

February 17<sup>th</sup> / 1865

Dollie

All right to-night, only it is raining like - as I thought - it could <sup>only</sup> rain in Iowa. It commenced drizzling a little late yesterday evening, and about ten o'clock it fell in drops for a little while; so it did-off and on-until half an hour ago, when it began to feather it down as the boys say "pretty thickly." I hope it won't rain much. If it does our camp will half be under water. My looks are good, and I don't mind a sprinkle, but I don't want a flood - I always was opposed to anything of that kind.

Rumor - and it seems to be pretty well founded - says the 1<sup>st</sup> Division - which is ours - is ordered to New Orleans. Don't be uneasy for <sup>the</sup> thirty-sixth is left out. I suppose our Regt will be attached to some other organization. (I wish they would attach us to our homes) We will be most likely to remain here on garrison duty until August, or September, when we will raise a "powerful fuss" if Uncle Sam don't let us go home to our dollies.

This is a poor letter my pet, but I can't help it. I am not in a good mood for writing this evening. I will try and do better to-morrow night. I hope to get some good letters to-morrow. We ought to have a mail then. So adly  
I love you pet.  
Vernier

Camp 26<sup>th</sup> Iowa Regt  
Little Rock Ark February 3<sup>rd</sup> 1865

My Darling,  
I think I am the "most foolish"  
of blunders of anybody in this army. When  
I sit down to write, a few minutes ago, I  
thought I would keep my paper clean this  
time, and try and not make any mistakes;  
but the first thing I did was to turn  
(or turn) the inkstand over, and spill upwards  
of considerable ink; a portion of which managed  
to get on this sheet. I wiped that off,  
however, and sit down and commenced writing,  
thinking I wouldn't touch the sheet again  
unless something worse happened; but that  
was not to be, for you see I wrote Feb-  
ruary, when it should have been March. You  
must give me credit for a letter dated  
March 2, my darling; for it is that date,  
and not more than ten o'clock a.m. at that.  
I am not in the habit of writing at  
this time in the day, but I don't  
know what else to do with myself from  
this till noon. Dollie will want a letter  
perhaps, about the time this gets there, al-  
though I started her one, but a couple of hours ago

I took a stroll through the City this morning, while out I called on Mr Jones, formerly of Putnam County Indiana, He is Post Sutter, and is doing a very heavy business, although the absence of the Paymaster is effecting him very much. He is a good friend of mine, and it does me good to call and talk with him occasionally. He is a very active business man; rather communicative, but not in the least inquisitive. He came here from, but thinks he will make quite a raise during this year. I hope he will.

Later I have just been to dinner; and while there I learned from D. Strong, and from a strange Captain - who took dinner with us, - that Gen. Reynolds had just received a telegram by the way of H. A. Smith, that Grant & Lee had been fighting at Richmond for two days, without any decisive results. I am very anxious to learn further of what has been done; because, much depends on the final result of that engagement. If Grant succeeds in gaining a decisive victory, the war must close soon.

With Grant in the front, driving Lee, with the only army of the Confederate States, and in their <sup>rear</sup> front to beat them off, what can they do but give up the sinking ship; and make peace on the best terms possible.

It is raining again to-day, and looks  
just now, as though it would not stop  
for forty <sup>days</sup> longer than this will be; but  
may be it will. I hate this constant rain.  
The days are hard enough to get through  
with when the Sunshines, and they seem long;  
but when it rains all the time they  
seem as though they don't pass at all.  
The boys are having a good deal of  
sport with the recruits. Yesterday evening one  
took a stroll through the Camp; and after  
he had seen all he wished to, he thought  
he would go into Company 4's Barracks;  
but as he was not acquainted with <sup>the</sup> men  
of the Company, and had forgotten the situation  
of the Barracks, he got into the quarters  
of an adjoining Company's quarters. He made  
himself quite comfortable however; and when  
some of the boys proposed a letter fire,  
he told them he thought it would be a  
good thing, and that he would help build  
it. He went to work, but before he  
got the fire built, the boys got so well  
tickled they couldn't help laughing; and by  
that means he ascertained the mistake,  
the boys count it a good joke.

Don't you see I keep leaving out words,  
I think I had better quit until I can do  
better.

March 3<sup>d</sup> 185-

My Willie

You see I didn't get my letter done yesterday. Col. Drake sent for me to take a game of cards with him. He had a friend with him from Kentucky. We played until 9 o'clock. I was in no humor for writing however, for I received <sup>orders</sup> at dark from Gen. Reynolds to move the regiment to St. Charles on White river, and report it to the Commander of the Post for garrison duty. I don't like the move, but of course I must go. Orders have to be obeyed.

The locality is nice enough, but I don't like the surrounding country, and then it is an isolated place, - close to nowhere. But it is nearer home, and I shall like it much better than I should Ft. Smith. We will start on the day after to-morrow morning, at 8 o'clock. It will take us two days to go; one on the rail-road and one on the river.

Gen. Thayer is to be our Commander. The Adjutant General of the Department wanted to make me Inspector General of the Division; but I protested; I didn't want it. He may compel me to act, however. It will be an easy position, but I don't like staff service. I will write you again as soon as I can. Be cheerful yet I love you  
Your truly  
Peaches

Camp 36 "Iron Works"  
 near Little Rock, Ark. Feb 8.

My Sweet Dollie,

Don't you see what a blunder I have made in the heading of this letter? Some twenty rebels came to our Pocket line this morning; the most of them had their arms with them. They were sent on into the City. I have not learned any news they brought in, except that pop Price is still living.

The air is full of peace rumors. It is reported - on good authority too - that Blair has been more than successful in his mission to Richmond, and that an armistice has been established between the rebels and our Government. The news came by telegraph from St Charles, by the way of Duralls bluff at noon yesterday. It was brought to the former place by boat. The mail boat the mail would have been over to the Rock by noon today, but the cars broke down this morning, and didn't get in until a few minutes ago. We will get it tomorrow. I hope to get plenty of good letters from Dollie, and I am going to send for a late paper; so if there is any news I will get it. But my feet I haven't much faith in the peace rumors.

The war has not reached the point yet at which I have always expected peace. But I hope I am mistaken; and if I am it will be agreeable I'll assure you. They may not wish any more plagues. It seems they have had plenty for an ordinary people. But I need not put you up on the news from Washington and Richmond. You will have learned it, and forgotten it long before this reaches you.

I am not sure but I promised that this should be a long letter; & if I did I am afraid you will <sup>be</sup> condemed have stored, for I don't feel as though I could write much this evening; and there is just nothing to write about. Sometimes I get short letters from you, and you must not grumble at me - for sending you some of the same kind I am not grumbling, but apologizing. Some epistles are better by being short. That's what I think of mine.

Be cheerful Sweet Dollie if the war don't close now it will after awhile; and if it don't, August - or even October will come; and then if we live all will be well, and I will go home to my Darling; and I will stay with her I am with, and have plenty to eat, and a good appetite. So you need have no fears on that account. Hearty Dollie Peacher

Camp of the Iowa Regt  
near Little Rock, Ark. Feb. 8<sup>th</sup> 1865

My Darling,  
The cloudy weather has passed away, and it is as warm now as a May day in Iowa. I don't think we will have any more cold days this winter, I hope not at any rates. I hear the frogs singing all around us just now. - By the way we appear to be living in the center of quite a colony of that species of animals. I am not much attached to them, and don't think I ever shall be, even if I should have to live among them during the rest of my days.

We have had no mail since Monday, and what is worse we have <sup>no</sup> tidings of any. Some pretend to say we are to have but one mail per week in the future. If such should be the case, it will be pretty hard, but I suppose we will have to submit to the powers that be. Don't blame me yet if you don't get your two and three each week in the future.

We have been hearing - for several days - that the expedition that went out from here sometime ago is to be back in a very short time; and that the 1<sup>st</sup> Division is going to start for New Orleans as soon as it arrives - that is all but the 3<sup>rd</sup> Iowa



The order is already issued. Some other troops are going, but I have not learned what ones

We are going to have no permanent <sup>more</sup> Souths, from here this Spring. We can't have. There will not be troops enough left after the 14<sup>th</sup> Division leaves. Col. Withredgers case still hangs on. We are unable to learn anything in regard to it. It seems very strange. The Judge Advocate has had ample time to make the case up and forward it, but we get no order, and the Col. can't go on duty until the order is published. Lt. Vermeulen made quite a significant remark this evening while at the supper table. Some one brought the Col's case up, and the Lt. remarked that he wished to God the President would make a Brigadier of him, so as to take him away from us. He hates him with all the venom there is in his little nature. He is a good officer, and I like him.

The Major is still commanding the Regiment. Col. Drake is in the City.

We are trying to do something for the Iowa Orphan Asylum. I don't know how much we can raise yet. I am taking a life membership. It costs twenty-five dollars. That is enough for us isn't it yet. As usual Col. First and Maj. Hamilton have been trying to throw cold water on the enterprise, but they can't come in. The Regiment will raise Twelve or fifteen hundred dollars. This scrap must do this time for you and military and get to writing better letters one of the days. <sup>basely sweet</sup> <sup>Vol. 1</sup>

Camp 28 "Iowa Heights"  
near Little Rock Ark Feb 8/68

My Darling,  
You must not expect me to be correct every time about (then that is a great word to use) dating my letters. The other day I made a mistake, and I see I have again to-night. This is only the 1<sup>st</sup>. But you must not care for the dates, if you receive the letter after enough.  
The Fitzhedge case still drags on. The decision of the court has not been published yet, and I don't care much if it never is; for all-  
every-body - says he will be acquitted. Col. Drake thinks he will. Gen. Busey - of Bloom-  
field - was President of the court, and his con-  
duct in the case has injured him very much with many Southerners here. He proved himself to be a very partial man, and a better friend to Col. K. than to justice. He and Col. Drake had some pretty sharp words about the matter. Some say Gen. Salomon and Gen. Busey had some words over the matter, but as to that I am not well informed.  
Col. K. is doing no better. He was to the City this evening and got our mail out of the office; our hauler is for his, and then came off and left our

Late this evening he came back to the Regiment, and crawled <sup>in</sup> into his "Sehlang" and has kept himself there ever since. We had to send back for the mail since sundown. I love such men.

One hundred and fifty-five pounds is a pretty good weight for Jenny. She surely can't be much sick now, and I am so glad of it. I was so afraid she was having some constitutional, <sup>disease</sup> from which she would never recover. Tell her she will soon be as heavy as I am.

I don't know what else to write about tonight yet. The Tribune is lying here, and I want to look at it just about as badly as I ever did in my life; but this letter must be finished so the boys can take it to the office in the morning. They (two of them) are going down for some rations. I always aim to have some kind of a letter to send down every time any of them goes.

I have been sending you short letters for several days yet. You must not get spunky about it. I have nothing to write about, and I am a poor hand to manufacture material. You thought your lines were long, but they were not half so long as these are. I read your letter, and I am writing this, and of course I am capable of judging.

There is just room enough left for me to tell you just one thing. I love you with all my heart. Peaches

Camp "Iowa" Wm  
near Little Rock Ark. 7.10.1865

My Darling,

This is my night for guard, and as is usual I will have to sit up until midnight or after and then get up at four or five o'clock in the morning. That will be pretty hard but I suppose I can stand it. I have to take a turn about once a week. The line officers of the Regiment have no other duty to do except what belongs to their respective Companies. I am almost glad when my turn for guard comes. The days are so long when we have nothing to do. The time I think never passed so slowly. Anything would surely be better than lying here doing nothing. Still the time does pass. Six months more from yesterday will bring us to the year's end of the three years; and I think we should be mustered out then but I don't suppose Uncle Sam thinks so. The boys and I have just been talking about it; and I told them that I was going to pack my valise in the evening of the eighth of August, and keep it packed until the regiment starts home. Sgt. Walker thinks I had better not pack it until October.

As usual we have no news. It has been nearly a week since we received the last mail, and it will be several days ~~more~~ yet before we get another. There are several agents whose business it is to superintend the transportation of the mail from Memphis to the Rock. They are mostly young fellows who pay more attention to their own sports than to their ~~own~~ duty. Sometimes they manage to all pass over the line at once, and of course we have to pay for their fun by waiting for our letters and papers. It was but a few days ago since they all left the Rock together - for Memphis. It will take them several days to get back.

We have no tidings from Col Kettie's case yet. He was in the City yesterday so drunk he could hardly take care of himself. I wish Gen Reynolds could have seen him. But the Col. is too sharp for anything of that kind. There are some Refugees stopping in our Carps to-night. I have not seen them; but the Cagg say there about twenty - all women and children. They came in this evening, and ~~had not had~~ represent that they had not had anything to eat - until they got it here - for some forty-eight hours. They are hauling one Corpse in their wagon. It is an old lady. They seem to be suffering severely.

There is no news to-day. The Camp has been quiet. "Done gone another day," and if I were like Sergeant Waitman it would not cost me much trouble to get in the night. I was talking to him to-day about how hard it is to get the time in. That the days and night seemed so long. But it don't bother him much. He says if he could get the days in as easy as he can the nights, he could soon serve his time out. He and Serg't Brasher generally go to bed before eight o'clock, and sleep soundly until the boys call them to breakfast. But I can't get along so well. I can't sleep like I used to at home. Some nights I go to bed at the proper time, but it is of no use. It only keeps me awake the longer. If I sit up until eleven o'clock, or after, I can generally go to sleep as soon as I lie down. But what is the use in spiling Uncle Sam's paper talking about such things. You will get tired of such foolery, won't you yet? My prophecy in regard to the weather has turned out to be false. It is nearly as cold now as it has been at any time since this winter. There is a little snow on the ground yet, and it seems as though the sun can't get hot enough to melt it. I will read awhile. Goodly yet Peaches

Camp 36" Iowa Infy.  
near Little Rock Ark. Feb. 11/85

My Darling,

You must not be surprised, nor have the blue, when I tell you we have "Marching Orders." The Major went to the City this morning, and as usual left me in Command. So when the orderly came out, about two o'clock P.M. with a bundle of official papers, I found among them an order requiring us to be ready to march ~~at~~ as soon as the regiment arrives that is to relieve us. It is a positive order from Gen. Solomon my pet, and we can't help it. The most of us would gladly do it, or avoid the move if we could; but like all other military orders, it must be obeyed. I wouldn't mind it so much if I knew Dollie would not be troubled when she gets this letter. You must remember my pet, that we have but six or eight months to serve until our time will be out; then the Generals can't effect us with their orders.

But you begin to ask, or want to know where we are going; and what rebels we are going to fight; and what other regiments beside ours are going; You must wait until I hear more about the affair before I can tell you pet

Little Rock Ark. Feb. 12' 1863

Here we are my feet at our journey's end and in pretty good quarters. Some colored troops relieved us out at the mill, and we have returned here to do other guard duty. I knew all about it while I was writing the other page, but I thought I would not tell you. We have very good quarters.

I have drawn no money from Government yet, but I am doing very well. I have just got thirty Dollars (30<sup>00</sup>) of Dave Stuart, with the understanding that I am to have that amount paid to his wife. Please pay it to her, my sweet feet, and take her receipt for it. I have been running every where today feet, and am actually so tired that I can hardly sit still enough to write. I will write you better letters as soon as I get fixed up my sweet Dollie. You need blame me for getting to night with feet. I love you sweet feet - my own Dollie

Sincerely

Peaches



Camp 38 "Java" light  
Little Rock Ark. Feb 14 / 1863

Some three or four days ago - in a letter to you - I promised to make my next letter a long one, but I did not do it; neither can I this time yet, unless I feel more like writing before I finish this than I do just now. Somehow I have got out of the way of writing. It is not my fault Dolley, I do the best I can. There is always something in the way, or has been for a week or more. I am going to refer

You are still anxious to know what has been done with Col. Kittredge; so am I, but it is not published yet. I called to see Col. Drake yesterday evening, and had a long talk with him about that, and everything else connected with our regiment; but he is like me and every body else - doesn't know just what course the thing is taking. He is of the opinion though, that Gen. Reynolds has forwarded the proceedings of the court to the President, with the recommendation that the Col. be dismissed the service. If that prediction be true, we will not hear from it for some time yet. I hope such is the case; and I hope further, that Uncle Abe will render justice to all of us.

Col. Drake is stout well, and is going to  
take command of the regiment in a few days.  
He still thinks he will receive promotion.  
He says he can get a Brevet Brigadier  
Commission at any time, but he don't want  
to accept it, for fear it will prejudice  
or compromise his prospects for permanent pro-  
motion. He has energy perhaps beyond his  
judgement.

We have very good quarters for our men,  
and for ourselves, except that we have no  
floors in them, a thing I regret very much.  
It never did suit me to live on the  
ground, but circumstance may compel me to do  
it this time. If they do I will take  
it coolly. I can't do otherwise you know, this  
time in the Season a winter.

The raining is falling on my clobboard roof, like  
it does on all similar roofs in some of a  
raining evening. It has been raining almost con-  
stantly for two days. I do hope it will  
cease soon. I always hated rainy weather, you  
know. What a word that "you know" is. I wish  
I could quit using it, but I guess I can't.

I have socks plenty fit, but I want you  
to send me two or three of <sup>my</sup> best white shirts.  
I expect we will be here all summer, and I have bought  
me a \$15.00 best, and I must have some white shirts  
to wear with it.

February 15, '75

My Darling - I have just read the two first pages of this letter, and I am tempted to pitch the whole thing into the fire. The subject matter is poor. The grammar is bad, and the punctuation is worse than usual for me, or any one else surely. There is but one thing, yet that keeps me from committing it to the flames - I fear the next might be no better, and judging from the way I feel this evening, it might be worse; and then I want this letter to be longer than those I have been sending you of late. These lines are long and hard to fill sweet Dollie, but I have resolved that they shall all be filled with something. It does me good to get long letters from my pet, whether there is much news in them or not, and she shall have blank paper from me any more, when I can help it.

The weather has cleared up, and the ground is beginning to get a little dryer. The sun shone this afternoon for several hours. It was warm and nice, and you don't know how well it made me feel. Every body "pricked up their ears", and looked fifty or one hundred percent better. It may rain again in a few days, but then surely won't be much more cold weather. It is Springtime for this Country. The people are beginning,

Will me all about Johnny

to make preparations for gardening Two years ago the 24<sup>th</sup> of this month we started down the Gage Pass, and when we arrived at Moon Lake, the peach trees were all in bloom, But I suppose the seasons (warm seasons) are earlier in that low valley land, <sup>than</sup> up here in this high country. Are you and young thinking about planting your flowers? You will plant plenty of them no doubt.—

What queer things occur in this world! I have been in the Service for nearly three years, and have <sup>never</sup> been sent out with a fatigue party yet; but I guess I will catch it now, for the Sergeant Major notified me a few minutes ago that I would have to go to-morrow with twenty-five men to work on Ft Steele. I would gladly go, but the Major says no Sir, Mr Captain, you must take the Regiment on inspection; that none of the other officers (line officers) have ever done anything of the kind, and that he (the Major) can't be here at the hour appointed. So it falls on me this time, and perhaps by the time it comes my turn again, I will be on detached service; for Col Drake says he is going to have me on a Military Commission in a few days, just to keep me off of fatigue, officer of the Day, furthermore that will be a very nice situation, and I think would like such duty very well. This sheet is nearly full you see, so I must quit  
per my <sup>own</sup> <sup>order</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>take</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>receipt</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>desire</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>last</sup> <sup>night</sup> <sup>please</sup>  
and loved so much

Camp 38' Iowa Regt  
Little Rock, Ark. Feb. 17/1865

My Darling,

Two more days are gone since I wrote to my "Sunshine." So I must write again, or she will be "after grumbling at me" for neglecting her; if I don't write again, and that must not be. She must have her regular letters, whether they contain anything of what the world calls news or not. That article is scarce about here. There seems to <sup>be</sup> no machine in the Rock to manufacture it with, and Uncle Sam has pressed all the boats on the upper rivers to serve him else where. So we have to wait, wait, wait, and keep waiting. The latest papers we have had were dated the 9<sup>th</sup> and this you see is the 17<sup>th</sup>. That is, <sup>our</sup> So long as we have to wait sometimes, but it is four or five days longer than we "Yankees" ~~like~~ to wait. I hope the mails will come more regular after awhile. I learned yesterday that the military were intending to establish a semi-weekly line from Memphis to the Rock. If that is done we can get a long first rate. Less than that will cause us to grumble; a privilege soldiers invariably reserve

This is about ten o'clock a.m. yet and you  
can see by the blunders I have made on the  
first page of this, that I can't write. Don't you  
think I had better quit until evening? - my  
usual time for writing. I have not tried  
to write you a letter in the long time - until  
now - for six months. I always love to  
talk to my Darling after night. Then when I  
go to bed I think of her till I go to  
sleep, which is after midnight, and of late  
I have been putting the after part of the  
night in dreaming of her, and, what pleasant  
dreams they are. I didn't used to dream  
any, but now I can do as much of it as  
any body; and I am glad of it. Some-  
times I dream of being at home, living in  
some pretty little cottage with my sweet darling  
and Jerry, and oh! how pleasant and cheerful  
everything seems. Some day we will realize  
those dreams, won't we yet? But six months  
more and we will be making preparations to  
go to Kentucky to be mustered out. Dollie must  
accompany me there; won't you yet? We will have to  
serve our time out. Peace will not come  
before next winter, if then. They are not ready to  
give up the struggle yet. Mobile, Charleston, Wilming-  
ton, and Richmond will have to fall before they  
will give up the contest.

We are passing on here about as usual  
Col. Drake is commanding the Regiment, Maj.  
Hamilton is on detached service, Col. Killbuck is  
still in arrest. We have heard nothing from  
the case. Some of the officers think Gen.  
Reynolds has sent the proceedings to  
Washington, with the recommendation that the  
Col. be dismissed the service. Others think  
the Gen. has his suspicions of officers on his  
track. My opinion is, I know nothing about  
it. I should hate to be in his place.

We hear nothing from our prisoners; but I  
see by the papers that there is a general  
exchange effected. That will surely bring  
us our boys; but it will take a long  
time to get them all exchanged. The pro-  
cess is so slow, I do hope they boys will all  
come back to us. The latest news shows  
they have not suffered much.

This sheet is getting nearly full my feet  
and I have said enough for one time, un-  
less it were better. You must not laugh at  
me yet, for sending you such poor letters.  
I never can take pains enough to go up a  
nice letter; neither can I exercise patience enough  
to write well; but Dollie can read them and  
that is enough. Give my love to Jerry - that is  
a brother love. All the rest - the true love of my heart is  
my sweet Dollie  
Peaches

Camp 35 Iowa Infy  
Little Rock Ark. Feb. 19/85

My Darling,

The mail came in last night and brought me two good letters from you. I was so glad to get them, I am always glad to hear from you & Jenny; and then you have told me for the first time all about Jenny's condition. It has been just as I expected, but she will get well now, I think, and if she does, what a blessing it will be. She must take good care of her self now, my darling. So must you take good care of your sweet self.

I don't know anything of Stad. Jennison. We never hear anything from Candor. Sergeant Brosha - who is well acquainted with him - says he was there in the hospital, when last heard from. I have not heard from the Lieut for a long time. There has been no communication between that point and this for several months. I suppose you will know I mean Lieut Wright by the "Lieut."

I don't need money bad enough to have you send it to me yet, though I thank you heartily for your kind offer. A "heap of wives would not be so good as that." Neither do I want any more socks, but I do want some white shirts, to wear with my fine twenty-five (25.00) dollar vest, that I bought for fifteen



I think we had better try to collect that note of Dr. Richard's. I understand he is not willing, and in all probability will not, and if he can't pay his note now, in all probability he never will. We had as well begin to bug him up; and if that doesn't answer, I will close the Mortgage and compel him to pay it. I am going to write to him to-day, and I think you had better go and see him, my feet, and tell him we must have the money. By attending to the case soon we can get the case in Court for the April term. I think he has formed a plan to try to compel me to take the lots, which I will not do unless I am compelled to take them on closing the mortgage. Let's sound him and see what he is.

There is no prospect of the troops getting their pay very soon; but Col. Drake says he is going to have the local Paymaster pay the officers one month's pay. If he accomplishes that we will be all right; otherwise I will have to keep borrowing, which is not hard for me to do. If my credit fails with every body else, I will apply to my Sacking in Iowa. Don't get anxious about the matter and send money until I call on you, though feet. I am boarding now with an Iowa family, at five dollars per week. We live very well, but that pretty steep. Don't you think so?

This is Sunday morning, and a pretty one it  
is too. The Sun is shining brightly, and there  
is not a cloud to be seen anywhere. I am  
sitting in my room writing without any fire  
and am quite comfortable.

The boys are running around singing, as they  
were were going home, or never expected to have  
any more trouble as long as they live. I hope  
they will not.

I will put this up, and write to De Richard's  
Perhaps I will finish filling this page this  
evening Goodly pet,

Evening, Orsely Proshan wants to write and  
I am very sleepy. So here is to her.

I love you with all my heart. I looked at  
you for a long time today, and I was sure  
I loved you as well as it is possible for any  
man to love his wife. Goodly,  
Billy

Camp 36<sup>th</sup> Iowa Infy  
Little Rock, Ark. Feb. 21<sup>st</sup> 1865

My Darling,  
This is morning again and I am going to try to write a letter to my fat, but I expect it will be a poor thing. Daytime is a poor time for me to write, but you won't grumble, will you Dollie?

I had to take a squad of thirty-five men and work on the fortifications yesterday, for the first time since I have been in the Service. I hardly know how it has happened, but I have never been required to go on fatigue duty before, there is not an officer in the Regiment but what has had to do such duty frequently but me. The boys say it is because I am lazy. I wish the commanding officer had retained that opinion of me.

We received our other mail last night, but I didn't get any letters. That gave me the blues a little, although it had been but one day since I got two good ones from my fat, but I am like you, I want them all the time. But Dollie is good to write and I thank her for it. We received papers up to 18<sup>th</sup> inst. They stated that Sherman's Army had captured Branchville and that one

Column was moving on Augusta, and another on Charleston with a fair prospect that the latter City would fall very soon. What a satisfaction it will be to hear of the fall of that cursed place; and I feel almost confident it has fallen before now. Sherman can and will take it; he can and I believe will take everything in South Carolina. There is no Country on this Continent, or in the World, that I would rather see devastated by the Union Army than that State; and I imagine it will require more vigilance on the part of commanding Officers to keep the boys from destroying property than they are in the habit of exercising.

Later - I was getting in a good way half an hour ago to express myself freely on the course to be pursued towards South Carolina, but Sergeant Brashear came in and wanted the use of the tub; and as I have since do the most of the writing for the Company I had to give it up. I have copied down now. So you will not know just what I did want done with them at that time; but Sherman will make his power <sup>felt</sup> I hope.

The Sky is all clouded over this morning, and it has looked all morning as though it was going to pour down rain. I do hope it won't - it will give me the blues I know.

I am sorry for Henry, but I glory in his spirit. Isaiah has treated him very mean, and I don't blame him for resenting it. I can't conceive how it happened that

Isaiah didn't, <sup>take</sup> his wife to father sooner. It doesn't  
bother me however - they can take their own course;  
and I beg to be allowed to take mine. I hope  
they will all live well, do well, and make  
themselves happy; but I don't want any more of  
them to move to Iowa. Jenny is a good girl - no  
doubt - and I am glad she is there, and it will  
give me a great deal of satisfaction to care for her,  
and to make her happy, as far as it lies in my  
power, but she is the only one we could get  
a long with; and it will be best for us not  
to go close together. They are better off where  
they are, and so are we. Henry is a good affectionate  
boy, but he is very impatient, and would not be a  
pleasant associate for us. I wish they were different  
but they are not, and I can't help it. I didn't make  
any of their characters; but they did instill into me - as  
I grew up - the most unpleasant traits of mind.

But I wish them nothing but good, & I won't think  
bad of any of them. I know nothing of Jenny, except  
what you tell, but I know she is good & you would not  
think so, and I am going to love her as a  
sister. I never hear from any of them except through  
Jenny, except an occasional letter from Henry, & one  
of the others, I believe has ever written to me. I am sorry  
for poor old mother but I can't do her any good.

Tell me if you think there will be any chance to  
rent Broadside. Let almost any lady have it that you

think will take care of it. I dont care whether  
they raise much a mat. for I am like you I think  
we had better have almost any one there than no one  
at all. I do wish Mullinix could move over until  
I get home. I dont care how much of a bargain  
you give him; And thirds, three-fourths, all but a  
little for me next winter, just so he takes care of things  
and dont require me to be at any expense in fit-  
in the fencing, or anything else. If you cant  
get a tenant any where else, go and see him.

I wrote Dr De Richards, and told him that I should  
insist on the payment of his note; also that I  
did <sup>not</sup> want the property at any price. You recollect  
I told you sometime ago that I wrote Merrill a  
very cautious letter in regard to the property and the  
note, in order to help the Doctor smoke a good one; and,  
they have both written me again in regard to the  
matter, asking to know the most I will give. Richards  
says I may have the property for his notes and nothing  
else. I replied that I would not buy the it  
unless I was compelled to close the Mortgage in  
order to collect the note; that for my own use I would  
not give the half a fourth of what he says he  
has been offered, but that I wanted the money, and  
must have it. See him if you please Dollie.

This sheet is full you see, and I cant think of writing  
any more, for it is nearly dinner time; but I love you my  
dear Dollie, and think of you all the time Sincerely  
Peaches

Camp Co " Iowa Regt

Little Rock Ark February 22<sup>d</sup> 1865

My Sweet Dollie,

Some authors of fiction delight in getting their characters in great trouble, so they can tell how they sit and write letters while the big tears roll down their cheeks and make blatches on their paper, like that one up at the top of the sheet. I am as much in love as any authors character ever was, but I have not been crying. That blatch is where a leak dropped on my paper a little while ago. It is raining so I don't see how any roofs similar to ours can help leaking. I wish it would quit. I always hated rainy weather, and I think a soldiers life is <sup>not</sup> calculated to make me any better in that respect. Yesterday evening about sundown there fell as hard a shower as I have witnessed for a long time I was out at the time, and when I came in, the water was half shoe smooth deep in some parts of my domicile; so to-day I have made preparation to get a floor in it to-morrow. Then we will be all right.

There is no news here my pet. We are waiting anxiously for the mail - we want the news from the north so badly. Charleston has gone up ere this I think. So does every body else think so. What a treat the news will be

I believe I told you sometime ago, that in  
all probability the Kithredges case had been sent to  
Washington; for the action of the War Department. Yester-  
day I learned for a certainty that such is the dis-  
position made of it. The evidence was so strong  
that Gen. Reynolds wouldn't approve the papers;  
and the only course he could pursue was to either  
remand the case for a new hearing, or forward the  
case to the President with the recommendation that the  
Col. be dismissed, and <sup>he</sup> decided on the latter. The  
papers have been gone about three weeks. If the case  
is acted on as soon as received, it will not be  
long until ~~they~~ <sup>it</sup> will be heard from. The Col. is very  
uneasy. He has no intimation of what is the matter.  
At first after the trial closed he was very glibent, and  
soon began to show signs of his old overbearing  
disposition. But now he remains in his quarters the  
most of the time, and associates with no one in  
the Regiment, but Dr. Strong, and Maj Hamilton. They  
are welcome to his Society, such as it is. The  
Col. acts very respectfully towards me; but we have  
very little to do with each other. Sometimes I speak  
to him every three or four days; and sometimes  
not for weeks. When he wants anything with me  
he comes to see me; and when I want anything with  
him I go and tell him.

The rain is rattling on the roof so much, I must go  
to bed and sleep. Sincerely Yours Darling Peaches



February 24<sup>th</sup> 1865

Dollie,

The Orderly was using the table all day yesterday, making pay rolls; so I didn't get to write any. Last evening he and I went to the Theatre to see Miss Alice Kingsbury play "Fanchon, The Cricket." She has been here for several weeks, and has made quite a sensation. It was a nice play, and I felt better after going. "The Child of The Savannah" is to be played in a few nights. I don't know anything about it; but I shall go to hear it. I like the name. Miss Kingsbury is the principal actress in that also.

You are still uneasy about my bed, but, though you needn't be, for I am doing first rate. I have a bunk made of boards, with a lot of hay and cotton in it which makes a very nice warm bed; besides, I have five or six Government blankets and the one Dollie gave me when I left home, which I always put next to me. I am going to take good care of it, and take it home next fall. I like it much better than any of the others, because it was ~~it~~ used to be Dollie's, and she gave it to me.

Orderly Brasher has gone out to our old Camp this morning, for some flooring for our Cabin. I hope he will get it. - we need it so badly. We are hoping for another mail this forenoon.

If it comes we will have a good time reading  
our letters and papers; and I am so in hopes we  
will learn of the fall of Charleston. Wouldn't  
you rather hear of that City being burned than  
any other in all rebellion. I would.

The rain has ceased, but the clouds are thick  
yet; and the weather is bleak and cold. The  
Officers of the Regiment don't have much to do,  
except put the time in, which after all is slow  
as hard a thing as I ever had to do.

Col Kitt, is still lounging around; and is  
the hardest looking military man in Little  
Rock. I saw one of our Lt. at the Theatre  
last evening, who is on Detached Service in the  
Ambulance Corps. He told me, that he  
saw the Col. in the City almost every day,  
and that he was actually ashamed of him -  
he goes so roughly clad. I do hope  
we will hear from his case soon; - that  
is if he is to be dismissed.

I can't think of anything else to write about  
Dolly. I write so often you must not ex-  
pect good letters every time.

I love you with all my heart sweet Darling.  
You won't desert that, will you?  
Remember me to Jerry. Tell her she must not sulk.

Love  
Peaches

Camp No. Iowa Supply  
Little Rock Ark. February 22, 185-

My Darling,

I sent you a letter this morning, but I want to talk to you again this evening. I never feel well if I don't write to you every evening. It is too long to sleep from now till morning, and if I don't write, I will have to sit here and think, and I would most likely think up a little spell of the blues. Of all things I want to avoid that.

Sergeant Proshar and I have just as nice a cabin as there is in all Arkansas. We sent to our old camp this morning, and got some lumber, and made a good smooth floor, and <sup>then</sup> filled up our hearth nicely, which keeps the chimney from smoking. Then we went to work and arranged our furniture. His cot, gun, knapsack and boxes are in the south-east corner. My bunk and valise are in the south-west corner. The trunk (a company trunk we have had ever since we left Heber) is sitting against the wall, on the west side, close to the orderly box, which is in the north-west corner. The fire place is in the north

end, and the door in the east side. In  
the north-east corner ~~we have~~ we have a  
small shelf - just large enough for the water-  
bucket and wash-stand to sit on. There is  
a shelf over the fire place. We keep our  
books, - such as The Bible, Byron, The Regulations  
Webster's Dictionary, and I believe his Ele-  
mentary Spelling Book; - there. The latter belongs to  
one of the boys that is at Tyler. At a  
respectable distance from the fire - near the  
center of the house - ~~where~~ we have a very good  
table covered with news papers, on which is -  
at all times, - a bottle of "Misting Fluid" and  
plenty of Uncle Sam's paper; and here  
I am to-night, using it up, talking  
folishness to my Dollie. Do you suppose the  
Quartermaster would let me have my allowance  
next month, if he knew my propensity for  
wasting it? But I am not going to  
tell him, or any one else, but my sweet pet.  
It is more of Mr Quartermaster's business however  
the Government allows me so much, whether  
I need it or not.

George Haver came in a while ago - a good  
while ago, - and kept me from writing for  
an hour or more. It is nearly nine o'clock  
now, and I have let the fire burn down  
and the house get cold; so I guess I will go  
to bed and dream of Collie's socks.

February 25<sup>th</sup> 1865

My Love - It is now about one o'clock, and I hardly know what to do. I wrote a short letter to you this morning, which I will send along with this, although I expect to be laughed at for writing my letters up so. It was an accident that I wrote that - for the paper happened to be lying on the desk when I sat down. So I wrote it, and I am going to send it; that is all. The wind is blowing a perfect hurricane. It is as bad as ~~was~~ a windy day in Iowa. I have been staying in doors all day, and I intend to remain in; and unless it quits, I am going to go to bed and take a snore. My lounge looks so comfortable sitting there in the corner.

Some of the troops have arrived from Ft. Smith, and I understand more are coming. The 12<sup>th</sup> Kansas has arrived and gone into the quarters. The 40<sup>th</sup> Iowa evacuated. They went up to Ft. Smith ten days ago. There is some talk of some other troops having to go up, but I don't think they will have to go. Gen. Reynolds is not going to keep many troops up there this summer. Hayes's Division (the one that

has been there for a long time) is said  
to be badly demoralized - so reported  
Gen. Heron, while there last fall, on  
an inspecting tour. It is reported he re-  
commended the change. I have talked  
with one or two officers, who belonged to  
that Division; and, from what I learned  
very much of there has done about as  
he pleased. Nearly almost all the officers  
of high rank that have been serving there  
during the last year are charged with  
frauding the Government. I don't think  
it is that bad, however  
I am going to put this up, and wait until  
evening before I write any more. Maybe we will  
get a mail by that time

Evening - The clock is striking nine, and the  
most of the old ladies would say 'all  
honest people should be in bed,' but I am  
not going. Their well-established opinions must  
withstand

We got no mail to-day, although there  
was a telegram in the city, last evening  
that the regular mail boat had passed  
St. Charles. It should have been up last  
night, or early this morning. Perhaps  
we will get it tomorrow.  
Goodly sweet pet  
Peaches

February 25 1866

My Darling,

I have been sitting for two or three long hours, thinking, thinking, and thinking, and I can't think what to do but write to Dolly. But I don't know what to say my pet. There is no news here, and we have had no mail for several days; so what can I talk about? There is a letter in the drawer, half written which was intended for my pet, but, it is just like this will be - got nothing in it. Are you satisfied with <sup>such</sup> letters from me? You must be sweet Dolly, for I can't do like Beecher, - write about nothing. If I could I guess I would be writing to you all the time; for I think of you every minute in the day.

The rain fell again last night - all night long - as though we were going to have another flood; but it ceased about daylight this morning; and now the sun is shining brightly, but the wind is blowing hard. It makes it disagreeable to be out, but the wind is a blessing - it will dry the mud and water up, so we can get around comfortably. The, <sup>day</sup> rather like the rain - it keeps them from having to work on the fortifications

This scrap of paper is duly, my Darling  
It is not fit to send to you. You are  
worthy of nice clean paper. I didnt much  
think of sending this to you when I commenced  
writing, I didnt think I would fill it;  
but as I have done so bravely, I had  
better finish it, and call it a letter; and  
if you grumble at it try and do better  
the next time, which perhaps will be this  
afternoon

Orderly Bradshaw is making Muster and Pay rolls.  
I have instructed him until he does it very  
well. He writes a very nice hand for such work.  
He <sup>has</sup> learned very fast this winter; and he is as  
willing a soul, as need be. He seems to  
think he must do it all, or I will think him  
lazy. What a difference between him and  
Davenport. Bradshaw does all there is to do,  
and does it well; Davenport did nothing, and  
did it badly. He is still in the St. Johns  
Hospital, and I hope the Doctors will keep him  
there until the 1<sup>st</sup> of October. I dont want  
them to keep him sick, but I do want  
them to keep him there on ~~some~~  
of duty. They want discharge him - he is too  
anxious. He is ward master now. Serg't  
Lancock is still there. He doesnt get  
much letter. He is as good a  
soldier and as clever a man as there  
is in the regiment.

Bully this half sheet is full. Bully for Peaches



Camp 24<sup>th</sup> Iowa Infy  
Little Rock Ark February 28<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Darling,

Another mail this evening, and  
two more good letters from my darling. It was  
only yesterday that I got the last one, but  
it was only one, and that didn't satisfy  
me, after having waited for a whole week. I  
can't do without letters any more than you can  
my pet. It is true, you are at home and I  
am here at Little Rock; but, it is just as  
far from Little Rock to ~~Centerville~~ Semin as it  
is from there here; and then it has been just  
as long since I saw Dollie, as it has been  
since Dollie saw me. Can you get around that  
logic pet?

I begin to fear my friends at home have  
all turned against me. We learned here several  
weeks ago that several boys from Clinton  
and Independence townships Jefferson Co, were talking  
of coming down to Company "F"; but I didn't want  
any recruits, so I wrote to Mr. Merrill to tell

all who were talking of coming, that I  
didn't want any recruits; and that I thought  
they had better select some other regiment. To  
justify my course I told him of the Col's  
anxiety of the broken condition of the  
regiment, and that we would be mustered out  
several months before the time for which the  
recruits would have to enlist for would  
expire; and they would have to be left  
without any officer to look after them; but  
my advice didn't amount to anything, for  
five young chaps - all representing themselves to  
be eighteen years of age - came in this afternoon,  
looking as neatly and cheerfully as need be  
two are from Chariton Co. - Mr. Somers' son  
and one of old Mrs. Rudelle's boys - Taylor I  
believe his name is; and two from Indepen-  
dence. One's name is Morehouse, and the other  
Walker. The fifth one is a boy from Poin-  
sick County. They will all make good soldiers  
and I would as soon have them as any recruits;  
but I would about as soon have the

seven year "vets" in the company, as any man  
who doesn't know him to Soldier. But they  
are here now, and I am going to take as  
good care of them as I can. I like the  
look of them very well.

This army gets "more Dutch" every day, as  
Bill McCully says. Our Brigade Commander is  
a German, so is his Col. Gen. Sometime they  
send us orders we can't very well understand.

Some days ago they sent us an order to  
"detail one Co. & 7 privates for fatigue duty,  
to report to-morrow morning at eight o'clock,  
to Lieut Harlock A. G. M. with the axes."

The Co. went, but I have never learned whether  
they found the Lieut with the axes or not. This  
afternoon I received a notice that our "detail  
for fatigue duty on the fortifications would be  
no longer required from to-morrow, March 10<sup>th</sup>."

The detail got through the work at two  
o'clock this p.m. and were dismissed, but next one  
in the regiment pretends to know whether they  
want the detail to-morrow or not.

~~February~~ 1<sup>st</sup> 1885

My Pet:- This is the 1<sup>st</sup> of March, you see  
Another month is gone, which brings us still  
nearer the 4<sup>th</sup> of Oct; the long looked for day  
Four more days, and then Six months, and,  
then "Home Sweet Home;" It will be doubly  
sweet to me, because I want to go so  
badly; but I must not think of it too  
much, or I will get the blues; and I  
know I have a natural aversion to that  
peculiar disease

Gen. Salomon is going to put us in the  
field immediately. He don't believe in having  
us lying around all summer doing nothing;  
So he has issued an order requiring the  
Brigade to make forty acres of garden. The  
boys are slow to mustering they say they  
will dig up the vegetables in place of the  
weeds if they are compelled to work; but I  
guess they won't they are only joking  
Col Drake is still sick, but is improving  
He will be out in a few days and then  
I will be relieved of the command of the Regiment  
I hope how soon I come you churling badly  
Pooches