want to leave home, they say. I expect mother or Jane will stay with her. Father is gone to his meeting, somewhere about Killmore. He goes every week nearly to some of the churches. He says that is all the comfort he sees in the world. Jane says she is coming to Iowa sometime. I hope she will. I think Henry will come to see us too when we get home, and settled again. He says he will. Don't you long for the time to come, my sweet love, when we can both sit down together in our own dear home? How happy we shall be then! I don't know where the home may be, looking, or what it may be like, but it will be our home. That is enough. We shall be happy together, because we love each other. Won't we, my precious one? And the time will come after awhile. Be of good cheer, beloved. Don't be sad. If we both live to go home we shall be repaid a thousand times for all we suffer now. We have never known what love and home were worth till now that we have left them. Leave me, dear one? Write me all you can, sweet pet. Your letters do me so much good. If I send this off in the morning, I will write again by Wednesday's mail; if I don't I will add to it till Wednesday. Goodbye, my noble, soldier love. May God bless you. Tell me all you can about yourself when you write. I want to know how you are, above all else.

Collie

Monday Evening, April 19th 1869

My Dearest Love:

I couldn't send my letter to Greencastle to day. Father didn't go. He is almost sick. He has not been well since he was thrown, and last night he came home quite unwell. He has symptoms of lung fever, but I hope he will not get down. I have a cold to day. It is not hurting me a great deal. The rest are well. Henry talks some of going to Greencastle to morrow. If he does I will send this letter by him. He is gone now to Mr. Meridion to get my daily paper. They are very good to me. Father and John have just made a "trade" to day. John is going to tend the farm here this summer that is the corn ground. They will hire a boy, and Pearson is to work too, and they will tend this place and John's too. It is a good thing to get the management of affairs out of father's hands, I think. Now he will have nothing to do but go to his meetings. That is enough for him now. When he came home he asked a good many questions about you. I told him all the news you wrote. I know he feels uneasy about you, and so does mother. And so does another one, darling, who loves you for more than they. I have had the blues to day because I have not dreamed of you for two nights. You don't know how much good it does me to see you in my dreams. It is all I sleep for. Nearly every night I see you, and talk to you, and love you and pet you like I used to at home. But last night I dreamed troubled dreams, and nothing about my darling. I am in suspense to hear from the battle at Charleston. I am afraid that our forces have failed. It will be bad if they have. I think I will hear to night. If the news is bad I shall be almost sick. I shall hate it so bad for your sake, love. It would encourage you so much to hear of a victory there. And then it would look like ending the war. I am getting afraid that our Minutemen and ironclads are not going to do as much for us as we have promised ourselves they would. But we shall know when we hear from Charleston. They will have a fair trial there. I will hope. I can imagine, my dear one, how much good it does you, away down there in your comfortless tents, to hear good news. It does me full as much, as it can you, darling. No one can have more at stake than I have. No one can feel more anxious. It is hard to wait and wait. But I won't talk about it now. Maybe I can tell my love some good news before I close my letter yet. Oh, I do hope so! The weather is fine and warm. It looks like spring now. The peach trees will be in bloom in two or three days. It is almost summer with you. People are plowing for corn. They work harder here than they do in Iowa, and I can't see that they do any better, ⁱⁿ any respect. I don't want to live in this state at all.

I am going to make Jane some flowers when she comes home. We sent, by Ross, to Cincinnati for the paper. He sent it out to day to us. It is very nice. Then Jane will have something to "remember me by" as little Esther says. We heard yesterday that Amanda has been very sick lately, but is better. I don't know what was the matter with her. I should like to go and see her again. I like her very much. My pen is so bad, darling, that I can't write hardly. I will put my letter aside for this time. When Henry comes I may hear some news to tell you. I wonder if you care for all the news I write you, darling? or, is it all too old when you get it? I know it is old. But I can't see you, sweet love, to talk to you and I want to write you all I hear. You are all the company, all the friend I have, my pet, gone as you are. I feel this every day of my life, dear one. I shall feel so till you come home to me. I can't help it. You are too dear to the heart of your Dollie for her ever to care for the friendship of any one else in the world, while you are suffering and in danger every day. Dearest, you know how I always loved you, how wildly and entirely I loved ^{you}, but I think now of all the years we lived together, and I know I was often wrong and to blame, I was not good, darling. I did not do as much for your happiness as I ought. Will you forgive me, my husband? forgive me all, and love me freely, and in perfect faith, as I do you? I wish I could hear you say you would. It would make my heart feel lighter. Tell me, if you can, truly, my only loved one. I want you to come home, that I may prove how much I love you, and how much I can do for your happiness. Oh, dearest, you will come, won't you? God bless you always.

Wednesday Morning, 14th

(Dear Love: Henry is going to town and I have only time to write a line or two. I got my paper last night, and it says your expedition has returned to Helena. I am glad. When you first went to Helena I thought it was almost out of the world, but you have been so much further, that coming back there now is almost like coming close to home. I hope you will stay there a while; and I have a wilder hope that some way I shall see you, if you do. Is there no way, sweet darling, for you to come just a little while? If I only could see you a day or two, if I only could, my pet. I would be brave, dearest, I would give you up, and not beg you to stay longer than you ought. Mother thinks you will come, and she is talking about what she will have to eat. She wants something good for you. I am afraid you can't, but I do hope. I know you may even now be on your way to Vicksburg, but I hope not. My cold is hurting me considerably this morning. Father is quite unwell yet. I can think of nothing but you, my sweet precious love. Goodby, May the good angels watch over you. Write a long letter to your poor Dollie, won't you my darling. The news from Charleston is not good, but it is not very bad. I will write again to day.) Dollie

That is a good joke on Humphrey about his Mrs. Wright, isn't it darling? He seemed quite taken with her; and said he went to her hotel to see her two or three times while he stayed in Memphis. She was sick, and asked him to spend as much time with her as he could. He never suspected anything wrong, I know. Capt Wright must be a very bad man. I am sorry there are such men, and such women. Aint you, dear one? Humphrey will be sold cheap, if he ever hears the truth of her. Wright told him his wife was at Memphis and asked him to stop and see her, and, I think, he sent a letter to her, by him. It will do to laugh about when we get home. But still, my love, I have no doubt there are many good women with their husbands in the army. There are bad ones, too, but there are bad ones ^{at home}.

It is four o'clock P. M. Jane has gone back to Ellen's, and there is no one here but mother and me. She is sitting in the little room by the fire. I am sitting by the North window, in the west room, writing to my own sweet love. I write to you a great deal, it is all the comfort I have, except when I get letters from you. I don't know whether you get near all the letters I send. If it is not too much trouble, tell me, darling, always when you get them. Tell me if you have plenty of money. I don't know whether you have ever been paid or not. If you have, my pet, and should come back where you can, would you get me your likeness? I have asked for it so often, dearest, but I don't know whether you ever got the letters. I want to see your dear face so much. It has been almost six months since your Dollie saw you. Do you blame me for wanting to see you? And I want a lock of your hair. You could send me that any time, couldn't you, dear love? Please do. Goodby, now, my good precious love, goodby. Try to write a long letter to your Dollie

Helena Arkansas

April 13th / 1863

My Darling,

I sent you a short letter this morning. It was all I could send you then. Last night I could not write and this morning I had no time. Because we had some papers to make out, and I had my tent to floor. I went last night (we get a heap of things here after night) and got some plank, and the boys said if I did not put it in early, they would grab it from me, so of course I had to attend to it. The Army is a great place for paper and reports. We have every morning our morning reports to make out. Then every month we have one or two monthly returns. Every two months our pay rolls and every three months several quarterly returns. So you see there is plenty to do in the Army besides drill. In fact that is the smallest part of ones duty. All most any one can learn to do that part of the work, but against he learns all the minutia of our Army he is ready to resign. That is what I say, because so many men resign just as they get fit for the duties assigned them.

About ten o'clock this fore noon the boys brought me a letter from you. Some^{one} was up to our Post Office when the boy who carries our mail brought it up. Who ever it was got the mail for our Company. I was putting a floor in my "clothes house" when it came. I stopped and read it. It is a good letter my Ollie. You are so good to send me letters. You are so good every way Ollie, If you are not my Ollie I don't expect I would want many letters from you. But I do want them Ollie, I do love them, I love you. I am always glad to get something - anything from you. You did not say any thing about going home this time. Do you still want to go? I have taken a notion to have you go. It will be best Ollie.

You can live better, and do more as you wish there. You can stay at your father's (you can't stay at Wood-side) and keep Becker there to ride. Then you can go to the Post office for yourself. And you will be of some benefit to your father in attending to our business, and our stock. I will have the stock all sold next fall if I don't get home. That will be the best way. It will not do to keep it over next winter, and hire it fed. It will all cost me more than it is worth. Then if I get home all right when the war is over I don't think I will ever live on a farm. I don't think I ought to live. We can make more at something else. Don't you think we can?

Unfortunately for this Army Gen. Sherman assumes command here again to-morrow morning. If he makes himself as popular with the rebels as he did before, it will be bad. It is a bad sign to see any Commander in the Union Army well thought of by the rebels, especially the Citizens. When I hear a rebel say such a commander in the Union Army is a good fellow I am convinced of one thing and that is this; that the man spoken of will and has been in the habit of giving protection to rebel property. That he sends all of their negroes back to them. If they hate him that in its self is evidence enough for me, that he is all right.

We still don't know how long we will remain here. There are plenty of rumors going, such as "we are going to St Louis" or "to Memphis". Some say we will remain here. There is one thing certain, there are no indications that we are going to move very soon. Other Regts. are and have been moving rapidly since we came back from Greenwood. Gen Quincy's Division is gone below. The first Brigade of our Division is gone. If we can stay here it is all right. It is full as healthy here at Helena as it is likely to be at Vicksburg for some months to come. There will be hard fighting there.

The money you got from your father is all right, I am glad you got ^{it} with so little trouble. It will ^{be} as much as you will need, till you get to Iowa, then if you need more you can get it from your father. He has some of our money yet. Then I will soon draw some five hundred and twenty Dollars, which is four months pay. The pay rolls have gone in now up to the 28th of Feb. Before we left here for the Hollihatche river I drew over one hundred Dollars - up to the 31st of Oct, 1862. This payment will leave the Government in my debt a month and a half. It is uncertain when I will get that. I intend to send home a large proportion of what I draw. I will need it here. One hundred and fifty Dollars will be as much as I will need to keep here. The rest I want you to have.

We are getting a long her about as usual. Some little excitement in camp today in regard to an article in the Chicago Times, purporting to have come from the Soldiers of Iowa before Greenwood. The article is pretty hard. We don't know any thing about it, only we know our men never send that paper any such article. Some ^{fol} ^{low} in some Iowa Regt might have send the article on his own responsibility. But it is to base lie on the Iowa Soldiers. They are not such cowards as to send that paper such articles as that is.

April 16th 1863

Good morning Dollie, This is a pretty morning here. The sun is shining brightly. The woods are quite green. Gardens are growing nicely. All, everything looks so nicely, but the bare hills here around Helena. I will send this letter this morning. The mail starts in an hour or two. I shall send this to Mr. Meridian but will start an other to Osprey today or tomorrow. So off after you get to Iowa you will soon get letters.

You had better go home Dolly by the way of Chicago.
You will get home quicker and will have a better road to
travel. Then you will get to see Chicago. That will be
worth something to you. You will have to form your
own plans as to how you will get home from Ottumwa.
You can go out to La. Orange or to Marion on the
Stage. Then you can come some way my Darling.
When you get there do the best for your self you
can. Goodbye my Darling, Write soon. I will
again in a day or two.

Tuesday Evening, April 14th 1863

My Dearest Love:

I sent you a long letter this morning. Henry took it to Greenacres and mailed it there. But I don't know whether you will ever get it. But if you do, you won't object to getting another one soon, will you love? I have promised, my darling, to send you a letter by every opportunity, and I will. I will never forget you, or neglect you. I can do nothing for you but write you letters, and I will write them, dear one. You won't think they come too often, I know. The papers say your expedition got back to Helena last Wednesday evening. I can't help feeling glad, dearest, though perhaps you ^{would} rather have gone on to Vicksburg, by the Yazoo. But it was so sickly down there, and I was so uneasy about you, every minute. I know you had a hard time while you were gone, my poor love. I am afraid I shall hear you are sick, when I hear from you again. I hope I shall get a letter to-morrow. If you could only stay at Helena awhile, I should feel like you were almost close to home. But there is work to do, and you will not be likely to remain there long. I dread lest the next news I hear is, that you are on your way to Vicksburg. But you will not be worse off even there, I hope, than you were at Greenwood. I try to keep up my courage, sweet love, as well as I can, and to hope for the best. I am afraid to think of it almost, and yet I can't help hoping that I may see you soon. If you stay at Helena long you may be able to come and see me a little while, or to meet me somewhere. Do you think of it, my pet? Will you try to come? I think you will if you see any chance, so I won't urge you, love. If you cannot come I know it will do no good to insist, and it will make you feel sad. I don't want to make you sad. I won't talk any more about it now, dear one. I know you will come if you can. You will do what is right. At least, you will tell Dollie what you think about it. Tell me all about how you are living, and everything about yourself. I know you will get on as well as any one can. I am glad that your men all like you so much. Will says they could not possibly do without you. He never knew before what a good man you are, he says. Nobody knew how good you were, but your Dollie, and nobody knows yet half so well as your Dollie. Do they, love? It is this that makes the separation so hard. If you were not so good and loving and noble I could live without you, dear one. I don't know what sort of a life it would be though. As it is I only try to wait till you come. Sometimes I think the war will end and you can come soon, then again the clouds lower and the end seems a long way off. The news from Charleston is a little discouraging. Our fleet were repulsed. But they say it was a reconnaissance, only, not an attack in earnest. Charleston is so strong that I am afraid it cannot be taken.

But we may hear better news in a day or two, if the fight is renewed. Nearly all the news we have so far comes through rebel sources. It is not very reliable. There is nothing new from Grant's Department. He says he will take Vicksburg. I hope he will make his promise good. From all other quarters the news - what there is - is good. I don't believe the war will last till the end of this year. It surely can't last many more months. Some of the rebel papers say it will culminate and be decided in the coming June. It may be. But it can only end that soon by the suppression of the rebellion. Our Government has hardly put forth half its energies yet. It is far stronger to day than it was six months, or one year ago. If my husband were at home safe, I should not have one fear for the final success of our cause. It is for you, you I am afraid, my darling, not for our country, now. I was afraid last winter that all the blood and tears and sacrifices were in vain. But the danger from Northern traitors is averted. God be thanked! In Washington, the friends of the Government, rejoiced over the late elections as over a great battle won. They know it means first War, then Union. I will look over yesterday's paper and clip out all the items of interest and send you, in this. I am not well enough to write a long letter this evening. My head aches so I am nearly blind. I have a severe cold, and sore throat. I have the head ache more lately than I ever did in all my life. I don't know what causes it. Mother says it is because I "study" too much. I think not. When the weather gets warm and spring comes I hope I shall not have it so much. It is cloudy and really cold to day. A good log fire would be pleasant. Darling, whenever I am sick I want to see you so much more. I don't know how to do without you any longer. I think one kiss would cure me now, love, if I could see you. Don't you wish I could, sweet pet? I guess Humphrey and Julia are at home as happy as they can be. Last week aunt Anne had never heard from them since they got home. She may have a letter by this time. I don't envy them, my dear one, but I wish we were at home as they are. Is it wrong to wish so? If we ever get home, to our home it will be to me like getting to heaven. It will indeed, my love. And it will be good to you, too, after all your wanderings and hardships and dangers. Won't it, my precious one? May God hasten the happy time? Let us be patient and hopeful. We shall be happier than we ever were, happier than we ever could have been, but for this long cruel separation. Be cheerful and hopeful and brave souled, my dearest one. God will take care of us. Forgive this poor letter. Ollie will do better when she can. Write me a long letter my pet, Write me all about my Peaches. Goodby. Ollie

[1863]
Dr Mc Ginnis is dead. He and his wife, and his father-in-law, and his brother and his wife, all died within a few days. They say the doctor call the disease "Typhoid erysipelas." I don't know whether there is such a disease, but you will. It is very fatal.

Friday Morning, April 17th.

My Dearest Love:

I am better, I think, this morning. I have been working since breakfast. Last night I was afraid I was going to get down bad sick, and I doctored myself up with opium and ginger tea, and bathed my feet, and this morning I took salts. My head is much better. I think I shall soon be well. Don't be uneasy about me, darling. I wrote you a long letter yesterday, but I don't know whether I will mail it with this. You ask if I want all the scraps you write. Yes, dear love, I do want them all. Don't throw away one line, when Dollie wants letters so bad. I know you don't have time to write always long letters, but send me all you do write. I love the scraps. I got the two letters you mailed at Helena just after you reached there. You tell me to go home, dear one, without hearing from you again. I am preparing to start next Monday, if I don't hear from you Saturday, or if I do get a letter and you still tell me to go. I am afraid you will not send, or have not sent me another letter here. I wish I could get one more letter before I start. I am afraid you are hurt with me, for writing to you the way I did. I know it troubled you from the way you spoke about my going. My darling, I didn't mean to do wrong. I didn't want to do wrong. If I have, try to forgive your poor (Dollie. Will you, love? Oh, if I could know this moment, that I have not done ^{wrong} about it, or that you have not one hard feeling in your heart against me, I would feel so much better. I am not forsaking you sweet love, you must not think I am. But I told you so much in the letter I wrote yesterday that I won't talk about it now. I can't write much at all darling, this time. My head swims so. I have already sent you two letters this week. You won't mind it if this is a short one, will you? Little Esther is here. She came last evening with Henry. She talks to me about "uncle Will," and says she wishes she could see how you look. I shall not see Amanda any more, I guess she can't leave home. I am sorry I couldn't see aunt Anne and Emily again. Father told me I could have a horse to go last week, but I was not well, and part of the time the wind blew so hard I was afraid to go. I wish now I had. But it won't matter. Mother is sick this morning. She has not eaten anything and isn't able to sit up, hardly. A while ago Bunyon came up here to haul some hay, and said Ellen was sick when he started & he left her alone. Mother is scared about her, and wanted to start and walk down there. It was all we could do to keep her from starting, and I don't know but she

Dear mother, I don't want to write a letter for him now. He has got two more children
in his little piggy bank, and he wants to send the money. He is immensely
pleased about it. I will write for him. He is a good headstrong boy.
will go yet. I don't believe she could get there, if she started. She ought to be in
bed. My love, I can't write to day. There is no news, only what I send you
to day in my papers. I have not been able to read them much. You
will read them instead of Dollie this time, won't you. The weather is very
beautiful. They are all plowing and burning logs. If I don't get a letter
from you Saturday, I shall think you have not sent another letter here
and that there is one waiting for me at home. And I will start Monday
if I am well enough. If I go I will mail you a letter at Greencastle
that day, and you will get it as soon as you do this. I will write to you every
day while I am on the road. And after I get home I will write twice a week
dear one, and oftener if I can. I will go or send to Lagrange every other day.
Don't you think your letters had better come there? They will go direct from
Keokuk then. And I will take the daily Gate City. I shall not care for
working, darling, and Rocker will have nothing to do, and we can go there
very often. I can hire a boy sometimes. Send them there now, dear love.
If we can make a better arrangement after awhile, we will. If I get a
letter from you this mail, I will be guided by that. You will know
what you write, and can know what I have done. If I get home, dear pet, I
will try never to cause you any more trouble. I will do entirely as you want me.
I could not always do as you wanted me here, I have done the best I could, my love.
I have tried to do for the best. I part in peace with them all, but Runyon. I don't
speak to him. I have nothing against him, know nothing about him, but his treason.
Mother wanted me to promise this morning that I would come back next
winter if you shouldn't get home before then. She said I could pass off the
time, and she wanted me to come and stay as long as I would. I told her it was too far
to come by myself. She wanted to give me a blanket or coverlet, but I couldn't
take it. I could make room for it; dearest, but I am afraid you wouldn't like it.
Would you, my precious? She said she intended to give us something, if you came in
again. I may never see one of them again in the world, and I don't want to hurt
their feelings. Let us be at peace with them, my love. We shall never regret
having borne a good deal, that some of them have said about our country and our
cause, in the years to come when the excitement is all over, and some of them may
be passed away forever. Don't write anything to them, to hurt father, or make them
mad at us. Please don't, my darling. I don't want to cause estrangement between you, dear
for your poor Dollie's sake, don't hurt their feelings. I will write again to morrow or next
day. I think I shall be nearly well then. Goodbye, my own sweet love. M. A. C. Vermilion

After Dinner

I have just put up four papers to send you. Preason is going to town as soon as he finishes his dinner. I am better, but I have no appetite at all scarcely. I haven't eaten much for several days.

Dont be uneasy about me, beloved. I am better, and will soon be well.

Thank you for the map you sent me. It is very plain. I wanted it.

I am sorry you cant send me a lock of your hair. Must I wait-

till it grows again? You wont forget it then, will you. I could

nt write a long letter this time, love, but I will next time. Dont get

the blues, sweet love. I wont have them any more. I will be brave for

your dear sake. And in a few more months you will come home.

In the Tribune, darling, is an important Order, which I marked for you to read. If

there should ever be any mustering out in your Regt I want you to come home. I hope

the Regt will never be so reduced, but it may be, love. Goodly, my good sweet love.

Tell Collie if you love her, and forgive her. Write me a long letter, please, dont

Return of the Yazoo Pass Expedition—Its Arrival at Helena.

CHICAGO, April 12.—A special to the Times from Helena, Ark., of the 9th, says the entire Tallahatchie fleet, consisting of the divisions under Ross and Quinby, and numerous gun and mortar boats, arrived last night. The expedition, which has been absent forty-three days, left Fort Greenwood on Sunday. As soon as the hostile was observed by the enemy, they opened a brisk fire of shot and shell upon the woods where our batteries had been planted, which continued until the last boat steamed up the river. On the passage the boats were frequently fired on by guerrillas. A number of soldiers were wounded and 25 or 30 killed. The divisions under Quinby and Hawey are ordered to Vicksburg.

Thursday Morning, April 16th, '63

My Beloved.

I have been sick for two or three days, - not bad, darling, don't be uneasy, I think it is only cold. I suffer most from head ache and weakness. I have not taken anything. I have some fever to day, but not much and I feel better I think, than I did yesterday. Night before last I didn't go to sleep till after three o'clock, in the morning. I was not so sick, but I was uneasy about my love, my good love. Last night I got two letters from you, mailed just after you reached Helena. I was so glad to hear from you but I am afraid you are troubled about me, and, in your heart, feel hurt at me, and I lay thinking about you and trying to know what I ought to do till nearly two o'clock before I slept. I think I will get better as soon as I get a sound night's sleep. I don't know whether you can hardly read this writing, but I can't do better to day, my pet, and I must write to you. Are you sorry, dear love, that I said I wanted to go home? Are your feelings hurt with me for it? Oh, do tell me darling. Tell me all you think about it. You won't think I am forsaking you, will you? or that I don't love you? by my dearest? It is because I do so love you that I want to go. God knows I want to do right. But I am afraid I have done wrong. If I could only talk with you a little while. I remember the letter I sent you, and I have often wished I had not sent it, for fear it might be wrong, and might do harm. I had the blues, I was hurt, darling and I had no one to talk to but you. I felt then that I ~~had~~ ^{had} no friend but you, and you had ~~none~~ ^{none} but your Dollie. How could I hear it, love, to hear a man say that "the Northern soldiers have gone South just to steal their (the southern men's) property and he didn't blame the rebels to kill them; he would kill them if he were in their places;" and much more like it? I heard John Bunyan say that, sitting here with all the family - except father - around him, and not one of them said a word of reproof to him that was what hurt me. Why didn't I know I heard him; I had gone to bed in the other room. But they knew it next day, for I told them. I have never spoken to him since, - except once or twice at the table, when I couldn't help it. He is here now, and has been for several days. He will be working here all summer. They all think the world of him, but none. She don't like him at all. And Henry I think don't like his politics at all.

Have I done wrong my precious one? Ought I to let such things pass, and stay on among people who talk that way while your life is in danger every day? I don't know whether it is wrong to tell you or not my husband. I can't think connectedly to day. Won't you, please tell me, sweet love? We have risked everything for our country and our cause, and it is dear to me. I could bear anything for your sweet sake, my pet, and for the sake of being nearer, to you, anything but hearing such things said about you when I can't take your part. It was almost more than I could stand, my darling. My soldier shall have one friend. I had determined never to tell you anything more about these things, but when I thought he was going to move here ^{for} some months, I couldn't help it. If I did wrong forgive me, dear one, and may God forgive me. I know from your letter that you are hurt about it; and I am afraid you think hard of your poor Ollie. Don't you? You tell me to go home immediately, without hearing from you again. And that you will write to me at home. This is peremptory, and I don't know what to do but start. I hope I will get another letter from you Saturday. Surely you ~~wrote~~ again. If I don't get one, or you still tell me to go, I will start next Monday if I am able to go. I hope I shall be. I can't start sooner without stopping over Sunday. If I start Monday it will be the 20th, just six months from the day you left me. They don't say anything against my going, only mother says she is afraid you won't write to her and she can't hear from you. Jane hates for me to go. How my darling if I go I may never see one of them again, and we may never see each other again, I want to be at peace with them, and for my sake my husband, don't write anything to them to hurt their feelings. I ask this of you, love, as a special favor to your Ollie. Will you grant it? When you come home I will tell you a great deal that I can't write satisfactorily. Then we will talk about ^{it}, and then you shall do as you please. If we do this my pet we shall never regret it I know. Please my loves When I go away we shall know nothing more of them, and what they think or say won't hurt us. They have been as good to me, I really believe, as they would have been to any person in the world, under the circumstances. They are not like you. But they can't help it. Mother has shown me much kindness. We never differed about anything but the war. Jane is a good girl, and I hope we shall see her again often. Henry has always been good to do anything for me, except the time he went off without taking my letter. But he is young and wild and perhaps he forgot all about my letter. I expect he did. I don't think the least hard of him for it now. We will part good friends. I give him my papers, and he promises to send some to you ^{every week}.

I shall not go away in debt to any of them dear one. Don't feel bad about that. Some of them will take me to Greencastle in the wagon when I go. Jane says she will go there with me. She came home from Ellen's last night. I have wished many times dear love, that I had gone back with you when you told me I might that morning. It might have spared you trouble. My darling, do you think my being at home will be worse for you? We can't hear from each other quite so quick. This hurts me. Send your letters to Sagrange. I will go or send there every other day. You said you would come to see me if you could. Bless you for saying those words! And you can come to Iowa, if you could come here. Can't you, my pet? You could not much enjoy a visit here, darling, and ^{we} could not be alone one hour. You know I am stingy of you, and I want you all to myself, part of the time, at least. That is not wrong, is it dear love? I don't think you will go to Tenn. or Ky. I can't see anything like it in the papers. I wish you could. And I could not go to Iowa hardly if I thought it would be so. But I couldn't go to you I am afraid now. My only hope is that if you get sick or hurt you will come home. Did you want me to stay here all summer? You have never told me anything about that, my dearest. If I could only know that I have not done wrong, or that you will never suffer from it, I could feel almost cheerful. I hope I shall be braver, sweet love, when I get out of the enemy's country. From the way the elections have gone here there must be plenty of Union people; But I don't know where they are. They are not about here. ~~With~~ With the exception of Bill Allee, and Mr. Pentecost - once, and Dr. Brimston when he treated Henry, there has never been a loyal man in this house since you left here. Nor a loyal woman except Amanda, and Julia & Emily, once, and Mrs. Pentecost - once last fall. Is it any wonder, my precious one, that I got the blues sometimes? Except Sally Dunnington and Allee and Amanda I have never seen a soul who has a near friend in the army. But I have told you too much now, my dearest. I don't want to hurt your feelings, or make you mad; I only want you to know some of the truth, so you won't think hard of your Collie. If I go home we will quit talking about these things, and try to forget them all, won't we? I will do the best I can there, my dear one. I will write to you twice every week and of tenor, if I can. It nearly breaks my heart to think that you may feel like I am forsaking you, in your danger. Don't feel so, my good sweet love. Would I forsake all I have, and all I love in the world? You must know that you are dearest to me every day you live, and for every danger around you. Write, and talk to me about it dearest.

Thursday Evening

I feel about as I did this morning. I have some fever and my tongue looks bad. My head swims, and I am weak, but I have not eaten much for several days. I think I will be better to-morrow. If you could take me in your arms and love me and kiss me, I think I should be well now. But I shall have a kiss after awhile, my love. Henry has gone to bring Esther to stay a few days and see me again. She knows I like the little thing, and he wanted to see her himself. She will kiss me when she comes. She likes her "aunt Mary." She is a dear child. Mother has often said that if James and Davis had lived, they would both be in the war now, for "their politics was for the North" she would say. I wish they could have lived. I am going to get ready to start Monday, dear one; if I don't get any letter from you Saturday. If I do get one I will be guided by that. I will try to do as you want me, love. I can't read my papers much this week. I will send them all to you. I will send you papers from home too. My time is about up for the Tribune. I don't know how long you paid for the Gate City. I have given both to Jane. She says she will read them. The daily will come for nearly a month yet. I give that to Henry. My head aches so darling that I will not write any more to night. I will write again in the morning. When you get this poor letter tell your Dollie if you can forgive her for all the trouble she has caused you and can love her as much as ever? If you think hard of me for anything tell me plainly, my good love. You are good, I wish I were worthy of you. You ask if I think you did right about Carpenter. Yes, dearest, I think you did. But I cannot know half so well as you what is right there. But I think that you ought to maintain strict discipline among your men, and treat all as nearly alike as their conduct will let you. But I know you do right. I am not surprised that Carpenter is the most troublesome man you have. I always thought he was troublesome at home. But I think he is vindictive and cruel. I should hate for him to be your enemy. I would watch him, dearest. I wish you could always get on pleasantly with all the men, but that could not be, with so many. I know all your good men like you. If there are any bad ones ^{they} should respect you. Tell me all you can about how you get along with them. Do you like the position you have? I am afraid you don't get on well with the regt. officers. I said I would quit, up there, but I have filled my sheet. I will write more to-morrow. Goodly, now, my own darling love. Mother is almost sick. She works too hard for any body. She has a hard time and I am sorry for her. I wish they would ^{ease}

(After dinner off m. i. am good) Sunday Morning, April 19th, 1863

I am tolerably well this morning. My headaches, if it were

(Dollie, and I thank you, and thank God for it. You are a dear, good love.

It has turned cool and I think it will clear off. I am going to start home in the morning.

be one at home waiting for me. If another one should come here Wednesday, it will be

a long letter to day if I could, dear, but there is so much noise it confuses me, and

She is better this morning. The rest are well. Father is gone to Ellen's. Six months

never shall be again. To night - I will sleep alone in the same bed we slept in

No, not as you did, my pet; for I shall leave no loving, sorrowing heart behind

I have my things all ready. I have my trunk, one carpet sack, and bond box. The other

them - in my hand-box. They are more precious than anything else I have. I may lose
+ will so. It is all right. I think I am careful.

if there is not a new road from Springfield to Keokuk, now. I think there is. Don't be

I got a letter from Potter last night. He had been to Woodside, and said every thing was going

The cattle looked well. Mullinnes had been there that day, and salted them, and took home with him our Passia cow. I told father to tell him to take her and see to her till we need her. He will send her with this summer and Ellie will not stow the calf. I put the pig in the

well. Mullinax was going to take them to his house. He says he will plant half a bushel for

Proffer come in this minute and says tell you not to forget to
write to them. Give mother if you keep having her son. He has just
come, and I have been telling her that Ellen is sick, not bad but she thinks she
ought to go down. I gave her some medicine. This is all I can write. Love you darling.

There was a good deal of corn in the pens. This is all he wrote about it. His letter was dated
the 4 inst. He had not seen Mary. He said he had heard I was paying for my board in here.
I don't know how he heard it unless Julia has told him. I never hinted such a thing
to anyone, but you darling. I hate it, that Julia has told it. But it makes no difference.
Father says they are in good spirits about the war. I have no news only what I will send
you in my papers, to-morrow. They say there is danger of a war with England. We
have enough on our hands now, and I hope it is not true. England is treating us
very badly, but we had better bear it just now. There will come a time to punish
her, after our own war is finished. I don't believe the government will go to war with
her now. I am not much afraid of it yet. The sympathies of the English people are
with us, but the English government hates us. But I do hope there will be no war now.
I am in the west room, by the window, darling, writing on the sugar chest. I have written
you many a letter sitting here, but I never shall any more. You shall have letters my
darling, as long as your Collie lives, and is apart from you. You know this, sweet pet.
It is cold here, I am afraid to sit here any longer for fear I get sick again. I want to keep
well now. I am so thankful, dear love, because you have good health. It is because you
are careful. And you will continue to be, won't you? I have a long letter to send, so I will quit
now, and write a little more late this evening. Goodby, my own darling love, goodby.

Half past five o'clock. - Bill Allen came to see me to day. Amos would
have him to come he said. We had a talk about the war. He still believes there will be
bloody, relentless war right here. He and Amos have shown more interest in me
since I have been here than any one else almost. I gave him your address and he is
going to write to you. Tom came out too this afternoon. He didn't say anything to me,
but asked if I were going home, and which way I was going. He was dressed very well
and looked well. He, and Allen are getting their horses to start home. Isaiah didn't
come out at all. All put together I have never talked ten minutes with both of them
since I came here. I have very little acquaintance with them. Mattie Bourne and Emma
Allen came to see me to day they are gone now. They used to come to my school. Mary
Allen sent word for me to go there to night, but I can't go. I want to start early in the morning.
I feel better this evening, I am well, dear love. Don't be uneasy about me. Oh, I wish I could
see you this night my sweet, precious darling. But be of good cheer, my pet. Collie
will try to be brave like her Captain. If I have done wrong about going tell me, dearest,
and try to forgive me, won't you loved one? Oh I hope it is not wrong. Love me, darling,
oh, love me! Good by now, my good, my only love goodby. May God bless you always.
You will write to me often won't you? I sleep with your letters in my bosom. Love your Collie

Helena Arkansas April 19th / 863

My Darling,

Here we are again at Helena. We have been here now nearly two weeks. Why we are left I do not know. This is not a nice place, consequently it ^{may} be that our Gen's have left us to enjoy ourselves during the bad summer months. If they have, and should issue an order requiring us to do that thing it would be very hard for us to comply with it. There are too many of our Reg't sick. It is frightful to think of. When we go on dress parade we take out about two hundred men. While we were at Rockwell we often had from eight hundred to eight hundred and fifty men. It is true here we generally have out about one hundred and fifty or sixty Pickets. Counting them we only have some three hundred and fifty men for duty. But then, in all Reg't there are always a great many men reported for duty who can never be got on duty. And then there are always some men ^{on} duty that is irregular. These things all tend to reduce us very much. I have not examined the reports for sometime, but we can't report more than four hundred well men. That looks badly. But of all the Expeditions that has ever been attempted in the West, Military men say it has proven to be the hardest. I know it was hard. When we left here on the 24th of Feb. I left every man of my Company that was not fit for active duty except John Clark and Green Owen, and they I sent back the second day. In two or three days after we landed at Shell Mound, we reported some twenty men sick, all of whom were excused from duty by the Surgeons. On our way back it was even worse than that. Now, even here in Helena, which is considered a Paradise compared with the Hell-hatchie Country, we have nearly one third of our boys sick, though none of them are dangerous. Other Companies are about in the same condition. Some even worse.

I have just read the New York Times of the 25th. (Sunday) and was very much interested in the news of the 25th. I am sure it will be of great interest to you.

From every indication we will be likely to remain here for some time, I am, although there are active operations going on all around. The fleet that left about the time we came back, has gone to Vicksburg, instead of into the Yazoo river. That is I suppose it has. At any rate troops went from above down South. The fleet that left a few days after we had returned, has gone without a doubt to Little Rock. I hope it will be successful. The forces were commanded by Gen. Hovey. I don't know much about him. He may be a good General, but it seems as though they are taking it time about in the expeditions from here. The first was Sherman against Vicksburg, then Hovey up White river, then Pass down the Pass and the Tollehatchie, and Gen. Hovey has gone to Little Rock. If he has no better success than the others I hope such business will be stopped. If Gen. Grant could only take Vicksburg, the Gibraltar of the West, there would be no necessity of so many of these minor expeditions. The news from Grant this morning is rather encouraging. It is reported by the last boats up that five gunboats run the blockade a few days ago, the same night some two or three transport passed down. One was sunk by the rebel guns. The same report says Gen. Grant has marched across the Peninsula to where the Canal empties into the river, with some forty thousand men. It is thought he intends to crossing them over and then attack Vicksburg in the rear. Or else he will run more transports down and go to Banks' relief at Port Hudson. In either case the move seems to be a good one. But somehow or other I can't have that confidence in his Generalship I ought to have. He will fight I know or at least he will have men fight to desperation. But his army under him has never fought a well planned battle yet. If Gen. Rosecrans were in his place I should feel much better, and safer.

I think our Col. will soon resign. He is more unpopular than he was at first. I feel sorry for him sometimes. Almost every thing he tries, ^{he} he does wrong. Then he is drinking very hard. I wish he was a better man.

I am going to send this letter to Osprey Volle. I think you will be there by the time it will get there. I hope so at any rate. I am going to send you about \$4.00 or by Mrs Woolf. She will leave it either at Mrs Phillips or

Mrs ~~Marshall~~ ^{Marshall}. Get it and take care of it my Darling. If you need it use it. Will will send his in the same package with mine. We will write all about it. Will ~~is~~ has Diarrhea. She is trying Selen Robinson's cure, the sweet Gum bark. It is quite good but I don't think it is as great a thing as Mr Robinson thinks it is.

My health now was better than at present except a cough, and it does not effect my Gen. Health any. It is a very common remark here that Oack (hermilion) for they mean ^{all} about head Quarters call me that) stood the trip better than almost any one else. The remark is very nearly true too. I am nearly as heavy now as you ever were. I have never had the Diarrhea I am used to anything of it. I am not much afraid of it.

Now Volle I will quit and go to bed. Goodbye love, I am thinking of you all the time my Darling, Goodbye
M. J. Hermilion

I hear every day nearly that Price is marching on this place from Little Rock. I don't believe it. If Gen. Hovey has gone up there he will have enough to do without coming here. What those in command think of it here I do not know. It is very hard for one in my position to learn much news from head quarters. Gen. don't like to talk to small men. Perhaps they have too much to do. I never go about them unless on business.

Our Major has resigned, in consequence of bad health. His place is now to be filled by some Capt. of the Regiment and there is going to be quite a stir over it. It is very hard to tell who the lucky one will be. So far as I can learn there are four wanting it. Capt. Carner, Hale, Jay, and — well you may guess the other Dolly.

Capt. Carner is Co. A. and from Abbeville. He claims it because he thinks he is the ranking Capt. Jay thinks he should have it because he assisted the Col. in getting his position. Hale says he should have it because he is the best man. I would like to have it because — well because I would like to be Major, and because my friends want me to have it. My chances are about equal to the rest provided the Col. doesn't do anything against me. I am not expecting it however, and consequently will not be in the least disappointed unless I should happen to get it.

Welland Arkansas April 21st / 1903

My Darling,

I have just written you a letter and directed it to be sent thinking ^{you} it will be there by the time it is, But for fear you have not started immediately, I will send you just a few lines to Mr Meridian, to let you know that I am well. If you got the letter in which I told you to go to Iowa in due time, and you started immediately you are there before this if nothing has happened yet. I hope you are there all safe. If you have not started when you got this letter, start as soon as you can conveniently. The sooner you go now the better, I don't want you to stay at father any longer. You could be comfortable as long as you stay there. Just to think, they never would take you to a Maadys. But my Dollie, they never did such things in their lives. Let them go their way and we will go ~~our~~ ours.

From what you tell me father is having a hard time of it about money matters. It is, I think just as it always has been with him. He never could do anything in his life but go to meeting. He ought to never do anything else. You must all have a very hard time about them. I know Dollie you do. When you get to father Kemper, you can get a girl to help you fix things so you can get along better, than you do at father's. That always was a hard place to live my Darling, but the boys said it was much better than it used to be. But it is not. I send \$4.36 to Mr Maiken for you this morning by Mrs Wolf, our sister. (When you get there go and get it, and keep it. Don't loan any of it, to any one I would rather have Greenbacks than any ones note.

This is all I will write to you this time My love

Soadly, Darling

M. J. Meridian

Helena Arkansas

Dear Collie

April 21st / 86

This morning I received three good letters from you. Thank you. There were more too many. If I were to get that many every day I would read them all carefully and then put them away, and keep them till I get into an other tin place, then I would have to burn them, for I never intend to let the rebels have the satisfaction of reading any of the letters you send me. They are not theirs, and I don't intend they shall see them if I can help it. When we started down the pass I had a large package. I burned them all so when I came back I had more. Now I am getting quite a package again. I would like to keep them all and take them home with me. But if I undertook to do that, I would have to have a large trunk. Suppose I send them up and get you to keep them for me.

Yesterday I sent you a letter to Oprey. I don't know whether you would be there or not. But you will want the privilege of reading it, perhaps when you get there the day before that - I believe it was I sent one to Mt. Meridian. I don't know where to send this one. You may be in Iowa and you may not.

You want to know how I live here. Let me tell you. I get up - while here in Camp - sometime after sun up. Go and wash myself. Then go to breakfast. By the way let me tell what we eat, as that is one of the most important ^{things}. For breakfast we generally ^{have} good Bakers bread, ham or fresh fish, Coffee, molasses, rice or hominy, and sometime butter, although it costs from forty to fifty cents per pound. At dinner, the same is cooked, only it is put up a little differently. We have potatoes when we want them. Often we have pan cakes, molasses, tea, and cold boiled ham for supper. The other day we had a mess of eggs for dinner. They only cost us, either forty or fifty cents per dozen, I do remember which.

James Mc Ryckman is cooking for me and the two Lieut.
He is as good a cook as there is in the regt. We give him a little
extra pay. I have a good large tent, with plenty of room
and a good Cot to sleep on. I have four good blankets woolen,
a gun blanket and my overcoat. So you see I have plenty
of bed clothes, a good place to sleep, and plenty to eat

One great difficulty in the army is, men eat too much
they will do it. No one can keep them from it if they can get
the rations. These men become childish and have to have
some person to contrall them. It is strang but it is so

You keep writing to know how I like my position in the
regt. Very well. It is not what I ought to have but
I get along very well.

I wrote you a few days ago, that our Major had resigned
His final discharge has not been received here yet. It will
have to come from Gen. Grant. His place will not be ~~received~~
filled till his papers come. We are still in doubt as to
who will get it. If it is left to the line officers I think I
will get the position. My friends all think I will.

I am not very much concerned about it anyway
Will Kemper don't want me to go out of the Company
Poor fellow he is sick again, with diarrhea, but not very bad

You want my likeness and a lock of my hair Dollie
There is no one here who can take a good picture. Then the one you
have my Darling is just such as you would get were I to
send you one. As to my hair it is very little you can get
this time. There is not much on my head, it is cut off too
close. I will try and send you a little of what there is

Poor Jane? I am sorry for her. But the boys are just like
they used to be about such things. They will never be any
other way. If they were to live for five hundred years
it they would die just such men as they are. They would
never get one bit better. When I was there they told me
they were not like they used to be, but they are

Deming House, Keokuk, Wednesday Night, April 22,

My precious Love,

It is going on nine o'clock, and I have only been here a few minutes and have already sent you a few lines to go out in to night's mail, and I am tired and have a severe cold, but still, my darling, I want to talk to you worse than I want to sleep or rest, and I will sit up a while and tell you about my journey from father's house. It is the first trip I ever made, you know, my pet, so of course I think it is of some importance. And you will be glad to hear all about it, won't you, dear love? Oh, if I could only have you here just this one night, here in this pleasant room, that is a world too large for only me, so that I could sit down close to you, and hold your hands in mine, and look into your dear eyes, while I tell you, If I only could have you here! But your Dollie is going to be braver now, and she won't complain. Her own darling knows how she wants to see him, and she won't talk about it.

I started from father's at six o'clock Monday Morning. John took me to Green castle in the wagon, and Jane and Etty went with us. Mother went as far as Tom's store, and bought me a delaine dress and gave me. I tried to keep her from doing it but I could not. She made a great deal of me and tried to make me promise to go back next summer. While she was getting the dress I went to the post office and told Brewster to send my letters to Logansport. The girls didn't get out of the wagon, and we went on as soon as I went back. The boys didn't come out, and I didn't see them ^{at} all. When we got to town I went to the ticket office and bought a ticket to St Louis, It cost 8 dollars and 90 cents. The through train was not going till ten o'clock at night. I had John to leave my things at the rail road house close by, and then we went out in town. By this time Jane was sick. She had fever, and a severe pain in her breast and head. She was not any better when she started home, and I am afraid she is bad sick before now. She hated to see me leave. She said the night before "I do love you, and they all know I do." And Etty too, loved me well. I got three pictures taken both in one case, for a dollar. Jane wanted mine, but I put her off and didn't get it. I promised to send it to her, and you, when you come home. I bought a black colico dress and sent to mother. I had often heard her wishing for such an one. Then I bought a nice little book for Etty, and then we went back to the Rail Road House, and they told me "goodly" and started home, and I was all alone. Jane went off crying, and even John could hardly say goodly. I didn't cry. I parted from you, love, and I can part from anybody now without thinking about crying. After they were gone an old lady who was there and the landlady commenced talking to me, and learning that I was a soldier's wife, and that my brothers were all

in the army, they took me to their hearts at once. I hadn't seen such union people for many a day. They were all for the old flag they said. They were very kind to me. As soon as I ate supper they insisted on my lying down, and promised to waken me at the right time. I did lie down for a while, but didn't sleep. The land lord took my trunk to the depot and got me a check before night. At ten the train came. He went down with me, and carried my box and satchel and an umbrella, - it was raining - and saw me comfortably seated. The old lady gave me some apples to eat through the night, she said. They charged me 35 cts. There were not many in that car till we got to Terre Haute. Afterwards it was crowded and packed but I kept my seat all to myself. We went on finely till, a few miles past Paris, our locomotive and wood car broke through the road and turned over onto the switch. It went down ever so many feet. The conductor and all hands worked hard all night in the rain and mud, but they couldn't remove it. They sent back to Terre Haute for another locomotive and more hands, and there got there just at day break. But still they couldn't remove it, and they built a new track around it and took the cars over one at a time, by hand. At half past six we started again, after sitting there over five hours. But we had light and fire. I slept a little towards day light, and when we started I rubbed my eyes, and brushed my hair, took a long look at my poor old clothing, and, in my heart asked God to take care of us both and reunite us again, then I ate an apple for breakfast and felt better than I had for a week. We stopped at Mattoon a few minutes and through the window I saw Dr. Ryerson get off the train. He didn't see me, as he was not in the same car. He stood there a few moments and walked away with a carpet sack in his hand. He looked so bad I hardly knew him, thin and sickly and exceedingly sad. I felt wicked toward him I am afraid. I didn't want to speak to him. At ten o'clock we got breakfast at Pana. It cost me half a dollar, but I was so hungry and weary I didn't grudge it. Not anything else befell us. The road lay through a beautiful country. I felt I never knew before how good and beautiful and glorious our prairies. They never seemed half so good before. Between two and three o'clock we got to St. Louis, and went directly to the Pic Vernon, which was lying at the wharf. - I guess since I think, it was after three o'clock when we went on board. The first thing I did after I got a room and took off my bonnet and shawl, was to write you a note and put it in the letter box. I don't know whether it was sent to you soon or not. It was the best I could do, darling. At Terre Haute an old gentleman and his niece got on the cars, and took a seat next to mine. He seemed a very pleasant man, and the girl was modest and quiet.

During the night we got a little acquainted, and I learned she lived in Ohio and was going home with her uncle to Keokuk. Next day I bought a paper and the old man borrowed it to read, and when we got to St Louis and he found out where I was going he offered to see after my trunk and take me safely to the boat, which he did. Then he got me a stove room, and asked me to let his niece room with me. She was a very pleasant girl, and we did first-rate together. After I learned that he was all night about the war I liked them very well. This afternoon just before we got off he asked me several questions about where we lived. He was acquainted in Centerville and Albion and almost all through that country. At last I told him we had lived in Iconium, when he laughed out heartily and asked if I ever knew one Mason and one Brown there. I told him I did; and he said so did he to his cost. They were owing him. He told me I had better stop here at the Pennings House, so I would have no trouble then getting on the train in the morning. It will go at eight o'clock. There is a ticket-office here in the house. I will get to Eddyville tomorrow sometime. Then I will take the stage to Lagrange. How I will get to father's from there I don't know yet. But I will manage it some way. This is all I can think to tell you to night - darling about my trip. You know about how I got a long, don't you, my love? It has been as pleasant as it could be with out you. I missed you darling. I missed you on the boat where there were some officers with their wives, and they seemed so attentive to them, and so happy together. I miss you here to night. I have a large comfortable room and a good bed. I wish you were here. That is all I can do. It is quite cold and I am sneezing though I have my shawl on. I had better quit and go to bed dear one, hadn't I? It will soon be eleven o'clock. I will mail this here tomorrow. I will write again before I get home. I am very anxious to hear from you, sweet love. The latest letter I have is dated the 8th. I do hope there is already a letter for me at home. I sent you seven letters since the first of the month, before I started. I have sent two sorts of letters since I started. I love you dear one, with all my heart. I will love you always. I will quit now. God bless you, and a good night. I hope you are well and soundly sleeping this minute, and dreaming a good dream of your Dallis

Thursday Morning, Early

My Dearest: I will have time to write a line or two before breakfast. I slept all night after I went to bed. I was so sleepy and tired I couldn't help it. This morning I am well except my cold. What is strange is that I haven't had headache any severely since I started. I had it all the time before, at most. I am in good spirits, dear one. I wish I could know that you are too. I wish I could know where you are now. I have heard no news from Thelma. We heard yesterday of Porter's gun boats arriving past Vicksburg. This is all the war news that was in the papers. That is good. I hope we shall soon have good news from all quarters. I want to hear good news. I don't think there is any danger of our having a war with England at present. This war must end before very long. May God hasten the time!

My darling, would you try to come to see your Dollie this spring or summer? Any time, love, when you can get away. Oh, I do want you to come so bad. Please write me a long letter, dearest. Write all you can. I must quit now and eat breakfast. Then I will get my ticket and start. I would like to walk up to Mrs Brown's and look at our room, and the table where we sit together so often, and think of my sweet love, but I can't have time. I want to get home because I think there is a letter there from you. I do hope so. Goodbye now, my own precious darling. You won't forget your Dollie? And you won't blame me for coming home, will you? There, dearest. God bless you my sweet love. It is a fine morning. Love your

Dollie

On the Old Vernon, off Hannibal,

Wednesday Morning, April 22, '63

My Dearest Love

I am getting on very well. I slept better last night than I had done for a week before. We are stopped here just now. We will get to Keokuk this evening. I am well except a bad cold. It is not hurting me a great deal. I wrote you a short letter yesterday before we left St Louis. You will get it sooner perhaps than the letter I sent you from Indiana. Oh, I want to see you my pet so much. There are several officers on the boat, some with their wives. It makes my heart ache to see army men. The old gentleman who got my ticket, and who since rooms with me, has just been talking to me about the war. He is quite intelligent.

He is a Fremont abolitionist, and takes a
large view of the contest and its results.
He is satisfied with the results of the war
so far. He thinks the hand of God is plain-
ly shaping our destinies, and that we
shall not have peace till after the next
Presidential election. Fremont will be the
president, and his election will end the
war and slavery for ever. He don't want
Fremont to have a command. Others can
fight as well as he, and God has other
work for him to do. He must suffer
on, and be strong and patient. I am strong
in dear love, and braver since I left
Mt Meridian behind me for ever. I have
heard a good deal of war talk. I have
seen loyal people and I feel encouraged.
I haven't heard a disloyal word uttered.

Though here on the boat there is a man
wearing shoulder strap, who is constantly
abusing the government and the niggers
Old Mr. Davis - this is the name of the
man I was talking of. He lives in Keokuk
- says he feels like taking off his coat
and pitching into him, only it wouldn't
do any good. I can't write dear love so
you can read it, now, and the boat is
starting now. When I get home, my
precious one, I will tell you everything
I will write some tonight at Keokuk.
We are having a nice trip. It is too cold
to stay on deck any. There are lots of
passengers. I am in our stateroom
sitting on my bed. I wish I could
write so you could read it. Goodbye,
my own good love, My good love

Wednesday Night 8 o'clock

I am here, soiling, at the Cumming House, just this minute got in, and sat right down to tell my love. The old gentleman who took care of me from St Louis up told me to come here. I have had no trouble at all. The mail is to be made up at nine o'clock they say and I must send this so you see I cant write much. I should like to walk all about Keokuk, why you and I went to gether if I had time, but I will go on in the morning at eight o'clock. I thank God, loved one, that I am in Iowa! If I could only know sweet love that your feelings are not hurt at me, how much better I should feel. Tell me, pet, if you blame your Dollie or think she has done wrong. I wanted to do right, God knows. I will send this out to night, and after it is gone I will write again

THE K. G. C.'s IN INDIANA

Murders Perpetrated by them in Hendricks and Brown Counties.

UNION MEN KNOCK DOWN FOR ATTEMPTING TO HOLD A MEETING.

Gen. Carrington's Order Respecting the K. G. C.'s, and their Wearing of their Emblems.

[From the Indianapolis Journal, 28th.]

Last Saturday morning a number of men wearing Ku Klux Klan emblems, and armed, rode into Danville, Hendricks county, in this State, to hear a speech from E. W. Venable, who, it had been announced, would speak there that day. The demonstration created a good deal of excitement, as it was probably intended to do, and an altercation sprang up between one of the band and a Union man—said to have been the renewal of a previous quarrel—which ended in the display of weapons on both sides and the firing of two or three shots. The K. G. C. was wounded in the hand, we are informed. Friends on both sides joined in the disturbance, and pistols were freely and fatally used. Some five or six persons were wounded, two said to be mortally. A little son of Mr. Wilherew, a lawyer of Danville, and formerly a Senator from that county, was shot in the abdomen while walking along the street near the scene of the riot, and is, we presume, dead by this time. He was not expected to live on Saturday afternoon. We have not learned who the other fatally injured person is, or certainly that any other wound is likely to prove fatal. Most of the wounded were Union men, the K. G. C.'s being armed, and prepared for a fight, and of course having the advantage of their opponents, who not only were not armed, but had no knowledge of any such invasion of their town being contemplated.

The news of the fight spread rapidly, and the Home Guards from Catersburg and Plainfield, well armed, and resolved to make traitors regard the laws, were speedily on the ground, but the K. G. C. had vanished. Word was sent to General Carrington, and preparations made to dispatch a body of soldiers to Danville to quell the riot, but the Home Guards proved to be sufficient, and more for the emergency, and the troops went back to camp.

These K. G. C. were the same men that attempted to tear down the Union flag at Catersburg recently, and were prevented by the courage of a young lady.

On the same day (Saturday, the 18th,) a still more atrocious attack was made by members of the K. G. C. on Union men in Brown county. The following account of it is from one of the most prominent and estimable citizens of Martinsville:

"There was a meeting of Union men in Brown county, to-day, about thirteen miles from this place. A number of citizens from this place were, by invitation, present, and among them Captain A. D. Canning, of the 70th Indiana, and Sergeants S. Nutter and Daniels of the squad of cavalry sent down here a few days since, to arrest deserters. The Union men were prevented from holding their meeting at the place appointed by Lewis Prosser, Esq., the law and political partner of James S. Hester, Esq., and other supposed K. G. C.'s of that county, among them Mr. Snyder, who will be delivered to you by the bearer. After another place had been selected for the meeting, and Captain Canning had commenced speaking, Prosser and Snyder came to the ground, and Prosser, in the presence and hearing of the two sergeants, said, 'he would bet a dollar he would kill two of them before night.' Prosser had a rifle in his hand, and so had Snyder. Sergeant Daniels being near, approached Prosser, and asked, 'Who are you going to shoot, sir?' or, 'What do you mean, sir?' Prosser attempted to shoot Daniels with the rifle. Daniels snatched the rifle from Prosser, when Prosser drew his revolver and shot Daniels through the head, and at the instant of firing, called out to Snyder, 'shoot the other d—d son of a b—h,' meaning Sergeant Nutter, but missed him. Captain Canning shot Prosser, wounding him in the leg, and it is supposed broke his leg, or fractured his bones, and arrested Snyder. The meeting was of course broken up. Daniels was of course instantly killed."

Snyder was brought to this city yesterday afternoon, and lodged in jail, to await his trial for his deadly offense. Prosser will be arrested and brought here if able to be moved. He was a member of the Legislature, from Brown county, some years ago, and has long been known as the leader of the most desperately and defiantly disloyal gang of K. G. C.'s in the State. Hester, his partner, was an officer in the 23d regiment a while, but resigned because he could not be made Colonel, and came home to organize K. G. C. lodges, in which he was one of the first, as well as most active men in the State.

Brown county, under the management of Hester and Prosser, has been a perfect hell for all loyal men. They have been kept in constant terror, and have repeatedly applied to the State authorities for protection. This last outbreak is "the feather that breaks the camel's back." The traitors must now look out. General Carrington is in earnest when he says that loyal men shall be protected, and that traitors shall not molest them with impunity. There will be a day of reckoning for these traitors, and it is not far off.

General Carrington's Order.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF INDIANA,

DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,

INDIANAPOLIS, April 19th, 1863.

I. In the face of appeals to the people to give up the illegal practice of wearing concealed weapons, and to abandon secret and armed associations, the practice continues. The inevitable result has been the loss of valuable lives. It is the clear duty of every good citizen of whatever party, to maintain order and stop these things at once. It is as clearly the duty of the press to concur in such action. There can be no half and half policy. No party can gain character by the recognition of such societies. They aspire to local power, independent of both State and general government. They can imperil, but cannot insure the rights of any.

II. Marked among such associations are the Knights of the Golden Circle. Their oaths are disloyal. Their signs and signals are disloyal. Let all calm and reasoning citizens who have entered their lodges denounce them. They have met with arms in their hands. They have guarded the approach to these meetings with armed sentinels. They have used their influence to protect deserters. They have passed resolutions to defy United States law and the Government of the United States which protects

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These K. G. O. were the same men that attempted to tear down the Union flag at Cartersburg recently, and were prevented by the courage of a young lady.

On the same day (Saturday, the 18th,) a still more atrocious attack was made by members of the K. G. O. on Union men in Brown county. The following account of it is from one of the most prominent and estimable citizens of Martinsville:

"There was a meeting of Union men in Brown county, to-day, about thirteen miles from this place. A number of citizens from this place were, by invitation, present, and among them Captain A. D. Canning, of the 10th Indiana, and Sergeants S. Nutter and Daniels of the 2nd of cavalry sent down here a few days since, to assist deserters. The Union men were prevented from holding their meeting at the place appointed, by Lewis Prosser, Esq., the law and medical physician of James S. Hester, Esq., and other supposed K. G. O.'s of that county, among them Mr. Snyder, who will be delivered to you by the bearer. After another place had been selected for the meeting, and Captain Canning had commenced speaking, Prosser and Snyder came to the ground, and Prosser, in the presence and hearing of the two sergeants, said, 'he would bet a dollar he would kill two of them before night.' Prosser had a rifle in his hand, and so had Snyder. Sergeant Daniels being near, approached Prosser, and asked, 'Who are you going to shoot, sir?' or, 'What do you mean, sir?' Prosser attempted to shoot Daniels with the rifle. Daniels snatched the rifle from Prosser, when Prosser drew his revolver and shot Daniels through the head, and at the instant of firing, called out to Snyder, 'shoot the other d—d son of a b—h,' meaning Sergeant Nutter, but missed him. Captain Canning shot Prosser, wounding him in the leg, and it is supposed broke his leg, or fractured his bones, and arrested Snyder. The meeting was of course broken up. Daniels was of course instantly killed."

Snyder was brought to this city yesterday afternoon, and lodged in jail, to await his trial for his deadly offense. Prosser will be arrested and brought here if able to be moved. He was a member of the Legislature, from Brown county, some years ago, and has long been known as the leader of the most desperately and defiantly disloyal gang of K. G. O.'s in the State. Hester, his partner, was an officer in the 2nd regiment a while, but resigned because he could not be made Colonel, and came home to organize K. G. O. lodges, in which he was one of the first, as well as most active men in the State.

Brown county, under the management of Hester and Prosser, has been a perfect hell for all loyal men. They have been kept in constant terror, and have repeatedly applied to the State authorities for protection. This last outbreak is "the feather that breaks the camel's back." The traitors must now look out. General Carrington is in earnest when he says that loyal men shall be protected, and that traitors shall not molest them with impunity. There will be a day of reckoning for these traitors, and it is not far off.

General Carrington's Order.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF INDIANA,
DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,
INDIANAPOLIS, April 19th, 1863.

I. In the face of appeals to the people to give up the illegal practice of wearing concealed weapons, and to abandon secret and armed associations, the practice continues. The inevitable result has been the loss of valuable lives. It is the clear duty of every good citizen of whatever party, to maintain order and stop these things at once. It is as clearly the duty of the press to concur in such action. There can be no half and half policy. No party can gain character by the recognition of such societies. They aspire to local power, independent of both State and general government. They can imperil, but cannot insure the rights of any.

II. Marked among such associations are the Knights of the Golden Circle. Their oaths are disloyal. Their signs and signals are disloyal. Let all calm and reasoning citizens who have entered their lodges denounce them. They have met with arms in their hands. They have guarded the approach to these meetings with armed sentinels. They have used their influence to protect deserters. They have passed resolutions to defy United States law and the Government of the United States which protects them. They who shall still adhere to their obligations and continue their secret drill are denounced as public enemies, to be dealt with as such.

III. The habit of attending public meetings armed is another evil too common, and portentous of mischief. Let every citizen go with the right temper to his political meeting, nor fear that any will interfere with his rights, nor doubt that he will be protected in their enjoyment. But it should never be forgotten that in times of public peril it becomes the absorbing interest of every citizen to subordinate everything to the general good, and direct all party issues so that the preservation of the Government in its integrity and entirety shall be unqualified and sure.

IV. In this connection let it not be forgotten that violent partisan harangues do no good, but embitter all other issues. Emblems that in other days might be adopted at pleasure, only incite animosity when they are borrowed from such as are recognized by rebels, and had their origin with the first prisoners brought to the North. They, from their dress, were denominated "Butternuts." They early adopted the Copperhead upon their banners, and it is still maintained upon the flags of several rebel States.

It is a very slight sacrifice, to forbear their use as a party emblem, when it is undeniable that their early association with the rebel cause has given them a character which complicates relations of party and creates constant conflict and alarm in more than half the counties of this State. Their use gives no prestige to the party with which their wearers assume to identify themselves, but compromises it with the people.

V. Will leading men, and the press, of all parties, believe that the commanding officer of this District truly represents his Government and theirs, in expressing his purpose to regard the rights of all, while holding absolutely and unqualifiedly to the maintenance of our common country. For men who plot our overthrow, there is but one issue. With this, neither of the leading political parties are charged. Of this the Knights of the Golden Circle, in their leaders, are guilty. This appeal, preceded by repeated notice of their existence and aims, and while denouncing them, is coupled with the earnest hope that all good men will unite in the objects expressed, to adhere to the habits of peace and forbear the use of words or emblems that embitter parties and compromise, or outrage the loyal sentiments of any.

By command of Brig. Gen. Carrington.

H. E. MADISON,

1st and A. D. C., Acting A. G.

Helena Arkansas April 23, 1863

Will is still sick, though he is able to be around a little. He does not want to go to the Hospital. He thinks that is the last place but one a man ever goes to. I have him in my tent, taking care of him. He is almost the illiest person I ever saw. He has diarrhea with fever. His diarrhea is better than it was some days ago. I think he will be much better in a few days.

It was only yesterday or the day before I sent you two letters - one to Mr. Meridian and one to Osprey. I don't know which place to send this. When I get it written I will make up my mind.

I have nothing to write this time Vellie except about Will's health, and this Press I send you. John Elgin got it some where down in town, and asked me this evening if I did not want it. I told him I did, and what I wanted it for. It did him good to get it for me, when he saw how anxious I was to get it for Vellie. I wish I could have plucked it myself Vellie, that would have been next thing, you getting it off the bush yourself. But take it crushed as it is, and think of the one who sends it - the one who loves you more than all other in the world. It is already pressed, and of course it will be more so than it is now, when you get it. But it will be a rose still. Take it as coming from me and keep it my love. Above all things I would rather send it to you first because Vellie loves them and I love them - not I love them but like. I love Vellie and like the Press. Some two weeks ago I saw one Capt. Fee, of Bentonville have one he was going to send his wife. I thought of my Vellie then, and how glad she would be to get a letter with a rose flower in it but I could not

any then. Then we were on our way up the pass. The Capt
had got a shoe one evening and plucked it from a bush in
a rebels yard. When I saw it, it was dark and the next ^{morning} we
started at day light. A few days after we came back here
I was pacing along through town, when I happened to look
over into a rebel yard, where there were several bushes full of
the prettiest flowers you nearly ever saw in your life. Ah? how
I wanted them, but they belonged to rebels, and I would not
touch them. I don't know what yard this came from Dollie
and I will not take the pains to ask. We will imagine though
that it grew on a loyal bush.

This all I commenced writing for my Dollie. You will not
blame me for not sending you more at a time when we write
so often. The boys are all improving I believe.

Nothing new in regard to the Majors position yet. We
cant near tell who will get it. There is one thing certain if
Lead Quarters can keep me from getting the position they will
do it. But if I should get it, I shall think that much
more of myself here after. In fact if I can get it in ap-
proach to the wishes of our Regt. officers I shall be very
glad. It will be positive evidence that the line officers
think well of me.

This is a poor batch of a letter Dollie. I have not been more
than fifteen or twenty minutes writing it. This is not because
I dont like to talk to my love, but because I do love to talk
to her. I commenced writing this when there were several in my
tent wanting to talk to me, but I put them off, and went to
scribbling to you Darling

I guess I will send this to Osprey hoping you will
be there to receive it. Write often Darling
Sincerely
W. A. Harrison

I have not got time to read this,

Lagrange, Iowa, Friday, April 24, 1869

My Dear Love:

It is quite early. I have just got up, and washed and the next thing I must do is to tell my darling how I have got on. I left Keokuk yesterday morning, and got to Eddyville about two o'clock. I bought a ticket for the stage to this place before I left the cars. It cost two dollars. We were taken from the cars to the hotel, and didn't leave town till nearly four. Came to Abia to supper at seven, changed coaches there and started again, and got here about eleven o'clock last night. The ride from Abia was very tiresome, and I feel sore this morning all over. There were two coaches full of passengers. A girl coming up from Keokuk stopped here with me. I am at the Miller House. I think it is a hard place. They are getting breakfast. My fellow traveler is still in bed snoring. The landlord talks like he can get me some sort of conveyance out to father's. Says he will try after breakfast. I want to start pretty soon. I am glad I am so near home, my darling. You are glad too, are you not, sweet love? I will write you long letters when I get there, and I hope I shall get long ones from you, dear one. I have had no bad luck at all since I started, and no trouble. But it has cost more than I expected. I paid eight dollars from Green castle to St Louis, five on the boat to Keokuk, three and a half to Eddyville, and two here. I have just had breakfast, - a hard breakfast too. Miller says he has got a light wagon to take me home. It will be ready in a little while. I shall get there by ten or eleven o'clock. Father would have met me here if he had known it. I can't write much my pet this morning, my love. I will put up this scrap and take it up ^{to} the post office. It will tell my darling that I am well and safe, and nearly home. I can hardly wait to get there, because I think there is a letter from you there. I want to hear from you so bad sweet pet. And I want to see you, darling. In the coach last night was a man from Pilot Knob going to Osceola on a three weeks furlough. He is a quartermaster. He had been there five months, and I never saw anybody as anxious to get home. He says twenty per cent of the soldiers can get furloughs now, and they are availing themselves of the chance to go home and see their friends. There were some dis-

charged soldiers along too, going home from Vicksburg. They seem
in pretty good spirits about the war. Say the boys are all of one mind down
there, they want to come home, long enough to hang the traitors here.
They say the troops are well cared for there, and their health pretty good.
Since I started I have heard nothing talked of but the war, among men
or women, and I have not heard a disloyal sentiment expressed, or
seen a disloyal paper till this morning. There is a great stack of
Chicago Times in my room here. I know by this sign they are
traitors here. The yesterday's paper says the rebels are evacuating
Vicksburg. It may be so, but I am afraid not. We have heard that
so often. It says too that we have captured the Queen of the West. I
hope this is true. This is all the news there was. Now darling I can't say
any more this time. I mailed you a letter at Greencastle and one at St Louis
and two at Keokuk. if you get them all you will know how your Dollie
has got along all the time. I will put this in the office here now,
and then start home. Goodby, my precious love, Goodby. ~~Oh~~ You will
love your Dollie, won't you my pet? God bless you always.
Keep in good spirits, love. You must not get the blues, and Dollie won't
any more. I send you kisses and love, darling. Goodby, your own
I can't read this. Maybe you can't. Dollie

Helena Arkansas April 26th / 80

My Darling,

Yesterday morning just as I was going out on picket I received two good long letters from you. But you were troubled very much when you wrote them. That was not right my Darling, for I did not mean to hurt your feelings in the least. I only wanted you to leave those traitors in Ind. just as soon as possible. It was not because I wanted to upbraid you Dollie, but because I wanted you away from there. I knew some one had been belching their treason, and as a natural consequence, you had had your feelings hurt. That is what I was vexed at long ago at you. But let me tell all about what I have been ~~thinking~~ think of all winter. I have been expecting ever since last fall to be in one or more hard fights this Spring. Where there is fighting, no amount of anything there are all ways more or less killed or wounded or both. I did not know but I might be one of them. In such a case you would have got the word and reached here in a few days. From Iowa you can't possibly do more than meet me at Keokuk. Because there is no telegraph over which I can send anything to you. I could get there just as soon as a letter could. From Ind. you could have met me at Cairo any how. But let not talk too much about these reasons Dollie. I hope nothing of the kind will ever occur. The other reason was this. If you had remained where you were, or in that Country some place, I had ^{not} intended, very hard to get a short furlough. If I could have got only five days I might have gone and spent one or two days over my time, and no one would have been likely to have ever said anything about it. I might have failed but I had intended trying very hard. To get to go to Iowa will be a thing they will think of for a moment. It is so far and will take so long to make the trip. Then Col. Kittredge will know the distance, and would be sure to oppose it.

So I will have to give up the idea entirely for this summer my
love. Now don't get the blues over this Dollie. If you have
had good luck, you are in Iowa before this. When ever I can
I will come to see you love, be sure of that. But it may be
a long time. You will say if I could get a furlough to
go to Indiana, I could to Iowa, I don't know that I could
have succeeded if you had remained there I was going to try.
Now when I ask Col. Kettledge, or Col. Drake, they will be
sure to say that they have as much right to go as I have
and that every other Capt. has the same rights. So you see
if any one could get to go, I would not stand more than one
chance in thirty five or forty. If it had been to Ind.
I might have told them that I could soon make the
trip. But we will not grieve now Dollie. It might all
fail. But then after all I would rather miss getting to see you
for the full three years, than to have you insulted by traitors
as you have been. After I got your letter I would not have had
you remain any longer among them for any thing. It would
have hurt me very much Dollie. That is the reason and the only
reason I wrote to you to go immediately and not to wait to hear
from me any more. I did not know but the next letter
might not reach you for sometime and I did not want you
remain there one minute longer than you could not help.
Now you are there my love at home I mean, and I am better
satisfied. You may let them all go love if you want to
but you give them all enough to pay for their room and
your board Dollie. If you did I am very glad. If not
I will pay them. As to not paying any thing to them
don't you be troubled. No father I will never say any thing.
But let me tell you one fact, the time has passed when I
am too tender to call traitors by right names. It matters not
what breaches it makes. There can't be any breaches made be-
tween me and traitors. The fault ^{must} shall be laid to you
I am the one, let them think hard of me.

As to Runyon I don't want to ever meet him. He is ignorant but for that I am not responsible. He has sense enough to know this Government has done all any Government could for him. He has sense enough to know he lies when he says we are to steal Southern men's property. It will never do for me to ever hear him say such a thing. All I ask of him is to remain where he is, and if war should break out in Indian hands I may meet, provided he has moral courage enough to fight for his principles. Then he is welcome to treat me as ^{his} enemy.

You seem to be very afraid my Darling that I will write them something that will hurt their feelings. Have they such fine feelings, Can't they bear to be called by their right and legitimate names. They call me a thief and say the Southerner is justifiable in shooting. They say farther, that they would do the same thing. Let me tell what is a fact my pet. I will not say any thing to father, but Runyon shall know and that before you get this that I denounce him as a Cowardly, black hearted traitor, and that I will never claim him as a relative of mine. He is not my Uncle. There is no affinity between him and me. I think I love my Country. I know he does not. I have some claims on my Country for protection, he has none. He should be arrested immediately. If I were there and were to hear him speak as you did I would arrest him immediately. He has no right. He has forfeited them all.

Don't let it trouble you my Darling. I am and will be responsible for all I say and do. The blame shant rest upon you. But my love if it were so, are you so tender of the feelings of rebels, when they call me a thief. You know I won't steal, my love. But I will not talk any more about it to night.

Will Kemper is quite sick again Typhoid Fever. He is in the Hospital. I was down to see him just at sundown. He has taken a turn for the better I think. He is some better today. He will get well I think without a doubt, but it some time before he will be fit for duty. I am sorry for him. he gets the blues so. He has very good treatment I think, or as good as can be had here in the Army.

We are having quite a time over the position of Major. That is we are likely to have. Col. Kirtledge I think will recommend the appointment of his Adjutant who ranks as a 1st Lieut. We have just this evening since dark, got up a protest, which we intend to send Governor Kirkwood, if Col. Kirtledge should make such a recommendation. We are determined not to have him appointed over us.

Don't be afraid my Dollie of my getting into trouble about it. Neither am I going to let it cause me any anxiety. If I get to be Major I shall be very well pleased. If I don't - which I think will be the case - I am going to be perfectly well satisfied. The position I have is a very good one. I can keep it in spite of Col. Kirtledge.

This time my Darling I send you a flower I plucked myself. It may have come out of a rebel garden. But if it does it is pure. It is not a rebel. I will have to quit writing for this evening.

I am detailed on a general Court Martial. I got aboard this
after noon at one o'clock. The ^{Court} was ordered to convene at two. I went
immediately, but was soon dismissed till tomorrow morning at nine o'clock
A. M. There are quite a no. of cases to be tried. It will take me
in all probability ten days or two weeks. May be longer. I am the
only one detailed from our Post. It is quite a new thing to me
but I guess I can get along. It will very tiresome, but I am rather
glad provided there are no very grave charges brought before us.

This is all I have time to write to night my love. It is all ready
quite late there are no other lights burning in camp. Every one
else is in bed either sleeping or trying to. Some poor fellows may
be doing as I will do after I lie down. What do you mean that
is love. I will lie for some time, like I do every night and think of
Colly. I love to do that my pet Goodby love Goodby Darling
Mth Hamilton

I cant take time to read this

Someone has got the flowers my love. I left them here on the table
this evening but they are gone now. I am sorry.

I send this letter and another
one to Helena by Mr. Grissom.
If you should be gone when he gets
there, he will mail them to you.
I hope they will both go together.
I send postage stamp in the other
letter. Goodby, my dear love.

I send you a pair of socks). Pollic

Home, Tuesday, April 28th 1863.

My Own Darling.

I haven't written to you since last Friday morning at LaGrange. It seems an age since I talked to my love. I am at father's. I am well, and so are father and mother. But I must go back, and tell you all that I have done and heard and seen since I came. I have not been idle a minute hardly. I got home about ten o'clock Friday. Father was working in the field with a small boy to help him, and mother was getting dinner. They were not looking for me, but they were very glad. Father I think was more rejoiced than I ever saw him. That afternoon the people came in to see me, and the next day and the next. Everybody seemed glad I did. I have so many friends, darling. I think it was for your sake, many of them come, with words of hope and encouragement, and it did me all the more good on that account. I was glad, my sweet love, that I had got home. We have plenty of friends here. I worked a little, and talked a good deal. And though I was tired traveling and had lost sleep, I felt in better health than I had for two months. I have not had the head ache any since I started home. I had had it a long time before. Sunday morning Mullinix came and brought Rocker. John was very glad to see me. I didn't look at Rocker till they left him in the room. Then I went to see him. I cried over him, darling, I couldn't stop it. It is my love I have cried much since I came home. He looks pretty well, but he is some lame yet, in one foot. I am going to have a shoe put on it, and if that don't help it I will try bathing with something. Mr. Stewart says it is rheumatism in him. It may be. (I don't know how I will write your letter hardly, for I can't get a pen that I can write with at all.) John insisted so hard that I should go home with him Sunday night, that I went. He said Allie should go with me to Woodside yesterday, which she did. But I must tell you about that, some time when I come to it. I wish I had a good pen, my darling, don't you?

You never saw children as proud, as Allie's were to see me, though Esther & Lizzie say they wanted to see you worse than me. They had some candy they had saved all winter for me. And they showed me the little flag you sent them. They have nothing else so precious as those flags. John and Allie are all night about the war. They are doing very well, but they both say they are sorry they didn't stay at Woodside this year. Allie said they didn't do right all the time they were there, but we have done more for them than any brother or sister they have, would have done, and they feel now like they never can do enough for us. I know they will do all they can do. They have Mauley and Cassie there, with their calves. They all look well. Cassie has a beautiful calf, three weeks old. They are still feeding them a little corn, but they could do very well without it. Mauley gives plenty of milk for the family. Allie says she never saw a better cow. They told me a great deal that Mr. Eads has told them about you, and your men. And, among the rest about your being sick at Memphis last winter. You never told me how bad you were then, darling, did you? My poor sweet love! I could hardly bear to hear about how you suffered. Darling, I have heard nothing but praise of you since I came home. I love to hear it. Praise of you is the sweetest incense to me. And I rejoice to know that you are appreciated. Mr. Eads says he should say that you were a "first-rate" fellow, but he cannot say a word of your being as good a man as you are. He thinks there is not a man in your company who would not fight till he died, for you. They get cross sometimes, and cause trouble, but they don't mean it to amount to anything. You would be amused to see how proud Mullins is of your reputation here. I believe he loves you, pet, about as well as he does Allie. I do, in fact. Mr. Eads says you are a good officer. If you ever err it is in being too indulgent to your men. Yesterday Allie and I went to Woodside. We stopped a few minutes at Mrs. Maiken's to talk to Mary and Mrs. Maiken. And I heard the same story, love. They say their boys and Jacob Grimes think there is hardly another such man in the world as you. Bartley writes that the men in all the other companies acknowledge that there is not in the regiment another Captain as good as his Captain. You know, dear love, that Allie is glad to hear such things about you, don't you? But she knew it all before

She knows how good and noble you are, better than they do, even yet. If you were not so, she could live without you better. You are the noblest man I ever saw, darling, and that is why I love you as few women on earth ever loved their husbands. But you know this, my pet. I tell you what the boys say about you, because I know you do all in your power for their good, and it will encourage you to know that you are not working in vain. Wont it, dear one? Shall I not tell you all I hear? I have not heard one word of censure from anyone. I am so glad of it, for your sake. Now, my love, I must tell you about Woodside. As we went over we found six of the young cattle. They are in tolerable good order, except Horsch. She is poor. The little thing knew her name as soon as I called her. There is plenty of grass for them, in the bottom, now. We went to the house, and looked around some and stayed till after dinner, and then went back. Allie rode a colt that had never been used much and I went back home with her, and stayed all night again. I took Mr. Teater's completely by surprise. They hadn't heard of my coming home. I wish I could give you a good account of things there, darling, but I think you expect me to tell you just how I found them. I hate to tell you, because I am afraid it will trouble you. Harriet is shot the bones. The fine mare father bought for you, is crippled badly I am afraid. He says it happened Sunday forenoon. She was lying on the grass and he went to drive her up to feed her, and in getting up she slipped and fell and injured her back. He said she was better when I was there, and she ate some then for the first, but she couldn't walk to do any good. The hurt is in her back. She is weak and thin. The women said she had not eaten much for a week. I have no faith in what he says about the fall hurting her, or at least about that being the first hurt. She was in fine condition when he took her, and was valued by several men - all who priced her at one hundred dollars. She worked as well as any animal he ever used, he said. After father bought her, he and several of the men, Mullinnix among them, thought she was going to raise a colt this season, and he was afraid to let Teater have her. This is how he came to let Teater have his young horse. He only let him go till he should

be sure about the mare. The horse was well and in good condition when father
let him go. He was there four or five weeks, and by that time he was very poor
and blind in one eye and nearly blind in the other, and father brought him home
and gave up the mare. She was not going to have a colt, and he thought she could
stand it. Jake looks about as he did last season. He may be tough enough to get
along better than the others. Leater has twenty-five acres of his corn ground broke
up - none planted. He says he will broke the other fifteen acres with the oxen.
He don't know what he is to do about the mare. He says I. But I shall not fur-
nish him another horse unless you order it. I don't think the mare can work any
more this year. Tell me as soon as you can what to do, if you cannot come to see him
yourself. Father is going with me to-morrow or the day after to see the mare, and
if she can come, we think we will bring her home. I am afraid he is over hearted.
Will this be right, my dear? I want to do for the best. Now I want to ask you about the
pasture fence. Mullinnit took away the corn fence and made a fence around
round the yard and some lots. Leater has moved them away and made his fence near
by where it was at first, so that he can use the pasture. He says he told him to
do it. There are calves and some pigs and geese and ducks in his pasture. Mullin-
nit says you wanted the field and pasture all the same he thought, so that the geese
could get a good lot. I told Leater I would write to you about it, and that he had
better do so too, and in the meantime I asked him if he pleased to turn out his
hogs from the pasture. He said he would. There is a good deal of corn there yet.
The pen that you made is full. There was another pen on the south of that the
same high but only only a square of soil, that was full when Leater went there.
There is very little in it now, not more than two or three wagon loads I thought.
He says he fed it to the cattle. He says he fed them from the 28 of Feb. to the
20 of April. He had the corn in the field and the shock fodder in addition
but I don't know that there was much of that. I will not say anything about his
cutting the grove as he said he had written to you explaining that. I counted six
stumps. They are occupying both our rooms. I told them I thought you would
be at home to look after your business in a few weeks, perhaps, and that I should
want my rooms. I don't expect I shall go there to live, darling, but I want them to
think I am coming. The neighbors say they were very much afraid of my coming
back. Our trees look very pretty, and the place looks like home very dear one. It is
prettier to me than any spot I have seen since I left it. I love it for your sake, pet.
The grass that Jake has sowed in the field is very nice Leater says. I didn't go to it.
Mullinnit left one stack of hay there. It is about gone. I think he made hay beds of
a good deal of it. He said the oxen and horses didn't like it. He wants oats for
the horses. I don't know whether father has told him to buy some or not.

Now, my dear, I want you to write just what you want me to do. Tell me what I must do about everything. I will try to do the very best I can. Father has been so busy and the river has been up so much that he has not looked after things at Woodside much. He trusted to Mullins. John has done all he could, and he is going to look after the cattle and salt them. But I don't think it will do for him to meddle much with Lester. They don't like each other already, and you know, darling, that John is, to say the least, a little provoking sometimes, and I am afraid he would only irritate Lester and make him stubborn. I don't want him to get mad. Father is going to see to things there as often as he can. He thinks it might be better to sell the corn, only just enough for the horses, while we have it to sell. It will only bring 15 cents at the crib. I didn't see any corn there belonging to Lester, and he has a large lot of bags. They were lying about in the house. I am afraid we shall lose ^{by} him darling, but may be not. Don't let it trouble you one minute. When you come home it will all be right. We will do the best we can about everything, my love. I will save all I can for you. I shall go over there pretty often. I want to get Mr. Maithen to go over there with ^{father} ~~him~~ and advise him. But above all, my dear one, if it be possible I want you to come home, and look after the farm a little and see Dollie. You will if you can, won't you, love? I believe you will come, and I am going to look for you. I want to see you, my pet. Lester said you wrote to him that you would come home during the summer. The people say here that they are glad I have come home. I believe a good many are glad. This morning as I came in sight of home I saw a long dark procession winding across the hills toward Mrs. Davis. It was the funeral of young Christie. He died night before last. He was a soldier. Peace to his memory! You know that Mr. Christie lives where Blackassed two. Mr. Knopp has lost one of his boys - the second one. They complain here of copperheads a good deal. I haven't seen one. The people here don't know much about treason. It seems to me that the people are all loyal, all friends. I am better satisfied here my love, if I could only hear you say that you don't think hard of me for coming. I loved you too much to stay when there were so many traitors. Say, darling, that you forgive me.

I hoped I should get a letter from you when I got home, but I did not. I have not got a letter from you since the one written the night you reached Helena. Mary Maiken got one Saturday written the 18th. There was no bad news in it. I think I will get one tomorrow surely. I told you to send your letters to Lagrange but I have changed my mind since I came. I would rather get them at Iconium. They have a mail there three times a week ^{now} ~~there~~ and that is as often as I can go to Lagrange. They take some daily papers there, and mine will come there. I didn't like the appearance of the post office at Lagrange. There seemed a good deal of carelessness. If you send me any letters there they will be sent out to Mr. Gilberts and I shall not have very far to go for them. But after you get this dearest, if you please send all your letters to Iconium. I mailed you five letters while I was on my way home, - one at Greencastle one at St Louis, two at Keokuk and one at Lagrange. I tried to keep you posted as to my movements, darling. But all that time I couldn't hear one word from you. I haven't heard yet. But I won't complain. I know my love has written. Father saw Humphrey May at the funeral today. He is getting better. He sent me two letters he had got from you, one written in Feb. and one the 11th of April. They are good letters, and I am glad he sent them to me. He sent urgent word for me to go to see them soon. I will go as soon as I can. I see a great many things to do. I shall not have time to get the blues. It will be better for me to be busy than not. I want to clean the house and yard, and make garden and go to the post office and write letters to my Peaches, and I don't know what all. I will try to keep up my ^{courage} ~~courage~~ better than I did all winter. I will wait for you, my sweet love, just as patiently as I can. I feel like you will come home. You are good, and God will take care of you, I know he will. Please write to me often, my darling. I feel better here where everything reminds me of you. I feel like I am nearer to you, love. There are the books you read and the chairs and tables you used, and the clothes you wore. I sleep on our bed with my head on the pillow where your dear head has lain a hundred times, and the same quilt over me. I am nearer to you any precious one. And then all the people I see are loyal people. This encourages me more than I can tell you. Our cause is dear to me. I feel like every sincere friend to the country is a friend to you and to me. I have no word news of importance. I will send you some papers next mail. I love you my dearest one. I am ashamed of this letter darling but I can't do better with these pens. I must get me some. Try to come home, for a few days at least. Goodby. God bless my soldier love. Willie I will write you a better letter some day or two.

Helena Arkansas April 28th / 1903

DearOLLie,

This morning I received your letter^{dated} on the
Via Vernon St Louis Mo. I was so glad to hear of your getting
along so well. You don't just readOLLie, I was very un-
easy when I received your letter in which you stated you
were going by the way of Lafayette, and Quincy. If you
had gone that way you would have had trouble. All most
every one who goes that way meets with trouble. I believe
I told you to go by the way of Chicago, but I am glad
you have gone the way you have. That way you can
get home with less trouble than any^{other} route. Then you
will have a good trip on the river. That will be worth some
thing to you. You no doubt will stop at Keokuk
to see old Mrs Howe and get your Birds. Tell me
all about the old thing. Whether she is as great a rebel as
she used to be or not.

Will is still quite sick, not any better yet. He has Ty-
phoid Fever. He is in the Prog. H. Hospital. I have been
to see him twice today. I hope he will get better in a few
days, though I don't much expect it for sometime, I
think he will get well, but it will be slow. If he should
die it will be sometime first. His disease runs slowly

Samuel Wright is also very sick, diarrhea and fever. As soon as he is able he will be sent up the river. If I can get the Surgeons to send (Will I will do it.

Yesterday I was detailed on a General Court Martial at Gen. Brass' head Quarters. There is no telling how long I will be there. Probably for two weeks. I am at home every night though. We will have some ten or fifteen cases to dispose of. And by the way we may have one from Co. F. of the 36th Iowa. Who do you suppose it is and what do you suppose it is about. Let me tell you.

This afternoon E. W. Parkhurst, the Baptist, the man Humphrey May wanted for chaplain of this Regt. had a fist and skull fight with Levi Hyintz. A. J. Day who is fourth Corp., stood by and urged them on. At the time he was acting as ~~second~~ Sergeant of the Camp Guard. As Corp. he should have stopped them, and arrested them if necessary. As Sergeant of the Guard it was his indispensable duty to arrest them both and report them to the officer of the Day, but in stead of doing his duty he urged them to fight. I will receive him to the ranks if I never get an other Corp. in the Company, which there is no danger of however. As to Parkhurst and Hyintz I have had them at work for it all the afternoon. Tomorrow I will put them both on picket, then I will let them rest one day, and put them on again, and so on

till I get them sufficiently punished. If they act
ugly. I will have them Court Martialed. The only
objections I have to such a course is, that it will take
two or three months pay from both of them. They must
the money, and earn all they get. Girty is a boy, but
Parkhurst is an old man, and should know and act better.
She is getting very contrary. I think now that he thought
I would promote him the first opportunity. But if
he ever had any such an idea he has given it up now.
I don't that he thinks hard of me neither do I care.
Carpenter has got all right again. They are all just
learning who is Capt. of this Company. They might
as well learn it one time as an other, for they have got
to know it. Don't be uneasy Vellie I will manage
them.

I will send this to La Grange as you direct
though there will be a long road for you to travel every
other day my Vellie,

The news from Vicksburg is rather encouraging.
Gen. Prentiss has just returned from there, and reports
that Gen. Grant has his forces all below, and is cross-
ing them under the shelter of his gunboats as rapidly as
possible. We expect strong news from there soon.
Adjutant ^{Gen.} Thomas has stirred Grant up materially.
This letter is long enough my Vellie I will quit and go
to bed. I love you, my good one,
W. F. Vermin

Thursday Morning

Our letters are not gone yet, my love.
We are all right this morning. I am
in good spirits. I read till very late
^{last} night. - I think the news is very good.
I will send our papers to you and Will.
You must try to read both of them.
The war is progressing. I am hopeful.
You will come home, my sweet love,
and we shall be so happy. This is the
"fast day" you know. We are all going
to meeting. The day will be kept generally
up here. It is right to keep it sacredly.
I have been looking through my
drawers and trunks for something else
to send you, my darling, but I can't find
anything they can take. I wish I could.
But I send love, love. I will always
love you. There, I must quit. Goodbye
my dear precious one. Give my
love to Will. Keep up your courage dear.
God bless my darling. Your Pállie

Wednesday Night, April 29 1869

My Dearest Love:

I thought I would get a letter from you to day surely, but I did not. You said you would send me a letter to Osprey, but none has come. I have had none written since the 8th of this month. Are you hurt with your Collie, about her coming home, so that you wont write to her any more? Oh, darling, surely this is not what is the matter, but I am afraid it is. I dont want you to be hurt with me, my love. I cant bear it if you are. I dont think there can be letters at Lagrange yet, but I will go and see, if I can, Saturday. There may be one by that time. Please send your letters all to Icom. I wrote to you last night, and again to day. I will send those letters and this one by Mrs. Crismon. She starts to Helena in the morning. I hope you will get them all save. Those are long letters and you will be tired reading before you get to this one, but I have to write to you, my pet, and I must write all I can. Father and I have been to No outside this afternoon. I can tell you better news from there, darling. I am glad I can. Capitola is better, much better. She walks pretty well, and eats, and her eyes look bright. She will get well. She was not hurt so bad as we thought I guess, though she was a pitiable looking object Monday as I ever saw. Leater said she was ruined. He was scared I think, and I know I was, about her. He said she quivered all day Sunday, and her eyes looked dead almost. They did Monday. She is surprisingly better today. She is poor, but she eats well they say. She was running on the blue grass to day. We think she will soon be able to work. Father told Leater that he must not use her any more in breaking up his ground, but let her rest till he gets ready to plow his corn, and he thought by that time she would be all right. He thought she could do some breaking by the time he gets done planting his 25 acres. Father told him he would rather he should finish with the oxen, and let her rest.

I am very glad ~~dear one~~, that I went today, so I can tell you she is better. I was troubled about her. Teater was planting today. He had Sy. Teater's boys helping him. Everything looked less suspicious than it did Monday. I saw no bags in the pasture. I think he has turned them out. And he has some corn there, about a wagon load. He talks very fair. Father went to the pens and looked at the corn. It is wasting some. He thinks the large pen full ought to be sold. He says there is enough in the other pen yet to feed the horses, & the oxen when they work, all summer. Teater says there is enough, too. If we raise a new crop we will not need the old corn, if we don't raise any I am afraid we would not get much of it. But you know the best, my darling and you must tell me what is right. I know my judgment will not do to depend on much in such matters. He didn't say anything about bringing Capitola home, as she was so much better we thought she wouldn't need close attention. Father told him to bathe her back in salt and water. He said he had. Teater knows now that he is watched, and I hope he will do pretty well. He was so scared about the mare, that I think he will take better care of them, in future. I hope so. It was time I came home, my sweet love, and you won't blame me, will you? Father got a letter from Will to night dated the 13th inst. Ten days later than my last. He said you were well, and fat as you can be. Is this true, dear one? I was so glad to hear just that much from you. Will's is a good letter but there is no news at all in it; but that I am afraid you will all be gone from Helene, before this gets there. I saw Dore Stewarts wife today. She is getting on very well. Went in the wagon, and brought our molasses, and we "stalled" coming home and had a great time. It was in that bad slough by Beck's fence. It is a dangerous place now. We got out safely, and ~~was not~~ troubled a great deal. I am very tired, and it is getting late. We rest all in bed, I want to read awhile yet before I sleep. I sent for the daily Gate City today. Father takes the Tribune, and Hawk Eye. We got last week's papers to night and I must read some. Goodby, sweet pet, God bless you. I send you two ^{or} letters with this and a pair of socks and some postage stamps. I love you, darling.

Helena Arkness

April 29th / 463

My Darling,

This evening I write to let you know how Will is. I ^{have} just been to the Hospital to see him there is but little change since yesterday when I wrote to you. His bowels are now running off so much but he still has quite a fever. He is in better spirits and thinks he is better. I hope he will be better in a few days. I will write either every day or every other day, till he is better. Will is a good boy, and I will do all everything I can for him. Samuel Wright is quite sick also, but not quite so bad as Will.

No news today. Gen Court Martial made but little progress today. We disposed of one case only. Nothing from below. I wish I could hear from Gen Grant. We will have stirring news from there soon. Write me often, Dolly. Last night I got up up and wrote till one o'clock. No day I have not slept any. To night I must sleep my love. I will go to bed and think of you my love, till I fall asleep, then I will dream of you if I can. I hope I will, though I don't dream much here.

Of evenings I usually sit up till very late, some times till long after midnight. Then if I dont sleep any in daytime, you see I dont get as much of that luxury of life as I used to, at home. But never mind Dollie I will have many a good nap when I get home, I make up for all of this last time. Shand I say Dollie?

I am a afraid you will all be so much troubled about Mill. I know your Mother will be. But my Darling he will be cured for as well as he can be here. If he should die it cant be helped. I shall hate it very much, I dont ^{know} what I shall do, but I trust and think such will not be the case. He is not in any immediate danger now. If he does get down till there is danger of his dying, he may still get well. He has a good Constitution

Now goodly My sweet love. Now I wish I could see you this evening. I would talk to you all night yes I would love. You should not sleep any for one night. But I cant Dollie, so you go to your bed in the South room and your father and I will get my bed out, spread my blankets on it, then get on and double them over me, and think of my good love far away in Iowa, till I go to sleep.

Goodly Dollie

W. H. C. C. C.

Good evening Dollie.

I am well this evening
In fact I am well about all the time. If I were not I
should tell you so. I have sent you a letter every day, and,
sometimes long ones, for three days I believe. Some of them
will go to Osprey and some to La Grange. You will get
them all, and it may be at one time. This morning I
got the two letters you wrote me from the Verning house
Thank you for them.

To day we mustered for pay, and had inspection and
review. I was not there - was down in town on Court
martial. This afternoon, the Brigade assembled on
the Parade ground, and held divine service

The Chaplain of the B. & O. R. R. Mr. Moore a very
good address He is an Abolitionist,
Goodly my Darling

M. F. Remitt